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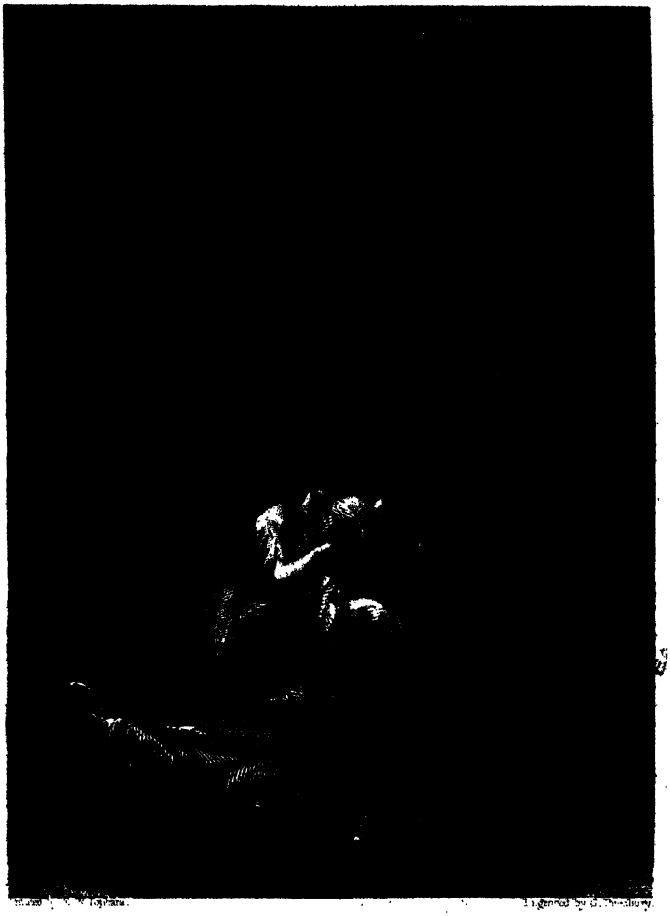

NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR.

The Midnight Ride.

THE

JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK.

BY MRS. ELLIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND."

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PREFACE.

In preparing for the fireside amusement of my young friends another volume of the Juvenile Scrap-Book, I feel that I have laboured under considerable disadvantage, and would therefore bespeak their forgiveness, if the volume should prove less entertaining than they expect, by telling them how I have been circumstanced.

The Plates, like all those supplied by the same publishers, will be found excellent. They were chosen for their merit as pictures, with very little reference to the facts they were calculated to illustrate; I had,

therefore, on looking them over at the distance of six hundred miles from home, no opportunity of changing them to suit the subject on which I might wish to write. I might, it is true, have invented a separate story for each; but it has been my desire, in undertaking to edit this annual, to render it as much an historical work as the pictures will admit: that it may not only supply amusement for idle hours, but may be thought worthy of a place in the juvenile library, and even referred to with pleasure in after years.

Had I been able to write the accompanying pages in some quiet English home, I should have been surrounded by impressions and associations that would have rendered the task both easy and pleasant; but amidst the excitement of foreign scenery, the unsettlement of travelling, and the dissipation of mind which the contemplation of so many new objects is calculated to excite, I felt strongly tempted to wander from the subject of "Ancient Castles," to the peasants' huts amongst the Pyrenees; and instead of describing the barbarous customs of the dark ages, would gladly have

talked with my young friends about the shepherds and the flocks of Bearn.

I would fain hope, that at some future time, the same publishers will supply us with pictures of the lovely scenes which have afforded me so much pleasure—of the glorious sunsets, the fertile vallies, the fruitful hills, and, above all, the snowy mountains of this delightful country. But in the mean time, my young friends must not, by listening to what travellers may say of fertility and beauty, be led into the error of supposing, that with so much more to charm the eye, these climates possess as much to satisfy the heart, as our own.

No; there are cottage-doors in England, and quiet hearths, by which the poor man reads his Bible, and the mother trains her daughters to be wives and mothers in their turn—there are homes, and home feelings in our native land, which we may seek in vain elsewhere; for while we roam through this earthly paradise, we see with pain the unnatural state of laborious hardship to which woman is reduced; and we grieve

for the moral and spiritual darkness which shadows this fair land.

Take, then, this little volume to your happy homes, and be assured it is no mean privilege to belong to a country, where amusement is not considered as the greatest good; but where instruction is blended with our fire-side pleasure, and where duty becomes enjoyment by being willingly performed.

Pau, June 11th.

LIST OF PLATES—AND CONTENTS.

RETURNING HOME.

VIGNETTE TITLE.

SUMMER gales were gently blowing,
Sunshine smiled on sea and land,
While the foamy tide was flowing
Far upon the sparkling sand.

Restless feet were seen to wander,
To and fro along that shore;
Tones were heard, both deep and tender,
Hopes and memories counting o'er.

There were thoughts of rapture, turning
To one hour of promised joy;
And a mother's heart was yearning,
Fondly for her sailor boy.

Yet there passed a cloud of sadness,
Sometimes o'er that sunny scene;
While the exulting tone of gladness
Sunk as if it ne'er had been.

"Mother," said a voice of sorrow,
"He may come with wealth and fame,
He may come—perchance to-morrow,
But—will he return the same?"

Then the mother's voice too faltered;
Yet she smiled, and strove to say,
"Summer birds come back unaltered,
Singing still the self-same lay."

Thus they mused; while each was catching
Glimpses of a distant sail,
More and more intently watching,
Trembling, lest their hope should fail.

No. The welcome shout is sounding!
See the flag is floating wide!
While the gallant bark is bounding,
Swiftly o'er the sweeping tide.

Now she comes, and now retreating,
Still she sports with wind and wave;
Still delays the hour of meeting,
Though the well-known signals wave.

Who is he, whose step advancing
Foremost on the vessel's prow,
With his eagle-eye is glancing,
While the foam beats on his brow?

Once that cheek was bright with beauty,
And that brow was free from stain;
Many a night of anxious duty,
Has the sailor known since then.

Many a cloud has burst above him,
Many a storm has left its trace,
Since the faithful hearts that love him,
Felt his long, his last embrace.

Is he changed? his locks of brightness
Once in golden ringlets grew;
Once with youthful step of lightness,
Like a mountain-deer he flew.

Is he changed? He sees his mother,
Who that bounding step shall tame?
To his home, the son—the brother—
Tried and true, returns the same.

ASKING AND THINKING.

"MOTHER," said a little girl, who was extremely fond of inquiring into what she could not understand, "what is poetry?"

"My child," replied the mother, "you have asked me a very puzzling question; but I will endeavour to answer it as clearly as I can."

"I thought," continued the little girl—for though she was in the habit of asking the opinion of others, she generally preferred first giving her own—"I thought poetry had been that kind of reading, of which some of the lines are short, and some long."

"And what has changed your ideas on this subject?" said her mother.

"Why, I heard you remark, the other day, that the face of a young Hindoo was poetical; and I have been wondering ever since, what you could possibly mean."

"Perhaps," replied the mother, "if I ask you what is music, and especially if I can induce you to think a little while before answering me, it may assist in rendering the subject more intelligible to you. But I must again repeat

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NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR.

what I so often have to tell you, that my answers to your questions can be of no use whatever, unless you will take the time and the trouble to think for yourself. Tell me, then, in as few words as you can, what is music?" "Music," said the little girl—for notwithstanding her mother's caution, she was in great haste to speak—"music is playing on the piano, or the harp, or—"

"Stop, stop," said her mother, "think again, music cannot be playing, for the instrument might be broken, and I might still play upon the chords or the keys, without producing any thing like music."

After a few more unsuccessful attempts, the little girl at last said, thoughtfully, "music, then, must be a number of pleasant sounds mixed together."

"You have now," said her mother, "approached so much nearer to a right explanation, that I will endeavour to assist you. Music does not always consist of sounds agreeable in themselves," and she struck one of the lowest notes of the piano, to convince her daughter of this fact; "but of sounds so arranged, and so repeated as to produce an agreeable effect upon the ear, and not upon the ear only, but upon the mind; for even when music is melancholy, it is often pleasing still."

"I have often wondered how it was," said the little girl, "that though I like so much to listen when you play on the piano, yet when I come into the room by myself, and touch the

very same keys, though I strike them as hard as I can, I am sometimes startled, and always vexed at the frightful noises I make."

"I will not at present," observed her mother, "make any further remark upon the violence done to my piano in my absence; but proceed with our subject by saying, that I think the simplest combination of sound, which can be called music, is the song of the cuckoo. This song consists of only two notes; and though you can imitate them very well, yet when heard in a room, and when uttered by a human voice, they are not particularly musical."

"Yet, mother," said the little girl, "how we love to listen to them in the orchard, when the apple-trees are in blossom; on the primrose bank, or in the dingle, where the lambs go down to play amongst the yellow furze." "Yes," replied the mother, "there are few sounds more pleasing both to young and old, than the two simple notes of the cuckoo's song, because they make us think of so many pleasant things—of the return of spring—of the bursting forth of buds and flowers—of the waving of green corn—of the scent of purple clover—of the sport of playful lambs upon the grassy knolls—and of the universal rejoicing of nature.

It is not therefore mere sound which can be called music, but the arrangement of sounds in such order, and so repeated, as to remind us forcibly of something else. It is the same with poetry. Poetry is not merely seen or heard; it is some-

thing which we feel and understand at the same time; and that is the best poetry which makes us feel the most. There may be poetry in many things which are not written in lines either long or short; and there may be lines of every variety of length which contain very little poetry: because, though the sounds they produce may be pleasing to the ear, they do not make us think of any thing that can interest or gratify the mind.

"When you heard me remark that there was poetry in the countenance of this Hindoo, it was because while gazing on it, my mind was filled with pleasant sensations. I was reminded of sweetness of temper, of benevolence, of general quickness of perception, and of——"

The little girl could wait no longer. She thought she had detected her mother in a great mistake, and the temptation to speak overcame her curiosity, which was very apt to flag while any explanation that required thinking about was going on. "You see," she said, "in the face of this black man, sweetness of temper, benevolence, and quickness of perception, and you pronounce him to be a poet. Now these are the very qualities you have often observed in our old milkman, and yet I don't think he ever wrote poetry."

"If you had waited," said Mrs. Morton, "until the end of my sentence, you might have spared this remark; but I see you are weary of hearing me, and would rather know nothing more about poetry than listen for a few minutes longer."

"Oh no! dear mother," said Fanny; "go on, if you please; only your sentences are rather long."

"I will try to make them shorter; and I have only to add, that when poetry pleases us while it makes us sad, it is still by reminding us of pleasures which we have either lost, or which we are not permitted to enjoy; and that it is not merely necessary for poetry to remind us of pleasant things, but that it should not remind us of what is vulgar, coarse, or mean."

"But a black man," said Fanny, with great earnestness, "a black man must be coarse; and," she added in an under tone, "*I* should call him mean."

"I am yet ignorant," said Mrs. Morton, "of the real character and station in life of this Hindoo. Read to me the short account of him which accompanies the picture, and we shall then know whether I have been correct in my judgment, and whether he has deserved to be called mean."

Fanny would have liked much better to glance over the paper, and see whether her mother was right or wrong, before she began to read aloud; but Mrs. Morton again requested her to begin, and she did so accordingly. It was not, however, entirely with satisfaction. She discovered that the young man, whose portrait had given rise to these remarks, was a person of family and fortune, and of what is called high caste in India. His ancestors were formerly invited by

a prince of Bengal to settle in his territories, for the purpose of assisting him in the government of his people; and since the period of British ascendancy, his family have lived as private gentlemen, to his proper name, Kasiprasad Ghosh, Baboo being prefixed as a title equal in dignity to that of esquire. At the age of fourteen, this young Hindoo was sent to the college at Calcutta, for the purpose of completing his education under an English gentleman, now professor of Sanscrit at Oxford. He remained there six years, and during the last three obtained all the honours awarded in the different branches of learning, and was particularly distinguished, at a public examination, by a paper he had been requested to write, entitled "Critical Remarks upon the British India of Mr. Mill."

"There," said Fanny, in great triumph, "you see, he was no poet after all. He only wrote critical remarks, and that sort of dry things."

"Read on," said Mrs. Morton; "we have not come to the end yet."

Soon after this period the young Hindoo, who was enthusiastically devoted to English literature, became a contributor to the Calcutta periodicals. He composed verses in Bengalee; but what is very remarkable, the greater portion of his writings were in English, in which language he expressed himself with much force, facility, and grace; so as to excite the astonishment of all who were able to estimate the diffi-

culties he had to overcome in writing poetry in a foreign language.

The encouragement awarded to his genius by the public induced him to try his powers in the composition of a longer poem, and he next published a volume entitled "The Shair," the Hindoostanee word for minstrel; and the work not only established his reputation as a poet in India, but has been very favourably noticed in England.

The Oriental beauties of a smaller poem of his, entitled "The Boatman's Song to Ganga," have rendered it a great favourite with those who are familiar with his works, and it is perhaps the most beautiful of any of the productions of his pen; but the whole are remarkable as proofs that poetry does not belong peculiarly to any country, or to any clime; and that the mind may be so elevated, and so imbued with a love of what is beautiful or sublime, as to render the poet capable of transmitting his feelings through the medium of any language he may choose.

Mrs. Morton did not make a single remark that could lead her daughter to think she was triumphing over her, because it was now clearly proved that the young Hindoo was really a poet, and far from being a mean one either. She refrained from this entirely, because she had observed that the conversation both of the young and the old is often spoiled by such kind of triumph, which irritates the temper, without producing any good. She therefore turned over a collection of

pictures, until she came to one which represented two Cingalese scholars under the instruction of Dr. Adam Clarke, and this she placed before the notice of her child, hoping she had learned, by their late conversation, not to call persons mean because their complexion might be a few shades darker than her own.

In this, however, she was disappointed, for no sooner had Fanny read the title of the picture, than she expressed her surprise that any one should like to spend their time in teaching such stupid sort of people as those.

"To me," said her mother, "they look the very opposite of stupid; and I have even wondered at the skill of the artist, that he could represent so much dignity and intelligence in figures so small, and so dark."

"I think they do look rather respectable," said Fanny, "now that I examine them again. And are these also poets?"

"I should think not," said Mrs. Morton; "because we find they are called scholars; and as poetry cannot easily be taught, I should rather suppose they have been remarkable for their quickness, or their industry, in learning what to them would be far more useful than poetry. But let us read who they really were."

"I find," said Fanny, "they are two Cingalese priests—priests of Budhah, with their learned and devoted teacher, Dr. Adam Clarke. They are described by him as having

been lively youths, deeply interesting in their character. They were near relations, educated for the priesthood, and the oldest, who was twenty-seven, had been high-priest of Budhah for the space of eight years. Their hair, always shaven in their own country, was, on their arrival in England, beginning to grow, and was quite black, as was their complexion also. Their eyes were fine, their features regular, and their whole appearance and deportment gentle and intelligent. Their dress was a short tunic of brocade with gold and silver flowers, a sash, like that worn by officers, round the waist, and above all a yellow garment thrown loosely and gracefully over the left shoulder. In addition, one of them used a screen, made of silk, which had been held before his face when he was a priest in the temple."

"But why did they come to England?" said Fanny. "And what were they doing here?"

Mrs. Morton looked over the book, and saw that her daughter had passed by a great deal that she considered as uninteresting matter; and thus by entering at once upon a description of the appearance of the priests, she would have remained in total ignorance of their history, had not her mother requested her to go back, and commence at the beginning.

Fanny then read—that when Sir Alexander Johnstone was made chief justice in Ceylon, he formed the benevolent plan of raising the moral and political character of the natives, by

abolishing slavery, and giving them the rights of free people. Amongst other privileges, he granted them that of establishing Christian schools and missions in every part of the island; in consequence of which a Bible society was formed at Columba—the first in British India, and translations of the scriptures were made into the languages of the country.

Sir Alexander Johnstone also endeavoured to encourage the natives of the highest rank to visit England, in order that they might become acquainted with the more enlightened institutions of that country. In these measures the natives readily co-operated. The high-priests of Budhah presented an address to the governor, on his leaving the island in 1818, when they proved their confidence in him, by requesting that he would take with him two priests of their order.

No priest of Budhah ever having come to England before, it was hoped that, if these were properly treated, their visit would be attended with the most beneficial effects, by inducing others to follow their example, and thus communicating to their countrymen the arts of civilization. Sir Alexander, therefore, readily consented to the proposal, and brought over the two young priests at his own expense. As soon as he landed, he communicated his views to his friend Dr. Clarke, who, with his usual benevolence and zeal, immediately laid the subject before the Wesleyan Society, and was authorized by them to take charge of and educate the priests, at the expense of that society.

Their learned tutor describes his pupils as manifesting, in all matters of science, the warmest interest. It happened the first winter of their visit that the snow fell thick on the ground. Their bed-room window opened into the garden, and when they looked out their surprise was uncontrollable, amounting to actual fear. After gazing some time upon the white world before them, they ran into the study of Dr. Clarke, calling him to come and see and handle this new wonder. The pond in the garden too being frozen, they saw what they had long wished to behold—"solid water," on which they could not be prevailed upon to trust themselves, until they had seen others, as well as their master, walking on the slippery surface; for though Dr. Clarke was the first to venture, they thought he had so much faith that he could do anything.

After due examination, these once heathen priests received the rite of baptism, in the presence of a large assembly, in Brunswick Chapel, Liverpool, 1820, and it was soon afterwards determined that they should return to their own country. They reached the Island of Ceylon in safety, where one engaged in the duties of a Christian teacher, and the other became a civil officer of the local government.

THE PILGRIM'S REST.

PART I.

"PILGRIM, why thy course prolong?
Here are birds of ceaseless song,
Here are flowers of fadeless bloom,
Here are woods of deepest gloom,
Cooling waters for thy feet:
Pilgrim, rest; repose is sweet."

"Tempt me not with thoughts of rest.
Woods in richest verdure dressed,
Scented flowers, and murmuring streams,
Lull the soul to fruitless dreams.
I would seek some holy fane
Pure and free from earthly stain."

"Based upon the eternal rock,
Braving time and tempest's shock;
Seest thou not yon temple grey?
There thy weary steps may stay,
There thy lowly knees may bend,
There thy fervent tears descend."

"Has that temple stood the storm?
Could no touch of time deform?
Was the altar there so pure,
That its worship must endure?
Whence those noble ruins then?
Why the wondering gaze of men?

"No. The Sibyl's power is gone.
Hushed is each mysterious tone.
Closed the eye, whose upward gaze
Read the length of human days;
Blindly darkened to her own,
Shrine and goddess both are gone.

"Onward, then, my feet must roam;
Not for me the marble dome,
Not the sculptured column high,
Pointing to yon azure sky.
Let the Heathen worship there,
Not for me that place of prayer."

The Sibyl's Temple, at Tivoli, stands on the top of a hill, so that the surrounding landscape, from whatever point of view it may be contemplated, includes this its central ornament. It was the custom of the ancients to build their sacred fanes on heights like this, in order to suggest the

idea of the true superiority of religion over all other pursuits. This is the most ancient of the temples which remain in the beautiful gardens of Tivoli, once the abode of Brutus, of Augustus, of Mecænas, of Catullus, and of Horace, whose verses have rendered yet more memorable these lovely scenes.

THE PILGRIM'S REST.

PART II.

" PILGRIM, enter. Awe profound
Waits thee on this hallowed ground.
Here no mouldering columns fall,
Here no ruin marks the wall;
Marble pure, and gilding gay,
Woo thy sight, and win thy stay.

" Here the priest, in sacred stole,
Welcomes every weary soul.
Here what suppliant knees are bending!
Here what holy incense lending
Perfume to the ambient air!
Ecstasy to praise and prayer!

" Pilgrim, pause; and view this pile.
Leave not yet the vaulted aisle.
See what sculptured forms are here!
See what gorgeous groups appear!
Tints that glow, and shapes that live,
All that art or power can give!

"Hark, the solemn organ sounds!
How each echoing note rebounds!
Now along the arches high,
Far away it seems to die.
Now it thunders, deep and low,
Surely thou mayst worship now."—

"Tempt me not. The scene is fair,
Music floats upon the air,
Clouds of perfume round me roll;
Thoughts of rapture fill my soul.
Tempt me not, I must away,
Here I may not—dare not stay.

"Here amazed—entranced I stand,
Human power on every hand
Charms my senses—meets my gaze,
Wraps me in a wildering maze.
But the place of prayer for me,
Purer still than this must be."

The Cathedral of Milan is the largest church in Italy, that of St. Peter's at Rome excepted. It is an Italian Gothic edifice, begun in the year 1386, but the exterior was left unfinished until the reign of Napoleon, who ordered it to be completed after the most noble and elegant designs.

Under the orders of the Austrian government, these designs are carried on, and great progress has been made towards completing the edifice, both externally and internally. The Cathedral is in length 449 Paris feet, in breadth 275, and in height 238, to the top of the cupola. It is divided into five parts by 160 columns of marble, and paved with the same material. Designs by Michael Angelo, and other artists of almost equal celebrity, adorn the choir and different parts of the church; to which have been added, in later times, many statues and groups of figures, amongst which, more than one likeness of Napoleon may be found. A staircase, consisting of 468 steps, leads to the top of the building, and it is impossible to form a just idea of the exterior decorations of this immense and venerable marble pile, without ascending to its roofs; where alone the spiry fretwork, carving, and sculpture can be viewed to advantage.

THE PILGRIM'S REST.

PART III.

"FROM the light of southern skies,
Where the stately columns rise—
Wanderer from the valleys green,
Wherefore seek this wintry scene?
Here no stranger steps may stay,
Turn thee, pilgrim—haste away.

"Here, what horrors meet thy sight!
Mountain-wastes, of trackless height;
Where the eternal snows are sleeping,
Where the wolf his watch is keeping,
While in sunless depths below,
See the abodes of want and wo!

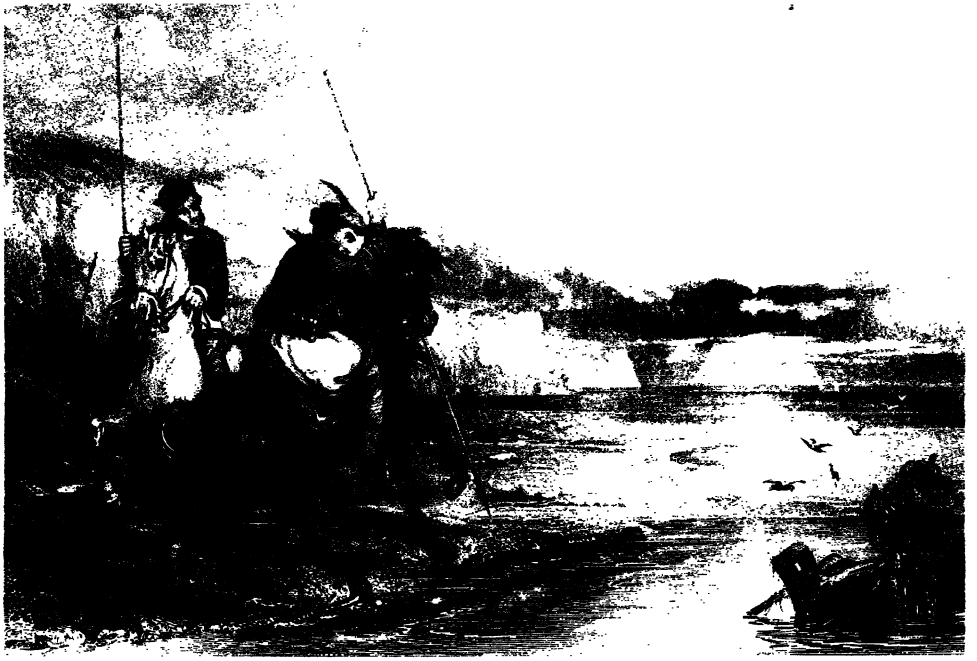
"Here what comfort for thy soul!
Storm and tempest o'er thee roll,
Spectral forms around thee rise,
In thy pathway famine lies;
All is darkness, doubt, and fear,
Man is scarce thy brother here."

" 'Tempter—cease. Thy words are vain.
'Tis no dream of worldly gain,
'Tis no hope in luxury dressed,
'Tis no thought of earthly rest,
Earthly comfort, or repose,
Lures me to these Alpine snows.

" I would seek, amid this wild,
Fervent faith's devoted child.
Holy light is on his brow,
From his lip are words that glow,
In his bosom depths of love
Filled from heaven's pure fount above.

" I would follow, where his feet
Mountain-rocks and dangers meet.
I would join his simple band,
Linked together, heart and hand;
There I fain would bend my knee,
'Tis the place of prayer for me!"

The rock on which Dormeilleuse stands is almost inaccessible, even in the finest months of the year. There is but one approach to it, and this is always difficult, from the rapidity of the ascent, and the slipperiness of the path in its narrowest part, occasioned by a cascade, which throws itself



over this path into the abyss below, forming a sheet of water between the face of the rock and the edge of the precipice. In the winter season it must be doubly hazardous, because it then leaves an accumulation of ice.

Perhaps, of all the habitable spots of Europe, this wretched village is the most repulsive. Nature is here stern and terrible, without offering any boon but that of personal security from the fury of the oppressor, to invite man to make it his resting-place. When the sun shines brightest, the side of the mountain opposite to Dormeilleuse, and on the same level, is covered with snow, and the traveller in search of new scenes to gratify his taste for the sublime or the beautiful, finds nothing to repay him for his pilgrimage, but the satisfaction of planting his foot on the soil which has been hallowed as the asylum of Christians, of whom the world was not worthy.

The village is not built on the summit, or on the shelf of a rock, so as to stand forth to the view. It is not even seen till the upper pass is cleared, and then it disappoints expectation by its mean disclosure of a few poor huts detached from each other, without any one building as an object of attraction, or any strongly-marked feature to give a character to the scene. Neither does it command any view, to make amends for this defect in itself: all is cold, forlorn, and cheerless. Great indeed must have been the love which filled the bosom of the devoted Pastor Neff, to make him prefer this

worse than wilderness, this concentration of man's wretchedness, to all the other hamlets of his parish. But his whole life was a sacrifice—he lived for nothing else than to be useful to his fellow-creatures, and to be a labourer in the service of his Redeemer. Even here his brightest hopes were realized, for in this desolate place a pillar in the temple of God was raised, around which were gathered a scattered remnant of the faithful. An extract from the journal of Felix Neff will best describe his situation on first visiting this place.

"On Sunday I preached at Violins. In the afternoon I delivered a catechetical lecture, and in the evening I performed a service, at which the inhabitants, who are all Protestants, attended, and so did those of Minsas, who are also Protestants. We sung a psalm, and I expounded a chapter to them. At ten o'clock many of them retired; those who came from the greatest distance having brought whisps of straw with them, which they lighted to guide them through the snow. Some stopped till midnight; we then took a slight repast, and two of them, who had three-quarters of a league to return home, set out with pine torches, indifferent to the ice and snow which lay in their path.

"The next day I followed the route to Dormeilleuse, with a man belonging to that village, who had remained all night at Violins to accompany me. Dormeilleuse is the highest village in the valley, and is celebrated for the resistance which

its inhabitants have opposed for more than six hundred years to the Church of Rome. They are of the unmixed race of the ancient Waldenses, and never bowed the knee before an idol, even when all the Protestants of the valley of Queyras dissembled their faith. The ruins of the walls and forts still remain, which they built to protect them against surprise. They owe their preservation, in part, to the nature of the country, which is almost inaccessible. It is defended by a natural fortification of glaciers and arid rocks. The population of the village consists of forty families, every one Protestant. The aspect of this desert, both terrible and sublime, which served as the asylum of truth, when almost all the world lay in darkness; the recollection of the faithful martyrs of old, the deep caverns into which they retired to read the Bible in secret, and to worship the Father of light in the spirit of truth,—everything tends to elevate my soul, and to inspire it with sentiments difficult to describe. But with what grief do I reflect upon the present state of the unhappy descendants of those ancient witnesses to the crucified Redeemer! A miserable and degenerate race, whose moral and physical aspect reminds the Christian, that sin and death are the only true inheritance of the children of Adam. Now, you can scarcely find one among them who has any true knowledge of the Saviour, although they almost all testify the greatest veneration for the Holy Scriptures. But though they are nothing in themselves, let us hope that they are well-

beloved for their fathers' sakes, and that the Lord will once more permit the light of his countenance, and the rays of his grace, to shine upon these places, which he formerly chose for his sanctuary. Many of them have already become sensible of their sad condition, and have thanked God for sending me among them, to stir up the expiring flame of their piety. It is some years since Henry Laget paid them some visits; and when, in his last address, he told them that they would see his face no more, 'it seemed,' said they to me, using one of those beautiful figures of speech in which their *patois* so much abounds, 'as if a gust of wind had extinguished the torch, which was to light us in our passage by night across the precipice.'

"On Tuesday I preached in the church of Dormeilleuse, and some of the inhabitants from the lower part of the valley attended. The narrow path by which they climb to this village is inundated in the summer by magnificent cascades, and in the winter the mountain-side is a sheet of ice. In the morning, before the sermon, I took some young men with me, and we cut steps in the ice with our hatchets, to render the passage less dangerous, that our friends from the lower hamlets might mount to Dormeilleuse with less fear of accident. There was a large congregation. In the afternoon I catechized in a stable. Several from below remained all night, and therefore I took the opportunity of pursuing my instructions in the evening, and the next day was spent in

a similar manner. Thursday morning was devoted to the same exercises of instruction and devotion, and then I descended towards the lower valley, with about a dozen of my elder catechumens, who persisted in accompanying me to Minsas, that they might be present at the lecture there."—*Extracts from the Life and Journal of Felix Neff.*

ANCIENT CASTLES.

"WHAT a charming picture of an Old English Hall," said Bertha to her mother, "and how happy people must have been, when they lived in such secure and stately apartments, surrounded by every thing so rich and grand!"

"It does, indeed, look very inviting," replied Mrs. Morton; "the old oak furniture, the highly finished carved work, that princely couch, and, above all, the little secluded recesses in which the windows of such mansions were always placed, do indeed give us an ideal picture of social comfort, security, and repose. We read too of the hospitable entertainments, the Christmas festivities, and the family gatherings, which were wont to take place in the Old English Halls; and we half persuade ourselves that these must have been happier times than ours, and that we should like to go back again, to live in that stage of our country's history, when the great lords and barons ruled like little kings over their own territories, and held their own little courts within the walls of these mansions."

"It is, however, only on one condition," said Bertha, "that I think we should, any of us, be willing to go back; and that

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is, that we ourselves should belong to the families of the great lords or barons, and not to the people over whom they ruled."

"You are right, my child," said Mrs. Morton, "and if we examine the subject further, we shall see that the times to which we allude, were, in reality, not nearly so happy as our own. This ancient building, for instance, the interior of which is here represented, is situated in Westmoreland, in the midst of fertile grounds, beautifully diversified with the richest woods, above which are often seen the summits of bold and craggy hills. Unlike many other structures of ancient times, it has not been suffered to fall to decay, but has been repaired in a manner corresponding to the original design, so as to present one of the most perfect specimens to be found in the present day, of that particular style of building. The interior is elegantly furnished, and adorned with good paintings; and the dining-room, a lofty and spacious apartment, is ornamented with a ceiling and wainscoting of the most richly carved oak. That particular apartment which forms the subject of this picture, is called the Queen's Room, from the circumstance of Catherine Parr, the last queen of Henry the Eighth, having spent several nights here after the death of the king. It does, indeed, appear to be worthy of the occupation of a queen, but we may better judge of the extent and importance of the whole establishment, by reading in our national records, that in the time

of Henry the Sixth, the owner of this mansion could take to the border wars, a force of 290 well-trained fighting-men. We have, however, no stronger proof of the wretchedness and violence of these times, than the fact, that the power and influence of the lords and barons was reckoned, not so much by the property which they held by lawful and secure possession, as by the number of men they could call around them, to take into the field of battle. Even this quiet and peaceful-looking mansion has its embattled turrets, its winding stairs, and a strength of masonry, which sufficiently prove that a well-appointed garrison was required to defend these elegant apartments, and the festal scenes they may be supposed to have occasionally presented, from the violence of feudal discord, and the fierce irruptions of lawless depredators."

"Still," said Bertha, "there seems to me something glorious and great in defending one's own possessions, at least in having the power to do it, against all the world; and I often think if I was rich, that I should like to build myself a great castle, and live in it like some of the princesses of old."

"I am afraid you would look rather foolish," said her mother, "surrounded by your thick walls and massive turrets, without an enemy to assail them."

"Oh!" replied Bertha, "but I should like a few enemies, at least I should like to hear of a few at a great distance, or I should have no pleasure in my security."

"Ah! my child," exclaimed her mother, "do you not find enemies enough in your own temper, and your own heart, without wishing for enemies to your personal safety? But now, I hope you will be patient, and attentive, while I go into the subject a little further, and endeavour to explain to you the real circumstances which gave rise to the custom of building these massive and well-defended habitations. I confess with you, that the interior of these structures looks pleasant enough, when we imagine them well filled with social guests, well lighted, and well warmed with cheerful fires; but when we think of the state of things without, and of the acts of treachery which often took place within such walls, we become more thankful for the peace and plenty which, in later times, have rendered our country less romantic as a subject of history, but certainly more happy.

"You know that the idea of defence would never occur to those who had not first the fear of injury. In a nation where there is no true religion, and no just laws, every man takes what he can get from his neighbour; and thus the strongest soon became the most wealthy. This superiority of wealth increases his danger, in proportion to the injury and wrong he has done his neighbours, and he must, therefore, secure his possessions by every means in his power, or he will soon fall into the power of his multiplied enemies. Under such circumstances, there is no doubt that fortified castles were originally built; and when the possession of property, which

was at first the gift of kings to their subjects, became hereditary, and descended from father to son for ever, unless forfeited by some misconduct or offence against the sovereign, there was still more need to defend what was by this means so much increased in real value.

"It seems very probable that the simple inhabitants of Britain, who knew little about architecture at the time of the Roman invasion, may have learned a good deal which afterwards became useful to them, from the great wall built by the Romans across the narrowest part of the island, from the two great friths, the Clyde and the Forth. This wall was erected for the purpose of keeping out of the possessions they had obtained by conquest in the south, those wild people of the north, the Picts and Scots, whom they could not conquer either by stratagem or force. Along the wall were many towers, defended by soldiers, who at least might give the alarm in case of any attempt being made to pass this formidable boundary. Not only Britain, however, but France and other countries, had afterwards to defend themselves from a common enemy, in the wild and warlike Danes, or Northmen, who gave their name to Normandy, and whose incursions were of a nature so irregular and predatory, that the customary modes of warfare were of little avail against their depredations. There were also other enemies to the public welfare, which the constant wars of France and England had brought upon themselves; and to these may be attributed in

a great measure the necessity which arose for defending and fortifying, not only the habitations of private gentlemen, but most of the towns and cities of the more wealthy and civilized parts of Europe.

The constant wars in which the sovereigns of these countries engaged had induced them to encourage the association of numerous bands of lawless men, whose occupation was rapine and bloodshed, and who, without any regard to the monarch who employed them, or the cause in which they fought, assembled themselves together, and acted according to the orders of that leader who was able to pay them most liberally. Such mercenaries appeared at that period to be a needful but dangerous resource in time of war; but no sooner was a battle lost, or won, than they became the greatest pest that could be inflicted on the people at large. They had no settled home, and no regular means of subsistence; but ranged at will over the face of the country, leading idle and dissolute lives, at the expense of the peasantry, and breaking every law, without a possibility of bringing them to justice. It is related of King Philip of France, who was also called Augustus, amongst many public changes which he brought about for the good of his country, that he ordered the citizens of the large towns to secure their cities with fortifications, in order to ensure the means of repulsing the attacks of these roving brigands; though it was not until many years later that they were finally expelled from his kingdom. In the

time of King Charles, justly called the Wise, another effort was made to rid the country of these its internal enemies. Application was made by the King of France to Edward III. of England, who resolved to fight against them with a great army. But the King of France objecting to the entrance of so many foreign troops into his kingdom, he was left to rid himself as well as he could of this public and private scourge; and his next resource was to send out some of his bravest generals, to engage them in distant and dangerous wars. These mercenary soldiers were called "*free companions*," and as they increased in numbers, and in power, they assembled themselves in towns, and occupied castles which they had taken, and where they made their living by force at the expense of the neighbourhood. Many of them rose by being captains of these lawless robbers, into knights and generals of great importance. The description given of some of these men by the ancient historian Froissart, will best enable us to form an idea of their situation and character.

One of the most important of these was Geoffrey Tête-noire, who, by means of bribery, obtained possession of the strong castle of Ventadour for himself and his company. Here he carried on his profession with great success. "He was a hardy man," says the historian, "who knew neither fear nor pity, and would put to death a knight or a squire as soon as a peasant, for he cared for no one; and was so much dreaded by his men, that none dared displease him." In his castle he

held a kind of market for the neighbouring country which he kept in subjection, and here were to be seen the most valuable goods as plentiful as in the city of Paris. His castle was furnished and prepared for a siege, even if it should last seven years. In this situation he attacked the English as well as the French, and carried on his lawless course, more dreaded than any who held rightful authority in the country where he lived. He died at last by a shot from a cross-bow, acknowledging that he had lived chiefly in the service of the King of England, because he was the most liberal paymaster, and with his last breath bequeathing the different sums of gold he had amassed, not forgetting to relieve his conscience by giving a hundred marks to be spent in repairing the chapel of St. George in his own castle.

"Now, my child," added Mrs. Morton, "do you think you should have liked such an enemy as this?"

"Bertha shook her head, and her mother went on.

"Or, if Geoffrey Tête-noire would have been too fierce and terrible an enemy, the same historian tells us of one who seems to have been of a livelier turn of mind. This was Ameryot Marcel, who lived at the same time, and who was persuaded by some of the French lords to accept of a bribe to forsake his lawless habits, and live a life of peace. Of this, however, he was soon weary; and Froissart tells us that he lamented his change of condition in the following words:—"To pillage and rob was a good life, sirs," he said to his

companions, "there is no sport nor glory in this world amongst men of war, but to use such life as we have done in time past. What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and sometimes found by the way a rich prior or merchant, on a route of mules of Montpelier, of Narbonne, of Toulouse, or of Carcassonne, laden with Brussels cloth, or with furs coming from the fairs, or of spicery ware from Bruges, from Damascus, or from Alexandria. Whatever we met, all was ours, or else ransomed at our pleasure. Then, for our living, the peasants of Limosin daily brought to our castle wheat flour, ready-baked bread, forage for our horses, good wines, beeves and fat sheep, pullets and wild-fowl. We were furnished as though we had been kings; when we rode forth, the whole country trembled for fear; all was ours, going and coming."

"With these regrets for his early life, Marcel resumed his former profession, but was delivered up to the legal authorities by a kinsman in whom he trusted. He was deprived, as might have been expected, at once of liberty and life; and the record that is preserved of his lawless career may teach us a useful lesson in forming a higher estimate of the privileges we enjoy under more enlightened institutions, and more equitable laws."

"Still I should think," said Bertha, "that these strongly fortified castles, which looked so grand and majestic, must have been useful sometimes, in protecting the innocent from

"Unquestionably they were," replied her mother, "but it is lamentable, that history records a much greater number of instances in which they were the means of enabling wicked men to carry out their malignant and revengeful designs. We ought, however, to remember, that it is the part of history to record astonishing and violent deeds, while the great virtues of good men are often known only to their heavenly Father who sees in secret. And thus we ought not to be discouraged with the wickedness we read of in history, but bear in mind, that the violent and destructive nature of evil is generally the means of bringing bad actions to light, while the opposite nature of good, renders it less conspicuous to the world."

"But, mother," said Bertha, "there could have been no heroes, without these bloody and warlike times had compelled men to be valiant and brave."

"No heroes certainly, if by a hero you mean a man arrayed in steel armour, with a helmet on his head, brandishing a sword, and offering to do battle with any one who will fight with him. But, my child, there is less true heroism in defending the walls of a strong castle with battle-axe and spear, than in suffering patiently unjust rebuke—in bearing the evils incident to humanity with meekness and resignation to the will of God—and while our good is evil spoken of by men, in going on to do good, with singleness of heart, simply because it has been enjoined us by our blessed Saviour."

"That which you call heroism does certainly require more self-denial," said Bertha, "because in the great and valorous deeds which history records, the pride and glory of those who suffered must have been almost equal to their pain. Still it must have been better for the country that men should build those great castles; for had there been no place of security for their prisoners, many would have been put to death, who, in the course of time, were able to effect their escape—our brave and noble Richard Cœur de Leon for instance."

"Yes; but in tracing out his history, we shall see that if in one instance his life was preserved by this means, in another it was lost. Even that high and ocean-bound edifice of which we have so beautiful a picture, though dedicated at first to religious purposes, has its own record of suffering and wrong.

"Henry, the youngest son of William the Conqueror, was besieged here by his two brothers, William Rufus, and Robert Duke of Normandy; and but for the compunction of the latter must inevitably have perished within these massive walls. He and his garrison were reduced to the greatest extremity for want of water, with which, however, his brother Robert, who was of a generous disposition, supplied him; and when reproached for having done so by William, his answer was, 'What else could I do? he is our brother. Had he died for lack of water, how were we to supply his loss?' This castle, or monastery, is situated on a pyramid of rocks,

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called St. Michael's Mount, within fourteen miles of the Land's End, and communicating with the mainland at low water only by a causeway of stones embedded in the sea sand. Tradition records, that this mount has been separated from the shore by some great convulsion, and that at the same time one hundred and forty churches were swallowed up by the sea between this place and the Scilly Isles, though the precise time of this convulsion no one pretends to know. To the castellated monastery on the summit of this mount, it is said that a pilgrimage was made by a British virgin, St. Keyna, in the year 490, and there is reason to believe that some kind of religious establishment existed upon this height during the whole of the Saxon dynasty. After the conquest, this monastery was made to belong to one which was situated on a similar mount on the coast of Normandy, but was eventually granted to the nunnery of Sion, in Middlesex. The circumference of this mount is about a mile, and its height from the level of the sea two hundred and thirty-one feet. At its base is a small pier, and about eighty dwelling-houses, ranged in two or three streets, and chiefly inhabited by fishermen and their families. The summit is entirely occupied by the remains of the ancient monastic and castellated buildings, which occasionally form a residence for their present owner, by whom many improvements have been made, particularly in the old chapel, and in the dining-room, which contains representations in stucco of the various modes of hunting the wild

boar, the bull, stag, ostrich, hare, and rabbit. From the leads of the tower, to which access can only be obtained by a very narrow staircase in one of the angles, the prospect is of the most sublime character, particularly when dark sullen clouds are rolling over the distant ocean, and the fisherman's swift bark skims lightly over the waves, dashing the white spray before it, and leaving, though but for a moment, a path of foam behind."

"I think," said Bertha, "I should hardly choose my castle to be placed on such a rock as this. It must, when the storms are raging around, be too wild and desolate for comfort. But did you not say that my favourite hero, Cœur de Leon, had suffered more than he gained by these castles?"

"Much more, inasmuch as he suffered the loss of his life. You are already acquainted with the exploits of your hero in what are called the Holy Wars; but as you are never weary of hearing of him, I will recall to your remembrance this part of his eventful life, and I will do it, as nearly as I can, in the words of a much better historian than myself. While his European dominions were exposed to an ungrateful brother, and a faithless ally, Richard was rivalling in the Holy Land the imaginary actions of the champions of romance. He conquered Cesarea and Jaffa; he drove Saladin before him for eleven days of continued battle. He defied armies with a handful of men, and challenged to combat, in his own person, an extended line of thousands, not one of whom dared quit

their ranks to encounter him. He even came within sight of Jerusalem, but declined to look upon the Sepulchre, which he found himself not strong enough to gain by battle. In the midst of these wonderful exploits, Richard was recalled by the intrigues of his brother and the King of France. He embarked with his accustomed precipitation, having made a hasty peace with Saladin, and leaving a name in the East, with which, long after, the Saracens were wont to chide a starting horse, asking it if he thought the bush was King Richard, that he sprang away from it.

"Richard's embarkation was the beginning of a series of calamities which gave time to the King of France to arrange his treacherous plans. Richard was shipwrecked on the coast of Dalmatia, and was betrayed into the hands of a powerful duke, whom he had mortally offended. This duke seized the opportunity which was now afforded him, and revenged himself upon the prince by throwing him into prison, and charging him with accumulated crimes committed in Palestine. His place of confinement was long concealed, but the manner in which it was discovered has invested with a kind of romantic interest these ancient edifices, for which you entertain such partiality.

"It is but natural to suppose that Richard, so great a lover of excitement, should be fond of music. He accordingly not only encouraged what was then called the '*gay science*,' but often practised the arts of song and music himself. Blondel,

a favourite minstrel of his, and attendant on his person, devoted himself to discover the place of his confinement. He wandered in vain from castle to palace, until he learned that a strong and almost inaccessible fortress on the Danube was watched with peculiar strictness, as containing some state prisoner of distinction. The minstrel took his harp, and approaching as near the castle as he dared, came so close to the walls as to hear the melancholy captive soothing his solitude with music. Blondel touched his harp; the prisoner heard, and was silent: upon this the minstrel played the first part of a tune, or lay, known to the captive, who instantly answered by playing the second part; and thus the faithful servant obtained the certainty that the inmate of the castle was no other than his royal master.

"It may be supposed that the avarice of the treacherous duke would fix a high ransom upon his prisoner, when it became known that the king was in his keeping; it was not, however, too large for the loyalty of his subjects, and he was finally set at liberty by their paying the whole.

"Although the military career of Richard was more brilliant and astonishing, than prudent or wise, one cannot reflect without regret that such a life should at last have been cut off in a mere paltry enterprise. One of his vassals having found a treasure concealed in the earth on the land which he held as his property, Richard demanded possession of it; and on the refusal of the man to deliver it up, he flew with his

accustomed impetuosity to besiege the castle of his vassal, which was but an inconsiderable place. He soon reduced it to extremity, but an archer on the walls took aim at the king, and mortally wounded him. The castle was surrendered before he died of his wound; and Richard commanding the marksman to be brought before him, demanded why he had aimed so particularly at his life. To which the archer replied, "You slew my father and my brother, and you were seeking my own life; had I not reason to prevent you if I could, by taking yours?"

The dying king acknowledged that he had reason for his conduct; and, forgiving his offence against his person, generously commanded him to be dismissed unharmed. The injunctions of the dying monarch, however, had little power to influence those around him, for the captain of one of his bands of mercenaries put the man to death by the most cruel tortures.

"You find now," said Mrs. Morton to her daughter, "that even this gallant king had more in reality to dread from one of the most insignificant of his own castles, than from the strong holds of a foreign enemy."

"But for women at least," said Bertha, "these castles must have afforded the protection they so much needed in such dangerous and unsettled times. I never wished to be a warrior to stand and face the shot of barbarous marksmen, but a lady living in safety in the great halls of which we read, with knights and vassals all around me."

"And yet the ladies of those times," said Mrs. Morton, "were not exempt from their share in the danger and the discord which prevailed throughout the land. Many a noble chieftain's daughter took her post in the midnight-watch on the walls of her father's castle, while the weary guards sunk down to rest for a brief space of necessary repose."

"What!" exclaimed Bertha, "were young and delicate women compelled to take part in these hostilities?"

"Often," replied her mother, "especially during the time when the wars in Palestine swept away so many of our noblest warriors, and left so many of their hereditary possessions exposed to assault and ruin. It was also the custom of these knights or chieftains, whose own course of life became too perilous for the females of his family, to commit them to the security of some fortified castle, while he himself pursued his dangerous or doubtful career. Thus we find, that so long as the noble Bruce could defend himself amongst the Highlands of Scotland, his wife the queen, and many ladies of her train, cheerfully followed him to these mountain-wilds, where they subsisted entirely upon such food as their companions in peril were able to procure them by their dexterity in fishing and in killing deer. But as the winter approached, and the situation of the king became more hopeless, he placed his wife and sister in his castle of Kildrummie, the only one he then retained in his possession. Here too he placed, as he hoped, in security, his only son Nigel Bruce, a brave and

beautiful youth, the hope and the joy of his father's heart. Bruce himself escaped with his brother toward a small island on the coast of Iceland, but it was not long before he received the melancholy intelligence that the castle of Kildrummie had been surrendered to his enemies; not subdued by force of arms, but cruelly surrendered in consequence of the treachery of one of its inmates, who threw the whole into flames by setting fire to a store of gunpowder. Nigel Bruce, you may remember, was brutally murdered by the victors, while his female relatives were thrown into strict confinement, and treated with the utmost severity."

"It was enough to make the very women fierce, and bold, and revengeful, to witness such barbarities," said Bertha.

"And unquestionably it had this effect," replied her mother, "for we read of many who practised cruelties, at least equal to those they beheld. Amongst the females who distinguished themselves in those times, by far the greater number were women who had little idea of the sensibilities which ought to belong to their sex. That Countess of March, for instance, of whom you have read in Scottish history, and who obtained the not unfitting title of Black Agnes, by which she is still remembered, as well as for her determined defence of the castle of Dunbar, in the cause of David Bruce. It was besieged by the Earl of Salisbury, who employed to destroy it great military engines, constructed so as to throw huge stones, for it was before the use of cannon. Yet such was the con-

tempt of the high-spirited countess for these fruitless attempts, that she stood with her maids upon the walls of the castle, displaying napkins in their hands, with which they wiped the places where the huge stones fell, in order to show the enemy that they regarded them only as raising a little dust, which could easily be wiped away. The Earl of Salisbury then contrived another ponderous machine, which should be rolled up to the walls, so constructed as to contain and cover a number of men to be employed in making an entrance through the wall. The countess, not a whit dismayed, amused herself with making rhymes upon this machine, while at the same time she made a signal by which a huge fragment of rock, prepared for the purpose, was dropped from the wall upon the machine, whose roof was thus dashed to pieces.

" In this manner did Black Agnes defend her castle for the space of nineteen weeks, when it was at last relieved by Alexander Ramsay, who brought by sea a supply both of men and provisions.

" But of all the heroines whose courage and determination history has recorded, Jane de Montford is entitled to stand in the first rank. This lady was the wife of an Earl de Montford, whose title to the dukedom of Bretagne was disputed by the French king, and supported at the same time by Edward III. of England, to whom he looked for succour in making good his defence. The earl, however, having incautiously obeyed a summons to appear before the parliament of Paris,

was there detained on the plea of having committed a feudal offence, by appealing to the King of England, and in the mean time a strong force was sent against his party, which was supposed to be subdued by his being detained a prisoner. In most cases, the war under such circumstances would have been at an end; but, the Countess Jane de Montfort, of whom Froissart says, that 'she had the courage of a man and the heart of a lion,' scorned to yield to the natural grief with which she heard that her lord was taken, and assembling her friends, presented to them her young son as successor to his father's rights; adding, that by the grace of God she trusted he would be the means of restoring the earl to his family and friends. She then entered into plans for carrying on the war, engaged to pay the soldiers regularly, and inspired her party with a spirit of resistance, which, with most women, would have expired under the misfortunes she had already sustained.

"The city of Rennes, however, it was impossible to retain; but the countess, by no means disheartened, threw herself into Henebdon, a strong town of Bretagne, situated on the sea-shore, where she was accompanied by the most faithful of her partizans; and where she prepared for a desperate defence. She herself wore armour, and rode through the streets on a high-mettled charger, exhorting the citizens to resistance. Nor were her female attendants exempted from martial labour, for she made them cut short their gowns, in order that they might be more active and useful in carrying stones and

other missiles to the walls. The French having attempted to take the town by a general assault on one side, the countess issued forth on the other, and set fire to their camp while they were thus engaged. On this, and many other occasions, she did great damage to the besiegers, but her own town, her strong walls, and her bold adherents, suffered also in their turn; so much so, that at different times, consultations were held upon the expediency of surrendering the town altogether. To none of these suggestions would the countess lend an ear. But, alarmed at last for the defection of her followers, she piteously implored them to hold out, if it were but for the space of three days, in which time she confidently expected to receive succours from England. Notwithstanding this, on the second day, her lords again met in council, and again began to adjust the terms of capitulation; while the besiegers approached the walls with a strong party, to be in readiness to take the place.

"It was a critical moment for the countess, who, in a state bordering on distraction, cast an almost hopeless glance over the sea, from a high window of her castle; when, what was her delight, to behold the horizon darkened with the masts of a large navy steering towards Henebdon. 'The red cross! The red cross! The succours of England are in sight!' exclaimed the countess. And true it was, that the gallant Sir Walter Manny, with other forces, had come to her deliverance.

"After a battle bravely fought, in which the English were victorious, we are told that the countess received them within the gates of her castle, and 'kissed her noble defenders twice or thrice as became a valiant lady.' The troubles of Jane de Montfort, however, were not to end here. A stronger force was subsequently collected, and sent against her. But again she defended herself, and scorned to yield. Don Louis of Spain, who was one of the besieging party, raised up against the walls of Henebdon sixteen engines of the largest size, with which immense stones were cast, which threatened to destroy the walls and towers of the town. The party within, however, strengthened their defence with a great number of wool-packs, which broke the force of the stones, while the undaunted countess still continued to encourage her auxiliaries by every means in her power. In this attack, as in that already related, Jane de Montfort and her allies proved successful; and the besiegers, at last wearied out, and seeing no hopes of a surrender, raised the siege, and withdrew their forces, after establishing a truce, which was to last for twelve months.

"The heroic countess, in the winter of this year, made a visit to England, where she kept her Christmas in high state, receiving such tokens of respect, as a character like hers, according to the idea of greatness which prevailed at that time, was so richly entitled to expect. On her return to her own country she was attacked by the French fleet under the command of the same Don Louis of Spain, who, from his

defeat at Henebdon, and certain insults directed against him personally by her people, might well be supposed to entertain no very friendly feeling towards his former enemy. On sea, however, as well as on land, the countess evinced the same unconquerable spirit. It is said that she kept the deck of her vessel with a drawn sword in her hand, like the knights and men-at-arms. The engagement was very fierce between the celebrated crossbow-men of Genoa and the still more celebrated English archers; but the fleets were parted by a storm, without any decided victory on either side.

"And now, my child," said Mrs. Morton, "I wish to know whether this is the kind of heroine you desire to be; and whether you would like to defend your castle like Jane de Montfort?"

"Ah! mother," replied Bertha, "I am afraid I should make a poor defence, when the enemy really came. But you have chosen such dreadfully barbarous times for your castle scenes. Can you not remember some which occurred in later years, when the world was more civilized? I think I should choose to have been a heroine about halfway between those times and our own, when people were neither so wild and wicked as you describe them, nor so dull, and vulgar, and uninteresting as they are now."

"Let us take then," said Mrs. Morton, "what are called the 'golden days' of our own Queen Elizabeth, and you will find in her times one whom all will allow to have been the

most interesting, as she was the most unfortunate of heroines Yet I much question whether, after a fair investigation, you would think it pleasant to have exchanged places with the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots."

"I believe I should," said Bertha; "for a princess so lovely, and so much beloved—possessed of so many accomplishments—so many amiable qualities—and, what is more, of so many friends, must have been an object of envy to all the world."

"The envy of the world," replied Mrs. Morton, "like its flattery and its fame, is often ill bestowed; yet so far as a woman and a queen might lawfully enjoy the possession of exalted rank, of personal attractions, and of the power to win the affection of her subjects, Mary of Scotland was certainly, at the commencement of her reign, an enviable woman. But we must not forget that these advantages can only be accounted blessings, as they are justly estimated, and rightly used. We must remember also, that Mary was not only called to act the part of a woman, but to fulfil the more conspicuous and responsible duties of a queen, for which she was but little fitted.

"Historians have amused themselves by contrasting her character with that of Elizabeth of England—sometimes to the advantage of one, and sometimes of the other. It seems to me, that the only point of resemblance between them, was their vanity. But Elizabeth's was the vanity of selfishness;

while Mary's was the vanity of a warm and generous heart—less ambitious to be admired than beloved. The besetting sin of both was a partiality for unworthy favourites. But while Elizabeth loved unworthily, as a woman, she took good care to keep her dignity as a queen unsullied. Mary, on the other hand, reckless of dignity and fame, cast both away for the sake of gratifying an ill-placed attachment.

"It cannot be denied, that Elizabeth was a better sovereign—perhaps one of the best who ever filled a throne; but as a mere woman, filling the domestic offices of private life, we shrink from contemplating such a character as hers. Mary was a miserable sovereign, altogether unfit for the task of governing a nation divided like hers; but with an education that would have fitted her for private life, it is easy to believe she would have been one of the most amiable and estimable of women. Circumstanced as she was, every thing appeared to be against her. The education she had received at the French court, was ill calculated to fit her for tranquillizing the boisterous spirits that destroyed the peace of her own realm, by their rude, and often murderous contentions. Though possessed of the power of pleasing, by her manners and conversation, above all the women of her age, the vindictive spirits and coarse habits of the people with whom she came in contact, naturally induced her to form dangerous intimacies with persons of inferior rank, whose manners and habits were more suited to a court.

" Besides possessing all those qualities and attainments most esteemed in women, Mary appears to have been also gifted with a courage beyond that of her sex ; and we find that one of her first exploits, after ascending the throne, was to head an army for the purpose of subduing the rebellious pride of one of her nobles. Little, however, did the youthful queen at that time imagine the need she would afterwards have of this courage, and how much more the virtues of magnanimity and self-possession would be required of her, than those softer ornaments of character with which she was but too abundantly supplied.

" The murder of Rizzio in her own chamber—at her feet—with his dying grasp upon her robe, must have prepared her, in some measure, for the scenes of violence and bloodshed to which she was afterwards to become inured.

" But, mother," interrupted Bertha, " you surely do not suppose that Mary was accessary to the murder of her husband ?"

" That is a crime," replied Mrs. Morton, " of which her historians have been unable either to prove her guilty, or to acquit her entirely, at least with satisfaction, even to her advocates and admirers. It is, however, from such evidence as we do possess, quite allowable to believe her guiltless of so horrid a crime. But what can be said for the woman who not only screened the actual murderer from justice, but even linked her name and character with his, by the indissoluble bond of marriage !

"No, my child, if we would stand guiltless before God and man, we must not associate ourselves with evil-doers; and this principle holds good, in the slightest transgressions, as well as in the deadliest sins. The world will judge of us, and we must be satisfied to be judged, according to the character of those with whom we associate ourselves in affection and intimacy. We have, I think, no more striking proof of this, than in the case of Mary Queen of Scots. She seems to have been no longer the same being after her marriage with Bothwell. Her warmest friends were unable to defend her. Her enemies grew triumphant; and the very man for whom she had thrown away her character and her crown, despised her. She found him, as she might have expected, a profligate and a ruffian; and perhaps the bitterest tears she ever shed, though she had cause to shed many, were those which stained her cheeks when she prayed for a knife, with which to put an end to her miserable existence, rather than endure his cruel treatment.

"We read of her in the short morning of her prosperity, riding gaily over the hills and valleys of her native country, surrounded by her courtiers and attendants, each vying with another in obtaining marks of her favour; her free and joyous spirit unbroken by affliction, her beauty dazzling the eyes of all beholders, and her smile bewildering the hearts of men. But after her shameful marriage with Bothwell, we read of the same princess taken captive by her indignant nobles, and

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

Engraved by J. B. Allen.

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Loch Leven Castle.

led, as it were in triumph, through the streets of Edinburgh, while the coarsest and most insulting behaviour was used towards her by the lower classes of her people.

"On this occasion there was a frightful banner prepared, displaying on one side the portrait of the murdered Darnley, as he lay in the orchard where his body was found, with these words embroidered on the banner—'Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord!' while on the other side, the little prince, his son, was represented holding up his hands, as if beseeching Heaven to punish his father's murderers. The queen herself rode through the streets covered with dust, her beautiful hair floating loose, her garments disordered; and, though she appeared overpowered with the mingled feelings of grief and shame, this horrid flag was still displayed before her eyes, while the voices of the rude multitude still continued to upbraid her with having been the accomplice in the murder of her husband.

"It was almost immediately after this most lamentable change in her affairs, that the unfortunate queen was conveyed as a prisoner to the castle of Loch Leven.

"You may probably remember that this castle stands upon an island in a lake of the same name, and that it was one of the four which held out in the name of David Bruce, and refused to submit to Edward Baliol. The attempt made on this occasion to obtain possession of it, is rendered memorable by the peculiar manner in which it was carried on. It was besieged by Sir John

Sterling, a follower of Baliol, with an army of English troops; but the castle being surrounded by water, it was deemed impossible to approach it in the usual manner. A singular plan was therefore devised by the besiegers. There is a small river called the Leven, which runs out of the eastern extremity of the lake, and across this stream they reared a strong and very lofty mound, so as to prevent the waters of the river escaping from the lake, expecting that by this means the lake would rise, and by overflowing the foundations of the castle, would induce its occupants to surrender. But Alan Vipont, who defended the place, being made acquainted with this device, sent out at dead of night a small boat with four men, who made a breach in the mound, so that the whole body of water, breaking through with great fury, swept away the tents, baggage, and troops of the besiegers, and nearly destroyed their army.

"The remains of this mound are still shown; and whatever doubt may attach to the story, it is certain that the English discontinued the siege, and retreated with great loss.

"In this lonely and desolate place then, the young and lovely queen of Scotland was imprisoned; while councils were held to consider the expediency of proceeding against her as one guilty of murder. The lords of the council, however, at last decided upon adopting a milder course, by compelling her to resign her crown to her infant son, and to appoint the Earl of Murray regent during his minority. Lord Lindsay, the

rudest and most bigoted of all the council, and the fiercest enemy of the queen, was deputed to bear to the castle of Loch Leven the deeds drawn up for this purpose; and it was perfectly in keeping with his character, to require the queen to sign them in a manner so harsh and brutal, that he is even said to have used the grasp of his iron glove, in addition to arguments less forcible, though more fitting to a gentle and unfortunate woman.

"To whom, in this extremity, could Mary look for help or pity? All seemed to have forsaken her. She bethought her of her brother, the Earl of Murray. She had loaded him with favours, and pardoned him many offences. She herself might be deeply culpable, yet of all human beings she seemed to have the greatest right to expect mercy from him. But the earl was an ambitious man, and the prospect of promotion to the regency was too tempting to his hopes. It is true he visited her in Loch Leven Castle, but so far from bringing her comfort, he reproached her so bitterly with all her past errors, that she is said to have burst into floods of tears, and abandoned herself to despair.

"The unfortunate queen had now no other resource than to endeavour to win over to her interest those immediately around her person; and such were the charms she possessed of manners and conversation, that this resource had seldom altogether failed her in the hour of need. On the present occasion, however, she had to do with a stern and inflexible

master in the lord of the Castle of Loch Leven, who, with rigid severity, inflicted upon her all the rigours of the strictest confinement. But there was one in the castle, a younger brother of this baron, who became too sensible of the attractions of the queen; and, touched with compassion for her distress, he determined, if possible, to effect her deliverance.

" The first attempt made by George Douglas to effect this purpose, had so far succeeded, that the queen had actually entered a boat in the disguise of a laundress; but on one of the boatmen rudely attempting to lift her veil, she displayed, while repelling his familiarity, so white and beautiful an arm, that her superior rank was immediately detected, and she was sent back to be more strictly confined in the castle, from which George Douglas was expelled.

" He still contrived, however, to keep up a correspondence with his younger brother, a boy of fifteen, called Little Douglas, who remained in the castle. So effectually did this youth sustain the trust reposed in him, that he managed to take possession of the keys of the castle while the family were at supper, by which means he was able to let Mary and her attendants escape from the tower when all had gone to rest. He then locked the gates in order to escape pursuit, and, placing the queen and her waiting-woman in a little skiff, threw the keys into the lake, and rowed them safely to the shore. When they were all ready to set out on this perilous passage, Little Douglas had made a signal by a light in a

particular window, visible at the upper end of the lake, to intimate that thus far he had been successful; and it may be supposed with what joy the whole party would bid adieu to the dark walls of that prison, as they hoped, for ever.

" Lord Seaton, and some of the Hamiltons, were waiting at the landing place to receive them, and the queen presently mounted a swift horse that was in readiness for her, and galloped off to Niddry Castle, in West Lothian, from which place she went, on the following day, to Hamilton.

" The news of their escape seemed to awake in the hearts of Mary's subjects, the last spark of their expiring loyalty. Her people now remembered her gentleness, the sweetness of her manners, her grace and beauty; and though they could not but remember her errors too, yet her subsequent misfortunes seemed to have in some measure atoned for the past, while her youth still afforded hope for the future. But five days had passed since Mary was a joyless captive in a lonely tower, and now her changing fortunes placed her at the head of a powerful confederacy, including nine earls, nine bishops, eighteen lords, and many gentlemen of rank, all engaged to defend her person and restore her crown.

" It was the intention of the queen to seek refuge in the strong castle of Dumbarton; and her army, under the Earl of Argyle, proposed to carry her to that place of security in a style of triumph. The regent was then at Glasgow with forces inferior to her own; but with confidence in his own military

skill, as well as in the valour of the leaders of his party, and in their experienced soldiers, he determined to meet the queen's army in their intended march, and to give them battle. Murray accordingly occupied the village of Langside, full in the march of the queen's army. The Hamiltons and other gentlemen of Mary's troop rushed furiously forth with imprudent valour, to dispute the pass.

"They fought, historians say, like furious bulls, after the Scottish manner, pressing on each other front to front, each fixing his spear in his opponent's target, and endeavouring to bear him down. Such was the determination with which they met, that the front ranks became fast locked together by their spears, which thus formed a sort of grating, on which lay pistols, daggers, and other missiles. In this situation Morton led on his forces to attack the flank of the Hamiltons, and by this means decided the fate of the battle, and extinguished the last hope of Mary and her friends.

"It is said that she herself beheld this final and fatal defeat, from a castle called Crookstane, near Paisley, where she and Darnley had spent some happy days immediately after their marriage; and the feelings with which she now looked on the bloody field, and on the scenes of her innocent and early hopes, must have been bitter in the extreme.

"If we would trace out in the experience of mankind moments of the deepest anguish of which the human heart is capable, I am inclined to think they would be those in which we look

back from some well-known spot, to days of happiness and innocence which those scenes recall, but which we feel that we can never know again. It was not the mere loss of her crown that Mary had to regret; for she had proved that hers, at least, was a crown of thorns. It was not the loss of friends; for with a few faithful ones, Mary had found many false—but it was the loss of her good name, of her title to rank and associate with characters of spotless reputation; and it is probable, that in that hour of wretchedness, there would rush upon her soul a full conviction of the nothingness—the worse than nothingness — for which she had exchanged the affection of her people, and the favour of her God.

"It was soon evident to the wretched queen, that she had no resource but in flight; and, escorted by a few faithful followers, she rode sixty miles in one day, stopping only at the abbey of Dundrennan, in Galloway. Here she had the means of escaping either to France or England; but though in France she was sure to have received a welcome, England was nearer, and it seems to have been more consonant with Mary's generous and confiding nature to throw herself at once upon the kind and honourable feelings of a sister-queen.

"Scarcely could Mary have given a stronger proof of the generous and confiding nature of her disposition, than by the line of conduct she adopted on this occasion. Those who are treacherous and mean themselves, always suspect treachery and meanness in others. We have no proof of what Elizabeth

would have done in any similar case of emergency; but it is scarcely probable she would have trusted her person to the mercy of any human being, so much was she in the habit of suspecting even those on whom she bestowed the marks of her greatest favour: but Mary, imprudent, reckless, guilty as she was, still possessed a degree of feminine trust and noble daring, which, under happier circumstances, might have rendered her far superior as a woman to the Queen of England. Unconscious of any feeling of rivalry herself, she was not aware that reports of her beauty, and her other personal fascinations, carried to the court of Queen Elizabeth, had rendered her an object of secret hatred to that sovereign; and therefore, trusting to the smooth and flattering words she had received from Elizabeth, she decided at once to incur the risk of throwing herself upon the hospitality of England.

"How true are the words of Scripture, that 'jealousy is cruel as the grave!' Elizabeth had been jealous of Mary's beauty—of her happiness, in being the mother of a son who should succeed her on the throne—and of the affection and admiration she commanded—but, above all, of the claim she maintained to the sovereignty of England, in case of Elizabeth's death. All these feelings were rankling in the heart, to whose kindness and integrity Mary was about to commit herself, for life or for death. It is probable that others knew better than she did herself the real state of Elizabeth's mind towards her; for it appears to have been in opposition to the

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advice of all her friends that she made this fatal experiment. It is related that when, after having delivered herself up to a gentleman of the name of Lowther, the English deputy-warden, she entered the boat that was to convey her across the Solway Frith, her weeping attendants kneeled before her, took hold of her garments, and entreated her not to trust herself to the power of England.

"It was, indeed, a fatal step to Mary, when she set her foot upon this boat. Her situation from this time resembled that of some helpless bird, drawn closer and closer by the toils of its betrayer, while every struggle only renders its bonds more galling, its captivity more severe.

"The issue of the trial to which Mary was subjected was such that Elizabeth, in regard to her justice as a queen, could not but acknowledge that the charge of murder laid against Mary was not supported by sufficient evidence; still, as a woman, there were feelings which obtained the mastery over her better judgment, and the temptation of retaining her rival in her power was too great for her integrity. Thus the unfortunate Queen of Scots was conducted from one place of security to another, each time on some trivial plea, until, at last, she became a helpless captive, and her doom was finally sealed, by the discovery of a succession of conspiracies, in which it was pretended that she had taken part, though no ground was ever established for this suspicion.—It seems probable, indeed, that the length of Mary's captivity, with

the consequent failure of her health, added to the many other trials to which she was subjected, had subdued her once haughty spirit, and disposed her mind to the influence of religion; for the manner in which she received her last sentence, and her whole conduct during the last scenes of her wretched life, are more like those of a martyr, than of a woman still aspiring to a temporal crown.

"Mary received the intelligence of her condemnation with resignation, but yet with undaunted firmness. "That soul," she said, "was undeserving of the joys of heaven, which would shrink from the blow of an executioner!" She had not, she said, "expected that her kinswoman, Elizabeth, would have consented to her death, but she submitted not the less willingly." After earnestly requesting the attendance of a priest—this favour, which was granted to the worst criminals, being denied her—she wrote with the utmost composure her last will, as well as many short and affectionate letters to her friends and relations. She then distributed amongst her attendants the few valuables which had been left to her, accompanying this solemn duty with a request that they would keep them for her sake.

"In this manner was spent the evening before the day appointed for her execution; and when the morning rose, Mary was found still to maintain the same calm and undisturbed appearance. She was brought down to the great hall of the castle where she was confined, and the spectacle which met

her view was a scaffold, on which were placed a block and a chair; the whole being covered with black cloth. The master of her household, Sir Andrew Melville, who had served her long and faithfully, was now permitted to take a last leave of her; which, however, he was unable to do without bursting into loud and bitter lamentations.

"Weep not, my good Melville," said the queen, "but rather rejoice; for thou shalt this day see Mary Stewart relieved from all her sorrows."

It was with great difficulty she had obtained permission for her maids to be with her on the scaffold; but on her engaging for them that the expression of their grief should be restrained, this indulgence was granted her; and she then seated herself on the fatal chair, and listened calmly to the reading of her death-warrant.

When she prepared for her execution, by taking off such parts of her dress as were necessary, her maids being unable to refrain from cries of lamentation, she gently chid them, by reminding them that she had engaged for their silence. At last, with the same composure she quietly laid her head on the block, and the executioner struck the fatal blow. He afterwards held up the severed head, according to the custom of the times, while the Dean of Peterborough cried out, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!"—but there was no answer, save from one single voice; all the rest were choked with sobs and tears.

THE ORPHAN WANDERERS.

GENTLE lady, good and happy,
Hear my simple tale, I pray;
'Tis the sad, sad truth, I tell you,
Send us not so soon away.

'Tis a tale of sin and sorrow,
Harder hearts than yours to melt;
May your children, gentle lady,
Never feel what we have felt.

Chide us not, nor call us idle;
True, we have no task to do,
But, how gladly would we labour,
Might we only work for you.

Once we had a home of plenty,
Once we knew a father's care,
Once a mother's fond affection
Breathed for us the nightly prayer.

Painted by W Gill Esq

Now we wander, lost, and lonely,
Over many a weary mile;
Gloomy night comes gathering round us,
But we find no mother's smile.

Once our name was not the meanest,
Cheerful toil and wholesome fare
Made my father proud and happy,
Soothed my mother's daily care.

Forward then were all to serve us,
Friends were true, and neighbours kind,
Little did we then believe them
Fickle as the changing wind.

Near our dwelling bloomed a garden
Rich with fruit, and gay with flowers;
From our window we could listen
To the birds among the bowers.

There were spreading all around us
Streets and houses, wide and new:
Last of all, the ground was purchased
Where this lovely garden grew.

Stately walls then rose beside us,
Windows like some palace gay,
Folding doors that gently opened,
Tempting all who passed to stay.

"Go not near that house, my children,"
Oft our father gravely said.
"'Tis no place for you to enter,
Want and shame that threshold tread."

Yet he spoke of lofty ceilings,
Gilded lamps, and spacious halls—
Often spoke, as if he lingered
All too near those stately walls.

Then there came a gloomy winter,
Trade was bad, and wages low,
Dark December rains were falling
Over heaps of melting snow.

One sad evening —never, never
Can that evening be forgot;
Something came across our father,
Anger—grief—we knew not what:

But he spoke—oh, how unkindly!
And our gentle mother too
Answered with unwonted sharpness,
Till a fearful conflict grew.

All the words they said were idle;
But they answered louder—higher—
And the tone—the look—the manner
Made them seem like words of fire.

Last of all my father left us,
Fiercely flinging back the door;
While my mother, broken-hearted,
Wept, till she could weep no more.

Morning came; we knew not whether
He returned at dead of night;
But we saw him strangely altered,
Oh, it was a fearful sight!

From that time his mind seemed wandering,
And his manly look was gone;
Sometimes kind, and sometimes fretful,
Constant to one vice alone.

Constant to one guilty pleasure,
When those fatal doors were passed,
Shame was vanquished, conscience followed,
All our comforts went at last.

Long my mother bore in silence
Loss of plenty, loss of fame;
Though sometimes the gossips' slander
Tinged her faded cheek with shame.

Yet, since that ill-fated evening,
From her lip we never heard
Tone of voice that seemed like anger,
Or the least reproachful word.

Gentle, patient, meek, and lowly,
All her duties still were done;
Though the joy that used to cheer them
From her sinking soul was gone.

Little did we know that sorrow
Had such deep and deadly power,
Little dreamed her strength was failing—
Failing faster, hour by hour;

Till one awful moment told us
All the fatal truth at last;
To her restless bed she called us,
O'er my brow her fingers passed.

There were sighs, and words so broken,
Yet so fond, and full of love;
And her smiles—we ne'er forgot them,
Like an angel's from above.

One last charge she laid upon us,
With a look and voice so kind;
" Never speak a word in passion,
Never wound a feeling mind.

" Bear reproach, for He who bore it
Bore injustice, stripes, and death"—
Here she ceased—her pulse was fluttering—
'Twas the strife of parting breath.

Thus she passed; and oh how lonely—
Worse than lonely we were left!
All too late, our wretched father
Seemed of every hope bereft.

Sometimes frantic, sometimes sullen,
Weeping like a fretful child,
Oftener to his haunts returning,
Lost and reckless, weak and wild.

Thus he died: we asked not whether
By the public way he fell.
Strangers brought him to our dwelling,
None the dreadful tale would tell.

Thus, kind lady, thus we wander
Over many a weary mile.
I could work—but little Martha,
Who would care for her the while?

Sweet the songs that she can sing you,
Like the lark, when first it wakes,
While her little heart seems lightened
By the music that she makes.

Would your daughters, gentle lady,
Hear my little sister sing?
Small the pittance that we ask you,
Hunger is a fearful thing.

May you never know how bitter
Sorrow is, and want, and shame;
Gracious Heaven has made you happy,
May it keep you still the same!

GEMS OF THE OCEAN.

THE Voyages of Captain Cook have been so justly popular in England, that we seldom meet with a young person who has not, from reading these voyages, formed a delightful idea of the climate and scenery of the South Sea Islands. Not a few of such juvenile readers have also been led to imagine, that, breathing an atmosphere so balmy, under skies so blue, the inhabitants of these islands must be as gentle, as pure, and as lovely as the scenes by which they are surrounded. Many a young reader has occasionally wished it were possible to go and dwell amongst these people, to sail with them in their swift canoes, to sit under the shade of their waving palm-trees, to bathe in their clear lagoons, and to bask in the unclouded sunshine of their delicious climate. All that we enjoy in our native country seems so difficult to procure, the fruits and flowers of our native soil are so often destroyed by the severity of the seasons, and labour and anxiety are so frequently the lot of all around us, that we are apt to think the very opposite of our own situation must be the happiest and most desirable state of existence. To have nothing to

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do, and nothing to think about, is the involuntary desire of many a young heart; especially when tasks accumulate, and when increasing strength, and advancing years, bring their proportionate increase of occupation and responsibility. It is true that these islands are lovely—more lovely, perhaps, because they are placed like gems, in the vast ocean, each with its centre of high blue mountains, around which the fleecy clouds are seen to float, while their sloping sides, that stretch down to the sea, are clothed with wood of the richest colouring, and verdure that never fades. It is true that these mountains are intersected by ravines or valleys, along which the purest streams run murmuring on their way, often precipitating themselves over immense masses of rock, or flowing through green and fertile plains on their winding and circuitous course to the great ocean below. It is true that the fruits of the earth grow here spontaneously, that blight and tempest are never known, and that even the bread by which the life of man is sustained, is provided for him with little cost of anxiety, and less of toil. It is true that the inhabitants of these islands are by nature gentle and confiding, quick to learn, and quicker to enjoy. But have these good gifts of nature, or rather of Providence, been sufficient to make them happy? In the first place, idleness, that curse of man in his natural state, has introduced amongst them robbery, deception, and injustice of almost every kind. As a natural consequence, revenge has followed, and bloodshed, and injury of

every variety, from theft to cruelty of the deepest character. From the accumulated miseries consequent upon this state of things, there has arisen a superstitious reverence for a supposed multitude of ideal beings, which they have regarded and worshipped as their gods, in the vain hope that they would protect them from their enemies, and from the dangers which beset them on every hand. The worship of these gods, who, without one exception, were believed to be cruel and malignant, introduced its own train of evils, which, in connexion with their frequent wars, and the horrible practice of infant murder, seemed likely, at no very distant period, entirely to depopulate some of these lovely islands. Such is the picture of man when left to himself, and even when surrounded by all the natural advantages we can imagine or desire. Happily, the kind protecting care of Providence directed to these distant islands the only effectual means of rescuing their inhabitants from so deplorable a fate; and different indeed from the fatal slumber of their former idleness, was the dawn of that morning, when one who had their temporal and eternal happiness at heart, awoke to those laborious duties, which, next to the introduction of Christianity amongst them, seemed likely to be most important in bringing about a new and happier era in their existence. Their eyes were now opened to their real situation.

After fifteen years' ineffectual labour on the part of the missionaries, they had, both individually and as a nation,

received the gospel of truth. They were consequently eager to hold in their own possession some written transcript of the glad tidings of everlasting life. The great era in their existence, of which the picture of the beautiful island Eimeo so forcibly reminds us, was the introduction of the printing-press, the labour of which devolved chiefly upon one who has himself described his feelings and his situation on this memorable occasion. "We laboured," says the writer, "eight, and sometimes ten hours daily, yet found that the work advanced but slowly. Notwithstanding all the care that had been taken in selecting the printing materials, and the accompanying apparatus, many things were either deficient or spoiled, and here we could procure no proper supply. The curiosity awakened in the inhabitants by the establishment of the press, was not soon satisfied: day after day the king visited the printing-office; the chiefs applied to be admitted inside; while the people thronged the windows, doors, and every crevice through which they could peep, often involuntarily exclaiming in their own simple language, "O Britain! land of skill!" The press soon became a matter of universal conversation; and the facility with which books could be multiplied, filled the minds of the people in general with wonder and delight. Multitudes arrived from every district in Eimeo, and even from other islands, to procure books, and to behold this astonishing machine. The excitement manifested frequently resembled that with which the people of England would hasten

to witness, for the first time, the ascent of a balloon, or the movement of a steam-carriage. So great was the influx of strangers, that for several weeks before the first portion of the Scriptures was finished, the whole district in which the printing was carried on, resembled a public fair. The beach was lined with canoes from distant parts of Eimeo, and other islands; the houses of the inhabitants were thronged; and small parties had erected their temporary encampments in every direction. The school-room during the week, and the chapel on the Sabbath, though capable of containing 600 persons, were too small for those who sought admittance. The printing-office was daily crowded by the strangers, who thronged around it in such numbers, as to climb upon each other's backs, or on the sides of the windows, so as frequently to darken the place. The house had been enclosed with a fence five or six feet high; but this, instead of presenting an obstacle to the gratification of their curiosity, was converted into the means of facilitating it: numbers were constantly seen sitting on the top of the railing, and were thus enabled to look over the heads of their companions round the windows.

" Amongst the various parties in the district at this time, were a number of natives of the Pearl Islands, which lie to the north-east of Tahiti, and constitute what is called the Dangerous Archipelago. These people had arrived in Tahiti some months before, having come there for the purpose of procuring books and teachers for their countrymen. From

the time of their landing, the king had taken them under his protection; and when he went over to Eimeo, they followed in his train.

A considerable party of the Aura tribe came one day to the printing-office, to see the press. When they were admitted, and beheld the native printer at work, their astonishment was great. They were some time before they would approach very near, and appeared at a loss whether to consider the press as an animal or a machine. When the missionary entered into conversation with them, they told him they were very anxious to be supplied with spelling-books; which it was to be regretted there was no ability to give them, the only edition being nearly expended. Learning that they had discontinued idol-worship, they were asked why they had abandoned their gods. To which they replied, that their gods were evil spirits, and had never done them any good, but had occasioned frequent and desolating wars. They had now, they said, a teacher, who instructed them concerning the true God, for whose worship they had already erected three chapels in their own island.

The natives were so eager to possess their books, that the first inquiry of every party that arrived usually was, "When will the books be ready?" It was therefore necessary to proceed as quickly as possible, not only with the printing, but with the binding of the books, for which part of the labour very inadequate materials were afforded.

A copy of one of the first books printed and bound in the South Sea Islands was presented to the king, and received with great satisfaction. The queen and the chiefs were next supplied; but having only a small quantity of millboards, it was necessary to increase them on the spot, as it was deemed undesirable to give the books into the hands of the natives unbound. A large quantity of native cloth made of the bark of a tree, was therefore purchased, and women were employed to beat a number of layers or folds together, which on being strongly pressed, and afterwards gradually dried, formed a good stiff pasteboard. For the binding, the few sheep-skins brought from England were cut into slips to make the backs and corners, and a large number of old newspapers dyed for covers to the sides.

The process of binding appeared to the natives much more simple than that of printing; yet in addition to those whom the missionaries were endeavouring to instruct, each of the principal chiefs sent one of his cleverest men, to learn how to put a book together.

Those among the natives who had learned to bind were soon overwhelmed with business, and derived no inconsiderable emolument from their trade, as they required each person to bring the pasteboard necessary for his own books, and also a piece of skin or leather for the back. Many soon learned to sew the sheets together, others cut pieces of wood very thin, and fastened them instead of pasteboard, to the

sides. The edges of the leaves were then cut with a knife, and the book used in this state, while the owner searched daily for a skin or piece of leather, with which to preserve it more effectually.

Leather was now an article in the greatest requisition amongst all classes; and the poor animals, that had heretofore lived undisturbed and without fear, were hunted solely for their skins. The printing-office was converted into a tanyard; old canoes, filled with lime-water, were prepared; and all kinds of skins brought to the spot, to be made into leather for the books. It was quite amusing to see the variety of skins collected for this purpose. Sometimes they procured the tough skin of a large dog, or an old goat, with the long shaggy matted hair and beard attached to it, or the thin skin of a wild kitten caught in the mountains. As soon as the natives had seen how they were prepared, they did this at their own houses; and in walking through the district at this period, no object was more common, than a skin stretched on a frame, and suspended on the branch of a tree, to dry in the sun.

"The time," says the same writer, "which was occupied in the printing and binding of these books, was one of incessant labour, which, in a tropical climate, and at a season when the sun was vertical, was often exceedingly oppressive; yet it was one of the happiest periods of my life. It was cheering to behold the people so prepared to receive the sacred volume,

and so anxious to possess it. I have often seen thirty or forty canoes from distant parts of Eimeo, or from other islands, lying along the beach; in each of which five or six persons had arrived, whose only errand was to procure copies of the Scriptures. For these many waited five or six weeks, while they were printing. Sometimes I have seen a canoe arrive with eight to ten persons, who, when they have landed, have brought a large bundle of letters, perhaps thirty or forty, written on plantain leaves, and rolled up like a scroll. These letters had been written by individuals who were unable to come, and had therefore sent in this manner, in order to procure a copy. Often, when standing at my door, which was but a short distance from the beach, as I have gazed on the varied beauties of the rich and glowing landscape, and the truly picturesque appearance of the island of Tahiti, fourteen miles distant, the scene has been enlivened by the light and nautilus-like sail of the buoyant canoe, first seen in the distant horizon as a small white speck, sometimes scarcely distinguishable from the crest of the waters, and at others brilliantly reflecting the last rays of the retiring sun.

"The effect of this magnificent scene has been heightened by the impression that the voyagers, whose approaching bark became every moment more conspicuous among the surrounding objects, were not coming in search of pearls or gems, but the more valuable treasure contained in the sacred scriptures, already esteemed more precious than gold.

" One evening, about sunset, a canoe from Tahiti with five men arrived on this errand. They landed on the beach, lowered their sail, and drawing their canoes on the sand, hastened to my dwelling. I met them at the door, and asked them the object of their coming. 'Luke,' or 'the word of Luke,' was the simultaneous reply. I told them I had none ready that night, but if they would come on the morrow, I would give them as many as they needed; recommending them, in the mean time, to go and lodge with some friend in the village. Twilight in the tropics is always short. It soon grew dark. I wished them good-night; and afterwards retired to rest, supposing they had gone to sleep at the house of some friend; but on looking out of my window about day-break, I saw these five men lying along on the ground outside of my house, their only bed being some plaited cocoa-nut leaves, and their only covering the large native cloth they usually wear over their shoulders. I hastened out, and asked them if they had been there all night. They said they had. I then inquired why they did not, as I had directed them, go and lodge at some house, and come again. Their answer surprised and delighted me. They said, 'We were afraid, had we gone away, that some one might have come before us in the morning, and have taken what books you had to spare, and then we should have been obliged to return without any. Therefore, after you left us last night, we determined not to go away until we had procured some books.'

"I called these men into the printing-office, and, as soon as I could put the sheets together, gave them each a copy: they then requested two copies more, one for a mother, the other for a sister. Each wrapped his book in a piece of white native cloth, put it in his bosom, wished me good morning; and without eating, or drinking, or calling on any person in the settlement, hastened to the beach, launched their canoe hoisted their matting sail, and steered rejoicing to their native island."

We cannot wonder that the missionaries, witnessing these scenes, and dwelling amongst a people whose feelings were so easily and so intensely excited, should use every exertion to meet the curiosity which had now been so extensively excited, possessed as they were of the means of meeting it in the manner so likely to be productive of ultimate and imperishable good. We cannot wonder that health, and rest, and relaxation of every kind, should have been disregarded; and that others, in distant lands, hearing of the great work, which, under the Divine blessing, was thus rapidly progressing, should have been fired with the same holy zeal, to give up all the natural ties of friends and country, and to go out and share the labour of those who were thus bearing the burden of the day. Many were the devoted servants of Christ who thus offered themselves; and amongst the number, none seemed to bear along with them more of the

hopes of his friends and fellow-countrymen than the amiable and devoted Lockston. This eminently gifted young man was educated at Highbury College, where his virtues, abilities, and industry, secured for him the esteem and the ardent affection of his fellow-students, as well as of his tutors, who loved him as their own child. His humility and faithfulness combined with his natural talents to render him an instructive, impressive, and useful preacher; and the largest Christian assemblies in the metropolis, as well as in the provincial towns of his native country, felt it a privilege to attend his public ministrations. His heart, however, was set on preaching Christ to the heathen. His constitution not being suited to the climate of India, he selected the South Sea Islands as the scene of his future labours; and, elate with the most exalted hopes, he set sail in September, 1833, and proceeded to Raiatea, his appointed station, followed by the sanguine expectations of the friends of the missionary cause, that he would become the Whitefield of the South Seas.

How truly has it been said that the ways of God are not as our ways, and that his wisdom is past finding out. It might be in order to prove to the friends of the Christian cause, that he who carries forward that cause in spite of all hinderance and all opposition, needs not the help of any single individual to work out his gracious purposes—at all events, we doubt not, it was in wisdom, and in mercy, that this young and devoted servant was cut off in the flower of his age, and in the very

commencement of his labours. After a residence of a few months in the South Sea Islands, he died at the early age of twenty-five, and was buried in a secluded valley, where few, indeed, of his admiring countrymen will ever be able to visit the spot, and to say—"This is the grave of Lockston."

THE END.

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