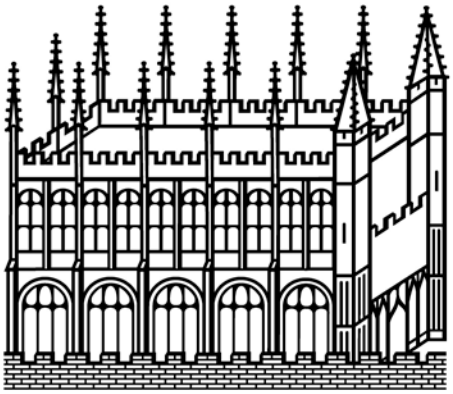

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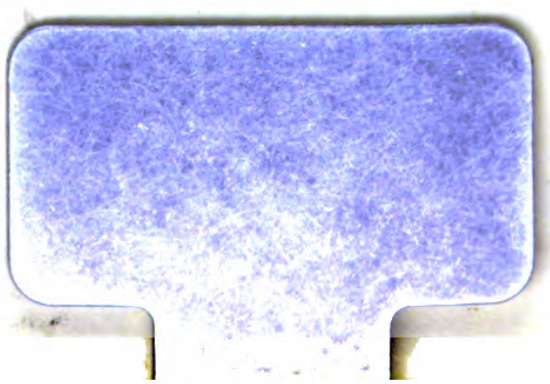

TALES

OF

ENTERPRISE, PERIL, AND ESCAPE.

A NEW SELECTION.

LONDON :
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TALES

OF

ENTERPRISE, PERIL, AND ESCAPE.

MADEMOISELLE DE BOURK.

THE Count de Bourk, an Irish officer in the Spanish service, being appointed ambassador extraordinary from the court of Spain to that of Sweden, his wife, who resided with her family in France, resolved on joining him at Madrid. Obtaining a passport for this purpose she set out with her children, and arriving at Montpellier, was advised not to attempt a land passage, on account of the French and English armies. It is true she was promised all possible protection by the generals, and the Marquis of Berwick placed at her disposal whatever escort she desired from the frontiers to Girona, where he commanded the Spanish troops, but her terror of the armies, readily inclined her to listen to those who attempted to dissuade her from crossing the country. Besides, the sea passage from Cette, in Bas Languedoc, to Barcelona, was but one of twenty-four hours, and she had already frequently travelled by sea. Her passport therefore having been exchanged, she proceeded to Cette, and finding a Genoese boat ready to set sail for Barcelona, she determined to avail herself of the opportunity.

The Countess de Bourk, when she embarked, was accompanied by her son, eight years old, her daughter, nearly ten, the Abbé Bourk, an attendant for the children, three waiting maids, one from Valence, in Dauphiné, another from Strasbourg, and a young girl whom she had kindly taken from the nuns at Villegrande, near Lyons, besides a steward and a man-servant. These persons, with two others, composed her entire suite. She also took with her some of her furniture and valuables, amongst other things, a quantity of plate, a miniature of the King of Spain, set in massive gold and studded with diamonds, a magnificent set of altar plate, court dresses, etc., all being packed in sealed bales.

The vessel set sail the 22nd of October, 1719. On the twenty-fifth of the same month, an Algerian corsair, of forty guns, commanded by a renegade appeared at daybreak, two leagues ahead of the vessel. The pirate instantly sent off his boat with twenty armed Turks to capture the vessel, who fired seven or eight times before boarding her, but without wounding any one, all on board having either hidden themselves or lain down flat on the deck. After this the Turks came on board sword in hand, and rushing to the cabin, where the Countess de Bourk was, placed four sentinels at the door, and then steered to the corsair vessel, pillaging right and left as they went, and drinking all the wine and brandy they could lay hands on. On reaching the corsair, they compelled all the Genoese crew to go on board of her, where they were immediately put in irons.

The captain then presented himself before Madame de Bourk, asking who and what she was, and whither she was bound. The unfortunate lady replied that she was French, and on her way from France to Spain, there to join her husband. He next demanded to see

her passport, which she unwillingly produced, dreading lest he should destroy it. Having, however, read it with the aid of his interpreter, he returned it to her civilly, assuring her that it was all right, and that she need fear nothing either for herself, her suite, or property. Madame de Bourk then represented to him, that being free as much by the passport as by her birth, she hoped he would send her in his boat to the Spanish shore, to which they were so near; that he owed this consideration to the French passport, and that he would thereby spare her much trouble and her husband the most deadly anxiety; nor did she forget to add that if he would do her this service she should certainly know how to prove her gratitude.

The corsair replied that being a renegade it was impossible he should do so, for a price was set on his head, but that the Dey of Algiers would be easily persuaded to restore her to a Christian shore; that therefore she must follow him to Algiers, in order that her passport as well as her person might be brought before the Dey, and that this being done, she should be made over to the French consul, who would send her to Spain in whatever way she wished. He also gave her the choice of making the voyage in his vessel, or remaining in her own, where she would certainly be less molested, advising her, in fact, to choose the latter alternative, rather than expose herself and the women of her suite to the presence of the two hundred Turks or Moors by whom his vessel was manned. Madame de Bourk chose, therefore, to remain on board the vessel, the Genoese crew being supplied by seven or eight Turks, and the captain causing it to be towed after his own vessel. The three anchors, and all the provisions on board except those destined for Madame de Bourk, were taken away. These arrangements being completed, the corsair set sail for Algiers; but all through the twenty-

eighth of October, and two following days, a furious tempest raged, by which the towing cable broke, and the little vessel was separated from the larger one. The Turks on board, too unskilful to guide the vessel, and having no compass, were obliged to abandon it to the fury of the winds and waves, by which it was driven, on the first of November, into a gulf on the coast of Barbary, called Colo, near Gigeri. There they cast anchor; and the Turk in command not recognising the country, sent two Moors on shore to find out where they were, and by whom the place was inhabited. The Moors in those parts having perceived the approach of the vessel, made sure that it was a Christian invasion, designed to capture them or their cattle, and had collected in great numbers to oppose all landing; but they were soon reassured by the two men from the vessel, who related that they had taken a Christian prize, and had on board a noble French princess, whom they were taking to Algiers. On the commander being informed where he was, he instantly determined to hasten on to Algiers, or, if possible, overtake the corsair; and too impatient even to weigh the anchor, he ordered the cable to be cut, and set sail without either point or compass. But dearly did he pay for his imprudence; for when not more than half a league from the gulf, a contrary wind arose, against which he could not contend, and which drove him back upon the shore. In vain he attempted to make way by rowing; the few men on board were unable to turn the oars to any account, and in spite of all their efforts the vessel was dashed against a rock and went to pieces.

All the poop was under water in a moment, and Madame de Bourk with her little son and female attendants, who were at prayer in the cabin, were drowned together. Those who were at the prow clung to the part of the wreck upon the rock. Amongst these were

the Abbé, an Irish gentleman named Arthur, the steward, one of the waiting maids, and the footman. The Irish gentleman, perceiving some one struggling amongst the waves, plunged in and rescued Mlle. de Bourk, whom he committed to the steward, enjoining every possible care over her, and then threw himself once more into the water, adding that it was his duty to do so, he being the only one amongst them who could swim. Well might it have been for him had he not relied upon his strength and skill, for he was seen no more. The Abbé was the first to leave the wreck and set foot upon the rock. He kept himself there for some time in spite of the overwhelming waves, by means of his knife, which he had stuck with all his force into a hole. Many times he was quite covered by the water, which at last threw him on to another rock, from which, in order to reach the shore, he was obliged to cross a little creek of the sea: once he attempted to do so by means of a plank, but it slipped from under him; he then found an oar, and at length gained the shore. But there he was instantly seized by the Moors, who stripped and otherwise ill used him.

Numbers of these men then threw themselves into the sea, expecting a rich booty from the wreck. The steward, who still held Mlle. de Bourk in his arms, made a sign to two of these barbarians as they came near him, and when they were within four paces threw her towards them. They caught her and carried her by one hand and foot to shore, where they took off one of her shoes and stockings to mark her as their slave.

The steward, who confirmed all the circumstances of this tragic affair, deposed, that whilst he yet held her in his arms she said, with a tone and courage above her age, as she saw the men approaching, "I am not afraid that these people will kill me, but I expect

that they will try to make me change my religion: however, I would rather die than break my word to God." An admirable reply from a Christian child, and that too a girl not ten years of age! The steward strengthened her in this generous resolve, assuring her that he was of the same mind.

The maid and man servant next jumped into the sea, from which they were picked up and carried over the creek by the Moors, and on reaching the shore were likewise stripped of everything. The steward lastly committed himself to the waves, and making his way by means of a rope from rock to rock, was seized by a Moor, who stripped him before he could land.

In this shameful and pitiable plight they were first led to the huts upon the nearest mountain. The roads were stony and cut their feet till they were soaked in blood; but if they hesitated for a moment they were compelled by blows to proceed. The waiting maid was the most to be compassionated; she was literally bathed in her own blood, having received many wounds from the rocks against which she had been dashed. They were each, moreover, laden with a dripping bundle of clothes, and had to carry the young lady by turns. Half-dead already when they reached the mountains, they were greeted by the yells of the Moors and the shouts of children. Numbers of dogs also, which abound in those parts, excited by the confusion, joined their barking to the tumult, and both the man and maid servant were severely bitten in the leg by two of these creatures.

The unfortunate prisoners were then distributed. The man and maid servant were given over to one Moor in the *douar* or village, and Mlle. de Bourk and the steward were together committed to another. He gave them each at first a wretched old cloak full of vermin; and after all they had gone through, the

only nourishment bestowed was a small piece of unfermented black bread, baked in the ashes, and a little cold water, whilst their only resting-place was the bare earth. The steward perceiving his young mistress half-frozen by her dripping garments, contrived with difficulty to get a little fire, at which he wrung them one by one, and put them on her again half dry. In this state she passed her first night, full of misery and terror.

The village in which our poor prisoners found themselves contained about fifty inhabitants, all lodged in five or six huts made of branches and reeds; here they herded indiscriminately, men, women, children and domestic animals. That evening they all assembled in the one which contained the captives, in order to hold a council on their fate. Some, in accordance with the tenets of their false creed, advised death, thus hoping by the sacrifice of these Christians, to secure for themselves a place in the paradise of Mahomet. Others from interested motives, and the hope of a large ransom, were for preserving them with care; and the assembly broke up without having arrived at any definite conclusion. The following day, all the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages were convened, and a very terrible day for the new captives was the consequence. Many of the barbarians threatened them horribly, kindling a fire, and declaring that they should be burnt alive, or drawing their swords and making as if they would cut their heads off. One amongst the Moors actually seized Mlle. de Bourk by the hair, and drew his sabre quickly round her neck; others, loading their firearms with ball in the presence of the prisoners, presented them at their cheeks. The steward, however, contrived to make the savages comprehend, that so far from regarding death as an evil, they would esteem it a signal honour to die for their faith; whilst all the mis-

fortune would fall upon their murderers, who would thereby lose the ransom which they might otherwise reasonably expect. This recalled even the most savage to their senses, but the women and children still continued to insult them.

So strictly were they guarded, that on no pretence whatever were they allowed to be alone for an instant; lest they should escape or be rescued, a Moor, halberd in hand, went with them everywhere. Very soon there arrived a threatening order from the Bey of Constantine, that they should at once be made over to his keeping, or he would come with his forces to seize them; but the Moors replied that they feared neither him nor his army, even though aided by that of Algiers, so fearless were they in their impregnable mountains.

Unhappy indeed was the condition of the unfortunate prisoners. The consolations of their holy faith were their only support; but their misfortunes were to be still further aggravated by the fearful spectacle about to be presented to their eyes. Not content with having captured the poor miserable beings rescued from the shipwreck, the Moors thirsted after the treasures swallowed by the sea, and being fully as expert in diving under water as they were in racing over their mountain heights, they soon succeeded in drawing from the depths of ocean not only the bales and chests, but also the dead bodies of those who had perished. They took with them to the shore the steward and the man-servant to aid in carrying to the mountains whatever they could bring up; and what must have been the sufferings of these men in seeing the remains of their companions drawn from the more pitiful waves, stripped of every garment by the covetous barbarians, and the fingers of Madame de Bourk herself mutilated by sharp flint-stones for the sake of her rings, lest their knives should be polluted by touching the body of a christian.

There lay the venerated but dishonoured corpses, exposed to the violence of weather, the attacks of animals, and, still more, the insults of the Moors, who even flung stones at them, finding a hideous pleasure in mocking at the hollow sound returned by the swollen and lifeless bodies. In vain the horrified steward attempted to expostulate, pleading that they were violating all humanity, and should, at least, suffer him to inter the dead; they answered that no one ever buried dogs.

One Moor, who had laden the man-servant with a heavy burthen, would have made him pass by these bodies, as the shortest road, but he found it impossible to succeed. Penetrated with horror, the man preferred climbing over a precipitous rock to passing near so sorrowful a spectacle.

The Moors divided the booty. The richest stuffs were cut in pieces and distributed amongst the children to deck their heads; the plate was sold to the highest bidder, and the three chalices, one alone of which was worth four hundred pounds, were valued together at less than five; for being tarnished by sea-water, the beauty of their workmanship was not appreciated, and they were taken for copper vessels of small worth. As to the books picked up, they were altogether despised, and thus readily surrendered to the steward and servant who had helped to carry the booty. Thus also the steward contrived to recover his writing case, which, as we shall see, was abundantly useful afterwards. During the three weeks of their tarrying at this place, Mlle. de Bourk, by means of this writing case and some blank paper torn from the beginning and end of the books, wrote three letters to the French consul at Algiers, which however never reached their destination.

Three weeks after the shipwreck, the prisoners were

removed to the midst of the high mountains of Conco, where, it appears, the Scheik who ruled over these barbarians resided. Twelve Moors, armed with sabres, guns and halberds, guarded them thither, compelling the Abbé and the steward to carry Mlle. de Bourk by turns over the rocky mountains. These men, accustomed to run like deer over the mountains, goaded their prisoners by their sharp weapons to a pace far beyond their strength, considering their excessive fatigue. Thus they travelled during one long day, relieved at night only by a morsel of bread, and the privilege of lying down on boards for the first time. Hitherto their only bed had been the bare earth.

The Sheik and the principal Moors then had a consultation respecting the prisoners, but as they could not agree as to the division they wished to make, they concluded to send back the weary captives to their former place. This, however, was not immediately done, and meanwhile the steward contrived on one occasion to take a little straw from under some beasts kept near, and put it under Mlle. de Bourk to soften her resting place. The master of the hut where they slept was, however, so indignant at this action, that he took an axe, and laying the steward's head on a block, was just going to behead him, had not one of the attendant Moors opportunely arrived, and hindered him. Three or four times a day, following their barbarous impulses, they would come and take their prisoners by the throat, after fastening the cabin door to prevent interruption, and, sword in hand, make ready to slay them; but an invisible hand seemed invariably to withhold the uplifted arm, and restrain their savage fury.

As they were still detained by the Sheik in spite of the arrangement to restore them to their former master, the

latter at last, accompanied by a Turk from Bougie, a maritime town under the government of Algiers, came to carry them off; but sixteen of the mountaineer Moors took arms and compelled him to relinquish them. Foiled in his chief attempt, this wretch nevertheless seized upon the young lady, and drew his sword to cut off her head, but the Turk who was with him succeeded in preventing this brutality, and at length it was settled that the captives should go back. Their escort, sometimes out of mistaken religious zeal, sometimes from natural barbarity, were every instant ready to kill them. At one moment they actually dragged the Abbé and the steward behind a great bush, intending to sacrifice them in honour of the false prophet; but even there these unfortunate victims escaped this imminent peril. They reached the village, where first they had been enslaved, that evening, and were regaled, as often before, on raw turnip-tops, without bread. Happily for Mlle. de Bourk some of the children had taken a fancy to her, and obtained her the indulgence of a little milk and bread; for it is usual amongst the Moors to grant every request made in the name of their sons, or such as are preferred through them; and the common form of asking a favor runs thus: *grant me this in the name of your son.*

At length a fourth letter, written by the young lady to the French consul, reached his hands, the only one that was safely transmitted. This was sent by the Dey himself to Algiers, on the fourth of November, and was seen also by M. Dusault, the King's ambassador. The unhappy young lady related in a simple but most touching style how that after her mother's shipwreck she and her suite had been reduced to a horrible slavery; that they were dying of hunger, and enduring all sorts of ill-treatment from those who were destitute alike of religion and humanity. She besought him

earnestly to have pity on their misery, and to send them some alleviation until he could obtain their liberation, of which the dreadful threats of the barbarians made them almost despair. This letter deeply affected all who read it, and liberal offers of money and assistance were pressed on M. Dusault, who being intimately acquainted with Mlle. de Bourk's family, needed no importunity on the subject, as soon as he had learned her dreadful situation. He gave immediate orders for fitting out a French vessel then in harbour, provided a supply of clothes and provisions, and procured from the Dey a letter of recommendation to the Grand Marabout or high priest of Bougie, whose authority was more respected than any other amongst these people. He wrote also to the young lady, and sent her some presents. That very evening the vessel set sail and soon reached Bougie.

There Ibrahim-Aga, the national interpreter, who had been sent by M. Dusault, presented the letters he had brought from the Dey of Algiers and M. Dusault to the chief marabout, (or priest,) who, although lying sick at the time, immediately rose and took horse with the marabout of Giges, the interpreter, and six or seven other Moors, towards the mountains. It was a journey of five or six days, and so soon as they arrived within sight of the village the Moors fastened themselves in the cabin with the captives, sword in hand, to the number of ten or a dozen. However, the marabouts, by no means discouraged, rapped loudly at the doors, demanding the christians. The Moors replied that they were at the utmost end of the village, but one man who was without made a sign that they were in the hut at hand. Thereupon the troop alighted from their horses, and insisted that the door should be opened, which was no sooner accomplished than the Moors took to flight, leaving the marabouts at liberty

to enter. When the captives perceived them they fully expected their last hour was come; but the chief marabout calmed all their fears by handing to Mlle. de Bourk the consul's letter, and giving her what bread and fruit was left from the provisions of his journey—for travellers in Africa must needs carry their food with them. He and his suite spent the night in the cabin, and then sent the children after their runaway fathers. The Moors returned according to his orders, and kissed his hand submissively; for they entertain the greatest respect for their marabouts, yielding more implicitly to their authority than any other, and dreading their curse more than all the threats of Algiers.

The grand marabout then summoned the Sheik of the mountains, and all the heads of the village, before him, and when they were assembled, he explained that his object in coming amongst them was to reclaim five subjects of France who had escaped drowning, and that France being now at peace with all the kingdom of Algiers, the Moors could not, in defiance of the treaty, retain these French subjects, already sufferers enough in the loss of their relations and property. He added that, although the Moorish mountaineers were not indeed subject to the authority of Algiers, yet that they profited in common with Algiers by the advantages of a peace with France, and that therefore they would be guilty of a great injustice if they did not release the prisoners, whom they had already stripped of their valuable possessions. The Moors defended themselves as well as they could with sorry excuses.

Meanwhile, during this discussion, the unhappy captives gradually lost the joyful hope of being at once set free from slavery, and were devoured by an anxiety nearly akin to despair; above all, when the interpreter explained to them that the Moors, greatly impressed

by the reasons of the marabout, consented to set free the slaves, on condition that the Sheik should keep Mlle. de Bourk, whom he destined for a bride to his young son of fourteen years old, and moreover, added, that the match would not be unworthy of her, as, even were she daughter of the King of France, his son was fully equal, being born King of the Mountains. This unexpected proposition was more alarming than any previous event, and their captivity, hard as it was, appeared more tolerable than the idea of leaving their mistress to the tender mercies of these barbarians. Such was their sorrowful position, and such the apprehensions of Mlle. de Bourk, whilst the Sheik remained inflexible; but at last the marabout, drawing him aside, dropped some golden coins into his hand, with a promise of a further supply. This changed the aspect of affairs in an instant—from that moment he became reasonable.

The ransom of the whole party was fixed at nine hundred piastres. The mountaineers declared to the deputies, at the conclusion of the agreement, that they had yielded altogether out of reverence for their marabout, and not from any fear of the Dey of Algiers. The marabout, leaving one Turk, and a quantity of valuable trinkets as pledges of his good faith, carried off the five captives. They proceeded to Bougie, passing the nights on the journey in Moorish huts, when they were happy enough to meet with any. On their arrival, December 6th, they were furnished with some linen to wear under their cloaks, as the clothes purchased and sent for their use had been given up as presents, to facilitate their liberation from the Moors.

At ten in the evening they went on board the vessel, which reached Algiers at break of day on the 13th. The moment she appeared in sight, M. Dusault's vessel

fired a salute, to which the other joyfully replied. This signal conveyed the glad tidings of the prisoners' safety, which had been anxiously and impatiently awaited. The ship's boat was sent for them to land, and the consul, with the principal French residents, came to accompany them from the landing place to the ambassador's hotel, which was crowded with Christians, Turks, and even Jews. The ambassador himself received Mlle. de Bourk at the grand entrance, and, taking her hand, conducted her first of all to his private chapel, where she received the infinite consolation of assisting at mass. A *Te Deum* was afterwards sung in grateful acknowledgment of this merciful release. All present were in tears, and even the Turks and Jews were overpowered by emotion, to see so young a child fresh from the terrors, the bereavements, and the sufferings of her state of slavery, and yet possessing her soul so patiently. True nobility was stamped upon her countenance and manners, her language showed the refinement of her education, and it was evident that her spirit had risen superior to the bitterness of the affliction in which she had been steeped. After an interval of some days, to recruit the strength of the enfranchised prisoners and their Moorish escort, the nine hundred pieces agreed on as the ransom of Mlle. de Bourk and her suite were paid over to the deputy of the grand marabout. Several presents were also added by M. Dusault for the marabout, and the other officers who had been instrumental in the negociation.

On the 5th of January, 1720, Mlle. de Bourk, accompanied by her uncle and the waiting woman, embarked on board M. Dusault's vessel, and arrived at Marseilles on the 20th of March. The Marquis de Varennes, who was her uncle, came thither to receive his bereaved niece from the hands of the ambassador. She

remained thenceforth amongst her nearest relations, until her marriage with the Marquis de T——. Her life with him was long and happy. She died in 1780, but her children are honorably esteemed in Provence at this day.

A BEE HUNT IN THE PRAIRIES.

THE beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee-trees,—that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the Far West, within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say that, in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and buffalo retire. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the beehive with the farmhouse and flower-garden, and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of man; and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilization, steadfastly preceding it as it advanced from the Atlantic borders; and some of the ancient settlers of the West pretend to give the very year when the honey-bee first crossed the Mississippi. The Indians with surprise found the mouldering trees of their forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets, and nothing, I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet for the first time upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness.

At present the honey-bee swarms in myriads in the noble groves and forests which skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise,—"a land flowing with milk and honey;" for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle, as countless as the sands upon the sea shore, while the flowers with which they are enamelled render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking bee.

We had not been long in the camp when a party set out in quest of a bee-tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee-hunter, a tall lank fellow in homespun garb, that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat, shaped not unlike a bee-hive; a comrade, equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded half-a-dozen others, some with axes and some with rifles, for no one stirs far from the camp without his fire-arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indian.

After proceeding some distance we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honeycomb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey they would rise into the air, and dart off in a straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey-laden bees to their hive,

in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

Two of the bee-hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree, to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the meantime, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling of the tree and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or disturbing this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money-making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall. Even a loud crack, which announced the disrupture of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain. At length, down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

One of the hunters immediately ran up with a wisp of lighted hay, as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack and sought no revenge. They seemed stupefied by the catastrophe and unsuspicious of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party now fell to, with spoon and hunting knife, to scoop out the flakes of honeycomb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date, and a deep brown colour; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp kettles to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot.

Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand, dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a schoolboy.

Nor was it the bee-hunters alone that profited by the downfall of this industrious community;—as if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives arriving on eager wing to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbours. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers on an Indiaman that has been driven on shore; plunging into the cells of the broken honeycombs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do anything,—not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them; but crawled backwards and forwards in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow, with his hands in his pockets, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived from time to time, with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air, in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished at finding it all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down in clusters on a dry branch of a neighbouring tree, whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic. It was a scene on which a philosopher might have moralised by the hour.

We now abandoned the place, leaving much honey

in the hollow of the tree. "It will all be cleared off by varmint," said one of the rangers. "What vermin?" asked I. "Oh, bears, and skunks, and racoons, and 'possums. The bears are the knowingest varmint for finding out a bee-tree in the world. They'll gnaw for days together at the trunk till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they'll haul out honey, bees, and all."

IRVING'S TOUR IN THE PRAIRIES.

THE "MOVING PACK."

IN the year 1723 Colonel Ridley returned from India with what, in those days, was accounted an immense fortune, and retired to a country seat on the banks of North Tyne in Northumberland. The house was rebuilt and furnished with every thing elegant and costly; and, amongst others, a service of plate, supposed to be worth £1000. He went to London annually with his family, during a few of the winter months, and at these times there were but few left at his country house. At the time we treat of, there were only three domestics residing there; a maid servant, whose name was Alice, kept the house, and there were besides, an old man and a boy, by name Richard and Edward, to thrash the corn and take care of some cattle; the two ploughmen were boarded in houses of their own.

One afternoon, as Alice was sitting spinning, a pedlar entered the hall with a strange looking pack on his back. Alice had seen one as long, and one as broad; but a pack equally long, broad, and thick, she had never seen. It was about the middle of winter, when the days were short, and the nights cold, long,

and wearisome. The pedlar was a handsome, well-dressed man, and very likely to be a very agreeable companion on such a night as that; yet Alice declared that from the very first she did not like his looks, and when he came to ask a night's lodging, he met with a peremptory refusal. "But are you really going to put me away to night?" "Yes." "Indeed, my dear girl, you must not be so unreasonable; I am come straight from Newcastle, where I have been purchasing a fresh stock of goods, which are so heavy, that I cannot travel far with them, and as the people around are all of the poorer sort, I would rather make you a present of the finest shawl in my pack than go farther." At the mention of the shawl, the picture of deliberation was pourtrayed in lively colours on Alice's face for a little, but which her prudence dispelled. "No, she was but a servant, and had orders to harbour no person about the house, but such as came on business, nor these either, unless she was well acquainted with them." "What the worse can you, or your master be, or any one else, by suffering me to tarry until the morning? Indeed, I am not able to carry my goods farther to-night." "Then you must leave them, or get a horse to carry them away." "Well, well, I cannot blame you; since no better may be, I must leave them, and go search for lodgings myself somewhere else, for, fatigued as I am, it is as much as my life is worth to endeavour to carry them farther." Alice was rather taken at her word; she wanted nothing to do with his goods, for as the man was displeased at her, he might accuse her of stealing some of them; but it was an alternative she had proposed, and against which she could start no plausible objection; so she consented, though with much reluctance. "But the pack will be better out of your way," said he, "and safer, if you will be so kind as lock it by in some room or closet." She then led

him into a low parlour, where he placed it carefully on two chairs, and went his way, wishing Alice a good night.

When Alice and the pack were left together in the large house by themselves, she felt a kind of undefined terror come over her mind about it. "What can be in it," said she to herself, "that makes it so heavy? Surely when the man carried it this length, he might have carried it farther. It is a very strange pack; I'll go and look at it once again, and see what I think of it; and suppose I handle it all around, I shall then perhaps have a good guess of what is within.

Alice went cautiously and fearfully into the parlour and opened a wall-press, though she wanted nothing in the press, indeed never looked into it, for her eyes were fixed on the pack, and the longer she looked at it, the worse she liked it; and as to handling it, she would not have touched it for all that it contained. She came again into the kitchen and conversed with herself. She thought of the man's earnestness to leave it —of its monstrous shape, and every circumstance connected with it;—they were all mysterious, and she was convinced in her own mind, that there was something *uncanny*, if not unearthly, in the pack.

What surmises will not fear give rise to in the mind of a woman! She lighted a candle, and went again into the parlour, closed the window shutters, and barred them; but before she came out, she set herself upright, held in her breath, and took another steady and scrutinizing look at the pack. Merciful heavens! she saw it *moving*, as visibly as ever she saw anything in her life. Every hair on her head stood upright. Every inch of flesh on her body crept like a nest of pismires. She hastened into the kitchen as fast as she could, for her knees bent under her. Terror had overwhelmed the heart of poor Alice. She puffed out

the candle, lighted it again, and, not being able to find a candlestick, though a dozen stood on the shelf in the fore kitchen, she set it in a water-jug, and ran out to the barn for old Richard. "Oh Richard! Oh, for mercy's sake, Richard, make haste, and come into the house. Come away, Richard." Why, what is the matter, Alice? what is wrong?" "Oh, Richard! a pedlar came into the hall entreating for lodgings; well, I would not let him stay on any account, and, behold, he has gone off and left his pack." "And what is the great matter in that," said Richard. "I will wager a penny he will look after it before it shall look after him." "But, oh Richard, I tremble to tell you! We are all undone, for it is a living pack. I have seen it *move!*" "A living pack!" said Richard, staring at Alice, and letting his chops fall down. He had just lifted his flail over his head, but when he heard of a living pack, he dropped one end of the handstaff to the floor, and, leaning on the other, took such a look at Alice. He never took such a look at her in his life. "A living pack!" said Richard. "Why, the woman is mad, without all doubt." "Oh, Richard! come away. Heaven knows what is in it! but I tell you I saw it moving as plainly as I see you now. Make haste and come, Richard." Richard did not stand to expostulate any longer, nor even to put on his coat, but followed Alice into the house, assuring her by the way, that it was nothing but a whim, and just of a piece with many of her phantasies. "But," added he, "of all the foolish ideas that ever possessed your brain, this is the most unfeasible, unnatural, and impossible. How can a pack, made up of napkins, and muslins, and corduroys, ever become alive? It is even worse than to suppose a horse's hair will turn an eel." So saying, he lifted the candle out of the jug, and, turning about, never stopped till he had his hand

upon the pack. He felt the deals that surrounded its edges to prevent the goods being rumpled and spoiled by carrying, the cords that bound it, and the canvass in which it was wrapped. "The pack was well enough, he found nought about it that other packs wanted. It was just like other packs, made up of the same stuff. He saw nought that ailed it. And a good large pack it was. It would cost the honest man £200, if not more. It would cost him £300 or £350 if the goods were fine. But he would make it all up again by cheating fools, like Alice, with his gewgaws." Alice testified some little disappointment at seeing Richard unconvinced, even by ocular proof. She wished she had never seen him or it however; for she was convinced there was something mysterious about it; that they were stolen goods, or something that way; and she was terrified to stay in the house with it. But Richard assured her the pack was a proper enough pack.

During this conversation Edward came in. He was a lad about sixteen years of age, son to a coal-driver on the Border—was possessed of a good deal of humour and ingenuity, but somewhat roguish and forward in his manners. He was about this time intent on shooting the crows and birds of various kinds that alighted in whole flocks where he foddered the cattle. He had bought a huge old military gun, which he denominated *Copenhagen*, and was continually thundering away at them. He was at this very moment come, in a great haste, for *Copenhagen*, having seen a glorious chance of sparrows, and a Robin-red-breast among them, feeding on the site of a corn rick, but hearing them talk of something mysterious, and a living pack, he pricked up his ears, and was all attention. "Faith, Alice," said he, "if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "Hold your peace, foolish boy," said Richard.

Edward took the candle from Richard, who still held it in his hand, and gliding down the passage, edged up to the parlour door, and watched the pack attentively for about two minutes. He then came back with a spring, and with looks very different from those which regulated his features as he went down. "As sure as I stood here I saw it stirring." "Hold your peace, you goose," said Richard. Edward maintained that he saw it moving. "Faith, Alice," said he again, "if you will let me, I'll shoot it." "I tell you to hold your peace, you fool," said Richard. "No," said Edward, "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety; and I will maintain this to be our safest plan. Our master's house is consigned to our care, and the wealth that it contains may tempt some people to use stratagems. Now, if we open up this man's pack, he may pursue us for damages to any amount, but if I shoot it what amends can he get of me? If there is anything that should not be there, how I will pepper it! And if it is lawful goods, he can only make me pay for the few that are damaged, which I will get at valuation; so, if none of you agree, I will take all the blame upon myself, and bestow a shot upon it. So, snatching up *Copenhagen* in one hand, and the candle in the other, he hastened down the passage, and at once fired at the pack. Gracious heavens! The blood gushed out upon the floor like a torrent, and a hideous roar, followed by the groans of death, issued from the pack. Edward dropped *Copenhagen* upon the ground, and ran into the kitchen like one distracted. The kitchen was darkish, for he had left the candle in the parlour; so, taking to the door, without being able to utter a word, he ran to the hills like a wild roe, looking over each shoulder, as fast as he could turn his head from the one side to the other. Alice followed as fast as she could, but lost half the way of Edward. She

was all the time sighing and crying most pitifully. Old Richard stood for a short space in a state of petrifaction, but at length, after some hasty ejaculations, he ventured into the parlour. The whole floor flowed with blood. The pack had thrown itself on the ground; but the groans and cries had ceased, and only a kind of guttural noise was heard from it. Knowing that something must now be done, he ran after his companions, and called on them to come back. Though Edward had ran forward a good way, yet, as he never took time to consider of the utility of any thing, but acted from immediate impulse, he turned, and came back as fast as he had gone away. Alice also came homeward, but more slowly, and crying even more bitterly than before. Edward overtook her, and they arrived quickly at home.

They were soon all three in the parlour, and in no little agitation of mind unloosed the pack, when the principal part of the contents was found to be a stout young man, whom Edward had shot through the heart, and thus bereaved of existence in a few minutes. They made all possible speed in extricating the corpse, intending to call medical assistance, but it was too late; the vital spark was gone for ever. "Alas," said old Richard, heaving a deep sigh, "poor man, 'tis all over with him! I wish he had lived a little longer to have repented of this; for he has surely died in a bad cause. Poor man! he was *somebody's* son, and no doubt dear to them; and nobody can tell how small a crime this hath, by a regular gradation, become the fruits of." Richard came twice across his eyes with the sleeve of his shirt, for he was still without his coat; tender thoughts shot through his heart. "Alas, if his parents are alive, how will their hearts bear this, poor creatures!" said Richard, weeping outright; "poor creatures! God pity them!"

The way the man was packed up was artful and curious. His knees were brought up towards his breast, and his feet and legs stuffed in a wooden box; another wooden box, a size larger, and wanting the bottom, made up the vacancy betwixt his face and knees, and there being only one fold of canvass around this, he breathed with the greatest freedom; no doubt it had been the heaving of his breast which had caused the movement noticed by the servants. His right arm was within the box, and to his hand was tied a cutlass, with which he could rip himself from his confinement at once. There were also four loaded pistols secreted with him, and a silver wind-call. On coming to the pistols and cutlass, "Villain," said old Richard, "see what he has here. But I should not call him villain," said he again, softening his tone; "for he is now gone to answer at that bar where no false witness, nor loquacious orator, can bias the justice of the sentence pronounced on him. *We* can judge only from appearances, but thanks to our kind Maker and Preserver, that he was discovered, else it is probable that none of us would have again seen the light of day." These moral reflections, from the mouth of old Richard, by degrees raised the spirits of Edward: he was bewildered in uncertainty, and had undoubtedly given himself up for lost; but he now began to discover that he had done a meritorious and manful action, and, for the first time since he had fired the fatal shot, ventured to speak. "Sure it was lucky that I shot then," said Edward; but neither of his companions answered either good or bad. Alice behaved and assisted at this bloody affair better than might have been expected. Edward surveyed the pistols all round, two of which were of curious workmanship. "But what do you think he was going to do with all these things?" said Edward." "I think you need not ask that," Richard

answered. "Well, it was a mercy that I shot, after all," said Edward, "for if we *had* loosed him out, we should all have been dead in a minute. I have given him a good broadside, though. But look ye, Richard, Providence has directed me to the right spot, for I might as readily have lodged the contents of *Copenhagen* in one of these empty boxes." "It has been a deep laid scheme," said Richard, "to murder us, and rob our master's house; there must certainly be more concerned in it than these two."

Ideas beget ideas, often quite different, and then others again in unspeakable gradation, which run through and shift within the mind with as much velocity as the streamers around the pole in a frosty night. On Richard's speaking of more concerned, Edward instantaneously thought of a gang of thieves by night,—how he would break the leg of one—shoot another through the head—and scatter them like chaff before the wind. So high was the young and ardent mind of the youth wrought up by this train of ideas, that he was striding up and down the floor, while his eyes gleamed as one mad. "Oh! if I had but plenty guns, and nothing ado but to shoot, how I would pepper the dogs!" said he with great vehemence, to the no small astonishment of his two associates, who thought him demented. "What can the boy mean?" said old Richard, "What ails him at the dogs?" "Oh, it is the robbers that I mean," said Edward. "What robbers, you young fool?" said Richard. "Why, do not you think that the pedlar will come back at the dead of the night to the assistance of his friend, and bring plenty of help with him too?" said Edward. "There is not a doubt of it," said old Richard, who saw in a moment what had not before struck him. "There is not a doubt of it," said Alice; and both stood up stiff with fear and astonishment. "Oh! merciful heaven! what is to

become of us?" said Alice again, "What are we to do?" "Let us trust in the Lord," said old Richard. "And in old *Copenhagen* too," said Edward, putting down the frizzel, and making it spring up again with a loud snap five or six times. "But, what are we thinking about? I'll run and gather in all the guns in the country." The impulse of the moment was Edward's monitor. Off he ran like fire, and warned a few of the colonel's retainers, who he knew kept guns about them; these again warned others, and at eight o'clock they had twenty-five men in the house, and sixteen loaded pieces, including *Copenhagen*, and the four pistols found on the deceased. These were distributed amongst the front windows in the upper stories, and the rest, armed with pitchforks, old swords, and cudgels, kept watch below. Edward had taken care to place himself, with a comrade, at a window immediately facing the approach to the house. All remained quiet until an hour past midnight, when it entered into Edward's teeming brain to blow the thief's silver wind-call; so without warning any of the rest, he put his head out at the window, and blew until all the hills and woods around gave back their echoes. This alarmed the guards, as not knowing the meaning of it; but how were they astonished at hearing it answered by another at no great distance! The state of anxiety into which this sudden and unforseen circumstance threw our armed peasants, is more easily conceived than described. The fate of their master's great wealth, and even their own fates, was soon to be decided, and none but *he* who surveys and overrules futurity could tell what was to be the issue. Every breast heaved quicker, every breath was cut short, every gun was cocked and pointed toward the court-gate, every orb of vision was strained to discover the approaching foe by the dim light of the starry canopy,

and every ear expanded to catch the distant sounds as they floated on the slow frosty breeze.

The suspense was not of long continuance. In less than five minutes the trampling of horses was heard, which increased as they approached to the noise of thunder; and in due course, a body of men on horseback, according to the account given by the colonel's people, exceeding their own number, came up at a brisk trot, and began to enter the court-gate. Edward, unable to restrain himself any longer, fired *Copenhagen* in their faces: one of the foremost dropped, and his horse made a spring towards the hall door. This discharge was rather premature, as the wall still shielded a part of the gang from the windows. It was, however, the watchword to all the rest, and in the course of two seconds the whole sixteen guns were discharged at them. Before the smoke dispersed they had all fled, no doubt greatly amazed at the reception they met with. Edward and his comrade ran down stairs to see how matters stood, for it was their opinion that they had shot them every one, and that their horses had taken fright at the noise, and galloped off without them; but as the party below warmly protested against their opening any of the doors till day, they were obliged to betake themselves again to their berth up stairs.

Though our peasants had gathered up a little courage and confidence, their situation was to them a strange and fearful one. They saw and heard a part of their fellow-creatures moaning and expiring in agonies in the open air, which was intensely cold, yet durst not go to administer the least relief, for fear of a surprise. An hour or two after this great brush, Edward and his messmate descended again, and begged hard for leave to go and reconnoitre for a few minutes, which after some disputes was granted. They found only four

men fallen, who appeared to be all quite dead. One of them was lying within the porch; the other three were without, at a considerable distance from each other. They durst not follow their track farther, as the road entered betwixt groves and trees, but retreated into their posts without touching anything.

About an hour before day, some of them were alarmed at hearing the sound of horses feet a second time, which, however, was only indistinct, and heard at considerable intervals, and nothing of them ever appeared. Not long after this, Edward and his friend were almost frightened out of their wits, at seeing, as they thought, the dead man within the gate endeavouring to get up and escape. They had seen him dead, lying surrounded by a deluge of congealed blood; and—nothing but the ideas of ghosts and hobgoblins entering their brains—they were so indiscreet as never to think of firing, but ran and told the tale of horror to some of their neighbours. The sky was by this time grown so dark, that nothing could be seen with precision; and they all remained in anxious incertainty, until the opening day discovered to them, by degrees, that the corpses were removed, and nothing left but large sheets of frozen blood; and the morning's alarms by the ghost and the noise of horses had been occasioned by some of the friends of the men that had fallen conveying them away for fear of a discovery.

Next morning the news flew like wild-fire, and the three servants were surrounded by crowds of idle and officious people, some inquiring after the smallest particulars, some begging to see the body that lay in the parlour, and others poring over the sheets of crimson ice, and tracing the drops of blood on the road down the wood. The colonel had no country agent, nor any particular friend in the neighbourhood; so the affair was not pursued with that speed which was requisite

to the discovery of the accomplices. Dr. Herbert, the physician who attended the family occasionally, wrote to the colonel, by post, concerning the affair; but though he lost no time, it was the fifth day before he arrived. Advertisements were then issued and posted up in all the public places, offering a reward for the discovery of any persons lately killed or wounded. All the dead and sick within twenty miles were inspected by medical men, and a most extensive search made, but to no purpose. It was too late; all was secured. Some indeed were missing, but plausible pretences being made for their absence, nothing could be done. But certain it is, sundry of these were never seen any more in the country, though many of the neighbourhood declared they were such people as nobody could have thought of suspecting.

The body of the unfortunate man who was shot in the pack lay open for inspection a fortnight, but none would ever acknowledge so much as having seen him. The colonel then caused him to be buried at Bellingham; but it was confidently reported that his grave was opened and his corpse taken away. In short, not one engaged in this desperate attempt was ever discovered. A constant watch was kept by night for some time. The colonel rewarded the defenders of his house liberally. Old Richard remained in the family during the rest of his life. Alice was married to a tobacconist at Hexham. Edward was made the colonel's gamekeeper, and had a present of a fine gold-mounted gun given him. His master afterwards procured him a commission in a regiment of foot, and he soon afterwards went abroad on foreign service. He was shot through the shoulder at the battle of Fontenoy, but recovered, and, retiring on half pay, took a small farm on the Scottish side. His character was that of a brave, though rash officer; kind, generous

and open-hearted in all situations. I have often stood at his knee, and listened with wonder and amazement to his stories of battles and sieges, but none of them ever pleased me better than that of the *Moving Pack.*

MR. WATERTON'S ADVENTURE IN THE "POLLUX."

We left Rome with our two servants on the 16th of June, 1841; and the next day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, we went on board the Pollux steamer of two-hundred-horse power, at Cività Vecchia, and shaped our course for Leghorn. The weather was charmingly serene; scarcely a ripple could be perceived upon old ocean's surface; and when the night set in, although there was no moon, the brilliancy of the stars made ample amends for her non-appearance. I soon remarked a want of nautical discipline on board the Pollux; and ere the sun went down, I had observed to a gentleman standing by me, that in all my life I had never been on board of a vessel where unseamanlike conduct was more apparent.

After making choice of a convenient part of the deck, I laid me down in my travelling cloak to pass the night there, having Mr. Macintosh's life-preserver in my pocket. He had made me a present of this preserver some twenty years ago, and I have never gone to sea without it. Contrary to their usual custom, my sisters preferred to sleep that night on deck on account of the serenity of the weather; and as our two servants followed their example, none of our party went below, for my son Edmund had already chosen his spot of retirement near to the place where I was reposing. We had

the great awning above us. It had been left expanded apparently more through neglect than with an intention to accommodate the passengers.

Suddenly, our sleep was broken by a tremendous crash, which at first I took to be the bursting of the boiler. But I was soon undeceived; for, on looking around I saw a huge steamer aboard of us, nearly amid-ships. It proved to be the Monjibello, of 240 horse power, from Leghorn to Cività Vecchia. She had come into us a little abaft the paddle-wheels, with such force that her cutwater had actually penetrated into our after-cabin. In all probability she would have cut us in two, had not her bowsprit fortunately come in contact with our funnel, which was smashed in pieces, and driven overboard by the shock. The Pollux instantly became a wreck, with her parts amid-ships stove in; and it was evident that she had but a very little time to float.

I found my family all around me; and having slipped on and inflated my life-preserver, I entreated them to be cool and temperate, and they all obeyed me most implicitly. My little boy had gone down on his knees, and was praying fervently to the blessed Virgin to take us under her protection, whilst Miss Edmonstone kept crying out in a tone of deep anxiety, "Oh, save the poor boy, and never mind me!"

Sad and woeful was the scene around us. The rush to get into the Monjibello, which, thanks to Charles Bonaparte (Prince Canino) was still alongside of us, caused unutterable confusion. Some were pulled up on deck by the passengers and crew of the Monjibello; others managed to get on board of her without help; and others ran to and fro, bereft of all self-command; whilst our damaged vessel herself was sinking deeper and deeper every minute into her watery grave.

Confiding in my valuable life-preserver, I remained

on board the Pollux till nearly all had left her. I had managed to keep possession of my favourite travelling cloak, and should have saved it ultimately, but for the following misadventure. A fine young German woman, with a child under her arm, apparently terrified out of her senses, seized fast hold of me by her hand that was free, just as I was in the act of trying to get into the Monjibello. Her convulsive grasp held me so completely fast, that I could neither advance nor retreat. I begged of her in French for the love of God to let go her hold, or we should both of us inevitably perish. But she was unconscious of what I said; and with her mouth half open, and with her eyes fixed steadfastly on me, she continued to grasp me close under the ribs, with fearful desperation. I now abandoned my cloak to its fate; and then, having both hands free, I succeeded in tearing myself from her grasp, and got up the side of the Monjibello by means of a rope which was hanging there.

We were all saved except one man. He was a respectable ship-captain from Naples, and was on his way to Leghorn, in order to purchase a vessel. In talking over his death the morning after, it was surmised that he had all his money in gold sewed up in a belt around his body;—a thing common in these countries; and to this might be attributed his untimely end, for I heard one of the Monjibello sailors say, that he had got hold of the captain's hand after he had fallen into the sea, but that the weight was too much for him; and so the poor captain sank to the bottom and perished there.

Mr. Frederick Massey, first engineer on board of the Pollux, performed an act of courage which ought to be made known to the public. He had effected his escape from the sinking vessel into the Monjibello, but reflecting that the boiler of the former might explode and

cause additional horrors, he went back to her, and eased the safety-valve, at the time when the engine-room was filling fast with water. Having performed this eminent service, the gallant fellow got safely back again on board the Monjibello.

The two steamers were now at a short distance from each other. I kept a steadfast eye on the shattered Pollux, knowing that her final catastrophe must be close at hand. She went down stern foremost, but she hesitated a while in the act of sinking, as though unwilling to disappear for ever. This momentary and unexpected pause gave us some hopes that she might remain waterlogged; and I said to a gentleman standing by me, I do not despair of seeing her at to-morrow's dawn. But she tarried only for a few minutes. Her forepart then appeared to rise up perpendicularly. She sank gradually lower and lower. We saw her last light extinguished in the water; and then all was still, for there was no wind in the heavens; and so easy was her descent into the "chambers of the deep," that it caused no apparent temporary whirlpool on the place which she had just occupied. Thus foundered the Pollux steamer, with all her goods and property on board. Not a spar, not a plank, not a remnant of any thing was left behind her. Many were of opinion that she floated not more than ten minutes from the time that she received her death blow; others again conjectured that she remained a short half hour: probably, some sixteen or eighteen minutes will not be far from the mark.

All our hopes of safety now depended upon the Monjibello. But the worst was apprehended, knowing that she herself must have received a tremendous shock at the time that she ran on board the Pollux. The general perturbation was much increased by a sudden report that the Monjibello was actually sinking,

and a demand was immediately made by the passengers to be put on shore at the nearest point of land.

Prince Canino (Charles Bonaparte) had come passenger in the Monjibello from Leghorn; and his exertions to save us were beyond all praise. The fatal collision had taken place some five miles from the Island of Elba. The prince immediately offered his services to go to Portolongoni, in order to obtain permission for us to land there. Indeed, under Heaven, we already owed our lives to Prince Canino, for when the Monjibello had backed out from the wreck of the Pollux, and was in the act of sheering off from alongside of us, he, with the characteristic judgment of his uncle Napoleon in the hour of need, ran to the helm, and, knocking the steersman aside, took hold of it himself, and placed the Monjibello in a situation to enable us to pass on board of her from the sinking Pollux. Had the prince not done this, the loss of life would have been terrible, for we had been deprived of our boat, three people having made off with it to save their own lives, at the time when all was in confusion.

The prince having reached Portolongoni in one of the Monjibello's boats, begged permission of the officer in command that we might be allowed to land. But all his entreaties were of no avail. Nothing could mollify the man's iron heart. He peremptorily refused the favour which the prince had asked, adding, by way of excuse for his diabolical conduct, that he was bound to obey the law, which did not allow of our landing under existing circumstances. Finding all remonstrance of no avail, and seeing that the heart of this savage was too obdurate to be worked upon by any further recital of the horrors of our situation, Prince Canino left Portolongoni in disgust, and returned to the Monjibello, where he announced to us, in terms of high indignation, the utter failure of his mission.

We lay-to during the remainder of the night, got up our steam at early dawn, and reached the port of Leghorn, where we came to an anchor. Here, again, Prince Canino was a real benefactor to us. The wisemen of Leghorn met in consultation, and gravely decreed that we must perform a quarantine of twenty days, because we had no bill of health to show. Now these Solons knew full well that the Monjibello had left their own harbour, in due form, only the evening before; and they were told that the people whom the Monjibello had received on board, had equally left Cività Vecchia in due form; but that these people could not possibly produce a bill of health, because that bill of health was unfortunately at the bottom of the sea in the foundered Pollux. Still the collected wisdom of Leghorn insisted on the performance of quarantine. The law ordained it, and the dead letter of the law was to be their only guide.

Prince Canino pleaded our cause with uncommon fervour. He informed them that we had had nothing to eat that morning, as the Monjibello had only taken provisions on board to last till she reached Cività Vecchia. He described the absolute state of nudity to which many of the sufferers had been reduced, he urged the total loss of our property, and he described in feeling terms the bruises and wounds which had been received at the collision. In fine, he entreated his auditors to accompany him alongside of the Monjibello, where they would see with their own eyes the sufferings which he had just described.

The council of Leghorn relented, and graciously allowed us to go ashore, after we had been kept for above two hours in suspense as to our destiny.

We landed, in appearance something like Falstaff's regiment. My ladies had lost their bonnets, and I my hat. Others were without stockings, coats, and shoes.

I saw two worthy priests standing on the deck of the Monjibello with only one shoe each. I recommended them to cast lots for a shoe, so that one of them at least might walk comfortably up the uneven streets of Leghorn. They smiled as I said this, and possibly they thought my levity out of season.

A survey was immediately made of the Monjibello, and on finding that she had not suffered materially during the concussion, she was pronounced to be seaworthy.

Having lost our all, we determined to return to Rome in the same vessel which had run us down. Wherefore, after thanking Mrs. M'Bean and her two excellent sons for their attention to us during the day which we had spent in Leghorn, we went once more on board the Monjibello, repassed over the place where the Pollux had sunk for ever, and landed at Cività Vecchia, whence we posted to Rome.

* * * * * *

And now a word or two more on the dismal scenes which took place at the collision, and after our vessel had foundered.

In the hour of danger several of the crew of the Pollux abandoned us to our fate, and saved themselves by getting into the other vessel. Our brave captain and his mate, in lieu of keeping alternate watch on deck, were both fast asleep in their berths below, when the Monjibello ran on board of us. The captain was so scared, that he forgot to put on his trousers, and his shirt was his only covering when he reached the Monjibello.

I have already mentioned that at the very time that our boat would have been of the utmost service to us, three persons got into it, and rowed away for the land. A gentleman, by name Armstrong, had a narrow escape. He was struck and knocked down by the Monjibello as

she entered us; and he was kept where he fell, by the falling fragments. He was sadly wounded, and he only just extricated himself in time to save his life.

A Spanish duchess, who was sleeping below at the time of the accident, lost her senses completely. She persisted in remaining in bed, and no entreaties could move her to leave it. She was dragged upon deck by main force, and taken into the Monjibello with nothing but her shift on. She had not re-gained her self-possession on the following day, for she hesitated at the door of the hotel in Leghorn, and would not pass the threshold until her attendants had shown her that it would not give way under her feet.

After we had got safe into the Monjibello, and the terror had somewhat abated, I went down into one of the cabins to see how things were going on. At the farthest corner of it, I saw, by the light of a lamp, a venerable looking priest dripping wet, and apparently in much pain. He informed me, that he had fallen into the sea, and he believed that he had broken his arm, for that his sufferings were almost intolerable. I ripped up his coat with my penknife, and found his shoulder dislocated. With the help of three young English engineers, I replaced the bone in its socket, and then took off his wet clothes, and gave them in charge to my servant, that he might dry them in the following morning's sun. A good Samaritan, who was standing by, furnished a shirt for him. Having made him as comfortable as circumstances would permit, I got him some water to drink, and promised that I would be with him every now and then to see that all was right.

The people took me for a surgeon, and they requested that I would bleed the captain of the late Pollux, for that he was apparently in a dying state. This dastardly *sansculotte* was on the floor in horrible despair, sighing,

sobbing and heaving like a broken-winded horse. Having felt his pulse, I recommended that he should be taken on deck, and drenched well with sea-water, adding that this would be a much safer process than drawing his precious blood; and that a mouthful or two of salt water, with a little fresh air, would tend to collect his scattered senses.

The whole blame of this shipwreck must be thrown on the captains and the mates of the respective vessels. All four of these worthless seamen were fast asleep at the time of the accident, instead of attending to their duty. Hence the total loss of the beautiful steamer Pollux, at the very time when the absence of every thing that could retard her progress, or cause alarm for her safety, seemed to make us sure of a prosperous passage to Leghorn.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES WATERTON, ESQ.

THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.

Aubri de Mondidier, a gentleman of family and fortune, travelling alone through the Forest of Bondi, was murdered and buried under a tree. His dog, an English blood-hound, would not quit his master's grave for several days; till at length, compelled by hunger, he proceeded to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri, at Paris, and by his melancholy howling, seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated his cries, ran to the door, looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve, and with dumb eloquence entreated him to go with him.

The singularity of all these actions of the dog, added

to the circumstance of his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he had always been, prompted the company to follow the animal, who conducted them to a tree, where he renewed his howl, scratching the earth with his feet, and significantly entreating them to search that particular spot. Accordingly, on digging, the body of the unhappy Aubri was found.

Some time after, the dog accidentally met the assassin, who is styled, by all the historians that relate this fact, the Chevalier Macaire; when instantly seizing him by the throat, he was with great difficulty compelled to quit his prey. In short, whenever the dog saw the chevalier, he continued to pursue and attack him with equal fury. Such obstinate virulence in the animal, confined only to Macaire, appeared very extraordinary; especially to those who at once recollected the dog's remarkable attachment to his master, and several instances in which Macaire's envy and hatred to Aubri de Mondidier had been conspicuous.

Additional circumstances created suspicion, and at length the affair reached the royal ear. The king (Louis VIII) accordingly sent for the dog, who appeared extremely gentle, till he perceived Macaire in the midst of several noblemen, when he ran fiercely towards him, growling at and attacking him as usual.

The king, struck with such a collection of circumstantial evidence against Macaire, determined to refer the decision to the chance of battle; in other words, he gave orders for a combat between the chevalier and the dog. The lists were appointed in the Isle of Notre Dame, then an unenclosed, uninhabited place, and Macaire was allowed for his weapon a great cudgel.

An empty cask was given to the dog as a place of retreat, to enable him to recover breath. Every thing being prepared, the dog no sooner found himself at liberty, than he ran round his adversary, avoiding his

blows, and menacing him on every side, till his strength was exhausted; then springing forward, he griped him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and obliged him to confess his guilt, in the presence of the king and the whole court. In consequence of this, the chevalier, after a few days, was convicted upon his own acknowledgment, and beheaded on a scaffold in the Isle of Notre Dame.

The fame of the English dog has been deservedly transmitted to posterity by a monument in basso-relievo, which still remains on the chimney-piece of the grand hall, at the Castle of Montargis in France. The sculpture represents a dog fighting with a champion.

SUFFERINGS OF MADAME GODIN.

In the year 1733, three scientific men, named M. de la Condamine, M. Godin, and M. Bouquer, were sent to Quinto in Peru, by the King of France, that they might exercise their geometrical skill in ascertaining the true form of the earth, on which subject not even the learned in those days were so well informed as our peasants of the nineteenth century. It is not our province here to discuss the ways and means by which this object was to be effected; suffice it, that M. de la Condamine and his companions took up their position on the mountain heights of the Cordilleras, a lofty chain of mountains in Peru, crested with ice and everlasting snow. There, exposed to the most penetrating cold and furious gales, they carried on their dangerous survey, whilst the wind would often tear away the

tents in which they were to pass the night, and hurl them with their mathematical instruments to the depths below. Their journies were constantly in the midst of snow and ice, or perhaps through mountain streams and thick morasses, to the higher summits, where the intense cold froze the water in the glass before it could reach their parched lips. Often their hands became powerless and could no longer hold the measures necessary to their geometrical observations, whilst their very saliva became ice before it fell upon the ground.

M. Godin, one of these gentlemen, had brought his wife with him to Peru. Several years were necessary to complete the observations made upon the mountains, and when, at length, in 1742, they were satisfactorily accomplished, family affairs prevented him from returning to France at the same time with his scientific companions. His departure was, indeed, delayed from one year to another, until it was 1749 before he could set out for Cayenne. Thence he wrote to the foreign minister, asking for letters of recommendation at the Portuguese court, that he might obtain the necessary passports and a vessel to take him up the river Amazon, and bring his wife back from Peru to Cayenne. By referring to a map of South America some idea may be formed of the difficulties attending a voyage up this immense river, one of the largest in the world, which, flowing through the country of the Amazons, as it is called, falls at length into the Atlantic Ocean. For a distance upwards of 2700 miles it traverses an utterly wild and uncultivated region, inhabited only by scattered Indian tribes in a state of barbarism.

Various circumstances, unnecessary to detail, occurred to frustrate the accomplishment of poor M. Godin's wishes; and for fifteen years one delay after another

detained him at Cayenne, far from his wife in Peru. At length he had the satisfaction of seeing a vessel arrive at Cayenne, equipped by order of the King of Portugal, all ready for the voyage he so impatiently desired. He lost no time in embarking, but before reaching the mouth of the river Amazon, was unfortunately attacked by an illness so severe and tedious that he had no resource but to stay at Ogapoc, a port between Cayenne and the mouth of the Amazon, and to commission a certain Tristan, whom he believed his friend, to go forward in his name for Madame Godin.

Besides supplying him with the necessary funds, he confided to his care a quantity of merchandise to be disposed of on the way. These arrangements being made with Tristan, the vessel went on its way, having orders to convey him as far as Loreto, a Spanish settlement, about half-way along the course of the Amazon. Thence Tristan was to proceed to Lagune, another settlement, some leagues from Loreto, there to place M. Godin's letters to his wife in the hands of a resident priest (who had undertaken to forward them to their destination), and then await her arrival at Lagune.

The vessel had a prosperous voyage to Loreto, but Tristan, instead of going on to Lagune, contented himself with confiding the letters to a Spanish priest, then travelling quite in another direction (but who promised to deliver them when he found an opportunity), and devoted himself meanwhile to commerce, going from one Portuguese settlement to another.

By this means, M. Godin's letters passed from hand to hand, and never reached their destination. However, some vague report happened to reach Peru that there lay at Loreto a vessel waiting for Madame Godin, and she herself at length heard it, but without receiving any definite information. Something equally uncertain

was rumoured of letters from her husband, but all her efforts to obtain them were fruitless. At length she resolved to send a faithful negro, with some Indian guides, along the banks of the river Amazon, in order to obtain, if possible, some certain tidings. This devoted servant courageously overcame every difficulty in the way of his long journey; he reached Loreto, saw Tristan, and returned with the joyful news that a Portuguese vessel indeed awaited Madame Godin, to convey her to Cayenne.

On hearing this, the heroic woman instantly determined on her own responsibility to undertake the voyage in spite of its fatigues and dangers. Her residence was then at a place, some twenty miles south of Quito, where she had estates. She sold these and every article that could not conveniently be removed, at the highest price she could obtain. M. de Grandmaison, her father, and two of her brothers who had lived with her in Peru, resolved to accompany her. But the father concluded to travel first, that he might smooth the difficulties of his daughter's journey, as far as a spot beyond the Cordilleras mountains, whence they would set sail. About this time Madame Godin received a visit from a certain M. R—, who gave himself out for a French physician, and petitioned to be allowed to accompany her on the voyage. She replied that, not being owner of the vessel in which they were to sail, it was impossible for her to promise him a place in it. M. R— then applied to Madame Godin's brothers; and they, looking on it as a matter of some consequence to have a physician in their company, prevailed on their sister to promise him a passage.

Everything thus arranged, she set out from her house on the 1st of October, 1769, with her brothers, M. R—, the negro, and three Indian servants: it being

then five years since the vessel had first set sail on the river Amazon. Thirty Indians carrying her luggage swelled the company into a sort of caravan, and their first steps were directed towards Canelos, an Indian village beyond the mountains, where it was proposed they should take boat in a little river flowing to the Amazon. Rough and difficult was the way; indeed it was so impracticable, even for mules, that they were obliged to go on foot. M. de Grandmaison, who had set out a month previously, had visited Canelos on his way, but only remained there long enough to make the necessary preparations for his daughter and her cortège, hastening on to do the same in all the places through which she would have to pass. Hardly, however, had he left Canelos, when the small-pox, a scourge as fatal to America as the plague to Europe, broke out there, and in two or three weeks carried off the greater part of the inhabitants. The few who were left fled from the place in terror, and hid themselves in the woods, so that when Madame Godin arrived, she found to her consternation, only two Indians left there, and not the slightest preparations made either for her reception or the continuance of her journey. This was her first misfortune, and but the prelude to more painful sufferings hereafter. A second came but too soon. The thirty Indians who had hitherto carried the luggage, and had, unfortunately, been paid before-hand, took suddenly to flight, terrified either by the thoughts of the small-pox, or the possible chance of being compelled against their will to embark. The whole party was dismayed by this unexpected trouble. They seemed now without hope or resource, and knew not what to do. The safest course undoubtedly would have been to leave the luggage there, and retrace their steps; but Madame Godin's intense desire to reach her husband, from whom she had been separated more than twenty

years, gave her courage to brave all difficulties, though they seemed in truth insurmountable.

Her first effort, therefore, was to engage the two Indians left at Canelos to build a canoe capable of transporting herself and her party as far as Andoas, some twelve days' journey distant. The Indians agreed, received their hire in advance, made the canoe, and undertook to guide the party to Andoas.

The two first days' voyage was prosperous; on the third, towards evening, they moored the canoe to the river-bank, and went ashore to sleep. Here these perfidious Indians took advantage of the weary slumbers of their worn-out company to steal away. On awaking, Madame Godin and her friends found themselves abandoned by their guides, and this new misfortune placed them in a still more perilous condition. Ignorant alike of the river and the shore, they trusted to the boat and once more embarked. The first day passed without accident. On the second they met with another canoe moored near a log hut. An Indian, who had escaped the small-pox, was there, and by dint of many presents they prevailed on him to join their party and guide the boat. But even this fortunate meeting was productive but of a few hours' advantage; for the very next day, M. R——'s hat happening to fall into the water, the poor Indian, in endeavouring to recover it, lost his balance and was drowned—not being strong enough to stem the waves of this mighty river.

The canoe was then once more set afloat without a pilot, and steered by persons not one of whom possessed the smallest knowledge of navigation. The boat also began to leak, and the unhappy party were compelled to land and build themselves a boat.

They were still five or six days' voyage from Andoas, the nearest spot to which they were bound. M. R—— offered to go forward with a Frenchman who accompa-

nied him, undertaking to send a canoe for Madame Godin in about a fortnight. This proposal was accepted as the best thing under the circumstances, and Madame Godin sent her faithful negro servant with him. M. R—— therefore departed, taking provident care not to leave behind him any of his personal effects. But the fortnight passed away, and in vain with yearning looks they watched for the expected succour—no boat appeared upon the water, and twelve more days elapsed in equal disappointment. Day by day their situation became more desperate; and at length, losing all hope of obtaining the promised canoe, they began to cut down trees and fasten them together in the best way they could, after the fashion of a raft. This being done, they proceeded to load it with their goods, and then embarked themselves. They trusted solely to the current, but the fragile raft required an experienced pilot, and, alas! they had not one amongst them. Scarcely were they fairly launched, when the raft struck against a branch beneath the waves, and overturned passengers and baggage into the river. However, notwithstanding the terrific danger, no life was lost. Madame Godin sank twice, but at length was rescued by her brothers. Drenched with water, and half dead with fright and anxiety, they found themselves on shore; safe indeed from instant death, but stripped of everything that could maintain life. All they had was gone; there were no means of making another raft, and all their provisions were lost. Added to this, the place in which they were was a frightful solitude, so overgrown with trees and brushwood, that it was impossible to make way through it, except with a hatchet. The only inhabitants were a numerous race of tigers, and poisonous rattlesnakes. They had neither tools to construct a shelter for themselves, nor weapons of defence in case of danger. Their only choice

in this desperate condition lay between remaining where they found themselves, to die, or making the well-nigh impossible attempt to follow the windings of the river through this impenetrable thicket as far as Andoas.

They chose the latter course, and returning to the cabin they had lately left for whatever fragments of provision might have been accidentally left behind, they began their dangerous and painful march. By following the course of the river they soon perceived that they were considerably lengthening their journey. To obviate this, they were rash enough to attempt going straight on without regarding the tortuous windings of the river, and were soon so hopelessly lost in the dense forests, that all endeavours to regain the original track were ineffectual. Their clothes were soon torn to rags, their flesh pierced by the thorns, and the little stock of food being speedily consumed, there remained to them no other means of preserving life than by gathering a scanty and precarious subsistence from the wild fruits, seeds, and vegetables that came in their way.

At last they sunk under the weight of such continual sufferings. Worn out by the exertions of their journey, torn and bleeding in every limb, and fainting with hunger, fear and anguish, they lost their little remaining strength, and could proceed no further.

They sunk upon the ground and were unable to rise again. Three or four days passed away, and one after another died where they had fallen. Madame Godin lay all but insensible for forty-eight hours, near the corpses of her brothers and their companions. She felt herself crushed—dying, and without a spark of energy left, yet at the same time tormented by an insupportable thirst. But God, willing to preserve her, at length gave her courage and strength to rise and seek the help that was awaiting her. She took the

shoes from her unhappy brothers, and cutting off the soles, fastened them to her feet, and plunged into the depths of the forest in quest of food and water to satisfy the intense hunger and thirst by which she was tormented. The terror which she then felt at finding herself thus all alone and desolate in this dreadful wilderness, and the fear of a terrible death hanging over her at every instant, made so lively an impression on Madame Godin, that her hair became snow-white during that awful time.

Not till the second day of her wanderings did she find water, wild fruits, and some birds' eggs; but her throat was so choked by the long fast she had endured, that she could scarcely swallow even the eggs. However, this nourishment sufficed to restore her to some degree of strength. Thus she wandered on during eight days, prolonging in this way her sorrowful existence. If adventures such as these were written in a romance, we should probably tax the author with exaggeration, and accuse him of relating to us an incredible tale. But this is simple fact. Impossible as it may appear, it is unvarnished truth, taken down afterwards from the very lips of Madame Godin herself.

On the eighth day of her desperate journey, this unfortunate lady arrived on the banks of the Bobonore, a river which falls into the Amazon. At break of day she heard in the distance a noise which alarmed her, and at first she would have gone in another direction, but convinced that nothing could be worse than her present condition, she summoned up courage to direct her steps towards the spot from which the sound came. There she found two Indians in the very act of launching their canoe. Madame Godin drew near to them and was kindly received. She then expressed her desire to go to Andoas, and the good creatures consented to convey her thither, and kept their word.

Arrived at Andoas she learned the infamous perfidy of M. R——. This heartless wretch had never dreamed of fulfilling his promise to send a canoe, but had gone off immediately with the other Frenchman, his travelling companion, to Omaguas, a Spanish mission, regardless of the engagements he had made, and the fate of the unfortunate human beings he had abandoned in so cowardly a manner. The faithful negro was less destitute of conscience, and had never ceased to devote all his energies to induce the two Indians to go up the river with him in quest of his mistress and her companions. But unhappily, he did not reach the cabin they had left until they had begun their sorrowful pilgrimage across the country, and he had the disappointment of finding it abandoned. However the worthy negro did not rest satisfied here, and he and his Indian companions tracked the path of the wanderers until they came to the spot where lay, in the last state of putrefaction, a number of bodies. It was impossible to distinguish the features, and the negro concluded all had perished.

He then went back once more to the cabin, and collected whatever Madame Godin had left there, and not contented with taking them to Andoas, he went on as far as Omaguas to deliver them safely to M. R——, to be handed over to the father of the mistress he believed dead. Amongst these things were a few valuable jewels.

We return now to Madame Godin. On reaching Andoas, she knew not how to reward the worthy Indians who had saved her life. But remembering that she wore round her neck, after the fashion of the country, a double chain of gold weighing upwards of four ounces, although it was all she actually possessed, she hesitated not one instant in taking it off and dividing it betwixt her two benefactors, who received the

present with unutterable delight. After this, notwithstanding her shattered health, from all the sorrows, privations and fatigues she had lately undergone, Madame Godin remained but a few days at Andoas, and set out for Laguna, where, thanks to a kind-hearted missionary, she hired a little boat which conveyed her on board a Portuguese vessel bound for Agapoe, where M. Godin still lay confined by severe illness.

The voyage was short and prosperous, and Madame Godin's misfortunes were at length over. She had the joy of finding her husband convalescent; but it is impossible to describe the transports of the husband and wife at being once more reunited, after they had both more than once utterly despaired of seeing each other again in this world.

One circumstance is worthy of record as giving a high idea of Madame Godin's character. It is this. She would never allow her husband to prosecute the first author of all her sufferings, the infamous Tristan, who had made away with the merchandize to the value of many thousand crowns. She shewed the same spirit of charitable forbearance towards M. R——, whose conduct had been as odious as that of Tristan. She went further, and yielding to his entreaties, permitted him to accompany her on her return from Omaguas to France. So true it is that adversity and sorrow, when they soften the heart, fail not to render it merciful, tender and compassionate.

A FAMILY BURIED UNDER THE SNOW.

THE deep quiet and solitude of the Alpine region is sometimes broken in upon by strange phenomena of nature. The village which some party of travellers had sketched not many months before, with its picturesque homes, for the adornment of their portfolios, is perhaps buried in snow, and its grave formed in a moment by the descending avalanche. The hardened snow is made fast by the power of the frost during winter; but the warmth of spring melts the snowy mass, at the bottom of which many hollows form, causing the whole foundation to slip, and the mass to fall from its position upon the lower lands, burying under it houses, villages, gardens, mills, and even forests, in a moment. There are cases, however, of persons being extricated from under these accumulations of snow, of which the following is a remarkable instance.

This occurrence happened in Bergoletto, a secluded village of Piedmont, in the year 1756, after a winter distinguished by heavy falls of snow, which had not only blocked up the mountain-passes, and filled the vales with enormous drifts, but threatened to crush the villagers' homes by its accumulation on the house-roofs.

By the middle of March the villagers had come to clear their huts from the pressure of the snow, when an event diverted the labours of the hamlet to a more anxious task. On the morning of the 9th, the priest of the village was on his way to church, and observed several of his parishioners busily engaged upon their houses. As he proceeded, talking to one group of workers after another, a well-known sight arrested his attention. He happened to direct his eye to the heights above, when he perceived the vast fields of

snow suddenly moving downwards with a sound like the echoes of distant thunder. As soon as the shout of the priest was heard, announcing the danger, all fled as the impulse of the moment dictated. We must not stay to describe the fate of the village, in which thirty houses were destroyed, and the curé, with twenty-two of his people, perished, but follow the adventures of one household.

The father of this family, Joseph Roccia, was on his housetop with a son when the dreaded sounds were heard, and springing off, they both sought to reach the church. Whilst rushing with the speed of terror, Roccia heard a crushing sound behind, and turning, beheld his son knocked down by the descending masses. He rushed back to extricate the boy, and glanced towards his home; but that home was no longer to be seen; in its place was a mountain of snow, heap piled on heap, which had buried all under its huge mass. Beneath were his wife, daughter, little son, and a sister, as well as all his worldly wealth. The shock so overcame poor Roccia, that he was carried in a senseless state to one of the neighbour's houses, where he remained almost helpless for five days.

The first alarm being over, all the surviving peasants thronged to the scene of ruin, hoping to extricate some at least of their friends from their dreadful prison. Three hundred men collected round the avalanche, and found that the mass of snow measured nearly three hundred feet long, sixty wide, and, worst of all, nearly fifty in depth. The peasants did not, however, abandon all hope; they well knew that animals and human beings had often existed for many days beneath huge masses of snow, and they hoped to detect the position of the buried houses, and to clear away the snow from each cottage. Accordingly they proceeded

to work. Iron rods were plunged deep in the snow, in order to search for the exact position of each house before commencing the excavation. But the snow now began to fall so thickly that every opening was quickly filled up; added to which the great depth of the mass seemed to preclude all hope of extricating the buried persons, until the heat of the weather should come to thaw it.

At length the warm breezes and sun of April began to act upon the snow, and again the villagers commenced on the 18th of that month their toilsome work. The hope of finding their relations could not now animate their labours, for one month had elapsed since the fall of the avalanche, and to extricate their bodies was now their only object in excavating. Roccia was amongst the most active labourers. The desire of beholding his wife and children animated his efforts. Though not hoping to see them alive, he resolved to preserve for them a place of christian burial, where the simple cross on their graves might recall the memories of the dead. On April 24th he proceeded so far as to touch with a pole the roof of his house; but the object of his labour was not attained, six feet of hard snow being yet above the roof. That very night, when Roccia was seeking strength in a hasty slumber for the morrow's work, his brother, who lived in a neighbouring hamlet, dreamt that his sister, Roccia's wife, was still alive, and that he heard her voice praying for help.

Deeply affected by this occurrence, the brother hastened to the scene of ruin, and told his dream to Roccia. Roccia was in no mood for disputation; and such a dream called up bright hopes in his heart, and accelerated the labours of the excavating party. The house was at last reached, an entrance effected, and, with a palpitating heart, Roccia searched the rooms.

To his astonishment, nothing was visible—neither form of the living nor of the dead met his view.

This was mysterious; but the strangeness of the circumstance suggested hope, and the excited peasants were prepared for some unusual interposition of Providence. It was now surmised that the whole family might have escaped to some cattle sheds in the vicinity of the house, and an excavation was instantly commenced in that direction. At last, when it was thought they were close to the outhouses, a boring rod was thrust into the snow, that if living persons were near, their attention might be attracted, and their cries reach the digging party. When the rod was drawn back, all listened, and a faint voice was distinctly heard uttering the words, "Help, dear husband!" The sound, though feeble, proved that life still lingered beneath the snow, and in a moment every arm was employed in clearing away the remaining obstacles.

An opening was at last made into the place where it was supposed Roccia's family were confined, and his brother sprung into the chasm. All was total darkness; he called out to the inmates to speak. Roccia's wife replied: and in a few moments Roccia had the happiness of embracing his wife, daughter, and sister. This joyful meeting however was not without some alloy. Roccia, on inquiring for his little son, was told that the poor little fellow had died, and his body lay in a corner of the shed, which had thus sheltered the living and dead under one roof.

The state of the three survivors was most distressing; not one was capable of moving, and their emaciated appearance proved that death must soon have fallen upon all, had relief been much longer delayed. All eventually recovered from their debility; but the eyes of Roccia's wife were injured for the rest of her life, on account of the sudden transition to the open day.

But how was this party so long preserved under such fearful circumstances? The means by which this was effected were told by Roccia's wife to her husband, and consisted of a series of providential combinations

In the first place, the reader must remember that the nature of snow permits a volume of air sufficient for respiration to reach men or animals who may be buried therein. Thus one common cause of death, in the usual cases of burial beneath masses of matter, is to a great extent removed in the case of snow.

When the avalanche fell, they were not in the house, but in a stable at some distance; a circumstance which proved the chief cause of their deliverance. Had all been in the house at the moment of the crash, they must have perished from starvation, as no provisions could have been procured, sufficient to support life. In the stable, however, six goats, some fowls, and an ass had been placed; and fortunately one of the goats was at the time giving milk, which we shall soon find became of the utmost use. When the first crash of the avalanche was heard, a part of the ceiling gave way, upon which they rushed to the manger for shelter. This was formed under the strongest part of the building, which resisted the enormous weight pressing upon it, and thus preserved the family from instant death.

Their first thoughts were directed to the means of preserving existence until the avalanche should be removed. They knew that every arm in their own and the surrounding hamlets would be employed day and night for their deliverance, which they hoped a few days' labour would accomplish. These expectations were not realized, on account of the vast depth of the snow; but this they could not know below. They therefore began to prepare the means of subsistence for a few days. It happened that the daughter of Roccia

had about a dozen chestnuts with her: these were distributed amongst her relatives; but this resource was soon exhausted, and it was resolved to use all means for preserving the milk-goat in health, with the hope of thus deriving sufficient nourishment. To procure food for the goat was not difficult, as over the manger was a hole leading to the hayloft, from which the animal dragged its food, being raised to the opening on the shoulders of the women. In the midst of these contrivances, it was remembered that a number of loaves of bread were deposited in a shed not far from the stables; could these be reached, abundance of food was certain. The attempt was made, but unhappily the wall of hard snow resisted the persevering efforts of the women to reach the spot. They were now forced to rely upon the goat's milk, and water pressed from the snow. But such food was not sufficient for the little boy, who was seized with acute pains in the bowels after they had been in this state for a week. It is difficult to imagine the agonies of the mother, in such a place; a dying child in her arms; no means of assuaging its pains at hand; while the total darkness prevented her from seeing the condition of the poor boy, and the fearful stillness around and above suggested the feeling that here all must find a grave. The absence of sound was to them the most terrible circumstance, as it clearly told the vast depth of their burial-place, and the remoteness of all help. The only sounds were within the cavity in which they were, and proceeded from their own voices, and the movements of the animals imprisoned with them. The ass and four of the goats in their struggles to escape, were suffocated in the snow; and shortly after this, the fowls in the stable died, which deprived the prisoners of their only time-keepers, for hitherto the crowing of the birds

at the usual morning hour had afforded the family some notion of time.

When nearly a month had passed, the condition of the three survivors became miserable in the extreme. The exhalations from the dead body of the child and the animals were of themselves sufficient to render the state of the living most terrible; and the horrors of such a charnel-vault nearly brought the sufferers to the verge of madness. Then the intense cold of the trickling snow-water benumbed every limb, though it probably prevented some of the worst effects of the effluvia from being felt. Still they nourished a hope that they might be rescued, and this enabled them to maintain in some degree their calmness and courage. At last they were gladdened by the dull sounds which seemed to come from one side of their prison-house. This almost overpowered their excited brains, and in their wild joy all burst into tears.

The direction of the noises occasioned some astonishment, for they expected rescue to come from *above the mass*, and that their friends would dig downwards. This the reader is aware had been done in the first instance, and it was only when the house was found empty that the excavation was commenced in a lateral direction. The suffering women were, however, soon assured from the peculiarity of the sounds that the long-delayed aid was approaching, and they tried at intervals to make their voices heard for the guidance of the excavators. It was not, however, till the rod had made an opening, that these feeble sounds reached the ears of their friends.

The deliverance has been already narrated; and most persons will acknowledge that few escapes from peril are recorded of a more remarkable and interesting character.

EXCURSION TO THE PYRAMIDS OF GHIZEH.

Two days had now passed since the wind abated; we therefore determined to make our excursion to the pyramids without delay, and the weather proved as fine and calm as we could desire. When on the summit of the great pyramid of Cheops, we had reached an elevation of four hundred and fifty-six feet above the surface of the ground. Do not, however, fancy it like the top of a church steeple, or that you have to balance yourself on one leg in order to keep your footing. Most travellers speak of this excursion—of its fatigues and dangers—in very hyperbolical terms. The French baron, who came by water, and arrived only a week after us, would not adventure the ascent with his lady; and our four French travellers expressed themselves in such enigmatical terms, that I was strongly tempted to doubt whether they had really climbed to the top. Other gentlemen assured me that they had felt the effects of their constrained position for more than a week! But, take my word, it is not in reality so bad as all this.

We started before seven, and the air was piercingly cold, till the sun rose above the naked heights of the Mokattam. We crossed the Nile at Fostat, above the island of Rhoda, to the village of Ghizeh, and then, on account of the inundations, had to ride for a couple of hours, from one side to the other, over narrow causeways, sometimes along the margin of lakes, or by the side of fields of beans and rape-seed in full blossom; sometimes along extensive tracts, covered with maize as high as a wall; then amid palms and villages so completely swamped, that they seemed a fitter abode for frogs than for men. The huts are made of the dried mud of the Nile, mixed with camels' dung. Not only

do these damp mud dwellings exhale noxious vapours, but the wretched inhabitants subsist on innutritious food, consisting of beans and millet, and have not sufficient clothing to cover them. How can it be otherwise but that the plague should be generated here every spring, when the marshes are suddenly dried up by a scorching sun and unwholesome winds?

We crossed a small canal, and then proceeded over the dilapidated remains of a once stately bridge, with Arabic inscriptions, and saw another bridge, totally in ruins, at a short distance. All traces of cultivation now cease, and, on the confines of the plain, rise the pyramids of Ghizeh: that of Cheops is the largest, the most ancient, and the easiest of access. Their effect, however, like that of lofty mountains, is less imposing on a nearer approach. When viewed from the windows at Cairo, or from a boat on the Nile, it seemed as if the whole wide-spread landscape lay stretched at their feet. And it does so, in fact; but as you advance, the distance vanishes, and the eye rests on them alone: thus they apparently diminish, simply because the eye can no longer measure them by comparison—just as when standing at the foot of a mountain we deem it to be but of ordinary magnitude, while, at a distance of twenty miles, it seems to rise beyond the clouds. In like manner, if we would judge of great characters, we must view them from afar, though rather in point of time than of space. When a vast epoch is spread around them, and they are encompassed only by a plain covered with insignificant hillocks, from the midst of which they rise like majestic mountains—then, and not till then, are we enabled to see how great they really were.

More than half a league before we reached our destination, two Bedouins, clothed in white mantles and armed with muskets, sprang up from the side of a pit,

in which they had probably passed the night, and ran along by our side. They were soon followed by many others;—even the fellahs left their fields, and a party of twenty or more speedily surrounded us, anxiously soliciting to escort us to the great pyramid. Of course they began disputing, as usual, in a violent manner, and the fellahs were at length compelled to return to their work. We had no sooner got rid of these than a troop of children came up with their water-bags, so that we reached the pyramid of Cheops encompassed by a riotous throng.

I was struck with the beauty of my Bedouin friends. I never saw more splendid forms: they looked like statues in bronze. They twisted their light woollen mantle about their waist and shoulders like a scarf, and ran on before us like the winged deities of the heathen world. They are really splendid men, and I know of no other definition. Their features do not preserve that antique model which we call the standard of beauty, because we have no other, and, judged by that, they are not handsome; but since Egyptian temples have a claim to beauty as well as those of Greece, I see no reason why a Bedouin should not possess an equal claim with a Greek, and they are fully entitled to it.

I do not know how they arranged the matter of the escort between themselves; they insisted that I required four attendants, two and two, to pull and hold me up by turns, and a fifth to lift me over the highest steps in my descent. I was so delighted with the whole excursion that I was perfectly content with everything. My Bedouins threw aside their mantles, and arranged their shirts—which, for the sake of euphony, I shall call their tunics—in a singular style of drapery. You will perhaps ask, how they could arrange so small a quantity of covering in graceful drapery? This is the very point which astonished me. They tucked up their

sleeves, and drew up the lower hem of their garment, so that the full double skirt hung around them just as we see it only in the Egyptian statues. I of course wore my travelling dress.

Our ascent now commenced. The pyramid is built of blocks of limestone, four feet deep below, and less than two at the top. In order to produce the pyramidal figure, each successive row recedes a little inwards, thus forming colossal steps. The entire structure was anciently covered with marble or polished granite, so that an ascent must then have been impracticable. Not the slightest trace remains of this once beautiful casing, and by the force used in removing it, considerable injury was done to the blocks beneath; but their inequalities rather facilitate the ascent. Without the aid of the Bedouins it would be extremely difficult to climb up, and, for those who are liable to giddiness, even dangerous; but, supported by them, I almost felt as if I were wound up by a machine.

We halted about midway, where a sort of terrace has been formed by the breaking away of the stones. After a little rest we proceeded higher, and though the blocks of stone were less steep, and therefore more easy to mount, yet the ascent became more difficult from my previous fatigue, and also because the Bedouins now redoubled their pace, as each party was anxious for the honour of being the first to reach the summit. My Arabs accomplished the feat, and when they placed me on the upper plateau, they set up a loud shout of rejoicing, which is customary on these occasions.

I had now gained my long-cherished wish: I was on the top of the pyramid of Cheops. In its original state, it was probably twenty or thirty feet higher, but its summit is truncated, and single blocks of stone lie scattered around. Each of the sides of the triangle is about thirty feet long. Besides ourselves, there were

eight Bedouins, and three or four children, who teased us to buy some muddy water; and there was ample space for at least a dozen more people. When viewed from below, the plateau does not appear more than a yard wide.

Intense and solemn feelings crowded on my mind as I sat down on one of the loose blocks of stone on the summit of the loftiest building in the world—a building alien to our age, manners, arts, and feelings—the relics of a world which was called old by those whom we designate the ancients! Even to Herodotus, who visited and described this pyramid in the fifth century before our era, it was the creation of a bygone age; how much more, then, to Strabo, the geographer, who came here in the reign of Augustus. The history of the world opened before me like the mighty deep, on which our short two thousand years floated like foam on the billows.

For the first time in my life, I wished to carve my name in stone, when we discovered that the knife which we had brought for the purpose had been left with our dragoman, who had remained below. One of the Bedouins instantly descended and fetched it, but he actually refused to deliver it up till he had exacted a promise of an extra bakshish. When we told him that the dragoman would liberally reward them, they all cried out, "No, no, no, no! Giurgi no bono!" by which they meant to indicate that they considered us more generous. It was half ridiculous and half vexatious. By means of Italian we could make ourselves pretty well understood; but I found these people a great annoyance.

It was Tuesday, the 12th of December, between the hours of ten and eleven, when I was seated on the summit of the pyramid of Cheops, and musing whether

some absent friend would ever grave his name by the side of my own. Did not plague and quarantine lie between Europe and Egypt, and had we steamboats between Trieste and Alexandria, Cairo would be the resort of travellers, and attain to that civilization which is the result of foreign intercourse, and is, moreover, so congenial to the *penchant* for bakshish. The descent was very easy. I laid my hands on the shoulders of two Bedouins, who went in advance, and whenever the steps were too much broken away for me to have a firm footing, I was lifted over by another Arab, who followed me. They told us that an English traveller, who insisted on going down alone, became giddy, and fell headlong. This is probably some Bedouin romance, for travellers are generally very glad to avail themselves of their assistance. As we were thus blithely descending, we came to a very dilapidated place, when the Bedouin, who should have lifted me over, suddenly held me suspended in the air, crying, "Bakshish, signora, bakshish!" This was meant as a playful Bedouin joke; but pray what do you think of being held midway between heaven and earth from such a tremendous height? I assure you I did not at all enjoy it, and said, angrily, he should not have a para. This had the desired effect upon the whole party, and they refrained from pressing the subject any further. We now came to the most disagreeable part of our visit—the interior of the pyramid. Bent almost double, we first of all glided into a shaft, which led into a vestibule: here I had to double myself up like a clasp-knife, and wedged into another shaft sixty paces in length, which opened into a second chamber. I became quite faint and exhausted. I can bear any fatigue in the open air and light of heaven; but to be pent up within these murky walls, in close and heated air,

profound darkness, dimly illumined by two flickering torches; and, above all, to see neither painting nor sculpture—this was insupportable; and I frankly own, that I am ignorant if there are yet other shafts and chambers, or any traces of ornament, mummies, or sarcophagi; far I honestly confess that I turned back without having seen anything, and was heartily glad to make my exit with all possible expedition. And oh! the joy to find myself once more in the fresh air, under the clear blue canopy of heaven!

This pyramid, and its two companions, is assigned to the fourth dynasty of the Pharaohs. One of these pyramids—that of Cephren, the brother of Cheops—still retains around its summit a portion of its ancient casing of polished stones, which are variegated red and white, and sparkle like porcelain. Its height is about four hundred feet, and throws into insignificance its fellow pyramid of Mycerinus, the son of Cheops, though even this has the elevation of a lofty tower. The bones which it contains have never been disturbed in their quiet resting-place, for it has not yet been explored. The base of this pyramid is much encumbered with sand and rubbish, among which rise numerous masses of rock and remains of buildings. One of these huge masses has been metamorphosed into a sphinx, which protrudes its gigantic head and a portion of its back above the sand. The legs and body are quite covered with the sand; and a deep pit has been dug in front of it, to lay bare its breast, and enable the learned to read the mysterious secrets of its hieroglyphics.

The Arabs now solicited permission for a new *fantasia*—that of mounting the head of the sphinx. To this we consented; and one of them instantly began to climb up its long pendant head ornament; and he accomplished his feat with the agility of a serpent,

though even this looked awfully dangerous. When perched upon the top, he looked like a little hair-pin stuck upon its gigantic head. The countenance of the sphinx is much disfigured, as the nose has been broken.

A grave has been discovered near the sphinx: it is sunk in the ground, like a deep cistern, and contained two sarcophagi of black, in the usual ungraceful Egyptian outline of the human form; the lids were completely covered with hieroglyphics. When we recall the sarcophagi of the Greeks, so replete with grace and beauty, we cannot but regret that while the Egyptians bestowed so much labour to express their meaning, they should have omitted beauty, which would have had a charm for every beholder, whereas their hidden signification can be ascertained only by the antiquarian.

After our morning's exertions, we gladly retreated to enjoy the refreshments we had provided in a rocky cavern, which an industrious Arab had converted into a comfortable shelter. There we partook of some breakfast, which we had of course brought with us. While thus engaged, our dragoman had a fierce altercation with the Bedouin guides, who were insatiable, though we had divided a Napoleon among them. When we came out, we were obliged to add a few piastres more, in return for which they escorted us part of the way, highly delighted. On taking leave, they repeatedly cried, "Salam! salam!" turning round to salute us, and their white mantles were soon lost behind the dams. In three hours and a quarter we reached Cairo. The afternoon was glorious; numerous birds fluttered around, and the fields regaled us with the richest perfumes, such as we scarcely enjoy in Europe in the month of June. Now that I have come

to the end of my letter, I will not conceal from you that my arms and shoulders ache not a little from having been pulled up and down by the Arabs.

IDA, COUNTESS HAHN HAHN.

THREE PERSONS BURIED ALIVE.

ONE Friday afternoon, in the early part of the present year (1858), the roof of one of the Garnkirk Coal Company's claypits, near Glasgow, gave way, by which two men and a lad, named James Moore, William Christie, and James Christie, brothers (the latter only thirteen years of age), were buried in the pit. At first it was believed that they must have perished; but extraordinary efforts were immediately instituted by successive relays of workmen, and finally these exertions were rewarded by the rescue of the men at one o'clock on Tuesday morning.

The particulars of this accident, which, we believe, could not have been foreseen, are as follow. On friday afternoon the three miners above referred to were employed at the south workings of the pit, when suddenly a portion of the roof of the room in which they were engaged fell in, completely enclosing them in the vacant space, and shutting them out from the main roads. They thought that the quantity of clay which had fallen was not so great as to prevent their cutting their way out, and accordingly they began operations to free themselves from their prison house; but they had only been a short time engaged in this attempt when they heard another fall of a part of the roof of the main road. This second casualty had a great effect on the spirits of the poor men, who thought that all hopes of escape were now useless, and gave themselves up for

lost. The pit at this part is about sixty feet deep, and immediately on the accident being observed energetic measures, as we have said, were resorted to by the workmen for the purpose of rescuing their companions. A "working," or mine, was commenced, and by dint of eager labour the men were rescued. To accomplish this work as expeditiously as possible sixty men were engaged night and day at relays varying from five minutes to a quarter of an hour, according to the state of the air. The poor men, as already mentioned, gave up all hopes of escape when the second portion of the roof fell, and their lamps burning out in about an hour afterwards for want of oil, they were left in total darkness, in which miserable state they remained till rescued. They state that they heard the sounds of their companions' labours, but these indications of approaching help, although often seeming very near, at other times sounded as if several fathoms distant. They knocked, with the view of indicating to their comrades that they were alive, but these sounds were unheard. The men slept occasionally with the lad lying between them, for the purpose of keeping him as warm as possible; and, although the elder Christie felt that there were no hopes of their rescue, still he kept up the spirits of his companions by stating that the exertions of their comrades would prove successful. The engine at the north part of the workings was kept constantly in motion pumping to prevent any overflow of water at the place where the men were confined, while the operations of the workmen were prosecuted from the southern entrance to the pit. The men seem to have borne their miserable condition with uncommon fortitude; and the lad often spoke of his mother, and thought how happy she would be at seeing him coming up the pit. By dint of great exertion the workmen had so far accomplished their labours

about ten o'clock on Sunday evening as to be able to communicate with their enclosed comrades, when the latter enquired if it was yet Sunday morning. It had been previously ascertained, however, that they were alive at one o'clock on Sunday afternoon. When communication was ultimately accomplished with the men, Dr. Oliver, who was in attendance with every requisite necessary for their recovery, and who is deserving of all credit for his attention, caused a piece of cake and a quantity of diluted brandy to be handed to them. The poor lad expressed surprise at the size of the cake, and inquired if that was all for the *three*. On an aperture being made sufficiently large, the boy was brought out first, and then the two men, who, as may be imagined, were in a most exhausted state. It is gratifying to be able to add, that all eventually recovered.

LADY ADVENTURES IN NORWAY.*

THE Norwegian gentleman explains pleasantly, as he drives alongside, various little details of domestic economy: how those small sign-posts, with tiny roofs on the top, and name and numbers beneath, mark the quantity of road, or number of *Alen*, each peasant is required to keep in order, even though his land be far off; and that is the reason there are no tolls or turnpikes; also, that those curious things, meeting in a point, like the jaw-bones of a whale from a museum, are snow-ploughs, drawn sometimes by ten horses, to clear a path for the postman's carriole in winter, when the road is only defined by the tops of the tall poles:

* Unprotected Females in Norway: Routledge, 1857.

and, finally, that the drove of cattle so sadly in the way, are going to be made "bef-take" of in Christiania.

Stopping at Toftemoen to rest for the night, a most insinuating gentleman came forward, who spoke English and half a dozen other languages, said it gave him the most rapturous pleasure to be able to converse in their own tongue with two ladies, and requested as a favour, to be told the hour they intended to continue onwards the following morning, that he might profit by the opportunity of doubling and tripling the pleasure of his journey by accompanying them; when, suddenly checking himself, he exclaimed, "But I must not be selfish; the ladies would find it a great convenience to have horses ordered all along the road ready for them; I will start an hour earlier to do so;" and, with a self-denying air, he retired. In the morning, on arriving at the next station but one, no horse was to be had; a gentleman had secured the last for himself an hour ago, saying nothing about any one else following. What was this insinuating being, then, who had taken the start of us and the steeds? "Oh!" said the woman, "that is the *lawyer* of the district!" Completely *done*, but consoling ourselves with lunch, as this was Laurgaard, the rice-porridge place, we were eventually drawn by another horse into the beautiful Vaage valley, which here turns off the high road, beckoning with smiles the enterprising to the throne of the grandest Scandinavian mountains, the *Sógne-fjeld*.

Another road branches off here into the Romsdalen valley, very pretty, but civilized, and leads to Mold, on the coast, where the steamer calls. Lovely and luring was our way, through pale rocks, which had fallen as a terrible avalanche, but had grouped themselves into fantastic shapes, amongst which grew flowering shrubs.

Here and there the pine and fir found a footing, and gave a little shade from the bright sunshine of a glorious

summer day, in which all nature seemed humming a tune. The Vaage Vand, a lovely deep-green lake, lay at the foot of a long hill, which the pony, perhaps stimulated by the sight of so much refreshing water, insisted on rushing down. Arrived at the margin, a messenger was despatched immediately for a boat: he was three hours away, and returned without one. A saddle-horse must be taken, and the steep narrow ledge along the face of the rocks followed, instead of the watery way. This was not difficult in full daylight; the novelty of the position carried off the sense of its eccentricities; riding and tying was merry work, until fatigue and twilight came on at the same time; then, when the firs overhung the path, it was perfectly dark; and stumbling over rocks into pools, with the fear of slipping into the lake beneath, and a prospect of seven miles more of the same kind, was such dreary work, that for once we foolishly felt as if the Providence of the "unprotected" was failing, when, through an opening in the wood, a boat was seen to shoot suddenly from the shore; our guide hallooed, struck a bargain, carried us down the steep cliff in his arms, and put us on board in the twinkling of an eye, waving farewell with a look of satisfaction, which showed he had been more nervous than he acknowledged.

One of the handsomest peasants I ever saw was the rower of the boat; his fine open countenance expressed noble simplicity in every line; a scarlet cap was laid on the top of masses of golden hair; and, with his robust figure, he looked the embodiment of the ideal rustics in Morland's pictures. Saying something about arriving at the end of the lake at midnight, he began to pull vigorously, and, to cheer us up, recited some of the favourite legends of the waters.

After four hours' floating on the waters, we reached the head of the lake and endeavoured to land. Rocks

jutted far out, and repelled every advance of the little boat; the peasant felt with his oars in all directions if there were not some tiny creek that would receive it, but constant jerks and knocks beneath showed that the right place was not thereabouts. At this moment the moon rose over the brow of a lofty peak; her clear rays fell direct upon a mossy bank, into which a stave was quickly driven, the boat fastened thereto, and, aided by the rower's willing hand, his cargo was safely hauled on shore.

A furious barking of dogs told that there must be something to guard somewhere, and the guide, tossing a bag over each shoulder, giving us each an arm, and whispering words of encouragement, sallied out over half a dozen wet fields to the door of a large farmhouse, which, after some conversation through the chinks of the wood, was opened by a woman. With a thousand injunctions to her to be kind, with a thousand shakes of the hand, our warm-hearted guide said farewell, merely taking off a glass of beer before he retired to rest; and what do you think was the sum he asked for leaving his home, and rowing for four hours in the night, with the same distance to return early in the morning? Just half a crown!

Cold and fatigued, the sheepskin counterpanes fell upon us warm and soft as eider-down, and, we did not open our eyes till far in the morning upon the fact of the extreme roughness of all around. Trees in the state in which they were hewn in the forest (the excrescences making admirable pegs) formed the walls of the long apartment, which was just lofty enough to stand upright in; a fine old stump was the arm-chair, a smaller one the footstool—these were the toilette resources. Tables, jugs, towels, looking-glasses, seemed to have disappeared from the face of the earth; calls for anybody merely echoed through the wide passages; jumps on the floor

only made the dogs growl; to throw on some clothes, run down the ladder and hunt up something, was the only practicable plan. The only inhabitants of the hall below were a newly-knitted pair of stockings and a porridge-bowl ready filled with water: such treasures were instantly secured, the former for towels, the latter for ablutions, and our curiosity for finding complete uncivilization was thus fully gratified.

The excitement temporarily over, on adjourning to the fields in search of the household, we found them all there busy at work; and twitting them with having forgotten us, received some answer about having "been upstairs, but not liking to touch such waxwork." They kept such a mysterious distance off at the same time, and looked so awe-struck, that, knowing their superstitions, we thought they might take us for water-sprites arriving at so unearthly an hour; and to dispel the illusion, which was inconvenient, being hungry, seized a spade and dug up a good dish of potatoes, which the Kone (good-wife) then at once consented to allow us to make our breakfast of, nicely boiled and served with her best fresh butter. It was the first crop, and they were quite new; but no one knows the flavor there is in a potato, unless they have dug it up themselves in the fresh morning air. Being rather convinced now that we were, alas! only poor mortals; and, even if angels in disguise, had been obliged to take off our wings and leave them behind, so could not fly, they ordered a horse and little "reise-kjerre," in which, the road being tolerable, we went off to the house of a good Norwegian couple, who gave us a warm invitation to their dwelling, which lay in the direct route of our outlandish expedition.

Shortly after this, we were again doomed to be benighted; the perpendicular rocks advanced so closely, only leaving room for a narrow stream, that they completely darkened the vale, and shut out the little light which yet remained. The road was horrid, more like heaps of paving-stones thrown one upon another; and we expected momentarily to be jerked into the stream, at one of the angular turns, when the guide proposed leaving the car, putting the things across the horse, and continuing on foot;—a comfortless prospect: five miles of such walking, with a tearing cataract beneath! The wind had begun to howl—a wolf rushed past—and in a deplorably nervous state, not knowing how many more there might be about, we groped on in the dark, till a light, which seemed placed at the world's end, cheered us with hope; on reaching a plank which crossed near a watermill, some friendly hand was extended, and we were led into a hall, where the open countenances of the peasants seated round a table drove the wolf's image away on the spot. Whatever surprise they may have felt at seeing ladies alone in such a spot, they expressed none; their whole endeavour was to make us comfortable. Setting the water to boil on the blazing pine-wood fire, they produced the Norske brandiviin, and with sugar concocted a mixture which even surpassed that unsurpassable thing, Scotch toddy, —shaking their heads, however, at any mention of the Sogne-fjeld expedition in prospect. The priest at Lomb had given us a letter to a farmer, who he said would take us across in safety, if any one could; and sending for him overnight, we ordered himself, son, and two horses to be in readiness next morning at six. He made no hesitation at leaving his home and occupations to set off on such an expedition, though very much astonished at the summons.

Next morning I did not feel quite so ready to rise at

daybreak, and was lying half-awake, drowsily musing upon the patriarchal style of everything at Hoft, and transporting the scene to the days of Ruth at least, when a dim vision of fur caps, silver buttons, white legs, rose before me, mingled with subdued whispers, and the words "English fairy, no! take care, hush?..." At length a hand was stretched forth to touch a lock of my streaming hair—the spell was broken—and opening my eyes wide, I saw a crowd creep stealthily away, looking at me till the last moment, when they closed the door softly as on a sleeping babe—and all was still. These were the peasants who had got up early to have a look at the wonders, English ladies, and whom they would not stare at the evening before while they were in a state of consciousness.

Two beautiful little ponies with black stripes on their legs like zebras, and two tall farmers in fur caps, came to the door in the course of the morning, having been delayed they said by the animals requiring new shoes for such an undertaking. The little bags were fastened tightly on to the saddles, which had a rail round them, and were used by the farmers' wives, all roads thereabouts being impassible for carrioles. Farewells being said, we were allowed to mount and start, the wife of one of the guides following him with tears and injunctions. When the whimpering was over, the cause of it announced his name to be Ole, and his companion's Elias, and that they were prepared for the worst; indeed, as it began to drizzle very decidedly, I thought it required no little stoicism to bear so imperturbably the dimming of their bright buttons and blue cloth coats. We were very glad at the first halt to see that the bundle of wraps contained a pair of long horsehair stockings for each of us; besides flannel sleeves and wadded coats, with light shawls to tie across the head over the straw hats; and having heard a great deal

about the delights of the *Soeters* (to one of which we were bound) in poetry and song, kept up cheerfully. The Soeters are mountain pastures where the cattle of the large farms are always sent to graze in summer. The peasant girls and boys delight in going up to them, and some of the favourite subjects for native painters are incidents in châlet life. The students in their pedestrian tours are very fond of resting there, and the song they are supposed to sing on their way up "Til Soeters" is remarkably pretty. A Norwegian book says:—

"In this, as in all mountainous districts, the cattle in summer are sent to the mountain pastures. On Saturday and Sunday evenings so many young people often assemble at the châlets, that they agree to send for a fiddler, sometimes to a great distance, in order to have a dance. As soon as he arrives, he takes his seat on a block of stone, and plays on his Hardanger fiddle, whilst the active young fellows and blooming lasses turn round in a lively dance on the grassplat before the house. The cattle form a circle round the dancers, listening to the music, which is alternately melancholy and gay; and it happens frequently that some wanton kids or lambs come hopping between the ranks, as if to show that they also know how to dance."

We could hardly believe, after some hours' dreary march, that a tiny hut, whose moss-grown roof made it look like a large stone, was the châlet where such romantic scenes might take place. "Yes, that is the Soeter," said both Ole and Elias, "and one of the best in the country:" if so, they are upon a very small scale. The door was so low we had to bend to enter, skipping over a puddle at the same time, and found one small apartment, with a tremendous fireplace, and hole in the roof for chimney; two beds and a table on a mud floor; inside a large cupboard with a window

held all the churns, bowls of cream, and cheeses, except a few which were perfuming the atmosphere of the room, and several peasants who were smoking their pipes left very little space for new-comers. However, one hurried out directly, without being asked, to catch some fish, and we were installed inside the fireplace like rolls put to warm. How pleasant to have tea to take to in such a position! that and the fresh fish soon made us almost insensible to the dreadful draught occasioned by the constant going in and out of the door: after six wooden bowls full, I felt quite equal to sketching this new phase of habitation.

We had been wondering if we were to feed the guides or not; they quickly set the point at rest by bringing out from a pocket-handerchief some pieces of flad-bröd and goat's milk cheese, which they demolished as dinner. Seeing their humble pretensions, we warmed up our tea-leaves again, and pouring out for them in state at the head of the board, had a grand entertainment, with a shake of the hand, and *Tak* from each of the company afterwards. Dagny, Aagnot, and Hilda, the two first the maidens, the latter the matron of the châlet, went out in the evening to collect the cows, taking a bowl of salt, which was no sooner caught a sight of than hornies came from all sides, and opened their mouths to have the wooden spoonful thrust down them, some being by no means contented with one, and had their ears well boxed before they would take themselves off and go into the shed to be milked. The preceding month a flock of wolves had visited the farm, and made very free with the living beef, carrying off no less than six fine animals: this occurrence made the want of any fastening to the châlet door an unpleasant and conspicuous fact. We were also beginning to wonder where we were to be disposed of for the night; the natural proprietors of the domain had now

all finished their porridge supper, and who knew but that simplicity had come to such a pitch that the same roof was to shelter everybody? Conveying the suspicion to Hilda, in a moment she cleared all the peasants out, and put them into a neighbouring shed, where the hay was kept, first bringing some in for our couch; and as we thought it would be a very prickly mattress, she went to a drawer, taking out a precious treasure, a small table-cloth, spread that above, then, throwing a cow's hide over all, said "What could be more comfortable?" To make the spoiling complete, she got some of the coffee the last pedlar had exchanged with her for the finest lamb's wool of the flock, roasted, ground, and sugared it; when she had seen us comfortably encased in the bed (a yard wide, with the stock of wood underneath like Hindoo widows), gave us each a cup; then retired with her two maidens into the same dimensions on the opposite side; the undressing of all three being of the quickest kind, merely slipping off an over-petticoat, and laying it on them as counterpane.

The tapping of a cow's horn against the bedside awoke us to see that grey dawn had commenced; we would fain have believed it still nought but lowering moonlight, when Hilda, springing up, at once pronounced it three o'clock, and cheerfully set about her ablutions in a pail, leaving her two companions asleep out of the way; then the binding up of her head in the snowy handkerchief, with the assumption of one of the counterpane petticoats, quickly completing her toilet, she blew up the unextinguished embers, and set on the caldron. The breakfast was the same as the supper had been, only made to look doubly foolish, each thinking it a matter of duty to lay in the largest possible stock. When we had done, we were rolled up like mummies in wraps, and well warmed by hearty shakes of the hand (Hilda receiving two bright marks, which shone muni-

ficently in her eyes), the resigned zebras bore their burdens away.

The prospect was not cheering; the air was filled with mist, and a large black cloud hung upon the snowy masses which lay at the entrance of the dreaded Fjeld. Silently we walked along the yet green mountain's side, and in an hour reached a small mound of turf, from which some smoke and a woman issued;—these were the last signs of life for ten long dreary hours. The way suddenly changed, and lay through—I know not by what name to express it—a pass, defile, or granite vale, where an interminable range of rocks—and such rocks!—exactly similar to each other on both sides, were cleft perpendicularly to their bases, the monster débris rolling beneath on a field of finest turf, the bowling-green of the mountain giants, while we, poor specks, almost in darkness under their mighty shade, groped tremblingly along; the dim vista closed by one huge sentinel, which seemed standing ready to mock our efforts at exit. The little ponies, nothing daunted, kept picking their way prettily along, enjoying the soft grass for their feet, and innocently catching a nibble when they could. The mist had now turned to rain, and a howling wind rushed through the chasm, making it impossible to hold up an umbrella. Three hours' patient march were gradually nearing the sentinel, but also benumbing us through and through, when the sight of a skeleton of a horse picked remarkably clean by the wolves, was rather benumbing to the spirits. We were quite surprised at our guides now proposing a halt and dinner, without the slightest shelter from the pouring rain; and of all the dreary things I can possibly imagine, it was our alighting in a bog; without a spot to sit down on; undoing our packages with frozen fingers; drenched to the skin; and in company with a skeleton! The guides, on

whom wind and weather seemed to make no impression, were bringing out their usual little triangles of oat-cake, with small slabs of cheese, never expecting a share from our good priest's wallet; and would hardly believe that the *reuget lacs* (smoked salmon) and luxurious loaf of black bread were at their discretion, and which, plentifully soaked with rain-sauce, were to give us all stamina to proceed. But the flask—the flask was the thing, filled with the crown prince's Madeira in the good farmer's at Toftemoen. O gracious prince! passing through the land just at the right time, and leaving it flowing with good wine, were it not for you our bones might now be with that horse's! O unhappy English! to imbibe strange bitters for Madeira! Go to Norway, go to the desolate Sógne-fjeld under the most drenching circumstances; taste it, and feel equal to continue your savage journey. Before the quaffing, the "impertubables" had twice gravely propounded the question of returning; which very unsatisfactory idea met with no encouragement: at least there was curiosity to be gratified in continuing, and the most plodding courage could hardly have retraced the granite vale. But after the quaffing, animation seized them, the little wicker rings were slipped off the ponies' forelegs; the saddles, which had been in the rain all the time, fastened on again; we reseated each in a puddle; and off! little thinking what was in the future; the clouds meanwhile mistaking us for wild flowers in that strange region, which required well watering. How the ponies surmounted the granite spurs of the sentinel (evidently one of the mountains cavalry guards); how larger and larger pieces of sky became visible; how the rain changed to sleet and then to snow, and how often Ole and Elias were asked if we were nearing our destination, were trifles suddenly dispelled by reaching the summit; and then, what was the prospect?—Instead

of having to descend, apparently one of Norway's largest fjords lay spread before us, raised high its thousand feet above the sea, while rooted in the freezing waters rose boundless alps and rushing glaciers; this was the Fjeld—and we were just half-way from the termination. "Now," said Ole, "it is still time to return ere you freeze;" to which we replied by springing from the saddle and advanced on foot, an irresistible impulse seizing us to penetrate nature's mysteries through a scene which wildest ravings could never describe. Human foot had been there before; uplifted clouds showed distant crosses and heaps of stones peering through the snow; we, an awe-struck band, commenced following their sinister indications, which sometimes suddenly appeared on the opposite side, forcing us to plunge across the frozen stream. For hours, first in, then out of water, sharp frozen snow drifting in our faces, our curdled blood merely kept uncongealed by hard exercise, vista after vista of peak, peak, peak, before, behind, around—no seeming end—we felt at length as if placed outside the world, the rolling clouds closing in upon us; and when nought but a fjeld of snow lay visible beneath, all track effaced, our very hearts turned pale within us. The horses trembled violently; the only sound was a low distant howl; to remain still was death. Seizing each the arm of a guide, we pushed forward in the direction that our path *should* lie; at length a dark object penetrated the mist..... and we sank at the foot of a cross. Are not these things an allegory?

The worst was now past; the summit of Skagstöls Tind appeared, the final boundary of the fjeld; and its attendant crags, the Horungene, horribly distorted; with whose fiendish form the peasant associates a terrible legend of mother and children thus transformed for savage crimes—fitting end to such a region, as the

long granite vale was to its commencement. O Nature! you make the poor mortal pay dearly who would see you in your grandest aspects. Never did I think to find so much of the horrible in you, your most savage moods having always a redeeming sympathy which tempers them to your worshipper, and the fiercest wars of the elements falling far short in sickening horror of the human countenance distorted by passion: but on the Sógne-fjeld, as if to keep one untrodden spot, you reject all sympathy with the intruder, and the rising moon, but half unveiled, seems to make the very heavens look askance upon us.

At length patches of brushwood begin to appear, blades of grass and thin pasture; the spell was broken, and we dared to break the heavy silence. A thin line of smoke rises in the air: ten hours in reality, but a lifetime in emotion, had passed from the last little mound of turf we had left till we alighted before a similar one, and were received by a woman! The crackle of the fire was almost too friendly in the sudden transition, and, like a friend's kindness, brought tears to our eyes, in which the pent-up feelings found vent; though I shall always think that the violence of the former emotions prevented us ever feeling the slightest ill effect to our health from the intense cold, or even being in any way chilled.

HEROISM AND DEVOTEDNESS OF AN AMERICAN WIFE.

DURING the latter part of the Revolution, Thomas McCalla lived in Chester district, South Carolina. He removed thither from Pennsylvania, with his young wife, in 1778. He had served in the American army before moving to the south, and again enlisted soon after reaching his new home. He was in all the engagements attending Sumter's operations against the enemy, till the seventeenth of August, 1780, when, by permission, he went to visit his family. A short time afterwards he again joined the army, but was almost immediately taken prisoner, sent to Camden, and thrown into prison. The persevering and heroic endeavours of his affectionate and patriotic wife, to obtain his release, are detailed in the following interesting manner by the author of the "Women of the American Revolution."

While McCalla was languishing in prison, expecting death from day to day, his wife remained in the most unhappy state of suspense. For about a month she had been unable to obtain any tidings of him. The rumour of defeats of the Americans came to her ears; she visited the places where the disasters had occurred, and sought for some trace of him, but without success. She inquired of the women who had been to Charlotte for the purpose of carrying clothes or provisions to their husbands, brothers or fathers, not knowing but that he had gone thither with the soldiers; but none could give her the least information. Imagination may depict the harrowing scenes that must have occurred, when females returning to their homes and children after carrying aid to the soldiers, were met by such inquiries from those who were uncertain as to the fate of their kindred.

In the midst of Mrs. McCalla's distress, and before she had gained any information, she had another claim on her anxiety; her children took the small-pox. Her little boy was very ill for nine days with the disease, and his mother thought every day would be his last. During this terrible season of alarm, while her mind was distracted by cares, she had to depend altogether upon herself, for she saw but one among her neighbours. All the families in the vicinity were visited with the disease, and to many it proved fatal. As soon as her child was so far recovered as to be considered out of danger, Mrs. McCalla made preparations to go to Camden, for she clung to the hope that she might there learn something of her husband, or even find him among the prisoners.

With her to resolve was to act, and having settled matters at home, she was in the saddle long before day, taking the old Charleston road leading along the west side of the Catawba river, and by two o'clock she had crossed the river, passing the guard stationed there, and had entered Camden. Pressing on with fearless determination, she passed the guard, and desiring to be conducted to the presence of Lord Rawdon, the English general, she was escorted by Major Doyle to the head-quarters of his lordship.

On being ushered into the presence of this august personage, Mrs. McCalla at first conceived a favourable impression of him. He was a fine looking young man, with a countenance not unprepossessing, which we may suppose was eagerly scanned by one who felt that all her hopes depended on him. His aspect gave her some encouragement, and being desired to explain the object of her visit, she pleaded her cause with all the eloquence of nature and feeling; making known the distressed situation of her family at home, the fearful anxiety of mind she had suffered on account of the prolonged

absence of her husband and her ignorance of his fate, and her children's urgent need of his care and protection. She had come, therefore, to entreat mercy for him; to pray that he might be released and permitted to go home with her.

Lord Rawdon heard her to the end. His reply was characteristic. "I would rather hang such —— rebels than eat my breakfast." This insulting speech was addressed to his suppliant while her eyes were fixed on him in the agony of her entreaty, and the tears were streaming down her cheeks. His words dried up the fountain at once, and the spirit of the American matron was roused. "Would you?" was her answer, while she turned on him a look which spoke volumes. A moment after, with a struggle to control her feelings, for she well knew how much depended on that—she said, "At least may I crave of your lordship permission to see my husband?"'

Lord Rawdon felt the look of scorn which his language had called up in her face, but pride forbade his yielding to the dictates of better feeling. "You should consider, madam," he answered, "in whose presence you now stand. Your husband is a rebel——"

Mrs. McCalla was about to reply, but her companion, the Major, gave her a look warning her to be silent, and in truth the words that sprang to her lips would have ill pleased the Briton. Doyle now interposed, and requested his lordship to step aside with him for a moment. They left the apartment, and shortly afterwards returned. Rawdon then said to his visitor, with a stately coldness that precluded all hope of softening his determination: "Major Doyle, madam, has my permission to let you go into the prison. You will remain *ten minutes only*. Major, you have my orders." So saying, he bowed politely both to her and the officer, intimating that the business was ended, and

they were dismissed. They accordingly quitted the room.

The sight of the prison-cell, or rather *pen*, almost overcame the fortitude of the resolute wife. An enclosure like that constructed for animals, guarded by soldiers, was the habitation of the unfortunate prisoners, who sate within on the bare earth, many of them suffering with illness and stretched helpless on the ground, with no shelter from the burning sun. "Is it possible," cried the matron, turning to Doyle, "that you shut up men in this manner, as you would a parcel of hogs!" She was then admitted into the jail, and welcome indeed was the sight of her familiar face to poor McCalla. The time allotted for the interview was too short to be wasted in condolement or complaint; she told him she must depart in a few minutes; informed him of the state of his family; inquired carefully what were his wants, and promised speedy relief. When the ten minutes had expired, she again shook hands with him, assuring him that she would shortly return with clothes for his use, and what provisions she could bring, then turning she walked away with a firm step, stopping to shake hands with some other captives with whom she was acquainted. The word of encouragement was not wanting, and as she bade the prisoners adieu, she said: "Have no fear; the women are doing their part of the service." "I admire your spirit, madam," Doyle observed to her, "but would advise you to be a little more cautious in what you say."

Mrs. McCalla was furnished by the Major with a pass, which she showed to the officer on duty as she passed the guard on her return, and to the officer at the ferry. She rode with all speed, and was at home before midnight; having had less than twenty-four hours for the accomplishment of her whole enterprise;

in that time riding one hundred miles, crossing the river twice, and passing the guard four times.

It is proper to say that Mrs. McCalla met with kinder treatment from the other British officers to whom she had occasion to apply at this time, all seeming to be favourably impressed by the courage and strength of affection evinced by her. Even the soldiers, as she passed them, paid her marks of respect.

Mrs. McCalla set about her work immediately after her arrival at home; she began making new clothes, altering and mending others, and preparing provisions. All being ready, she again set out for Camden. This time she had the company of one of her neighbours, Mrs. Mary Nixon. Each of the women drove before her a pack-horse, laden with the articles provided for the use of their suffering friends. They were again admitted to the presence of Lord Rawdon to petition for leave to visit the prisoners, but nothing particular occurred at the interview. From this time she made her journeys about once a month to Camden, being often accompanied by other women bound on similar errands, and conveying articles of food and clothing to their captive fathers, husbands or brothers. They rode without escort, fearless of peril by the way, and regardless of fatigue, though the journey was usually performed in haste, and under the pressure of anxiety for those at home, as well as those to whose relief they were going. On one occasion, when Mrs. McCalla was just about setting off alone upon her journey, news of a glorious event was brought to her; the news of the battle of King's Mountain, which took place on the seventh of October. She did not stop to rejoice in the victory of her countrymen, but went on with a lightened heart, longing, no doubt, to share the joy with him who might hope, from the changed aspect of affairs, some mitigation of his imprisonment.

About the first of December, Mrs. McCalla went on one of her journeys to Camden. On the preceding trip she had met with Lord Cornwallis, by whom she was treated with kindness. Whatever hopes she had grounded on this, however, were doomed to disappointment; he was this time reserved and silent. She was afterwards informed by the Major that a considerable reverse had befallen the king's troops at Clermont, and the annoyance felt on this account—Doyle said—was the cause of his not showing as much courtesy as he usually did to ladies. "You must excuse him," observed the good-natured officer, who seems to have always acted the part of a peace-maker on these occasions; and he added that Cornwallis had never approved of the cruelties heretofore practised.

Towards the end of December the indefatigable wife again performed the weary journey to Camden. McCalla's health had been impaired for some months, and was now declining; it was therefore necessary to make a strenuous effort to move the compassion of his enemies, and procure his release. Rawdon was in command, and she once more applied to him to obtain permission for her husband to go home with her. As might have been anticipated, her petition was refused: his lordship informed her that he could do nothing in the matter; but that if she would go to Winnsboro' and present her request to Lord Cornwallis, he might possibly be induced to give her an order for the liberation of the prisoner.

To Winnsboro', accordingly, she made her way, determined to lose no time in presenting her application. It was on New Year's morning that she entered the village. The troops were under parade, and his lordship was engaged in reviewing them; there could be no admission, therefore, to his presence for some time, and she had nothing to do but remain a silent

spectator of the imposing scene. A woman less energetic, and less desirous of improving every opportunity for the good of others, might have sought rest after the fatigues of her journey, during the hours her business had to wait; but Sarah McCalla was one of a heroic stamp, whose private troubles never caused her to forget what she might do for her country. She passed the time in noticing particularly every thing she saw, not knowing but that her report might be of service. After the lapse of several hours, the interview she craved with Cornwallis was granted. He received her with courtesy and kindness, listened attentively to all she had to say, and appeared to feel pity for her distresses. But his polished expression of sympathy, to which her hopes clung with desperation, was accompanied with regret that he could not, consistently with the duties of his Majesty's service, comply unconditionally with her request. He expressed, nevertheless, entire willingness to enter into an arrangement with General Sumter, to release McCalla for any prisoner he had in his possession. Or he would accept the pledge of General Sumter that McCalla should not again serve until exchanged, and would liberate him on that security. "But, madam," he added, "Sumter must pledge himself personally for the keeping of the parole. We have been too lenient heretofore, and have let men go who immediately made use of their liberty to take up arms against us."

With this the long-tried wife was forced to be content, and she now saw the way more clearly to the accomplishment of her enterprise. She lost no time in returning home, and immediately set out for Charlotte to seek aid from the American general. She found Sumter at this place, nearly recovered of the wounds he had received in the action at Blackstock's, in November. Her appeal to him was at once favourably

received. He gave her a few lines, stating that he would stand pledged for McCalla's continuing peaceably at home, until he should be regularly exchanged. This paper was more precious than gold to the matron whose perseverance had obtained it; but it was destined to do her little good.

A few days after her return, the British army, being on its march from Winnsboro', encamped on the plantation of John Service, in Chester district, and afterwards at Turkey creek. Mrs. McCalla went to one of those camps in the hope of seeing Lord Cornwallis. She succeeded in obtaining this privilege; his lordship recognised her as soon as she entered the camp, and greeted her courteously. After some conversation she presented to the noble lord the paper which she imagined was to secure her husband's freedom. What was her disappointment when he referred her to Lord Rawdon, as the proper person to take cognizance of the affair! The very name was a death-blow to her hopes, for she well knew she could expect nothing from his clemency. Remonstrance and entreaty were alike in vain; Cornwallis was a courteous man, but he knew how, with a bland smile and well-turned phrase of compliment, to refuse compliance even with a request that appealed so strongly to every feeling of humanity as that of an anxious wife pleading for the suffering and imprisoned father of her children. She must submit, however, to the will of those in power; there was no resource but another journey to Camden, in worse than doubt of the success she had fancied just within her reach.

It was a day or two after the battle of the Cowpens that she crossed the ferry on her way to Camden. She had not yet heard of that bloody action, but, observing that the guard was doubled at the ferry, concluded that something unusual had occurred. As she entered the

village, she met her old friend Major Doyle, who stopped to speak to her. His first inquiry was if she had heard the news; and when she answered in the negative, he told her of the "melancholy affair" that had occurred at the Cowpens. The time, he observed, was most inauspicious for the business on which he knew she had come. "I fear, madam," he said, "that his lordship will not receive you well."

"I have no hope," was her answer, "that he will let Thomas go home; but, sir, it is my duty to make every effort to save my husband. I will thank you to go with me to Lord Rawdon's quarters."

Her reception was such as she had expected. As soon as Rawdon saw her, he cried angrily, "You here again, madam! Well—you want your husband—I dare say! Do you not know what these cursed rebels have been doing?"

"I do not, sir," replied the dejected matron; for she saw that his mood was one of anger.

"If we had hung them," he continued, "we should have been saved this. Madam! I order you most positively never to come into my presence again!"

It was useless, Mrs. McCalla knew, to attempt to stem the tide of fury; she did not therefore produce, nor even mention the paper given her by Sumter, nor apologise for the intrusion by saying that Lord Cornwallis had directed her to apply to him; but merely answered in a subdued and respectful tone by asking what she had done to displease him.

"Enough!" exclaimed the irritable noble. "You go from one army to another, and heaven only knows what mischief you do! Begone."

She waited for no second dismissal, but could not refrain from saying, as she went out, in an audible voice, "My countrymen must right me." Lord Rawdon called her back and demanded what she was saying.

She had learned by this time some lessons in policy, and answered, with a smile, "My lord, we are but simple country folk." His lordship probably saw through the pretence, for turning to his officer, he said, "Upon my life, Doyle, she is a wretch of a woman!" And thus she left him.

That great event—the battle of the Cowpens—revived the spirits of the patriots throughout the country. Everywhere, as the news spread, men who had before been discouraged flew to arms. The action took place on the seventeenth of January, 1781; on the twenty-second of the same month, six wagons were loaded with corn at Wade's island, sixty miles down the Catawba, for the use of General Davison's division. The whole country of Chester, York and Lancaster, may be said to have risen together, and was rallying to arms. On the twenty-fourth of January, General Sumter crossed the Catawba at Landsford, and received a supply of corn from Wade's island. His object was to cross the districts to the west, in the rear of the advancing British army, to arouse the country and gather forces as he went, threaten the English posts at Ninety-Six and Granby, and go on to recover the State of N. Carolina. While Cornwallis marched from his encampment on Service's plantation, the men of Chester, under the gallant Captains John Mills and James Johnston, were hovering near, watching the movements of the hostile army as keenly as the eagle watches his intended prey. Choosing a fit opportunity, as they followed in the rear, they pounced upon a couple of British officers, one of whom was Major McCarter, at a moment when they had not the least suspicion of danger, took them prisoners in sight of the enemy, and made good their retreat. By means of this bold exploit the liberation of McCalla was brought about, at a time when his wife was wholly disheartened by her

repeated and grievous disappointments. When General Sumter passed through the country, a cartel of exchange was effected, giving the two British officers in exchange for the prisoners of Chester district in Camden and Charleston.

The person sent with the flag to accomplish this exchange in Camden, was Samuel Neely of Fishing creek. As he passed through the town to the quarters of Lord Rawdon, he was seen and recognized by the prisoners, and it may be supposed their hearts beat with joy at the prospect of speedy release. But in consequence of some mismanagement, the unfortunate men were detained in jail several weeks longer. Neely was in haste to proceed to Charleston, being anxious, in the accomplishment of his mission in that city, to get his son Thomas out of the prison-ship, and in his hurry probably neglected some necessary formalities. His countrymen in Camden were kept in confinement after his return from Charleston with his son. Captain Mills was informed of this, and indignant at the supposed disrespect shown by Lord Rawdon to the cartel of General Sumter, wrote a letter of remonstrance to Rawdon, which he entrusted to Mrs. McCalla to be conveyed to him.

Our heroine was accompanied on this journey by Mrs. Mary Dixon, for she judged it impolitic that the letter should be delivered by one so obnoxious to his lordship as herself. Still she deemed it her duty to be on the spot to welcome her liberated husband, supply all his wants, and conduct him home. The distance was traversed this time with a lighter heart than before, for now she had no reason to fear disappointment. When they arrived at Camden, they went to the jail. John Adair was standing at a window; they saw and greeted each other, the women standing in the yard below. Perhaps in consequence of his advice, or

prudential considerations on their part, they determined not to avail themselves of the good offices of Major Doyle on this occasion. Adair directed them to send the jailor up to him, and wrote a note introducing his sister to the acquaintance of Lord Rawdon. The two women then proceeded to the quarters of that nobleman. When they arrived at the gate, Mrs. McCalla stopped, saying she would wait there, and her companion proceeded by herself. She was admitted into the presence of Lord Rawdon, who read the note of introduction she handed to him, and observed, referring to the writer—that the small-pox had almost finished him; still, he had come very near escaping from the jail; that he was "a grand 'scape-gallows." On reading the letter of Captain Mills his colour changed, and when he had finished it, turning to Mrs. Nixon, he said in an altered tone: "I am sorry these men have not been dismissed, as of right they ought." He immediately wrote a discharge for eleven of the prisoners, and put it into her hands, saying: "You can get them out, madam. I am very sorry they have been confined so many weeks longer than they should have been." At the same time he gave Mrs. Nixon a guinea." "This," he said, "will bear your expenses."

His lordship accompanied her on her way out, and as she passed through the gate his eye fell on Mrs. McCalla, whom he instantly recognized. Walking to the spot where she stood near the gate, he said fiercely: "Did I not order you, madam, to keep out of my presence?" The matron's independent spirit flashed from her eyes, as she answered: "I had no wish, sir, to intrude myself on your presence; I stopped at the gate on purpose to avoid you." Unable to resist the temptation of speaking her mind for once, now that she had a last opportunity, she added: "I might turn the tables on you, sir, and ask, why did *you* come out to

the gate to insult a woman? I have received from you nothing but abuse. My distresses you have made sport of, and I ceased long since to expect anything from you but ill-treatment. I am not now your suppliant; I came to *demand*, as a right, the release of my husband!" So saying, she turned away and left the room, without stopping to see how her bold language was received. Mrs. Nixon hastened after her, pale as death, and at first too much frightened to speak. As soon as she found voice, she exclaimed: "Oh, Sally! you have ruined us, I am afraid! Why, he may put us both in jail!"

Mrs. McCalla smiled. "Never fear; it is not the first time, Mary," she replied, "that I have given him to understand what I thought of him!" The two made their way back to the prison, but even after they got there Mrs. Nixon had not recovered from her terror. She was informed that it would be some time before the prisoners could be released. The blacksmith was then sent for, and came with his tools. The sound of the hammering in the apartments of the jail, gave the first intimation to the women who waited to greet their friends, that the helpless captives were chained to the floor. This precaution had been adopted not long before, in consequence of some of the prisoners having attempted an escape. These men left the place of their long inprisonment and suffering in company with the two women, and as they marched through the streets of Camden, passing the British guard, they sang at the top of their voices the well known and stirring songs of the "liberty-men."

THE BLACK-HOLE AT CALCUTTA.

THE old Suba or Viceroy of Bengal, dying in the month of April, in the year 1756, was succeeded by his adopted son, Sur Raja al Dowlat, a young man of violent passions, without principle or good faith, and who began his administration with acts of perfidy and violence. In all probability, his design against the English settlements was suggested by his rapacious disposition, in the belief that they abounded with treasure; as the pretences, which he used for commencing hostilities, were altogether inconsistent, false, and frivolous. In the month of May, he caused the English factory at Cassimbuzzar to be invested, and inviting Mr. Watts, the chief of the factory, to a conference, under the sanction of a safe conduct, detained him as prisoner; then, by means of fraud and force intermingled, made himself master of the factory. This exploit being achieved, he made no secret of his design to deprive the English of all their settlements. With this view, he marched to Calcutta, at the head of a numerous army, and, invested the place, which was then in no posture of defence. The governor, intimidated by the number and power of the enemy, abandoned the fort, and, with some principal persons residing in the settlement, took refuge on board a ship in the river, carrying along with them their most valuable effects, and the books of the company. Thus the defence of the place devolved on Mr. Holwell, the second in command, who, with the assistance of a few gallant officers, and a very feeble garrison, maintained it with great courage and resolution against several attacks, until he was overpowered by numbers, and the enemy had forced their way into the castle. He was then obliged to submit; and the Suba promised, on

the word of a soldier, that no injury should be done to him or his garrison. Nevertheless, they were all driven, to the number of 146 persons, into a place called the Black-hole prison, a cube of about eighteen feet, walled up to the eastward and southward,—the only quarters from which they could expect any refreshing air,—and opening to the westward by two windows, strongly barred with iron, through which there was no perceptible circulation.

Mr. Holwell, one of the few survivors, published an affecting account of all the circumstances attending this fearful imprisonment, and the following is in substance his narrative.

"Figure to yourself (says he), if possible, the situation of a hundred and forty-six wretches, previously exhausted by continual fatigue, thus crammed together in a room eighteen feet square. What the consequences would be were only but too evident to me, the instant I cast my eyes round and saw the size and situation of the room.

"Amongst the guards posted at the windows, I observed an old jemmautdaar (or serjeant of the Indian guards) near me, who seemed to have some compassion in his countenance; and indeed he was the only one among them all who discovered the least trace of humanity. I called him to me, and, in the most persuasive terms I could command, urged him to commiserate our sufferings, and endeavour to get us separated, half in one place, and half in another, for which act of kindness he should, in the morning, receive a thousand rupees. He promised he would endeavour to do so, and withdrew; but in a few minutes he returned, and told me it was impossible. I then thought I had not offered enough, and promised him two thousand; he withdrew a second time, but returned soon, and (with I believe much real pity and

concern) told me it was not practicable; that it could not be done but by the suba's order, and that no one dared to wake him. We had been but a few minutes in the room when every one fell into a profuse perspiration. This brought on a raging thirst, which increased in proportion as the body was drained of its moisture. Various expedients were thought of; every hat was put in motion to produce a circulation of air, and Mr. Baillie proposed that every man should sit down from time to time on the floor: we were truly in the situation of drowning wretches, and no wonder we caught at every thing that bore a flattering appearance of saving ourselves. This latter expedient was several times resorted to; and each time many of the poor creatures, whose natural strength was less than others, or who had been more exhausted, and could not immediately recover their legs, as others did when the word was given to *rise*, fell to rise no more; they were instantly trod to death or suffocated. When the whole body sat down, they were so closely wedged together, that they were obliged to use many efforts before they could put themselves in motion to get up again. Before nine o'clock every man's thirst grew intolerable, and respiration difficult. Efforts were again made to force the door, but in vain. Insults even were used to the guard, to provoke them to fire in upon us (which, as I learned afterwards, were carried to much greater lengths, when I was no more sensible of what was going on). By keeping my face between two of the bars, I obtained air enough to give my lungs play, though the perspiration was excessive, and thirst beginning to be felt. Every body, excepting those situated in and near the windows now began to grow outrageous, and many became quite delirious: 'Water! water!' became the general cry; and the old serjeant before-mentioned, at last taking pity on us, ordered the

people to bring some skins of water, little dreaming, I believe, of its fatal effects. This was what I dreaded. I foresaw it would destroy the small chance left us, and tried many times to speak to him privately, to forbid its being brought; but the clamour was so loud, I found it impossible. The water appeared. Words cannot paint to you the universal agitation and raving the sight of it threw us into. Until the water came, I had not myself suffered much from thirst, but now it became excessive. We had no means of conveying it into the prison, but by hats forced through the bars; and thus myself, and Messrs. Coles and Scot (notwithstanding the pain they suffered from their wounds) supplied them as fast as possible. But those who have experienced intense thirst, or are acquainted with the cause and nature of this appetite, will be sufficiently sensible it could receive no more than a momentary alleviation; the cause still subsisted. Though we brought full hats through the bars, there ensued such violent struggles, and frequent contests, to get at it, that before it reached the lips of any one, there was scarcely a tea-cup-full left in them. These supplies, like water sprinkled on fire, only served to feed and raise the flame. Several quitted the other window (the only chance they had for life), to force their way to the water, which made the throng and press upon the window beyond bearing; forcing their passage from the further part of the room, they pressed down those in their way who had less strength, and trampled them to death. Can it be believed that this scene of misery proved an entertainment to the wretches without? But so it was; and they took care to keep us supplied with water, that they might have the satisfaction of seeing us fight for it, and held up lights to the bars, that they might lose no part of the inhuman diversion. From about nine till near eleven,

I occupied this painful situation, still supplying them with water, though my legs were almost broken with the weight against them. By this time my two companions, with Mr. William Parker (who had forced himself into the window), were pressed to death, and I was nearly so. For some time my companions preserved a respect towards me, more than indeed I could well expect, our circumstances considered; but now all distinction was lost. My friend Baillie, Messrs. Jenks, Law, and several others, for whom I had a great esteem and affection, had for some time been dead at my feet, and were now trampled upon by corporals and common soldiers, who by the help of more robust constitutions, had forced their way to the window, and held fast by the bars over me, till at last I became so pressed and wedged up, that I was deprived of all motion. Determined now to give every thing up, I called to them, and begged, as the last instance of their regard, that they would remove the pressure upon me, and permit me to retire out of the window to die in quiet. They gave way, and with much difficulty I forced a passage into the centre of the prison, where the throng was less, owing to the numbers dead (then I believe amounting to a third), and those who flocked to the windows; for by this time they had water also at the other window.

"In the Black Hole there was a platform, raised between three and four feet from the floor, open underneath, extending the whole length of the east side of the prison, and above six feet wide. I made my way over the dead, and repaired to the further end of it, just opposite the other window, and seated myself on the platform between Mr. Dumbleton and Captain Stevenson, the former just then expiring. The moment I quitted the window, my breathing grew short and painful. At this time my poor friend, Mr. Eyre, came

staggering over the dead to me, and with his usual coolness and good nature, asked me how I did; but he fell and expired before I had time to reply. I now laid myself down on some of the dead behind me on the platform; and recommending myself to heaven, had the comfort of thinking my sufferings could have no long duration. My thirst now grew insupportable, and the difficulty of breathing much increased; I had not remained in this situation, I believe, ten minutes, when I was seized with a pain in the breast, and palpitation of the heart, both in the most exquisite degree. This roused and obliged me to get up again; but still the pain, palpitation, thirst, and difficulty of breathing, increased. I retained my senses notwithstanding, and had the grief to see death not so near me as I hoped: but I could no longer bear the pains I suffered without seeking a relief, which I knew fresh air only could give me. I instantly determined to push for the window opposite me; and by an effort of double the strength I ever before possessed, gained the third rank at it, with one hand seized a bar, and by that means gained the second, though I think there were at least six or seven ranks between me and the window. In a few moments my pain, palpitation, and difficulty of breathing, ceased; but my thirst continued intolerable. I called aloud, 'water, for God's sake!' I had been concluded dead; but as soon as they heard me amongst them, they had still the respect and tenderness for me, to cry out, 'Give him water! give him water!' Nor would one of them at the window attempt to touch it until I had drank. But from the water I found no relief; my thirst was rather increased by it; so I determined to drink no more, but patiently wait the event; and kept my mouth moist, from time to time, by sucking the perspiration out of my shirt sleeves, and catching the drops as they fell, like heavy

rain, from my head and face; you can hardly imagine how unhappy I was if any of them escaped my mouth. I came into prison without coat or waistcoat; the season was too hot to bear the former, and the latter tempted the avarice of one of the guards, who robbed me of it when we were under the veranda. Whilst I was at this second window, I was observed by one of my miserable companions to the right of me, in the expedient of allaying my thirst by sucking my shirt sleeves. He took the hint, and robbed me, from time to time, of a considerable part of my store; though, after I detected him, I had the address to begin on that sleeve first, when I thought my reservoirs were sufficiently replenished; and our mouths and noses often met in the contest. This plunderer, I found afterwards, was a worthy young gentleman in the service, Mr. Lushington, one of the few who escaped from death; he has since paid me the compliment of assuring me, he believed he owed his life to the draughts he had from my sleeves. I mention this incident, as I think nothing can give you a more lively idea of the melancholy state we were reduced to. By half an hour past eleven, the greater number of those living were in an outrageous delirium, and the others quite ungovernable; few retaining any degree of calmness, except the ranks next the windows. By what I had felt myself, I was fully sensible what those within suffered; but had only pity to bestow upon them, not then thinking how soon I should myself become a greater object of it. They all now found that water, instead of relieving, rather heightened their uneasiness; and 'Air! air!' was the general cry. Every insult that could be devised against the guard, all the opprobrious names and abuse that they could be loaded with, were repeated to provoke the guard to fire upon us, every man that could rushing

tumultuously towards the windows, with eager hopes of meeting the first shot. Then a general prayer to Heaven, to hasten the approach of the flames to the right and the left of us, and put a period to our misery. But these failing, they whose strength and spirits were quite exhausted, laid themselves down and expired quietly upon their fellows: others who had yet some strength and vigour left, made a last effort at the windows, and several succeeded by leaping and scrambling over the backs and heads of those in the first ranks, and got hold of the bars, from which there was no removing them. I need not my dear friend, ask your commiseration, when I tell you, that in this plight, from half an hour past eleven till near two in the morning, I sustained the weight of a heavy man, with his knees on my back and the pressure of his whole body on my head, a Dutch serjeant, who had taken his seat upon my left shoulder, and a Topaz (a black Christian soldier) bearing on my right; all which nothing could have enabled me to support, but the props and pressure equally sustaining me all around. The two latter I frequently dislodged, by shifting my hold on the bars, and driving my knuckles into their ribs; but my friend above stuck fast, and as he held by two bars, was immoveable.

"I exerted anew my strength and fortitude; but the repeated trials and efforts I made to dislodge the incumbrances above me at last quite exhausted me; and, towards two o'clock, finding I must quit the window, or sink where I was, I resolved on the former. In the rank close behind me was an officer of one of the ships, whose name was Cary, and who had behaved with much bravery during the siege (his wife, a fine woman though country born, would not quit him, but accompanied him into the prison, and was one who survived). This poor wretch had been long raving for

water and air; I told him I was determined to give up life, and recommended his gaining my station. On my quitting, he made a fruitless attempt to get my place; but the Dutch serjeant, who sat on my shoulder, supplanted him. Poor Cary expressed his thankfulness, and said he would give up life too; but it was with the utmost labour we forced our way from the window, several in the inner ranks appearing to be dead, standing, unable to fall by the throng and equal pressure around. He laid himself down to die; and his death, I believe, was very sudden; for he was a short, full, sanguine man. His strength was great; and, I imagine, had he not retired with me, I should never have been able to have forced my way backwards. I was at this time sensible of no pain, and little uneasiness: but I found a stupor coming on, and laid myself down by that gallant old man, the Rev. Mr. Bellamy, who lay dead with his son, the lieutenant, hand in hand, near the southernmost wall of the prison. When I had lain there some little time, I still had reflection enough to suffer some uneasiness in the thought, that I should be trampled upon, when dead, as I myself had done to others. With some difficulty I raised myself, and gained the platform a second time, where I presently lost all sensation; the last trace of sensation that I have been able to recollect after my lying down, was my sash being uneasy about my waist, which I untied, and threw from me. Of what passed in this interval, to the time of my resurrection from this hole of horrors, I can give you no account; and, indeed, the particulars mentioned by some of the gentlemen who survived, were so absurd and contradictory, as to convince me that very few of them had retained their senses; or, at least, that they had lost them soon after they came into the open air, by the fever they carried out with them.

"When the day broke, and the gentlemen found that no entreaties could prevail to get the door opened, it occurred to one of them (I think to Mr. Secretary Cook) to make a search for me, in hopes that I might have influence enough to gain a release from this scene of misery. Accordingly, Messrs. Lushington and Walcot undertook the search, and by my shirt discovered me under the dead upon the platform. They took me from thence, and imagining I had some signs of life, brought me towards the window I had first possession of. But as life was equally dear to every man (and the stench arising from the dead bodies grown intolerable), no one would give up the station in or near the window; so they were obliged to carry me back again. But soon after Captain Mills, who was in possession of a seat at the window, had the humanity to offer to resign it. I was again brought by the same gentlemen, and placed in the window. At this juncture the suba, who had received an account of the havock death had made amongst us, sent one of the jemmautdaars to enquire if the chief survived. They showed me to him; told him I had some appearance of life remaining, and believed I might recover if the door was opened very soon. This answer being returned to the suba, an order came immediately for our release, it being then near six in the morning. The fresh air at the window soon brought me to life; and a few minutes after the departure of the jemmautdaar, I was restored to my sight and senses. The little strength that remained amongst the most robust who survived, made it a difficult task to remove the dead piled up against the door; so that I believe it was more than twenty minutes before we obtained a passage out for one at a time."

Of the whole hundred and forty-six persons confined in this dreadful place, only twenty-three survived!

THE GREAT FLOODS IN 1829 IN MORAY, SCOTLAND.

A MAN of the name of Sandy Smith, whose cottage stood upon a piece of furzy pasture, not far from one of the rivers which had overflowed its banks, was one of those in the greatest danger. A great number of the inhabitants of the cottages in the part of the country nearest to him escaped early in the night of Monday to a large barn, which stood on high ground; and others were received into a gentleman's house, where they were made as comfortable as circumstances would permit. All of them thought that poor Sandy Smith would never be seen by them again, for his house was in a low situation, and already surrounded by water. But, on looking in the direction of his cottage, they were very glad to see a distant gleam of light, which came from a candle placed in his cottage window. They therefore had lights placed in the windows of the gentleman's house just mentioned, in order that the poor people in the distant cottage might know they were not forgotten, although it was impossible to get at them.

A dismal night had Sandy Smith in his cottage, in the midst of the waters. At break of day the kind people, who were looking out for him and his family, saw all the country laid under water, including many fields which had the day before been beautiful with yellow wheat, green tops of turnips, and other crops; and the surface of the flood was strewed with trees and every kind of wreck from farms, and barns, and houses. The heavy rain and the raging wind were yet continuing; the cattle were wandering about, and lowing for want of their usual food, and crowds of distressed families were crying and bewailing themselves. Afar off was descried the cottage of Sandy Smith—its roof like

a speck above water;—and it was seen that the gable end had given way. With the help of a good telescope, the family were perceived to have got out of the cottage, and to be all huddled together on a small spot of ground not more than a few feet square, and forty or fifty yards distant from their ruined dwelling. Sandy himself was seen, sometimes standing up and sometimes sitting on a small cask; he seemed to be watching the large trees that swept past him and his wife and children, and which threatened to sweep them away. His wife was sitting on a bit of a log, covered with a blanket, having one child on her knee, and two leaning by her side. On the ground stood a bottle and glass, from which those who saw them hoped they had derived some little comfort in the midst of the cold rain and wind. Close to them were about a score of sheep, a small horse, and three cows, all glad, like themselves, to stand on that little spot of dry land.

The greatest fear which those who saw these poor people from distant houses had, was that the waters would gain upon them before any boat could be procured to go and bring them away. A lady in the neighbourhood had, however, ordered her horses to be put to a boat, to drag it down to a convenient spot for being launched, and three bold men got into it, determined to save the lives of the poor people if possible. Before they reached Sandy Smith and his family, they thought it their duty to rescue another poor family, whose situation was still more dangerous, as they were in a house of which hardly anything was visible but the thatch. When they reached that house, the poor people within were obliged to duck down into the water before they could be dragged out of the windows.

But to reach the house, and then to get on to where Sandy Smith and his family were waiting, was a task of no small labour and difficulty: for as the boat seemed

to be going on fairly and well, it was more than once carried away by the currents that were to be crossed, and carried away with such violence, that those on shore thought the people in the boat would be lost. The activity of the men in the boat was their only safety; and one of them, whose name was Donald Munro, but who, on account of his dress, was that day called Straw Hat and Yellow Waistcoat, gained much honour for his wonderful exertions. Sometimes he was at the head of the boat, and sometimes at the stern, not unfrequently in the water up to the neck, and then again rowing with all his strength. Before they reached the spot where Sandy Smith and his family were standing in a cluster on their little spot of land, there were five raging currents to be passed. The moment the boat came to one of these, it was whirled away far down the stream; and when one current was passed, the men had to pull the boat up again all the way before they ventured to cross another. The last current which they had to cross was the worst; but Smith was so delighted to see the boat approaching, that he ran into the water to meet it, and helped to drag it towards the spot on which his wife and children were yet remaining. They were all then safely placed in the boat, and carried back, with many difficulties, across all the currents to the shore.

It appeared that these poor people had been driven out of their house at about eight o'clock on the Monday evening, and had fled to the only dry place they could reach. They had but just time to throw blankets over them, and Smith himself had fortunately presence of mind enough to take with him a small bag of meal. His cows, and his pony, and his sheep, being let out, wandered to the same spot. As the water gained upon the little space of ground they had, the poor beasts, feeling chilled with the cold, pressed inwards also upon

the family. Smith caught a log which was floating past, and it made a seat for his companions; an old chest served the same purpose: and a little meal and a little whiskey was all their nourishment. There they had remained all that dismal night—all dark around them; the noise of the waters roaring in their ears—great trees going crashing past them every minute, as if they would sweep them all into eternity; and all the time the wind and rain beating upon them so fiercely that it seemed as if it would be impossible for them to live long under it. Nothing was to be seen but the far-off candles, placed in the house which has already been mentioned; and the light of which, as had been intended, was still some comfort to them in their desolate situation. When the light of morning broke upon them, Sandy Smith saw the little hamlet of Stripeside, where he had lived, a heap of ruins, as well as all the neighbouring hamlets; and, far above them, the bridge broken by the violence of the stream. He had the presence of mind to hide these sights from his wife, by wrapping her head more closely from the cold, until the waters began to fall a little in consequence of the giving way of some embankments; and then he told her to look round about her, for that now there was some hope. The Scotch peasantry are a religious people, and Sandy, who thought when he saw the light of the candles shining across the broad and roaring water in the night, that the Providence to whom he addressed his prayers had not forgotten him and his little family, observed, after all the danger was over, that he should be grateful to God all the rest of his days.

Another family, whose cottage stood at no great distance from that of Sandy Smith, passed that terrible night in the midst of still greater dangers and struggles for life. The name of these poor people was Kerr.

They left their house, which was already surrounded by water, early in the night, and tried to wade across the water to the dry ground, but the farther they waded the deeper they found the water. Kerr's niece, a girl twelve years of age, lost heart, and began to sink: while the stream was increasing, and the darkness of night was upon them. The old man, however, did not give up; but, taking his niece on his shoulder, waded back with his wife, and by great labour regained his own cottage. It was between eight and nine o'clock in the evening when they groped their way to it; and they were obliged to clamber up into the garret. There they remained, in loneliness and darkness, until about two o'clock in the morning, when the roof of the cottage, damaged by the wet, began to fail. To avoid being crushed to death, the old man forced his way through a partition into the next house. Fortunately for them the partition was only made of wood and clay. There they remained till about eight o'clock in the morning; when the strength of the water on the outside became so great, that it bent the bolt of the lock of the house-door inwards, until it had no more hold of the staple than about the eighth of an inch. If the door had given way, the water would have rushed in with such violence as to sweep away the back wall of the house; and Kerr rummaged the garret until he was lucky enough to find a bit of board and a few nails, with which he managed to make the door more secure. At last, the roof of this second house began to fail also; and Kerr and his wife and niece had no way of escaping but through the thatch.

Whilst the party in the cottage were undergoing all this, there were some on the shore who were very anxiously watching their fate; and among them a son of Kerr's, who had been straining his eyes towards his father's cottage all night long, unable to send help to

them, and never expecting to see them alive more. Those about the young man tried to comfort him; but even whilst they were speaking to him the gable of Kerr's dwelling was seen to give way, and to fall into the raging current. But a gentleman, who was looking towards the cottage with a telescope, observed a hand thrust through the thatch of the house next to it. The hand worked busily, as if in despair of life; then a head appeared, and, at length, Kerr was seen to drag himself through the roof, and to drag up his wife and niece through the thatch after him. The three unfortunate people were then seen crawling along the roof towards the next house,—for there were three houses built in a row: Kerr went first, and behind him the woman and girl, hardly able, from the force of the wind, to keep a blanket round them. Fortunate was it for them that old Kerr possessed so much courage and sense, exactly when courage and sense were wanting, for the tottering roof they had just left fell into the water, and was swept away. Kerr now tried in vain to force a passage through the thatch into the next house; finding he could not do it, he attempted one of the windows, but with no better success. He was then seen to drop himself down from the eaves upon a small speck of ground, a little higher than the rest, close to the back wall of the houses. To that spot of ground, where there was just room for them to stand, but not to move, he managed to get his wife and niece safely down.

Among those who could see all this going on was also a nephew of old Kerr's, the brother of the little girl who was with Kerr and his wife; and he was half distracted by the sight. "Good God! friends," he exclaimed, "will you allow human beings to perish before your eyes, and do nothing to give them help? If I had but a boat, I would try to save them. Will nobody give me a horse to go in search of one?"

It has already been mentioned that a lady in the neighbourhood lent her horses to drag a boat to the place where it was wanted; and in this boat it was that the Kerrs were taken from the dangerous spot on which they stood, before the brave men in the boat went on to Sandy Smith and his family, who, it will be remembered, had a few more yards of ground to stand upon than the Kerrs. The skill and coolness of these men, among whom was Straw Hat and Yellow Waistcoat, were witnessed by those on shore with admiration, and when they saw that they had crossed the dangerous currents, just in time to save the Kerrs, who had now only about three feet of earth left to stand upon, they gave them three hearty cheers. They were in no small degree rejoiced to see Kerr, and his poor wife, and the little girl, stowed safely into the boat; but when, directly after, they saw the brave Yellow Waistcoat wading away, and sounding the depths with a pole, until he got to one end of the building, and then beheld him lay hold of a large pig, and throw it into the boat as easily as if it had been a rabbit, they were angry to think his life should have been risked for such a saving: but he must have been a good-natured fellow, for it seems that the pig belonged to a poor widow, and was all the property she had left.

When the frail boat, crossing again all the dangerous streams, arrived at the shore with the little party, they were received by many of their friends with so much heart and rejoicing, that even old Kerr, who was known for his firmness by the name of old Rodney, could not help shedding a few tears among the rest, exclaiming in his homely Scotch—"Toots! I canna stand this mair than you, bairns. Od! I maun just greet (cry) it out."

The boat next, with considerable difficulty, reached a cottage among alders, a little way above the bridge,

in which were three helpless old women, one of whom had been for years bed-ridden. When the boat reached the hut, Yellow Waistcoat knocked in the window, and entered with another of the boat's crew. They found the inmates sitting on chairs, immersed in water, which was four feet deep in the house. They were nearly dead with cold, and could not have existed many hours longer. They were lifted through the window, and were soon placed in safety.

To reach another family, consisting of a poor invalid old man, his infirm wife, their daughter, and grandson, it was necessary to carry the boat some distance, in order to launch it to another part of the flood. By the time the boat with its crew reached the cottage, its western side was entirely gone, and the boat was pushed in at the gap. Not a sound was heard within, and they suspected that all were drowned; but on looking through a hole in a partition, they discovered the unhappy inmates roosted, like fowls, on the beams of the roof. They were, one by one, transferred safely to the boat, half dead with cold; but the old man's mind, unable to withstand the agonizing apprehensions he had suffered, had unhappily become deranged.

SIR T. DICK LAUDER.

AN ASCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THE morning was bright and clear, and the road lay along the Bay of Naples. We made a short stop at Portici, where the king has a palace. It is beautifully situated, with gardens and promenades around it, and all the luxuries that royalty can so easily afford. The taste and beauty of the interior, however, are chiefly owing to Madame Murat, the ex-Queen of Naples, who

reformed not only this, but all the royal palaces of the city. When the dethroned Ferdinand returned from Sicily, he was exceedingly pleased with the improvements his conqueror had made, and very good-humouredly remarked, that "Murat was an excellent upholsterer." The portraits of Napoleon's and Murat's families are still there, and said to be excellent likenesses. The whole palace is in excellent taste; but the only thing remarkable in it is a porcelain room, the walls and ceilings of which are entirely covered with china from the celebrated manufactory of Capo di Monti, specimens of which are now seldom found. These porcelain panels are painted with landscapes, and bordered with wreaths in alto-relievo, coloured like life and as large, with squirrels and birds, mingled in charming confusion. The frames of the mirrors and the chandeliers are of the same material, and the effect of the whole is singular and pleasing. I hurried through the rooms, anxious to get to Vesuvius.

We soon came to the place where horses and donkeys are taken for the ascent; and here a scrambling, and squalling, and quarrelling commenced, that would not have disgraced a steam-boat landing at New York. In the morning, when we started, a man mounted the box of the carriage with the driver, as if he owned it. I asked him what he was doing there. He inquired if I did not wish a guide. I replied, "Yes, of course, to ascend the mountain." Supposing all was right, we went on. But here I discovered that a horse could not be had without a guide to accompany him. I turned to my friend of the coach-box, and asked what this meant, and why he had presumed to fasten himself on me in this way. He seemed to be somewhat put out; but replied, with a great deal of suavity, "Oh, sir, to see you are not cheated, and to have everything arranged on your return." "I can take care of that," said I.

"I don't mean to be cheated by you or others either." But the day was advancing, and this was no place or time to quarrel with him, for it would only swell the Babel that already clattered around me. My friend at length mounted a good-looking horse, while the most villanous donkey that ever went unsheared was led up to *me*. I asked my supernumerary guide if this was the animal he had come thus far to provide me with. He said he thought it was an excellent beast. I replied, I was sorry I could not agree with him, and deliberately walked away. The owner then threw himself before me, with his long-eared friend, determined I should take him. I asked him if he *called that a horse?* "No, your excellency, but an *eccellentissimo* ass." No," said I, very coolly, "you are mistaken; it is neither an ass nor a horse." He looked in astonishment at me, as much as to say, "What do you mean? What is it, then?" The others had become quiet by this time, and stood waiting the issue. "Why," said I, "don't you see *it's a rat*—a large *water-rat*—you are wishing me to ride?" The men looked at each other in astonishment for a moment, and then burst out into a loud laugh. Seeing I was not to be duped, they led me out a very nice grey pony, which I mounted, and galloped away.

The guide, with a strong stick in one hand, seized my friend's horse by the tail, and trotted after. The ascent, for some time, was gradual, the road passing through vineyards, but the scene gradually grew drearier, until we came to the region of pure lava. I can convey to you no idea of the feelings this utterly barren lava-desert at first excites. There it spreads, black, broken, and rough, just as it cooled in its slow and troubled march towards the sea. Here it met an obstacle, and rose into a barrier; there it fell off into ridges that cracked and broke into fragments, till the

whole inclined plane that spreads off from the base of the pyramid, in which is the crater, appears as if the earth had been violently shaken till all the large and loose portions had risen to the surface. Sometimes you can trace for some distance a sort of circular wall of cool lava, behind which the red-hot stream had gathered and glowed like a brow of wrath. Nothing could be more dreary and desolate. Through this barren track I was passing, in a narrow path. My eye wandered hither and thither over the scathed and blackened mass, but always came back to the solemn peak, from whose top silently ascended a heavy column of smoke. Soon after, we ascended a ridge of earth that the volcano had spared, and on which stood the hermitage. Before reaching it, we could see on its narrow top, extending nearly to the base of the peak, the forms of mules and horses, slowly marching in Indian file, and carrying a company in advance of us to the same destination. Their appearance at that distance and above us, cast in bold relief against the clear sky, was novel and picturesque. We did not stop at the hermitage, but pushing straight on soon reached the field of lava, through which our animals picked their way with most praiseworthy care. As I was slowly crossing this rough tract I saw in the distance twenty or thirty mules and horses, saddled and bridled, scattered around at the base of the peak, amidst the lava, and on the open mountain-side, like an Arab camp in the desert. Here we also dismounted, and began the almost perpendicular ascent. The company before us looked like dwarfs clinging to the side of the mountain. There was a lady among them, who, with a bridle around her waist, was pulled up by the guide. Ours also started with a bridle, but I told him to throw it away, as I could take care of myself. Half way up, we came upon a snow bank, on which I cooled my parched

lips. Again and again we were compelled to rest, but without regret, for whenever we turned our eyes below, they were met by one of the most magnificent prospects the sun ever shone upon. There was the Bay of Naples, the islands of Capri and Ischia, beyond which the blue Mediterranean melted away into the mild horizon; nearer, slept the city, with its palaces and towers; while, far inland—on, on, till the eye grew dim with the extended prospect, swept away the whole "*campagna felice*," or happy country, in a glorious panorama of villages, villas, fields, and vineyards. Around me was piled lava that had once poured in a red-hot stream where I sat; and close beneath me, an immense cavity, where a volcano had once raged and died. When near the top, as I stood looking upon the world below, a dense cloud of mist, borne by the wind, swept over and around me, blotting out in an instant everything from my sight. A cold breeze accompanied it; and the sudden change from broad sunlight and an almost boundless prospect, to sudden twilight and a few feet of broken lava, was so chilling and gloomy, that it for a moment damped my ardour. Our guide, however, told us it would soon pass; so we rallied our spirits, and pushed on.

At length we reached the verge of the crater, and the immense basin, with its black, smoking cone in the centre, was below us. From the red-hot mouth boiled out, fast and fierce, an immense column of smoke, accompanied at intervals with a heavy sound, and jets of red-hot scoria. This was more than I anticipated; I expected only to see a crater and a smouldering heap; but the mountain was in more than common agitation, and had been so throughout the winter. It seemed to sympathize with Etna and other volcanoes, that appear to have chosen this year for a general working-up. I could compare it to nothing but the working of an

immense steam-engine. It had a steady sound, like the working of a heavy piston, while, at short intervals, the valve seemed to lift, and the steam would escape with an explosion, and, at the same time, the black smoke and lurid blaze shoot from the mouth, and the red-hot scoria rise forty or fifty feet into the air. At the moment of explosion, the mouth of the cone seemed in a blaze, and the masses of scoria thrown out, some of which would weigh fifteen or twenty pounds, resembled huge masses of blood—they were of that deep red, fresh colour. I deemed myself fortunate in the time I visited it, for I saw a *real, living*—or, as Carlyle would say, an *authenticated* volcano. There was a truth and reality and power about it that chained and awed me. I could count the strokes of that tremendous engine as it thundered on in the bowels of the earth, and see the fruits of its infernal labour, as it hurled them into the upper air, as if on purpose to startle man with the preparations that were going on under him. That mountain, huge as it was, seemed light to the power beneath it, and I thought it felt unsteady on its base, as if conscious of the strength of its foe.

We next descended into the crater, and however slight a thing one may deem it in *ordinary* times, it was a grave matter for me. Both hands and feet had never before been in such urgent requisition. The path, at times, was not a foot wide, and, indeed, was not a path, but clefts in the rocks, where often a single mis-step would have sent one to the bottom of the crater, while lava rocks, cracked at their base, and apparently awaiting but a slight touch to shake them down on you, hung overhead. Frequently, my only course was to lie against the rock, and cling with my hands to the projecting points, while ever and anon, from out some aperture, would shoot jets of steam so

impregnated with sulphur as almost to suffocate me. My guide would then be hid from my sight, and I had nothing to do but to hang on, and cough, while I knew that a thousand feet were above and below me. At other times, the crater filled with vapour up to the rim, shrouding everything from our sight, even the fiery cone, while we hung midway on the rocks, and stood and listened. Amidst the rolling vapour, I could hear the churning of that tremendous engine, and the explosion that sent the scoria into the air, and then, after a moment of deep silence, the clatter of the returning fragments, like hailstones on dry leaves, far, far below me. It was sufficiently startling and grand to stand half-way down that crater with your feet on smoking sulphur, and your hand on rocks so hot that you shrank from the touch, *and gaze down* on that terrific fire-energy, without wrapping it in gloom, and adding deeper mystery to its already mysterious workings. A puff of air would then sweep through the cavity, dashing the mist against its sides, and sending it, like frightened spirits, over the verge. I almost expected to see a change when the light again fell on it, but there it stood, churning on as steadily as ever.

We at length reached the bottom, and sitting down at a *respectful* distance from the base of the cone, enjoyed the sublime spectacle. There we were, deep down in the bowels of the mountain, while, far upon the brink of the crater, like children in size, sat a group of men, sending their hurrah down at every discharge of scoria. Before me ascended the column of rolling smoke—while, every few seconds, the melted mass was ejected into the air with a report that made me measure, rather wistfully, the distance between us and the top: our guide took some coppers, and as the scoria fell a little distance off, he would run up the sides of the cone, drop them in the smaller portions, and retreat before a

second discharge. It was amusing to see how coolly he would stand and look up on the descending fragments of fire, some of which, had they struck him, would have crushed him to the earth, and calculate their descent so nicely, that, with a slight movement, he could escape each. When the scoria cooled, the coppers were left imbedded in it, and thus carried off as remembrances of Vesuvius. We went round the crater, continually descending, until we came to the lowest part, close to the base of the cone. Here the lava was gathering, and cooling, and cracking off in large rolls, with that low, continuous sound, which is always made by the rapid cooling of an intensely-heated mass. I ascended a little eminence which the lava was slowly undermining, and thrust my cane into the molten substance. It was so hot that I had to cover my face with my cap in order to hold my stick in it for a single moment. As I stood and saw fold after fold slowly roll over and fall off, and heard the firing of the volcano above me, and saw, nearly a hundred feet over my head, red-hot masses of scoria suspended in the air, I am not ashamed to say I felt a *little uncomfortable.* I looked above and around, and saw that it needed but a slight tremulous motion to confine me there for ever. There may have been no danger, but one cannot escape the belief of it when at times he is compelled to avoid flaming masses of scoria that otherwise would have smitten him to the earth.

We ascended by a different and much easier path; it is longer, but far preferable to the one we came down. It led us to the other side of the crater, from which we looked down on Pompeii. I could trace the stream of lava to the plain, and could well imagine the consternation of the inhabitants of the doomed city as the storm of ashes shot off from its bosom. Weary and exhausted, we descended by a different route, through

a bed of ashes that reached from the top to the bottom of the hill, mounted our horses, and rode homeward. The glorious plain was spread out before us, but we were too tired to enjoy it. At the bottom of the hill we found our supernumerary guide, half drunk on our credit, who told us he had soup, fish, beef, fowl, fruit, &c., provided for our entertainment in a neighbouring house, which proved to be a hovel. The provisions, he said, had cost but little more than a dollar, while the man asked only about the same for cooking them. I was thoroughly vexed, and told him to say to the man he might have the provisions to pay for cooking them; and as for him, I considered him the greatest scoundrel I had yet met with, and I had seen many. He replied that he regarded me as his son—that he would not see me cheated for the world. I told him I thought the proofs of his affection were rather dubious; that it had cost me about three dollars that day; that it was altogether too expensive for me; and I thought, notwithstanding the intensity of his love, that we had better part. And yet, would you believe it, this fellow had the impudence to come up to the carriage and ask me to make him a present of a few carlines, as a sort of farewell gift! It was really the coolest rascality I had yet encountered. But the day passed away, and the evening, with its welcome repose, came. That night I slept as I had never slept before: it was like oblivion, it was so deep and unbroken.

HEADLEY'S "ITALY AND THE ITALIANS."

CALAMITIES AND PRESERVATIONS.*

A CIRCUMSTANCE to-day has given us considerable uneasiness; one of our best setters, who had been observed to look rather dull yesterday, has refused his food, and continues listless to what is passing around him. He was a sprightly, active-minded dog, and his torpidness is alarming. We promptly separated him from his companions, and have chained him in an adjoining cabin, under the especial observation of old Antony. The otter-killer is preparing to use his leechcraft, and I trust with good effect. Canine madness is a frightful visitation, and no caution can be too strict to guard against its melancholy consequences.

Our conversation after dinner turned upon the indisposition of the setter.—"You may think, my dear Frank," said my cousin, "that I carry my apprehensions of the slightest illness in my dogs to a ridiculous and unnecessary length; but when I tell you that I have witnessed the fatal course of hydrophobia, in the human as well as the brute victim, you may then conceive the horror I feel when any thing recalls to my memory this hopeless malady.

"During my first season at the Dublin University, I was invited to pass a short vacation with a relative of my mother. He lived in the south of Ireland, in an ancient family mansion-house, situated in the mountains, and at a considerable distance from the mail-coach road.

"This gentleman was many years older than I. He had an only sister, a girl of sixteen, beautiful and accomplished; at the period of my visit she was still at school, but was finally to leave it, as my host informed me, at Midsummer.

* From Maxwell's Wild Sports and Adventures.

"Never was there a more perfect specimen of primitive Milesian life, than that which the domicile of my worthy relative exhibited. The house was enormously large—half ruinous—and all, within and without, wild, rackety, and irregular. There was a troop of idle and slatternly servants of both sexes, distracting every part of the establishment: and a pack of useless dogs infesting the premises, and crossing you at every turn. Between the biped and quadruped nuisances an eternal war was carried on, and not an hour of the day elapsed, but a canine outcry announced that some of those unhappy curs were being ejected by the butler, or pelted by the cook.

"So common-place was this everlasting uproar, that after a few days I almost ceased to notice it. I was dressing for dinner, when the noise of dogs quarrelling in the yard, brought me to the window; a terrier was being worried by a rough, savage-looking foxhound, whom I had before this noticed and avoided. At the moment, my host was crossing from the stable; he struck the hound with his whip, but, regardless of the blow, he continued his attack upon the smaller dog. The old butler in coming from the garden, observed the dogs fighting, and stopped to assist in separating them. Just then, the brute quitted the terrier, seized the master by the leg, and cut the servant in the hand. A groom rushed out on hearing the uproar, struck the prongs of a pitchfork through the dog's body, and killed him on the spot. This scene occurred in less time than I have taken in relating it.

"I hastened from my dressing-room; my host had bared his leg, and was washing the wound, which was a jagged tear from the hound's tooth. Part of the skin was loose, and a sudden thought appeared to strike him. He desired an iron to be heated; took a sharp penknife from his pocket, coolly and effectually re-

moved the ragged flesh, and, regardless of the agony it occasioned, with amazing determination cauterized the wound severely.

"The old butler, however, contented himself with binding up his bleeding hand. He endeavoured to dissuade his master from undergoing what he considered to be unnecessary pain. '*The dog was dead, sure, and that was quite sufficient to prevent any danger arising from the bite;*' and, satisfied with this precaution, he remained indifferent to future consequences, and in perfect confidence that no ulterior injury could occur from the wound.

"Three months passed away—my friend's sister was returning from school—and, as the mountain road was in bad repair, and a bridge had been swept away by the floods, saddle-horses were sent to meet the carriage. The old butler, who had some private affairs to transact in the neighbouring town, volunteered to be the escort of his young mistress, and obtained permission.

"That there was something unusual in the look and manner of her attendant, was quickly remarked by the lady. His address was wild and hurried, and some extraordinary feelings appeared to agitate him. To an inquiry if he was unwell, he returned a vague and unmeaning answer; he trembled violently when assisting her on horseback, and it was evident that some strange and fearful sensations disturbed him.

"They rode some miles rapidly, until they reached the rivulet where the bridge had been carried off by the flood. To cross the stream was no way difficult, as the water barely covered the horse's fetlock. The lady had ridden through the water, when a thrilling cry of indescribable agony from her attendant arrested her. Her servant was on the opposite side, endeavouring to rein in his unwilling horse, and in his face there was a horrible and convulsed look that terrified his alarmed

mistress. To her anxious questions, he only replied by groans, which too truly betrayed his sufferings; at last he pointed to the stream before him, and exclaimed, '*I cannot, dare not cross it! Oh God! I am lost!—the dog—the dog!*'

"What situation could be more frightful than that in which the lady found herself? In the centre of a desolate and unpeopled moor, far from assistance, and left alone with a person afflicted with decided madness. She might, it is true, have abandoned him; for the terrors of the poor wretch would have prevented him from crossing the rivulet; but, with extraordinary courage, she returned, seized the bridle fearlessly, and, notwithstanding the outcries of the unhappy man, forced his horse through the water, and never left his side, until she fortunately overtook some tenants of her brother returning from a neighbouring fair.

"I arrived on a visit the third evening after this occurrence, and the recollection of that poor old man's sufferings has ever since haunted my memory. All that medical skill and affectionate attention on his master's part could do to assuage his pain, and mitigate the agonies he occasionally underwent, was done. At length, the moment that was devoutly prayed for came. He died on the sixth morning.

"From this horrible fate nothing but his own determination preserved my relative: and, by the timely use of a painful remedy, *excision and cautery of the wound*, he escaped this dreadful disease.

"I have related the calamity of another; but I, too, have been a sufferer, although, thank God! not in person.

"A setter of uncommon beauty was presented to me by a gentleman under peculiar circumstances. He had been the favourite companion of his deceased wife; and, during her long and hopeless illness, had seldom left

her chamber. He begged me to allow him a place in the Lodge, and not subject him to the restraint of the kennel. His wishes were obeyed, and Carlo was duly installed into all the rights and privileges of a carpet-dog.

"I left home on a shooting-visit, and luckily brought a brace of my best setters with me. A week after my departure, an express reached me to say that Carlo 'was very odd, would not eat, and bit and worried every dog he met with.' I took alarm instantly, and returned home without delay. I found the household in desperate alarm, and Carlo was confined in a separate out-house, but not until he had worried and torn every dog in my possession!

"I went to reconnoitre him through an iron-stanchioned window; he was in the last and most frightful stage of confirmed hydrophobia. I sent for a rifle and terminated the animal's life.

"I was at first afraid to inquire into the extent of my calamity. I mustered courage to enter the kennel, and personally investigated the state of my dogs. Every one of them, ten in number, had been bitten, and several of them were fearfully mutilated by the rabid animal I had despatched. Even the terriers had not escaped; and they, poor animals! were necessarily included in the general order for execution that I issued to the keeper. That noble house-dog, who has been the subject of your admiration, was fortunately preserved, by having been sent for by a gentleman who resided in the next county.

"A most extraordinary insensibility to danger was evinced by the female members of my household. Unluckily, Antony was absent in the mountains, setting a broken bone; the keeper had accompanied me; every one acquainted with the habits and management of dogs was from home; and the kennel was entrusted to

the kitchen-boy. On this occasion, the disease appears to have come on gradually, and for days the setter betrayed the customary signs of incipient madness. Had he been tied up even when the malady was fully established, no mischief might have resulted. But until his violence became frightful, he was actually permitted to run about the house, and got access to the kennel, while the boy was carrying food to his charge.

"The escape of the servants was miraculous. The day only before my arrival, the dog, in a paroxysm of suffering, had thrown himself across the fire-place. 'Come away from that, Biddy,' said the old cook, with perfect *nonchalance*, to her attendant; *Don't ye see the dog is mad?*' and continued some culinary operation, in which, at a distant corner of the kitchen, she was engaged. The boy's preservation was unaccountable. The poor lad made many unavailing efforts to part the dogs when fighting in the kennel, and prevent the setters from being bitten. In this perilous attempt his clothes were literally torn to ribbons; but, fortunately for himself, there was not a scratch visible on his skin."

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

THE Martinswand, in the Tyrol, owes its chief celebrity to an adventure of the Emperor Maximilian. That enthusiastic sportsman, led away, on one occasion, by his eager pursuit of a chamois among the rocks above, unhappily missed his footing, and, rolling headlong to the verge of the precipice, was just able to arrest himself, when on the brink of destruction, by clinging with his head downwards to a ledge of rock, in a spot

where he could move neither up nor down, and where, to all appearance, no one could approach him. He was perceived from below in this perilous position; and, as his death was deemed inevitable, prayers were offered up at the foot of the rock by the Abbot of Wilten, as though for a person *in articulo mortis*. The Emperor, finding his strength failing him, had given himself up for lost, and recommended his soul to God, when a loud halloo near at hand arrested his attention. A bold and intrepid hunter, named Zips, who had been driven to the mountains to avoid imprisonment for poaching, had, without knowing what had happened, also been drawn to the spot, in clambering after a chamois. Surprised to find a human being thus suspended between earth and sky, he uttered the cry which attracted Maximilian's attention. Finding the perilous nature of the case, he was in a few minutes at the Emperor's side, and binding on his feet his own crampons, and extending to him his sinewy arm, he succeeded, with difficulty, in guiding him up the face of the precipice along ledges where, to appearance, even the chamois could not have found footing; and thus rescued him from a situation of such hopeless peril, that the common people even now attribute his escape to the miraculous interposition of an angel. The spot where this occurred, now hollowed out into a cave in the face of the rock, is marked by a crucifix, which, though eighteen feet high, is so far above the post road, that it is barely visible from thence. It is now rendered accessible by a steep and rather difficult path, and may be reached in about half an hour's walk from Zirl. The cave is 750 feet above the river, and the precipice is so vertical that a plumb-line might be dropped from it into the high-road below. It is traditionally stated that Maximilian rewarded the huntsman with the title of Count Hollauer

von Hohenfelsen, in token of his gratitude, and in reference to the exclamation uttered by him which had sounded so welcome to the Emperor's ears by announcing that relief was at hand. From the Emperor's pension list, still in existence, it appears that a sum of sixteen florins was annually paid to one Zips of Zirl.

ESCAPE OF SIR W. SIDNEY SMITH.

THIS gallant officer, in attempting to take an armed vessel out of the Harbour of Havre, in April, 1796, was, with three of his officers and sixteen of his crew, made prisoners. The French, glad to gain possession of so distinguished an enemy, conveyed him to the capital, where he was kept in close confinement. The British government, desirous of his release, sent over Captain Bergeret, commander of *La Virginie*, in July following, to be exchanged for him; but the Directory refused to accede to the terms; upon which the French captain returned to England, saying, "He preferred death to dishonour."

After being closely confined for upwards of two years, Sir Sidney at length made his escape in April, 1798, in the following singular manner. Some ladies with whom he had formed an acquaintance through the bars of his prison window, and who, with all the generous ardour which belongs to the female character, had never ceased trying one scheme after another for his liberation, at length conceived the bold design of carrying him off in open day, in the name of the government itself. They prevailed on a M. de Phelipeaux, a gentleman of spirit and intrepidity, to engage in the undertaking; and M. de P. procured two other friends, M. B——, and M. L——, to assist him. A

pretended order of the minister for the day was produced, directing the gaoler of the Temple to deliver to the bearers, *Le Chevalier Sidney Smith*, to be transferred to another prison; and by a skilful application of a bribe, the actual seal of the minister was procured to the paper. Furnished with this order, M. B—— dressed as an adjutant general, and M. L—— as a subaltern officer, presented themselves at the Temple. The gaoler read the order, examined attentively the seal of the minister, and then withdrew into a room adjoining, doubtless to compare it with other orders in his possession. In a few minutes he returned quite satisfied, and desiring Sir Sidney Smith to be called, informed him of the order he had received. Sir Sidney affected to be much vexed at it, but Mr. Adjutant General begged to assure him, with much gravity, that the government had no desire to aggravate the hardship of his situation, and that he would be well treated in the place to which they were going to conduct him. The gaoler observed that the adjutant general would require six soldiers of the guard to accompany them. The adjutant, without seeming the least disconcerted, answered, that it would be as well, and gave orders accordingly. On *reflection*, however, and as if recalling to mind the rank of his prisoner, "Commodore," said he to Sir Sidney, "you are a soldier; I am one also; your word of honour will satisfy me. If you will give me that, I shall be in no need of any escort." Every one present applauded, by their looks, this noble proceeding; and Sir Sidney did not hesitate to give his word of honour as required, that he would go wherever Mr. Adjutant General chose. The gaoler then required a receipt for the prisoner, and presented M. B. with the book for that purpose. The latter wrote out the discharge with a firm hand, and affixed the signature of *L. Oger, Adjutant General.* Sir Sidney, in the mean

while, was occupying the attention of the inferior officers of the prison, returning them all a thousand thanks for their kind conduct to him, and distributing suitable presents among them. The adjutant general asked if he was ready to go? Sir Sidney replied, that he was quite ready. They accordingly marched on, accompanied to the gate by the gaoler, who was unceasing in his protestations of good wishes for the commodore, and his hopes that peace would ere long arrive to set him free.

Now beyond the walls of the prison, the joy of Sir Sidney and the exultation of his deliverers were inexpressible. After walking a little way, they mounted a hackney coach, and the adjutant general ordered the coachman to drive to the Fauxbourg St. Germain. Unfortunately, they had not gone far before the coach drove over a cripple that was passing, and hurt him severely. A crowd instantly collected, and the coach was stopped. To leap out and run off was the work of an instant. The people looked at them, but said nothing; they contented themselves with abusing the coachman. The party now agreed to separate, and meet again at an appointed place, where M. de Phelipeaux was waiting to receive them. Sir Sidney reached the place first, and wished to wait the arrival of his two liberators, in order to testify his gratitude for the service they had done him; but M. de P. informed him that there was not a moment to lose; he had provided passports to Rouen, and they must depart immediately, before his escape was known, or search could be made after him.

Sir Sidney's perfect knowledge of the French language, and his unembarrassed behaviour, secured them from suspicion, and facilitated their journey to Rouen and the coast adjoining, with which M. de P. was well acquainted. In a small creek, they found an open

boat with oars, into which they instantly jumped, and put to sea without loss of time. After rowing till they were almost worn out, the Argo frigate, Captain Bowen, hove in sight, to whom they made the best signals in their power; happily they were seen, taken up, and safely landed at Portsmouth; from which place they immediately set off to London.

PASSAGE OF THE SPLUGEN BY THE FRENCH SOLDIERS.

Imagine an awful defile leading upwards to the height of six thousand five hundred feet—in summer a mere bridle-path, and in winter a mass of avalanches—and you will have some conception of the frightful pass through which Marshal Macdonald had to conduct fifteen thousand men. The road follows the Rhine, here a mere rivulet, which has cut its channel deep in the mountains that rise frequently to the height of three thousand feet above it. Along the precipices which overhang this turbulent torrent, the path is cut in the solid rock, now hugging the mountain wall like a mere thread, and now shooting in a single arch over the gorge that sinks three hundred feet below. Strangely silent snow-peaks pierce the heavens in every direction, while dark precipices lean out on every side over the abyss. This mere path crosses and recrosses again this gorge, and often so high above it, that the roar of the mad torrent below can scarcely be heard: and finally strikes off on to the bare face of the mountain, and clambers up to the summit. This is the old road in summer time. Now imagine this same gorge swept by a hurricane of snow, and filled with the awful sound of the falling avalanches, blending their heavy shock with the dull roar of the giant pines that wave

along the precipices; while, half way up from the bottom to the Alpine top, are hanging, like an army of insects, fifteen thousand French soldiers, and you will arrive at some knowledge of this wintry pass, and this desperate march. But if you never have been in an Alpine gorge, and stood, awe-struck, amid the mighty forms that tower away on every side around you, you can have no true conception of a scene like the one we are to describe. Rocks rising like one solid wall straight up to heaven—pinnacles shooting like church spires above the clouds—gloomy ravines where the thunder-clouds burst, and the torrent raves—still glaciers, and solemn snow-fields, and leaping avalanches, combine to render an Alpine gorge one of the most terrific things in nature. Added to all this, you feel so small amid the mighty forms around you—so utterly helpless and worthless amid these great exhibitions of God's power, that the heart is often utterly overwhelmed with the feelings that struggle in vain for utterance.

There is now a carriage road over the Splugen, cut in sixteen zigzags along the breasts of the mountain. This was not in existence when Macdonald made the pass, and there was nothing but a bridle-path going through the gorge of the *Cardinel.* Over such a pass was Macdonald ordered by Napoleon to march his army in the latter part of November 1800, just when the wintry storms are setting in with the greatest violence. Bonaparte wished Macdonald to form the left wing of his army in Italy, and had therefore ordered him to attempt the passage. Macdonald, though no braver or bolder man ever lived, felt that it was a hopeless undertaking, and immediately dispatched General Dumas to represent to him the insuperable obstacles in his way. Bonaparte heard him through his representations, and then replied, "I will make no change in my dis-

positions. Return quickly, and tell Macdonald that an army can always pass, in every season, where two men can place their feet."

Macdonald, of course, could do no otherwise than obey commands, and immediately commenced the necessary preparations for this desperate undertaking. It was the 26th of November, and the frequent storms had covered the entire Alps, pass and all, in one mass of yielding snow. His army was at the upper Rheinthal, or Rhine valley, at the entrance of the dreadful defile of the Via Mala, the commencement of the Splugen pass. The cannon were taken from their carriages and placed on sleds, to which oxen were harnessed. The ammunition was divided about on the backs of mules, while every soldier had to carry, besides his usual arms, five packets of cartridges and five days' provision. The guides went in advance, and stuck down long black poles to indicate the course of the path beneath, while behind them came the workmen clearing away the snow, and behind them still, the mounted dragoons, with the most powerful horses of the army, to beat down the track. On the 26th of November, the first company left Splugen, and began the ascent. The pass from Splugen to Isola is about fifteen miles in length, and the advance company had, after the most wasting toil and exhausting effort, made nearly half of it, and were approaching the hospice on the summit, when a low moaning was heard among the hills, like the voice of the sea before a storm. The guides understood too well its meaning, and gazed on each other with alarm. The ominous sound grew louder every moment, and suddenly the fierce Alpine blast swept, in a cloud of snow, over the mountain, and howled, like an unchained demon, through the gorge below. In an instant all was confusion, blindness, and uncertainty. The very heavens were

blotted out, and the frightened column stood and listened to the raving tempest that made the pine trees above it sway and groan, as if lifted from their rock-rooted places. But suddenly another still more alarming sound was heard; "An avalanche! an avalanche!" shrieked the guides; and the next moment an awful white form came leaping down the mountain, and striking the column which was struggling along the path, passed straight through it into the gulf below, carrying thirty dragoons and their horses with it in its wild plunge. The black forms of a steed and its rider were seen suspended for a moment in mid-air, amid clouds of snow, and the next moment they fell among the ice and rocks below, crushed out of all form and shape. The head of the column reached the hospice in safety. The other part, struck dumb by this sudden apparition crossing their path in such lightning-like velocity, bearing to such an awful death their brave comrades, refused to proceed, and turned back to the village of Splugen. For three days the storm raged amid the Alps, filling the air with snow, and hurling avalanches into the path, till it became so filled up that the guides declared it would take fifteen days to open it again so as to make it at all passable. But fifteen days Macdonald could not spare. Independent of the urgency of his commands, there was no way to provision his army in these Alpine solitudes, and he *must* proceed. He ordered four of the strongest oxen that could be found to be led in advance by the best guides. Forty peasants followed behind, clearing away and beating down the snow, and two companies of sappers came after to give still greater consistency to the track, while on their heels marched the remnant of the company of dragoons, part of which had been borne away three days before by the avalanche. The post of danger was given them at their own request. Scarcely had

they begun the dangerous enterprise, when one of the oxen slipped from the precipice, and with a convulsive fling of his huge frame, went bounding from point to point of the jagged rocks to the deep dark torrent below.

It was a strange sight for a wintry day. Those three oxen, with their horns just peering above the snow, toiled slowly on, pushing their unwieldy bodies through the drifts, looking like mere specks on the breast of the mountain; while the soldiers, up to their breasts, struggled behind. Not a drum or bugle note cheered the solitude, or awoke the echoes of those savage peaks. The footfall gave back no sound in the soft snow, and the words of command seemed smothered in the very atmosphere. Silently and noiselessly the mighty but disordered column toiled forward, with naught to break the deep stillness of nature, save the fierce pantings of the horses and animals, as, with reeking sides, they strained up the ascent. Now and then a fearful cry startled the eagle on his high circuit, as a whole company slipped together, and, with their muskets in their hands, fell into the all-devouring gorge that yawned hundreds of feet below their path. It was a wild sight, the plunge of a steed and his rider over the precipice. One noble horse slipped just as the dragoon had dismounted; and as he darted off with his empty saddle, and for a moment hung suspended in mid-air, it is said, he uttered one of those fearful, blood-freezing cries that the wounded war-horse is known sometimes to give forth on the field of battle. The roar of the lion after his prey, and the mid-night howl of the wolf which has missed his evening repast of blood, is a gentle sound compared to it. Once heard, it lives in the memory and brain for ever.

To understand the route of the army better, one should divide the pass into three parts. First comes

the dark, deep defile, with the path cut in the side of the mountain, and crossing backwards and forwards over the gorge, on bridges of a single arch, and often two and three hundred feet high. The scenery in this gorge is horrible. It seems as if nature had broken up the mountains in some sudden and fierce convulsion; and the very aspect of everything is enough to daunt one, without the aid of avalanches or hurricanes of snow. After leaving this defile, the path goes for a few miles through the valley of Schams, and then winds up the cliffs of La Raffla, covered with pine trees. It then strikes up the bare face of the mountain, going sometimes at an angle of forty-five degrees, till it reaches the summit; which, lying above the region of trees, stands naked and bald in the wintry air. This is the old road. The new one goes by a different route, and in summer time can be traversed with carriages. Such was the road, filled with snow and avalanches, that this army of fifteen thousand men marched over in mid-winter. They went over in separate columns. The progress and success of the first we have already shown.

The second and third made the attempt on the 2nd and 3rd of December and achieved the ascent in safety, the weather being clear and frosty. Many, however, died of cold. Their success encouraged Macdonald to march the whole remaining army over at once; and for this purpose he placed himself at their head, and on the 5th of December commenced the ascent. But fresh snow had fallen the night before, covering up the entire path, so that the road had all to be made over again. The guides refused to go on, but Macdonald would not delay his march, and led his weary soldiers, breast deep in the snow, up the bleak cold mountain. They were six hours in going less than six miles: they could not make a mile an hour in their slow

progress. They had not advanced far in the defile before they came upon a huge block of ice, and a newly fallen avalanche, which entirely filled up the path. The guides halted before these obstacles, and refused to go on; and the first that Macdonald knew was, that his army had turned to the right-about, and were marching back down the mountain, declaring the passage to be closed.

Hastening forward, he cheered up the men, and walking himself at the head of the column, with a long pole in his hand to sound the depth of the treacherous mass on which he trod, revived their drooping spirits.

"Soldiers!" said he, "your destinies call you into Italy; advance and conquer—first the mountains and the snow, then the plains and the armies."

Ashamed to see their leader hazarding his life at every step where they refused to go, the soldiers returned cheerfully to their toil, and cut their way through the solid hill of ice. But they had scarcely surmounted this obstacle, when the voice of the hurricane on its march was again heard, and the next moment a cloud of driving snow obliterated everything from their view. The path was filled up, and all traces of it swept utterly away. Amid the screams of the guides, the confused commands of the officers, and the howling of the hurricane, was heard the rapid thunder-clash of avalanches as they leaped away, at the bidding of the tempest, down the precipices. Then commenced again the awful struggle of the army for life. The foe they had to contend with was an outward one, though not of flesh and blood. To sword-cut, bayonet-thrust, and to the blaze of artillery, the strong Alpine storm was alike invulnerable. On the serried column and the straggling line, it thundered with the same reckless power. Over the long black line of soldiers, the snow lay like a winding-sheet, and the dirge seemed already chanted

for the dead army. No one who has not seen an Alpine storm can imagine the reckless energy with which it rages through the mountains. The light snow, borne aloft on its bosom, was whirled and scattered like an ocean of mist over all things. The drifts were piled like second mountains in every direction, and seemed to form instantaneously, as if by the touch of a magician's wand. The blinding fury of the tempest baffled all efforts to pierce the mystery and darkness that enveloped the host clinging in despair to the breast of the mountain. The storm had sounded its trumpet for the charge, but no answering note of defiance replied. The heroes of so many battle-fields stood in still terror before this new and mightier foe. Crowding together, as if proximity added to their security, the mighty column crouched and shivered to the blast that pierced their very bones with its chilling power. But this was not all; the piercing cold, and drifting snow, and raving tempest, and concealed pitfalls, leading to untrodden abysses, were not enough to complete the scene of terror. Suddenly, from the summit of the Splugen, avalanches began to fall, their path crossing that of the army. Passing over the face of the mountain at a single leap, they came with a crash on the shivering column, and bore it away to the destruction that waited beneath. Still, with undaunted front and unyielding will, the bold Macdonald struggled on in front, inspiring, by his example, as he never could have done by his commands, the officers and men under him. Prodigies were wrought where effort seemed useless. The first avalanche, as it strode through the column, paralyzed for a moment every heart with fear; but they soon began to be viewed like so many discharges of artillery, and the gaps they made like the gaps made by a discharge of grape shot in the lines on a field of battle. Those behind closed up the rent with unfaltering

courage. Hesitation was death. The only hope was in advancing, and the long and straggling line floundered on in the snow, like a huge serpent winding itself over the mountain. Once, as an avalanche cut through the ranks, bearing them away to the abyss, a young man was seen to wave an adieu to his young comrade left behind, as he disappeared over the crag. The surviving companion stept into the path where it had swept, and before he had crossed it, a laggard block of ice came tumbling down, and bore him away to join his comrade in the gulph where his crushed form still lay throbbing. The extreme density of the atmosphere, filled as it was with snow, gave tenfold horror to these mysterious messengers of death, as they thundered down the mountain declivities.

On the evening of the 6th of December the greater part of the army had passed the mountain, and the van had pushed even to Lake Como. From the 26th of November to the 6th of December, or nearly two weeks, had Macdonald been engaged in this perilous pass. A less energetic, indomitable man would have failed, and he himself escaped utter destruction almost by a miracle. As it was, he left between one and two hundred men in the abysses of the Splugen, while more than a hundred horses and mules had also been hurled into those untrodden abysses, to furnish food for the eagle and the raven.

HEADLEY'S ALPS AND THE RHINE.

CAPTURE OF GENERAL PRESCOTT,

An Episode of the American War.

In the month of November, 1766, Major General Lee was surprised and taken prisoner by a detachment of British troops. With a view to procure the exchange of that valuable officer, William Barton, then a Major in the Rhode-island line, in the service of the continental Congress, and one of the most daring and patriotic soldiers of the revolution, projected the bold and adventurous expedition which is the subject of the following narrative.

Some months elapsed, after the capture of General Lee, before an opportunity offered of effecting the object which Major Barton had in view. In the month following that of the capture of General Lee, the enemy took possession of the islands of Rhode Island, Canonicut, and Prudence. Major Barton was then stationed at Tiverton; and for some months anxiously watched the motions of the enemy, with but feeble prospect of obtaining the opportunity he desired. At length, on the 20th June, 1777, a man of the name of Coffin, who made his escape from the British, was seized by some of the American troops, and carried to Major Barton's quarters. Major Barton availed himself of the opportunity to inquire respecting the disposition of the British forces. Coffin, on examination, stated that General Prescott had established his head-quarters on the west side of Rhode Island, and described minutely the situation of the house in which he resided, which he said was owned by Mr. Pering, His account was a few days afterwards corroborated by a deserter from the ranks of the enemy. Major Barton was now confirmed in his belief of the practicability of effecting his favourite

object, but serious obstacles were first to be encountered and removed. Neither his troops nor their commander had been long inured to service; and the intended enterprise was of a nature as novel as it was hazardous. Besides, Major Barton was aware that the undertaking, should it prove unsuccessful, would be pronounced rash and unadvised, and that non-success, though his life should be preserved, would be followed by degradation and disgrace. Moreover, to involve in the consequences of an enterprise, devised and undertaken without previous consultation with his superiors in rank, the interest and perhaps the lives of a portion of his brave countrymen, was a subject that excited reflections calculated to damp the ardour and appal the courage of the bravest mind. Still, however, upon mature reflection, aided by a consciousness that his only motive was the interest of his country, he resolved to hazard his reputation and life in the attempt.

The regiment to which Major Barton was attached was commanded by Colonel Stanton, a respectable and wealthy farmer in Rhode Island, who, in the spirit of the times, had abandoned the culture of his farm and the care of his family, and put at hazard his property and his life, in defence of his country. To this gentleman Major Barton communicated his plan, and solicited permission to carry it into execution. Colonel Stanton readily authorized him "to attack the enemy when and where he pleased." Several officers in the confidence of Major Barton were then selected from the regiment for the intended expedition, on whose abilities and bravery he could rely: these were Captain Samuel Philips, Lieutenant James Porter, Lieutenant Joshua Babcock, Ensign Andrew Stanton, and John Wilcox. (Capt. — Adams subsequently volunteered his services, and took an active part in the enterprise.) These gentlemen were informed by Major Barton that he had

in contemplation an enterprise which would be attended with great personal hazard to himself and his associates; but which, if success attended it, would be productive of much advantage to the country. Its particular object, he stated, would be disclosed to them in due time. It was at their option to accept or decline his invitation to share with him in the dangers, and, as he trusted, in the glory that would attend the undertaking. The personal bravery of Major Barton had been previously tested; and such was the esteem and confidence which he had acquired among the officers under his command, that without insisting upon a previous explanation of his plans, his proposal was immediately accepted.—Major Barton experienced more difficulty in obtaining the necessary number of boats, as there were but two in the vicinity. But this difficulty, though it caused a few days' delay, was at length obviated, and five whale boats were procured and equipped for service. Major Barton had purposely postponed procuring the necessary number of men until the last moment, from an apprehension that an earlier selection might excite suspicion, and defeat the object of their enterprise. Desirous that his little band might be composed entirely of volunteers, the whole regiment was now ordered upon parade. In a short but animated address, Major Barton informed the soldiers "that he projected an expedition against the enemy, which could be effected only by the heroism and bravery of those who should attend him; that he desired the voluntary assistance of about forty of their number, and requested those who would hazard their lives in the enterprise to advance two paces in front." Without *one exception* or a *moment's hesitation* the *whole* regiment advanced. Major Barton, after bestowing upon the troops the applause they merited, and stating that he required the aid of but a small portion of their number, commenced on the right,

and, passing along the lines, selected from the regiment, to the number of thirty-six, those who united to bravery and discipline a competent knowledge of seamanship for the management of the boats. Having thus obtained an adequate number of officers and men, and every thing being ready, the party, on the 4th of July, 1777, embarked from Tiverton for Bristol. While crossing Mount Hope Bay, there arose a severe storm of thunder and rain, which separated three boats from that of their commander. The boat containing Major Barton, and one other, arrived at Bristol soon after midnight. Major Barton proceeded to the quarters of the commanding officer, where he found a deserter who had just made his escape from the enemy at Rhode Island. From this man he learned that there had been no alteration for the last few days in the position of the British. On the morning of the 5th, the remaining boats having arrived, Major Barton with his officers went to Hog Island, not far distant from Bristol, and within view of the British encampment and shipping. It was at this place that he disclosed to his officers the particular object of the enterprise, his reasons for attempting it, and the part each was to perform. Upon reconnoitring the position of the enemy, it was thought impracticable, without great hazard of capture, to proceed directly from Bristol to the head-quarters of the British general. It was determined, therefore, to make *Warwick Neck*, a place opposite to the British encampment, but at a greater distance than Bristol, the point from which they should depart immediately for Rhode Island. The most inviolable secrecy was enjoined upon his officers by Major Barton, and the party returned to Bristol.

On the evening of the 6th, about nine o'clock, the little squadron again sailed, and crossing Naraganset Bay, landed on Warwick Neck. On the 7th, the wind changing to E.N.E., brought on a storm, and retarded

their plan. On the 9th, the weather being pleasant, it was determined to embark for the island. The boats were now numbered, and the place of every officer and soldier assigned. At 9 o'clock in the evening Major Barton assembled his party around him, and in an address, in which were mingled the feelings of the soldier and the man, he disclosed to them the object of the enterprise. He did not attempt to conceal the danger and difficulties that would inevitably attend the undertaking; nor did he forget to remind them, that should their efforts be followed by success, they would be entitled to, and would receive, the grateful acknowledgments of their country. "It is probable," said he, "that some of us may not survive the daring attempt; but I ask you to hazard no dangers which will not be *shared* with you by your commander; and I pledge you my honour, that in every difficulty and danger I will take the lead." He received the immediate and unanimous assurance of the whole party, that they would follow wherever their beloved commander should lead them. Major Barton then, reminding them how much the success of the enterprise depended upon their strict attention to orders, directed that each individual should confine himself to his particular seat in the boat assigned him, and that not a syllable should be uttered by any one. He instructed them, as they regarded their character as patriots and soldiers, that in the hour of danger they should be firm, collected, and resolved fearlessly to encounter the dangers and difficulties that might assail them. He concluded by offering his fervent petition to the great King of armies, that he would smile upon their intended enterprise, and crown it with success. The whole party now proceeded to the shore. Major Barton had reason to apprehend that he might be discovered in his passage from the main to Rhode Island, by some of the ships of war that lay at a small distance

from the shore. He therefore directed the commanding officer of the port at Warwick Neck, that if he heard the report of *three* distinct muskets, to send the boats to the north end of Prudence Island to his aid. The whole party now took possession of the boats in the manner directed. That which contained Major Barton was posted in front, with a pole of about ten feet long in her stern, to the end of which was attached a handkerchief, in order that his boat might be distinguished from the others, that none might go before it. In this manner they proceeded between the Islands of Prudence and Patience, in order that they might not be seen by the shipping of the enemy which lay off against Hope Island. While passing the north end of Prudence Island, they heard from the sentinels on board the shipping of the enemy the cry of "all's well." As they approached the shore of Rhode Island, a noise like the running of horses was heard, which threw a momentary consternation over the minds of the whole party, but in strict conformity to the orders issued, not a word was spoken by any one A moment's reflection satisfied Major Barton of the utter impossibility that his designs could be known by the enemy, and he pushed boldly for the shore. Apprehensive that if discovered the enemy might attempt to cut off his retreat, Major Barton ordered one man to remain in each boat and be prepared for departure at a moment's warning. The remainder of the party landed without delay. The reflections of Major Barton at this interesting moment were of a nature the most anxious. The lapse of a few hours would place him in a situation in the highest degree gratifying to his ambition, or overwhelm him in the ruin in which his rashness would involve him. In the solemn silence of the night, and on the shores of the enemy, he paused a moment to consider a plan which had been projected and matured amidst the bustle of a

camp, and in a place of safety. The night was excessively dark; and a stranger to the country, his sole reliance upon a direct and expeditious movement to the head-quarters of the British general, so essential to success, rested upon the imperfect information he had acquired from deserters from the enemy! Should he surprise and secure General Prescott, he was aware of the difficulties that would attend his conveyance to the boat, as well as the probability of an early discovery of his design by the troops on the island; and even should he succeed in reaching the boats, it was by no means improbable that the alarm might be given to the shipping, in time to prevent his retreat. But, regardless of circumstances, which even then would have afforded an apology for a hasty retreat, he resolved at all hazards to attempt the accomplishment of his gallant enterprise.

To the head-quarters of General Prescott, about a mile from the shore, the party, in five divisions, now proceeded in silence. There was a door on the south, east, and west sides of the house in which he resided. The first division was ordered to advance upon the south door, the second on the west, and the third on the east, the fourth to guard the road, and the fifth to act on emergencies. In their march they passed the guard-house of the enemy on their left, and on their right a house occupied by a company of cavalry, for the purpose of carrying with expedition the orders of the general to remote parts of the island. On arriving at the head-quarters of the enemy, as the gate of the front yard was opened, they were challenged by the sentinel on guard. The party was at the distance of about twenty-five yards from the sentinel, but a row of trees partially concealed them from his view, and prevented him from determining their number. No reply was made to the challenge of the sentinel, and the party proceeded on in

silence. The sentinel again demanded, "Who comes there?" "Friends," replied Barton. "Friends," said the sentinel, "advance and give the countersign."

Major Barton, affecting to be angry, said to the sentinel, who was now near him, "Confound you, we have no countersign—have you seen any rascals to-night?" and before the sentinel could determine the character of those who approached him, Major Barton seized his musket, told him he was a prisoner, and threatened in case of noise or resistance to put him to instant death. The poor fellow was so terrified, that upon being demanded if his general was in the house, he was, for some time, unable to give any answer. At length, in a faltering voice, he replied that he was. By this time each division having taken its station, the south door was burst open by the direction of Major Barton, and the division there stationed, with their commander at their head, rushed into the head-quarters of the general. At this critical moment one of the British soldiers effected his escape, and fled to the quarters of the main guard. This man had no article of clothing upon him but a shirt, and having given the alarm to the sentinel on duty, passed on to the quarters of the cavalry, which was more remote from the head-quarters of the general. The sentinel roused the main guard, who were instantly in arms, and demanded the cause of the alarm. He stated the information which had been given him by the soldier, which appeared so incredible to the sergeant of the guard, that he insisted he had seen a ghost. The sentinel to whom the account of his general's capture appeared quite as incredible as to his commanding officer, admitted that the messenger was clothed in white; and after submitting to the jokes of his companions as a punishment for his credulity, was ordered to resume his station, while the remainder of the guard retired to their quarters. It was fortunate

for Major Barton and his brave followers that the alarm given by the soldier was considered groundless. Had the main guard proceeded without delay to the relief of their commanding general, his rescue certainly, and probably the destruction of the party, would have been the consequence.

The first room Major Barton entered was occupied by Mr. Pering, who positively denied that General Prescott was in his house. He next entered the room of his son, who was equally obstinate with his father in denying that the general was there. Major Barton then proceeded to other apartments, but was still disappointed in the object of his search. Aware that longer delay might defeat the object of his enterprise, Major Barton resorted to stratagem to facilitate his search. Placing himself on the landing of the stairs, and declaring his resolution to secure the general dead or alive, he ordered his soldiers to set fire to the house. The soldiers were preparing to execute his orders, when a voice which Major Barton at once suspected to be the general's, demanded, what was the matter. Major Barton rushed to the apartment from whence the voice proceeded, and discovered an elderly man just rising from his bed, and clapping his hands upon his shoulder, demanded of him if he was General Prescott. He answered, "Yes, Sir." "You are my prisoner, then," said Major Barton. "I acknowledge that I am," said the general. In a moment General Prescott found himself half-dressed, in the arms of the soldiers, who hurried him from the house. In the meantime Major Barrington, the aid-de-camp to General Prescott, discovering that the house was attacked by the *rebels*, as they were termed, leaped out of the window of his bed-chamber, and was immediately made prisoner. General Prescott, supported by Major Barton and one of his officers, and attended by Major Barrington

and the sentinel, proceeded, surrounded by soldiery, to the shore. Upon seeing the five little boats, General Prescott, who knew the position of the British shipping, appeared much confused, and, turning to Major Barton, inquired if he commanded the party. On being informed that he did, he expressed a hope that no personal injury was intended him, and Major Barton assured the general of his protection while he remained under his control.

The general had travelled from head-quarters to the shore in his waistcoat, small-clothes, and slippers. A moment was now allowed him to complete his dress, while the party were taking possession of the boats. The general was placed in the boat with Major Barton, as they proceeded towards the sea.

They had not got far from the island, when the discharge of cannon and three sky-rockets gave the signal of alarm. It was fortunate for the party that the enemy on board the shipping were ignorant of the cause of it, as they might easily have cut off their retreat. The signal of alarm excited the apprehensions of Major Barton and his brave associates, and redoubled their exertions to reach the place of their destination before they could be discovered. They succeeded, and soon after day-break landed at Warwick Neck, near the point of their departure, after an absence of *six hours and a half*.

General Prescott turned towards the island, and observing the ships of war, remarked to Major Barton, "Sir, you have made a bold push to-night." "We have been fortunate," replied the hero. An express was immediately sent forward to Major General Spencer, at Providence, communicating the success which had attended the enterprise. Not long afterwards a coach arrived, which had been despatched by General Spencer to convey General Prescott and his aid-de-camp prisoners to Providence. They were accompanied by Major Barton,

who related to General Spencer, on their arrival, the particulars of the enterprise, and received from that officer the most grateful acknowledgments for the signal services he had rendered his country.

PRESERVATION OF TWO BROTHERS.

On the 14th of August, 1652, a dog came to a house in Toxen, in the parish of Guldsal in Norway, howling and moaning, and in the most famished condition. It was immediately recognised to be the faithful attendant of two brothers, named Olave and Andrew Engelbrechtsen, who had fourteen days before set out from Toxen, the place of their nativity, on a hunting excursion among the high mountains which separate Gulbrandsal from the province of Valders. From the grief which the poor animal displayed, the friends of the Engelbrechtsens concluded that some misfortune had befallen them. A man was therefore immediately dispatched to the mountains in quest of the wanderers. Two days he roamed about without discovering any trace of them; but on the third, arriving at the Lake of Ref, he found an empty skiff on its banks, in which he rowed to a small islet in the midst of it, and there he saw some garments lying which he knew to belong to the brothers. On looking around, however, he saw no trace of any human being; and the island being so small that the whole surface could be seen at a glance, he concluded that the young men had not been there for a considerable time, and returned to Toxen with intelligence that they were probably drowned.

The very day after, however, some hunters on horseback happening to arrive on the banks of Lake Ref,

were surprised by the cries—faint, yet distinct—of some persons on the little islet. They leapt into the skiff, which lay on the beach, and on reaching the islet found the two brothers, reduced to the last stage of human wretchedness. They were immediately conveyed ashore, and then to their home.

When able to give an account of their adventures, the brothers related that as they were on their return home from their hunting excursion, they first rowed to the islet in Lake Ref, in order to take up a net which they had set there. Whilst lingering here, a sudden storm arose from the east, the violence of which caused the skiff suddenly to break loose and drive to the opposite shore, with their dog on board.

As neither could swim, they saw themselves exposed to the danger of perishing of hunger, for the islet was altogether barren, and they had besides to endure all the hardships of the weather, which even in the month of August is, in the climate of Norway, inclement, more especially during the night. They then contrived to build a little hut of stones, sufficient to lie along in, yet not of elevation enough to attract the notice of a superficial observer; and they had thus escaped the notice of the messenger who was sent in search of them. On the twelfth day of their seclusion, both the brothers having given themselves up to despair, Andrew, the younger, with what remains of strength he possessed, cut out on some pieces of timber most exposed to view, a concise relation of their unhappy fate, and also the text on which he desired their funeral sermon might be preached. After this, the brothers mutually encouraged each other to patience and perseverance in faith, and totally despairing of all temporal relief, as their sole support up to this time (a few herbs and roots) had failed, recommended themselves to God.

When unexpectedly restored to hopes of life, the elder brother could eat very little of the food offered to him, and the little he did take threw him into such a state of sickness, that he was confined for eight days to bed. He survived his perilous adventure, however, thirty-seven years. The younger brother suffered less inconvenience, and in the year 1691 drew up an account of the occurrence. It was a remarkable circumstance that though they had used every endeavour to entice the dog across the lake, intending to kill him for the support of their lives, they found it impossible to induce him to swim to them. The poor animal, as we have seen, was intended by Providence to be the means of their deliverance.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE ON THE ICE.

On the 13th of February, 1819, a Mr. Budlong, his wife, child, sister, and brother-in-law, were returning in a sleigh, on the ice, from a visit to a friend living near the Chippewa Bay, on the St. Lawrence river. They had experienced some difficulty in getting on to the ice from the shore; and Mr. B. having wet his feet, seated himself in the sleigh for the purpose of taking off his stockings, giving up the reins to his brother, who, from inattention, or ignorance of the road, drove on to a place on the ice where there had recently been an air-hole, and which was not yet frozen sufficiently strong to bear; the ice broke under them, and the sleigh upset and sunk, with the two women and child. Mr. B. sprung from the sleigh while sinking, exclaiming, "We are all lost!" and fortunately reached the firm ice: the young man who was driving was unable to swim, but struggled until he was reached and drawn out of the water by Mr. B., who retained

his hold upon the solid ice. This was no sooner accomplished, than Mr. B., throwing off his coat and hat, declared that he would save the others or perish in the attempt, and accordingly plunged into the water, in search of those most dear to him. The first he found was the child, which he grasped and brought within reach of his brother; then drawing himself up on the firm ice, he plunged again to the bottom, and, finding his wife, rose a second time, with her in his arms, but apparently lifeless, and left her in the care of his brother, who was now calling aloud for assistance from the shore. After taking breath for a moment, he plunged into the water a third time in search of his sister, whom, after groping at the bottom, he found; but in coming again to the surface, he struck his head against the ice. Sensible of the extreme peril of his situation, and that the current had carried him below the aperture with a degree of presence of mind seldom possessed, exerting every nerve, he redoubled his efforts, and was so fortunate as again to reach the hole, bringing with him the insensible, and apparently lifeless body of his sister: both were drawn out of the water by the assistance of some persons who were on the shore, attracted by the cries of his brother. They were all carried to a neighbouring house, where the woman and child were with some difficulty restored, after measuring the depth of water which had broken through the ice,

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THE END.