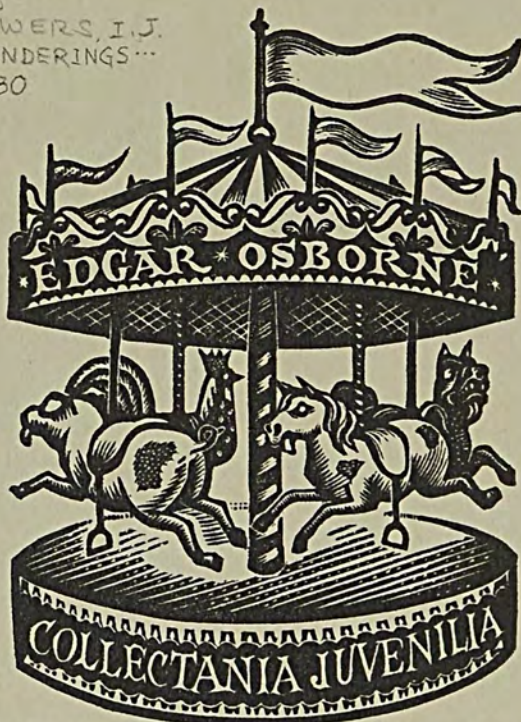
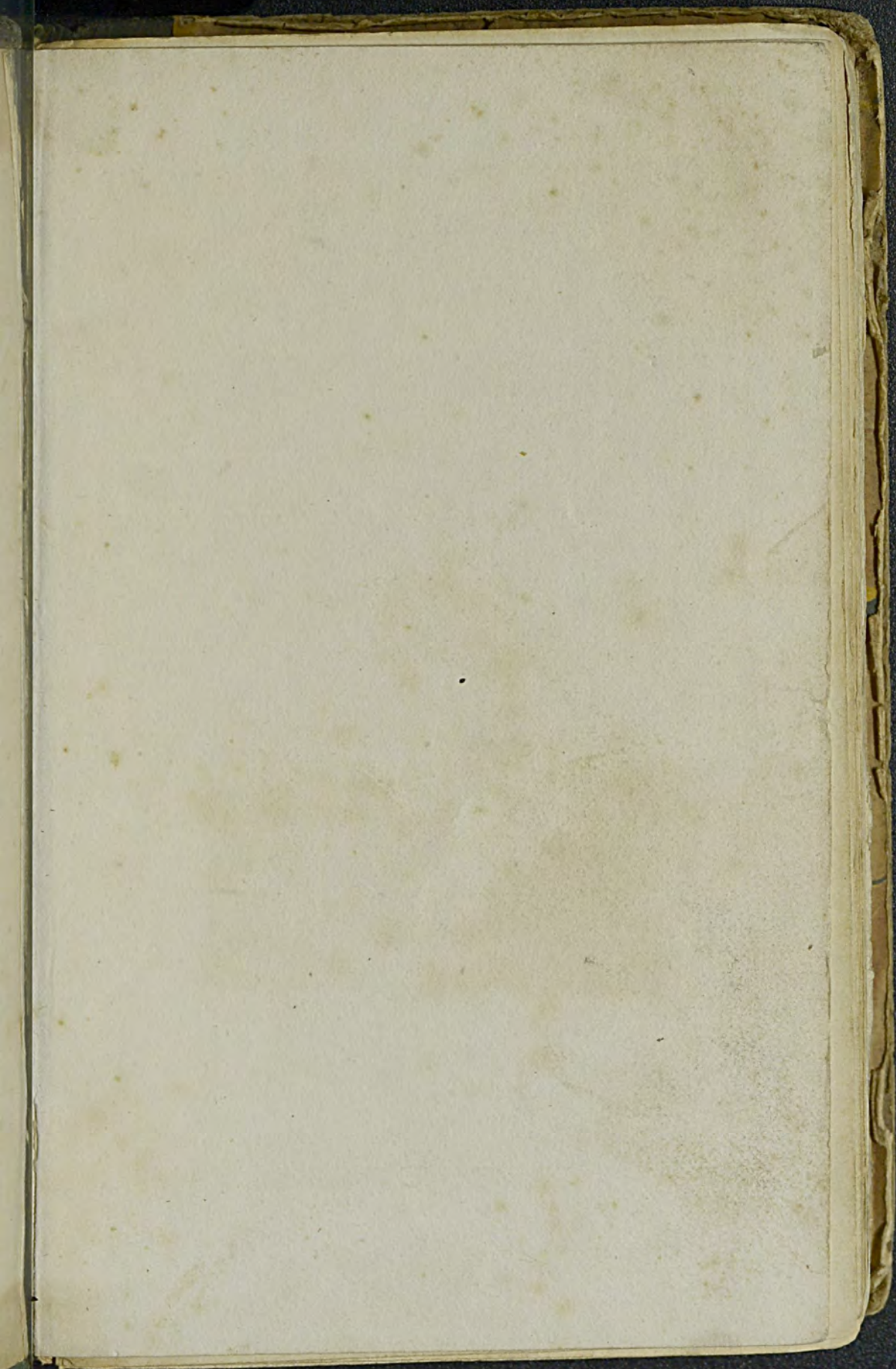


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Tom Sharboord

Engr'd Decr 1830 by J. Harris, order of St. Paul's Church &c

THE WANDERINGS
OF
TOM STARBOARD;

OR THE
LIFE OF A SAILOR,

HIS
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS,
PERILS AND ADVENTURES, BY SEA AND LAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHILDREN'S FIRE-SIDE," "THE YOUNG
WANDERER'S CAVE," &c. &c.

WITH SIX ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:
JOHN HARRIS,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
1830.

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INTRODUCTION.

ENCOURAGED by the numerous and gratifying proofs of approbation, with which two previous little works ("The Children's Fire-side," and "The Young Wanderer's Cave,") have been honored, the Author is induced again to enter the lists, with other competitors for juvenile approval.

It will be perhaps unnecessary to say more respecting the following tale, than that every physiological fact, and all the subjects connected with scientific information, contained in the book, rest on the authority of modern travelers, and on accredited works of science; which facts, &c. have been simplified to suit the immatured yet inquiring minds for which this little work has been written.

THE WANDERINGS
OF
TOM STARBOARD.

AMONG the passengers on board the Company's ship *Tippoo Saib*, in her last and disastrous voyage to the East Indies, were Mrs. Clement and her two children, William and Charlotte; the former about eleven years of age, the latter nearly ten. Mrs. Clement was going to join her husband at Calcutta, where his business had detained him for upwards of two years, and where he was likely to remain some time longer. In the course of the voyage, the children contracted an intimacy with one of the seamen, whose real name was Charles Granville, but who passed by that of Tom Star-

board: he was the son of a gentleman of property, and had been well educated; but, preferring the life of a sailor to the pursuits for which his father had designed him, he ran away from home, and had made several voyages to different parts of the world, when he fell into company with William and Charlotte. He was kind-hearted, and felt a delight in explaining to his young friends whatever they did not understand, either in regard to the ship and its rigging, the places they touched at, or the curiosities in nature that fell under their observation. And so interesting did the young folks find his conversation, that they were seldom out of his company longer than his professional duties and their own studies rendered their separation indispensable.

The Tippoo Saib left England in company with the Bangalore and Golconda; and they kept together till they got among the Candee islands, when they were parted by a tremendous storm, which wrecked the Tippoo Saib upon one of them. In the last dreadful moment, before the ship went to pieces, after having twice struck upon the rocks, Mrs. Clement had tied Charlotte to a spar of wood, and William to the lid of a chest; and by these means they were floated ashore, though very much bruised. Mrs. Clement herself was carried off by the waves, and must

inevitably have perished had not her faithful Neptune, a powerful Newfoundland dog, which she had taken with her, seized her clothes just as she was sinking, and dragged her ashore.

For three days, Mrs. Clement and her children suffered severely from the privations they were subjected to on a desolate island, or rock. William, indeed, who had read the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, was contriving how they might make themselves comfortable in this lonely place, after the manner of the hero of his tale; and he busied himself each day in going to the beach, and collecting such things as the sea threw up from the wreck. Poor fellow! he little thought of the agonies which his father must experience when he should hear of the fate of the vessel, in which his dearest treasures were embarked, and on the safety of which all his future happiness had depended! But William was so very young when his father left England, that he had little or no recollection of him; and all his concern now was to promote the comfort of his mother and sister.

Mrs. Clement was of course pleased with her son's exertions; and, under better circumstances, they would have made her happy; but reflections upon what her husband would suffer, under the idea that she and the children were lost,

joined with fearful anticipations as to their future fate, rendered her altogether wretched.

Help was, however, much nearer than her forebodings had allowed her to hope: on the morning of the fourth day, they were alarmed by the sound of human voices. Mrs. Clement, imagining it proceeded from a party of Indians come down to make them prisoners, or to destroy them, shrieked aloud, and fell down in a swoon. The children, terrified at seeing their mother in such a state, and believing her to be dead, stood crying and screaming; when, in the midst of their distress, they heard footsteps approaching, and turning round, they beheld their friend, Tom Starboard, followed by a party of English sailors. Great would have been their joy at this meeting, had not all their feelings been absorbed in apprehensions for their mother, who lay extended on the grass, to every appearance, and as they believed, destitute of life. "Oh mamma! Poor mamma!" was all they could utter. Tom, who was a better judge than his young friends, immediately saw that Mrs. Clement had fainted, but was still living: he therefore desired them to fetch some water, which he threw upon her face, and by rubbing her hands and raising her up, he soon restored her to animation. Her astonishment was great on seeing the worthy Tom near her, instead of the wild

Indians whom she had dreaded ; and the children were so happy at seeing their mother “ come to life again,” as they expressed it, and to find their honest friend was not drowned, that they could scarcely contain themselves.

“ Oh, Tom ! how came you here ? ” asked the children, half a dozen times in a breath. “ We are so glad ! ” added they. “ We shall now have company, and somebody to help us in building a house ! ” “ Avast ! avast ! ” cried Tom : “ we have something better in prospect, I hope, than to stay here ! We must be off directly, the ship is waiting for us, and we shall soon reach Calcutta, where we shall find houses ready built ! ”

Mrs. Clement also inquired by what providential circumstance Tom had been saved, and how it was that he could so confidently speak of getting to the end of their voyage. “ Why, Madam, d’ye see, just as you and the children were washed overboard, there was a boat’s load of us getting off from the vessel ; we were coming round, as well as the waves would let us, to take you in ; but we saw you and several others carried away by a swell, which also drove us off, both from the vessel and the rock on which she split. We were out all night, during which the wind suddenly abated, and we made land a few leagues off. The Bangalore, which weathered out the storm, was

still in sight, and we hoisted signals, which brought her to us; and the captain, after he had taken us aboard, determined to visit all these little islands, to pick up such as might have had the good fortune to escape from the wreck.—But come, Madam, let us leave this desolate spot; and, in a short time, I trust, you will be made happy by the sight of Mr. Clement.”

Mrs. Clement thanked Tom most gratefully for his humanity towards her and her children: for she had learned from some of the sailors, that Tom had been quite unhappy at the loss of his young friends, and had earnestly entreated the captain of the *Bangalore* to visit this island in the hope that he might find them, when every body else had given them up.

While Tom was giving his hasty account of the mode of his deliverance, the children went to call Neptune, who had wandered away; when they returned, they all got into the boat which had brought Tom and his companions. They were quickly alongside the *Bangalore*, where, to their great joy, they found their old servant Mary, who was crying with delight at seeing them again; also, Captain Campbell and others belonging to the ill-fated Tippoos Saib, who all joined in congratulating them upon their escape, as well as in praising the humanity of Tom Starboard.

Tom was now a greater favorite than ever with the children; and they more than once wished to know the particulars of his life; for they found, from some observations which he made from time to time, that he had travelled a great deal; and they were curious, as most young people are, to know what he had seen, and particularly how he had escaped the dangers which, they felt convinced, were attendant upon the life of a sailor. Tom promised, some day or other, to gratify them; but his duties so interfered with the performance of his promise, that they found themselves in the harbour of Calcutta, before any opportunity had served for the purpose.

Never was meeting more joyful than that between Mr. and Mrs. Clement: news of the wreck had been carried to Calcutta by the Golconda, which had arrived in port two days before, and Mr. Clement had given up his wife and children as lost. When therefore he found them on board the Bangalore, his joy was as great as his grief had been bitter, he embraced them again and again; nor did Neptune go without his share of the caresses he so well deserved. Tom Starboard proved to be an old acquaintance and school-fellow, fond of rambling, who, having heard of Mrs. Clement's intention to visit India, had engaged himself as a common seaman on board the

Tippoo Saib, with a view to render her and her children such assistance as circumstances might require; and never was assistance more fortunately bestowed; for he was the means of bringing them away from the solitary island. Mr. Clement recognised his old schoolfellow, and would have rewarded him with money; but Tom refused it, and, soon afterwards, returned to England with the first homeward-bound fleet.

In the following season, Tom again appeared at Calcutta, where he lost no time in waiting upon Mr. Clement, to give an account of some commissions with which he had entrusted him. By this time, Mr. Clement had wound up his affairs in India, and was preparing to return to his native country, with his wife and family. The *Hero*, the ship to which Tom belonged, was selected for the purpose; and when she was ready to sail, they all embarked.

William, during his stay at Calcutta, had become acquainted with a young gentleman, about his own age, named Henry Barfoot. His father, who had held a commission in the army, was killed in a skirmish between the British and the troops of a native prince, while William was in Bengal, and his mother had determined on returning to England with Mr. and Mrs. Clement. To this young friend, William took every oppor-

tunity of extolling his friend Starboard; related many of the anecdotes he had learned of him, and talked continually of the pleasure he expected from hearing him, some day, give a full account of his adventures—"which," said he, "I am sure must be curious, because he knows so much!" From such conversations, Henry's curiosity was excited, and he hoped to be allowed the gratification of hearing the history with him. On Tom's return to India, William did not fail to introduce Henry to him, at the same time claiming the performance of his frequently repeated promise. "Well, well!" said Tom, "stay till we get aboard again, and then the post your kind father has procured for me, will allow me full leisure." The young folks were satisfied with this arrangement, and waited in patient expectation till the families had embarked, and the ship was under way.

VOYAGE THE FIRST.

THE good ship Hero had not lost sight of Cape Comorin, the last point of land in Hindoostan, when William and his friend Henry claimed the fulfilment of Tom's promise. The sun had sunk below the horizon, the stars were glittering in the clear blue sky, all was peace about the voyagers, and Tom was pacing the quarter-deck, absorbed in thought, with his arms folded, when three happy young faces—for Charlotte had joined her brother and his companion—peeped up the cabin stairs.

"There he is! I knew the creaking of his shoes," said Charlotte; and in another minute, she and her brother had each seized a hand of their friend, and the long wished-for favor had been requested and granted.

"Come, you rogues," said Tom, smiling, "I find I cannot escape you; come to leeward, and you will see the moon rise in a few minutes; that

moon which lighted me across the fields, when I fled from my happy home, twenty-two years ago, to become a wanderer !”

His smile had flown, and he sighed heavily, as he seated himself, with his companions on either side of him, facing the East. The children looked at each other, when this very mournful beginning of Tom's story reached their ears ; they felt almost afraid, and were sorry they had brought grief into the kind heart of their friend. They gazed at him in silence, as he seemed to be recalling to his remembrance, scenes long past ; but in a few minutes he began—

“ You, my dears, have known me only as Tom Starboard ; but your father and mother, with some few friends, are aware that my real name is Charles Granville. I lived with my parents and sister, a few miles from Exeter, where I went to school. Many of my schoolfellows were intended for a seafaring life ; and I quickly became so attached to the idea of being a sailor, in consequence of their conversation, and the books which I read, that I returned home at the Midsummer holidays, fully resolved to go to sea.

“ My father had engaged with a chemist and druggist in the neighbourhood, to receive me as an apprentice ; but my notions of happiness were not to be found behind a counter ; the ocean, with all

its beauties, its terrors, and its wonders, was the scene for which I longed; and I soon told my father, that I could not bear the line of life which he had chosen for me. He insisted that I should try it—I resolved that I would not. I said, I wished to be a sailor; but the sea he would not hear of; my mother was equally averse from it; and poor Ann, my gentle sister, could find no comfort for me, nor for herself, in our frequent conversations on the subject.

“William Clement, (your good father, Charlotte,) then a warm-hearted boy, was my neighbour, my schoolfellow, and my dearest friend; he knew of my longing for the sea, and had listened to my hopes and plans of happiness, with all a friend’s sympathy; many a night have I talked him fairly to sleep, when I have been repeating anecdotes of my favorite navigators, and comparing their exploits. Unfortunately for me, William went on a visit for the whole of the Midsummer holidays, to his uncle, a ship-builder at Falmouth, and, in an evil hour, I resolved to leave my dear parents, and persuade William to go to sea with me, or, at least, to request his uncle’s assistance in procuring me a cabin-boy’s berth on board some ship.

“I did go, my dear children! I did quit a happy home, I did grieve the best of fathers, the

kindest of mothers, — the sweetest of sisters, — merely to gratify a foolish whim. Ah! you may well look shocked, and withdraw your hand, Charlotte; you, William, would not thus have grieved your parents! — So you, my dears, will never know the bitter feelings that follow selfish ingratitude.

“Twenty-two years have I felt grief, like a vulture, gnawing at my heart; it has embittered all my comforts, poisoned my happiness, and almost destroyed the delight which I have always felt in the beauties of creation. — You will pity me, my dears,” said Tom, as he passed his hand across his forehead, to brush away a tear that trickled through his fingers, and glistened in the moonlight — “You will feel that my punishment, though just, was severe, when I tell you that I never saw the kind mild face of my blessed mother again: her health had been long declining, although I was too young and too heedless to notice it; and my cruel conduct hastened the event, which might have been delayed for many years. — She died! Oh that I should live, to say I caused the death of my mother!”

Here the little girl’s hand slid again among her friend’s fingers.

“I see you are grieved for me, Charlotte! And you, William, take warning by my fate, — by my sorrows; love, honour, and obey your parents

they are entitled to all the affection and reverence that a child can feel. But I will not damp your spirits, and make you unhappy, by dwelling on my unworthy conduct; I will go back to the evening on which I resolved to become a sailor.

“After tea, on the first of July, I asked leave, with a faltering voice, to take a walk.--‘Yes, and let Ann go with you,’ was my father’s reply.

“‘Very well, father,’ said I, but away I darted alone, down the long garden, and out into the field. I could not take my sister, for she would have prevented me from putting my foolish plan into execution. I had stuffed my pockets with two odd volumes, one of Captain Cook’s, and the other of Commodore Byron’s voyages; I had stowed away under my jacket, a pair of compasses and a blank ruled book; having some vague notion of keeping a log-book; which, with two pencils, an inkstand, and a leather purse, containing sixteen shillings and sixpence, constituted my sea-stores, and my fortune!

“The garden led out into the fields, at the back of the house; I chose that way, for fear of causing any suspicion of my plan; as the high road to Falmouth ran by the front of our cottage. When I had gone swiftly for some time, I stopped to take breath; I looked back through the trees at my pretty home; and as I leaned over the top of a stile, I heard the barking of a dog; it was poor

Julio yelping after me. I always used to take him with me, whenever I walked out; but, this evening, I had scampered by his kennel without even speaking to him. My unkindness to him, and my distress at hearing him bark, made the tears trickle down my face; yes, I cried on leaving my *dog*, and forgot, or rather never thought of, the distress and grief I was causing my good parents! If I had heard my father's voice, my poor mother's, or dear Ann's, calling to me, I could not have continued my journey—children are so easily swayed by passing circumstances! Well, I called out, 'Good bye, Julio,' and darted off again towards the high road, where I hoped to get on the outside of the mail, so as to reach Falmouth the next morning. I ran on and on, sometimes stopping for a minute to take breath, and dreading to hear my dog's whining call; when the moon rose bright and full over the hills. I remember feeling almost as if I had a companion, when I saw her broad face, which seemed to be looking at me; and I could hardly help thinking that it was kind in her to assist me with her light; so apt are persons, both old and young, to suppose themselves of such importance, that their welfare is of consequence even to the sun and moon, and the other grand machinery of the universe!

“ Well, my dears, I clambered up the back of

the mail, which just afterwards came up, and off we rattled: the next morning, by seven o'clock, I found myself in the high street at Falmouth; and before I could resolve to seek for Mr. Googe, (William's uncle,) I ran down to the water, to look at the vessels. Oh, how I longed to be in one of them, which, with her sails set, was swinging out to sea! An hour passed before I was aware of it; and I was just turning towards the town, when I ran plump up against my friend William and his uncle."

" 'Charles! Charles Granville!' said William, 'can it be you? What has brought you to Falmouth?' added he; and, seizing my hand, said: 'Uncle, this is my schoolfellow, who, I told you, is so fond of the sea;' drawing me, as he spoke, towards the weather-beaten stern-looking person, who was with him.

" 'How do, my lad? What wind blew you here? Slipt cable, eh? What port are you bound for? What stores aboard? Where's y'ur convoy? What! land lock'd, dumb founder'd, eh!' said this rough seaman, in a loud coarse voice, that made me wince."

" 'My uncle means only to ask you why you came, and who is with you, Charles,' said your father, seeing that I was amazed, and that I did not know what to reply. I colored up, and

said, 'I am come to be a cabin-boy, Sir, if you will be so good as to help me to procure a berth in some ship.'

" ' You, a cabin-boy ! Does your father like you to take so low a situation in a vessel ?' asked William : I jogged his elbow, as much as to say, ' I'll tell you by and by.'

" Just then, a jolly boat ran her sharp prow among the rattling shingle, close behind me ; and, turning round, I saw two of the crew leap out, and lash it to a post, while the other rowers rested their dripping oars on the sides of the vessel ; and a naval officer, rising from the stern, skipped along the benches, and leaped on shore, calling out,—' Ah, my good friend Googe ! Morning, William !—Ship's under weigh !—Can't stay—Shall be back again in half an hour—Only going to give that landlubber Benson a broadside !—A fool ! sent to me a month ago, to beg I would take his baboon of a son over to Brazil, as cabin-boy ;—clothes, and stores, and tackle, all aboard,—wind fair, anchor weighed,—when he sends off a whining letter, that the little grub has a bad headache,—mother in hysterics,—afraid her cub will be seasick, and fifty other fooleries ; as if they couldn't have thought of all this before ! Here have I depended on having this young band-box for my own cabin-boy ; and now they sheer

off, and I have only a great raw looby left, to flounder about among my papers and clothes;—a fellow with a head like a mop, and a body like a wine puncheon! I'll go and blow Commodore Benson a whole gale; and then I must catch up any little dirty land-shark that may fall in my way, for I can't sail without another cabin-boy, and I have no time to lose;—only, I'll *make* time to go and rouse old Benson.'

"He was striding away up the steep shingle, when an imploring look from me, seemed to strike William and Mr. Gooze at the same moment.

" 'Charles, uncle!'

" 'Blocks and pulleys! true!' shouted the ship-builder—(it was his usual expression.)—'A hoy! Captain!—Captain Heartly—a hoy!' roared he in a voice that a boatswain might have envied. 'Save your wind and jaw-tackle! Here's a little tight-built lad, with as clean a looking upper work as I'd wish to see. He's a schoolfellow of my Bill, and as wild as the waves to go abroad!—Bill, speak for him; you know more of him than I do!—So! look the captain in the face, young un, d'ye hear?'

"The captain was now looking me through and through. If I had not felt that I had done a wicked thing, in leaving my parents, and taking

such an important step as this, without their knowledge, I should have borne his look, keen as it was, with steady eyelids and a fixed color; but my eyes *would not* look at his, and I felt my cheeks hot and cold by turns, each moment.

“ At last, ‘ I like the lad,’ said he; ‘ I’ll take him on your recommendation, Googe.—Where’s your stores?’

“ ‘ I have none, Sir; I came into Falmouth not above an hour ago.’

“ ‘ So much the better!—that washball Benson’s freightage will do for you; his tackle will fit you to the turn of a screw.—Here, Googe,—(taking a handful of notes out of his waistcoat pocket,)—pay the fellow for his lout’s stores: this *is* a fair wind, however! I am glad, after all, that I need not steer for his house!—Got smack round to the fair-weather side of my temper!—Hate a gale, except in good sea room; and I should have run woefully foul of Benson!—Come, my boy! what’s your name? — Good bye, Googe;—farewel, Bill;—in with you, Jack, or whatever you’re called;—’ware shins!—Did you never get into a boat before?’

“ And thus I left my native shore! I had only time to shake William by the hand, and whisper, ‘ Let my father know,’—before I was hurried into the boat, and we pushed off.

“ All had passed so quickly; every thing had

been managed so very differently from what I had expected, that I felt quite lost. I could only fix my eyes on the kind face of William,—it faded,—he seemed to become smaller and smaller—his voice died away as he waved his hat, and shouted ‘Huzza!’ and in a few minutes I could not distinguish him from any other object on the beach. I was on the wide sea,—the boat bounding like a bird, over the swelling waves;—all were strange around me, and too busy with their own thoughts to attend to me, and mine. The captain leaned back with folded arms; and I, boy as I was, hastily formed a plan, which I resolved to adopt, as soon as I should get on board.

“When we reached the fine vessel, which looked too proud to fear the winds and storms, Captain Heartly bid me go down into his cabin and see how I liked my berth: ‘If you wish to write to your friends, you will find all the tackle necessary.—Swipes! Here, Swipes, show the lad my cabin, and get him Benson’s stores,’ said he.

“I went down stairs, and immediately began a letter to my parents, begging them to forgive me for having taken to a line of life of which they disapproved; telling them how well I liked my captain, and assuring them that, although I had disobliged them, they should never have cause to

feel ashamed of any other part of my conduct. I told them that I should mention my real name to the captain only, but should let every one else suppose it to be Tom Starboard. I was ashamed, my dears," added Tom, "of my behaviour; and thinking that I had brought disgrace upon my parents, I was willing to keep my name secret.

"When I had finished the letter for home, I wrote one to my friend William; and by the time they were both finished, Captain Heartly came down stairs. I could not summon up courage then to tell him my little history, for fear he should send me ashore again; so I gave him the letter, directed to 'William Clement, Falmouth,' which was sent off; and I said not a word about myself, till we were out of sight of land.

"Every one had wondered at my name being Tom Starboard, but they soon ceased to think about it. The captain heard my account of myself, and kindly forgave my deceit. He remained a most excellent friend to me for the three years I was with him. He went down, that is—he was lost, with our gallant ship and all the crew, off the coast of Juan Fernandez. But I must tell you of that awful event in its proper place;—you remember something respecting Juan Fernandez, Charlotte, and know where it is?"

“ Oh yes,” replied the little girl—“ It was Robinson Crusoe’s beautiful lonely island, where his dear tame goats——”

“ Alexander Selkirk’s, you mean, Charlotte,” interrupted William, looking stately and wise.

“ Ah, there now ! How I hate to be reminded of that wicked De Foe’s meanness !” exclaimed his sister. “ I almost hate him, for having made such a pretty tale ; because he was so unkind as to rob poor Alexander Selkirk of his history ; and then he published it ; and, I dare say, got all the money himself.”

“ That was wrong, to be sure ; but then, you know, if he had not done so, we should never have had that capital book ; for poor Selkirk’s tale, you may depend upon it, was not half so entertaining,” argued William. “ But I forget ; we are interrupting—a—a—Mr. Granville.”

“ Oh, don’t call me so again, William ; I shall not allow you to alter the name by which you have always known me,” replied Tom. “ Shall I go on ?”

“ Oh yes, if you please, dear kind Tom !” said the children : so he continued :—

“ I must first set you right respecting the charge against De Foe’s character. It is not true, that he defrauded Selkirk of his tale. Captain

Woodes Rogers, who discovered the poor fellow on the island of Juan Fernandez, and brought him to England, published the account of his own voyage round the world (in which Alexander Selkirk and his adventures are mentioned,) seven years before the publication of Robinson Crusoe, that is, in 1712. So now, Charlotte, I hope poor De Foe, who was a worthy and clever man, will be received into your good graces again !”

Charlotte nodded her head, as much as to say, “ I’ll think about it ;” so Tom smiled, and went on.

“ I suppose you wonder that I do not say more about my first feelings, on the grand ocean ; I should, but it would only be to describe your own ; for I dare say that, although you might not have longed for the life of a sailor so ardently as I did, yet you could not help admiring the vastness and beauty of the sea.

“ Well, I was never weary of being on deck ; I was as happy as it was possible for any one to be, who felt sorrow for an unworthy action. We were trading to the Brazils ;—from South America we were to take a freight of merchandize to China ;—and from China we were to return home.

“ Young as I was, I never shall forget what I felt at first landing on those wonderful shores of South America. The mighty trees, the magnifi-

cent plants, the beautiful birds, the astonishing reptiles, all so different from any thing which I had ever seen, or even read of ! We intended to coast all along, from the great river Oronoco ; and as we were to remain some weeks at each principal town, on the eastern side of the continent, I had frequent opportunities of leaving the ship, through the captain's kindness. He had many friends to visit ; and so great was his attachment to me, that he always took me with him. The first time we quitted the vessel, to sail in a boat up the narrow part of the river Oronoco, among the rapids, where no large vessel can enter, I remember, I saw twelve alligators* all in sight at one time !”

“ Mercy ! mercy ! How could you escape being swallowed up, Tom ?” exclaimed Charlotte, in perfect terror.

“ They do not attack boat loads of persons, my dear,” replied he ; “ but poor Glaucus, Captain Heartly's dog, was nearly killed by one. I was leaning over at the stern of the boat, to look at a large creature, that was lying like a log in the water, when my hat fell off, and the dog darted over after it ; in a moment, the ugly monster swam towards Glaucus, who was not aware of his danger

* Humboldt's Personal Narrative.

till the alligator was nearly upon him ; only think how keen the dog's instinct must have been ; like lightning, he darted round, as if he had known that alligators cannot turn quickly in a rapid current ! I hallooed to the captain, who caught up his gun, and fired at the fierce reptile ; but the ball, though it hit him, only frightened him ; it could not hurt him ! It gave Glaucus time, however, to gain the side of the boat, and I was so anxious to help him in, that I almost fell over myself. Poor fellow, how he trembled ! But he had never let go of my hat !

“ Alligators, as well as snakes, remain dormant during that part of the year which may be called Summer, though the heat varies so little, that the two seasons, in warm latitudes, instead of being named summer and winter, are divided into *the rainy* and *the dry* seasons ; well, these horrid creatures bury themselves deep in the soft mud of the rivers, when the waters begin to subside ; and the sun hardens the earth above them, so that you may walk about, with hundreds of them lying torpid under your feet, and hidden from your sight. A very curious circumstance once occurred to us, which I'll relate to you. We all agreed to sleep in a deserted hut, on the bank of the river, and, having looked to see if any jaguars were hidden, or snakes coiled up, within the ca-

bin, we went in; the sailors spread their own and the captain's mats about the floor, and we all lay down to sleep; I put my mat on a kind of mud bench near the wall; towards morning, I felt my bed moving, and, in another moment, I was jerked into the midst of the sleepers, where I kicked and bawled, till I frightened the whole party wide awake. 'Look! look!' cried I, 'an earthquake! The bench running away; there! it has tumbled into the river!' It was in fact a young alligator, on which I had spread my mat! It had no doubt entered the hut, during the inundation of the water, which then flowed into it; there the animal had settled itself for its summer's sleep, and the mud had caked upon him: I suppose that either the smell of the dog, which slept by me, or a thump I had given him during my sleep, had roused my dreadful bedstead, and then the noise I made, had frightened him away!"*

"How very terrible!" said William. "How large are the alligators, Tom?"

"They have been found to measure twenty-two, and even twenty-four feet in length. A young Indian girl, while she was bathing, was seized by one of these creatures, and as he dragged her under water, she had presence of mind to force her

* Humboldt.

fingers into its eyes with such violence, that the pain obliged the animal to let her loose, after he had bitten off the lower part of her left arm. The poor girl swam to shore with the other hand; and she recovered from the wound, although she had lost so much blood.* Accidents of this kind often happen to persons while bathing, or fetching water from the rivers.

“The next day, we arrived at the house and plantations of the Spaniard, Don Caloa, whom the captain was going to visit; he was a merchant, and sold the oddest things, I then thought, in the world; monkeys, mackaws, turtles’ eggs, &c.—You have eaten turtle soup, William?”

“Oh yes.”

“Well, you would wonder that any turtles could escape such a slaughter of the species, if you were to see the thousands and thousands that are destroyed by the Indians every year at the *Harvest of Eggs*, as it is called. I was there with the merchant, and saw the whole method of taking them. We all went in a boat, early one morning, to an island in the river, where the sand was smooth, and which the tide had left. A person then took a long pole, and walked about, thrusting it into the sand in every direction; and

* Humboldt.

wherever it went in very easily, the Indians knew there was a nest of turtle's eggs; so they dug away, and when they found any, put them into baskets, which they had brought for the purpose. Numbers of Indians were there, from all the neighbouring shores; and immense numbers of eggs were collected. They make a kind of oil of the yolk, which is used in cooking, as well as for burning in their churches. It is supposed that not fewer than a million of turtles lay their eggs at the mouth of the great river Oroonoco. More than three millions of eggs were taken the year I was there; each turtle lays, on an average, seventy eggs; but so many are broken, so many are hatched before they can be dugged up, so many are hunted out and devoured by the jaguars and other animals which feed upon them, that it is not surprising the number should be so reduced. I saw the whole shore of the Oroonoco swarming with little turtles just hatched, and scrambling towards the water, to escape from the Indian children, who were catching them.

“The turtles lay their eggs during the night, in large holes, which they scratch in the sand; they then cover them up, and leave them to be warmed into life by the sun. The eggs are larger than pigeons' eggs, and, when well preserved, by slightly boiling, or by drying in the

sun, they are very pleasant food. We saw some large shells of turtles, which the jaguars had emptied, as neatly as if the flesh had been cut away with a sharp knife.

“These animals hunt the poor creatures, catch them, turn them on their backs—for you know they cannot turn back again—and then devour them at leisure.*

“That same day, as we were sailing up the river, we saw the largest jaguar that had ever been heard of on that coast. It had just killed a chiquire, or water hog; but it had not eaten its prey, on which it kept one of its paws. A large flock of vultures was hovering near, in order to devour the jaguar’s repast, if he should chance to move. They came, every now and then, within two feet of the beast; but the least movement he made drove them off again. The noise of our oars made the animal rise slowly, and hide itself behind some bushes. The vultures now tried to take the hog; but the jaguar dashed into the midst of them, lashing his tail, and carried off his prey into the forest. Jaguars seldom attack boats by swimming to them, excepting when they are very much pressed by hunger.”†

* Humboldt’s Narrative, vol. iv. page 475.

† Humboldt.

“ Oh, what shocking, fierce, ugly and terrible animals there are in the world !” said Henry. “ I would not go down that awful Oroonoco, if any one would give me all the gold in Peru !”

“ There are very disagreeable reptiles in South America, certainly,” replied Tom ; “ but, I confess, that I think them more than compensated for, by the variety of beautiful and curious animals, which that country produces in greater number than any other part of the world. What think you of the Titi monkey, and the Widow monkey, for instance ?”

“ Titi and Widow monkeys ?” said Charlotte ; “ I never heard of them ! Oh, do tell me something about them ! I am so fond of monkeys ! I always liked to stand and feed those at Exeter Change, better than looking at any other of the animals there ! They are so droll, and mischievous too ! Did you never hear the story of one, that put his master’s red morocco slipper into the dripping pan ; and his travelling-cap into the saucepan, where a pudding was boiling ?”

“ No,” said Tom, “ I never did ; he must have been a very *low-lived monkey* ; very different from my delicate little *Titi*, and my elegant *Widow* ! —But what was this fur cap and shoe story ?”

“ Oh, that was all ; only the cook screamed so famously when she took the cap out of the sauce-

pan, and let the dish fall; and all the servants came scampering to know what was the matter; and the monkey bounded up stairs to get out of the way of their anger:—that's all, Tom!" said William, who feared that his sister would be too long in telling the story, and so prevent the continuation of their friend's adventures.

"No, William, that was not all," replied Charlotte, a little vexed at her brother's unkind way of settling the business: "for, Tom," added she, "the monkey knew he had done wrong, so he hid himself: and where do you think he was found? In his mistress's sable muff. I always think, when I *do* think of it, that he must have looked like the picture of *the ruff*, in my Bingley's *Animal Biography*, with his little head peeping out at one end of the muff! But go on, if you please; I want to hear about your delicate *Titi*, which would be too well behaved to make such a bustle in a house."

Tom smiled, and continued: "The Titi is very small; its hair is of a beautiful golden colour; it is more like a child in its countenance than any other animal; it is very timid; and when any thing alarms it, its large eyes fill with tears. It is very fond of insects to eat, particularly of spiders; and I have heard, that its sagacity is so great, that when any engravings of insects have

been shown to it, it would dart its little hand at a grasshopper or a wasp, in hopes of catching it; but that, when pictures of insects on which it did not feed were placed before it, the little creature took no notice of them !*

“ The Titis are so fond of warmth, that if several of them be in a cage, and a sudden shower come on, they crowd together, twining their legs and tails round one another to keep themselves warm ! And one that was tamed, used on such occasions to run after a person who wore large sleeves, that it might take refuge in them ! The Indians say that they sometimes, in the forests, meet groups of ten or twelve of them crying terribly, because those on the outsides want to get in the middle, to be warmer !”†

“ I don't doubt your word, you know, Tom,” said William ; “ but really this seems *unbelievable* ; now doesn't it, Henry ?”

Henry looked grave about it ; but Tom continued.

“ I do not think it *incredible*, my dears ; I have seen too many wonders, to refuse my belief to a circumstance so well authenticated, as is the natural history of these monkeys. Humboldt

* Humboldt, vol. iv. page 527.

† Humboldt.

(whose works you have seen your father reading) mentions the fact, and he was too respectable, sensible, and philosophical a man to assert improbabilities: those who devote their valuable lives, as he did, for the benefit of science are entitled to our respect and—”

“ I am sure I beg your pardon, Tom ; I did not intend to say any thing rude ; I might have been sure that you would tell us nothing that you did not believe to be quite true ! Please to go on ; I will not interrupt you so again,” said William, looking rather abashed.

His friend patted his head, and said, “ You need not fear to believe the assertions of modern travellers, my dear ; no man of credit would assert falsehoods, for fear of detection ; thanks to the blessing of printing, and to the spirit of adventure, people cannot *now* be *gulled* or deceived with such stuff as the earliest travellers and writers chose to relate ! Suppose I were to tell you that, when I travelled in Africa, I saw a tribe of men walking about without heads, could you believe me ?”

“ Oh, Tom ! no ! to be sure we could not !” exclaimed all the children.

“ And yet this has been asserted and believed !” replied Tom.

“ No, not believed surely ! Who asserted it ?”

“St. Augustine, one of the Fathers of the Church affirmed it. In his thirty-third sermon, he says, ‘I was already Bishop of Hippo, when I went into Ethiopia, with some servants of Christ, there to preach the gospel. In this country, we saw many men and women without heads, who had two great eyes in their breasts. In countries still more southerly, we saw a people who had but one eye in their foreheads,’ &c.—Now, what say ye?” added Tom.

“Ha! ha! ha!” shouted William. “Well, that is famous!”

“Famous, do you call it?” said Charlotte, looking shocked. “Is it possible, Tom,” continued she, “that people, *grown people*, could ever have been so stupid, as to believe in such nonsense? Why even I, who am only a little girl, could never be made to think it true! Were there only ignorant people and idiots, in former times then, do you think?”

Tom and William could not help laughing to see how earnest and angry Charlotte looked; but her friend, liking her spirit, and the hatred she showed against superstition, and the marvellous, replied—

“Well said, my little champion! that’s right! never suffer the good sense with which you are blessed, to be crushed by the tyrant that has tried

so hard to keep the human mind in shackles ! Superstition !—But I forget myself ; you will not understand me ; let me rather turn your attention to the two blessings which I named just now, as being the chief causes of our happy lot in the present age, compared with the misfortune of our forefathers. When printing was unknown, think how imperfectly *any kind of knowledge* would be communicated ! Reflect, too, that as the mind of man was not ennobled and strengthened by the habit of reading, and by comparing the merits of authors, it was open to any assertions, any folly, any imposition, any superstition, that artful, clever, wicked men chose to invent. You say truly, Charlotte, *you* could never credit the story contained in that quotation from St. Augustine ; and the reason is, that your mind has been kept free from the degrading power of superstition ; because, too, you have never heard that modern travellers have corroborated the impossible circumstance ; but, above all, because your good sense (though *you* may not have considered the matter exactly in this way,) enables you to feel certain, that if a man were but to cut his throat, he must die ; and that, therefore, it would be impossible for him to live without a head !”

Tom had gone a little too deep for Charlotte’s

“good sense,” to follow quite clearly; but she understood enough, to make her feel pleased in having shown Tom that she was too sensible to believe impossibilities; so she looked up in his face, and parting her brown ringlets off her forehead, at the same time trying not to smile, she said:

“I confess, Tom, I did feel proud for a moment while you were talking, to think that I had shown myself to be wiser than—that is, I mean, not so stupid as grown-up people who lived a good while ago; but I soon was ashamed, and remembered that if I had had my head crammed with such tales, you know, as that—that Saint Augustus”—

“Augustine, Charlotte,” said William.

“Ah, well, it’s of no consequence what his name was! but if I had had such tales always told me, and nothing truer, why you know, William, I should,—you know, Tom, I could not have helped myself,—I must have believed them, and then you would not have praised my good sense!”

“No, to be sure, he wouldn’t! But now let us hear about the *Widow monkey*, Charlotte. What a time we have been talking, and keeping Tom from his story! How I do like it!” exclaimed William.

Tom said he was glad that his young friend was amused; and immediately continued.

“There is nothing that will please you in the

account of the *Widow in mourning*, but the description of its body, which has caused it to have that name. Its hair is black, soft, and glossy; its face is of a whitish color; the neck has a white band in front, about an inch broad; the hinder feet are black, and the hands are white. In these white marks on the black monkey, the inhabitants think they discover the veil, the neckerchief, and the gloves of a widow in mourning."

"Oh, the Titi is *my* favourite!" said Charlotte.

"And mine too," exclaimed William; "but did you ever see an Orang Outang?" added he.

"No, my dear. I heard much of a monkey which the Indians called the 'Great Devil;' but none of them had ever seen one.—We were just now speaking of the disagreeable animals and reptiles of South America; I'll tell you what I found much more terrible than serpents, jaguars, and crocodiles."

"What, Tom? Dear me! what could be more dreadful than those creatures?" said Charlotte.

"Moschettoes, white flies, and ants," said Tom.

"Ah, now! you must be joking," exclaimed William; "why, you could knock the gnats or moschettoes away with your hand, or handkerchief; you could have trodden on the ants; and as to the white flies, I should not have minded them, if I had been with you!"

“William ! William ! who would ever suppose that you had crossed the line, had lived three days on an uninhabited island in the Indian Ocean, and had resided fourteen months in the sultry heat of Calcutta ? You forget how you yourself have been teased with moschettoes, do you not ?”

“Why, yes, I did indeed, Tom ; but that’s no wonder ; for you know, what with the black servants and fans, and moschettoe curtains at night, they did not trouble me much ; and on our island, I do not remember that I saw one.”

“That was because your cave was situated so high ; if you had been on the low lands, or on the banks of a river, you would have wondered no longer at my expression, just now. Why, my dear, we seemed to breathe moschettoes instead of air ! we were never free from them, excepting at midnight, and then, other insects, huge bats, and jaguars, kept us ever in alarm.

“Sleeping rooms there, are sometimes built on poles, or scaffolding, higher than these cruel insects ever fly, which is found to be about twelve feet from the level of the rivers ; and in these apartments we were able to obtain a little breathing comfort. Vast regions of that grand country are rendered uninhabitable, by the different species of tormenting insects which infest it. When two persons meet in the morning, their first ques-

tion is,—‘How did you find the zancudoes during the night? How are we to-day for the moschettoes?’—You never saw such a pair of legs in your life, as mine were, when we got back to the ship, owing to the wounds and swellings which the different insects had caused. In some parts, the Indians bury themselves in the sand, with only their heads out, in order to sleep; in other places, they assemble all the cows in the village, and among them they pass the nights; for it is found that moschettoes are not so troublesome in the neighbourhood of cattle.

“Sometimes, the Indians build a kind of oven without doors or windows, having only a little hole, through which they creep on their hands and knees, then lighting a fire in it of wet brushwood, which makes a great smoke, the insects are driven away; and then, closing the opening of the oven, they go to sleep; I however could not bear the heat, smoke, and stagnant air of these holes; I preferred even the cloud of moschettoes in the open air.

“The white flies are so very minute, that if you were even to use moschettoc curtains, they must be wetted to prevent these tiny plagues from making their way through the cross threads of the curtains: their sting too is very painful. There is a species of *termites*, (a sort of ant,) that eats paper,

pasteboard, parchment, &c. ; so that there are no ancient records of those countries, in which these insects are found ; and there is another species of ant that devours green leaves, particularly of succulent (that is juicy) greens, such as sallads ; so when the inhabitants wish for a few dishes of pleasant cooling herbs, they make a garden in the air."

"*In the air*, Tom ! how ?" asked William.

"They procure an old boat, or a frame of that description, raise it on dry poles, then fill it with earth, and sow their seeds ; the destructive ants, which travel in close bands, thus pass the bare poles, or supporters, not knowing that any thing is growing above.

"Really," said Tom, pausing, and speaking to himself, as if he did not recollect that the children were with him,—“really, the more I reflect on the vast mass of life in that wonderful country, the more I am astonished ; and the greater is my admiration of the Deity, who planned the mighty work ! Animal life crowding the forests, the plains, the rivers, the air ; vegetable life loading the rich earth with its enormous growth ; what would become of the vast mass, if it had not its proper species to nourish ? If alligators and jaguars did not devour the young turtles ; and if ants and locusts in myriads did not clear the ram-

pant vegetation from the surface of the ground, what would be the consequence? Oh, how wonderful is the mighty plan!"

The children but half understood their friend's expressions; but they felt awe-struck at his manner and his words; and would not interrupt his thoughts as he sat "peering among the stars," with the mild pale moon shining on his intelligent face:—suddenly he recalled his attention, and said—

"Dear, good creatures! I had forgotten you! Oh, where was I? Let me see:—

"We returned to the ship, and once more got under way. You have heard that there was a youth of the name of Swipes, on board; well, from the moment I first saw this boy, (he was older than I,)—he made me dislike him. I had been unused to hear swearing before I went to sea; and the ill-natured, wanton, blasphemous oaths with which he obeyed the captain's commands 'to give me Benson's stores,' quite disgusted me; but his hatred of me was much more violent; for I soon found that he had expected to be the only cabin boy, when young Benson failed to come on board: so that, when he saw me, and afterwards found how I gained the friendship of Captain Heartly, his envy and hatred knew no bounds. Frequently, I was employed in writing

for the captain, while Swipes was ordered to perform my work:—this enraged him; and, one day, he had the folly to object to one of the captain's commands. I never shall forget the start, and angry flash of our usually kind commander's dark eyes, as, with a voice of thunder, he swore the fellow should suffer for his insolence. The poor wretch, that very morning, received fifty lashes, and was put in irons for two days. Discipline is so necessary on board ship, that commanders, however mild they may be, are obliged to show their power sometimes.

“Swipes's enmity to me now became deadly. He took an oath to be avenged on me, for having been the cause, as he said, of his disgrace; and from that moment his whole soul seemed bent on contriving my ruin. There was also a young sailor, a Falmouth lad, on board, who early attached himself to me, in consequence of my once screening him from the captain's displeasure, for a trifling fault; and I liked him, because he was good-tempered, and because he not only had worked for Mr. Gooze, William's uncle, but had once spoken to William himself, during one of his former visits to his uncle.

“It was like meeting with a friend, to find this lad had seen my dear William; so, being thus pleased with, and, as it were, bound to one another,

we became friends. Poor Ned! and he too went down!—But I must not go on to that sad wreck!

“The day after our return to the vessel, I was sitting in the cabin, writing, as usual, for the captain, when the door opened, and Ned’s face looked in: finding I was alone, he came towards me very cautiously, and said, in a low, hurried voice,* ‘Tom, there has been foul work aboard, while the captain and you have been ashore!’—‘What do you mean, Ned?’ said I. ‘I mean what it’s as much as my life’s worth to tell you, if it should be known,’ replied Ned. ‘Then, why do you offer to tell me?’ asked I. ‘Because I deem it better to risk my existence, than to see two good fellows butchered for want of warning!’

“‘Good fellows! Butchered! Warning! Ned!’ said I, in alarm, starting up and running to the captain’s closet, where he kept his fire-arms.

“‘Nay, you’re not to be killed yet, Tom,’ said Ned, who could hardly help laughing, at my boyish eagerness to be well armed.

“‘Then pray make haste and tell me when I am to be killed, and who is to be my butcher; for I cannot understand you, Ned!’ replied I.

* It has been thought advisable to omit the usual and peculiar phraseology in which sailors converse: it is difficult to be understood by the generality of young people.

“ ‘ In a word, then, Swipes has bred a mutiny in the ship! His surly old uncle, the boatswain, has been so worked upon, and plagued, about the rascal’s flogging, not only by Swipes, but by three or four of the sailors, (and he named them,) that at last they’ve got him to promise he would head the mutineers. The way I came to be among them was this. I was asleep, three days ago, on one of the chests in the steward’s room, which, you know, is dark; but happening to wake quietly, I heard Swipes and Dick Jink talking close by me; but they did not see me: they were calling over the names of the mutiny band; then they agreed that six would be too few, so Dick said, ‘ Ned Luff’s a sturdy little dog, let’s have him.’

“ ‘ No,’ replied the other with an oath, ‘ he’s sworn friend to that rascal Tom Starboard; he’d *peach*, I know?’ So there I lay, Tom, hearing all this, and wondering what the fellows were after; when Swipes went on, ‘ Well, though there are but six of us, we’re all stout-hearted, and, what’s more, well prepared; while they’ll all be taken at unawares! They won’t expect anything; besides, in the night, when they’re asleep and stupid, how easy it will be to kill ’em! I’ll do for Tom, and do you stick to the captain, Dick! Oh! never fear, but we shall have the ship soon in our own hands,

and then, my boy, I shall be steward, and you shall have grog enough to swim in;—my uncle will be captain, and you shall be mate, Dick!’ Then with a laugh, they moved off. Amazed and terrified at what I had heard, I lay for full half an hour, considering what was best to be done to upturn their plot; but, as the captain and you were ashore, I could think of nothing better than to tell you of your danger, as soon as you should come aboard. At first, indeed, I thought of letting Mr. Sterling (the mate) into the secret, but then, as I had not heard enough to enable me to answer all the questions I thought he might put to me, I resolved to let things go on, and keep a sharp look-out after the mutineers. Once or twice, yesterday and the day before, I narrowly escaped their observation, as I was listening to their private conversations; and to-day, I overheard Swipes saying to Dick,—‘We must throw that fellow Ned overboard; he’s always prying about, and I believe he suspects what we’re after!’—‘I don’t believe a word of it,’ replied Dick, ‘for if he knew any thing, he would by this time have told his friend Tom, who would have told the captain. Besides, Ned is a good hearty dog, and parts with his grog as generously as if it were only water.’ The fact is, every day since I overheard the con-

versation, I have invited Dick to take a share of my grog, which he never refuses; and whilst he was drinking, I was gradually drawing the secret from him. From his hints,—for, you know, he don't half trust me; and from what I have overheard at different times, it seems that an attack will be made to-night, at twelve; so mind, and be prepared. I shall probably be with them; for Dick told me, not an hour ago, that he should want me to-night, and hoped I would stand by him like a man, if any danger should befall him. I promised to stand by him in all weathers; upon which he gave me his hand, and desired me to be with him soon after the watch is set; as it is his turn to mount guard to-night."

"‘To-night!’ exclaimed I, looking at the priming of the pistols.

"‘To-night, at twelve precisely, you may expect an assault upon the captain and you; so be prepared: of my help you may be sure; and we must hope the best; for the remainder,—but hark!’ said he.

"‘Tis Swipes, Ned! In with you! into the closet,—hush!’ said I, pushing him in, and sitting down to my writing, though my hand shook so, with the fright I had felt, that I could not form a single letter.

"The villain Swipes looked around the room

quickly, and went out again, without speaking. Of course he suspected that Ned Luff was with me, and had come to look for him. As soon as he was gone, I let Ned out of the closet. 'Make haste,' said I, 'off with you! But don't let him see you come up the companion ladder. I'll talk with you again, if I can, before midnight.'

"Well! but Tom!" said he—

"Go! go! that fellow will see you," said I, pushing him out.

"I stood like one bewildered, after I had heard his footsteps die away. I seemed to be in a dream; for I had never been in a situation so terrifying to a young and innocent mind. *Murder* was so shocking! and that our worthy captain should be the victim of these wicked men, quite upset me. Just then, his well-known quick step sounded on the stairs, and in he came. The moment I saw him, I begged him, hastily, to bolt the door, for I had something horrid to tell him: he looked at me, and was going to laugh, but seeing that I appeared distressed, he did bolt it, and then I told him all. He sat with an unchanging countenance while I was speaking. 'Poor ignorant creatures!' exclaimed he; and then followed a volley of oaths, which I need not repeat to you. 'Go and fetch Mr. Sterling to me,' said the captain; and I went.

“‘Sterling,’ said Captain Heartly, ‘I’ve seen your courage well tried in an engagement, but I’ve never seen it in a mutiny; how will it stand that sort of work?’

“‘Tis not likely to be tried, Captain!’

“‘Ah! isn’t it though?’ and then Sterling heard what I had just told the Captain.

“‘Dastardly villains! Murder in cold blood!’ exclaimed he.

“‘Hush! not so loud, my good fellow.’

“‘Well, but as you know who the mutineers are, Captain, you’ll order them to be ironed—heavily ironed—and confined directly, won’t you?’ said the Mate, whose hot temper was roused.

“‘No! Why what a madbrain you are! I have but Ned Luff’s word for the truth of this business; and were I to have them punished upon so slight a testimony, I should breed a mutiny among the rest of the crew; for, of course, the rascals would all deny the charge, and how could I prove it? No; we’ll wait for them, and, if possible, disarm them without bloodshed; this will not only prove whether the remainder of the crew are true-hearted, but we shall then be perfectly justified in putting them in confinement till we reach the next port, where they can be tried by a court-martial.’

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Tom," said William, "but what is a court-martial? I have often heard of it, but never knew what it meant; I thought it related to soldiers."

"It means a court composed of a number of either naval or military officers, who are appointed to try prisoners in the navy or army; and to decide upon their punishment, if they be found guilty."

"Please, Tom, to go on," said Henry, who knew the meaning of the term, and was therefore unwilling to lose time, by attending to any other subject than the story, which interested him very much. So Tom smiled and continued.

"Don't look so anxious, William! I was not killed, you see; I have only this scar to show for my share of the fighting," baring his right arm as he spoke, and tracing with his finger along a jagged-looking white seam across the flesh, below his elbow; he then went on.

"'Sterling,' said the Captain, 'you, and Freeman, (the steward) and Bilge, and Simson, and Stowman, must be ready to assist us: I am sure of courage and fidelity in all of you. Tell them what you know; contrive that the mutineers shall see you in your hammocks, as if you were really going to sleep for the night; then get up, and

come all of you, armed, into my cabin : be sure to come cautiously. Tom had better go to his hammock, and stay there ; we shall not want him. Time enough for your fighting, my lad, when you have weathered a few more gales ! Why, what ails the boy ?' said he, seeing that I was ready to burst into tears.

" ' Oh Captain ! Dear Sir !' said I, ' don't think me a coward, nor make me one ! Pray let me be by you ! I'll not flinch ; indeed, indeed ! I cannot go to my hammock and lie there like a useless hulk, while you are in danger !'

" ' Let him be here, Captain,' said Mr. Sterling kindly ; which made me seize his hand and thank him.

" ' Nay, I don't want to make a chicken-hearted fellow of the boy, I'm sure ! So pray join the brave band, Tom,' replied the Captain, smiling.

" Well, I could not get near Ned all the rest of the day ; the mutineers, I suppose, suspected him, and feared that he would tell me what they thought he knew of their plans, so they watched him closely.

" How long the hours seemed ! How changed did every thing appear about the ship ! How my young heart beat as I passed the men whose

names I had heard were among the cowardly set !

“ Evening fell quickly around us ; every thing was beautiful and calm, but the hearts of those blood-thirsty men ! I sat at the side of the vessel playing with Glaucus, as if I were thinking of nothing but his tricks, though my feelings were anything but pleasant.

“ I remembered my home ! thought that I might be killed ! fancied my mother’s sorrow ! feared I might have to take the life of a fellow-creature, of one of those with whom I had been for months in the daily habit of talking and of eating ! All this was very sad ! And I wondered how it was that the stars could come out sparkling, and twinkling, and brilliant, and joyous-looking ; and that the moon should wear so placid a face when such a scene of bloodshed and wickedness was going to take place. Storms, and wild waves, and angry clouds, and a fiery sky, I thought, would suit that night better ; and, I am sure, would have pleased me more ! This calm quite fretted me, and added to the irritation of my feelings.

“ The watch was at length set ; and the rest of us retired to our hammocks. Now it so happened that I was not able to leave my bed, owing

to the suspicious watchfulness of the conspirators ; so that, to my inexpressible horror, I heard an unusual shuffling of feet on deck, while yet two of the band loitered near me ; this was too much for me !

“ I sprang up, like a young panther, and with a cutlass in each hand, which I had concealed in bed, I dashed by the two astonished fellows, and was on deck in an instant ! At the top of the cabin stairs, I saw Swipes standing with a pistol cocked, and an unsheathed hanger, ready to shoot, or to cut down, the first that should come past him.

“ I rushed at him, before he was aware, knocked the pistol out of his hand, and, seizing his collar, strove to throw him from me, that I might have room to run into the cabin. The strength of the ruffian was, however, greater than mine ; he soon recovered his feet, threw himself against me, so as to make me stagger, then cut at me with his hanger with such force that my right arm was disabled, and my weapon fell clattering on the deck. Although I had another, I did not need it ; for the villain sprang again at me, and tried to throw me down ; when, at that moment, Glaucus flew out from his sleeping place under one of the guns, and seized Swipes's leg ! He roared, and swore with the pain ; while his passion and revenge only seemed

to increase. We still struggled together, wounded as I was ; but, my strength was failing, I reeled towards the side of the vessel ; in another moment Swipes's weight overbalanced me, and we both fell into the water ! I remember nothing more, till I found myself in the ship's boat, and Ned Luff supporting me. The first words I heard were, ' No, to be sure, that dog's too good a Christian to save such a scoundrel as Swipes. You need not try to make him go after the worthless carcase any more, Bilge ; the dog won't stir. Besides, I saw the fellow's white face, full in the moonlight, on the top of the wave. He's dead, I tell you !' said Ned.

" ' I think poor Tom had but a narrow escape !' replied the good-natured Bilge, as he fixed the tackle that had been lowered over the ship's side for me to be hauled up.

" ' Though weak and faint, I could now thank them for their kindness ; and then I begged to know if the Captain were safe and the mutineers secured.

" ' Yes, yes ! Never fret about them ; all's well ! let's get you into your hammock, and have your arm dressed, for I've found where all this blood comes from ; and then I'll tell you about the mutiny,' said Ned ; as he fixed the ropes round me, and called to those above to haul away.

“ As I swung off, I felt a weight drag my legs (as I thought) almost from my body, and a shout of mingled laughter and delight hailed my entrance to the ship; it was at poor Glaucus; who, having saved my life, would not quit me; but, seizing my trousers with his teeth, and clasp- ing his fore-feet round my legs, was drawn up with me.

“ The next day, I was well enough to leave my bed; all were kind to me; and Ned told me, as we sat together, of the remainder of the last night's disturbance.

“ ‘ When you heard that noise of shuffling feet, Tom, which you told me of,’ said he, ‘ your fears, —no, not your fears, but your thoughts must have deceived you; it was only Swipes, whose feet slipped and made him stumble; the time had not arrived for beginning the attack, but Swipes had seen Sterling go down stairs, so he thought he might as well mount guard, and either keep him there, or give the alarm if he should come up. The two fellows, who you thought were staying to watch you, were Ben Ply and Jack Warely, who were talking the business over, and had agreed to keep out of the scrape; for Swipes had offended them just before, and they thought they should be fools to put their necks in jeopardy for him; so, you see, the mutineers were reduced to four; Swipes,

the boatswain, Dick Jink, and Bob Lanyard. Dick is a drunken dog, who would kill his own father for a glass of three-water grog; and so, knowing how fond he is of it, and to keep him true, Swipes gave him his own allowance, and consented to receive me, at Dick's request, in lieu of the two who had fallen to leeward.

“ ‘ Well, this sudden fight of your's, with that scoundrel Swipes, made such a noise, that the old boatswain, Jink, and Lanyard, were afraid the Captain would come up to see what caused it; so they rushed down the cabin stairs, and I ran after them: I had wetted the powder in their pistols, unknown to them; and as they were taken at unawares, they had not their cutlasses ready; so they were both disarmed by the Captain and Sterling, in an instant, for the noise above had warned them in time to be prepared. As soon as I saw the three safe, I told the Captain what had happened between you and Swipes, and we ran up to look for you, (for I had not seen you fall overboard); there I found Ben Ply, and Jack Warely, lowering the boat; and I saw Glaucus struggling in the water, and keeping your head up, by holding your collar in his teeth: as soon as you were taken into the boat, they tried to make him go in again to save Swipes; but neither they, nor I, nor Bilge, nor the Captain even, could persuade him

to stir from your side ! and the body had now floated so far from the ship, that no one would venture to swim to it ; indeed, it was quite clear that Swipes was nearly strangled before he fell over ; you had held his throat so tightly, Tom, that he had no breath to help to float him, I suppose !

“It was long,” continued Tom, “before I could get the wretched end of Swipes out of my mind. The three mutineers were landed at Buenos Ayres, where they took their trial, and, being found guilty of mutiny, were hanged at the yard-arm. Thus ended the only crime of that sort, that I have ever witnessed, in the two-and-twenty years that I have been a wanderer.”

Charlotte’s face and hands had become white, and cold as marble, during the latter part of Tom’s account of this perilous adventure ; and William and Henry’s lips quivered, and their cheeks grew flushed, as they listened in breathless suspense : at last their feelings vented themselves in a long drawn sigh, and William exclaimed —

“What a shocking thing a mutiny must be !”

“Yes, worse than any conspiracy on land, because there is no escape on the wide sea,” said Henry.

“But, Tom,” continued William, “why would not Glaucus go into the water to fetch Swipes

out? I'm sure our dear Neptune would! Think how he saved us all after the wreck! Here Nep! Nep! come, poor fellow!" said he to the stately creature that was lying a few paces from the little party. He arose and came towards his young master, swinging his large tail from side to side; and stood to be patted by the children. Then he flounced down at their feet, looking from one to the other, while they enumerated his good qualities, and settled, to their mutual satisfaction, that he was a much better dog than Glaucus was; indeed, the *very best dog* in the whole world.

"Shall I go on?" said Tom, smiling at their pride of, and fondness for, this noble creature.

"Oh yes, if you please. Have you any thing more to tell us about Glaucus?" said William.

"Yes, you asked me why our dog would not save Swipes? Animals, particularly dogs, possess a faculty, which is beyond *instinct*: if it be not *reason*, I know not what to call it; nor has any name been yet discovered for it. They take dislikes, and show an acuteness in detecting persons of dishonest and bad dispositions, that *man*, with all his reason, is at a loss for. In this instance, to be sure, Glaucus's dislike of Swipes probably arose from the boy's unkindness to him; for he was always teasing the noble fellow. But I have heard of, and *known*, such instances of the

great sagacity of dogs, that I cannot persuade myself to believe they are not reasonable. Have you never read Joseph Taylor's delightful little book, called "*The Character of the Dog?*"

"No, never," replied the children.

"Then, as soon as we land in England, I'll procure it for you. I am so fond of that generous, useful creature, that I always read every account I can meet with, relating to him."

"Do you believe, Tom, (I don't, you know,) that dogs howl before any body dies?" said Charlotte, with a sly glance at William.

"Now, Charlotte! that's not fair of you!" exclaimed her brother, hastily; "for, you know, I said, I could not believe it, when Mary told us; now didn't I?"

"Yes; you did, to be sure; but, my dear William, don't you remember, that you said afterwards, when you had been thinking it over, 'It was very strange though, that her grandmother should die just then?'" replied his sister.

"Well, Tom, I'll be judged by you," exclaimed William: "Mary said, that her grandmother was very ill for a fortnight; and that a week before she died, a dog howled so, that it was quite shocking; and I only said it was strange: that's all!"

"Mary is ignorant, my dears, and has had no

opportunities of getting rid of the wretched superstitions that cling and hang round the human mind, as the ivy and bindweed cling to, and confine, the growth of trees and shrubs. But you call this circumstance of the dog's howling, *strange*;—why do you think it so? how old was the girl's grandmother?"

"More than eighty, Tom," replied Charlotte.

"Then it was not *strange* that so old a person should die; neither was it *strange* that she should be ill before her death. Did the dog belong to the family?" said Tom.

"I don't know," replied Charlotte.

"Then run and ask Mary; and inquire also if the animal had ever been heard to howl at any other time than just before her grandmother's death," said Tom; who knew the good effects of searching an apparent mystery to the bottom.

The little girl returned in a minute or two, having much amazed Mary by the abruptness of her question.

"Yes, Tom; it was their dog," she says; "and it used sometimes to howl, and they never could tell why it made the dismal noise; but they were always afraid that somebody belonging to them was going to die, whenever it did howl. So, after her grandmother died, they tried to give it away; but the neighbours would not have it, 'because it

foretold the poor old woman's death,' they said,—and so Mary's father drowned it!"

"Just as I thought!" exclaimed Tom. "Now, William, see the benefit of searching out all mysteries. Though your good sense might have prevented you from absolutely believing that dogs howl before the death of persons; yet, for want of knowing the whole of this silly business, you might all your life have thought it strange that this dog did howl before this poor old woman died: and, trifling as the matter is, depend upon it that it would have *always* haunted your recollection, precisely because it was strange.

"I know a gentleman, in England, whose dog is very liable to disturb the family in the night, by howling; he had been with them five years when I last saw my friend, and, in spite of his dismal noise, not one of those who lived in the house, nor one of their relations residing at a distance, had died, during the whole of that time. The melancholy sounds which some dogs are in the habit of making, seem to show that the poor creatures are unhappy; and in general, if persons will take the trouble to try, they may find out the cause of their howling. My friend's dog, Wolf, for instance, used to fret because he heard other dogs at a distance; but their barking was so faint, that

if the gentleman had not listened very attentively, he could not have heard it, and then there would have been no end of the wondering, and of the mystery: it would have been so *strange*, William! —I knew a lady who had a very *strange* circumstance occur to her. Mr. Stacy, her husband, left her, to go a journey for some weeks: the day after his departure, a messenger came to inform her, that he had been taken ill at a village about thirty miles distant; and begged she would come to him immediately. She hastened to him, of course, and found that he had become so rapidly worse, as not to know her. She had him removed from the noisy little inn where he had been taken ill, and hired a neat lodging in the village for him, on the ground floor.

“As soon as he was put into bed, a dog began to howl close under the window, and the lady requested the owners of the house to drive their dog away, lest it should disturb her husband. They replied, it was *her* dog which was making the noise; and that they would have stopped him, but they did not wish to offend her, by beating the animal.

“Mrs. Stacy was surprised, and assured them that her dog was at home, thirty miles off; still, she thought that Hector might have followed her,

so she went to look at the animal,—no, it was a strange dog,—ay, *strange* to the whole village; no person had ever seen it before! In three days, Mr. Stacy was *well*, and the fine animal that had ‘*foretold his death*,’ as ignorant people would say, still lived with my friends when I visited them last.

“Here are two anecdotes* that ought to overturn a boat-load of such superstitious folly as we have heard to-night: and now, my dears, it is time for us to go down into the cabin; Mamma will wonder where you are.”

“No, Tom! indeed she will not,” said Charlotte, “for I told her how happy we were with you, and she smiled, and said—‘Very well, my love,’ and then went on with her game of chess with General Gordon; (who was a passenger in the *Hero*,) so, you see, Tom, you can tell us some more to-night.”

Tom could not resist her entreaties, but, patting her head, he said kindly—

“Well, well, Nereid,”† as he often called her, “I’ll finish my first voyage to-night; for, though it will take some time longer, the evening is so beautiful, that we are more pleasantly situated here, than we should be in the hot cabin. We left Buenos Ayres then, which I found a very dif-

* Both of which are facts.

† A sea-nymph.

ferent place from what I had expected it to be. It was so named by the Spaniards; and the meaning of the word is, *good airs*, or *delightful climate*. It so happened, however, that the weather was very sultry; and during the short time we stayed, the court-martial was held; and the disgraceful death of three of our crew, made the place ever afterwards hateful to me. I was glad when we were once off again, to other climates. We had on board, passengers for the Cape of Good Hope, so we went by that passage to China, and were to return home by Cape Horn. Nothing material occurred during the voyage, till we entered the Straits of Malacca, between the peninsula of that name, and the island of Sumatra. An accident had happened to our casks of fresh water, so that that essential article began to run short, and the Captain ordered four of us to go on shore, to obtain a fresh supply.

“ ‘Don’t forget your cutlass, Tom,’ said he good-humoredly, ‘for you may meet with rough usage. I see no signs of inhabitants along the whole range of coast, to be sure,’ continued he, with his telescope to his eye; ‘but some of those ferocious fellows, the Malays,* may be lurking about. I would rather steer for Sumatra, Sterling,’ said he,

* The inhabitants of the country.

turning to the Mate, 'but the wind is foul for that tack; so keep together, my lads; and do you, Bilge, fire your musket, if any of the villainous Malays play you false.'

"Bilge, and Ned Luff, and Warely, and I therefore," continued Tom, "armed ourselves, and put off towards shore. I was delighted to think that I was allowed to make one of the party; for my spirit of adventure was strong; and I longed to see fresh faces and fresh manners. We rowed away in high spirits, longing for the delicious fruits, which Bilge told us we should find in great plenty; for he had landed on this coast during a former voyage. We pushed into a pretty creek, jumped ashore, lashed the boat to the trunk of a cocoa-tree, slung our cutlasses, stuck our pistols in our belts, and away we sallied; Ned and I singing by snatches, as we pulled the fruits and ate them,

' Ye gentlemen of England,
Who live at home at ease,
How little do ye think upon
The dangers of the seas !'

" 'I wish you'd think of the dangers of the land, you noisy fools,' said Jack Warely, who was peeping about, and fancying a Malay in every bush: but we were too thoughtless, and too full

of spirits, to be warned by our companion ; so we continued to sing, or rather roar—

‘ On a Friday morn, as we set sail,
It was not far from land ;
I spied a pretty Mermaid with
A comb and a glass in her hand ;
For the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow ;
And we poor sailors are sent up aloft,
While the land lubbers lie down below, below, below,
While the land lubbers lie down below !’

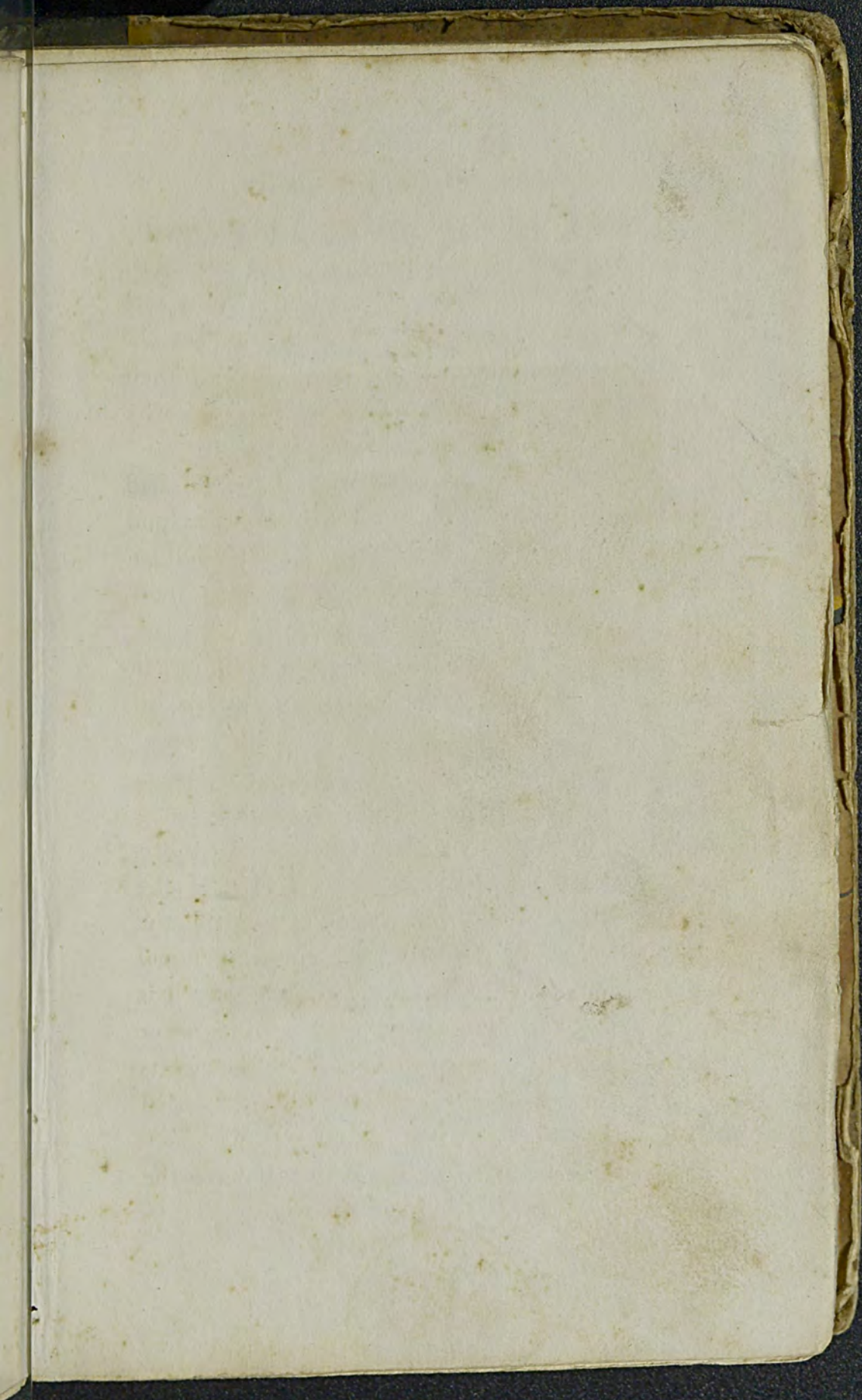
“ ‘ I’ll make you both sing to another tune, you bawling fellows, I tell ye ! Why can’t you stop your blaring mouths with *these* ?’ said Warely again, throwing two monstrous pine-apples at our heads. We only laughed the more at his anger ; gnawed away at the pine-apples, (in Malacca, they are the finest in the world,) and, between every mouthful, shouted—

‘ I sail’d from the Downs in the Nancy,
Her jib how she smack’d through the breeze !
She’s a vessel as tight to my fancy,
As ever sail’d on the salt seas.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns, blow they high or blow low ;
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives, we must go !’

“ ‘ Bilge !’ exclaimed Warely, who was really angry, those bolt-headed fools of boys will cause some mischief; here are we getting farther into this thick wood, and their noise will direct the rascally Malays where to find us ! Do stop their singing, will ye ? But look at Ned Luff ! why what’s the fellow at ?’

“ Bilge and I sprang forward, for Ned had dashed on a few paces ; while I had stayed behind to laugh Warely out of his fears. Partly hidden by the trees, and among the brushwood, there was Ned, cutting and slashing away with his cutlass at something which we could not see ; but in another moment Bilge and I were in the thick of a fight between Ned and a floundering rhinoceros ! The monstrous creature had been wallowing in the mud of a neighbouring river ; and being awakened by our noise, had just raised up his cumbrous body as Ned got to the banks of the stream. The foolish boy began attacking the great hillock of flesh, instead of letting the animal remain quiet, which it would have done, for it is very inoffensive ; but, being attacked, it never flinches from an enemy. Bilge knew the habits of the creature better than we did, and cried out—

“ ‘ God bless my life, but Ned will have the worst of it !’





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“ ‘Let’s run down the bank and attack it behind, with our cutlasses,’ exclaimed Warely, who was close after us.

“ ‘You may just as well cut at the rock,’ replied Bilge.

“ ‘Let’s all fire at it,’ shouted I.

“ ‘His tough hide will flatten your bullets for you; but we shan’t hurt him,’ returned Bilge.

“ In the mean time, the creature had left the water, and was coming up the bank; preparing, with its head down, to strike his short, thick horn into poor Ned! I rushed up, whisked out my cutlass, and, while Ned stood on his defence, I aimed at the animal’s eye, and struck my weapon into it! The pain made him pause for an instant; but, the next moment, he dashed up between us, while we slipped behind a tree. All escape seemed now over; for he instantly wheeled round, and ran with fury against the very tree which sheltered us: his weight and mighty strength jarred the stem; the leaves and blossoms quivered; and down it fell, snapping like a lath.* Our danger was now frightful! The stamping of his ponderous feet was tremendous! his monstrous body—

* See, in Bingley’s *Animal Biography*, an account of the great strength of this animal.

(for he was twelve feet high,) seemed waiting to crush us, as we crouched down among the fallen boughs; and his rage was quite awful, as he staggered with the pain of his wound. Terrified as I was, however, I would have rushed out upon him in the hope of injuring his other eye also with my cutlass; but the creature had come up the bank and was now on level ground, so that I could not reach him. At this moment, I saw Bilge and Warely peep out from behind a mass of rock; the rhinoceros now fell from pain, with a weight that shook the ground: Bilge then fired at the only soft part of the animal—his belly: Warely darted forward at the same moment, with his cutlass raised on high, which glittered as he struck it deep into the same place: Ned and I flew out from behind: I aimed at the eye which was yet perfect, and blinded him; while Ned buried his weapon near the heart of our enormous foe.

“His very agony now brought him on his feet again; but we were safe; for, as he could no longer see to pursue us, we stood on the rock (whither we had run for protection,) watching the blind, headlong fury with which he kneaded the moist sod of the dingle with his feet; tearing down the surrounding trees, and trampling their branches into splinters: the next moment, he

staggered, and rolled down the bank into the river; his huge bulk forming a stoppage to the water, which soon rose over his body, and dashed off in a sparkling cascade! All this, my dears, that has taken so long in telling, passed in less than three minutes. I don't wonder you both look so interested; it was a frightful situation to be placed in; and I shall not easily forget our terror.

“When we had recovered ourselves,—for, I assure you, our white cheeks told truth, whatever our lips might have said—‘we called a council of war,’ and agreed to go back to our boat, and bring her round the rocky headland, in order to fill our water vessels in the small river which we had discovered; so we tacked about again; and I give you my word,” added Tom, laughing, “that we returned more quietly than we went! Like other heroes, ‘we fought our battle o’er again;’ and, unlike some heroes, we gave each one his fair share of the glory! Well, we had steered round into the mouth of the river, and were still talking of our morning’s work, when Bilge called out, ‘There goes an esculent Martin!’ pointing, as he spoke, to a little bird that was flying over us, and which looked no bigger than a wren. ‘Is that,’ exclaimed I, ‘one of the birds that build the edible nests? Oh, do, Warely, put the

head of the boat round, and land me on this rock, will you? The Captain was telling me about the little esculent martins, last week; and he said too, that he was very fond of their nests in soups. —Put her head round, there's a good fellow; I won't be long clambering up the rock; and I dare say I shall soon find some nests, if there are any caverns.'

" 'I'll come too!' exclaimed Ned Luff, jumping up.

" 'Yes, you idle fellow,' said Warely; 'you'll be off from the labour of filling the casks! Bilge and I may do that, while you go a birds' nest-ing, like land-lubber lads! No, no! I don't stand that fun; come, bear a hand; let's get the boat freighted, and then you may land and welcome; but you won't catch me among you, though; I'll not put myself in the way, for those wild wretches to run a muck* at me!'

"We laughed at Warely's caution," continued

* The Malays are deemed the most ferocious and treacherous people on the face of the globe; and when their natural ferocity of disposition is increased by drinking spirits, they frequently seize a sword, or other naked weapon, and, running through their villages like maniacs, cut at every one they meet. This is called "running a muck;" which is also a term of chivalry, and then means an action something similar, but without cruelty or bloodshed.

Tom, "but we 'lent a hand' to fill the casks; for we felt he was right.

"'Ay!' muttered he half aloud, 'I do hate those Malays! I wouldn't meet one—no, not if I might be made captain to-morrow!'

"'Why, Jack,' said Bilge, as he stood to rest himself, wiping the heat drops from his sun-burnt face—'why, Jack! if I had not seen you stand to a gun, with as good a heart as e'er a one of us, I should think you, and even call you, a coward!'

"'No, Jem Bilge!—no! I am no coward; I never was one, but for two days, and that was when I would have lifted my hand against a fellow-creature—a countryman—my captain! and I do think, sometimes, that Swipes must have had a Malay in him, to tempt me to—'

"'Ay, ay! well, well! that's all over long ago, Jack. Come, let's get this job done, for it's very hot, and we'll moor the boat under shadow of the rock, and cool ourselves, while those boys climb up it!'

"In a short time, we had finished our task, and Ned and I began our birds' nesting. The face of the rock was nearly perpendicular, but bold crags jutted out here and there, over the water: bushes, dwarf trees, and beautiful flowering creepers fringed the rugged stone, and waved in the light breeze. We toiled up, catching and clinging to

them for support, and, after a good breathing, we reached the top, about twenty feet above the water. We stood still to rest for a minute, and then turned round to look for those delicious nests.

“ ‘Here’s a prize!’ shouted I, as I dashed into a small hollow, or cavern, near me, and brought away more than a dozen nests, that I had taken from the sides of the rock, to which they had been ingeniously fastened, in the manner that the martins’ nests in England are plastered to the eaves of cottages—you remember?”

“Ah! dear England! beautiful Richmond!” exclaimed Charlotte; “how that reminds me of our house, and the gardener’s cottage across the fields!—William, William! don’t you remember that fine morning when poor Mamma heard the bad news, that Papa was not coming home for a whole twelvemonth?—how she sat, so pale on the sofa by the window, in the breakfast parlor that looked out into that pretty field; and we could not think what to do to amuse her;—don’t you recollect? I whispered that we should run to Nailer’s for the heliotrope, which he had promised to bring us from London for her, without her knowing any thing of it; and how we stole out of the room, and she never missed us; and how we ran, and Neptune after us;—and don’t you

remember that we counted fifty-three nests under Nailer's thatched roof; and how we stayed watching those darling brisk birds, darting so swiftly and so merrily in and out of their nests, flying round the cottage in all directions; and that Nailer said they were seeking their food, which was insects, that live and find their own sustenance in the air; for that when the craw of a Martin is opened, insects are found in it, which are unknown to us, and—"

"Ay," interrupted William, "and I remember I thought he was such a clever man to be only a gardener, when he added—'You have noticed, I dare say, my little man, that the swallows sometimes fly low, and sometimes hawk high; and I suppose you have heard, too, that when they fly low, it is said to be a sign of rain; and when they hawk high, it foretels fair weather; but do you know the reason of this?' and I said, 'No, Sir;,' so he said,—'Then I'll tell you:—When the air is heavy, that is in fine weather, the insects are borne up very high in the atmosphere, and there of course the birds follow them; but when it is going to rain, the air is not buoy—yes, buoyant,'—that was his word,—'so the insects sink near the earth, and of course the birds, which are ever on the wing, seeking their food, fly low also.' He said, too, that this was the sort of action which

caused the quicksilver in the barometer to foretel fine and foul weather ; and, I remember, I could hardly believe him, when he said, that on every square inch of the surface of our bodies, we had a weight of fifteen pounds of air ; so that the pressure upon us amounted to thousands of pounds ! but that sometimes, owing to alterations of the *electricity* of the atmosphere, the great weight upon us is somewhat lessened ; that is, the pressure of the air is not so great ; and this was the case in bad weather ; but that the air was heavier in fine weather. I was but a little boy then, for it is nearly four years ago ; but I quite remember all this ; for when we got back to Mamma with the heliotrope, and when she had kissed us, and smelled it, and said how fond Papa was of it, I tried to keep her from thinking of him, and of his being away, by asking her, if all that Nailer had told me was true ; and she said, she was not quite certain that she had met with the observation respecting the Martins, but that he was correct about the pressure of the air ; and then she read to me, and talked about the barometer and thermometer, till I quite understood them."

" Why, my dears," said Tom, shaking a hand of each of the young Clements, " you say, that you are pleased with my story ; but, upon my word, I do not believe you can like it half so

much as I have enjoyed your delightful little gush of remembrance, Charlotte, of your Martins, and their pretty thatched home; and your natural surprise at, and faithful recollection of, the sensible gardener's observations, William! Thank you, my dears," said Tom, with evident delight.

They smiled, and said, "Oh, but his story was the best, and they hoped he would go on;" so he continued:

"I had just placed my pretty nests safely on the edge of the rock; and had turned round to go and look for more, when I saw Ned creeping towards me, with his finger on his lip, as a sign that I was to be silent; he turned his head towards a thicket of coffee trees; and I, following the direction of his eyes, saw, to my terror, three or four tawny faces, with large black eyes, and long glossy hair, watching us from among the lovely white blossoms of the coffee!

"Round I flew in a moment. 'The Malays, Ned! the Malays! Down the rock, my lad!' shouted I, as I kicked the little heap of nests over the edge, and scrambled after poor Luff! 'Hallo, Ned!' bawled Warely.—'What's the boy going to drown himself?' cried Bilge, as Luff, missing his footing, crushed through the bushes,—and, sprawling like a frog, went splash into the water.

—‘Look at the nests, flying thick as hail! Look at Tom Starboard! Bless my life! but they’ve seen a Malay! nothing else could have made such havoc!’ exclaimed Warely, seizing the oars, and preparing to push off towards the ship.

“ ‘Hoy! no sheering off, and leaving our ship-mates to go to the bottom, though, Warely!’ said Bilge, as he pushed the boat towards Ned and me.

“We were soon in the little vessel; and were putting out to sea; when, looking up to the top of the rock, I said, ‘Well, we are most valiant heroes, it must be confessed! we ran from those men, as if they had been cannibals! why, they do not think it worth while to follow us! So let me pick up some of the nests for the Captain! I’m sure they cost too much (*fright*) to be wasted.’

“Warely was very unwilling to delay our departure for one moment; but Bilge said—‘You see, Tom is right; there is no sign of a Malay!’

“The next minute, and before I had secured half a dozen of my little floating treasures, a rustling among the bushes, ahead of the boat, caught our attention; and, immediately, we saw four ferocious-looking fellows fling themselves into the water in front of us; so that we must pass them to reach the ship. They had no fire-arms, of course, for they could not have used them in the water; but they swam towards us with one hand,

and brandished a short sword in the other. We were well armed, and soon gave them a broadside, for we all fired at them nearly together; but the active fellows had dived as we took aim; and, to our terror, we found they had glided through the water like fish, and had risen close to our boat! We had no time to reload; so we pulled out our cutlasses, and succeeded in wounding one of them; which only made them more desperate. Waresly got a cut across both legs; Ned had his weapon struck out of his hand with a violence that sent it spinning and glittering against the rock, which shivered it in pieces.

“ Bilge and I should, in another minute, have become ‘food for fishes,’ had not our jolly-boat hove in sight! She came swirling round the headland in such style! How we cheered our messmates, when we found our deliverance certain! The tawny Malays no sooner saw them, than, with a wild sort of shriek, they dived once more, and remained concealed from our sight; we rowed about to look for them, that we might pepper their ribs; but they were too deep for us; we never saw them again; and, after this second adventure, we were not sorry to find ourselves at home again on the stout planks of our good ship the Speedwell.

“ The Captain had sent the other boat well

manned in search of us ; for he had heard Bilge's musket, when he fired at the rhinoceros ; and the ship's crew feared we were fighting with the Malays.

“ Captain Heartly seemed pleased with my attention in bringing him the edible nests ; and laughed heartily when I told him of our adventure ; though he added, more seriously, ‘ Poor lads ! I should be sorry that those treacherous wretches, the Malays, should have had the honor of killing you.’

“ He enjoyed his soup, which those nests made quite delicious,—though I cannot describe in what way ; but really I must hasten with my voyage, or you will not be in bed by midnight.

“ In due time, then, we entered the river Si, on which stands the large and flourishing city of Canton. We passed the island of Macao, where the English agents, — or supercargoes, as they are termed — reside, when the vessels that are laden with tea have left the country for England, and elsewhere ; the Chinese being, you know, so jealous of foreigners, that they never suffer any to reside in the cities ; nor, indeed, scarcely in the country. The river was crowded with junks and sampanes, in which multitudes of poor families always reside. Their chief food is fish ; and they seldom go on shore. And now, my

dears, I must get back to England as fast as I can, for you must be quite tired."

"Oh no! Indeed, indeed we are not, dear Tom!" exclaimed the children, holding him down on the seat.

"Well—let us walk 'quarter deck' then; you have been sitting so long." So they arose, and reaching up to take hold of his arms, they walked briskly backwards and forwards; and William said, "Tom, how clever you are! How much you know, considering you have been only a—a—"

"Only a common sailor, you intended to say, my dear boy," replied Tom, kindly. "But you forget; my father was a clever man; fond of reading, and he encouraged the taste which I very early evinced (that is, showed) for it. To this partiality for reading, indeed, I in a great measure attribute my early love for a roving life; for voyages, travels, and natural history, formed, and still form, my chief delight.

"Had my taste showed itself in works of imagination,—that is, in poetry, novels, or even in history,—it would have rather tended to keep me at home. Captain Heartly, too, had a good library, and he was so kind as to encourage me to spend most of my leisure hours in reading; that is, when I was not studying trigonometry, and other sciences, connected with navigation.

You will hear, another day, more of my love for books; but now, let us freight the *Speedwell*, and get back to England."

"Oh but do," said William, "tell us first, something more about those strange Chinese. I'm sure, when I looked at the large map of Asia the other day, while I was eating my pine-apple after dinner, I was quite astonished to see what a great space China appeared; and yet I hardly knew that such a country was in the world; and I called Charlotte; and we stood talking of it, and we both agreed that we would ask Papa to tell us what book we had better read about it; and just then Captain Merriweather leaned over the back of his chair, and, catching hold of me, pulled me to him: I suppose he had heard us talking about China, for he said, 'Well, what's the capital of China?' I answered, 'Canton;' and Charlotte said—'No, William, Nankin;' and then I remembered that funny word *Pe-kin*; so I said, 'I'm sure I don't know which of the three is the capital;' and he said, 'Pekin is now the chief city; but formerly the capital was Nankin, which is seventeen miles round;' and *then*, I remembered that I had said that lesson, in my geography, to Mamma, while we lived at Richmond. Only think, Tom, how I must have forgotten!"—and poor William actually sighed!

Tom smiled, and said—

“Well, I will tell you a very few particulars, merely to whet your curiosity; and to-morrow I will show you a very good though short account of that strange people and their beautiful and highly cultivated country; and besides, you shall read, if you like, parts of ‘*Lord Macartney’s Embassy to China.*’”

Charlotte and Henry of course begged to be included in this famous reading party, and Tom continued—

“The grand canal, to begin with, extends from Pekin to Canton, that is, from one end of the vast kingdom to the other; and is carried over a course of fourteen hundred miles! one interruption only occurs in the whole distance, and that is a mountain. They have many other canals, for the internal commerce is prodigious, and these canals are lined with hewn stone. The Chinese cultivate the bottoms of their waters: their lakes, rivulets, and ponds, producing crops unknown to us, particularly of the *pitsi* or *water chestnut*, the fruit of which, found in a cover formed by its roots, is exceedingly wholesome, and of a very delicate taste. Among their trees is the *tallow tree*, the fruit of which is white, of the size of a walnut, with a pulp that has the properties of tallow; the *wax tree*, producing a kind of white wax, almost

equal to that which is made by bees ; the *tie-ly-mou*, or *iron wood*, which is so hard and heavy, that it sinks in water, and of which the anchors of the Chinese ships are made ; the *bamboo reeds*, which grow to the size of a large tree, and, besides being used as pipes for the conveyance of water, are employed for numberless other purposes.

“ In the forests and mountains are wild animals of every description ; but that valuable quadruped the *musk deer* is peculiar to this country.”

“ Ay,” interrupted Charlotte, “ I remember reading of that pretty creature, so wild and so timid, in my Bingley,—all about its bag of musk, which smells so powerfully when it is fresh and first opened, that persons are obliged to cover their mouths and noses with many folds of linen ; and often, with all their caution, the blood gushes out of their noses ! How dreadful ! And one musk-hunter, in a single journey, collected more than seven thousand bags, the animals are so numerous. I can’t think how the persons who deal in musk, can live in such a constant strong scent, for my part ! Oh, what a disagreeable smell it is ! I do believe, I would rather carry *asafœtida* about with me, than that odious musk !”

Tom took out his pocket-book, and held it to her :

“There’s a pleasant scent! how I love the smell of Russia leather!” exclaimed Charlotte.

“Yet that ‘odious musk’ is the ingredient in the composition for the leather, which causes this scent,” said Tom.

“Then something else must be put with it, to change it from a very nasty, to a very nice smell,” added William.

“*Apropos des bottes*,* as General Gordon says, when he wishes to talk about any thing quite different from that which the rest of the cabin party have been speaking of;—did you ever see a Chinese lady, Tom?” asked Charlotte, laughing.

“Did you intend that for a pun, Nereid?” said Tom; “partly so, I suspect, you saucy girl! Russia leather, and shoes, and ‘*bottes*,’ made too fair a pun, for your little wits to suffer it to escape! Yes,—no, I never did see a Chinese woman, that is, any thing of her, but her feet; and, I promise you, they were neither clothed in *Russia leather*, nor in ‘*bottes*.’ I really did, though, see a pair of little feet once, behind a door; but they had beautifully embroidered, gold

* *Apropos des bottes*, means little more than, *talking of boots*, or *speaking of so and so*. Many persons turn a conversation with expressions such as these.

and green, and flowery, and curiously peaked, tiny, quaint-looking slippers on!"

"What! like that shoe of Queen Elizabeth's, which is shown at Cambridge, in the library? We saw it. It was the only thing that I cared about, for I was a very little girl, when we went there with Mamma and Papa, as they passed through Cambridge, before he came out to India. I'm sure I could not have put it on, even then: I thought of Cinderella, I remember, and that her glass slipper could not be more awkward and disagreeable to wear, than that ugly-shaped little shoe. I don't believe though, that it ever was Queen Elizabeth's," continued Charlotte, with a toss of her head, which she of course expected would settle the doubts of those who heard her.

"Well, I don't disbelieve it at all now!" said William, "for in that picture of her, which was said to be by—who was it?" (speaking partly to himself.)

"Holbein?" said Tom.

"Yes, that was the name of the painter: well, there, I mean in that picture, her hands were no wider than three of my fingers; and so long, and taper, and white, and skewerish! I never saw such things in my life. I do not think it likely that the Queen's could be so very small; but if they were, her feet might be very little too,

and then I am sure she could have worn that shoe."

And thus this important matter was argued, and settled, to the satisfaction of both the young Clements.

"But William!" exclaimed Charlotte, "what a horrible custom that is, which they have in China, of binding the toes of the little baby girls under their feet, in order to make them look so ridiculously small! My gracious! I would rather have my feet as large as Ned Luff's rhinoceros's clumps, than be so tortured! I heard General Gordon,—no, Lieutenant Edwin, say, only yesterday at dinner time, 'I love a pretty little foot as well as any one can; but oh!' exclaimed he shuddering, as if he had touched a serpent, 'I would rather marry my filly's off hoof, than I would marry a Chinese woman!'"

And the children laughed at the little Lieutenant's little wit. They now ceased talking, and waited for their friend to continue his pleasant story; but he did not appear to know that they were with him: his face had become grave, and a deep sigh escaped him. At length he said, in an altered tone of voice—

"My dears, I am come to the most mournful period of my whole life,—my first return to England; I had hoped I should be able to miss it

entirely, or tell it you without much pain ; but I find I cannot ; so, if you please, we will say as little about it as possible. And yet," continued Tom, speaking partly to himself, " why should I flinch from a task, and a punishment, which I have brought upon myself ? It is proper they should see the sad consequences of early wilfulness. Had I met with so terrible a lesson — had I seen any one suffer as I have suffered — I should not have left my parents against their will : experience must be bought !"

The children heard this soliloquy, (that is, talking to one's self,) and knew not which would best please their friend, to remain silent, or to request him not to hurt his own feelings, in order to oblige them. He gave them no time, however, to decide, for he immediately continued—

" We had a remarkably swift and pleasant voyage home ; and found ourselves beating up Channel, before we could have expected it. All hearts were cheerful around me ; all longing more eagerly for the delights of home, as the distance from it became shorter ; all were joyous, all were happy—but myself. My spirits sank lower, day by day ; and often have I turned, with a sickness at heart, from the sight of my worthy friend Ned's glistening eyes, which used to be continually gazing towards that point of the compass in which he sup-

posed Falmouth to lie. My shipmates wondered at my low spirits, but no one guessed the cause; my kind captain only, was aware of it.

“On the first spirit-stirring cry of ‘land!’ shouted from the mast-head, which called forth a deafening ‘Huzza!’ from all who were on deck, my flesh seemed to shiver! I hastily ran down stairs, and bolting myself into the captain’s cabin, wept as if my heart would break! my distress, however, could not prevent us from making the beautiful harbour of Falmouth in grand style. Captain Heartly had kindly promised, that he would go with me to my deserted home; and tell my father and mother how well I had pleased him during the voyage;—‘But,’ he added, ‘I must proceed to London first, to deliver my papers to the other owners of the vessel.’ Alas! I could not wait,—much as I dreaded to see my parents, I could not bear to stay away; so the Captain gave me and Ned permission to go on shore, and we went together.

“As our boat neared the quay, Ned cried out, ‘There’s my mother! God bless her dear face! how well she looks!—There’s Sarah!—and—no it isn’t, yes it is! how Hal is grown! Oh I feel as if I must jump into the water, and swim to them! I can’t keep myself still! Little Toddle too, I declare, peeping under mother’s arm! Oh, who would

not be a sailor ?' exclaimed he ; and, the next moment, with his hand to the side of his mouth, he hallooed—' A hoy ! a hoy, mother ! Sarah Luff ! here I come !' Then *such* a shout was borne on the breeze from the quay, of mingled voices, in all manner of keys, answering my happy companion's hail. Ah, how desolate did I feel ! No shout welcomed me ! . No glad eyes and clapping hands, and joyous hearts, greeted my arrival ; and, but for very shame, I could have envied the happy Luff, and wept at my different feelings. He leaped on shore, and was instantly hidden from my view, by the group that crowded about him. His mother's look, as she flung her arms round his neck, I shall never, never forget ; and, when I afterwards found that I had no mother to welcome, or even to rebuke me ; oh ! how bitterly, how cruelly strong did that cordial embrace of Ned's mother, fix itself in my harassed mind !"

Here Tom paused ; his voice was so tremulous and so hoarse, that he could not go on. The children looked at each other, behind him ; and Charlotte whispered,—“ Poor, poor Tom ! let us ask him to stop ; for though I want to hear about his ‘gentle’ sister Ann, yet I can't bear to see him so unhappy !” But Tom made a vigorous effort ; and, conquering his feelings, went on :

“ As soon as Ned could get clear from the

caresses of his family, he said,—‘Mother, here’s a shipmate of mine; you’ve a bed for him? or half of my own will do, for—’

“‘To be sure, my dear boy! any friend of yours shall be heartily welcome to any thing that I have to offer.’

“I thanked them all; but said, I must leave Falmouth by the mail, that I found would start in an hour: so, very unwillingly, Ned left me, with his mother’s arm locked in one of his; and his brother and sisters scrambling which should get hold of his other.

“The good Captain Heartly had provided me with more than sufficient money to take me home; so I went and secured a place, and soon mounted the roof of the mail, taking with me the little curiosities which I had collected for my sister, and a shirt or two tied up in a bundle, by my side.

“The sun was near setting on a fine evening in May,—(I had left England more than two years and three quarters,)—as I came in sight of my paternal home.

“I hallooed to the coachman to stop—got down—paid him; and the mail drove on. My heart now began to beat thick and fast, and my knees felt weak, as I stole along the road, longing, yet dreading, to meet any one who might

know me; and who, of course, I expected, would shun, if not insult, me, for my cruel and mean behaviour to my parents. No one, however, seemed to remember me; and, at last, I found myself close to our garden wall, which appeared as if it had been lowered during my absence, for I now looked over it with ease. I forgot that I had grown much taller.

“The shrubbery trees were considerably higher, and served to screen me from being seen by any one who might be at the windows. Here I remained for full half an hour, peeping about; and hoping I should see Ann come into the garden; for the longer I delayed to enter the house, the more my heart failed me.

“At length, the glass-door of the hall opened, and a tall young lady, in deep mourning, came down the steps, followed by a young man, also in black.

“‘Strangers!’ I said: ‘oh then, where can my parents have removed to?’ I watched the persons; and soon they turned into the walk that was almost close to the wall, against which I leaned. As they drew near, my ear caught the sound of the young lady’s voice: it was Ann’s! the softest and sweetest voice I have ever heard! I hastily pulled the long golden clusters of a laburnum aside, in order to look at her. My

rough grasp tore off the beautiful flowers by hundreds, and made, at the same time, so much noise, that, before I was aware of it, the gentleman had run to the wall, and looked over at me.

“ ‘What do you want here?’ said he—and added, to Ann, ‘Do not be alarmed, ’tis only a sailor lurking about! Come, be off, will you?’ continued he again to me; but I did not move; for I could not stir. ‘I’ll see if I can’t make you sheer off,’ exclaimed he, beginning to scramble up the wall; when I heard Ann say—‘Oh, Albert! do not send him away; depend on it, he does not mean any harm; bid him come round to the gate; perhaps he is ill! poor Mamma always used to relieve every sailor, for my dear brother Charles’s sake! I’ll run round and speak to this poor fellow! I’m sure my dear mother would, if she were alive!’

“At these soothing yet dreadful words I groaned and fell down, as if I had been shot: and when I came to myself, I found I was lying on a sofa in the study; my father hanging over me; Ann weeping and holding salts to my nose; and the gentleman rubbing my hands.

“ ‘How tall and thin he is!’ said my sister.

“ ‘Oh that my blessed Eleanor had lived to see him return!’ exclaimed my father.—‘I little

thought whom I was speaking to so roughly,' said the young man.

" ' He appears to me,' added my father, ' to be exhausted from want of food !'

" I heard these remarks as I lay, and then, opening my eyes, I took my father's hand, and as I pressed it, I burst into tears. Ann left me ; and, in half a minute, she returned with a glass of wine, which she made me drink. My father soon found that I became feverish ; and while they were assisting me up stairs to bed, I heard him say, in a low voice, to Ann, ' He will rest better in your room than in his own ; for your's, being newly furnished, will not remind him of old times as that would, in which he used to sleep. He seems to me to be very ill, and I'll send off for Dr. Burnly directly.'

" Sorrow, remorse, hope, fear, and, at last, the sudden intelligence of my mother's death, had been too much for me : before morning, I was in a raging fever ; and, for a week, my life was considered to be in great danger.

" I shall not annoy you, my dears," continued Tom, as he saw how distressed the children looked—" I shall not annoy you with the account of my illness : I recovered in about three months ; and during that time, as my father and sister would never talk to me about my mother, I

prevailed on old Mrs. Pink, the housekeeper, to inform me of every thing that had happened during my absence; particularly all that related to my beloved mother. I really think the tears I shed (for my spirits were so weak when I began to recover, that I wept sometimes even for the most trifling cause,) assisted in my recovery. I used to steal away from the drawing-room, and go up to the good creature's apartment, where, with poor Julio lying at my feet, I used to listen to her for an hour at a time.

“When I returned home, my mother had been dead eleven months. Albert Worthington, I found, was to be Ann's husband, as soon as I should recover. The first time I heard this news, I thought Mrs. Pink was joking; for I could think of my sister only as a girl, indeed, almost as a child, although she was a year older than I was; for when I left England, she was between fifteen and sixteen years of age. She was now, certainly, a young woman, and a most charming young woman too! I used to feel so proud of her, as she sat beside my sofa, reading, conversing, and amusing me, in her own gentle and elegant manner! How fond my father, and Albert, appeared to be of her!

“Oh, what a friend and sister she is!” exclaimed Tom with delight; “she and her worthy

husband, and their young family, are the only ties I have to bind me to England !

“ Well, Albert and I soon became friends ; and my kind father, who, I thought looked ten years older since I left him, was tender and soothing in his manners to me. This undeserved affection from him cut me to the heart, and made me feel my unworthiness more deeply, than if he had shown anger and resentment ; but he was a wise and good man ; and knew when, and how, to punish judiciously. In my case, he saw that remorse was sufficient punishment ; and he therefore benevolently abstained from adding to my great sorrow. I had early inquired for my friend William Clement ; and found, from Ann, that he was with a merchant in London. Unknown to me, Albert wrote to him ; and, before I left my sick room, I had the delight of seeing him : he, too, astonished me by his altered appearance ; and when a tall, handsome, fashionably dressed young man entered my room, I could scarcely believe that it was the boy whom I used to try to keep awake at school, that he might listen to my sea stories ! Before I was able to leave the house, I received a most kind letter from Captain Heartly, informing me that his next destination was to Arica, in Peru ; and hoping that I should continue my old situation in the ‘ Speedwell.’

His letter stated, too, that the ship was in dock at Blackwall, being new coppered; and that in three months he hoped she would be at Falmouth.

“When I received this letter, we were all sitting after dinner, taking our dessert. As soon as I had looked it over, I gave it to William, begging he would read it aloud. When he had finished, the party sat silent, looking at each other; at last Ann said:

“‘I did not think I should ever rejoice in your illness, Charles; but I find I now do; for you might else have had thoughts of going another voyage.’

“‘Yes,’ said my father, ‘his weakness is a sufficient excuse; so you will lose no time, my dear boy,’ added he to me, ‘in telling the captain, that he may look out in time for some one to supply your place.’

“‘Ay,’ exclaimed William, with a hearty shake of my hand, ‘we shall not be separated in that way again! What’s the use of a friend, who is two or three thousand miles distant from me?’

“‘For my part,’ said Albert, ‘I like my new friend better than any old one; and I am glad to think we shall be neighbours.’

“This was very pleasant, yet very sad; I loved them all — those dear, warm hearts! but I also loved my profession; I felt grateful for their friendship; but I knew the blessing of thinking of absent friends, on the wide sea. I knew that I should never settle to any other line of life; and, besides, I could not endure to live in that house, where every thing reminded me of my cruel conduct, and of my great loss. All this passed rapidly through my mind; but I could not then summon up resolution to let my dear friends know, that my intention was to leave them. I soon turned the conversation, therefore; and nothing more was said on the subject. I gained health and strength rapidly, but my spirits remained very low; and, one day, my father remarking my sorrow, I summoned up courage to tell him, that I hoped he would give his consent to my going to sea again; saying, at the same time, that I loved the profession, and that I feared I should never be happy in any other. The good man evidently expected that I should say something of this sort, for he did not appear surprised, only grieved; but he immediately gave the consent which I had asked, and added— ‘You shall not return to your ship so destitute as you went to it, my boy; we will go over to

Portsmouth together, and procure those things that you may require.' I was very much overcome by his kindness, you may suppose; and I thanked him gratefully.

"The time now drew near, when I should once again quit my home. My sister was married to my friend Albert, and they continued to reside with my father. I was loaded with gifts from all my friends; gave keepsakes in return; and, having packed up my books, presents, and clothes, waited in hourly expectation of being summoned to join my ship.

"One evening, I left the happy little party in the drawing-room, (your father was among them, he had come down again to take leave of me,)—I quitted them in order to give my old friend, Mrs. Pink, a parting present, which I had bought for her at Portsmouth. I found the worthy creature at work in her room, and as I entered, she was saying aloud to herself, 'Well, it don't signify, I *must* buy myself a pair of spectacles; and thankful enough I ought to be, that I have done without them so long! Why, there's master, ten years younger than I am, and he has worn them this twelvemonth nearly!'

"'Then I am just in time!' said I, going towards her.

“‘Oh, Master Charles! how you made me jump! I never saw, nor heard you come in!’ exclaimed the worthy creature.

“‘Let me thread your needle, dear Goody,’ said I, (I always called her Goody,) ‘you know, I am a capital workman!’

“‘To hear you now, Master Charles!’ exclaimed she.

“‘Well, it’s true, Goody; many and many a button have I put on my shirts, and many a hole have I botched up, during the last three years! Give me the needle and thread, I tell you; while you open this little parcel and try on your glasses.’

“She took the packet, hardly knowing what I meant; and when she saw a new crimson shawl, and a pair of silver-mounted spectacles, she exclaimed,—‘To think of the dear boy’s kindness! Well, how beautiful! what attention to an old woman! now I shall finish master’s shirts, all myself, instead of putting out the stitching and button-holes. God bless the kind heart of the darling boy! ah, he never grieved me but once in all his life, and that was when he left us.’

“‘Dear Goody!’ said I, interrupting her, ‘put them on; here, I have unthreaded the needle again, that you may try and do it yourself; and ascertain if the glasses suit your sight.’

“‘Oh delightful!’ exclaimed she; ‘well, if I

haven't threaded it, as if I had been but forty years old, instead of sixty-five ! Thank you, my dear child. Ah ! he was always a thoughtful lad, and a kind one too, except that once, which I never think of, if I can help it ! But my poor dear mistress and I have had many a cry on a dark stormy evening, thinking of him, tossing on the black ugly waves, with only a bit of a plank, as I may say, between him, and that awful place, the bottom of the sea ! I did mean always to keep that bit of poetry ; but I must give it to the dear lad, in return for these beautiful and useful presents !' So saying, she got up, and, fumbling in her large pockets for her keys, she went to a bureau, (an ancient and favorite piece of furniture,) and while she rummaged in the 'pigeon-holes' and private drawers, among hordes of recipes, I was recalling the feelings of delight with which I always used to see her dive her hands into her pockets, in my days of childhood ; those mysterious and inexhaustible pockets ! I used, I remembered, to wonder which of her dainties would appear ; (for I never saw her putting the treasures in,) sugar-plums, peppermint lozenges, tiny apples, sugared almonds, gingerdrops, rose lozenges, &c. &c., came in endless succession from those magic stores, and used to delight my eyes and tickle my youthful palate ! Poor, dear, kind, excellent creature !

“ Well,—at last,” continued Tom, sighing, “ she opened an old red pocket-book, with a long leather strap winding round and round it; and from between its leaves, she took a torn slip of paper.

“ ‘ There, my dear boy ! There !—that’s the last bit of your blessed mother’s writing. She called for her writing-desk, just one week before she died ; had it placed beside her, on the bed ; then bade me support her with pillows ; and in a few minutes she had written what you see ; but she was too weak to go on any farther with it. I guessed, too truly, that she would never finish it, nor ask for it again !’

“ I took the paper, my dears, and read these lines :

“ I hate to think of restless seas,
In treacherous commotion ;
I fear the whispering of the breeze—
But oh ! the savage ocean !

“ I dread to think of midnight gloom,
Shrouding the drear commotion
Of yawning waves—a wide, wide tomb !—
Alas ! the savage ocean !

My boy ! my boy ! and art thou now
Expos’d to—

“ This fragment was such a proof of my blessed mother’s love for me,” continued Tom after a

pause,—“that you must suppose it afflicted me much. I hastily seized Mrs. Pink’s hand, wrung it, and, hurrying out of the room, I went down to walk off my agitation in the garden. In a few minutes, the sound of wheels caught my ears, for a carriage was evidently drawing up to our gate. A loud voice now shouted—‘Avast! they told us the first white house to leeward was Mr. Granville’s; tack about, my hearty, and bring to!’ and I was at the side of the chaise in a minute. It was my good friend, my worthy captain.

“‘Ah, Tom!—Charles, I should say, now you are ashore, I suppose,’ said he: ‘glad to see you in good sailing trim,—quite well again, eh? How’s your father? Pretty sister sorry you’re off again, I dare swear! We must start to-morrow; all your rigging ready, eh?’

“And thus, arm in arm, we entered the drawing-room.

“How delighted all my friends were with Captain Heartly!

“The next morning, by sunrise, we had bidden farewell to them, and were off for Falmouth; and before evening we were again on board the *Speedwell*. But now, good night! To-morrow evening, I’ll tell you a few more of my adventures. Good night, my dears.” And Tom shook their reluctant hands.

"Ah! I thought that tiresome 'Good night' would soon come; I've been expecting it this half hour," said Charlotte.

"Oh! that's very ungrateful of you, Charlotte; when you consider how long Tom has been talking, you should not complain," said William.

"Oh, I'm sure it was not from ingratitude that I spoke; for I am so grateful, and so delighted with the beautiful story, that I am sorry to go away from it, that's all!" exclaimed the little girl; then added, "You do not think I am ungrateful, dear, kind, good Tom! do you?"

Tom kissed her glowing cheek, and comforted her little heart, by assuring her, that he did not think she could be ungrateful to any one.

The children then thanked their friend, bade him good night, and were soon in their berths dreaming of alligators and Malays.

VOYAGE THE SECOND.

THE next evening was as calm and beautiful as the last had been; and the impatient children were very early walking deck, and waiting for Tom to leave his conversation with the steward of the vessel: their friend observed their longing looks, as they passed, and repassed him; and, nodding kindly, he hastily finished his subject, and came to them.

“We are earlier than we were last night, you rogues; there is not one star out yet; not even the fine southern constellation of the cross; the deck is still warm with the heat of the sun! But never mind! Every moment will be cooler,” and he began.

“We had the usual allotment of storms and calms, as we crossed the Atlantic, and made for the Straits of Magellan.”

“ Oh — please stay a moment, Tom,” said William, “ that reminds me of Patagonia ; pray, are the people there larger than other persons ? for I am sure I have read that they are.”

“ Oh yes, and so have I,” added Henry, “ in Commodore Byron’s voyage, you know ; where that odious, selfish Captain Cheape was !”

“ And only think, Tom,” added Charlotte, “ of *our* Lord Byron being the grandson of that brave navigator !”

Tom smiled. “ Now let us go back to Patagonia,” said he. The inhabitants of that desolate country are rather taller than the generality of men ; but the early navigators found even that trifling addition in their height quite enough to make it a subject of wonder and falsehood. Indeed, even so lately as when I was a boy, the belief in the gigantic size of the Patagonians was so general, that Belzoni, the active traveller,—that interesting and intelligent man,—that unwearied, ill-requited antiquarian, was once actually exhibited at one of the shows which frequented the fairs, as a Patagonian ! Ay, you may well look amazed ; ’tis true, for I myself saw him, dressed in short, fanciful, petticoat-looking clothes ; with his arms and legs naked, and a high head dress, to make him look gigantic ! Yes, poor fellow !

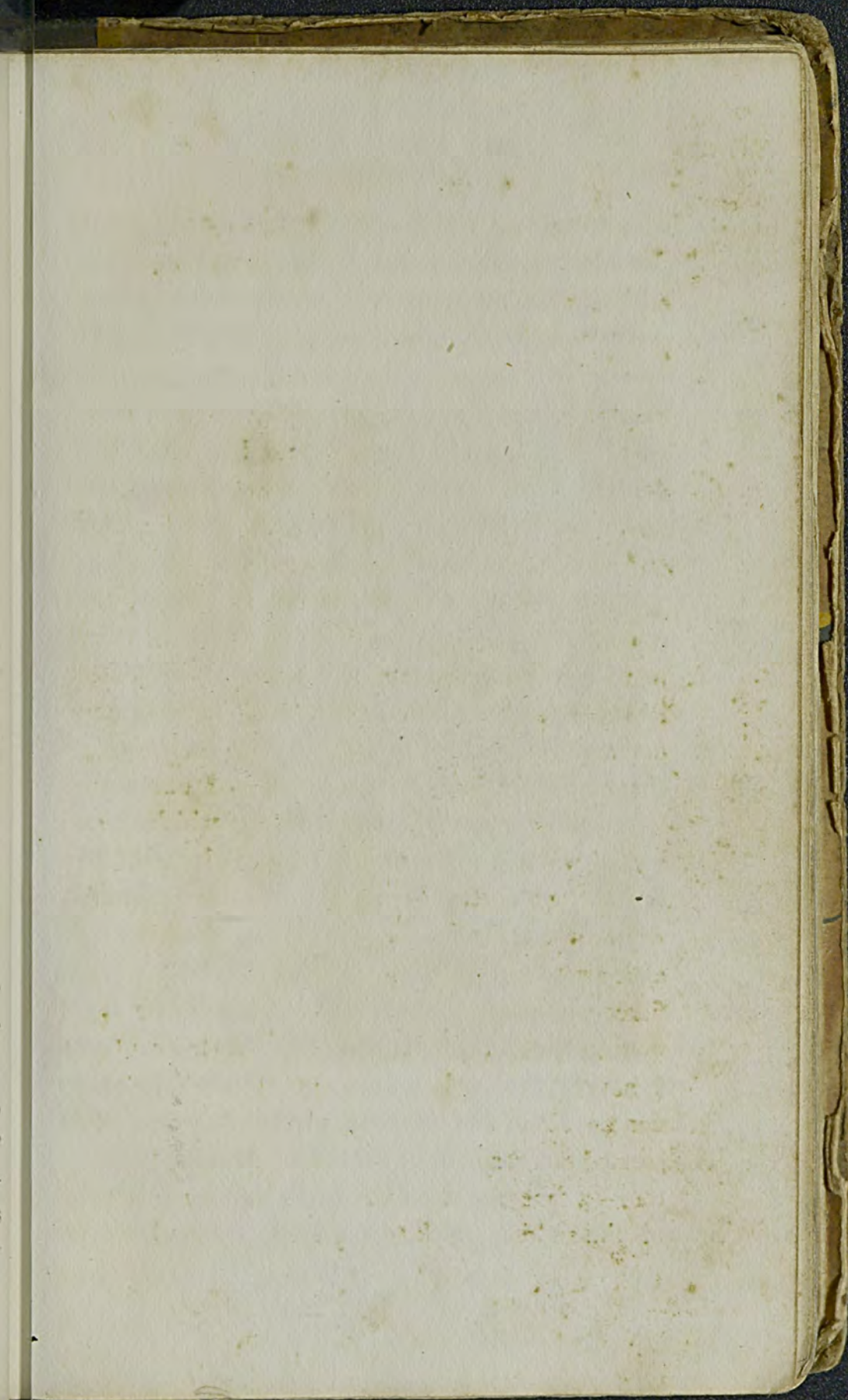
he who enriched our national Museum with some of the most curious, valuable, and superb of its antiquities ;—he who wasted his time, his money, his patience, and his health, among the burning sands of Egypt ; digging with unwearied perseverance among the buried ruins of an ancient world ; struggling against the malice of half civilized beings, and the cunning of the wild Arabs ;—this noble looking fellow, I once saw, outside of Richardson's, or Scowton's show, walking about as the ' Patagonian Samson ;' under which title he also exhibited feats of strength, on the boards of Sadlers Wells Theatre !

“ We did not go through the Straits of Magellan, as the passage is dangerous ; but we passed them, and doubled Cape Horn. We went merrily on ; now and then touching land, to take in water, fruits, and live stock ; now and then speaking a vessel bound for England ; and now and then finding some new kind of fish, or wonderful bird ; until we neared the island of Juan Fernandez. There the weather changed ; and such a storm came down upon us, as I never experienced till then, nor since.

“ Before it reached its height, and while we were yet in good spirits, I remember poor Ned made me laugh ; a gust blew my hat off, and he called

out, 'Tom, your hair will be blown off too, if you don't hold it on; my shoestrings have been whisk-ed out this half hour!'

"The fury of the storm soon increased, so as to put all laughter and joking out of our thoughts. Night dropped around so rapidly, that it seemed as if a mighty black shroud had fallen suddenly over us. You have witnessed a storm,—a wreck,—and have seen the wild waves, 'the wide, wide tomb,' closing over your fellow-creatures; so I will not dwell upon the dreadful sight, that I was witness to, when the gallant vessel which had weathered so many storms, struck on a sunken rock, and went to pieces, as if she had been made of glass! I got entangled in some loosened rigging, which had been snapped and unravelled like twine; and this circumstance, which I expected would be the cause of my death, saved my life. Part of the topmast was attached to the ropes, which the furious blast twisted round me, as it swept off my shipmates in crowds, into the fierce waters; and away I went also at the same moment, with my brave and true-hearted captain! I never afterwards saw a soul from that vessel, nor an atom of her stout planks. My past life seemed a dream, and that moving home, a phantom—a fancy,—when I recalled the circumstances of the sudden wreck to my remembrance! How





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long I floated in my net-work of ropes, I cannot tell; sure I am that I did not lose my senses; for I well remember the wrath of the panting billows, as they were urged onwards by the furious hurricane; on they dashed over my defenceless head, swirling the shattered mast against my wounded limbs, and straining the cords till they cut into my flesh: I remember, too, that the storm seemed to subside as quickly as it had arisen, and that though the ship had struck, during all the black horrors of night, I saw the grey dawn to the East, and the sullen masses of clouds, rolling off as if they dared not stay to look upon the mischief of that awful night. Then a noise, as of a vessel toiling through the waves, came over me; and a mixed feeling of fear and hope, that it was the 'Speedwell,' safe and close to me, passed through my confused brain;—then a shout, and a grappling with my coiling ropes;—then a sensation of the soft air, and of my mounting through it;—and then a buzz of voices, as I lay in quietness on a solid floor. Alas, alas! how wretched I felt, when I found that all the voices were strange, the language foreign, and the faces dark, and unknown to me. A Portuguese merchant vessel, bound for the city and port of Guayaquil, had weathered the gale, and picked me up. I cannot describe to you, my dears, the forlorn state of my feelings

after this terrible wreck ! My Captain, with all his goodness and bravery, gone ! my social companions vanished ! my beautiful ocean home, the gallant ship—the work of years—scattered on the waves !

“ My own situation, and the altered state of my mode of existence, I did not consider, till I was compelled to feel it severely, by the coarse treatment I met with, from those who had saved my life. I was made to work my way, (that I expected, and could not complain of,) but I felt, sadly, the difference in the manners of the captain and his crew, compared with those of the ‘Speedwell.’ However, ’tis of no use dwelling on that sad time, which dragged on so slowly, till I reached the port to which the vessel was bound, where we dropped anchor. I thanked the captain for saving my life, and told him I intended to leave the ship. To my surprise, he replied that I should not ; I said that he had no control over me,—that I was an Englishman, and would not be compelled to serve in a foreign vessel.

“ ‘Then,’ said the mean wretch, ‘pay me for your passage from Juan Fernandez, and you may leave the ship.’ This, he knew, it was impossible I could do, as I had lost every thing in that fatal wreck. I told him so ; but he only laughed in my face, and said—‘That’s not my look-out ; you

shall pay me, or stay where you are ;' and with an oath, in which '*Madre di Dios*,' (mother of God) bore a large share, he turned on his heel, and left me to my own sad feelings ; and they were sad enough, for I had not a friend within hundreds of miles of me ; and I was in the power of a hard-hearted man.

" For a few minutes, I gave way to despair, but my natural firmness soon returned ; I reflected that I had, in fact, paid my passage, by working even more than my share in the vessel ; and therefore, I felt no scruple in quitting it, should an opportunity offer. I was resolved I would not remain with such a crew of dirty superstitious fellows ; but I was confident it would be no easy matter to leave them ; for, though I do not wish to appear boastful, I must say, I could not help knowing, that I was a better sailor than any one in the ship ; and I was confident that they all knew it too ; no wonder then that it was a desirable thing, for them to keep me on board. I now found that I was closely watched ; but I was much more kindly treated, in order, doubtless, to make me contented with my situation. We had dropped anchor as much as a league from the shore, partly, I suspected, to prevent me from attempting to escape, by swimming such a distance ; but they little knew what the resolution of an

English lad could induce him to undertake, in order to regain his liberty ! I appeared to be quite satisfied with the captain's determination ; and waited quietly for an opportunity to escape ; the time, however, drew nigh for the vessel to put out to sea again, on a farther coasting voyage, and as yet no attempt even had been possible. On the very evening, however, before she was to sail, I had to take my turn in the night watch, with two others, who had orders to keep an eye on me.

“ ‘ This night, or never ! ’ said I to myself, as I took my station. While I was walking the deck, one of my shipmates being at the mast-head, and the other astern, the ship suddenly quivered, as if she were in an ague fit ! down slipped the fellow from on high, and fell flat on his face ; the other rushed forward, and kneeled beside him, both crossing themselves and gabbling all the prayers to all the saints they could think of. I, you may be sure, lost no time ; but immediately seizing a plank, I hastily lashed it at my back with a rope, which by great good chance lay near me ; then slipping astern, I let myself quietly down, and dropped into the water : the noise of the splash, I feared, would betray me, but another shiver, accompanied by a shock, as if the vessel had struck ground, (though she was at anchor, and the weather calm,) set the fellows off again at a

fresh volley of prayers, and they did not hear me. I gave all up for lost, though, the next minute, when I heard the jabbering of the merciless captain and the rest of his crew, as they came tumbling up on deck ; but I took courage, when I found they were all praying ; so I quietly struck off ; though making but little way, owing to the board on my back. I had practised swimming at every opportunity, by the advice of Captain Heartly ; and I now found the benefit of it. You may suppose, that I made eagerly for shore, but it was a weary distance from me ! The reason I had encumbered myself with the board, was, that I might turn on my back, and float, when I became fatigued with the exertion of swimming."

" But, Tom, what was the matter with the ship ?" said Charlotte.

" You will hear directly, my dear," replied he ; " but you guessed, of course, that it was the effect of an earthquake, didn't you ?"

" To be sure, *I did* ; so please go on, Tom !" said William ; and Tom went on.

" As I continued my toilsome passage, sometimes floating with the tide, which was fortunately flowing, (that is, setting in towards shore,) and sometimes swimming, I heard the loud bellowing of the troubled earth, and felt the water jar me, as if it had been a solid substance ; suddenly, a

towering volcano, which I took to be Cotopaxi, for I had seen it on clear days, at above an hundred miles distance, became illuminated, appearing like an immense light-house; the thundering increased, and shrieks, and other frightful noises, were borne to me over the water. At last, when I was nearly exhausted, I was thrown ashore, where I lay to recover breath and strength; but oh, the distress and confusion that then took place! Many of the inhabitants of the city came crowding down to the water's edge for safety; houses had been destroyed; the earth was rocking, and heaving like an angry ocean; streams of water had gushed out of the ground, where no water had ever been before; suffocating fumes of sulphur burst up under the feet of the terrified and flying sufferers; and, when morning dawned, the face of the country seemed changed.

“Still the town itself had sustained but little damage; and the inhabitants began to return to their dwellings and their business. They are so much accustomed to earthquakes all over the province of Peru, that it is not surprising they should so soon lose their terrors.

“In the general distress, I met with but little compassion or succor, which I then thought wonderful; but I had yet to learn that affliction hardens the heart. No one relieved my hunger;

so I ventured to steal a handful of chocolate nuts from a heap that had fallen out of a basket, which had been thrown down during the night. These I beat between two stones, and mixed with a little water; and this was my food for that day. As I wandered about, among the shipping, looking in vain for a vessel bound to Europe, I recollected that the bay of Guayaquil is famous for a small shellfish, about the size of a nut; it is called *turbine*, and produces a purple dye, reckoned the best in the world. So I boldly seized a small boat that was lying at anchor; and, pushing out into the bay, I caught a few of these little, valuable fish; and returned to shore again, before the owner of the boat had missed it. I was now sure of a resource against starving, provided any one would buy my turbines. I was soon fortunate enough to find a purchaser; so I pursued this plan for several days; always taking the same boat, which no one appeared to claim: perhaps the owner, poor fellow! had been destroyed during the earthquake.

“ I slept every night in a hut close to the sea; and, on the fifth morning, I found a French vessel in the harbour, which was proceeding on her voyage to Buonaventura, and to Acapulca, in Mexico. I immediately went to the captain, and offered to work my way to the port of Buonaven-

tura, if he would give me my passage; I told him my story; and he was kind enough to grant my request.

“In due time, we reached the port; and, with gratitude for the captain’s kindness, I left the vessel. I had formed the strange resolution, my dear children, of crossing over the continent of South America alone, and on foot! I had read Humboldt’s *Personal Narrative*, and I longed to see the wonders, which he speaks of.—I am not surprised that you lift up your hands and eyes, Charlotte; it was a wild scheme,—a boy’s prank; and I suffered for my folly. Some excuse perhaps may be made for me, however, when you consider that I had a natural love for a wandering life, and for the wonders of nature; that I had lately lost my friends, my only friends, out of England; and that I could meet with no ship bound for my native country. I wished too to find Don Caloa, the merchant who lived up the banks of the river Oroonoco, that I might tell him of the death of his friend Captain Heartly; and see one who had been very kind to me.”

“Gracious, Tom!” said Charlotte, “and did you really go among those alligators, and moschetoes, and tigers, and white ants, again? You must have been a—that is—”

“‘A little mad,’ you were going to say, Ne-reid,” said Tom, laughing: “and so the French captain thought, I believe; and was not sorry to get rid of me. He was a kind-hearted man, however, for he gave me thirty francs, a gun, and some gunpowder; saying, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he bade me farewell:—‘*Eh bien, donc, vous êtes bien courageux! Mais souvenez-vous qu’il faut manger; et que ce fusil vous rendra de bon service.*’* ”

“I was, you may be sure, grateful to the captain; and I hope he thought me so. But don’t continue to look so wonder-struck, Charlotte; you are shamming to think me a mad-brained fellow; and yet, if I had published my journey, as Captain Cochrane has since published his “Walk to Siberia;” and Captain Head, his “Gallop over the Pampas,” you would have thought me in my senses, and as courageous as they were! So no more of your impertinence, if you please,” said Tom, good-humouredly patting her dimpled cheek.

“I provided myself with a wallet,” continued he, “which was to contain shoes, stockings, gloves, and a shirt; then enquiring the road to Zita, I set out before sunrise, towards the Andes. I was

* “Well, you are very courageous! but, remember, you must eat; and this gun will be of much use to you.”

five months in crossing the desolate northern extremity of those giants of the earth: I bought—nay, I did not buy, I found—a mule, that was browsing on some prickly shrub—I forget its name—in a wild pass of the mountains; she was saddled and bridled, and had evidently lost her master. I looked in vain for some hours, but could find no trace of any traveller; so I felt justified in taking possession of her. It was well I did, for the sure-footed beast took me safely over dangerous passes, that I never could have crossed without such assistance: many times, on the summit of a peak like a sugar-loaf, has that creature, with a sagacity that was quite astonishing, stood looking from side to side, then, slowly taking aim, has folded her legs under her, and slid down with me on her back, for many hundred feet! She played truant, however, one night, slipped her bridle, which I always had wound round my arm while I slept, and wandered away, leaving me on the borders of a trackless forest. Once I crossed a mighty torrent, that was boiling along at the depth of a hundred feet below me, through a narrow ravine; and what sort of a bridge do you think I ventured upon?—two large fragments of rocks, one from either side, had fallen together, during some earthquake, I suppose, and had formed a natural bridge, quite firm and safe, over

which I crossed. Another time, I had to pass a rift, or chasm of prodigious depth, near an ancient village, the ingenious inhabitants of which had constructed a bridge of rushes, in the following manner: two strong posts were fixed in the rock on each side, and to these were fastened ropes of rushes; the path upon them being made of the same material, platted together. On each side was also a rope, for the passenger to steady himself by. These bridges, in fact, are the origin of our chain or suspension bridges; but the elastic and light nature of the rush makes the motion of the bridge very unpleasant;* indeed, when I had gone about half way across, my head seemed to swim, and I was obliged to sit down, to recover myself; I really thought I never should reach the opposite side of it! I sat there swinging in the high wind, in a most perilous, yet ridiculous situation, I assure you.—I wished much, while I was among the Andes, to see the interior of one of the mines; but they were all too distant from me: the quicksilver mine of Huancavelica is particularly curious, having a complete town, and its cathedral, ‘deep in the bowels of the earth.’

“ I shall not attempt to take you toiling on regularly, day by day, nor even week by week,

* Proctor's *Journey over the Cordillera of the Andes*.

my dears ; nor shall I tell you of half the dangers, difficulties, and troubles, I met with : I made the sun my guide by day, and the stars by night ; I roosted in trees, like the birds ; and ate fruit and herbs, like the beasts : I explored mountain torrents, which no human being, probably, had ever seen before, and found diamonds in their beds, which had been dried up : I collected gold too, from the mud of the rivers, and curiosities out of number, which I was obliged to throw away, for want of conveniences to carry them. I became, however, in a few weeks so accustomed to my solitary life, that I learned how to avoid the dangers by which I was surrounded, in a surprising manner. I met with tribes of native Indians, who had never heard of the name of England, and had never seen an Englishman ; and perhaps, this ignorance surprised me more than any thing that occurred to me ; perhaps, too, it taught me the best lesson in humility that I ever met with.

“ Ours is a great nation ; and we are all so much accustomed to hear, and to believe this, that we are too apt to think the world could not go on without our assistance. A sailor is particularly liable to feel too proud ; for, go where he will, on every coast of every maritime nation,

(that is, nations bordering on the sea,) he finds his fellow-countrymen, and their beautiful ships.

“In the wilds of South America, however, as I tell you, I discovered that it was possible for our great and powerful England to be unknown; and that I was looked upon as a kind of savage, a something quite inferior to the uncouth and uneducated creatures among whom I wandered for months, and even years!”

“Dear me, Tom! years? Why, how long were you walking about that never-ending country?” asked Charlotte.

“I was two years and a few days wandering over South America. I travelled about one thousand eight hundred miles; but I did not walk all the way; oh no! I frequently went with the Indians up their rivers; and for above five hundred miles I rode on mules, or wild horses, which I caught by stratagem.—Once I had a narrow escape, I remember, from being devoured by a *Puma*.”

“What is a *Puma*?” asked Henry.

“The South American lion, my dear. It is a native of Peru and Chili; it inhabits the thickest woods, and high mountains: in seizing his prey, he glides softly along upon his belly; and when within reach, springs suddenly upon it, as a cat

springs upon a mouse.—Well, one day, I had come unawares upon a herd of wild horses that were grazing quietly on the borders of a forest.”

“Oh, now for another adventure!” said Charlotte, jumping up, and squeezing Tom’s arm as she sat down again, and sidled closer to him.

“Oh, Charlotte! don’t interrupt so,” said William; but Tom sympathised with the little girl’s delight, and did not rebuke her: he felt flattered, although perhaps he did not suspect that the applause of mere children could afford so much pleasure; so, he only smiled, and, throwing more animation into his countenance and his manner, continued:

“Well,—I had been walking a long way, and felt tired; so I thought I might as well try to catch one of these horses, and vary my mode of journeying, by riding again. I had read of the manner in which the Guachos (or South American peasants) catch them with a lasso, or long rope, which has a loop at the end of it; and this, they expertly throw over the head of the animal that they single out:—their dexterity is surprising. I feared, however, to attempt such an exploit, lest I should fail, and thus frighten them all away: besides, I had no rope that was long enough. So I set my wits to work, and thus I tried my scheme: I observed among the

trees that skirted the plain, a pool of water : to this pool I made my way ; for, thought I, they will surely come there, by and by, to drink ; so I climbed up into a cinchona, or bark-tree."

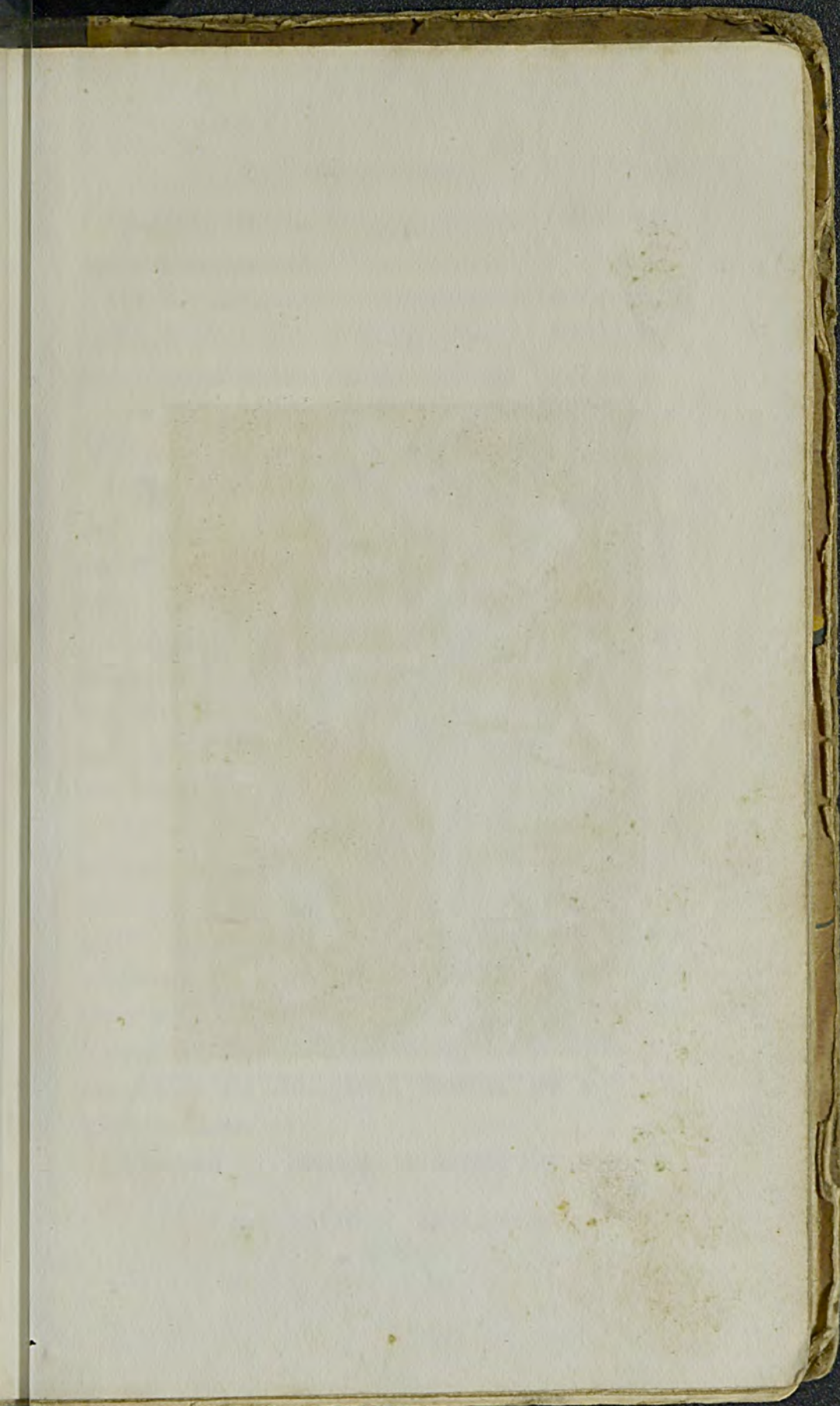
" Ah ! Peruvian bark, I declare ! you know, Mamma took it at Richmond, William," said Charlotte ; who was reminded by a look from William that she was interrupting again : so Tom continued.

" Having fastened one end of my rope tightly round one of the lower branches, I made the other into a slip-knot, or noose ; and then I waited patiently for my expected prey. The cinchona, I should tell you, looks somewhat like a cherry-tree : I had leisure, as I sat, to observe the beautiful trees that grew around me, and to admire the exquisite loveliness of the flower of the *parasitical* plants,—that is, those which do not root in the earth, but which grow on other trees and shrubs, (such as the *mistletoe*, that you have often seen on apple trees,)—which hung in wreaths and festoons from bough to bough, climbing to the very tops, and hanging out their rich clusters of various colors from among the dark leaves of the towering trees. Humming-birds, too, of the brightest plumage, were flitting about these flowers, like winged gems : rubies, emeralds, topazes, sapphires, seemed chasing each other in the air. It

has been supposed, that the humming-bird feeds only on honey-dew; but this is not correct, for, on opening the crop, insects are always found;* it is therefore probable that it visits the flowers not only to sip the honey which they contain, but to catch the insects which destroy their beauty. While I sat admiring these pretty creatures, evening drew on, and they quickly disappeared; I then noticed some rocks, in dark masses, that frowned out from amidst the foliage, clothed with fern trees, among which I saw the bottle-shaped nests of the *orioles*, tropical birds, that were warbling harmoniously, but whose notes were almost overpowered by the hoarse cries of the flaring parrots, and macaws, which were glancing and screaming about in all directions; their noise was indeed so loud at times, as to drown the roar of a silvery cascade, which I saw flashing its white spray through the foliage.

“At last, however, the whole herd of horses left their pasture in a body, and came neighing and gamboling towards the water, with their tails sailing in the wind, and their long manes waving about with every graceful turn of their bodies. I assure you, it was rather an appalling sight to see myself close over the heads of so many power-

* Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*.





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Pub. Dec. 1830, by J. Harris, corner of St. Pauls Church Rd.

ful animals, that made the ground echo with their spirited movements.

"I sat still, however, enjoying myself with a calabash shell full of milk, which I had drawn from a *cow-tree* that grew on the rock near me."

"A *cow grazing*, didn't you mean, Tom?" said William.

"No, my dear, I meant a *cow-tree*; it is a dry, ugly-looking thing, with large woody roots; and it is found on the most barren rocks, where rains rarely visit it; yet when its trunk is pierced, a most delicious, white, thick juice exudes, (or flows out,) which is quite as pleasant and nourishing as the milk of our cows. The Indians always make use of it: it is found in the greatest abundance about sunrise.*

"I had just finished my bowl of vegetable milk, when a fine fellow of a horse came under my cinchona-tree, and stooped to drink; so I crept to the end of the branch; and as he raised his head, I slipped the noose over his neck, and drew it tight; the start he gave when he found himself confined, frightened his companions, and away they all scampered, leaving me and my prisoner alone.

"Instead of striving to break the rope and

* *Galactrodendrum*: see Humboldt.

escape, which he might have done with ease, his courage seemed cowed by this new kind of restraint: I had some struggles, it is true; but I quickly conquered him by kindness and patience, and we were soon friends; but I resolved not to mount him in order to pursue my journey, for some time.

“In the evening, then, having refreshed myself with some of the fruits that grew near me—for while I journeyed through the forests, I never wanted food—I took a fancy to explore a cavern that I saw in the rock, near which the cascade tumbled. I resolved to be well prepared for any enemy, so I took my gun, and left my horse grazing at the foot of the bark-tree. As I drew near the lofty cavern, I was astonished at the noise—the deafening noise—of innumerable wings; and, looking up in the uncertain twilight, I saw hundreds, I may say thousands, of birds flying about, and preparing to leave their home, in search of food; they were the *guacharos*, which I had read of; night-birds that somewhat resemble our fern owls; but instead of roosting on trees, these creatures build in caverns: their noise is prodigious! *—Indeed, the different sounds at night, in those vast forests of South America, are not the least wonderful of the circumstances that attend traveling through them.

* Humboldt.

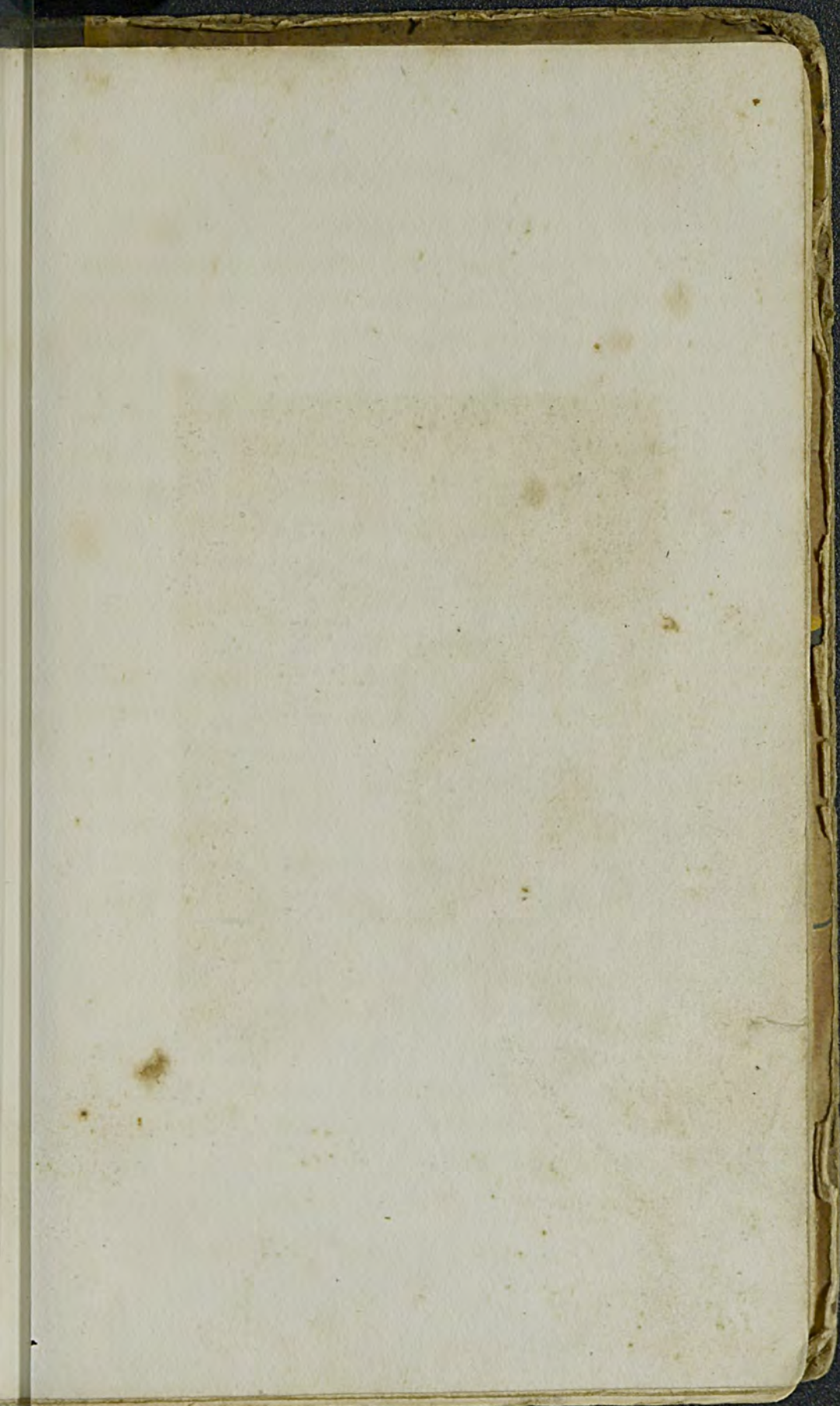
The howling monkeys ; the night-birds, the sharp calls of the jaguars, the roar of the pumas, the whistling of the alouates monkeys, the flapping of wings, the rustling of branches, and other noises, are astonishing ! How different from the lone solitude of our woods in England, where an owl hooting is the only sound that disturbs the silence of the night, except perhaps that a dog baying the moon, in the distance, makes us aware that one other living thing is waking. Well, I stayed so long in the bird cavern, that it was dark when I got back to my horse, and I had not yet made up my nightly fire."

"I declare, I was wondering whether you slept without burning a fire, Tom ; for—"

Poor Charlotte had forgotten herself again, but as she stopped, Tom continued—"So I had to collect leaves and sticks, almost in the dark. I was kneeling down, blowing away at the heap of fuel which I had just lighted, when my horse suddenly started, drew back to the full length of the cord, rolled his eyes, enlarged his nostrils, threw his ears forward, erected his mane and tail, and stood the very image of terror. I jumped up hastily, and looking into the gloom in the direction which his eyes took, there I saw a dark mass, moving softly along among the bushes. I was up the tree in an instant, and then I drew up my gun,

which I had rested against the trunk. All was quiet for a minute, then this gliding figure came nearer, but so quietly, that I should have thought myself deceived, had not the horse shown such symptoms of alarm; I therefore levelled my piece, fired; and, as I judged, wounded the animal, which bounded up, and darted off into the thicket, at the moment that the fire burst into a bright blaze, and of course kept all the wild animals away. I rested, however, but indifferently this night, for want of my rope, which I had used to confine my horse: hitherto, I had always looked for a tree with the branches going out in this way,"—said Tom, holding up his hand, and showing his fingers, all rising from one centre, as the branches spread out sometimes from the trunks of trees;—"and when I had found one, I laced the rope in and out of two boughs, so as to form a kind of cradle; thus supported, I slept in peace, excepting that sometimes the vampire-bat would annoy me by sucking my blood; he did it though so quietly, that I suffered no pain; and perhaps it was serviceable to me to lose a little blood; it is not improbable that these flying surgeons kept me in health by their gentle bleedings. The vampire-bat does not subsist entirely by sucking the blood of living animals; it feeds also on insects, and young fruits.*

* Waterton's *Wanderings*, pp. 11, 175.





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Robt. Dool. 1846 by J. Harris, corner of St Paul's Church P.

“One morning, I remember, when I awoke, and was coming down from my cradle, I found that a rattle-snake had coiled itself round the stem of the tree, and then I really thought it would be all over with me ; but my presence of mind did not forsake me even in this case ; for, as the reptile reared his flat, wide, terrible head, I took such good aim, and was so near to it, that I blew it to atoms. Once, I caught a poisonous serpent, called a *labarri snake*, that I might look for, and examine, the fangs which contained its venom. I saw it asleep ; and coming cautiously towards it, I sprang at its neck, which I grasped tightly with my hands ; its mouth was thus forced open ; then taking a small piece of stick, I pressed it on the fang (the point of which communicated with the root where the bag of poison is situated,) and I distinctly saw the venom ooze out ; it was of a thick substance, and of a yellow colour ; of course I killed the creature.*

“Well, I came at last to the dreary plains, or *steppes* ; and here my troubles were severe. All kinds of stinging insects, serpents, and loathsome reptiles, annoyed me ; I suffered also from a scanty supply of food. Sometimes, I was so fortunate as to find a plant called *tillandsia*, which resembles an aloe, and contains a quantity of pure water in

* Waterton's *Wanderings*, p. 185.

its stem ; but I rarely found it, unless a few trees grew above it, for it loves a sheltered situation ; when I had not this luxury, I was obliged to drink the horrible water of the rivers, which swarmed with animalculæ to such a degree, that I seemed to swallow as much solid as liquid : I wonder it did not kill me ! I was obliged to destroy my poor horse, and leave him to be devoured by the condors ; for he could find no food in these wide plains, which the rivers overflow every year, leaving so rich a soil behind them, when the waters subside, that the wretched half-starved tribes of Indians, who live in these melancholy flats, eat this earth, after baking it slightly in the fire."

"No, no, Tom !"

"I have eaten it, William, and was thankful to the wandering Indian who taught me how to keep life in me, by devouring such a horrid kind of food. I assure you, hunger made me relish that, at which my stomach now turns sick, when I think of it."

"Goodness ! Eat earth ! How did it taste, Tom ?" said Henry.

"Very fat, I know, and disagreeable, I suppose," replied Tom ; "but I declare, that I am not a good judge now ; so I will only assure you, that in many parts of the world, in Siberia, in Africa,

in Japan, this fat buttery kind of earth is eaten frequently by the natives.

“After traveling a long time, I came unexpectedly upon a wandering tribe of natives, consisting of three or four families ; and, entering one of their wretched huts, which were built with clay and leaves, I asked them for food, in the few words which I had learned from the last tribe I had been with ; but they did not understand me ; so I had recourse to signs, and made them comprehend that I was very hungry. One of the men then took down a bag, and, giving me a kind of greasy spotted whitish paste out of it, pointed to the fire, and turned away from me, lying down again in his hammock, which, with fourteen other hammocks, was slung from some beams above. I counted fifteen persons, all naked, lying indolently around me. I was so tired and wet, (for it was now the rainy season,) and so disgusted with my fat earth food, that I gladly seized this curious paste, and was just going to cram it into my mouth, when I saw distinctly, that the black spots in it were large ants ! I threw it down in a moment ; but soon recollected that a paste made of ants is a usual food among the Indians ;* besides, I saw by the number of bags that were

* Humboldt.

hanging about the hut, that these people used it for food, so that it could not be hurtful. I therefore conquered my dislike to the strange viand, and positively ate it with a degree of relish. It tasted somewhat like rancid butter; and if I had had some cassava flour to mix with it, I might have made a good substitute for bread and butter.

“ I stayed a few days with these Indians, not because I liked them, for they were the most apathetic and idle of human beings; they had no wants, beyond mere eating and drinking, so that they had absolutely no employment; no clothes to make or mend, no domestic cares to attend to; no fishing, no hunting to prepare for! I stayed, however, because the rainy season was at its height, and the vast plain was now under water; but I quitted such degraded beings as soon as I could, with no other pleasurable feelings towards them, than mere thankfulness for their having given me food, and for not having put me to death. I often think, however, that they would not have fed me, had it not caused them less trouble than to refuse me; and that they would have killed me, but for the exertion it would have required: for I never saw such an indolent set of creatures in my life. I heard the word ‘Oroonoco,’ however, just before I quitted them, and found, by signs,

that the larger of the next two streams which I should come to towards the south, was the river I was so anxious to reach. I did reach it; but, alas! I had many hundred miles to travel before I should arrive at Don Calao's residence; and many dangers I encountered during the next few months.

"Once, I remember, I imprudently went into a pleasant cool looking piece of water, beautifully overshadowed with trees, that I might enjoy a noon-day bath; I had scarcely 'struck out' twice, before I felt a shock as severe, as I ever experienced from an electrifying machine—"

"What! another earthquake, Tom?" exclaimed William.

"No, my dear, the shock was given me by an electrical eel. You remember reading an account of the *torpedo*, don't you?"

"Oh yes, to be sure; and that, if you even touch them with a long stick, you feel a great bang at all your joints," replied William.

"Well," continued Tom, smiling, "the blow which I felt was indeed a 'great bang,' as you may suppose, for it took away my strength, and my senses too; and I should have surely died, had not an Indian woman (for I was near a Missionary village,) just then come down to the pool to dip water; she saw my situation, and, guessing

the cause, lost no time in dragging me out, before the reptile could repeat the shock.* This eel, in its properties, somewhat resembles the *torpedo*.

“The rainy season was now over, and all nature became again fresh and beautiful. You can have no idea of the delicious feelings that I used to experience in the early morning: the companion, or bell-bird, perching on the top of a lofty mora-tree, used to awaken me by his clear ringing note, that sounds exactly like a fine-toned bell; it is so loud, that it may be heard at the distance of three miles; he is about the size of a jay, his plumage is milk white, and he has a black spire on his head, nearly three inches in length.† Just before sunrise, the night-birds, and prowling beasts of prey, had retired to their rest; the insects were not yet warmed into their busy life; the cool dewy dawn spread overhead its hues of grey and yellow and rose color, which shone through the boughs above, and round about me;—the deep orange glow in the east, came rich and warm through the glittering drops that hung upon the fragrant blossoms of the climbing shrubs, above my leafy cradle;—birds of every hue and of every form, sang to me;—monkeys frolicked from bough

* See a most interesting account of the method employed to catch the electrical eels (*gymnoti*), by means of horses, in Humboldt's *Personal Narrative*, vol. iv. p. 347.

† Waterton's *Wanderings*, p. 117.

to bough, with a happy fearlessness and agility, that was admirable; and the sloth, even, that most harmless, most contemned of animals, would, 'at this sweet hour of prime,' look in my face, with less of woe in his own, as I lay watching his singular movements with the most intense delight!"

"Dear Tom! you never can mean to say 'delight,' surely!—What, could you like that nasty, grim, rough-looking, lazy, stupid creature? To be sure, poor thing, I do pity it, when I think of its being on a high tree, and rolling itself up into a ball, and dropping to the ground to save itself the trouble of walking down again!—Then, how shocking of it to scream so!" exclaimed Charlotte, looking horrified.

"All a mistake, my dear; quite wrong, I assure you," returned Tom; "no animal has been so misrepresented as the sloth; and the reason is, that naturalists (I mean persons who study the habits, and write the history of animals,) have not gone into the wilds which the sloth inhabits, to observe him; but have seen him only, when he has been caught, and placed on the ground; in which situation he is ill at ease, and looking up in one's face with a sigh, seems to say, 'have pity on me, for I am in pain and sorrow!'"* I assure you, my dears, that there is no creature for which I

* See Waterton's *Wanderings*, p. 161, for a delightful and most interesting account of the Sloth.

feel more attachment, than for the sloth; it is so harmless, so interesting, so beautiful, so—”

“Beautiful, Tom!” said Charlotte in amazement.

“Yes, Nereid; in its adaptation (or being fitted, or suited) to its rank in creation. It was, in tracing an Almighty wisdom, and ‘*contrivance*,’ as Paley would say, in those vast regions, that I felt impelled to wonder, admire, and adore! The endless variety, the exquisite beauty, the admirable arrangement, the never-failing order, which I observed around me, filled my mind and heart with the most sublime feelings that I ever experienced; so that, in fact, notwithstanding the dangers and troubles I encountered, I must confess *that* to have been the most happy period of my life.”

“Please, Tom, will you tell us some more about your favorite sloth?” said William; “I’m sure I never thought I could care about that creature; I used to hate the sight of it in my Bingley’s *Animal Biography*! I remember, James Lucas and I used to say, when we came to that picture, ‘Ah! you nasty idle beast, I wish we had you here, how we would make you go! You *should* run!’ Then we used to thump the engraving with our fists. It was very stupid of us, to be sure,” added William, “but then, you know, we were very little

boys; and we really did not know that the poor thing *could* not, but we thought that it *would* not, move quicker."

"I will do better than tell you about the sloth, my dear boy; I will buy Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*, when we arrive in England, and we will read it together; I have seen only a review of the work in the London Magazine, which I met with at Calcutta. I remember a few of the particulars, however, respecting this singular animal, which I will tell you. It is formed to live on trees; and it is never found in any other situation, unless it have fallen by accident: while the weather is calm, it remains suspended, or hanging, from the branches; but during a high wind, when the boughs of the closely growing trees are shaken and *laced* together, as it were, he passes from one to the other, with ease and quickness. He never moves *upon*, but *under* the branches; he hangs there to rest, to eat, and to sleep. The color of his fur is so nearly that of the moss on the bark, that it is not easy to discover him when he is not moving; and, in short, instead of being an object of disgust, or even of pity, I do not know of any creature that appears more happy, excepting when he is on level ground; then, indeed, he is miserable, as much so, almost, as a fish would be when out of water; or as you would be in it.

“ I had now,” continued Tom, “ been a long time in the forests, without meeting with any of my fellow-creatures ; and I began to want some of the comforts which could only be supplied by man. True it is, that I took a pleasure, and a pride, in being independent ; by making the wonderful productions of nature by which I was surrounded, useful to me, without the assistance of others ; but my attempts were uncouth, you may suppose : for instance, having found a beautiful *caoutchouc*, or Indian-rubber tree, from which the gum was flowing, I thought I might perhaps strengthen my shoes by letting the liquid flow on them, so as to form a new sole : this took some time, you may imagine, because it was necessary to allow each morning’s running to set hard, before another coating was added. I made hats, by splitting some of the tough, thick leaves of a species of aloe ; and so on.—One night, on the verge of a forest, I had taken up my nightly quarters, and was going to sleep in my cradle ; when I saw a light glancing among the trees ; and as I had been wishing to reach a village, in order to procure a fresh rope, which the natives ingeniously form, by twisting the long fibres of the leaves of the cocoa-tree,* I came down from my roosting-

* *Cocos nucifera*.

place, and went towards the light: I was quickly at an open part of the forest, and as quickly, up to my knees in a quagmire: the treacherous beacon, in the mean time, changing its shape and its position, with every motion which I made to extricate myself. Sometimes it was elongated, and then it became contracted again: when in the former state, it is called *draco volans*, or flying dragon: in the latter—*ignis fatuus*.”

“ Please, Tom, to tell me,” said Charlotte, “ why these things take fire; I know, they are always seen in low swampy places, and that they are phosphoric, and all that; but I never could think why they should light themselves, and go peeping and bobbing about, as if they were going a visiting, and taking their pleasure? Fancy what a state we should be in, if our candles and lamps, and such things, were to take it into their heads to catch light, and come wandering about, setting fire to one’s clothes and one’s haystacks, as that horrid light did on the west coast of Wales, that I read of once! It used to come up, you remember, William, from the *sea*, of all places! and fire the grass, and burn the crops, and poison the cattle, and frighten the people, and do such mischief! and—”

Tom laughed,—and so did William; but the latter did not so well approve of Charlotte’s occa-

sional interruptions, which, he told her, "were like opening a sluice gate; such a rush took place."

"Why, Nereid!" said Tom, "what a forgetful little nymph you are! you remember only effects, not causes: the wonderful part, not the scientific!—But that's very natural in one so young and so volatile;" added he to himself, as he patted her elastic ringlets. "Let me see, you asked me," continued he, "what is the cause of these lights? I am not philosopher enough to tell you more than this; that our air, or atmosphere, is composed of two ingredients, or gases,—*oxygen gas*, which supports life and flame; and *azotic gas*, which is destructive of life.

"Many other gases exist and occasionally float in the atmosphere; and, among these, one is called *hydrogen*, which is produced by the decomposition of water: it is one of the most inflammable substances in nature. Electricity, you know, is a subtile, or penetrating, fluid, which always exists in the atmosphere, though not always in a gentle and tranquil state; as our violent thunder storms often testify; however, it has at all times power enough to ignite a vapor so inflammable as hydrogen gas, when it meets with it. Now, as this gas is most readily produced by the decomposition of water, and combines with various matters from

decaying vegetation and decomposing animal substances, in low and marshy swamps, a tiny spark is sufficient to ignite these combined gases, and thus to set the *Will o' the Wisps*' off on their 'visiting excursions,' Charlotte, as you call them. I do not wish to go into all the scientific details respecting these beautiful phenomena of nature; for—"

"Oh! I wish you would, Tom!" said William; "for I'm sure I understand all that you have said; and, I do love anything of this sort so much! I want to hear why decayed vegetables and fishes should turn to phosphorus, and why—"

"Let me look at your foreheads, you rogues!" exclaimed Tom, good humoredly interrupting him;—"ay, there are two noble *bumps*, where the organ of *causality* is stated to exist.—You see, my dear friend," added Tom, turning to Mr. Clement, who now stood beside the happy group,—"you see, I still dabble in phrenology! Ay, and in spite of your and Mrs. C.'s jeering, I hope to study it thoroughly, when I reach England; and then, I'll try hard, but I'll convince and convert you both; and that will be a pleasant triumph,—for you two are not like those wooden-headed persons, who oppose the science merely because it is something new, which they are vexed to find they know nothing of!"

Mr. Clement smiled, and said—"Now, do not, there's a good fellow, set these two gaping creatures puzzling their little wits upon your favorite subject, until we know that it is a study likely to benefit them! Come,—I ran up on deck to ask you to walk a little while, and then to fetch you down to supper;" taking Tom's arm, and drawing him on to walk.

"Oh Papa!—Tom!" exclaimed William: "stay, if you please; don't begin to talk together yet; Tom was just saying something that I wanted so much to hear about! You remember—phosphorus! yes—you were going, I believe, to tell me something about phosphorus, when you looked at our organs of—" he hesitated.

"'Causality,' William!" said Charlotte: "General Gordon told Mamma yesterday, that he was sure I had 'causality,' and 'benevolence,' very strong; and Mamma smiled, and said she had no reason to disbelieve his assertion."

"Yes, I remember, William," replied Tom, "I was going to advise you to read, 'The Composition of the Atmosphere,' from Thompson's *Chemistry*; and the account of the 'luminous and burning exhalations,' from the *Philosophical Transactions*, which you will find contained in chapter 47, vol. 4, of my *Gallery of Nature*

and Art. You can run it over to-morrow : some parts are above your comprehension, but never mind that ; if we always throw aside dry reading, we shall obtain very little information."

"Tom," said Charlotte, "did you ever notice Mamma's fingers?"

"No, my dear ; why?"

"Oh, because, poor thing ! when she was a girl, just my age, she went to a chemical lecture, in the town where my grandpapa lived ; and she told me that she burned them with phosphorus ; and I'll tell you how it was. Mr. Jackson, the lecturer, had been showing the audience some pretty experiments with phosphorised æther ; that is, you know, phosphorus dissolved in æther, to make it safer and more manageable."—(Tom smiled, at Charlotte's overpowering display of chemical knowledge !)—"Well, after the lecture was over, Mamma went, with other persons, to the table, where the curious apparatus and things were spread out ; and, do you know, she took up a stick of phosphorus by mistake, and rubbed her hands with it ; and though she had her gloves on, she was all in a blaze in a moment ; and Mr. Jackson caught hold of her, and plunged her hands and arms in a pail of water. All the skin came off the inside of

her fingers; and though the flame was put out, the fire of the phosphorus was burning her flesh for a fortnight! And whenever she looked at her hands in the dark, there was that slow, blue, dismal light!* Oh! she had her hands in a sling for months, and her fingers have been crooked ever since."

"Dear, dear! how much your Mamma must have suffered, Charlotte! I never heard of this accident before. I dislike the idea of having so dangerous a substance as phosphorus among my philosophical apparatus.—Do you think the shining lights in the sea, that sometimes are observable in warm latitudes," added Tom to Mr. Clement, "are phosphorescent,—or do you suppose they are caused by the decomposition of vegetable and animal substances, in union with hydrogen gas, and ignited by the electricity of the atmosphere?"

"I rather incline to the latter opinion," replied Mr. Clement; "though it may be a phosphorescent light; but I rejoice more and more in the spread of knowledge, which not only offers to the inquiring mind never-failing subjects of investigation and reflection, but assists in clearing away

* A fact; which more than one person has proved by unskilfully meddling with phosphorus.

the mists of superstition, by which the intellects of men have long been clouded and misled."

The two friends were now on a favourite subject, and were soon deep in a "*clever* conversation," as Charlotte told her brother; adding, "Let us bid Papa and Tom good-night, and go down, and have a game at *tablut*."

"Ay, so we will, Charlotte! I know it quite perfectly now. How patiently Tom taught it us! And how ingenious and kind he was to make that curious board for us; and those funny little red and white men, the Swedes and Muscovites! I like the game a great deal better than either draughts, fox and geese, or back-gammon;—don't you? But, I suppose, Tom won't repeat that part of his adventures, which he told us before we were wrecked, as we were 'coming out,' you know; where he went among those droll little Laplanders, who are only four feet high,—just my height! And where he lived sometimes in their summer dwellings, hoisted up on poles, to keep them out of the floods of melted snow; and learned their pretty game of *tablut*;* and all about the Iceland moss, which the reindeer feed on; and the beautiful account of that animal, which is as useful to

* For an account of this ancient game, see the beautiful early work of Linnæus, called *Lachesis Lapponica*.

the poor inhabitants of Lapland as the cocoa-nut tree is to the people of the South-Sea islands, and—”

“ Oh yes ! and don’t you remember, William,” interrupted Charlotte, as, with her arm locked in that of her brother, they paced the deck, in the moonlight—“ don’t you remember, that, after Tom had mentioned the usefulness that the reindeer is of to the Laplanders, he told us about that other wonderful creature, the camel, which is, as he said, “ quite as admirably suited to live in the burning deserts of Arabia, and is as necessary to the comforts of those parched Arabs ? I recollect too,—don’t you ?—that he said, when we were older, he thought we should so much like to read that capital piece of natural history, Linnæus’s account of the rein-deer ; and Volney’s account of the camel ; which is equally interesting : and how we laughed when he drew for us, on the fly-sheet of a letter, the picture of that strange little Lapland baby in the cradle, which was kept from tumbling out by leather thongs strapped across it !—and how he said, that, owing to living in the smoky huts, his eyes ached, and were inflamed almost as badly as the eyes of all the people whom he saw there !—And the wild strawberries, too, which are such a luxury that they were sent, oh, I can’t tell

how far ! And those droll snow-shoes, six feet long !”

“ And the rising sun shining into his bed-room only one hour after midnight, Charlotte ! think of that ! And the strange sour stuff made of reindeer’s milk ; what was it called ?”

“ *Segmiolk* ! Ah ! that curious stuff made from sour whey, that they draw out from one end of the room to the other, like Indian rubber ! —Tom, we are talking of you !” added she, smiling at him, as they passed the two gentlemen.

“ Are you so, Nereid ?” replied Tom.

“ Miss Charlotte ! Master William ! if you please, your Mamma wishes you to come down into the cabin,” said Mary. So they bade their father and Tom good-night, and away they went.

On the following evening, the children were on deck, and waiting for their friend, who was finishing a game of piquet with Captain Merriweather. They knew he would soon join them, for he had nodded to them as they passed him ; and in a few minutes Charlotte exclaimed—“ Here he comes ! here he comes ! Now for another happy evening ! now, dear Tom, sit down. Oh ! take care ! You very nearly crushed my pot of guava jelly ! I asked Mamma to let me bring some up

for you to eat, now and then, while you are telling us some more of your pleasant adventures; for, I think, your mouth must be dry with talking so much. Here's a spoon,—taste it. I do not like it nearly so well as some West-Indian guava jelly that we had sent us before we left England."

"Thank you, my dear little girl! Your attention, although needless, is very gratifying to me, in more ways than one;" said Tom, smiling, and conveying a goodly portion of it into his mouth.

"Capital!" added he, smacking his lips. "No more, thank you. Now then, where did we stop?"

"We left you in a quagmire, poor Tom," said William: "that chattering Charlotte began about the candles hopping and jumping;—and then Papa came;—and then, we went to bed."

"Ay, I remember," said Tom. "Well, I extricated myself from my slough, and retired to my roosting-place. The next morning, as I was preparing to descend from the tree,—the sky being clear, and the sun shining,—I was alarmed by a hissing noise in the air; and, looking quickly round, I was just in time to see an immense mass of something—I could not distinguish of what nature it was—falling from above, with a loud report; crushing the branches of a lofty tamarind

tree, and falling to the earth with a heavy sound ! I hastened to the spot, and found, to my surprise, an enormous piece of metal, quite hot, which had descended with such force, that it was half buried in the swampy ground.

“ I stood, as you may imagine, lost in wonder at this phenomenon ! I had, when I was a boy, often picked up roundish lumps of metal, on the Wiltshire Downs, while I was visiting at a friend’s house ; but, though I was told they were *ærolites*, I could not believe the assertion ; for it seemed impossible that the thin, pure, impalpable, invisible air around me should be capable of forming such heavy bodies !”

“ To be sure, Tom !” exclaimed Charlotte ; “ it does seem quite ridiculous for any person to say such a thing, or to expect one to believe it ! As if there were great iron mountains, and forges, and blacksmiths, and every thing of that sort, up in the air !”

“ Stop, stop, Miss Floodgate,” exclaimed William, “ you forget that Tom just now told us, he saw an enormous one fall ! Now don’t interrupt so, there’s a good girl !”

Charlotte looked confused, but not convinced.

“ Charlotte might say,” observed Tom, smiling, “ as an esteemed and intelligent friend of mine says – ‘ I doubt the fact !’ Eh, Nereid, is it not

so?" Charlotte smiled and nodded; putting her finger on her lips, and looking archly at her brother. They both laughed, and Tom continued:

"Long before I was so fortunate as to see this strange visitant from another world, Charlotte, I had read so much respecting these singular bodies, that I could not disbelieve; though I could scarcely be said to give entire credit to the circumstance. Here lay a huge mass at my feet, which I had seen fall; it was hot; the boughs of the tree lay scattered around; I could not doubt these proofs! but I was as much as ever at a loss to account for the formation of the aërolite.

"I have read many tedious pages of dry calculation and philosophical reasoning, which have been written to prove, that the metallic fragments come to us from the moon, whence they are said to be discharged from her monstrous volcanoes! that,—nay, you may speak,—don't look so very much amazed, Charlotte, but out with it, if you wish to say any thing:—no, you don't wish:—very well—I repeat then, that I cannot think these bodies ever were in the moon; because, in all the theories that are advanced on the subject, there is so much said which we *must* take for granted; and no *proof* can be brought of the circumstance

Imagine an irruption of one of our volcanoes, throwing up its masses of rocks so far in the air, that they shall get beyond the sphere of the earth's attraction, and so to be met by the attraction of the moon, and carried to that planet! Fancy the astonishment of some little Charlotte Clement, in yonder bright world, on being told that those curious visitors *had fallen from the earth!*"

"Yes, but, Tom, you are supposing the moon and the earth to be both alike; you know, the atmosphere—but I cannot express myself," added William, looking anxious.

"I know what you would say,—that the two planets do not possess the same degree of attraction, the earth being so much larger than the moon; and therefore, that it may be more easy for meteoric stones to come to us from the moon, than for our's to reach that planet. This difference furnishes one of the chief reasons for the theory,—that the attractive power of the moon neither extends so far, nor acts with such force as that of the earth,—and therefore, that a body could the more easily be propelled beyond it into our circle of attraction; but this is any thing but a conclusive argument. Much as we appear to know of chemistry, we in reality find we know but little, when we come to consider how vast is the range of

the universe to which we cannot gain access; we crawl about our beautiful planet, like mites on a cheese,—very clever mites, I grant ye!—yet, with all our knowledge, we have hitherto been unable to climb above four miles from its surface—to penetrate above half a mile into its mysterious internal structure,—or even to discover whether ‘it spins round on a pole through its middle, like a spitted turkey,’ as I once heard a boy at school say he was sure it did!—So astonishing do we know the effects of electricity to be, combined with the gases, that I rather incline to suppose these massive stones to be ‘laborated,’ as a chemist would say, in the vast regions of the air; not by the aid of bungling blacksmiths, Charlotte, but by the ‘Great First Cause, least understood,’ to whose goodness and wisdom we owe all our enjoyments, especially that surpassing happiness of being able to adore Him, and to admire His beautiful creation.”

“But Tom,” said William, “please to tell me if these ærolites are stones, and of what sort? Are they bits of granite, or schist, or what?”

“They have been brought, my dear boy, from all parts of the world, and have been analysed by many of the cleverest chemists that ever lived; and, strange to say, their component parts, (or ingredients,) though sometimes varying in the proportions, are always found to be the same, and are

scientifically called iron, nickle, manganese, silica, sulphur, magnesia, and lime.”*

“Then do you think, Tom, that fire-balls, aërolites, and meteoric stones, are all the same substances?”

“I believe it is but little doubted. But here is your causality at work again, William; what a pity it is, that, with your inquiring mind, and love of such studies, you should not read on these subjects!”

“Oh, Tom, there is not any thing that I should like so well! and if you would lend me books, and tell me what to read, I should be so glad! I have read that which you advised me, last evening,

* The fact that heavy bodies of every variety in size, from an ounce to three hundred pounds weight, have at different times fallen from the atmosphere, is too well established by respectable witnesses, for me to hesitate to introduce it here; but as those of my readers who feel interested in the study of this wonderful and beautiful part of creation, may not be acquainted with any of the works in which the subject is treated of, I subjoin a few of their titles. Thomson’s *Chemistry*: *Philosophical Magazine*: *Philosophical Transactions*: *Gallery of Nature and Art*: Hutton’s *Mathematical Dictionary*, and C. C. Clarke’s *Hundred Wonders of the World*. The names of those scientific men who have analysed the metallic bodies, are—Klaproth, Vauquelin, Howard, Fourcroy, &c.; and a few of the testimonies to the descent of the stones, are—Gassendi, Soutty, De Drée, Fourcroy, Earl of Bristol, &c.

to look over, and I like it very much; that is, parts of it, for some sentences I could not understand, though I read them over three or four times, and looked for those words in the dictionary, that I could not make out."

"Very well; this is good news, and I promise you, that I will not fail, if you will not flinch," replied Tom. In the mean time, Charlotte sat with her lips pressed together, and her blue eyes laughing; and when Tom and William had ceased speaking, she said—

"Well, positively, I can bear my silence no longer! How you two have been enjoying all the talk, never thinking of poor me! Here have I been sitting with a sort of padlock on my lips, like Papageno, in the *Zauberflöte*, with his 'Hm, hm, hm, hm!' that papa sings so funnily! I hope you think, Tom, and you, Mr. Clever, that I have sense, and science, or classical knowledge, or whatever it is."

"Ha! ha! ha! hark at her, Tom! 'Classical knowledge!' I never heard such a girl in all my life! Besides, if you make me out to be 'Tamino,' who put the padlock on Papageno's lips, you ought to have waited till I took it off again, before you began to talk! But now your tongue is let loose again, I know we shall have no more

peace. Nay, be quiet!" (putting his hand over her mouth,) "and let Tom go on."

A little scuffle and struggle ensued, in which their friend joined, taking sides with the distressed Nereid, against her persecuting brother; and his powerful arm having quickly terminated the good humoured strife, they all sat down again, panting and laughing; Tom then continued—

"Well, my dears, after this last adventure, I soon reached the succession of villages, or *Missions*, on the banks of the rapid river Oroonoco; and, in a few days, I arrived at Don Caloa's residence. My tidings respecting poor Captain Heartly grieved the worthy merchant, who had known him for many years. This haughty, yet kind-hearted man treated me with the greatest generosity, and even offered to keep me with him, and to provide for me; but I wished to go to England, that I might ease my father and sister of the fears they would naturally feel respecting my fate. I therefore told the Don, that I was most grateful for his goodness, but that I must see my friends in England, before I could accept his generous offer; and he immediately gave me a sum of money, far more than sufficient to equip me for the voyage, besides loading me with presents for my sister. His own vessel was ordered out,

and he insisted on accompanying me to St. Thome, an island near the mouth of the Oroonoco, and the capital of the Spanish part of Guayana. Here he saw me on board a merchant vessel, bound for the port of London, and we parted, for the last time. In due course, I arrived at Portsmouth, and on the same evening, early in September, I again found myself on the road leading to my home.

“And now, my dears, I must say, good-night ; your father will soon be on deck ; and as he does not like to interrupt us, it will be better that he should not suppose he intrudes.”

This hint was enough ; the children bade Tom good-night, and ran down the companion ladder.

“Papa, Tom is walking by himself, on deck,” said Charlotte to her father, who was reading. He looked off, kissed her, and, closing his book, went up and joined his friend.

A continuation of stormy and blustering weather prevented our young friends for many evenings from meeting, to hear more of Tom’s adventures. They could not, indeed, enjoy the nights on deck again, until long after the Hero had weathered the Cape of Good Hope. One day, however, they were agreeably surprised by hearing Tom say to them, “I shall be waiting for you to-night, at eight o’clock !”

They failed not to be with him, of course ; and, after refreshing their memories by recapitulating a few of the last incidents of the narrative, Tom said—

“ I was on the road home, you remember, when I last left off: well, I was in a postchaise this time, with all my little stock of presents, and curiosities. I remember, I had a lump of native gold, from the Andes, for my father ; a rough, or uncut, diamond for Ann ; and another for her husband (all of which I had found) ; these were to be cut, and polished, and set in rings : a pearl oyster, with a noble pearl in it, for your father.”

“ What ! that beautiful pin, with a single pearl, and the emerald at the top of it, that Papa used to wear, and which, he told us, a dear friend, Mr. Granville, (ay, that was his name !) gave him !” exclaimed Charlotte.

“ The very same, my dear. There were other things, I know ; but I have forgotten what they were. The chaise stopped at the gate ; and a footman in black appeared. ‘ Is this Mr. Granville’s house ? ’—‘ No Sir, it is Mr. Worthington’s : it was old Mr. Granville’s ; but he is dead.’—‘ And my sister—I mean, Mrs. Worthington,—how is she ? ’—‘ Well, Sir—quite well ; and so is the baby, and little Master Albert ; but won’t you please to alight, Sir ? Shall I call my master ?—

Ar'n't you well, Sir?" asked the man hastily, seeing that I was a little overcome. 'Thank you,' replied I; 'be so good as to tell your master—not your mistress,—that a person from America wishes to'—here I saw Albert coming towards the chaise.

He bowed, and looked steadily at me, till he had come quite to the open door, before he could recognise me. And then, how cordial was his reception of me; and how full of wonder were his exclamations at my altered appearance!

" 'I'll run and prepare Ann; don't come in yet, Charles. Here, Sarah! Take Albert to the gentleman in the postchaise;' said he to a nursery maid, who was leading a noble little boy, of about two years of age, by the hand.

"In five minutes, I was shown into the drawing-room, with my beautiful nephew in my arms, where sat my sister, with her little girl, just six weeks old, lying in her lap. Dear Ann! how delighted she was to see me! I found that my father had been dead a year and a half; so I very naturally inquired whom they were in mourning for? My brother and sister looked at each other for a moment, with sorrow in their faces; then a smile stole over them; and at last, Albert seizing my hand, and Ann flinging her arms round my

neck, said—‘*For you*, dear Charles! We heard, eight months since, that the Speedwell was lost, and all on board had perished.’

“I must not detain you, my dears, with my natural sorrow at the death of my worthy father; you may imagine (from my grief on my former visit to England,) that this loss affected me too; though, of course, not so severely; for my sorrow now was unaccompanied by remorse.

“The next day, the master, mistress, footman, female servants, and little Albert’s garden-hat, had all *doffed* (as the old writers would say,) their *dismals*; and, indeed, I am inclined to think that my dear old goody Pink had absolutely hoisted gayer colours on her cap, than she had shewn for twenty years! I had brought her a beautifully stuffed Titi monkey, and a screaming macaw, to keep her company, as I told her, during my absence! She confessed that the monkey would be the pleasanter companion; so I begged her to give the noisy bird to whomsoever she pleased; and her niece was quickly blessed with it.

“I found from my brother, that my father’s property was divided equally between my sister and myself: but the generous fellow added, ‘as *my* father is also dead, Charles, my own fortune

is now so large, that both Ann and I have resolved never to touch that part of your father's, which he left to your sister !'

" You will suppose that this unusual generosity was not lost upon me. Indeed, the very next day I rode over to Portsmouth, and employed a lawyer to draw up my will, in which I secured to my sister all my property, as well as her own ; and 'tis well I did so ;—but more of that by and by. I found my brother's house so pleasant, and its inmates so evidently attached to me, that I resolved to stay ashore with them for a year or two ; not that I was tired of my profession, although I had been so unfortunate in my last voyage ; but I was anxious to know something of my native country ; and was not unwilling to rest, and enjoy myself with my friends, after so severe a journey across America as I had lately taken. We, therefore, agreed to leave the house in the care of Mrs. Pink and the gardener ; and to take the children, footman, and other servants, with the carriage to London ; where we proposed to hire a house and pass the winter season. All this was done ; and one of my first pleasures, as soon as I arrived, was to drive to your father's house, and surprise him by my return to England. I found him newly married to your excellent mother ; and most happy were we to renew

our old friendship. The two families spent much of their time together, and the winter passed quickly away. In the spring, we all set out on a tour through the most interesting parts of the country; and did not return to Woodlands until late in the autumn. There we settled for the winter, with your father and mother as our guests; and, on their return to London, I quitted Woodlands with them, having resolved to devote a few months to my improvement in various branches of science and philosophy. I attended the best lectures in London, and returned to Woodlands with a number of expensive philosophical instruments, and a whole library of books. I enjoyed my home exceedingly, surrounded as I was by every blessing that could make life happy; and Ann hoped that I had given up all intention of going again to sea; but she little knew my disposition! The very studies I was then pursuing, served only as farther inducements for me to extend my travels; and I only waited till I could hear of a desirable vessel bound to Rosetta,—a port in the Mediterranean, you know, at one of the mouths of the Nile,—in order to leave my dear friends once more. I wished much to see those wonders of man's labour—the pyramids of Egypt; to cross the trackless deserts; to trace the fading glories, the crumbling architecture of nations

which existed 'when the earth was green and young.' In short, my dears, I quitted my home again. I went as a passenger ; but resolved to 'keep my hand in,' by taking my turn with the ship's crew ; for my long residence ashore had made me so delicate and genteel, that I was ashamed of myself ; besides, I considered, that such a fine dandy gentleman as I was become, would not be able to endure the fatigue and exhaustion of a sojourn in the deserts, without some preparation."

VOYAGE THE THIRD.

“ WE were soon rolling on the stormy waves of the unfathomable Bay of Biscay : then, coasting the fertile shores of Portugal, we stood round that vast headland, the impregnable* fortress of Gibraltar, and entered the Mediterranean Sea. We touched at the island of Malta, where I was regaled with the finest oranges in the world. Then we passed the southern part of Sicily, and saw Ætna, its natural light-house ; but I had beheld the mighty Cotopaxi, so that Ætna, and, indeed, all European mountains, appeared as mere molehills, after the giant heights of the Andes.

* *Impregnable* is derived from the French word ‘*imprenable*,’—i. e. *not to be taken*.

In a short time, we neared Nelson's Island, off the point of Aboukir, with the whole crew singing—

“ The battle of the Nile

Shall be foremost on the file;

And Nelson, gallant Nelson's name, applauded it shall be!

Then huzza, boys! huzza!—huzza, huzza, huzza!

Britannia still, Britannia rules the main!”

“ In the midst of this noise, I observed a weather-beaten tar seated happily across a gun, and roaring away at the top of his lungs, very much to his own satisfaction. I drew near, and found he had altered the words of the old ditty to

“ The battle of the Nile,

I was there all the while,

And Splicer's name, Ben Splicer's name, applauded it shall be!

Then huzza!” &c. &c.

“ Poor old Ben! he looked quite as happy as if he had been the Hero of the Nile! Ay, and much more happy than Nelson ever looked; for Ben was unwounded, and felt no care; while his noble commander had dragged on a painful existence for many years, owing to the agony of an unhealed wound; and his situation as Admiral, having the lives of so many of his fellow-creatures under his control, and the honour of his country in his

hands, might well weigh down his spirit with care and anxiety. Ben and I talked over the 'Battle of the Nile' together, and I gazed at the spots with interest, as he pointed them out to me, where so many human beings had lost their lives. Soon after, we landed at Rosetta, where I took leave of my shipmates, and hired a boat to Grand Cairo, at which place I stayed only a few days, to see the mosques, Jacob's well, and other curiosities; for I was anxious to reach those wonderful pyramids of Dijza, which have astonished the world for so many hundred years; and never shall I forget the feelings of awe and amazement which took possession of me, as I approached them, in their dreary solitude, with that mysterious colossal head of the sphinx, which seems a thing of eternity—as if its mild face and upturned eye, had borne the parching winds of the desert, in everlasting patience. You have so often seen and heard accounts of these sublime works of man, my dears, that I must pass to other curiosities, for—”

“Oh no, Tom!” exclaimed the children, “Pray do not *skip* any thing!” added Charlotte, “for you cannot think how different it seems to me, now you tell me these things! When I read any thing, you know,—I can hardly express myself; but I know what I mean;—I am not so interested in those wonders that I meet with in books; but

if I talk to any one who has seen these curious things, I feel that they are true; and it is so delightful! Now, for instance, I have read accounts of eruptions of volcanoes, many, many times, in ‘*The Juvenile Travellers*,’ and, oh—several other books; but I never seemed to think them real—no, that’s not it,—to *realise*, ay, that’s the word,—I never seemed to realise them, till, one day, when Mr. Pratt was telling my uncle that he had been up Vesuvius; and I stood by my uncle, looking at this wonderful man, who had been to the top of a real burning mountain, and had looked down into the crater, and seen the bubbling and heaving lava in it; and had been almost stifled with the sulphurous smoke; and had come *crunching* down through the loose cinders in five minutes, though it had taken him three quarters of an hour to toil up!! Oh my gracious! how interested I was! so *pray*, Tom, though we have read about the pyramids, do tell us what *you* thought of them; for that’s the delightful part of the whole; is it not, William?”

“Yes, indeed! I never liked any thing, in all my whole life, so much as these famous adventures of yours, Tom! I really think, if our voyage were to last for three years, I should not be tired of it, if you would continue to make our evenings so pleasant to us!”

Their friend smiled, and resumed his narrative.

“Well, you have heard that the largest pyramid is six hundred feet high.”

“Oh yes, I have heard that twenty times, Tom! but then I don’t know any thing about heights, and feet, and those sorts of things,” said Charlotte.

“But you have seen the Monument, Charlotte?”

“Yes, hundreds—thousands of times!”

“No, no, Charlotte! that you have not!” said William.

“Oh, hav’n’t I? Well, I’m sure I seem to recollect a great number, William!”

“The number is of little consequence, Nereid. Did you ever happen to think that the pyramid might be nearly as high again as that building?”

Charlotte lifted up her hands and eyes in utter amazement; even William stared. They had never thought of the subject in this way; and when Tom added—“It is forty-two feet more, than as high again, and would barely stand in Lincoln’s Inn Fields;” they were quite astonished at the wonderful size of the building.

“I went up to the top of the pyramid,” continued he, “on the outside, clambering up steps that were as high as my breast; and what a singular view I had from the summit! As far as

my eye could reach, in almost all directions, I saw the 'sterile spot, where now the Arab's tent flaps in the desert blast!' Thoughts, feelings, musings crowded into my mind, my dears, in which you could take no interest, were I to attempt to explain them; so we will go down again, and enter the vast building: there is a well below the base of it, the depth of which has never been ascertained; and I had the pleasure of flinging stones into its dark mouth, that I might listen, in wonder, to their deep plunge into water. I then hired an Arab guide, and proceeded about thirteen miles farther, to visit the pyramids of Sacarah, under which are the mummy pits, that extend for many leagues. The operation of descending into these dark abodes of the dead, is very unpleasant. The guide and I slung ourselves down a deep hole for nearly thirty yards; and the loose stones from the sides came clattering about us, in such numbers, that I expected we should have had a severe blow or two; but, fortunately, we escaped. When I got to the bottom, I found I had to creep through a long narrow passage for twenty yards, so small and so dark, that I would not venture; for I thought, what will be the use of my going, I shall see nothing: so I resolved to dismiss my guide as soon as we should return to open daylight, and then ramble

about for a few days in this wonderful neighbourhood, and look for curiosities. This I did ; and, having purchased eggs, dates, and coffee, I crossed the river again, and proceeded to the tombs that are excavated in the rocks. Here I was tormented with Arabs, all offering their services as guides ; but I resolved to explore by myself ; so I refused all their offers, and entered the wonderful tombs alone.

“ You will have some idea of the immense multitudes of human beings that have been buried there, when I tell you that I wandered the whole day by lamp-light, through numberless long lanes of coffins, or cases, piled in rows to the ceiling of the caverns, which have been hollowed out, with incredible labor, in order to receive the dead bodies ! It was really a city of the dead ! ”

“ But, Tom,” said Charlotte, “ I thought Egypt was not a very populous country. Where could all those people have lived ? For, I remember, you said that the mummy pits under the pyramids of Sacarah extended for several leagues. Gracious me ! in these wide deserts, how could they manage to collect such thousands and millions of mummies ? ”

“ Ah ! there *are* thousands and millions, Charlotte. The ancient and extensive city of Memphis, you know, is supposed to have been situated be-

tween Sacarah and Gizah, or Djiza; and these *plains*, as the pits are called, were the burial places of the city. There were, doubtless, many other towns and villages scattered over the desert, which were once crowded with inhabitants; and not the least wonderful circumstance of this most wonderful country is, that the people themselves (in the state of mummies,) are the only records we possess of their dwellings having formerly stood where the parched and ever shifting sand now spreads, like a deep sea, over them. In other conquered countries, the inhabitants are gone from the surface of the earth, and their ruined buildings only remain."

"Well, still I think it was a very disgusting and ridiculous custom of the ancient Egyptians, to keep dead bodies above ground; our's is a much better plan,—don't you think so, Tom?" said Charlotte.

"I'm sure the custom of the ancient Greeks and Romans was better than either; for they burned their dead, didn't they, Tom?" asked William.

"Yes, and so did the ancient Britons, or rather our Saxon forefathers; and that custom of our ancestors was the origin of the word *bonefire*, or *bonfire*."

"Indeed? Well, how strange!—But Tom,"

said Charlotte, "I have just found out that the Egyptians did not exist before the Deluge!"

"Really, my little antiquarian! And why?"

"Why, to be sure,—because, if they had existed, all their mummies, and such things, would have been washed out of the pits, and holes, and tombs, and pyramids, and places, and would have gone floating about the world, and perhaps have landed in America, and have been found there, and have puzzled people intolerably."

"Stop, stop! what nonsense you are talking, Charlotte!" exclaimed William; "how does that prove that the Egyptians did not exist before the Deluge? Perhaps the custom of embalming their dead was not known then; or perhaps—"

"Now you think you have silenced me, William, by that wise look and speech of your's; but you have not: for it is very unlikely that the customs should have altered. But I wonder why the Egyptians took so much trouble to embalm their dead, Tom? Why did they not bury, or burn them?"

"Because it was generally believed by that singular people, that the body, when dead, was only in a sort of chrysalis state, which would come to life again, as the butterflies do."*

* Volney's *New Researches in Ancient History*, vol. ii. p. 437.

“And now, Tom, I want to know another thing, and that is, why such numbers of animal bones are found every where,—antediluvian I mean,—and yet no human bones have been discovered? What became of the bones of all those people who were drowned at the Deluge?”

“Ah! Nereid, you have asked a question that I cannot answer; but it is one with which we have no concern; so let us go back to the tombs; for I have an adventure to tell you of; and I know you love adventures, do you not?”

“Oh yes, dearly; that is, if they are not very shocking!”

“Evening drew on, then, and I seated myself at one of the openings of the rocky tombs, to catch the cool air, which blows every night from the deserts: true, it comes loaded with light sand, which is drifted and eddied about in a very annoying manner, entering the houses of Cairo, and penetrating every where. But this evil is but a trifling drawback from the blessing of a cool breeze in that fierce climate, where the ground reflects back upon the face gleams of heat, like those at the door of an oven. I had made myself a fire of some broken mummy cases—but I could not endure the thought of burning the bodies, as the Arabs do, when they want fuel for their fires,—and, having boiled my coffee, and

lighted a lamp, I sat down to eat my dates, and enjoy an hour's 'meditation among the tombs.' The long, winding course of 'Old Nile' flowed away to the north,—Grand Cairo stood in the misty west,—the heights, in which the tombs are excavated, arose behind me to the south,—and far to the east, stretched out beneath the brilliant stars, lay the dreary Desert. Two or three Arabs in their picturesque dress, three or four camels, a Mameluke on a noble Arabian steed, that seemed winging its way over the plain, like a bird, were the only moving objects in sight: the short twilight was fading into night, and I was just thinking of my choice of a resting-place, among the confused and dusky heaps of unburied bodies, when I was startled by a low moan, from a broken pile of coffins near me. I sat quite still, with my date half eaten, listening eagerly;—a slight noise, and a louder groan, now made my heart beat, so that I could hear it! I quickly raised the lamp, which flared in the breeze, while the smoke of it rolled towards the spot whence the noise proceeded; and, as I sat with my eyes straining in the same direction, I thought one of the mummy cases moved!—The next moment, a louder groan, and an uplifted arm from the same coffin, alarmed me exceedingly!—But my terror was at its height in another instant; for the whole crowd of cases

came clattering to the ground about my ears, burying my coffee, and nearly smothering me with the cloud of dust which they raised ! I had scrambled up, as the coffins fell, which fortunately enabled me to save the lamp from being extinguished ;—but it shook so violently with my fright, as I stood trying to look through this suffocating dust, that I expected I should be left in the dark. The groans had ceased ; but imagine my horror, when the breeze had wafted away the cloud of dust, on beholding a human being, alive, and covered with blood, raising itself on its elbow from the fallen mass, and gazing at me !”

“Oh, horrible! horrible!” exclaimed the young Clements.

““In Heaven’s name, who are you, and how came you in this place?” said I,” continued Tom. ““An Englishman, wounded by an Arab, and left here!” answered a faint voice.

““Gracious Heaven ! what can I do to assist you ? I have no refreshment for you ; and nothing to dress your wounds with !” said I ; then setting the lamp in safety, and going towards the exhausted man, I found that the fall had caused his wounds to bleed afresh, and that he had fainted ; so I carefully raised him from the heap of broken cases, and brought him to the entrance of the tomb, hoping that the air might revive him ; then

recollecting that an old Arab* lived about a hundred yards farther, in the same range of tombs,—for it was he who had supplied me with my light,—I hastily ran towards his dwelling: the noiseless sand yielded to my feet, and my own breathing was the only sound caused by my rapid flight. The aged man had not yet spread his date-leaf mat for repose, when I hurried into the dusky abode; so I told him my errand, and requested him to return with me, and assist to recover the wounded traveller. I had found before, that the Arab could speak and understand English, for he had been accustomed, during many years, to act as a guide to the numerous travellers who visit the ruins, so that he easily comprehended me; and immediately going to an empty mummy case, he took out an earthen pitcher,—so old, and of so singular a shape, that it looked as if it had come out of the ark:—it contained some date-milk, and some boiled rice; from the same closet he then took a small pot of fragrant balsam, some fresh young date leaves, and a mummy bandage, for the traveller's wounds, and away we went. We found the poor fellow lying just as I had left him; so having quickly bound up his head and

* The Arabs inhabit these extensive sepulchres, as well as all the ruined cities of the deserts, as Palmyra, Balbec, &c.

shoulder, which had each been deeply cut, we supported him, while we poured a little of the sweet refreshing milk into his mouth: he soon opened his eyes, and in a weak voice thanked us for our care. I sat by him, as he lay on the ground, with my cloak rolled up under his head for a pillow, and occasionally gave him water to drink, which old Barac had fetched for him.

“Towards morning, my poor wounded companion felt revived, and told me, that he had left Cairo, where he had lodgings, on the preceding day, in order to visit the tombs; and having hired an Arab guide, they entered the recesses:—‘I thoughtlessly,’ continued the traveller, ‘drew out my purse with my pocket-book, and laid it by me, while I sat down hereabout, to write a few memoranda. The cowardly villain seeing my purse, resolved to have it, and, coming behind me, struck me a blow with his short sword, that nearly stunned me, at the same time that it disabled my right arm; I jumped up, however, but before I could get my own weapon out, in order to defend myself, he had inflicted this other gash on my head, which brought me to the ground. I suppose I fainted, or was stunned, for I remember nothing more till I tried to move, and fell with all those mummies to the floor; but I suppose the wretch thought I was dead, and so procured some assistance to

heave me up there.' I would not suffer the gentleman to talk any more, and begged he would keep from any exertion; 'But,' said I, 'you are not able to bear the motion of a removal to Cairo, to-day, and I do not like to leave you, while I go thither in order to procure a few comforts for you, —perhaps the old Arab will go.'

"I went to the opening of the tomb as I spoke, to look for him; he had promised, when I dismissed him over night, to come again in the morning. I could not see Barac, but I stood still, to look around me; and I was as much delighted with the scene in the dawn of day, as I had been with it in the twilight. The glittering minarets of the numerous mosques in the city, shooting up in the clear air—the distant groves of magnificent orange trees, towards Giza—the lofty sycamores, that render the island of Rhoda so pleasant—the waving tops of a plantation of date-trees—and those mysterious pyramids, with their sharp, clear outlines, cutting against the morning sky—all the landscape too, bathed and refreshed with the cooling dews of night—formed a view so uncommon, and of its kind so beautiful, that I shall not easily forget it. Soon I saw old Barac's long white robe fluttering in the breeze; and, going to meet him, I gave him money, and despatched him for a surgeon, desiring him to bring linen, refreshments,

and, above all, a pair of pistols, a short sword, powder, and balls : all which orders he faithfully attended to ; and I had the satisfaction of hearing from Monsieur le Plaie, an eminent French surgeon, who had settled at Cairo, that the traveller's wounds were by no means dangerous, and that he might be moved with safety on the following day. As I sat by my companion of the tombs, he told me that his name was Austen,—Harry Austen ; that he was on his way, over land, to India ; that he was desirous of seeing every thing of note, and was not restricted as to time or expense. I was pleased to hear this, as I liked the young man, and hoped to gain a travelling companion for a few months. So I told him my name, my story, and my plans, and asked him if he should object to our journeying together. He was delighted with my proposal, and our time was most agreeably passed in planning our future route. This was a matter of some difficulty, as I wished much to see the Lake of Asphaltites, (or the Dead Sea,) which lay very widely from our road across to India ; it being situated, as you know, my dears, near Palestine, and not very far from the eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea."

"I am sure," interrupted Charlotte, "Mamma might well tell me the other day, that I was an ignorant goose, and that it was high time she be-

gan to 'keep school' with me again! Now, I had quite forgotten where Palestine was! Those places that are named in the Bible always seem so mysterious and out of this world, that I can never fancy they are to be found in any map, and when I do see them, they do not look as if they were the same kind of cities as those which are inhabited now. I always think that people, like Moses, and Aaron, and David, and Nebuchadnezzar, with long beards and wands, must be wandering about such a place as Jerusalem, you know, Tom!"

Tom shook his head and smiled, as he said, "What a chatter-box you are, Nereid! You began by being 'an ignorant goose,' and in one minute are gabbling about Nabuchadonosor, to prove your title, I suppose!"

"I'm sure, I think we have had a long holiday from her gabble, don't you, Tom?" said William.

"Yes, almost too long, William," replied Tom kindly, for he saw she looked a little conscience-stricken. "I love to hear her sprightly observations; though, I own, they sometimes are not quite so grave and wise as her venerable brother's are!"

William looked up quickly; he hoped that a little compliment to his superior sense was being paid him; but that awful word "venerable," settled the business! He blushed, smiled, took Tom's hand, and ingenuously confessed, that he did not

enough consider that his sister's temper was different from his own. A hearty shake of the hand from Tom, followed this observation. "Admirable!" exclaimed he. "Why, my dear fellow, this is beginning by times to subdue selfishness, and to confess error. You will find, as you increase in years, that one of the disagreeables of society, results from inconsiderate, or selfish, or dictatorial people, who expect that every one should see, and hear, and think, exactly as they themselves do.—'Bear and forbear,' William!"

Charlotte kissed her brother, and said—"I forget, dear William, that you are thinking of cleverer things in the story, than I ever am; but I will try not to talk so very much: but Tom,—William, don't you both think it would be a capital thing, for me to run down and ask Captain Merriweather to lend me his large map of Asia, and then we can trace the places as Tom names them? Oh! how stupid I am! Why, we cannot see! There are only the stars, and, bright as they are, they will not light us;—to be sure, there is the binacle* light; but the map will be

* The binacle is a long narrow upright case, near the top of which is the compass, and over it is fixed a lamp, having a bright reflector, which throws a strong light on the compass; thus enabling the helmsman to see to steer by night as well as during the day.

too large for us to manage; one might as well attempt to manage the mainsail.—Well, we will look them out to-morrow; so please Tom, to go on again.”

“Charlotte! your Mamma wishes you to come down and sing ‘*Lieti Fiori*’ with her; she is playing ‘*Non so più*,’ and will soon have finished,” said Mr. Clement.

“Oh goodness! what shall I do? Mamma desired me to read ‘*Lieti Fiori*’ three times over to-day, and I have forgotten it! She says I pronounce the Italian in such a slovenly manner!”

Away ran William, and was up again on deck in a minute.—“Here’s the book, ‘*Il Ratto di Proserpina*;’ come to the binacle light.—Tom, hear her read it, will you?—Make haste; I told mamma you were coming directly!”

“Thank you, good kind William!” exclaimed Charlotte; and away she ran to read her pretty Italian song.

“We shall not be able to hear any more to-night, I am afraid,” said William.

“Oh don’t go on without me, dear Tom!” exclaimed the little girl, as she hastened down stairs with Winter’s opera under her arm.

“No, my dear; you may be sure we will not. Come, my boy, let us follow: I love to hear Charlotte sing; her voice is very delicate, and blends

admirably with the richer tones of your mother's voice." So they went down into the cabin.

Early on the following evening, they were all three on deck, and Tom resumed his story.

"My friend Austen soon recovered from his wounds, and we proposed to leave Cairo; but we had not yet determined which route to take: so Austen said,—‘My dear Granville, I cannot think why you should wish to visit the shores of the Dead Sea! The country near it, you know, is very barren; and when you get to the lake, you will find little to gratify you in a dreary extent of bitter water, which contains neither vegetable nor animal life, and which is covered with floating pieces of asphalt.* What motive can you have for visiting such a melancholy place? The water is so salt too, that if you wished to dive in it, you could not, for it would bear you up in spite of your efforts! Perhaps if we went, we might export a few casks of it to England,’ added he, laughing, ‘as a sort of patent ready-made brine;—Make a brine that will bear an egg, is a recipe that I have often read in the old cookery book, that I have seen lying in our old house-

* *Asphalt*, a species of pitch. It is an article of commerce; our Brunswick blacking is made of it. This asphalt, or mineral pitch, is supposed to rise in a fluid state from the bottom of the lake, and to be cooled and hardened by the water.

keeper Mrs. Fadd's room; and if this Dead Sea water would float you on it, it would bear an egg; so, I dare say, it would take amazingly, under the high-sounding title of *Asphaltites Liquid*, or *Patent Test Brine*!

“‘You are an impudent fellow, Harry,’ said I, ‘and must not expect to ridicule me out of my plans. I confess, however, that I had somewhat too hastily resolved to include the Dead Sea among them; for I think, that being already so far south of it, it would not repay the tedious journey which I intended to undertake, solely with a view of trying the water by chemical analysis, for’—

“‘Don’t think of it, my dear fellow!’ interrupted my lively companion; ‘take the word of all the other learned travellers who have tested, and tasted, and analyzed, and written on the *dead* subject; and let us burn the soles of our shoes off in the deserts, on our way to India!’

“I hit him a cuff of the head,” continued Tom, smiling, “for his saucy compliment; but I added, ‘It is a pity, Harry, that we should not visit the Dead Sea, as it is ignorantly called, were it for no other purpose than to add our testimony to that of Dr. Clarke, and other celebrated modern travellers, who assert that the vulgar prejudice respecting the poisonous qualities of its waters is entirely false. Dr. Clarke, I particularly remem-

ber, says,—‘Although it is known that myriads of fishes swarm in it; that many birds haunt its neighbourhood; that beautiful fruits and flowers decorate its shores; that hordes of Arabs live near it,—there are yet authors who continue to propagate the old superstitions and falsehoods concerning it!’—You, my dears,” said Tom to his young friends, “as you look through that amusing book of mine, *The Gallery of Nature and Art*, will find all the nonsense above alluded to perpetuated; but I caution you not to believe it;—I assure you, it is not true.”

He then resumed, “I, however, omitted going to the Dead Sea, and complied with Austen’s wish of ‘burning our soles in the desert.’ So, the next morning, having written to Ann, to inform her of our route,—like two young mad fools as we were, we dressed ourselves like Arabs, mounted our camels, and hired a guide, who rode also on a camel, and led another, which was laden with provisions; and with merry hearts we set forward, in our ‘ships of the desert,’ (as the camels are aptly styled by the Arabs,) to traverse the trackless sands, instead of waiting for the next caravan going to Mecca. Harry’s fine spirits were soon distressed under the fatigue of this dreary journey. He had been weakened too by his wounds; and he was on all accounts less

able to endure toil and hardship than I was. The uneasy motion of the camel we soon became accustomed to ; but a disappointment now and then at the wells, and the misery of finding no water in spots where our guide had led us to hope for it, were trials that we all felt, but which nearly killed poor Harry.

“ Towards the close of a day of great suffering, when our very camels flagged and drooped beneath the fierce heat, they suddenly snuffed up the air, and all four set off to the left, at a full gallop. Our guide told us that they scented water ; so, fatiguing as their rapid pace was to us in our exhausted condition, we gladly hurried over the parched sand, although we saw no signs of the desired well. Soon, however, we gained a rising ground ; and, below us, saw a spot like enchantment ! A verdant plot, green as an emerald, lay beneath us, watered by a stream which welled out of a rock, cool, pure, and clear ! We eagerly rushed to it, and drank in such imprudent quantities, that I wonder it did not injure us.

“ Having satisfied our raging thirst, we had leisure, before the red sun went down, to look round and admire this Paradise. Date palms, tamarinds, acacias, and plane trees ; the white blossomed coffee, rice, grass and flowering creep-

ers, fringed the rocks, from which the silvery fountain bubbled: linnets, larks, bulbuls,* bees, and cameleons, were singing and sparkling on all sides; and the scorching sunbeams, that had poured their fury on our heads, as we crossed the Desert, now glanced through the rich foliage of the trees with all the refreshing beauty of an English evening. Here, then, we prepared our supper of coffee, honey, rice, and dates; and, after having watched the stars as they came boldly out, twinkling with intense brilliancy, we laid ourselves down to repose for a few hours, covered with our cloaks, and resting our heads on the saddles.

“ We were scarcely settled in our cool retreat, however, before the quick ears of our guide distinguished the rapid approach of a large company of travellers, who were sweeping over the plain towards our delicious resting-place, with the same velocity that we had used. He hastily roused us; warned us of our danger; raised our wearied beasts, and urged us all up a narrow passage between the rocks, that we might see whether our visitors were friends or foes, before we should trust ourselves among them. We were scarcely screened from view behind a cluster of shrubs, before an

* *Bulbuls*,—Nightingales.

impetuous troop of Arabs, with their flowing white robes streaming in the night breeze, came thundering over the rocky ground to the fountain. They flung themselves from their impatient camels and horses, which crowded to the water; and, their riders mingling among them, formed in one minute such a strange confused group, that I stood looking at it with astonishment, totally forgetting our own peril.

“A fire was now kindled, which quickly blazed up, and threw a glare over the wild party. At this moment, I felt my shoulder touched; and, turning quickly, I found, close to my face, the black eyes of our guide sparkling in a gleam from the fire light. He cautiously whispered, that he knew the tribe of Arabs, by the *schiek*, or, rather, by the device on his scarf, which he desired me to look at, as the chief unwound it from his shoulders, and gave it to an attendant: I saw some stars and a crescent moon very distinctly upon it. The guide then told me that my friend was saddling the camels a little higher up the rugged pass, and that we must join him and pursue our journey immediately; assuring me that *Kana* the *schiek*, or chief, was a warlike man; and that he and his tribe never suffered any travellers to appear in sight without pillaging and capturing

them. I was roused, you may be sure, by this alarming information; and cautiously followed the guide to the spot where Austen waited. We lost no time, but quickly mounted our wearied beasts; and, winding down the rocky path, which became rugged and barren as we approached the sands, we again struck into the Desert, which we traversed by the light and guidance of the stars. Soon after sunrise, we came to another eminence; and, having ascended it, we looked anxiously back in the direction of the well, to see if Kana and his warlike tribe were pursuing our route; and, to our terror, we beheld the horizon in that part, peopled with men on horseback and on camels! Away we started again, and for a time lost sight of the objects of our alarm. By noon, we were exhausted; a fearful sultriness increased the oppression of the usual heat: our pursuers gained rapidly upon us; the camels once more slackened their pace, and almost ceased to move, although we tried to rouse them by the usual method of encouragement, by chanting or singing to them. Suddenly, our guide exclaimed, 'Alla! Alla!' and threw himself from his camel, desiring us to do the same; and pointing to the west, we beheld several enormous pillars of sand, twenty or thirty feet high, moving towards us with astonishing rapidity. We flung ourselves down, crouching

under the camels, and expecting instant destruction! The stately columns were now so close to us, that we actually felt some of the sand in our faces;* but the wind just then shifted, and they moved off towards the tribe of Arabs who were in pursuit; and as we sat watching these terrible whirlwinds, one or two of them divided in the middle and dispersed; whether they fell on the party and overwhelmed them, or not, we could not determine; but we never again saw the Arabs, who must either have perished, — or dashed off in a contrary direction, in order to avoid the dreadful death that awaited them.”

“What a narrow escape you had from two perils, Tom! Oh! how you and Mr. Austen must have repented that you went over those scorching deserts!” said Charlotte.

“Why, my dear, I cannot say that we repented,” replied Tom; “but we certainly found our journey a very fatiguing one; there were so many wonders to admire; and our repose at night was in general so delicious and refreshing, that we had always something pleasant to look forward to in our greatest periods of suffering. Many times we saw a large flock of ostriches in the distance, which at first we always mistook for a

* *Vide* Lieutenant Pottinger's *Travels in Beloochistan*.

whole tribe of hostile Arabs ; sometimes we joined in a chase of them for amusement ; and frequently obtained their eggs, to eat ; which formed a pleasant variety in our food. The hunters of some nations catch them by clothing themselves in the skins of dead birds ; passing their arms through the necks, they are able to deceive the silly flocks, and thus they are taken with less trouble than when hunted by the swift Arab horses.

“ These birds are domesticated in some parts of Africa ; and, though they are too stupid to be taught any useful habits, they will submit to be mounted ;* and then, they run as if they would never stop ! You have heard of their strange propensity, when hard pressed in hunting, to bury their heads in the sand.”

“ Oh yes — just like little Harry Pinkerton, you know, William, when he played at ‘ hide and seek ’ with us : he always thought that if he hid his eyes, no one could see him ! ” said Charlotte.

“ Well,” continued Tom, “ we had been long enough in the deserts for us to wish to leave them ; so we made the best of our way to the shores of the Red Sea, where we embarked on board of an Indian vessel ; and, passing through the Strait of

* Adanson.

Bab-el-mandeb, in due course we reached the city of Surat, on the western coast of Hindoostan; and there we remained some months, with an uncle of my friend Austen. I enjoyed myself exceedingly in this handsome city. One day, I remember, I was very much amazed to see a sheep that had been injured, (and which I should have been inclined to kill, from motives of humanity,) lifted carefully on the back of a Hindoo, and conveyed into a large building. I naturally inquired the reason of this, and was informed, that, although there is no hospital for human beings, yet there is one for diseased and maimed animals, which are all brought here, and attended to by the humane Hindoos.

“I was now in the country where that noble animal the elephant is in constant use for the service of man. I never saw an elephant hunt but you may read entertaining accounts of it in several works. While I was up the country, I once witnessed a singular instance of sagacity, or instinct, and, in my opinion, of reason, in two elephants. We were journeying on the western side of the Gaut mountains, towards the town of Nassuck, (about ninety miles S. E. of Surat,) where another uncle of my friend Austen lived; and were crossing a wide barren plain, having a powerful elephant in our train, when we came to

a spacious well, at the same time that a smaller elephant, with his mohaut, or keeper, on his neck, came up also to drink. This man had provided his beast with a bucket to dip water with, and which was hung on his proboscis, or trunk. Our elephant was not provided with one; so, what do you think the saucy animal did? He seized the bucket, and wrested it from his fellow servant, who was so much weaker and smaller than himself, that he dared not openly resent the insult; but the cunning creature watched his opportunity, and while our great beast was standing with his side to the well, the weaker animal retired backward a few paces, and then rushing forward with all his might, drove his head against the side of the other, and fairly pushed him into the well! We laboured for fourteen hours, before we could extricate him; for the surface of the water was twenty feet below the level ground, and there were many feet of water below him, so that he floated about very happily, and was in no haste to come out; we were obliged to procure fascines, or fagots, from a neighbouring encampment of the British army, which we lowered into the well; our mohaut then made the elephant comprehend that he was to pile them up under him, so as to raise him to the top; and he worked very well for some hours; but when he found that he was

gradually being raised out of his delicious bath, he refused to place any more fascines; and it was only by coaxing, and procuring him plenty of rack, that he could be induced to continue his work; and the hope of this favourite beverage accomplished that which threats could not.”*

“How very wonderful the elephant’s sagacity was, Tom! But what is rack, pray?” asked William.

“Arráck, or rack, is a spirituous liquor, made from rice; it is frequently mixed with the other ingredients of which punch is made, which is then called *rack punch*. I have often drunk it, but do not like it. Austen told me of another curious anecdote of this most sensible of quadrupeds. A friend of his, in the army, had once occasion to cross the Jumna, (which is a branch of the Ganges, you know,) with a detachment of soldiers, and some young camels belonging to him, in a flat-bottomed boat. The camels were terrified at this novel way of journeying, and refused to get into the boat; upon which one of the mohauts called his elephant, and desired him to drive them in. The animal then put on a furious appearance, trumpeted with his proboscis, shook his ears, roared, struck the ground to the right and left,

* Baron Cuvier’s *Animal Kingdom*.

blew the dust in clouds towards them, and so entirely subdued one great fear in the terrified camels, by exciting a greater, that they bolted into the boat in the utmost hurry; when the elephant reassumed his composure, and quietly walked back to his post.*

“ We thought it would be a pity not to extend our excursion as far as the celebrated temples, or pagodas, of Elora, which are cut out of the solid rock, by a people who must have been well skilled in the arts; and yet these temples are so ancient, that the surrounding nations have no records of the work, but attribute the mighty buildings to the skill of their gods Brama and Vishnu. Here then we wandered and admired, for a few days; and then prepared to recross the Gaut mountains; and down those precipitous passes, where the torrents in the rainy season rage and roar, we were borne, in two palanquins, on men’s shoulders. In all my life, I never travelled in so delightful a manner! I had no drawback to my comfort, but from a sort of shame at the circumstance of being carried in ease and safety, by four of my fellow-creatures, who were thus converted into beasts of burden! I own that this fretted my spirit; I named it to Harry, who only laughed at my

* Cuvier.

squeamishness, as he called it, adding,—‘If the fellows like it, why need you object? If they don’t carry you, they will carry some other person; if they felt this wonderful degradation that you talk of, I should perhaps be as unwilling, as you, to subject them to it; but really, I cannot see that they are worse off, or more to be pitied, in following their calling, or trade, than our servants are, who wash our clothes, and wait upon us at our meals.’ I was not convinced by his arguments, but I said no more.

“We agreed to go to Bombay, and there take shipping, and run down the whole of the Malabar coast, round Cape Comorin, and across the sea of Manara to Columbo, the chief city of Ceylon. This we did, and went pleasantly on, scenting the perfumes of the spicy island for many leagues before we could distinguish its lofty shores, from the clouds that hung above them. Soon after, we came to anchor in the open road,—for there is no harbour,—and were quickly in the extensive and populous city of Columbo.”

Here a sullen cloud, that had long hung in the horizon, began to spread itself rapidly over the heavens; a heavy shower fell, and our little party

was dispersed; a week elapsed before it could meet again, owing to a fit of illness that attacked poor Charlotte; the fever was sharp, though short, and she was soon able to resume her seat at Tom's side.

"Do you know," said she, as she drew her mother's Cashmere shawl round her, "I do think, dear Tom, that the hope of hearing your story, has done more towards curing me, than all Mr. Petson's draughts!" Tom shook her hand kindly, told her he was glad to see her again, and said,

"Where did I leave off? At Columbo: ay, I remember, we had just landed. As Harry and I, the next day, sat eating a fresh-gathered creamy cocoa-nut, and comparing its soft texture and delicious flavour, with the hard, chunky stuff that we had eaten in England, Austen said, 'Well, Granville, I little thought, when I landed in Egypt, that I should meet with a friend, who would accompany me in my rambles! Are you tired of our roaming life? or shall we cross over this beautiful island together, and take shipping at Trincomalee, or at Batacola?'

"'Why, Harry,' said I, 'if I found my long ramble across the widest part of America a pleasant stroll, I think I cannot fail to enjoy this walk exceedingly; I shall have your company, which, I confess, will delight me; the distance, too,

is so trifling, compared with former travels,—only a hundred and fifty miles,—the country is so rich, so many productions are to be met with, that are entirely new to us; so many birds inhabit the island, which are never found elsewhere; besides, we have so long been confined on board ship, that I cannot hesitate for a moment. We will start as soon as you please; for I shall be glad to stretch my legs a little,' said I.

“It was thus settled; and in a day or two, we started. In the mean time, I had again written home, to apprise my friends of my extended wanderings. We found the country wild and beautiful, beyond any thing we had hitherto seen. Immense cocoa-nut trees, the sacred banian, under whose extensive shade we frequently saw the simple native Hindoos worshipping at their bamboo altars; and groves of cinnamon-trees, with their smooth, fragrant bark, were some of the productions of nature, which we were never weary of admiring. I was surprised to find, from an old Indian, whom we saw stripping a cinnamon-tree of its rind, that there are three distinct oils extracted from the different parts of it: that which is obtained from the leaves, is called the oil of cloves;* that from the fruit, is extremely

* *Gallery of Nature and Art.*

fragrant, of a thick consistence, and is made into candles for the sole use of the king of the island. The bark of the root not only affords an aromatic oil, called *oil of camphor*, but also a species of camphor, which is exceedingly white and pure.—Mace and nutmeg-trees, too, were very abundant; and we were much interested by the manner in which the natives gathered and prepared this pleasant spice for exportation. The men ascend the trees, and gather the fruit, by pulling the branches to them with long hooks. Some are employed in opening them, and taking off the first rind, or shells, which are laid together in heaps in the woods, where in time they putrefy. As soon as the putrefaction has taken place, there spring up from the mass a kind of mushrooms, called *boleti moschatyni*, much valued by the natives: indeed, Harry and I ate them with great relish.”

“I thought, Tom, that mace was the shell of the nutmeg; why then do they throw it away?” asked Charlotte.

“So it is, my dear; that which is put aside, as I have just stated, is the outer shell, or husk; the mace, or inner shell, is carefully taken off with a knife, then dried in the sun, and squeezed very hard to extract all the moisture, lest it should decay; and after that, it is fit for exportation; the nutmegs are dipped into a pickle, made of

lime and salt water, to preserve them from mold and insects; and then they also are sent abroad.”*

“I love nutmeg!” exclaimed William.

“And I too!” said his sister; adding, “don’t you remember how nice those suppers were that papa and uncle used sometimes to have, when we lived in London; toast and nutmeg, and sugar and ale?”

“Ay that I do!” replied William.

“It is a very pleasant spice,” said Tom; “but few persons are aware how dangerous it is, if taken in large quantities.—The most beautiful tree we met with in our walk, was the *tallipot*, which grows straight and tall, and as large as the mast of a ship; the leaves of it are of such a size, that one is sufficient shelter for fifteen men! When dried, they are round, and fold up like a fan; the natives wear a piece of a leaf of this tree on their head, to shade their faces from the sun; and the leaf is so tough, that it is not easily torn. Every soldier carries one with him, and it serves him for his tent. We did so too, and a most beautiful and pleasant green room it made.

“In the heat of the day, we used to sit under the shade of one, if we happened to be distant from a forest, and near a village; and while we

* Percival.

regaled ourselves with the delicate fruits of the island, we used to watch the Hindoo women getting in the rice harvest. After the corn was cut, they laid it in bundles at the bottom of a wide but shallow hole, about a foot deep, and eight feet across, (or in diameter,) then they drove in half-a-dozen oxen among it, to trample it; and in this manner they would obtain forty or fifty bushels in a day.*

“Sometimes we found the jungles, or under-wood of the forests, quite impassable; and once, I remember, towards evening, we had advanced, with great toil, a considerable distance, when we found it utterly impossible to go a step farther in that direction, which was right, as our compass proved; so we made our beds for the night, that is, we lashed our ropes into the form of cradles, in the same way that I used to manage mine in South America; agreeing to retrace our steps the next morning, and skirt the forest, instead of crossing through it; this would waste time, but we could not help it. Well, we were very quietly swinging in our nests, and watching the stars, twinkling above us, when we heard a distant noise, that sounded like a heavy trampling, and a prodigious crashing of boughs, accompanied by yells,

* Hawksworth.

and glancing lights. You may suppose we were astonished, and soon afterwards alarmed, when we found these furious sounds approaching our trees. In another minute, a herd of ponderous elephants came galloping under us, crushing the underwood with their weight, tearing away the lower boughs of some of the trees, and snapping the trunks of others, which stood in their way. The very earth trembled beneath the enraged animals, as they tore along; and just as we hoped our hiding-place would be left in safety, a monstrous fellow, the last of the herd, came thundering on, whisking his proboscis in every direction; unfortunately, the branch of the bread-fruit tree, to which Austen had lashed his cradle, was just within the creature's reach; he stopped an instant, caught it in his trunk, wrenched it from the stem, and lumbered on after his companions, just as another shout burst forth; and the approaching lights showed me poor Harry falling to the ground, with the broken branch cracking and splintering all about him! I hallooed to the people who were pursuing the animals, and begged them to stop, that I might have assistance for my friend, in case he should be hurt; then scrambling down, I went to him, and found that he was stunned by the fall, and lying with his legs bent under him; his face, too, was much scratched, and his

clothes were torn with the boughs : fortunately, the thickest part of the branch had fallen against the bole, so that it did not touch him ; if it had not been thus broken in its descent, he would have been crushed by its weight.

“ I found the party to consist of hunters, employed by the king of Candy* to drive the elephants into a part of the forest, which had been already inclosed and prepared to receive them, that they might be ready, when he should choose to order a hunt. You know that tame elephants are always employed on these occasions ; so on the neck of one of these, poor Harry was raised, and supported by the man who rode him, and I mounted another. In this way we travelled all night, having separated from the hunters ; and in the morning I found that we were ascending the steep hill on which the city of Candy is built. Harry had recovered his senses during the night, and I was rejoiced to find that he was very little injured by his fall ; one of his ankles, however, was sprained, which would oblige him to rest a few days ; and we were therefore not sorry to pass our time in a city so singular as that of Candy.

* Candy is the capital of the island, and in possession of the natives.

Our good-natured guide could speak a little English; he had been a soldier, during the time that the British troops entered Candy, some years before; and having frequent occasion to visit Columbo, where many English merchants reside, he had not lost the language. He took us to his own house, which was situated in the principal street, very near to the king's palace, which is a square of immense extent, built of a kind of cement, perfectly white, with stone gate-ways. The large street, in which Yalee, our guide, lived, was very wide, and two miles long. We stopped at his house; and, instead of dismounting from the neck of our gentle and tractable beasts, we stepped at once on to the stairs, which ran up the outside wall; and, although the houses are but one story high, we found the doors nearly up to the roof;* which strange manner of building was adopted, Yalee told us, to prevent the mischief which the elephants would cause to the houses when they are hunted in the streets for the amusement of the king; we were astonished at the simple furniture, and the few wants of our host. Four or five earthen vessels, a copper basin or two, and two or three stools,

* Brookes's *Gazetteer*.

constituted the whole of the former; and rice, water, milk, fruits, and areka cakes, composed the latter."

"What are areka cakes, Tom?" said William.

"They are made of a coarse kind of sago, my dear, which is manufactured from the stem of the bread-fruit tree; they saw it into small pieces, and after beating the pieces in a mortar, pour water on the mass, and leave it some hours to settle. It is then strained through a cloth, when the mealy substance runs off, and the woody particles remain behind. The water is then poured away, and the meal, when dried, is made into cakes, which are very nice.

"The same meal, more finely pulverised, and made into round pieces, forms a substance resembling sago,* which you have often tasted, I dare say."

"Oh yes; grandmamma used to have sago and wine, or arrow-root and milk, every day for luncheon.—What is arrow-root, Tom?" said Charlotte.

"The root of an American plant, called *maranta arundinacia*; but the flour of potato is so frequently used for the same purpose, that, very

* The true sago is the production of a species of palm-tree—the *Cycas revoluta*.

probably, you have never tasted the foreign production. Well, we staid with Yalee, our simple Hindoo, for a week ; during which time, we had the honor of beholding the king, mounted on his favorite white elephant, and followed by his whole court. Harry's foot was in a few days sufficiently well for him to travel, though not to walk upon ; so, Yalee saying he had occasion to visit the sea-port of Batacola, we once more mounted his elephants, and, after passing through rich valleys, highly cultivated, we crossed the lofty range of mountains that divide the island, and terminate the effects of the monsoons, or winds which blow periodically in warm latitudes, you know. Soon after, we reached Batacola, where we found a vessel ready to sail for Calcutta, in which we embarked, having remunerated Yalee for his hospitality.

“ As we approached the mouths of the Ganges, we encountered a violent storm ; and, our vessel not being well manned, we were driven ashore on the eastern coast of India, within a few miles of Jaggernaut. No lives were lost ; and Harry and I soon congratulated ourselves on that which was a misfortune to others : for the festival of Jaggernaut was being celebrated, and we should have been sorry to miss seeing so curious, though dreadful, a sight.”

“ Well, I was wondering,” said Charlotte, “ if you could tell us anything about that shocking idol, Tom ; for I remember, when I saw a picture of its great grinning head, over the top of a high tower drawn by elephants, I did not believe that it was a real thing : so I am very glad, indeed, to find that you have seen it ; and pray go on. Oh ! but first tell me, why those poor Hindoos make themselves so ridiculous : they cannot think that their tower and their red-mouthed, golden, armed, wooden idol can please God ! You don’t think they can, do you, Tom ? ”

“ My dear,” replied her friend, “ I am afraid it is too true, that the gentle nature of the ignorant natives has been worked upon by their wicked priests, who gain enormous riches and power from the deluded multitude. Ignorance and superstition, you know, I have before told you, are ever found in the same person. It is always distressing to see religion made a source of terror, and our merciful Creator represented as a tyrant ; and Jaggernaut is one of the most frightful specimens of both the one and the other.

“ For more than fifty miles, before we reached this horrid place, we found the roads strewed with human bones ; they were those of the pilgrims who had died on their way to the temple of the idol : some of the groups of persons whom

I saw, told me they had been two months on their journey : many old people were coming hither to die. I saw one man, for a penance, or self-punishment, lay himself down at every step he took, measuring the road by the length of his body. When we came in view of the temple, the multitude shouted, fell down, and worshipped : then, as we drew near the town of Jaggernaut, we found the crowd so thick, that we could not attempt to go on ; the gates were kept shut, until the pilgrims had all paid the tax ; but such was their eagerness to get into the town, that the gates were broken down, the guards overpowered, and the whole mass of people strove to enter at once.* The temple is a very noble building ; and numbers of priests, and other attendants on the idols, are handsomely paid for their services. The next day after our arrival, the enormous car, sixty feet in height, was made ready, and the frightful idol placed on the top of it ; six ropes, each the size of a ship's cable, were then attached to it, by which the people drew it along ; two other inferior idols, on two lower towers, each drawn by five elephants, followed the grand car. Flags and bells, and crimson trappings, were profusely scattered ; and the whole absurd caval-

* Buchanan.

cade moved on. The shouts of the multitude were now quite deafening; and the self-murder of the poor ignorant creatures soon began. Persons of all ages threw themselves under the massive wheels of the car, and were crushed to death; and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs, jackals, and vultures. The horrible sight of half-devoured carcasses—the dreadful smell of those that were putrefying under a burning sun—the fierce and senseless shouts of the ignorant multitude, were too disgusting to be long endured; so Harry and I very speedily hired horses, and set off for the coast immediately; where we took shipping for Calcutta; at which place we arrived in safety.

“Here, Harry found letters awaiting him from England, which mentioned his father’s declining health; and stated his mother’s wish that he should return home, as soon as possible. I had become so much attached to the warm-hearted fellow, that I was unwilling to part from him; besides, I had been away from England quite long enough, to make me anxious to see my dear friends; so we agreed to leave Calcutta in the same vessel. In a week then, we were once more on the ocean, and in due course we reached England. I took leave of Austen at Portsmouth, promising to see him shortly in Portland Place, in

London, where his father lived ; and I proceeded to Woodlands.

“ It was a dull evening in November, when I found myself rolling along the road towards the home of my youth : a heavy fog had come on, and my chaise had no lamps. I leaned out of the front window, and asked the driver if there were no cottage near us, at which he could procure a light ; and was vexed to find that there was not a dwelling within two miles of us ; and the poor fellow’s voice trembled as he said,—‘ There’s an old cottage down in the field, near the road ; but I don’t think it is inhabited ; but I hadn’t no notion of sich a quandary as this is, Sir, or I’d have asked you, when we stopped at the Black Bear, if you’d have liked to have the lamps lighted. This nation mare too, is all of a shake like, she don’t take kindly to the dark ; I bid Sim not put her in harness, for I know’d I should be late home ; but he said all the other horses was tired ; but lor ! how dark it gits ! And, as near as I can guess, we are close to the breakneck.’

“ ‘ The what ? ’ said I.

“ ‘ The bit of new road as is carried over a low meadow, and it’s so steep, and so dangerous on both sides,—for it is not railed, ye see, Sir.’

“ ‘ No, my friend, I don’t see ! ’ said I, smiling.

“ Kit Lynch, the driver, however, heard me

not, for the 'nation mare,' as he called her, had become restive and unmanageable, sidling off the road to the left, till we found her plunging in the soft soil, and the hind wheel sinking in it; the resistance made her pull and rear violently. Kit fell from her back — over went the chaise — and down the steep bank we — that is, chaise, horses and I — rolled together!

“ ‘ Well ! ’ thought I, as soon as I could think, ‘ so I have weathered the storms and dangers of the four quarters of the globe, to be mashed up in this absurd manner, at last ! ’ I exerted myself to move, but found considerable pain all over me : the side windows too, being broken in the fall, had cut my face and hands ; it was pitch dark, and no sound came to me, but the snorting of the terrified mare. The chaise had rested on one side ; cloaks, cushions, coats, light luggage, and travelling cap, lay over me, tumbled in a heap ; and I could stir neither hand nor foot to extricate myself from my disagreeable situation. In a few minutes, I heard a house door open near to me, and I caught a glimpse of an elderly female, holding a candle high above her head. As she came cautiously towards the chaise, I heard Kit’s voice, on the bank above me, call out, — ‘ Who ’s there ? Oh lor ! oh lor ! what a quandary, all along of that there ramshackly mare ! Whatever will master

say? But it warn't my fault, as the gentleman can testify; that is, if he's alive, which is not likely! Here Missis! show a light, will you? I shan't never git down this ere slippery bank; my knees have no more strength in them than if I was a baby! Oh lor! oh lor!' and he snatched the light, saying, as he came to the chaise door,—'The gentleman must be killed, for ——'

"'No,' said I, 'not killed; but I shall be smothered, if you don't take some of these things from off me.'

"The poor fellow seemed to have new life given him when he heared my voice, and so briskly did he set to work, that the upper door was opened, and the cloaks, &c. were dragged out at the window in a minute or two.

"'Now, Sir—thank God you are not hurted!—now, Sir, raise yourself up; you will easily get out at the door,' said Kit: and I tried to follow his advice; but, alas! I could not stir, my right leg was twisted under me. 'My good fellow,' said I, in a faint voice, 'I believe you must get inside and help me to right this leg of mine.' Here the female, who had been to the cottage for another light, pushed Kit aside, saying, 'In all my trouble, I should know that voice, or else my sorrows have turned my poor old head! Let me look at him!' and she thrust the candle in at the front

window, full in my face; the light shone strongly on her own, which, pale and wasted as it was, I knew to be that of my dear old nurse, Mrs. Pink. Her recollection of me, owing to the blood that had smeared my face, was not so quick. 'Poor gentleman! he seems faint, and very much cut! You must help me to bring him into the cottage, driver; I am but feeble, but I'll do what I can! —My poor mistress!'

"'Do not be alarmed, my dear Goody,' said I, making an effort to speak; for I felt a great dread of bad tidings, when I saw the worthy creature.

"'Oh, it is he! My darling Master Charles! —This will quite upset her!'

"A window was now gently opened, and a mournful voice said, 'Are any persons hurt? Bring them in; I shall soon be with you.'

"'No, Ma'am; don't you come! Oh dear! oh dear! what will become of us! Sir! Master Charles! Oh, he is dead, or he would speak to me!'

"'You'd better help me to raise him, and not take on so, Missis! he is not dead,' said Kit Lynch, who was now inside with me, and assisting me to raise myself. I could not speak; pain and sorrow, or rather fear for dear Ann, kept me silent. I pressed Mrs. Pink's hand, however, as she raised the light once more to my face, and then struggled to overcome her feelings, while she

lent her feeble, but judicious, assistance, in order to extricate me. I never shall forget the agony I felt, when my leg was straightened! They laid me on the ground, and I groaned aloud. Just then, a thin female figure glided round me to Mrs. Pink, and in another moment, my blessed sister was kneeling beside me, and shedding tears upon my hand!

“Well, to shorten this melancholy scene, I was carried into the wretched cottage—the home of my sister! I found that my brother Albert was ill in bed of a nervous fever; little Eleanor (I afterwards learned) had been dead about a month; and my nephew Albert was fast asleep in a coarse bed on the floor, which he shared with Mrs. Pink. While Ann was preparing a resting-place for me, which she made partly of the cloaks, &c. from the chaise, the driver was cutting the traces of the horses, and trying to raise them. One of the poor animals was dead, and the other was so strained, that it could not stand. In the midst of his distress, Kit heard the sound of wheels on the road above him, and saw two lamps advancing in the opposite direction. He scrambled up the bank, and called to the driver of the carriage to stop, in so loud and resolute a tone, that two ladies, who were inside, took him for a highwayman, and began screaming to such a frightful degree, that the

men could not make each other hear a word, and the horses were as much terrified as the ladies. Kit ran to their heads, to prevent them from coming too near the dangerous '*breakneck*,' that had already been so fatal to him; but this good-natured action only tended to convince the party still more of his being a robber; so another chorus of shrieks was sent forth: during a pause in it, the light fell on Kit's face, when the other driver called out, 'Why, Kit Lynch! whatever in this world is come to you?'—'Ah! Jem Stalley! Well, now we shall do!' and he jumped up on the pole, telling him of our disaster in a few words. Peace was soon restored; the new driver came down to look at the horses, and the ladies desired him to inquire if they could take any message back to Portsmouth for me. I returned my thanks, and ordered the driver to fetch the most eminent medical man in the town, more for my brother, than for myself; and Kit, having received his money, prepared to return with his friend Jem, leaving the chaise, &c. till daylight.

"I was soon in bed, by the kind exertions of my nurses; and finding I could not sleep, on account of my anxiety to hear of the misfortunes that had reduced my dear friends to their present distress, Anne looked into her husband's little room, and finding that he still slept, she sat down

by my side, and told me, in as few words as she could, the little melancholy story.

“ ‘ Soon after you left us, my dear Charles,’ said she, — ‘ that is, nearly two years and a half ago, — poor Albert became acquainted with a merchant in London, named Skymes, who was accounted a man of immense wealth, which he had acquired by successful speculations in indigo, bark, and cochineal.’ ”

“ I am sorry to interrupt you, Tom,” said William; “ but I should like to know exactly what is meant by speculations; I have often heard Papa talking with other gentlemen about speculating in goods; but never could quite understand the meaning of it.”

“ You will discover what it means, my dear boy, by attending to my sister’s account of Albert’s ruin; but if you should find that you cannot comprehend it, I will endeavour to make it more clear to you. I am glad you asked me to explain it; I should be sorry for you to let any thing pass, which you do not quite understand.”

“ I’m glad it’s come to my turn to be impatient, and to say, ‘ Thank you, Tom, but please to go on!’ as somebody else does, sometimes,” said Charlotte, good-humouredly peeping behind their friend at her brother. He playfully pulled her

ringlets, by way of punishment for her impertinence, and Tom proceeded.

“ Mr. Skymes had made a great purchase, or, in other words, had speculated largely in cochineal; but I will let my sister speak for herself: she thus continued: ‘ One day, he told Albert that he had made a capital bargain in that costly article, for that he had bought up every atom of it in the foreign market at (I think he said) 22s. per pound; and that in less than a twelvemonth it would be so scarce, there would be none to be had, excepting his own stock of it, which he should then bring into the market, and sell at the enormous profit of 30s. on every pound! In the mean time, as, he said, he had great speculations besides, going on in other expensive articles, his large capital,’ (which is only another term for money that is employed in business, you know, my dears,” said Tom,) “ ‘ would not be sufficient to pay for the goods, which he was obliged to settle for, long before he expected to sell them.’ ”

“ Ah, now I begin to understand something of this speculation,” said William. “ Go on, Tom.”

“ ‘ Skymes, therefore, told Albert, that if he would lend him a few thousand pounds for six or eight months, he should share in the immense profits that would be made in the cochineal. Unfortunately, Albert would not listen to the

advice of our friend Clement, who strongly urged him to have no concerns with so rash a man as Skymes. Albert lent him seven thousand pounds; and, in a few weeks, six thousand more, in full confidence of being repaid, and sharing largely in the great gains which were promised him. You will hardly believe me, Charles,' continued poor Ann, 'when I tell you, that a third sum was lent; and then the dreadful news arrived, that Skymes had stopped payment for five hundred thousand pounds! In one week, he was reduced to beggary; and with him, my poor husband.'

"Well! but, Tom, I am quite out again, I can't see what reduced this merchant to poverty," said William.

"I'll tell you," replied Tom. "Skymes bargained for the goods at a low price, hoping to sell them at a high price; there was, however, no demand for them; and, not being able to make good his payments, he failed.

"My sister went on to say, 'As we could not continue any longer at Woodlands, which we sold immediately, we took a small cottage, about twenty miles from this place; and my husband tried to procure some employment, by which he might maintain us: he wrote to Mr. Clement, who kindly assisted us; and found a situation, as clerk, in a merchant's counting-house for

Albert. Mrs. Clement's little girl—(here Charlotte looked up and smiled)—was very ill, or her mother would have come down to comfort us; so that we were left alone in our misery: for my husband had scarcely quitted us, before Eleanor,—you remember my sweet Eleanor, Charles?’ said Ann, sobbing: then, making an effort to overcome her feelings, she went on. ‘But even that great grief—a *mother's* grief—was soon swallowed up, in a more terrible sorrow: she,—dear lamb! was taken ill with the croop; and before I had any idea that there was danger, her little troubles were over; and she was laid in her quiet grave, only one week before my dear good Albert was obliged to return home. Grief for my distresses, and remorse for having so imprudently lost that property which had hitherto supplied us with every comfort that money could purchase—fear for my health, and anxiety for Eleanor's life;—all these causes united to throw him into a fit of illness, which has been wearing him away for the last six long months! This—this, dear Charles,’ said the patient angel, seizing my hand, and pressing it hard, while her voice died down to a trembling whisper, and her eyes looked full into mine—‘*this* is a grief to which all others are mere toys;—this will,—it *must* place me soon by the side of my darling Eleanor!’

“ Here she ceased ; and we were both unable to speak for many minutes ; a faint noise in the other room now, fortunately, turned poor Ann’s thoughts, or rather obliged her to exert herself ; she started up, and went into the chamber, in which, as I raised myself, I saw a handsome bed ; the walls were prettily papered ; and, in short, I saw an apartment well furnished : I noticed, too, that my sister’s dress was very genteel ; and I therefore wondered at the poverty and the wretched appearance of the room in which I was lying : so I called softly to poor Mrs. Pink, who was just waking from a short sleep in an old arm chair by the fire ; for the unusual bustle of the evening had overcome her, and she had dozed, while Ann had been talking to me : she came and sat by me, and I hastily inquired the reason of these things, which had surprised me.

“ ‘ Ah, my dear master Charles !’ said the good creature, ‘ my mistress is the best lady that ever lived, except your blessed mother ! That room of master’s, she has had furnished in the pretty manner you see, on purpose to try to deceive him into cheerful thoughts : she thinks, that by appearing as nicely dressed as she used to be, and by his seeing every thing tidy and pretty about him in that room,—(for he has kept his bed many weeks,)—he will think we are not so badly off.

Many a weary hour has the dear lady worked, to enable her to buy these things, and the little comforts that my master's sickness needs: she has sold all her jewels, and laces, and her grand dresses too; and so she goes on. Doctor Burnley was very kind, while we lived near him; he attended my master regularly, and would take no fee; and when we, to save house-rent, came to this little cottage, which belonged to my son, (who has taken his family to Van Diemen's Land, and gave me this place to end my days in,) the Doctor told my mistress, that medicine would do my poor master no good; but that if his mind could be kept easy, he would get well; and I think he is better since we came here; though your dear sister cannot believe it.'

"Much more we talked; and, at length, Ann returned. She told me that I ought now to try and sleep; and she would not converse with me any more that night, unless the medical man should come from Portsmouth, which she did not expect would be the case.

"But," said Tom, suddenly recollecting himself, "I am dwelling sadly too long, on the occurrences of this mournful night. With a little care, my strain gradually got well; my brother rapidly recovered; my noble-hearted sister's cheeks regained their plumpness and their bloom;

we removed to a pleasant house nearer to the sea; and though we were no longer rich, my own property, with that which the generous creatures had formerly given up to me, enabled us to live in comfort. It is not often that generosity is rewarded as their's was. If they had not refused the portion of my father's property, (which I told you of, you know,) that would also, doubtless, have been lost: *now* I had the delight of making over the whole of it to them, keeping a small yearly sum only, for my own use.

“As soon as we were settled, and once more happy, I wrote to Austen, by my brother's and sister's request, to invite him down. Your father and mother, my dears, were in Scotland. I mentioned to Harry the distress in which I had found my family; and, of course, named Skymes's bankruptcy, as the cause of it. By return of post, Austen told me, that his father's illness would prevent him from visiting us; and he added, that he had received pretty certain information, that there was a Dutch partner of Skymes's, living in great splendor at Amsterdam, who was strongly suspected of having received a large portion of that wealth, which Skymes had pretended to pay away for goods. This man's name was Vandergoldt; and Austen advised that I should go over to Holland, and

ascertain if some of my brother's property could not be recovered. I read this letter to my friends, as we sat over our wine and walnuts, after dinner ; and I told them I should start as soon as possible. Ann entreated me not to leave England again, assuring me that my generosity (as she called it,) had enabled them to live more happily, even than when they were so much richer, at Woodlands:—but Albert, I saw, was not unwilling that the scoundrel who had defrauded him of his money, should be made to repay it, if possible : his own health was yet too delicate for me to allow of his going across the water ; so it was settled, at last, that I should go up to London, to learn farther particulars from Austen, and then sail for Holland. Once more, then, I shook my brother's hand, kissed my precious sister, blessed my madcap nephew, and pressed my lips upon the withered cheek of my dear and faithful nurse ; and with a heavier heart than usual at parting, I quitted Hampshire."

VOYAGE THE FOURTH.

“HAVING seen Austen, I hastened my departure, as the weather was extremely mild; and I feared that a frost might set in, and block up the mouth of the Texel. Harry saw me on board of a Dutch vessel; and we were soon clearing our way through the crowd of shipping in the Thames. I was an experienced seaman; and I found that we were likely to meet with such rough treatment from the weather, that a strong pair of hands,—and, I may add, a cool head, and firm courage, might not be useless in the vessel. Before we came in sight of the Dutch coast, the short wintery day was closing in: to the S. and S. E., the sky

was of a dull slate colour, over which, angry white clouds were scudding with surprising swiftness; and it was the opinion of all on board, that we should have a heavy night's work. It was a day or two after new moon, so that we were soon in utter darkness.

“The wind now suddenly swept over the troubled waters, in one wild tremendous gust, which nearly laid the lugger on her beam ends; however, she righted again, just as the hurricane (for which we were now better prepared,) burst over us, in all its headlong fury. For several hours we bore up under it; and, by dawn of day, we found ourselves in the Texel, beating up against the wind, which had chopped round to the N. W.; then we passed the Helder, and entered the Zuyder Zee, straining before the gale, under bare poles, having lost anchor and cables. Towards evening, we ran into a little harbour to the north of Amsterdam,—for we found the helm so injured, that we dared not risk it to the end of the voyage. I gladly left the strained and leaky vessel; and having secured a bed and supper at the little inn, I hoped to pass the night in comfort.

“About eight o'clock, an hour or two after I had left the lugger, I found, that with the rising tide, the gale had increased; and it shortly

became so violent, that the inhabitants began to assemble, and to talk with fear of a *doorbraak*,* taking every precaution in their power to prevent such a misfortune. The engineers, who superintend the state of the dykes, were on the alert; such parts of the dykes as were considered the weakest, were strictly watched; and the best means the *Waterstaat*† could suggest, were resorted to, in order to strengthen them. The whole village was soon in a state of commotion; and I felt too anxious at my novel situation, to taste the supper I had ordered, or to take the repose I required; so I left the inn, and, proceeding to the dykes, was soon aware of the extreme danger of our situation. As I walked at the foot of the rampart, which the industry of that wonderful people—the Dutch, have raised, to resist the fury of the sea, I heard the mighty waters above my head, dashing against the noble barrier! I was, in fact, with numbers of my fellow-creatures, actually below the raging ocean, which was now striving to force a passage through the bank, into the low and level country, on the other side

* DOORBRAAK,—is the Dutch term, for the breaking in of the dykes.

† WATERSTAAT—is the name of the company, or administration, which is intrusted with the care of the dykes.

of it. I soon mounted to the top of the dyke, and beheld the fierce waves, flinging themselves with merciless power against the terrace on which I stood. The new moon, and the tremendous gale, had united to raise the vast body of waters much above their usual height, which now threatened to destroy the labour of ages; for, if the rampart should prove too weak, we all knew that the whole flat country of West Friesland would soon be under water. This frightful state of alarm continued till midnight; the bells in the church were tolling wildly, now clanging on our ears, as the blast rushed by us, now dying away, amidst its distant fury. Lights were flaring in all directions, sometimes nearly obscured by the misty rain, that mingled with the spray, and tore away inland, in sheets of foam; then, as the fuel was heaped upon the beacon fires, the flame gathered strength, and streamed wildly along amidst the dull red smoke, towards the devoted country. Terrific was the blue lightning! Deafening was the roar of the thunder! Higher and stronger came the breakers! Louder and fiercer were the gusts! When yells and shrieks of despair burst suddenly from a group of persons, about fifty yards farther on the dyke; a double flash of lightning illuminated the scene, and showed us the savage billows overtopping the

bank,—the immense fabric yielding to their fury ; and, by the light of another flash, we saw the whole mass washed on to the village and dashing among the houses ! The consternation was now awful, the scene dreadful beyond my powers of description !

“The doorbraak became wider every instant ; the sea poured through it like a cataract ; huge stones, or rather blocks of granite, weighing many tons, were washed about like pebbles.* The sides of houses were beaten in ; trees were uptorn, and carried forward by the flood, increasing the havoc ! In short, dangerous as my station was, on the trembling dyke, which was ready to give way with me every moment, I thought it safer to remain where I was, than to descend into the destruction of the village : I, therefore, waited, in the total darkness that had followed the heavy thunder storm ; and soon had the comfort of feeling, that the billows came less forcibly,—that the gale was abating, and that the dyke was no longer breaking in. Many weary hours, however, wore away, in terror and misery, on the part of the wretched inhabitants, whose cries of distress broke mournfully on my ears, as the poor creatures

* See *London Magazine*, for March, 1828.—Article, *Inundations in Holland in 1825*.

were searching for their relatives, in the dark desolation of the village!

“ With the first faint streaks of dawn, glimmering in the south-east, the sky became clear; the stars shone out with an unusual tremulousness, as if they too had shared in the uproar and disasters of this cruel night, and had not yet recovered their placid twinkling. When the light grew stronger, I descended to the village, that I might render what assistance should be in my power, to the afflicted inhabitants. Before I went, I turned my eyes on the wide waste of waters that were stretched out on either side of me; the sea, which had now retired from the assault, like a savage victor, but half satisfied with the proofs of his power, was lashing the patient shore in harmless rage; on the other hand, as far as my eye could trace, another sea was lying in sullen cruelty upon the rich lands of the patient Hollanders. Fields just ploughed, and sown with corn; pastures of grass, which had yesterday been crowded with well-fed cattle, were now covered with water. Hay and corn stacks,—mangled bodies of men and animals,—beams and timbers of houses,—furniture, and wrecks of vessels, were floating about in dreary quietness. I thanked Heaven that my dear friends were away from this sad scene; and then hastened down,

just as a sparkling winter's sun arose over the ruffled surface of the Zuyder Zee, and showed me, to the south, the distant spires of Amsterdam, glittering like another Venice, above the waters of the inundation, which had the day before flowed in their proper channel; but which were now ruining the works of industrious man. The damage that had been done during the night was immense: hundreds of human beings had perished: vast numbers of large cattle, besides sheep, were destroyed. Hundreds, nay thousands of families, which had been in wealthy, or comfortable circumstances, were reduced to poverty: in short, it was a calamity such as I never expected to behold, and which I could not have imagined to be so severe, if I had not seen it."

"Oh, Tom! what a dreadful account!" exclaimed Charlotte. "What could ever induce the people of Holland to take such pains with a country that is liable to be overflowed in this terrible manner? I'm sure I would, if I were they, leave such a marshy, low, unhealthy place, and go and cultivate those great wastes, and forests, and plains, in Russia and Germany, and every where about the world! I'd go to *New Holland*, and leave *Old Holland*, with its dykes and swamps, to be swallowed up by the ocean again;—wouldn't you, William?"

“What nonsense you talk, Charlotte!” replied her brother; “as if the Russians and Germans would let a whole nation come quietly, and take their lands from them! There would be a war directly, I know! And then, what a quantity of blood would be shed; instead of the Hollanders living in peace in their rich country!—Tom, what are the dykes made of? Stone, or clay, or timbers, or walls, or what?”

“Not of any of these materials, my dear,” replied Tom. “I have heard that, in the lowlands of England, a very simple and ingenious method employed to construct dykes, is by driving stakes into the sand, near high-water mark—at spring tides; between which stakes the people weave osiers: the next gale, then, works up the sand, and weeds, and shingle, against this little barrier, which materials have time to settle and harden; and perhaps the seeds of the marine plants, as well as our strong rooted couch grass, have vegetated, or grown, before any more storms disturb them. Thus, fresh solid work is added, from time to time, to man’s ingenuity, until the barrier becomes strong enough to resist the fiercest hurricanes. You have both been to Weymouth, have you not?”

“Yes: once, when Mamma was poorly, she was recommended to go there for a month; and I

liked it very much. But why do you ask, Tom? I don't remember any dykes and barriers there, only the esplanade," replied the chattering Charlotte.

"I was going to remind you of that line of shingle, which extends from the Isle of Portland, along the coast of West Bay, to Abbotsbury. Do you remember it?"

"Oh yes, to be sure,—it looks like a hill, as we cross the ferry from Wyke to Portland; and I tried to walk up the bank, and—"

"Well, *that* barrier, the ocean has thrown up without the ingenuity of man; that immense pile of shingle has been increased by the storms of many ages, until it has become a firm stoppage to the waves. It is not thus, however, with the coast of Holland; there, man has set his wits against the mighty winds and raging floods; and has so nearly conquered them, that scarcely more than once in a century does such a calamity occur, as that to which I was witness. I have been trying to recollect in what book I have met with the account of the manner in which those noble dykes are constructed, but I cannot succeed; I know, however, that *sail cloth* is said to constitute the groundwork, or rather wall, against which the mud and sand collect: but you will be surprised to hear that a little weed is the

material on which the Dutch chiefly depend for their safety."

"A weed!—what *can* you mean, Tom?" said Charlotte.

"I was going to tell you, my dear, that a lowly plant, with lilac or pinkish flowers, called *rest harrow*,* which you must have seen growing on barren spots, in England, possesses roots, so wonderfully strong, tough, matted, and spreading, that the Hollanders sow it on the tops of their dykes, to strengthen them, and to enable those structures to resist the power of the sea."

"My gracious! There's a flash of lightning!" exclaimed Charlotte; and, jumping up, she ran along the deck, and darted down the companion ladder, with such speed, that she knocked Lieutenant Edwin (who was coming up stairs) backwards into the cabin, where he lay extended on the floor.—Away slipped Charlotte after him;—up started Mrs. Clement, and General Gordon, from the chess-board, which was overturned, and the men scattered in all directions;—off went Miss Perkins (a passenger) into hysterics;—in rushed Mr. Clement from the captain's cabin;—and down scrambled Neptune, whom this bustle had at-

* Priscilla Wakefield's *Introduction to Botany*, p. 142.

tracted ! Poor Charlotte ! how ashamed she felt, at having been the cause of such a commotion ! Her mother reprimanded her for her carelessness ; and her own feelings were so uncomfortable, that she gladly stole away to bed ; having first apologised to Lieutenant Edwin. Tom and William soon afterwards joined the cabin party ; and, on inquiring for Charlotte, her brother heard of her misfortune.

“ Poor thing ! ” exclaimed he ; “ she is so frightened at lightning, you know, Mamma ; and it was *such* a flash, that sent her scampering away.—Tom thinks, Papa, that we shall have a storm to-night ; ” added he, turning to his father ; “ he says, too, that he expects we shall come in sight of St. Helena to-morrow. How I shall like to go ashore ! Tom told me, just now, that, if you had no objection, he would take us to see where Napoleon lived ; and I will bring away a slip of the willow that grows over his grave ; and I ’ll get some clay, and moss, and tie them round the thickest end of the switch ; and if I wet it every day, I dare say it will live till we reach England.”

Napoleon and St. Helena being named, much more was said on the subject, by the passengers in the cabin of the Hero ; and on the following day, Tom performed his promise of taking Char-

lotte and William to see the barn which was once the residence of him, who, had he not been too ambitious, would, as a *king and a hero*, have been one of the greatest of men.

While our little party strolled about that part of the island, over which the late Emperor had so often wandered, their friend told many anecdotes of Napoleon, which interested them exceedingly; and he concluded by saying, "I was one of the crew of the *Bellerophon*, my dears, when that wonderful man was brought on board of her, before he was taken, as a prisoner, into the North-umberland, to be conveyed to this island. I shall never forget the dignity and condescension of his manner to all of us: it was his smile, however, that won our hearts! It was the sweetest, and most winning smile, that I ever saw on a human countenance! We cannot wonder at the fervent attachment he inspired among those who knew him best, when *we, English sailors*,—his '*natural enemies*,' as we have been foolishly styled,—were almost to a man won, by his elegant and cordial manners, to love, to pity, and to admire, our illustrious and unfortunate prisoner! But," said Tom, pausing,—“he was a warrior,—therefore he was not a good man; he was ambitious,—therefore he was not a great man;—yet, in my opinion, he was the *noblest king*, the *ablest*

statesman, and the *grandest hero*, that the world has seen for centuries."

"There's the willow!" exclaimed William, darting away, followed closely by his sister. Their friend strolled slowly after them, recalling to his recollection that brilliant career of *glory*, as it is called, which had so dreary and degraded a termination.

As our party were returning from the island of St. Helena to their vessel, which, with two other Indiamen, was lying at anchor, an accident occurred, which prevented, for many weeks, the continuation of their pleasant meetings on deck. The boat, containing some of the passengers, had scarcely left the shore, when the wind began to freshen, and it increased so rapidly, that their situation became alarming. Mr. Clement and Charlotte, with General Gordon and Miss Perkins, were in the boat, which was to return to the island for the remainder of the passengers, as soon as she had put her present company on board the *Hero*. The sudden squall which had overtaken them, rendered their proceeding so dangerous, that the General proposed to Mr. Marshall, the mate, that he should pull away for another of the Indiamen, that had accompanied them from Calcutta, and which had anchored half a mile nearer shore than their own vessel; adding, "The wind will soon

drop, in all probability, when we can return to the *Hero* ; and then the boat may proceed to the island, and bring off those that remain of our party. You see too, Mr. Marshall, how alarmed the ladies are," glancing at Miss Perkins and Charlotte, as the former sat with her vinaigrette to her nose.

Mr. Marshall looked, as he was requested ; but could not help smiling at the notion of including Charlotte in the list of the terrified ; for she sat laughing immoderately at the hissing waves, as they curled their white heads, and dashed against the heeling boat, wetting her through at every angry rush. The gentleman at the helm, however, saw no reason for refusing to comply with the wish of General Gordon, so he steered towards the *Belphebe*, that lay rolling and pitching in the gale, with all hands aloft to suit the canvass to the coming storm. They got alongside of the *Indiaman*, and were quickly hoisted aboard, where they had every attention paid them, and every accommodation offered, that they could expect, by the commander, Captain Dixon.

As night approached, the gale, instead of subsiding, increased to a frightful degree ; another anchor was dropped, the top-masts were lowered, the sails were tight furled, and every method taken to lessen the strain of the wind upon the rigging,

but nothing availed to keep the ship true to her anchors; by midnight she had broken from her moorings, and before daylight, she was many leagues distant from the lonely isle of St. Helena, or, as Charlotte always called it, "Napoleon Island." The vexation of our party on board of the *Belphebe*, was very great the next morning, when they ran upon deck, to find that they could see neither the island nor their own vessel; not that they were alarmed for the fate of their friends, they were only grieved to be separated from them. For several days, Charlotte was continually sweeping the horizon with the boatswain's telescope at her eye, in search of the *Hero*; for, kind as the passengers in the *Belphebe* were to her, she naturally longed for the society of her mother, brother, and Tom.

As they approached the equinoctial line, some of the sailors wished to enjoy their customary rough and unruly sport, of shaving those who had never before crossed the line. Mr. Clement was surprised to find, that Captain Dixon should allow of this silly yet barbarous frolic, for he knew that the practice was getting into disuse in the navy; indeed the sailors themselves, who are fast losing the ignorance and superstition that used to attach to their character, willingly omit the ceremony, provided they are treated with an

extra allowance of grog as a substitute. Nothing worthy of notice occurred to our voyagers in the Belphebe, until she came to anchor in the night, off the island of Teneriffe. On the following morning, when Charlotte went on deck, the first object that attracted her attention and admiration, was the stupendous mountain, called the Peak, which had been hidden the previous day, by a fog. The hill rises at once from the ocean, to the height of 12,138 feet. Dark fleecy clouds were sailing across this beautiful and remarkable mountain, above which, its white peak rose like a cone of shining silver in the morning sunlight. The little girl stood in delighted astonishment, leaning against the side of the vessel, wishing that her father would come up on deck, and longing for her brother, that he might share in her delight; when her ear caught the sound of oars, and, looking down, she saw a boat nearing the vessel, and perceived some person in it waving a hat:— Could it be? “Yes! No! Oh, it *is* William, and there is dear Mamma, and Tom too, I declare!” Where they came from, she could not imagine; but, on turning round, her wonder ceased; the Hero had been benefited by a stiff breeze, and had made such rapid way during the night, while the Belphebe was lying at anchor,

that she had arrived at Teneriffe but a few hours after her consort.

The meeting between our two happy parties may be easily imagined; so we will suppose our friend Tom, and his two young companions, once again on deck in the evening, and that the latter were anxiously waiting till he would leave Mr. Marshall, and continue his adventures.

"Now then I am ready; where was I?—It is so long since I chatted with you, my dears, that I declare, I cannot recollect where I left off;—was it among the Russian bears?" said Tom, trying to recall the last circumstance.

"Oh no; we remember where you stopped, for we have been reminding each other of different parts of the story; and, I dare say, have been talking about Holland and the dykes, for this half hour, Tom. You left off at the morning after the storm, which broke down the dykes; and you were going to seek for that wicked man Dunderholt, or Wonderbolt, or Gandervolt, or some such odd-sounding name," said Charlotte.

"Vandergoldt, Nereid! Ay, I remember; *well, and so*, as the boys at school used to say, when we were telling stories in bed; *and so*, the next thing for me to consider, was how I could reach Amsterdam, for going by land was out of

the question. A fishing-boat, fortunately, had escaped the fury of the gale, and I took my short passage in it, for the few miles I had still to sail. On my arrival, I was rejoiced to find that the capital, that rich and noble city, had escaped the havoc of the winds and waves; a few of the lower streets only, being under water. Business was at a stand-still; and you may suppose that the inhabitants were in confusion and consternation. I inquired for the house of Mr. Vandergoldt, and, on going to it, was mortified at finding he had started, the day before, for Petersburg; which, you may remember, is the northern capital of Russia. Whether he had heard of any inquiries having been made respecting his partner Skymes, or whether their business required his presence at Petersburg, I could not discover; but I resolved to follow him; I therefore wrote to my brother and sister, telling them of my intention; and in three days I was off. The weather continued open and mild, until I reached Riga, which is situated between the two countries of Russia and Poland. This city is very populous, and carries on an extensive trade. It stands on the river Dwina, which runs into Poland; over this river there is a floating wooden bridge, 2600 feet in length, which is removed as soon as the winter begins, and is replaced in the spring. I crossed

it the very evening before they began to take it down; for the cold set in during the night, and on the following morning, so sudden was the change, the people were crossing the Dwina in skates. I waited a few days at Riga, for the weather to clear after the first heavy fall of snow, that I might enjoy my novel and curious journey; so, under a clear frosty sky, wrapped up in furs, and skimming along over the smooth white surface of the ground, behold me now in a sledge, in company with twenty others; some containing travelling merchants, and the remainder loaded with frozen provisions, for the supply of the markets of Petersburg.

Here Tom looked half round, and smiled. The children followed the direction of his eyes, and saw their father and mother at a little distance: they had come up on deck, and were now standing arm in arm, listening to the story.

“Oh! you hairbrained fellow!” exclaimed Mr. Clement, laughing, and coming forward with his wife. “Are you telling them of that Quixotic journey of yours, over the snows of Russia? Who but such a strange animal as yourself, would have thought of facing Polar bears, sleeping in snow blankets, and eating raw fish and frozen dog’s flesh, in the vain hope of overtaking a swindling rascal, who never intended to get into

your power? I do not believe," added Mr. Clement, pressing his hand hard and kindly on his friend's shoulder—"I do not believe there is another fellow in the world, besides Charles Granville, *alias* Tom Starboard, who would ever have thought of so wild, and, I must add, so *kind* a method of benefiting his friends."

Tom laughed, and shook his head, as he replied, "Remember my love of wandering; and do not give me more credit than is due to me. And," turning to Mrs. Clement, he added, "now draw him away, if you please, that he may not quite set Charlotte's little heart against me! She has already thought me half crazed, I know, for wandering up and down the world in such a wildgoose and *ungentlemanlike* manner;—so take her father away, before he quite confirms her in this opinion of me!"

Mrs. Clement smiled, and said,

"Your modesty is all pretence, Charles; you are vain of your exploits and wanderings; I am sure I should be surprised, if you were not. At all events, your friends are proud of you; and it would be strange if they were otherwise! Good b'ye!"

She turned away with her husband, and Tom continued—

"I soon arrived at the noble city of Peters-

burgh, of which you have seen a description in your *Juvenile Travellers*, and other such books; so I shall confine myself to my own affairs. I had ascertained the address of Mr. Vandergoldt, at Petersburg; so I went, on the very day of my arrival, to the house; and I have every reason to believe that it was Vandergoldt himself who spoke to me; for, notwithstanding the circumstance of my being a stranger, and my abrupt way of asking for him, if he had not been a guilty person, who was afraid of being given up to justice, he need not have started, and looked so confused, when I inquired for Mr. Vandergoldt. The wily Dutchman, however, soon recovered himself; and seeing, I suppose, that I was only a poor, half-crazed, sailoring kind of creature,—(here Tom smiled at Charlotte, who shook her saucy head at him, but did not speak,)—this ingenious person,” continued her friend, “addressing me in broken English, said—‘Ah, mine goot Got! vat a beedy vor you do gome al dees long vay vor noding! Mr. Vandergoldt ees my ver good vrend, and hees beesinees have lead him do Dobolsk, do drade vor vurs mit de marjands vrom Ghina; bod, as he ees not been gone more nor dwo howrs, you may oberdake heem.’* ”

* Ah, my good God! what a pity for you to have come

"I was delighted," continued Tom, "that the fellow was not above two hours ahead of me; so, having procured some additional clothing, to protect me from the severe cold I was going to experience, such as bearskin boots, with the fur turned inwards, and all that sort of thing, I hired another sledge, with a driver, to take me to a small town the first hundred miles on the road to Yarensk. Before we reached this miserable village,—I declare I forget the name of it,—I began to feel the effects of a Russian winter. A piercing wind, and driving sleet, which froze as it fell, cut my eyes and cheek bones—the only parts of my body that were exposed, so that I was obliged to flap my fur cap quite on to my nose; how the driver managed, I cannot tell."

"Oh, Tom, he was 'used to it,' you know, as the cruel woman said when she was skinning the eels, while they were alive!" exclaimed William.

"True, he was so," replied his friend. "At this village we arrived towards the end of the third short wintry day; and, to your astonishment,

all this long way for nothing! Mr. Vandergoldt is my very good friend; and his business has led him to Tobolsk, to trade for furs with the merchants from China; but as he has not been gone above two hours, you may overtake him.

you will hear, that as soon as the driver had taken a large measure of brandy at the miserable inn, he went off to the public vapor bath ; whither I followed him, out of curiosity. It was a large wooden building in the midst of the hamlet, having seats ranged round the walls, raised one above the other, till the top seat reached within four feet of the ceiling. In the middle of the room were placed large stones, which had been made red-hot ; and on these, water was constantly poured, which sent up volumes of steam, that filled the building. According to the temperature which the people chose to be exposed to, they seated themselves on the higher or lower benches ; for the coolest part of the room was at the bottom, and the hottest at the top. My sulky bear of a driver chose the warmest birth ; so, stripping off his clothes, he crawled up to the upper form. There were about two hundred other persons in this misty den when I looked in. In about a quarter of an hour, they came rushing out, looking more like raw beef than men, owing to the heat ! then, naked as they were, away they ran, and tumbled over and over in the snow !”

“ What a strange and disagreeable custom !” exclaimed William. “ I love bathing as well as any one ; but I never heard of such a stupid way of trying to catch their deaths, as this !”

“ Each nation has its peculiar customs; and, of course, they are found to be agreeable, or they would not be followed,” replied Tom; who continued—

“ On the following morning, I hired another sledge, a driver, and six dogs;—no, I did not make use of dogs to draw me, until I reached the confines of Siberia.—Furnished with plenty of tobacco and brandy, I again set forward, stopping every night in some wretched hovel, dignified by the name of an inn; until I came within sight of the Ural mountains. At every village, I inquired if any travellers had passed the same road before me; and I generally found the boors were agreed in asserting that a sledge had gone forward on the previous day. I had now arrived at the last resting-place, before I should cross the mountains, and enter Asia: still no Mr. Vandergoldt appeared. My guide and I agreed very well together; he was a native of Siberia; and I found him, as indeed are all his countrymen, much more hospitable and honest, than the Russians.* I am naturally quick at learning languages, and soon acquired sufficient knowledge of his native tongue, to enable me to converse with Goskoi, the driver; and he told me

* Dr. Clarke's *Travels in Russia*.

that, as soon as we began to ascend the mountains, we should suffer much more from the cold than we had done hitherto; for, wood was so scarce, we should perhaps be obliged to sleep without a fire; that we must carry more food for ourselves, and take a supply for the dogs, as he intended to substitute those animals for our wretched horses, which had become so weak and bad, as scarcely to be able to drag us along. He told me too, that I should have no need of money, for his countrymen never take any thing by way of payment, from travellers:* and all this I found to be correct.

“ I had hitherto slept every night under a roof of some sort; for, though the villages lie very wide from one another, there are post-houses at a day’s journey apart, where the postmen, and other travellers, pass the long hours of darkness. On the following morning, then, we began our ascent among the barren chain of mountains that divide Europe from Asia: they are, however, barren only on the surface; inexhaustible riches lie beneath; gold, silver, iron, lead, copper, and coal-mines, exist throughout the range; but, owing to the thin population, the barbarous ignorance of the natives, and the severity of the climate,

* Captain Cochrane’s *Walk through Siberia*.

the mines are not well worked. During the short hot Siberian summers, which appear as if they burst out from amidst the snows of winter, vegetation proceeds with great rapidity; and as we had passed vast forests of birch and pine trees, we had had a fire whenever we wished to light one. Now we could no longer expect to find wood; we, therefore, eagerly seized any straggling bushes of the Daourian rose, (the only fuel left us,) which we tied up in bundles, and fastened to the back of the sledge.

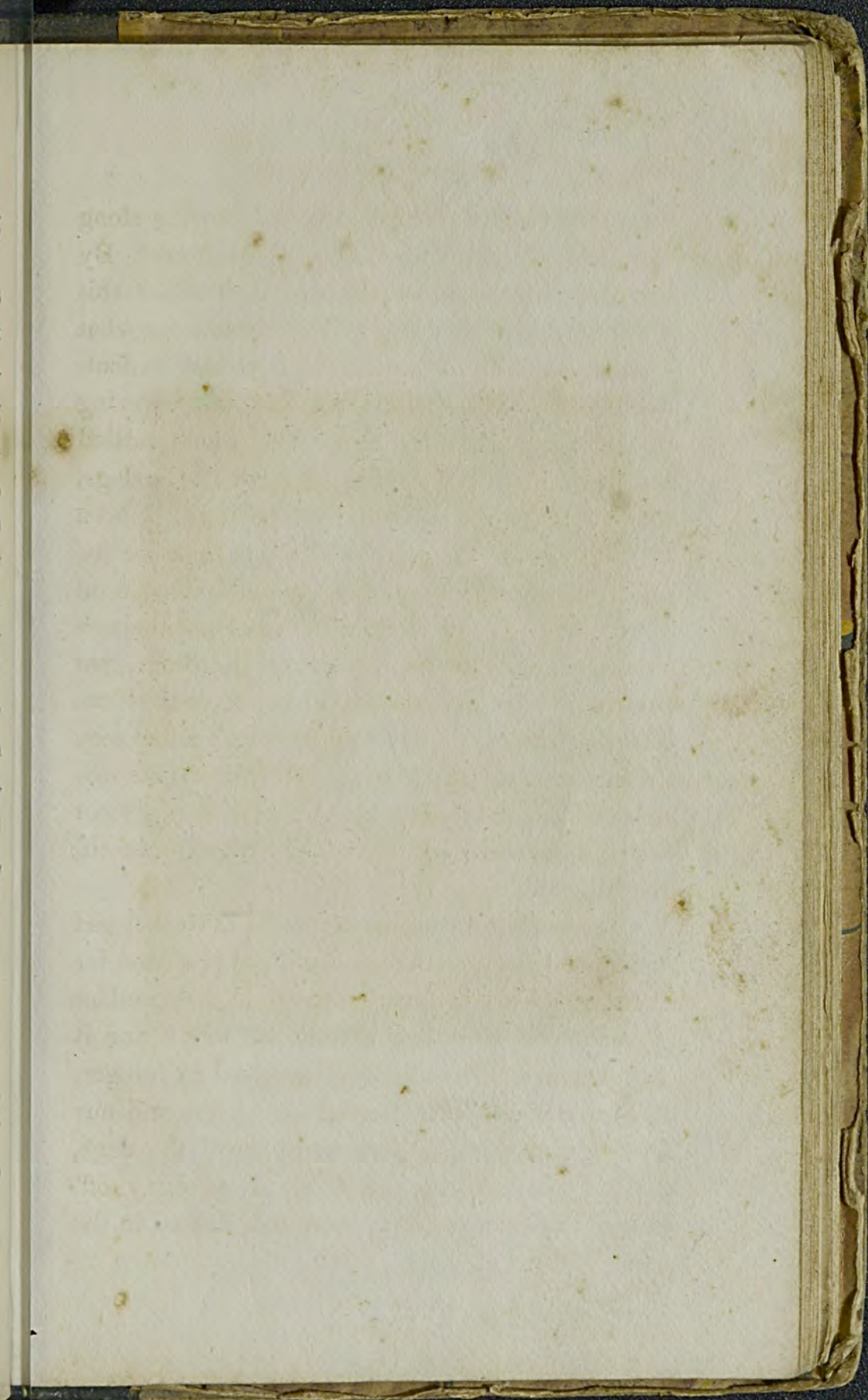
“By noon, we were quite shut in among the passes of the hills; and, instead of a boundless track of level snow, patched with leafless birch-woods, and the deep melancholy hue of pine forests, which had been my usual prospect for some weeks past, we were enclosed between dreary walls of iron stone, covered with drifted snow on every part that was not perpendicular. The silence of this savage wild, too, was unbroken, excepting now and then by the loud bark of a hungry wolf, and the screams of the little animal he might be destroying. Our progress was slow: the sledge was heavy; so Goskoi and I walked nearly the whole of the day; and as night approached, we halted at a turn of the mountain, which projected like a shoulder, and would serve to screen us from the biting north-east wind. We

fed our dogs with some of the frozen fish, that we had brought for them ; and, lighting our fire, we prepared to cook a white hare, that I had shot about an hour before, but which, in that short time, had become frozen as hard and stiff as a stick. Having finished our repast, we wrapped ourselves up well in our furs, and laid down on the snow, with our feet to the cheerful blaze.* Notwithstanding that I had smoked an extra pipe, and taken a large allowance of brandy, I suffered extremely in my new white bed,—my ‘snow blankets,’ as your father says. Fortunately, I could not sleep ; if I had dozed even, I really think I should never have waked again. As I lay thus, thinking of the contrast of my present situation, with what it had been during the many hot nights that I had passed in the torrid zone, and wondering that any of those French soldiers had escaped, who were exposed, during their retreat from Moscow, to the fierce rigors of a Northern winter, I thought I heard a low breathing near me ;—I listened ;—it was not Goskoi, for the noise sounded on my right-hand ; he was snoring on my left ;—and the six dogs lay curled round close to the fire, on the opposite side. I raised myself cautiously, and looking keenly through

* Captain Cochrane's *Walk through Siberia*.

the midnight gloom, I saw a figure, moving along on a ledge of rock within a few yards of me ! By the flickering light of the fire, I watched this white moving mass ; and as I was wondering what it could be, it disappeared, that is, it lost its footing, and slipped off the ledge of rock, carrying with it a quantity of frozen snow, which rattled and tinkled as it fell. This noise roused the dogs, who would have made their escape had they been at liberty ;—but being fastened all together for safety, to a crag of our rugged walls, they could not run from the danger which threatened them,—so they all set up such a dismal howling, that Goskoi awoke, and, in astonishment, asked me what was the matter. I told him, that I had seen a figure moving ; and he was on his feet in a moment, saying, ‘ It was a bear ! And if you do not wish to be hugged to death, defend yourself, Englishman !’

“ I arose, but not quite so nimbly as Goskoi had done ; and, seizing the muskets, we prepared for our shaggy foe ; he soon came round the shoulder of rock, with a sullen, determined look ; and it was evident that he was sorely pressed by hunger, or he would not have braved our party and our fire. I was in front, between him and the dogs, one of which he seemed resolved to carry off. ‘ Fire, Englishman !—my gun has flashed in the





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pan !' exclaimed Goskoi.—I should not have waited for his directions, if I had been prepared, for I had been too long accustomed to nightly disturbances, to lose my presence of mind at this ;—but I had never before met with a midnight adventure in the frozen zone :—my hands, in spite of fur gloves, were numbed with the cold, and I could not feel the trigger of my gun. In the mean time, the white bear still made towards us ;—the dogs howled and barked ;—Goskoi yelled, and flung his arms about, to frighten him ;—while I, in vain, held my gun pointed towards the slow moving savage,—I could *not* pull the trigger ! Goskoi now became half frantic ; his fear of the animal gave way to his alarm for my safety ; he rushed forward, wrenched the gun out of my hand, flinging his own weapon at the animal's head, and in a moment he fired, and hit the bear in the side of its neck. The blow turned the resolute creature but for an instant. I was roused by the danger of our situation, being in the power of a large and ravenous beast ;—so seizing the burning brands from the fire, I flung them at him as fast as I could pick them up. This new mode of attack enraged and terrified him exceedingly ;—he turned half round, as if to make his escape ;—and at that moment Goskoi, who had reloaded the gun, quick as thought, fired a second time, and wounded the

creature near the heart. My exercise among the warm embers, had restored the use of my hands ; and I ran to the spot where my companion had thrown his own weapon ; I reprimed it ; and by this time the bear had gone round the fire, and was just seizing one of the terrified dogs, whose noise was now deafening, mingled as it was with the yelping of the other five, the driver's shouts, and the growling of the bear ! I ran up behind, and when quite close to him, I fired at, and hit the back of his neck, just as the poor dog fell a victim to the creature's fury. As soon as I had fired, I laid hold of the muzzle of the gun, and began battering him on his hard skull. Goskoi now rushed up, and seeing my danger, for I had become the object of the animal's attack, the man took aim so well, that this fourth charge brought the bear to the ground. We then despatched him with our long knives ; and by the waning light of the fire, which was by this time nearly out, we skinned both the animals. The cold was intense ; the fire all gone, and the wintry dawn had not yet appeared. Suddenly, I recollected having heard of the dreadful method which the French soldiers employed to obtain a little warmth, when they lay perishing among the snows of Russia. I begged my Siberian friend to assist me to open the bear ; and then thrusting my hands and feet

into the still warm carcase, and throwing the skin over my shoulders, I contrived to obtain, for a short time, a little extra heat."

"Oh Tom, how horrible! You must, indeed, have suffered much, before you could have taken such a method of warming yourself!" exclaimed William.

"I assure you, my dear, it was frequently done by the French, during their campaign in Russia: they killed their horses, and creeping into the empty carcases for warmth, were found frozen to death in their strange abodes! Well, Goskoi being more accustomed to the severe winters of the North, bore the cold better than I did;—so, as soon as he could see, he employed himself busily in preparing for our journey;—and when I awoke from a wretched sleep, the five dogs were harnessed, and eating their breakfast; and their poor dead companion was dangling, without his skin, at the back of the sledge, with our other provender. We now started again, with a clear sky above us, and, soon after, coming to a level space, our journey was very rapid. I own to you, my dears, that I often repented having undertaken this wildgoose chase; I had foolishly thought, that what *one** Englishman had done,

* Captain Cochrane.

I could do; forgetting that all constitutions are not prepared to endure so great a degree of cold; and that, indeed, I might probably feel the severity of this climate the more, from my having passed so much of my life in the hottest parts of the world. As we drove along, I began to think very seriously of my foolish undertaking: what were we to do without a fire? No fuel of any kind now appeared;—and I mentioned to Goskoi, my fear of our being frozen to death on the following night. The good-natured fellow told me, that while I slept, he had found a store of the dried dung of animals, in a hollow of the mountain, near our resting-place, which the wild beasts of the district had frequented; and, he added, ‘We always collect this stuff to burn; it is very useful; you will see, to-night, what a cheerful fire it will make.’ I found, when evening came, that he was right; we had collected every morsel that we could find, of this precious commodity, during the day; and by a little good management, the fuel lasted nearly the whole of the night.

“The next day, we advanced still farther into this truly savage region; and our situation became somewhat more alarming; for, having depended upon obtaining plenty of game, such as hares, martens, &c. we had been too prodigal of our provisions, and we found ourselves and our

dogs, reduced to one small raw fish, and the poor frozen animal which the bear had killed, and which we now were too hungry to leave any longer. The dung, too, became so scarce, that during a weary sojourn of half the following day, we had not found sufficient of it to keep a fire alight, for a quarter of an hour! My fears of being frozen to death the next night, were again very great. I had walked the whole of the day;—the cold became every instant more intense, as we ascended the rugged mountains;—the dogs flagged in their speed,—their strength was failing, for they had not had, among them all, enough food for the meal of one dog. To add to my discomfort, the cheerful Goskoi, who had hitherto entertained me with the singularly wild airs and legends of his country;—he who had kept up my courage, (for I am not ashamed to confess, that I never felt so little bravery in my life,—it seemed pinched and frozen up within me!)—my good-natured driver, was evidently as much out of spirits as I was! The evening drew on, and I asked him where he proposed to halt for the night? He turned his furrowed face full upon me, and said, ‘Englishman, I do not know! I have missed the road;—we are in the heart of the mountains;—I cannot tell what we are to do!--I could perhaps pass the night in safety; but how will you bear the cold?’

“I was shocked, you may suppose, my dears ; but my natural courage seemed to return with the need I found for it. I had till this journey, in all my wanderings, been either alone, or the director of others, so that I had depended on no one for advice or assistance, and my firmness had never deserted me. Here, in Russia, I had not only been in an entirely new state of existence, but I had been directed instead of directing ; I had depended on others, instead of my own exertions. Finding, therefore, that Goskoi had lost his courage, I roused my half-frozen faculties, and took upon myself to direct. I made my companion see and understand this change in me ; showed him I was vexed that he had not sooner told me of our having missed the way ; proposed that I should kill one of the dogs, while he should scramble up a craggy mass of rock on our right-hand, and try if he could recognise any of the land-marks which had hitherto guided him ; for, from his having several times crossed this barrier, he marked his road by several natural sign-posts ; such as a round headed piece of rock, a crag, shaped like a bear, a fallen mass of iron-stone, and so on. This plan he immediately prepared to execute, while I proceeded to the ungrateful task of killing the foremost of the faithful crea-

tures, that had dragged us thus far, so steadily and patiently.

“I had scarcely taken the poor animal’s life, when I heard the voice of Goskoi, on the rugged peak of a snow-covered rock, near me. He called out cheerfully, that he thought he saw our road on the other side of a deep ravine, or hollow. I looked round at him, as he stood in his wolf-skin dress, pointing from the summit: the dull grey of the eastern sky was at his back, while the crimson glory of the setting sun, threw a warm glow over his weather-beaten features, as he explained our situation to me. Imagine my horror, my dears, when, at the moment I was answering his call, I heard him shriek,—and, the next instant, saw him vanish from my sight! I instantly darted forward, scrambled up the icy sides of the rock, and reached the top, I know not how, such was my anxiety for the worthy fellow. I soon discovered his fate! He had lost his footing,—had rolled over the projecting ledge of the rock, and was doubtless dashed to death in the ravine, which lay dark and dreary in the coming shades of night! I stood for a few minutes in despair,—the calamity had been so sudden. I stooped down and listened, as near to the edge as I dared venture; hoping, yet dreading to hear a groan:—the

silence was horrible ! I would have given worlds, I thought, to hear the roar of the summer floods, whirling the melted snows along that frightful ravine ! Any noise would, I thought, be preferable to this deep silence ; but all around me was quiet as the grave ; and I turned away from the dismal spot, with a sickening shudder. Suddenly, it occurred to me, that it might be possible to discover some natural pathway, a water-track, or a cleft in the rock, by which I should be able to descend into the hollow, and try to rescue poor Goskoi from a probably lingering death : he might be lying stunned and wounded in that terrible abyss, and so die from cold and neglect. This idea inspired me with strength and vigor : I thought not of cold,—I felt none ; I feared no danger from slippery paths nor midnight gloom,—but I scrambled over craggs and peaks ; clung round shoulders of iron-stone ; hung from icy ridges, and clambered among jagged points, till I must have traversed the edge of the gulf for more than a mile, and had just reached a flat surface of the rock, when the snow gave way beneath my feet, and I felt myself sinking rapidly through a hole, without the power to stop myself ! In a moment more, the screams of women reached my ears,—and I tumbled with a large mass of snow and soot, and boards, and bearskins, upon a large

fire, that was burning in the middle of a cavern ! In my fall, I upset a pot of fish-broth, that was being cooked for supper ; this, owing to my weight, and the load of snow, put out the fire, and filled the place with steam. A lamp, which had been burning in a niche of the wall, before the image of some patron saint, was knocked down by the terrified creature, who was praying before it. Two or three children were running about, crying and screaming, with either pain, or alarm, or both, for the poor little things had been splashed with the hot broth. A dog was growling savagely ; and a man's voice, praying and cursing, completed the confusion of this singular scene. I quickly rolled off from my hot berth, among the hissing embers, you may be sure ; waiting, in silence and darkness, the end of my adventure. I was among human beings, but of what description, I could not tell, excepting that I found, by their language, they were natives ; though whether they were persons who lived by plunder, or a harmless Siberian family, housed for the winter in this warm cave, I could not yet discover. Presently, a dead silence took place of all this clamor. There I sat in darkness, trying to catch a glimpse of the persons with whom I was in company ; but not a ray shone from the dull red solitary brand that had escaped the water, and

which, as it lay, looked as if it were flushing and panting beside me. This brand, with a star or two, twinkling in the deep blue sky,—which peeped through the hole I had made in the roof,—were the only objects I could discern. In a few minutes, the voice of a woman was heard, scarcely above a whisper, inquiring where the children were; and the little creatures, guided by the sound, and encouraged by the silence of the violent disturber of their home, crept quietly to her side, where I heard them all whispering together. A man now gained courage, and asked where the slips of pine-wood were, that he might light the lamp again; and having found them, he took one, and came towards the expiring embers. I watched him, as he blew the fire with his breath; and I could not forbear smiling, when I saw the hasty and terrified glance that he threw round, as the cheerful blaze shot up, and flickered, and streamed above his head, giving light and brilliancy to the whole place. It was impossible for me to remain long undiscovered; I arose therefore, explained and apologised; comforted the children in the best manner I could; and then entreated the peasant to go with me, that I might endeavour to find poor Goskoi. This he absolutely refused; adding, that it would be impossible to descend into that deep ravine without light to guide our steps. I was

therefore reluctantly obliged to give up my plan till the morning. After a time, peace was restored; the fire again blazed cheerfully; the fish was put on once more to boil, and the man mounted to the roof, to replace the boards and skins, so as to leave only a small exit for the smoke, as the wide hole, through which I had fallen, would have admitted too much cold.

“I amused the family, by attempting to relate some of my adventures, while our homely meal was being prepared: it was soon ready. Tables and chairs, there were none; but there were large cushions, made of bearskins, stuffed with dried birch leaves, which the family used for beds; these made also very pleasant elastic seats, and on one of them I sat, eating my portion of fish. I tasted, too, some of the dried roots of the yellow sarine lily, which is a favorite article of food in Siberia; but I did not greatly admire the flavor. There was no brandy in the cave; but there was plenty of that coarse ardent (that is, strong) spirit, which is made from the dried stalks of the *sibiricum*; of this liquor the natives make use, when their favorite brandy cannot be obtained.

“This family consisted of the husband and wife, three children, and the wife’s sister. They told me, that they had wintered in this singular abode for two years, preferring it to the mud

huts of the valleys. It had been a silver mine ; but, the vein of the ore having failed in one direction, instead of seeking for another vein, the mine had been abandoned, and had remained neglected for many years. Zulof, the peasant, or boor, told me, that he had enlarged the cave, about a month before, and had found so much silver ore, that he intended to take the lumps of it in his sledge, on the following week, to Tobolsk, where the annual fair was to be held. The natives meet foreign merchants at this fair, to barter their valuable skins of sables, white hares, bears, red foxes, martens, &c. for tobacco, brandy, knives, &c. ; and here, Zulof hoped to exchange his pieces of precious metal.

“ I was glad to find that my host was going so soon to Tobolsk, as I hoped to accompany him. I now reminded him of his promise to assist me on the following morning in my search for poor Goskoi and the dogs ; then bade them all good night ; and, notwithstanding my anxiety for the fate of the driver, I soon fell into a sound sleep, from which I did not awake till late the next morning. The savory smell of cookery roused me : I could not, at first, recal to my recollection the strange adventures of the last evening ; but I lay still, trying to collect my thoughts ; I suppose the—”

“Ay, I was just thinking, Tom,” interrupted William, “that the strong spirit you mentioned had made you a little tipsy !”

“No, no !” replied Tom, smiling, “I do not recollect that my deep sleep was caused by any thing more than the pleasant warmth of my apartment, with my previous fatigue and exposure to the severe cold. But I was going to say that the novelty of my situation, I suppose, tended to confuse me. When I opened my eyes, I found the three children close to me, listening to the ticking of my watch, which I immediately drew out, and showed to them ; it was a very fine musical watch ;—yes, this very same Charlotte, which you have so often admired.—I then delighted them, as well as their parents and their aunt, by winding it up, and giving them a tune, your favourite tune, *The Cossac Air*.—Sing it to me, will you ?”

“Oh, Tom ! without the piano ?”

“Yes, there are not many voices that I like to hear without an instrumental accompaniment ; but I *do* like your’s,—so no more excuses ;—and sing the words which your Mamma wrote to that air,—come, my love !”

Charlotte, trying not to look red and wretched—sang the first verse as follows ; with as little *nervousness* as could be expected.

“ On the Danube, gently gliding,
While the daylight’s fast subsiding,
And the moon’s in splendor riding,
Our thoughts are with the brave.
To the battle they are rushing;—
While the gentle tears are gushing
From bright eyes, for heroes, flushing,
Their native land to save.”

“ Please, Tom, let me off from singing the other two verses, will you? I always think I look so stupid, if I sing without the instrument!” said Charlotte.

“ Yes, my dear, I will let you off; and I am much obliged by your ready compliance with my request, so unlike the affected reluctance of young ladies in general; who, allow me to say, look much more *stupid*, as you call it, than you did, when you sang so kindly just *now*.”

Charlotte was gratified by her friend’s just praise; and he continued his narrative.

“ I never shall forget the astonishment and awe, the admiration and uncouth rapture, which this wild melody excited among my uncivilized friends! Yet, why should I call them uncivilized? I have never met with half the kindness,—*disinterested* kindness,—in civilized society, that I have received from those uneducated *savage nations*,

as they are called, who expect no reward for their hospitality ; and who absolutely refuse to accept of any recompence. Well ; the reindeer steaks were left to burn on the embers, while Escal (the wife) stood listening to my fairy music : Zulof left his fishing tackle, which he was mending ; and came trembling and looking around, saying, ‘ A Rusalki, a Rusalki ! No one but a Rusalki could play such music ! We shall soon see one of them, with her long green hair ! Surely she will not come in anger with such music as that playing round her ! ’ ”

“ I ask your pardon, Tom, for interrupting you,” said Charlotte ; “ but who was Rusalki ? ”

“ My love, ‘ the Russians believe in a species of water and wood maids, called *Rusalki* : they are represented as of a beautiful form, with long green hair ; they balance themselves on the branches of trees, bathe in the lakes and rivers, play on the surface of the water, and wring their locks on the green meads, at the water edge.’ ” * Well, my dears,” continued Tom, “ I hastened to explain my beautiful music to the delighted beings ; then begged them to let me despatch my breakfast quickly ; and promised, that on my return from my search for Goskoi, I would let them hear the

* Kiersley’s *Fairy Mythology*.

Rusalki music for as long a time as they might wish.

“We soon finished our meal; and, Zulof having placed a ladder, we mounted to the chimney, carrying with us a long pole with a hook at the end of it, a rope, food for the man and dogs, in case they should have survived the night; and other things, that might be useful. We wandered about the whole day, descended into the ravine, and found the exact spot where Goskoi had fallen, by the marks in the snow, which had been recently moved; but nowhere could we see any remains of the driver: the dogs too, with the sledge, had all disappeared; and we followed the track of the vehicle, until it reached the right road to Tobolsk, so that my new companion cheered me with the hope, that the driver had regained the sledge, and driven it on towards the city, to which he was going. We therefore returned to our cave; and you may suppose that my heart was lightened of a load of care and anxiety. We had the good fortune to kill two white hares as we walked, which made capital meals for us on the following day.”

Here, to the great vexation of Charlotte and William, their father and Lieutenant Edwin, arm in arm, came towards the little group, talking rather loudly. “Well, my friend Starboard is

to settle the dispute, you say, Edwin; and here he is!—Tom,” continued Mr. Clement, addressing our hero, “there has been a discussion, down stairs, respecting the truth of the existence of the Isle of Sabrina; and Lieutenant Edwin will not believe that it rose from the sea: Captain Merriweather assured him that we were, an hour ago, within gunshot of those lofty sides of the island, up which Captain Tillard climbed, with some of his crew, while the new formed substance was yet so hot as to burn their feet: is this true, or is it not?—And did you see the island before it disappeared?”

“Ay, Mr. Starboard,” exclaimed Edwin, “answer that! Captain Merriweather has never seen this island, and yet he expects me to believe that it was observed to rise out of the sea; and that after a few months it disappeared! But if you say you have seen it, I’ll of course believe it.”

Tom bowed, and smiled as he replied, “It is certainly true. Nor is Sabrina the only island which has lately been formed under our eyes, as it were; I was so fortunate, however, as to be, in the early part of the year 1811, at St. Michael’s, yonder,” (pointing, as he spoke, to the cliffs of that island,) “not above six months after Captain Tillard had been there, and had watched the

glorious eruption of a submarine* volcano, which, in the course of four weeks, formed an island a mile in circumference, and eighty yards in height. I not only saw it, but walked all over it. Since the month of October in the same year, this immense mass of volcanic matter has gradually disappeared, leaving an extensive shoal. Smoke was discovered in the month of February in the following year, still issuing out of the sea, near the spot where this wonderful phenomenon appeared.”†

“Well, now, really this is very astonishing!” exclaimed the Lieutenant: “we land lubbers have not half the opportunities of seeing the wonders of the world that you nautical gentlemen possess; I have half a mind to turn sailor myself! Eh, Charlotte, shall I? Then I might perhaps be able to amuse you, as your friend Mr. Starboard, I hear, does every evening.”

“Oh, yes! if you were to be as fond of observing every thing that is wonderful and beautiful, as he has been, you might. But, you know,

* *Sub-marine*, i. e. *under the sea*; from the Latin words, *sub*, under—and *mare*, the sea.

† See Captain Tillard’s interesting account of this discovery, in the first part of the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, for the year 1812.

Lieutenant, when you were told that we were passing a reef of coral rocks, in the Indian Ocean, and Papa and the Captain were talking about the astonishing circumstance, that whole islands, and perhaps continents, were formed by a little insect—the coral,—you laughed and said, ‘I’d just as soon believe that the stars were made by mosquitoes!’ And then, I remember, you caught hold of Neptune, and tied your white silk handkerchief over his eyes; and said he should play at blindman’s buff; and so I don’t—I mean, you could not, I’m sure,—that is—” Here Charlotte stopped, and blushed; for she did not like to be so rude as to finish her sentence; and the little Lieutenant, looking rather silly, tapped her cheek, saying hastily, as he turned away, “Ay, ay! it is very plain that you prefer sailors to soldiers. There’s no accounting for difference in tastes!—Good night, Charlotte! I suppose you will soon leave the deck; it is very chilly this evening.—Will you walk, Mr. Clement?—William, where’s your dog?—Here, Nep! Nep! Here, boy, here!” And he turned round to play with the merry animal, which was a general favorite with the whole ship’s company. Our little party had been so disturbed by this intrusion, and the Lieutenant soon became so noisy with the dog, that Tom thought he had better

not relate any more: he therefore advised the children not to sit longer; adding, "The evening is indeed chilly; we have bid a long farewell, I fear, to the warm temperature that makes this time of the day so pleasant.—Good night, my dears."

"Good night, Tom!" replied Charlotte and William; and away they ran towards the Lieutenant and Neptune, to join in their frolic; while Mr. Clement and his friend walked the quarter deck.

The chill in the air, which our hero had noticed, preceded a run of wet and blustering weather, that attended them until they arrived in the Channel. A fine-looking evening, about a week afterwards, tempted Charlotte on deck, where she found Tom and her brother conversing.

"What, are you waiting for me? Why did you not call me, William?" said she.

"Because *we* think that the weather will not remain fine for half an hour: look at that bank of clouds in the west!—And see how pale the sun is as it sinks into the bank!" replied her brother.

"I do not think you would find it pleasant, my dear girl," said Tom, "to sit on deck this evening; besides, you have only that cashmere shawl on, and you should sport a cloth pelisse in this

latitude. We will walk, if you like, for a short time, and then—But, look!—Yonder, I declare, is the friendly beacon, that warns us of danger, and tells us we are near home!—Do you not see the Eddystone light!—There, at the very end of the sprit-sail yard—now, between it and the top of the anchor stock:—there, the anchor stock crosses it! Look, William! no bigger than a star!—You surely see it, Nereid?”

“Oh yes, there it is!” exclaimed both the children.

“Ah! but Tom, that light reminds me of your adventures: I am so afraid you will not have time enough to finish them before we land! Do you think you shall?” said Charlotte.

“Yes, my dear, I hope so. Take care! Nep will capsize you, Charlotte; he is so rough this evening!” replied Tom. The Lieutenant and the dog were again at play, and were in full chase of each other.

“Poor fellow! one would think that he too knew we are near England, he is so merry,” replied Charlotte; adding, “Well, Tom, I really am very cold; so I had rather not walk about, thank you; I would rather run: William, come and have a good game at ‘Touch he,’ to warm us, will you? and then we will go down into the cabin.” Her brother agreed to the proposal; and after a

“famous game,” they bade their friend good night, and off they went to bed.

The next evening was beautifully calm and clear; and many of the passengers were on deck in high spirits, tracing with the ship’s glass the different objects on the noble coast of Devonshire. Tom was standing with his arms folded, and his back against the main-mast; his eyes were directed towards the shore; his brow was thoughtful; and he looked unhappy. At this moment, the merry shouts of William, and a hearty burst of laughter from Charlotte, caught his attention; the two children came scampering up the companion ladder; and he turned towards them, as Charlotte, running up to him, called out—

“Do, for goodness sake! look, Tom, what an object I am in this pelisse! I have taken your advice, and clothed myself for ‘this cold latitude;’ but see where the cuffs of my pelisse are, nearly up to my elbows! And it is so short, that it only reaches to my knees! And my arms feel like sticks, it is so tight! And—”

“Oh, and her back, Tom!” exclaimed William, whisking her round,—“the waist up to her shoulder-blades! Look at the difference,” added he, lowering his voice, “between the size and length of her waist, and the long, tiny, wasp shape of Miss Perkins!” And again their mirth was re-

newed; for Charlotte, to add to the uncouthness of her appearance, 'hunched up her back, and *walked tall*," as William said.

Tom, albeit he was not quite so good a judge of this glaring misfit as the merry children were, or as Miss Perkins would have been, good naturedly joined in their fun; until Charlotte, suddenly re-collecting herself, said—

"Ah, William, perhaps this is the very last evening that we shall pass on the deck of the *Hero*; the last time we shall hear dear, kind Tom tell us his adventures, before we reach home! I wonder, by the way, talking of home, where we shall live;—in London, at Richmond, or where?—But never mind, wherever we go, I know, Tom will be a great part of his time with us; for I heard him promise Papa and Mamma so, last Tuesday evening; and I am to see little Louisa Worthington; and you will have Albert for a schoolfellow, and playfellow; and Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, (Tom's kind sister Ann, you know, William,) and old, *old* Mrs. Pink, will all live near us, and—"

"Yes, Nereid! it is very true; and now I must make haste and finish my tale. Come, wrap your pelisse round you,—what, is it too narrow?"

"Scanty, Tom,—*scanty*, we call it; not narrow!" interrupted Charlotte, smiling; then added, "But

I am quite warm ; do not fear for me :—now please to begin. You left off where you had just got back to Goskoi's cave, and—”

“Zulof's cave, you mean, Charlotte ; Goskoi was the sledge-driver, you know,” replied William.

“Oh true, I remember ;—now I am ready ;”—and Tom began.

“I was thinking, before you came on deck, just now, my dears, that it is nineteen years and a half since I first returned to England, and found my poor mother dead ; and I was wondering if I shall see my sister in health :—I always dread some calamity !—Well ! I hope my anxiety will soon be relieved, by meeting her and her family all in health.—So, I'll go back to Zulof's cave.

“In a few days, his sledge being made ready, the provisions packed, and our two selves in good travelling condition ; Zulof and I bade the women and children farewell, and away we started for Tobolsk. We arrived without accident ; and, in less than half an hour after I had entered the crowded streets of the city, I recognised my old friend Goskoi, who was conversing with a Tartar merchant. The poor fellow seemed as much pleased to see me, as I really was to find that he had escaped the perils of the Oural* mountains. He

* Sometimes spelled *Ural*.

insisted on my staying with him, at his brother's house, so long as I should remain in Tobolsk ; and then he turned to the merchant, to finish his conversation. Finding that this person was well acquainted with the principal traders at the fair, I asked him if he had heard the name of Vander-goldt. He told me, he knew the man ; and had been informed, within a few days, that Vander-goldt did not intend to come to the city of Tobolsk this year, as he had hitherto done for many winters past ; but that he had sent instructions to the different merchants, with whom he used to trade, to forward the goods which he ordered, to his warehouses, at Petersburg.

"This intelligence, my dears," continued Tom, "was very vexatious to me, you may suppose. To find that I had only added to my stock of dangers ; and that I had been of no service to my friends, by bringing a rogue to justice, as I had hoped I should ; was very provoking : besides, I began to be ashamed of my exploit, it was so very absurd, 'so Quixotic,' as your father says ; that I wisely kept it a secret, lest I should be laughed at for a fool."

"Yes, but you are making the worst of the business, are you not, Tom ? You know, you are rather more fond of improving your mind ; of seeing countries, and of observing the different

customs and manners of their inhabitants, than some people are," said Charlotte, glancing, as she spoke, towards Lieutenant Edwin.

"Well, Charlotte, you are kind to make excuses for me," said her friend goodnaturedly. He then continued:—

"I enjoyed the novelty of the scene by which I was here surrounded. Calmucks, Tartars, Russians, and Chinese, filled the streets, all engaged in the exchange of merchandise. I was now so inured to the severity of the climate, that I bore exposure to it nearly as well as the natives: and have had icicles dangling from my venerable beard; and even had my nose frost-bitten, without much alarm."

"Oh!" exclaimed Charlotte, "how very droll you must have looked, with a long beard! But how dreadful it must be to have one's nose frost-bitten! I always thought that persons in that state were obliged to have their fingers, or noses, or feet, cut off, lest they should mortify. I remember I heard a story once, and it is quite true,—quite,—of a gentleman who was showing some experiments in philosophy; and he wished to make a freezing mixture; so he put some snow and salt into a teacup, and stirred them together with a spoon; for he said, that if any one were to stir the mixture round for some little time with

his finger, the finger would mortify. Well, do you know, Tom, there was a foolish boy in the room, who would not believe this ‘stupid nonsense,’ as he called it; so, after every one was gone, he went out, and got some snow, and salt, in a basin, and stirred it round and round, for a good while, with his fingers, though it pained him to do it; and actually his whole hand mortified; and as soon as a surgeon could be sent for, his hand was cut off! Now that’s true!—So how did your poor nose escape?”

“Oh, *I* can tell you that,” said her brother. “You always contrive to remember so little of any subject. Now, did not the same gentleman say, and have not you read,—(*I have*,) that if the frozen limb were to be rubbed with snow, and then with cold water, it would recover? That is, if too much time had not been lost, you know; and this bragging boy, you remember, ran and put *his* frozen hand into warm water! That was enough to mortify it, wasn’t it, Tom? Why, I have seen the cook, before we went out to India, put a frozen leg of mutton into cold water, to thaw it; and I asked her why she did not put it into warm water to thaw it quicker; and she said it would rot it: I wonder why, Tom?”

“Ah! my dear boy, that is one of the wonders of nature, which is too deep for you and me. If

I were to attempt to explain to you the probable causes of it, which I suspect are connected with electricity, I should, I fear, but puzzle both you and myself; so we will proceed. I can only tell you, that I have had my nose frozen, or frost-bitten; and that it was restored by rubbing it with snow water.

“In about a fortnight, Zulof, having bartered his silver ore, and his skins, for tobacco, brandy, iron implements, (or tools,) and tackle for fishing, prepared to return to his snug home: so, as I wished to send the family something as a present — (a *recompence* I would not offer, as I knew I should offend him,) — I obtained credit on a Petersburg merchant, and bought a common watch, which I desired he would let the children have as their own. He was much pleased with my kindness, as he called it; and I soon after took leave of him.”

“Will you tell me, if you please, Tom, what you mean by obtaining credit? — Who would trust you, a stranger, so many hundreds and hundreds of miles from home?” asked William.

“It is a very natural question,” said his friend; “and I will explain it to you as well as I can. It is a customary thing for persons who travel, and who wish to avoid the risk and the trouble of carrying large sums of money with them, to take out with them letters from their bankers, to other

bankers abroad; so that by applying to these foreign houses, they may obtain cash whenever they require it. The way I managed my money concerns, was by using Mr. Austen's name. Harry's father was a foreign merchant; he had a partner at Amsterdam, and another at Petersburg, who was connected with a merchant at Tobolsk. Harry and his father had furnished me with letters of credit; and thus I was enabled, without difficulty, to obtain any sum of money, whenever I might require it.—Well, I wintered at Tobolsk,—saw many of the Russian exiles and their families, and—

“Oh! I remember—*Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia*. Such a pretty story! I wonder how true it is?” exclaimed the talkative Charlotte.

“Law, how tiresome you are!” William began; but checked himself, and only begged his sister not to interrupt so. Their friend proceeded:

“As the spring advanced, or rather when the short hot summer burst upon us, I resolved to proceed down the river Oby, and take shipping in some vessel bound for Archangel; or, in short, to any port nearer home. I bade the worthy Goskoi farewell; and prepared to leave this dismal region, with pleasure. My adventures in the Polar seas, are so much like those of other mariners in that part of the world, that I will not

detain you, while I relate any of my awkward exploits among the walruses, and seals, and sea wolves, and white bears, nor—”

“ Oh ! indeed, but you must, if you please ; for, though I have read *Winter Evenings*, and some of Mavor’s *Voyages* ; yet I like to hear any thing that has happened to you, so much better than the accounts of strangers ; so pray let us hear what dangers you got into there,” said William.

“ Well, then,” replied Tom, “ you must know, that I embarked on board of a trading vessel, which had wintered in the Gulf of Obskoia ; she was laden with valuable furs and seal skins. The farther we stood out towards the Polar regions, the more novel and beautiful the scenery became. Ice islands, in every possible form, floated around us ; innumerable birds, fishes, and many amphibious animals, sported near us, as if they were aware of the shortness of their summer, and were resolved to enjoy it to the utmost. We soon ran through Waigatz Strait, which divides the continent of Russia from the sterile island of Nova Zembla ; and, in a short time, we arrived at Archangel. Here I again took shipping ; as I preferred coasting the whole of North Russia, and Danish Lapland, rather than return home by land through Petersburg ; the way I had before

traveled. I had a great desire to visit Lapland ; and having written from Archangel to my friends, giving them an account of my adventures, and desiring them not to be uneasy at my lengthened absence ; I resolved to double North Cape, coast the west of Norway, disembark at Heligoland, cross the country to Tornea, in Lapland, which is situated at the upper end of the Gulf of Bothnia ; and so proceed to England through the Baltic. All this I did : but I must now go back to Archangel.

“ I went on board then, and nothing occurred worth noting till we doubled those gigantic rocks, which form the extreme promontory of Lapland, called North Cape : here we experienced a dense and dark fog, for several days, so that I lost a view of some part of that grand range of coast, the whole of which I was very desirous of seeing.

“ Soon, however, the weather cleared again ; and, the ship’s crew resolving on a little sport among the walruses, we prepared our fire-arms, and other weapons of destruction, and, lowering the boat, half a dozen of us got into it, and pushed off towards an iceberg, on which we saw several of these creatures at their unwieldy gambols. As we approached, they turned their heavy, unmeaning faces towards us, and ceased their play. Two or three of the Russian sailors now

wished to fire at them; but a sturdy Dane, who was one of the crew, objected, saying, 'that was merely killing for the sake of killing, there was no practice, no fun, no danger,—no glory, in shooting at them so far off:' he therefore proposed that we should row boldly up to a great fellow, that was lying alone, at a distance from the others, and attack him at once with a harpoon. The Russians, I suppose, did not wish to appear less courageous than their shipmate; so it was agreed that we should pull away towards the walrus that we had singled out. We now rested on our oars, and each of us stood armed. The Dane, rather too carelessly, took aim, threw his weapon, and struck the animal on one of his long tusks: this jarred, without injuring him; he raised his awkward bulk, and sat like a sphinx. In another instant, a second harpoon flew from one of the Russians, and hit him in the shoulder: this roused him, and made him savage; so that he plunged into the water, and swam resolutely towards us. A third weapon was thrown, and with a truer aim, for the poor creature's side was struck. I had never before wantonly destroyed life: and a sudden feeling of disgust at the *sport*, as it was falsely called, made me withhold my harpoon; which was the last on board.

“The Dane, who had lost his own, saw me lower the weapon, instead of flinging it, as I had prepared to do; and called out to me, to know why I did not strike it. I knew that I should only be laughed at, if I told my reason, and therefore did not reply. The furious animal had by this time gained upon us, so that, though two muskets had been fired, and one had hit the creature on the back, its fierce eyes, and loud breathing were distinctly seen and heard. The Dane now began to fear for the safety of the boat, which the animal could with ease have capsized; and he hastily bade two of the men seize the oars; and darting suddenly at me, wrenched the harpoon out of my hand, and sent it at the walrus. This unexpected jerk, with the motion of the boat, threw me off my balance; I fell forward, and pitched headlong into the water, close to the huge paw of the animal. I had long, you know, been an expert swimmer, and had too often been obliged to exert my presence of mind, to let me now neglect my only chance of escape; I dived at random, and fortunately came up on the opposite side of the boat, which had lain to, the instant my disaster was known. Only two of the men were occupied in despatching the wounded walrus, the other three were busied in my affairs: they

quickly helped me into the boat ; and we rowed away towards the brig, laughing heartily at my accident.

“Another day, as we were becalmed, we resolved to land among the rocks, and explore their cavities ; we wanted fresh water too, and hoped to obtain it easily. We took weapons with us, of course ; but I resolved not to attack any creature, excepting in self-defence. The view of the landscape, by a midnight sun, was very singular. I scrambled for a long time up one of the desolate peaks, and soon came to a lake of fresh water, nine hundred feet above the level of the sea. Crag rose above crag, white with the snow of ages ; in little hollows of the mountains, sloping patches of lichens, and stunted arctic plants, checkered the scene. White foxes, and a solitary elk, were the only animals I saw. Towards the sea, the view was equally sublime ; towering masses of ice were drifting in a stately and beautiful manner ; the breakers were dashing their white heads against the bases of those stubborn rocks, that had withstood their vain fury for thousands of years, in the same dreary solitude. Long shadows from the mountains stretched over the ocean, and added to the singularity, wildness, and grandeur of the scene. I turned to leave it, contrasting its sullen aspect and lonely desolation, its

scanty life, and niggard vegetation, with the richness of animal variety, and the rapid growth of tropical climates !

“I reached the shore, where the boat was moored, just in time to see a fierce attack made by a seal on one of the crew, who was unarmed ; the foolish fellow had been teasing the creature, till it was so savage, that it flounced itself into the water, from off the ledge of rock, on which it had been basking ; and when I came up, it had swum to the spot so swiftly, and was making such a resolute assault on the sailor, that he was actually frightened, and was trying to scramble into the boat, looking back, in dismay, at its open mouth close to his heels ; in his hurry, the man’s hands slipped, and he fell sprawling on the beach, within a few feet of the seal. I could not help laughing at the position of the combatants ;—there was my shipmate kicking and struggling ;—there was the seal shuffling and flacking his tail, and trying to seize his prostrate enemy !

“The misfortune of it was, that I dared not fire at the animal, for fear of hitting the sailor ; so, seeing there was no time to lose, I whipped out my cutlass, and attacked the seal pretty vigorously behind ; this fresh enemy he was not prepared for ; he turned on me at once, which gave the man time to rise ; I threw him my gun, and then we

soon despatched the unfortunate creature. I resolved to have his skin ; and, my shipmate offering to take the whole management of it on himself, I consented, and before I landed at Heligoland, he had made it into a very tidy-looking cap, which he gave me, thanking me for having saved him from an awkward bite. This cap I wore at home, to Ann's great annoyance, she disliked it so very much. I forget what became of it, I am sure, Charlotte ; but I see that you are anxious to know !" said Tom, smiling at the little girl's inquiring look.—" Well," he continued, " I must really hasten, or we shall not finish to-night. A fair wind took us to Heligoland, where I disembarked."

" Ah ! then here begin those pleasant adventures in Lapland, that you related to us, as we went out to India ?—I should like to hear them again, in their proper place ; should not you, Charlotte ?" said William.

" Oh dear, yes ! Pray begin from the very beginning, when you landed ; — and about your crossing those dismal Dofrefeld mountains ; and your walking through the melting snow on stilts ; and—but goodness ! you have never told us one word about that dreadful whirlpool, the Maelstrom ; and I am sure you must have passed it, for it lies to the north of Heligoland. I was looking

in the large Atlas this morning, as it lay on the floor, ready for Mamma and Mary to pack up with the things that are to be sent ashore; and I saw the name of that terrible whirlpool, which used to be so shocking to me, when I learned geography at Richmond. I remember, I asked Mamma to tell me every thing that she had ever heard concerning it; and she said that it was supposed to extend for above two miles."

"*What* extends two miles, Charlotte?" said her brother, who, by some fortunate chance, had escaped all his sister's horrors of the tremendous vortex.

"Why, the Maelstrom,—the whirlpool,—the gulf that swallows up vessels, when they sail too near it. Have you never heard of the Maelstrom, William?"

"No, never!"

"Well now, I am so glad that I can tell *you* something, Mr. Wise! Mamma told me, (but *that* I had learned in my lesson,) that the roaring of its waters is heard for five miles in stormy weather! and that if a vessel do not steer a great way from it, the currents draw it swiftly in, and whirl it round and round, till it is dashed to pieces. I recollect that I used to be frequently teasing Papa, to tell me about it; for, at one time, I was almost always thinking of this dreadful

gulf;* and I used to dream very often, of being swallowed up in it. And what do you think I did, Tom? I wanted to see how the whirlpool acted; so, one day, I shut myself into the back kitchen, and bolted the door, to keep the servants out,—for the cook we had then, would have been in such a passion with me! So I put the little brass plug in the hole of the sink, which let off the water, and then I got cook's dish-tub, and turned it bottom upwards, and I stood upon it, and pumped away till I was in *such* a heat!—oh, how hot I was!—Well, when the sink was quite full of water, I pulled out the plug, and the water, of course, began to run out of the hole; and I watched it, and saw that it seemed to flow round in the form of a hollow cup: and I dropped two little bits of chip into the water, and they were drawn towards the hole, going round and round, and getting quicker and quicker, as they came near the centre; and at last they were sucked into it, with a great noise; so then I thought I quite understood the nature of this Maelstrom; till I suddenly recollected that the water in the sink ran away to the sewer, down the pipe; but where could the water in the sea go to? Papa had said that the whirlpool was caused by the meeting of

* A fact.

two or more currents ; but if there were no hole at the bottom of the sea, for the water to escape through, how could ships be swallowed up ? And why does it roar so ? Well, I stole away out of the back kitchen, and ran to Papa, and asked him not to be angry with me for troubling him about this whirlpool ; but, I told him, I wanted to know if he could account for these things ; and he said, ‘ Why, Charlotte, I have heard, or read, that it is supposed, there is a communication between the waters of the Northern Ocean and the Baltic, by means of the Maelstrom ; I have heard too, (but as I cannot recollect my authority, I dare not state the circumstance as a fact,) that a plank of a vessel, with her name on, which was known to have been swallowed up in the Maelstrom, was found in the Baltic !’ How astonished I was, to be sure ! so, I asked him if he could believe it possible there should be a communication ; which must be, you know, William, at least four or five hundred miles long,—all under Norway and Sweden, you know, Tom !—and he said, that it was quite impossible for him to give an opinion, for he had not thought sufficiently about it. But *you*, Tom, who have been in both seas, and, I dare say, quite near,—that is, as near as it was prudent for you to go, to the Maelstrom—*you must* have thought about it ; and though, of course, I do not expect

you to believe in that communication, (all under the earth,) between the two seas, yet I shall like to know what you think of it."

"Why, Charlotte," replied her friend, "I shall surprise and please you, I dare say, by confessing that I *do* 'believe in' the possibility, nay, the *probability* of your favourite '*communication*.' For, in the first place, we have every reason to believe there are very obvious, and wonderful, and extensive subterranean,* and submarine† communications, between very distant parts of the globe;—in the event of an earthquake, or the irruption of a volcano, for instance. You remember, I dare say, to have heard that the great earthquake of the year 1755, extended over a space of at least four millions of square miles; and you have heard of vast subterranean rivers of salt water, which are supposed to supply the ocean with its saltness."

"Oh no, never! we never heard *that*!" exclaimed the attentive children.

"I'll tell you more about it then, at some future time, my dears; as I must now give you my other reason for supposing that the Baltic must be largely supplied with water; and it is this; that a current *always sets out of this inland sea, into the*

* *Subterranean*, from two Latin words, *sub*, under, and *terra*, the earth.

† Sub marine,—from *sub*, under, and *mare*, the sea.

ocean. Now, it is very true, that many great rivers flow into it, as well as that those immense lakes of Russia,—Ladoga, Onega, and Peipus,—communicate with it, and assist in the supply; but still it appears as if another and more considerable quantity were required, to keep up the head of so vast a body of water. Besides, we must remember that all these lakes and rivers supply only fresh water; now, as a current constantly runs out from the Baltic to the ocean, and all its supplies are *fresh*, whence does it obtain its saltness?—I could say more, my dears; but I should tire you; so I'll proceed to tell you, that I heard the distant roar of your favorite whirlpool, Charlotte, but happily escaped being drawn into its vortex.

“As we have so little time remaining, I had better not repeat any of my adventures in Lapland, but proceed at once to England, where I arrived without any farther let or hinderance. I found all my friends well; as I hope I shall find them to-morrow; and I was pleased to hear that my brother and sister were likely, in time, to recover a tolerable portion of their property, which had been lost (as they feared) in Skymes's bankruptcy; for the creditors were to receive ten shillings in the pound.

“Well, my roving disposition led me, in the

following spring, to explore the country which was once so famous,—I mean Greece.”

“Miss Charlotte, your Mamma says, she is afraid for you to sit so long on deck; she thinks that, this chilly evening, you ’ll be sure to catch cold; besides, she says, as we shall land early to-morrow, and there will be a good deal of bustle, you had better come and pack up your rice chessmen;—and, Miss, your ivory workbox wants locking, before I can pack it up:—and, Master William,” continued Mary, “if you please, your papa says he is afraid the bottle of ottar of roses that he let you put into your writing-desk, is broken; for the desk fell down just now, and there’s such a strong smell of the ottar that he wishes you to come down and unlock the desk, if you please.”

“Oh! my ebony desk! my ebony desk! I hope it is not broken, Mary!” exclaimed William.

“Oh no, Sir, not in the least; it’s such hard wood, you know, master William,” replied the girl.

“I’m glad to hear that! Here, Mary, take my key; ask Papa to open the desk, and look at the bottle of ottar, and tell him, I will come down in a few minutes, if that will do,” said William.

“And tell Mamma, that I am not in the least

cold, if you please, Mary ; and that I am very much obliged to her for thinking of me ; and that I'll soon come down and pack up every thing in the world—that is, I mean, in the cabin,—which belongs to me. But if she particularly wants me, I'll come directly :—now, be sure you don't forget, there's a good Mary !" said Charlotte.

Mary went, and Tom said—

" We must not get into disgrace this last evening, my dears ; so I must finish directly."

" Oh ! but I am sure you have not told us of adventures that have lasted eighteen years, Tom !" exclaimed William : and they both began to calculate the duration of the different voyages, which their friend had told them of ; when he stopped them by saying—

" You are quite right : there yet remain several years unaccounted for ; this last voyage (to *Greece*, as I had hoped) was of four years' duration. We were taken by an Algerine Corsair, and carried prisoners to Algiers. All my sufferings there, as a slave, I must leave for a future tale, while we are sitting round a comfortable winter's fire : so do not stay, my dears, but off with you to Mamma."

" Oh ! but, Tom," exclaimed Charlotte, catching him by his jacket — that favorite shaped, sailor's jacket, which he always wore—" indeed,

you must tell us how you came to be in the ship with us, when we went out to India; and why we did not know who you were then: pray tell us only these two things, and then we will go."

"Your mother wrote to me before you went out, to know if I had heard any thing of your father—(he was then in India,)—telling me that she was exceedingly uneasy, and that she wished much to go over to him, and to take both the children; but before I could reply to this letter, I received another, informing me that your father had sent for you all, over. I happened just then to be quite at a loss to know to which part of the world I should make a voyage; and this letter of your mother's determined me to go with you; but until you came on board, she knew nothing of my being in the same vessel; and as I went as a common sailor, I told her I did not choose to claim any acquaintance with her; nor would I suffer her to let you know any thing of me. When we landed at Calcutta, your father made me promise that I would return to England as a cabin passenger; and earnestly entreated me to give up my favorite plan of going any future voyage as a common sailor. I have not quite made up my mind about it," said Tom, smiling: then added, "but come, I have answered your

inquiries; now scamper away:—no more questions; away with you!”

“Oh dear!” began the two children; but Tom would not be turned from his resolution. He shook hands with them, and, saying he was going to talk with Mr. Marshall, he bade them “Good night,” and walked away; they sorrowfully following him, as William exclaimed, “Stay one moment, Tom; just while we thank you for your kindness in amusing us by relating your adventures.”

“And only hear me tell you,” added Charlotte, “that I am sorry the voyage is ended; and that I hope we shall all meet round a fire soon; though I never expect to be so happy again as I have been on board the *Hero*, my dear, kind Tom!”

But little remains to be told.

Our happy party landed on the following day; and they had the comfort of finding that all whom they loved were well; not one friend had been taken from them by that cruel, and too often unwelcome visitor—death.

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