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Biography

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Your own old eyes affect Mother
M M Hemwood

THE
LIFE
OF
MR. SHERWOOD



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PREFACE.

Too often have I blamed writers, especially those who are first presenting themselves before the public, for the apologetic preface, that has probably been drawn forth from feelings somewhat resembling mine at this moment—a desire to make an excuse for themselves for what they probably fear needs an excuse. In the present case, all I have to do is to relate my situation simply, and circumstances will plead for me. A beloved mother, from whom I had scarcely ever been separated, was removed from me by a heavenly Father's will, so unexpectedly that it was not till all consciousness had left her, and till she was struggling with the last death agony, that I comprehended what was taking place.

Whilst deeply mourning, but, thank God, not rebelliously, over a loss to any child, under any circumstances, inexpressibly heavy, I was called upon to fulfil a task she had herself imposed upon me in happier hours, of preparing the records of her life for publication. I had imagined that, my portion of the business would prove a light and easy one; for a journal of great extent, fifteen volumes, kept by herself of her own recollections, was in my possession, and I believed I had but to copy and send it forth to the world. But not so. On perusal, I perceived that these papers were but too faithful records of past events, and that half-a-dozen pages would comprise

a hundred when those parts were expunged which were of too domestic, too sacred a character, to be openly revealed.

Then truly began my labour, which commenced and ended in deep sadness of heart—a sadness that could scarcely be imagined without some little explanation. It must be understood, that when first my infant mind began to comprehend the affairs of this life, my mother was a favourite and popular writer, and hence, before I could make out the characters her pen had traced, I knew the high value set upon even the signature of her name. Had I not, then, a reverence for my mother's handwriting, even beyond that which every affectionate child must feel for the handwriting of a parent who is no more? And it was this writing I had to peruse, this to copy; and, more touching than all to me, it was in this same writing I had to read sentiments of such tender maternal love, especially in later years, that I have often left off my task for days together, from the unspeakable grief of thinking that this beloved one could no more hold communion with me on earth—in one word, that I was motherless. But through Him who died for us, and is now risen again, is this glorious hope that

The love that seems forsaken
When friends in death depart,
In heaven again shall waken
And repossess the heart.

To those, then, who are motherless themselves, or who fear to be so, do I address myself for sympathy; and to these also I would add, that respect and love for the living has restrained me in many instances from saying

all I could say that would interest the public. Much, very much, has been withheld, and events are told as they occurred in regular order ; whilst the later dates are purposely avoided as too sure clews, occasionally, where anything is desirable to be told, but not too largely dilated upon.

I gladly, however, take this opportunity of thanking my relative, the Rev. Henry Short, of Bleasdale, Co. Lanc., and also my kind friend and near neighbour, F. G. West, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, for their very able assistance, without which I could not have presented to the public the records of a relationship to the family of Bacon, with whom my mother's family have intermarried more than once, and whose daughters she resembled in person, as in the case of Margaret Bacon, whose portrait by Holbein I possess.

As regards my mother's sentiments and opinions, I have said little in this work, as her own writings more correctly express them than any other writer can do for her; but I must be allowed to record here the style of her conversation in private, to those who were privileged enough to be with her in her domestic hours. "Some have believed of me," she would say, "that I doubt that my Saviour, my Redeemer, is perfect God as well as perfect man. Oh! those who say so cannot know how, through the Divine blessing of the Holy Spirit, I have been taught to see this Saviour. No created being could suffer what our Lord has suffered for us, his ransomed brethren. Christ's love for us is eternal—fathomless—Divine. He is the cedar of Lebanon, that forms our

spiritual temple; the scape-goat of the wilderness; the hewn tree that makes the bitter waters of Marah sweet; the rock of refuge, sending forth its stream of living waters; the foundation stone; the sun that sheds soft emanations from above on crystals, drawing forth from them brightness and beauty; the precious spices that embalm the dead, leaving its perfumes on the door—that door the only entrance into life eternal; ever the Saviour, but under another figure of love and mercy. Again, he is the noble roe, now hid behind the lattice till the morning breaks forth with joy and gladness.”

But now that lattice is removed, the veil of separation is torn down, and to her

*Hope has changed to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.*

My mother—now, even now, thine eyes behold the King, not in His terrors, but in His beauty; but the land to us seems far, very far off.—Isa. xxxiv. 13–17. Our view is but through a glass, dark and misty; but thou knowest what our God has done, thou canst rejoice in acknowledging His might. For in His presence is fulness of joy; at His right hand are pleasures for evermore.—Ps. xvi. 11.

SOPHIA KELLY.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Reasons for writing my own Life—My father's family—His friends—My uncles John Marten and Thomas Simon Butt—My aunt Salt—The society at Lichfield—Miss Woodhouse—The presentation to the living of Stanford in Worcestershire—My mother's early life—Samuel Johnson and his writings—My parents' marriage in 1773—Description of Stanford—My brother's birth, 1774—My birth, 1775 . . . 1

CHAPTER II.

Earliest recollections—Visit to the palace at Lichfield—Anecdote of Mr Edgeworth—My mother's canary—Visit to my grandfather Carey Butt, at Pipe Grange—My fifth birthday—Visit to Lichfield and Donnington—Newchurch, Isle of Wight—Mr B—y 19

CHAPTER III.

Visit of my cousins—Mr Nash, my father's curate—My brother's fall—The mountain-ash berries—My sister's birth—My early education—My brother's character—Our first attempts at writing—Mr Annesley—Visit to Coventry, to my grandfather Sherwood's—Miss Grove—My father's study—Coventry—Dr L—r's family—My father appointed one of the chaplains to George III., 1784—The family of Dr Butts, Bishop of Ely—Madame Pelevé's visit to Stanford 30

CHAPTER IV.

Marten went to Dr Valpy's school, 1784—My visit to Ludlow—My brother's address to me—My father wrote his versification of Isaiah—Margaret's visit to Stanford—The Black Library—My father presented with the living of Kidderminster, 1787—Our removal to Kidderminster—New acquaintances 48

CHAPTER V.

My father's character—Our acquaintances at Kidderminster—Our visit to Mr Hawkins Browne at Badger—My cousin Henry Sherwood's visit to Kidderminster—A day at Stanford—The king's visit to Hartlebury—My father's sermon at St James's—My visit with my mother and sister to Coventry—My theme on "hoc age"—My father's going to dine at Lord Stamford's at Enville—The blind fiddler—The Dean of Gloucester—The sisters, Philadelphia and Dorothea Percy 61

CHAPTER VI.

Death of my grandfather Sherwood, 1790—My uncle Sherwood went to reside in France—Acquaintance with Dr Kidd—Death of Philadelphia Percy—I accompany my father to Dr Valpy's at Reading—The abbey school—Madame St Q.—Mrs Latournelle—My first breakfast—My three friends—My examination by Monsieur St Q.—Three anecdotes of my moral and religious opinions—Holidays with Mrs Valpy—The Pictets—Miss Mitford—Miss Bacon—My return to Kidderminster—My father's sermons 81

CHAPTER VII.

Death of Mrs S——'s little Honora—Visit to Trentham—Lucy and I go to the abbey at Reading—The French Revolution—The breaking up—My illness—Visit to London—Death of Louis XVI., 1793—French anecdotes—The Abbé Beanregard—Our play and Dr Valpy's visit to Arley—The princess—The baronet's ball and Robert Chesney 99

CHAPTER VIII.

My first book, 1794—Our return to Stanford—My father's address to a friend—My little dog Bonne—The family at Stanford Court—Our library—My second book commenced—Lady Winnington's death and funeral—My visit to Bath and to Clifton—Visit of a Friend to Stanford 116

CHAPTER IX.

My father's attack of palsy at Kidderminster, 1795—His return to Stanford—The little robin—The baptism—Dr Darwin called in—My father's death, Sept. 30, 1795—His funeral—The funeral sermon at Kidderminster—My mother took a house at Bridgenorth—Writing at "Margarita"—My second visit to Bath—An "eclairissement"—My brother's gift to me at Oxford—My visit to Monsieur St Q.—My renewed acquaintance with my cousin Henry Sherwood—Our new home at Bridgenorth—Our Sunday-school 135

CHAPTER X.

The Sherwood family—Our old prayer-book, belonging to the Whittinghams—My cousin Henry's history 154

CHAPTER XI.

Continuation of Mr Sherwood's Life—Abbeville, 1798 177

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs Hannah More—"Susan Grey" and "Estelle" written—We left Bridgenorth—Our lodgings at Bath—Miss Hamilton—Our residence at Arley Hall—"Susan Grey" sold—Henry Salt—Mr M——'s visit to Arley—The scarlet fever—Mrs Bury 204

CHAPTER XIII.

My visit to Peter Hall—My mother's illness—My return to Bridgenorth—Arrival of Mr Sherwood—Dr Salt's illness—My marriage—I join the regiment at Sunderland—Dr Paley—We are removed to Brampton, and Carlisle, and Hexham 224

CHAPTER XIV.

The regiment ordered to Morpeth—Death of Dr Salt—My sister's engagement—Mr Sherwood becomes paymaster of the 53d regiment—My baby's birth—Tract of "Eliza Cunningham"—My journey to Blackwall from Shields, in the "Charming Peggy"—Walthamstow—I visit my mother in Worcestershire—Canterbury—My sister's visit—Mrs Duncombe—The regiment ordered to India—The Rev. Gerard Andrews, rector of St James—Mrs Carter—Portsmouth—We sail in "The Devonshire" 240

CHAPTER XV.

We lose sight of England—Our voyage—"The Immortalité"—The lost brooch—The King's birthday—Admiral Lenois—Our arrival at Madras—The surf—Our new residence—We embark again in "The Devonshire"—The Island of Saugur 258

CHAPTER XVI.

Arrival at Diamond Harbour—Fort-William—List of attendants—Death of Maria Parker—The European butter—Birth of my eldest son—His baptism—The church service at Dinapore—The Sunday afternoon—Sergeant Clarke—Our evening drives—Description of the natives of Dinapore 276

CHAPTER XVII.

Indian dinners—My school—Voyage to Berhampore—Description of the natives—Invitation of the Nawaub of Bengal—The palace at Moorshedabad—The entertainment and the Nautch—The fireworks—The supper—The brothers of the Nawaub—The parting gift—Illness and death of my son 288

CHAPTER XVIII.

Death of Mrs Childe—Left Berhampore—Our attendants—Mr Ramsay's invitation—The dance—Mr Sturt's little boy—My "Infant Pilgrim's Progress"—Henry's nurse—Mr Martyn—His views on the Millennium—Mr Corrie—Mrs Parsons and little Mary—Adoption of Annie and Sarah 311

CHAPTER XIX.

Death of little Lucy—My inordinate grief—Description of Annie—Death of Mrs Parsons—Threatenings of war—Mr Jeffries—Mode of existence during the hot winds—Arrival and illness of the Rev. Henry Martyn—Anecdotes of Annie and Mr Martyn 327

CHAPTER XX.

Mr Martyn and the pious soldiers—Mr Martyn's salary—His bungalow—Sabat's history—Our first visit to Mr Martyn—The padre—The mutton patties—The birth of my fourth child—My daughter's christening—The waterspouts—We leave our bungalow—Visit to Mr Martyn 338

CHAPTER XXI.

Our residence at Mr Martyn's bungalow—Account of his school—Sabat's wife—The Lord's Supper at Mr Martyn's—We leave Cawnpore—Rev. Mr Corrie and little Annie—Mrs R.—Benares—State of Benares—Arrival at Calcutta—Our uneasiness—Drs Scholbred and Russell 353

CHAPTER XXII.

Our removal from Calcutta, and anchoring for two days—Our new acquaintances—Visit to Mr Thomason's—The Rev. David Browne—The botanic garden—Cruden's Concordance—Our journey to Cawnpore—Meeting with Mr R.—Visit to Mr Corrie at Chunar 369

CHAPTER XXIII.

The civilian's family at Mirzapore—Miss Louise—The old Ayah's advice—Our return to Cawnpore—The Dhaye's child—Mr Martyn and the Fakeers—Abdool Musseeh—The death of the Dhaye's child and little Charles Sunderland 377

CHAPTER XXIV.

Our services at the church bungalow—Mr Martyn's address to the mendicants—The "Indian Pilgrim's Progress"—The pine-apple cheese—Mr Martyn's studies—Mr Martyn leaves for Persia—Our school—Maria Clarke—The Portuguese half-caste 390

CHAPTER XXV.

Death of Maria Clarke—Sarah Abbot—Birth of my fifth child—The war—Taking of Callinger—Little Margaret and John—Mrs Hawkins' arrival—The Fakeers—Our meeting—Our removal to Meerut—The Begum—John Strachan—The Nautch girls—Death of Mr Martyn 407

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Touffan—Mr Corrie's visit to Cawnpore—Birth of my son—The Christian converts and their baptism by Mr Corrie—Little Satkee—The adoption of Mary Parsons—The war and the Begum Somru's guard—The pious soldiers—Our alarm—The taking of Kalunga—The Chackoor—Arrival of Permenund—The Mohurram 424

CHAPTER XXVII.

We move to Mr Parson's bungalow—Lord Mokra's visit to Meerut—Letter from Colonel Mawby—Return of Mr Sherwood—Little Elizabeth O.—Our visit to the Begum Somru—Permunund's astronomy—Mr Sherwood goes again to the field—The end of the war—Our removal to Berhampore—Our rainy journey—Shahjehanpore—Our arrival at the Ghaut of Ghurmoteair—The Brahmin—Our visit to Mr Sherer at Calcutta—Our removal to Aldeen—The Baptist missionary settlement—The Suttee 450

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The orphans and Mr Edmonds—The female orphan asylum—Our return to England—The black Ayah—Our landing—Visit to Snedahill—Arrival at Worcester—Visit of Mr Corrie—My mother's illness and death 474

CHAPTER XXIX.

Our home at Wick—Our family—Mrs Butt's death—My George's birth—My tract of "The China Manufactory"—Deaths of Elizabeth Parsons and my little George—Our visit to France—The barber—Père la Chaise—Mr Wilks and his letter—Our visit to St Valery—Death of little Alfred—Mrs Fry—Our visit to Weedon—The military band 493

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr Thomason's visit—My daughter's marriage—Mr Irvine—We leave England—Mr Dickinson—M. Malan, Geneva—Lady Raffles—The little Monnière—The riots at Lyons—Nice and the brigade d'Acquis—Sir Walter Scott 512

CHAPTER XXXI.

Our return to Wick—Visit my brother at Bridgenorth—Our tea party—Death of my daughter Emily—Henry and Lucy's marriages—My Lucy's death—My youngest daughter's marriage and residence with us—Our happy home—The parcel from America—My state of mind—Conclusion 533

THE
LIFE OF MRS SHERWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

REASONS FOR WRITING MY OWN LIFE—MY FATHER'S FAMILY—
HIS FRIENDS—MY UNCLES JOHN MARTEN AND THOMAS SIMON
BUTT—MY AUNT SALT—THE SOCIETY AT LICHFIELD—MISS
WOODHOUSE—THE PRESENTATION TO THE LIVING OF STANFORD
IN WORCESTERSHIRE—MY MOTHER'S EARLY LIFE—SAMUEL
JOHNSON AND HIS WRITINGS—MY PARENTS' MARRIAGE IN 1773
—DESCRIPTION OF STANFORD—MY BROTHER'S BIRTH, 1774—
MY BIRTH, 1775.

I AM tempted to this most singular undertaking, by an observa-
tion I have lately been induced to make upon the propensity of
the age for writing and recording the lives of every individual
who has had the smallest claim to celebrity. Could I be quite
sure, that when I am gone, nobody would say anything about me,
I should, I think, spare myself the trouble which I now propose to
take; but when I consider that it is possible that dear friends,
when mourning for me, may speak too partially of me, or that
those who do not understand me may bring forward some of the
many errors of my writings to uphold their own opinions, I feel

it but justly due to Divine love and mercy to state, how, through a life of many changes, I have been gradually brought to see the truth in a point of view which is luminous indeed, and bright as the day, when compared with the twilight ray that I first discerned. The light of lights, which I now enjoy, is not a deceitful one—an *ignis fatuus*, or feeble emittance of fire, which can possibly lead me astray; and for this reason, that in the same measure as it burns brighter and brighter I discern more and more of the *all-sufficiency* of God, and of the total *insufficiency* of man. Thus, to speak in scriptural language, “The city shall have no need of the sun, for the Lamb shall be the light thereof.”

Although I seem to be forming a plan for bringing myself principally forward as the heroine of my own story, this is far from my design; I trust I desire no such thing. For it is my intention to speak of what I have seen, and to shew, if I am permitted, what the Almighty has done for me, and those most dear to me, in leading us on in the way of salvation. And it is my earnest desire that I may be enabled to do this in simplicity and in truth, without considering self in a higher light than that of an observant spectator, unless it may be where certain portions of my experience might serve as warnings to others who are following me in the journey of life. But wherefore should I deny the motive, which perhaps was the leading one, which induced me no longer to delay this undertaking? A lovely daughter, of whom for many years I was the proud and happy mother,—I say the proud mother, for, alás! I was too proud of that beautiful child—made it one of her last requests that I would write my life. Oh! then, for Emily it shall be written; and may grace be given me, that it may be so written that she, with whom all present things are past, may now approve! And what, might we ask, could please a glorified spirit in a work of this kind? Surely it must be that all glory should be given to God, and that the creature should be humbled.

There has been a singular Providence attending me through life, and preparing me in a remarkable manner for that which it

was the Divine will I should do. I say *singular*, more perhaps because I am better acquainted with the steps which have brought me thus far in my progress, than with the histories and experiences of other persons. But far be it from me to suppose that anything I ever received was in any way merited by me. All I have received is a free gift; and the remarkable benefits which have been bestowed upon me, and the very high privileges which I have enjoyed, ought rather to excite wonder and gratitude than self-congratulation. Oh! my God, "what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?"

But to my memoirs.—My father's name was George Butt, his family resided at Lichfield; and my grandfather, Carey Butt, exercised for many years the medical profession in that place, and was a man of exemplary piety, integrity, and benevolence. The family of Butt, Butts, or De Butts, is of considerable antiquity, and the tradition handed down from one generation to another is, that they first came to England with the Conqueror. The word Butts seems to be derived from archery, the butts being the dead marks at which the archers shot; hence the modern term to "butt at" a person or thing.

In the fifth year of the reign of Edward IV. an ordinance was made, commanding every Englishman and Irishman dwelling in England to have a long bow of his own height; and the Act directs that "*butts*" should be made in every township, at which the inhabitants were to shoot, up and down, upon all feast days, under the penalty of one halfpenny for every time they omitted to perform this exercise. This, in the poetical legends, is called "shooting about."

Of our King Henry VII. it is said,

"See where he shotoeth at the butts;
And with hym are lordes thres;
He weareth a gowne of velvete blacke,
And it is coted above the knees."

Such a derivation of our name pleases me, as my imagination

Table of Descent.

BUTTS.—CONSTANTINUS, ancestor and heir of SIR WILLIAM FEVERIDGE, Knight,
of Congleton and Milns, county of Cheshire.

SIR WILLIAM BULL, Knight, = ALICE, daughter of Sir Ranulph Copleave,
Lord of Shrotonham Thorpe, |
county of Northampton, |
and of Shrotonham Thorpe, |
county of Cheshire. |
Heir in the Barony of |
Preston. |
see Cheshire.

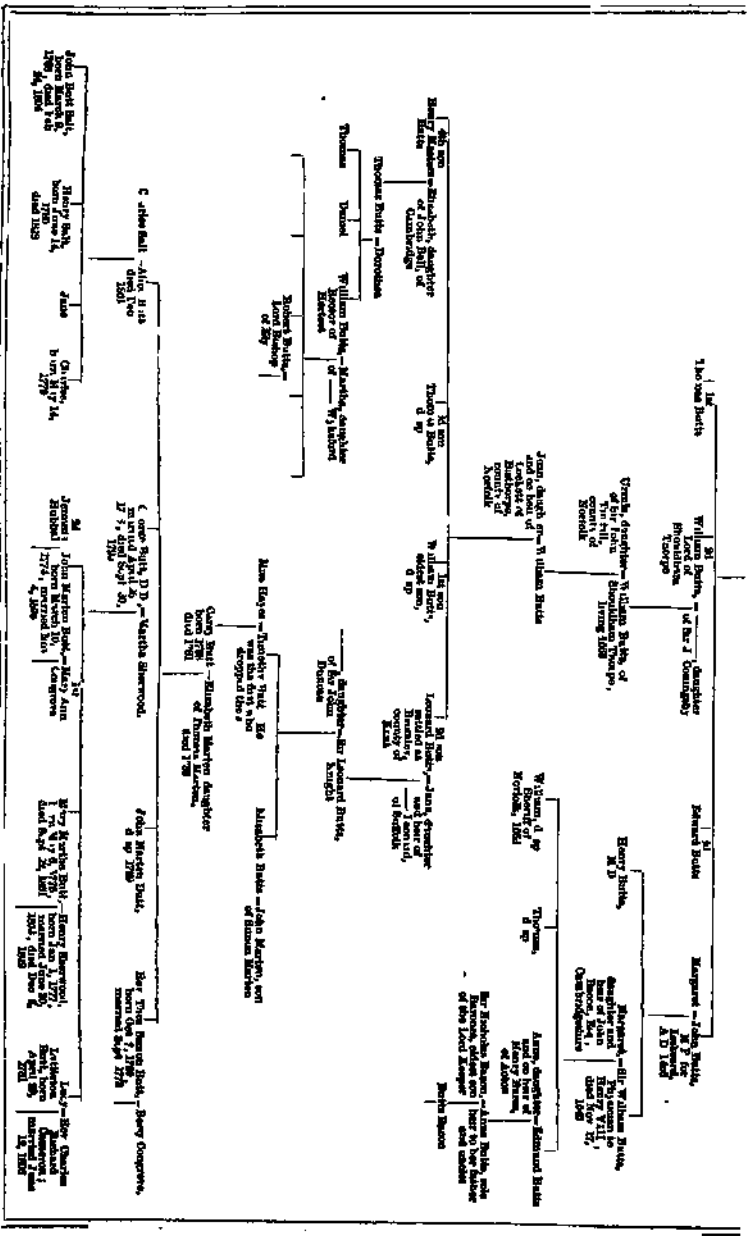
Isabella, daughter of Sir William Bull, Lord of Shrotonham Thorpe
and Congleton, |
married Sir Thomas Bull, |
Lord of the Treasurie, |
county of Cheshire.

William, ancestor of Robert Bull, of Shrotonham Thorpe
and Congleton. |
William Beckton, or |
Becker, Son, of Warrington, |
county of Lancashire.

Constance, daughter of Edward Bull, of Shrotonham Thorpe
and Congleton. |
of Thomas Wastwick, |
county of York.

Emma, daughter of William Bull, of Shrotonham Thorpe
and Congleton. |
Maddew Elm, May, |
county of Cheshire.

William Bull, of _____ daughter of Kerwill,
Shrotonham Thorpe.



amuses itself with the question, Did my ancestors get their *soubriquet* from their humanity in substituting dead marks for "shooting about;" or were one, or more than one, of themselves the doomed "dead marks," while still all glowing with life and feeling?

Some, I know, say the word is from the German *Bott*, a guide; and they, in defence of their argument, point at the golden stars on the azure field on our coat of arms; for a star, in the language of heraldry, denotes "the guide." I do not like not to insert our family pedigree, as we have one, and a good one too; but all I can say is, that should this work be ever published, those that do not care for pedigrees may pass it over, whilst those that do may, perchance, amuse themselves therewithal at the expense of our family pride. On one point, indeed, I think we have a right to be proud, and that is—of our connexion with the noble and talented family of Bacon. And we may be proud, too, of the line by which we boast this connexion. Sir William De Butts married Margaret Bacon, and his grandchild and sole heiress, Anne Butts, wedded her relative, the son of the Lord Keeper Bacon. Sir William is immortalised by the pen of Shakspeare and the pencil of Holbein. The former represents him discovering to Henry, in a familiar conversation, the mean malice of Bishop Gardiner against Cranmer; and the latter has left us an excellent portrait of him, in the remarkable picture, so well preserved in Bridewell Hospital, of the surgeons receiving from Prince Henry their charter of incorporation. Sir William De Butts was a Reformer. It is recorded in his praise, that at one time Henry VIII. gave evidence of a somewhat favourable disposition towards even the doctrinal views of the Reformers; for he made the famous Latimer one of his chaplains, on the recommendation, it is said, of Cromwell and of his physician Dr Butts!

Sir William, or Dr Butts, had three sons, who, strange to say, married three sisters, co-heiresses of the house of Bures of Acton. Of these three marriages there was only one representative, Mistress Anne Butts, who, as I remarked above, wedded her relative,

the eldest son of the Lord Keeper Bacon. The sons of the Butts of that line thus failed in the third generation; hence *our* line became the eldest male branch, and I reckon in my pedigree five successive Williams, two Leonards, and a Timothy, which brings me to my grandfather Carey, whose son George was my father. Sir John Hawkins, in his "Life of Samuel Johnson," says (page 6), "There dwelt at Lichfield a gentleman of the name of (Carey) Butt, the father of the Rev. George Butt, now King's Chaplain (1787), to whose house on holidays and in school vacations he (young Johnson) was ever welcome. The children in his family, perhaps offended with the rudeness of young Johnson, would frequently call him 'the great boy,' which the father (Mr Butt) overhearing, said, 'You call him the great boy; but, take my word for it, you will live to call him the great man.'"

Now *these* children of Mr Butt were many in number, but four only arrived at maturity; the eldest was my uncle John Marten Butt, M.D., F.R.S., who after a while went out to Jamaica, and resided there; and whilst there, the great Lord Erskine was for a short time placed under his care. Lord Erskine, in a letter to his brother, thus writes of my uncle, Dr Butt:—

"KINGSTON, IN JAMAICA, July 1764.

"MY DEAREST CARDROSS,—I wrote to you about ten days ago, giving you some small account of what I had seen here. I am still with Dr Butt, but shall sail now in about ten days; he is appointed Physician-General to the Militia of the Island of Jamaica, by his Excellency Governor Lyttleton, whom I waited upon at Spanish Town, along with the Doctor, some days ago.

"I begin now to draw indifferently. I am studying botany with Dr Butt, so I will bring you home some drawings of all the curious plants, &c., &c.,—of everything that I see.

"If you have got anything that you wish to send me, you need

only direct it to Dr Butt, in the same manner you direct letters, and put it into a merchantman bound for the West Indies, and it can't fail coming safe. Dr Butt desires his best compliments to you, and he will be obliged to you if you will send him out such a profile of you as you copied from Mr Hoar's.*

With a genius scarcely inferior to that of my father's, my uncle John Marten possessed a considerable share of that worldly prudence in which my dear father was so decidedly deficient. His health, however, failing him, he left Jamaica and settled in Bath, where he died in 1769. He was buried in the Abbey Church, where a beautiful inscription to his memory was placed by my father. I have been told that the tablet was taken down on the repairing of the Abbey some few years back, and was never restored. My uncle married the widow of a Mr (or Dr) D'Warris, from whom is descended the present Sir Fortunatus D'Warris; but he himself had no child.

Next to my uncle John Marten was my father George Butt, of whom more presently, after I have spoken of the youngest boy, my uncle Thomas Simon, who was junior to the rest of the family by many years, being born when my grandmother was fifty-one years old. In his youth a cart had gone over him, inflicting an injury which had stopped his growth and given him a peculiarity of form. He had been intended for an agricultural life; but, not liking the pursuit, my father educated him for the Church, a thing not so difficult at that time as it is now. He was ordained in due time, and married. In the course of my memoirs I shall often have to speak of him, and of his son, my cousin Thomas Butt, the only other relatives of our name. Besides these three sons my grandfather had one daughter, who married a Mr Salt, a surgeon, who after a while took my grandfather's practice and settled in Lichfield. Of his family I shall also have occasion to speak.

And now I will return to my father George Butt, the second

* See Jesse's "Life of Beau Brummell," vol. i. p. 296.

child of his parents, and eventually the elder line of the house. He was born at Lichfield on the 26th of December 1741.

Whilst a boy at school, at Lichfield, it seems he had some boyish struggle with the great Samuel, which the faithful Boswell has recorded amongst the thousand-and-one events in the life of the immortal lexicographer. It seems my father shewed early in life great indications of genius, and it was in consequence decided that he should be educated for holy orders. Dr Newton, afterwards the famed Bishop of Bristol, my grandfather's intimate friend, was so pleased with the boy's promising abilities, that he took him in his own carriage to London; and, owing to his patronage, got him elected on the Royal Foundation at Westminster School.

Here he became captain of the school, and headed the school-boy processions at the funeral of George II. and at the coronation of George III. At school he took little part in games and exercises, but preferred reading the English authors at leisure hours, more especially the poets. But he had the highest ideas of friendship; and on one occasion, when some of his young schoolfellows were engaged in battle with a superior number of *men*, though he had no natural inclination for such scenes, yet for their defence he assumed a force which proved the energy of his mind, and seizing the leader of the hostile mob, he brought him, awed and trembling, to the college. His dearest friends at Westminster were Isaac Hawkins Browne, Esq., M.P.; John Thomas Batt, Esq.; Francis Burton, Esq., one of the Welsh Judges; and Dr Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, afterwards Tutor to George IV. My father was distinguished at Westminster for his public speaking; and on one occasion he so bore away the prize, that he was wont to say, "he quite overflowed with money forced upon him by the liberal audience."

From Westminster, in 1760, he was chosen student of Christ Church College, Oxford, where he continued the same friendships and the same habits which he had formed at school.

My grandfather Carey Butt was a specimen of the true Christian

gentleman—all heart and benevolence. Well do I remember some of the little courtesies of his manner, and now I recall how it was his custom, on every Sunday morning that the weather allowed, to present each of us who were staying in his house with a small nosegay of his own selection. He had no idea of a false profession, and though wholly incapable of giving “a reason for the hope that was in him,” yet was he no doubt divinely guided, and led unerringly in the way of truth and peace.

On the marriage of his daughter he left Lichfield, and retired to an estate called Pipe Grange, about a mile from Lichfield, and there taking to building, he impoverished himself in no small degree; but worldly wisdom was no part of his endowment, as it was no part of the inheritance which descended to my father.

At this time there was in Lichfield a brilliant knot of choice spirits—choice, I mean to say, as it regarded intellectuals and externals. Amongst these were Dr Darwin, the author of “The Loves of the Plants;” Miss Seward; Mr Edgeworth and his celebrated daughter Maria, then a mere child; Mr Hayley the poet; and Mr Day, a friend of Mr Edgeworth’s and the author of “Sandford and Merton.” David Garrick, too, came to visit his brother often in the city, and Samuel Johnson was also a native of the place. Among these talented of the earth my father was a welcome addition, possessing as he did immense conversational powers, though he never seemed to have derived aught from this society but what the friends of virtue and religion could have desired. There are some persons so constructed, or rather so protected, by their Almighty Father, that without seeming to have during youth any very strong sense of religion, yet are they led through the most dangerous scenes without appearing to incur that contamination which such scenes are calculated to impart. To compare that which is intellectual with that which is merely physical, some constitutions are not so liable to receive contagion as others are; and those characters who are so formed as to pass through scenes of temptation with the least injury are persons who have naturally

much vivacity ; hence they skim gaily over the surface of society, letting little of its influence rest on their animal spirits. It is true that there is danger in excessive vivacity ; but long experience has instructed me that lively young people in general are by no means the most corrupt ; and that, where youth becomes corrupted, it scarcely ever preserves its vivacity. It is a great mistake, however, to confound vivacity with excitement. The modern arrangements of society excite, without imparting cheerfulness ; on the contrary, they destroy the spring of the mind by overstraining it. I have been led to this reflection by considering how, on many occasions, my father mingled with dangerous society without seeming to be affected by it. The society at that period at Lichfield, when we consider the characters of those who formed its basis, must have been particularly dangerous, because it must have been particularly fascinating.

Miss Seward was at that period, when my father was a very young man, between twenty and thirty ; for I know not her precise age. She had that peculiar sort of beauty which consists in the most brilliant eyes, glowing complexion, and rich dark hair. She was tall and majestic, and was unrivalled in the power of expressing herself. She was at the same time exceedingly greedy of the admiration of the other sex ; and though capable of individual attachment, as she manifested in after-life much to her cost, yet not very nice as to the person by whom the homage of flattery was rendered at her shrine.

She was, in a word, such a woman as we read of in romances ; and, had she lived in some dark age of the past, might have been charged with sorcery, for even in advanced life she often bore away the palm of admiration from the young and beautiful, and many even were fascinated who wholly condemned her conduct.

My father was attracted into this society by the charms of the lovely Mary Woodhouse, whose brother Chappel, late Dean of Lichfield, was his pupil and the object of his sincere affection. This favoured pupil became his inseparable companion, and unre-

mitted were his labours to make him the accomplished scholar and the Christian gentleman.

I have said that my grandfather was a pious man. It was whilst at college I have that to record of my father, of the nature of his youthful friendships, which shews that the instruction of his childhood had been blessed from on high. "When in danger of being beguiled by the enticements of youthful pleasures," said Mr Hawkins Browne to me, "your father, Miss Butt, restrained me by pointing out the words of Joseph—'How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?'"

Oh, my beloved father, whenever I recall thee to mind, I cannot but think of the beautiful passage in Milton's "Paradise Lost:"—

"The grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible. Abash'd he stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely."

When does the grave rebuke of sin come with such force as from the lips of youth—when the temptation sounds strong in the youthful ear—when the bait looks gilded to the youthful eye—and nothing but the restraining influences of Divine Power leads the young heart to desire the purity of perfect holiness? Let not the worldling imagine there is not temptation alike for all; but let him without mockery confess the sanctifying and restraining power of the Holy Spirit on the once fallen but now ransomed race of Adam.

In 1765 my father was appointed to the curacy of Leigh in Staffordshire, a living in the gift of Sir Walter Bagot, with whose sons he was already connected in friendship; and he was ever a welcome guest at the hospitable seat of Sir Walter, on whose public and domestic virtues he would dwell with rapture. But he did not continue long at Leigh, for he was recommended as a private tutor to the only son of Sir Edward Winnington, of Stanford Court, in the county of Worcester, and having accepted the offer, he resided for some time with the family in London, and eventually, in the

month of October 1767, accompanied his pupil to Christ Church. It was there he associated with many young noblemen and gentlemen commoners, to whom the vivacity of his genius and his wonderful powers of conversation rendered his society highly acceptable. To the late Duke of Leeds, then Lord Carmarthen, was he so endeared, that he had an opportunity of becoming his private tutor ; but he declined the valuable situation from motives of honour and affection to Mr Winnington. It was in 1771 my father was presented to the rectory of Stanford, Worcestershire, by Sir Edward Winnington, which preferment he held to his death. The situation of Stanford is delightful, and congenial in the highest degree to the feelings of the poet. And, as it was necessary that a parsonage-house should be built, my father chose a spot within the glebe, of such rare and exquisite beauty that he provided for himself an ever-charming feast for his imagination ; and here, no doubt, his genius and his taste would have been indulged, to the serious injury of his family in a worldly point of view, had it not been for the counteracting influences of my beloved mother, who supplied all those deficiencies which were the effects of that improvidence which is too frequently the attendant of superior genius.

My mother was the daughter of Henry Sherwood, merchant, of London and Coventry,—of a good old family from Newcastle-on-Tyne. My grandfather Sherwood was a man well-versed in business, and rich ; hence my mother was selected by my grandfather Butt as a good match for his son, as money was then much needed in my father's family. My mother had one only brother, at whose birth, in 1754, she lost her mother ; and thus, from her earliest infancy, she was brought up at school, only returning in the holidays to her father's house, either at Coventry or London. She has often told me how her widowed parent at these times, on a Sunday evening, would take her on his knee, and read and explain the Bible to her. That peculiar blessing, which I have often observed shed upon the religious instructions given by a parent to a child,

was bestowed upon my mother, for she never forgot some of those Sunday evening lessons, more especially one, which had a reference to the history of Joseph. At the age of fourteen, my mother was taken from school and placed under the charge of Mrs Woodhouse, a connexion of her family. This lady was the widow of a physician residing at Lichfield, the mother of my father's friend Chappel and the beautiful Mary, to whom he was attached. It was the will of God, however, that this lovely young woman, Mary Woodhouse, should be taken early from this world of trials; and it was whilst still mourning her loss my father consented to his father's earnest wishes to marry my mother, whose fortune rendered her a desirable match under the pecuniary circumstances of the family. Mary Woodhouse was one of three sisters, all of whom were accounted lovely; whilst my mother, then Miss Martha Sherwood, was a very little woman, having a face too long in proportion, with too decided features. She was marked, too, with the small pox, and had no personal beauty but in her hands, the like of which I have never seen equalled. She was of a meek and gentle spirit, and it was no doubt oppressive to her to be associated in the house with three of the most lovely women of the time. What, then, must her feelings have been when her father's commands or wishes were made known to her, that she was to marry one who still mourned the untimely fate of the fair Mary! Often have I thought of this since, and been led to consider that the smallest circumstances of human life are, no doubt, arranged in such a way as to advance our everlasting good, though, through the devices of Satan, we love to "kick against the pricks," wilfully misunderstanding the arrangements of Providence. For the Almighty is teaching individuals, by different experiences, the evil consequences of sin, and the effectual and perfect work of the Saviour's sacrifice to reconcile the world to God—a glorious exhibition of Divine love, justice, mercy, and holiness, to be manifested in due time.

It is probable that the circumstance of my mother's small personal attractions, when compared with those of her companions,

disposed her to withdraw into the background of every scene. Hence the retiredness of manner which pursued her through life. There is no doubt that this very cause, together with the spirit of the society in which she mingled, led her to endeavour to cultivate her mind by reading; and most eagerly did she peruse the books of her day, of which very few were suitable for young people. Hence her pleasure may be imagined when a new writer, such as Dr Samuel Johnson, appeared to augment the number. My mother, I remember well, used to tell me, that being out one day, walking with Mrs Woodhouse under the trees in the Close in Lichfield, they met the celebrated Johnson. My mother happened to have a volume of the "Rambler," or of "Rasselas," I forget which, in her hand. Johnson seeing the book, took it from her, looked into it, and, without saying a word, threw it among the graves, from which my mother had to recover it. This was probably done in a fit of awkward vanity by the great doctor, who, finding a young lady with one of his own volumes in her hand, could neither let the circumstance pass unheeded, as a man of less vanity would have done, nor make some polite speech, which a man with more address would have thought of; but he must needs act the bear and do the rudest thing he could do. Oh, poor human nature, how exceedingly absurd we all are! our very greatness, or imaginary or comparative greatness, makes our absurdities only the more remarkable. There is one thing, however, which I must be permitted to say; that if we know anything of ourselves, we shall be led to see that there is little cause for one human being to despise another on the score of folly.

My mother was not much more than of age when she was married, in the year 1773, in the month of April, and came to reside with my father at his living of Stanford, where they commenced housekeeping in considerable style—a style which they retained till I was five or six years of age, when they found it necessary to retrench. It would be utterly impossible through the medium of words, or at least any words which I can select, to give an

idea of the lovely country where I was born and reared. Few have travelled further or perhaps seen more than I have ; but yet, in its peculiar way, I have never seen any region of the earth to be compared with Stanford. The parsonage-house commanded four distinct views from the four sides, and so distinct that it could hardly be conceived how these could have been combined in a panorama. On the front of the house, towards the west, a green lawn, with many fair orchards beyond, sloped down to the bed of the Teme, from which arose, on the opposite side of the river, a range of bold heights richly diversified, at a distance so considerable as only to shew its most pleasing features, such as copses, farm-houses, fields of corn, villages with their churches, and ancient mansions. The hills of Abberley and Woodbury terminated the view: the one being celebrated for the encampment of Glendower, and the other for Abberley Lodge, the seat of William Walsh, the friend of Addison, and supposed by some to be the place wherein was written the fine old character of Sir Roger de Coverley, though this I have heard disputed in later years. On the south, my father's house looked over Sir Edward Winnington's park, to form and adorn which a whole village had been sacrificed ; whilst Broadway and fair Malvern gave their beauties to the scene, separated from us only by the silver Teme, which near that spot empties itself into the river Severn. The hills and lands on the east were so richly wooded, that the country partook there more of forest scenery than aught else I could name, neither were waterfalls wanting ; whilst, on the north, we had orchards of fruit-trees and cultivated fields, presenting altogether such regions of various beauties, that my eyes, as I said before, have never seen the like since. How many times, in wanton childhood, have I inhaled the fresh breezes in those lovely regions ; and though many years have passed since last I dwelt there, still to this hour the fragrance of primroses, or the sight of the harebell or wood anemone, brings to my mind those haunts of childhood—those devious haunts which never were fully explored, even by me ; for there were certain bounds, which I was not per-

mitted to pass over, in this terrestrial paradise. The genius of my father also gave a character to every room of the house: there was a hall of considerable height, with a hanging staircase, in which hung a large coloured cartoon of Raphael's, representing the martyrdom of St Stephen and the heavens opening to his gaze. My father afterwards gave this painting to the altar-piece of the old church at Kidderminster. In every sitting-room were prints or portraits, to each of which was affixed some tale or legend familiar to me in earliest childhood, and repeated to me over and over again by my father; for these works of art afforded him hints for many conversations; and if others failed to seize the images which he endeavoured to convey through their aid, it was not so with me, as I shall take occasion to shew in the course of my memoirs.

And now I will only add that, had I been born of the noblest or richest family in England, I could not have entered life, under any circumstances, in which more of what is elegant and beautiful could have been presented to my young apprehension, and more of what is coarse and inelegant withdrawn from it; for all my early impressions were most beautiful as regarded natural things, and classical as regarded intellectual things. Picture then to yourself, whoever condescends to read these memoirs, the lovely parsonage of Stanford, the elegant home in which I was born—my genius-gifted and benevolent father, tinctured with that romance an early disappointment seldom fails to call forth—and my humble-minded, sensitive mother, a lady of a literary and accomplished mind, whose rare integrity and excellent principles were congenial with my father's exalted sense of virtue. Picture too, then, my father discharging his duties as a pastor, shewing by his conduct the effect of habitual piety, which produced in him, as it ought to do in all, a warmth of feeling towards the Saviour and of love to man, which, being wholly uncongenial to the unchanged heart, can only be attributed to Divine influence. See, also, my mother superintending all the arrangements of her household, with perhaps a too lady-

like withdrawal from the coarse every-day affairs of life ; yet, with maternal care, the lessons of humility and Christian courtesy which my father inculcated, were followed out by her with a beautiful earnestness and sincerity, that left no doubt on the minds of her children of their truth ; nor will their effect, I trust, ever be erased from their recollection.

Owing to my mother's fortune, and the proceeds of the living of Stanford and that of Clifton-on-Teme, my parents' circumstances promised to furnish even a luxuriant state of housekeeping, and thus matters seemed prosperous on the birth of my only brother. He was born at the house of my father's friend and pupil, Mr Woodhouse, at the rectory of Donnington, in Shropshire, on the 10th of March 1774. My own appearance in this world of many changes began on the 6th of May 1775, being a little more than one year after that of my only and beloved brother. My brother's name was John Marten, after his uncle, of whom I have before spoken. Mine is Mary Martha, combining in one the lost but still beloved name of Mary Woodhouse and that also of my mother. But it must be borne in mind that my mother was a near relative and beloved friend of her whose Christian name I bore ; hence the choice was alike hers, as my father's.

Years have rolled by since that fair girl was removed from earth, since my mother mourned her friend, and my father the woman he loved. Few, probably, are now remaining to tell that this beautiful and lamented one ever lived. And thus rolls the stream of man's life, sweeping away in its course all remembrances of the past, with few, very few, exceptions ; for of the thousands and tens of thousands, ay, and thousands of thousands, who for a while have strutted and fretted their little hour on the stage of life, the greater part have quickly passed into total oblivion, and are scarcely remembered by their children's children, unless those children's children think they can derive some honour to themselves by saying such and such was my father's father. But although the finite creature, man, is thus oblivious of his forefather, not so the Father

of the human race of the creatures he has made; for God is love, and if "not a sparrow falleth unknown to the ground," how much more will he take heed of those with whom he has partaken one common nature, to be sown in corruption, to rise again in incorruption!

CHAPTER II.

EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS—VISIT TO THE PALACE AT LICHFIELD—
 ANECDOTE OF MR EDGEWORTH—MY MOTHER'S CANARY—VISIT
 TO MY GRANDFATHER CAREY BUTT, AT PIPE GRANGE—MY
 FIFTH BIRTHDAY—VISIT TO LICHFIELD AND DONNINGTON—
 NEWCHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT—MR B——Y.

THE very first recollection of existence which I have, is being carried down a hanging stone staircase at the parsonage at Stanford, in my mother's arms, and seeing the half-circular window over the hall-door. It seems that I then began first to make observations on my own thoughts, but I must have reflected before that time, otherwise I should not have known where I was, or by whose arms I was supported. It is wonderful to observe the expandings of the human intellect, from the first dawn of infant light, till that far-distant period which prophecy unfolds, beyond all calculation hitherto used by man, even to the end of ages, when the human intellect, being no longer darkened by sin, shall have been submitted to the teachings of the Lord the Spirit, through periods of time of which we now can form only very imperfect conceptions. But in writing the history of another, however intimate we may have been with that other, it is impossible to trace

the openings of the mind as we can do in taking the review of our own life—that is, if memory is accurate, and power is given for clear discernment. In speaking of myself, I wish to remark that one of the peculiar blessings of my education I consider to have been this, that whilst sufficient nourishment was administered to my mind, and that all I saw was elegant and beautiful, and all I heard was highly intellectual and pure, speaking after the manner of men, no attempt at display or personal vanity was excited in me, at least during the first ten or eleven years of my life. To this special circumstance I attribute the regular development of my intellect.

It is not while I live that the world, if I can help it, shall ever see these memoranda. I therefore would wish to consider myself, when writing this, as one with whom all present things are past,—as one, as it were, speaking from the dead,—as one who never more can hear the voice of fame, with whom the praise or blame of man are but as the breezes which passed over the earth in the days before the “hearing ear of man was planted.” Ps. xciv. 9.

As I said before, I assuredly entered life under the most happy circumstances, being blessed with a remarkably fine constitution, and a frame decidedly healthy. I was a large child, and grew so rapidly that I was at my full height, which is above the standard of women in general, at thirteen years of age. My appearance was so healthy and glowing, that my father, in fond fancy, used to call me Hygeia. I had very long hair of a bright auburn, which my mother had great pleasure in arranging; and, as I was a very placid child, my appearance indicated nothing of that peculiarity of mind, which, whether good or bad, was soon afterwards made manifest. I have often heard my mother tell a singular story about my brother and myself, when he was three years old, and I scarcely two. Our parents took us to Lichfield, to visit at the palace; Miss Seward was there, and Mr Lovel Edgeworth, and the elder Dr Darwin. We were brought into the room to be looked at, and Dr Darwin took up my brother, as I have since seen a Frenchman do a frog, by one leg, exclaiming at the same time, “What a fine animal!

what a noble animal!" My brother was then a beautiful child, and no doubt he made no small resistance, on being treated thus philosophically; but he was hardly rescued when Mr Edgeworth's eye fell on me, and having looked at me some time, he patted his own forehead, and having paid some compliments to my father on my well-nurtured animal nature, he added, with no great tenderness to his feelings, "But you may depend upon it, Mr Butt, you may depend upon it she wants it here," and the little taps on his own brow were reiterated. This hint made my poor mother for a while very uneasy,—of all this I, however, remember nothing.

My parents, probably owing to the remark of Mr Edgeworth, had very little opinion of my intellectual abilities till I was six years of age; hence my mind was allowed to develop itself in health, and strength, and consistency; nor was any attempt made to induce efforts beyond the state of my infant faculties, which kind of excitement or mismanagement has often blighted a fine mind before it has hardly blossomed, and by which superiority is either entirely precluded, or if obtained and possessed for a short time, is terminated often and suddenly either by death or the loss of reason. Much and long experience has taught me to dread, above many things, the system which now prevails so largely, of hurrying the young mind, by which smatterers in knowledge may be made, but never solid, useful characters.

I was, from very early infancy, a creature who had a peculiar world of images about me; and the first exercise of my imagination operated upon one set of fancies. My mother used to sit much in her beautiful dressing-room, and there she often played sweetly on her guitar, and sung to it. Her voice sounded through the hall, which was lofty; and I loved to sit on the steps of the stairs and listen to her singing. She had possessed a canary bird when she first married, and it had died, and she had preserved it and put it into a little coffin in an Indian cabinet in her dressing-room. My first idea of death was from this canary bird and this coffin; and as I had no decided idea of time, as regarded its length, I felt that

this canary bird had lived, what appeared to me, ages before, when my mother had sung and played on her guitar before my birth; and I had numerous fancies about those remote ages, fancies I could not define nor explain; but they possessed a spell over my mind that had power to keep me quiet many a half-hour as I sat by myself, dreamily pondering on their strange enchantment.

There are circumstances which happened just before I entered my fifth year, which enable me to fix the time when I had such and such thoughts, and when I made such and such observations. I was not four, when one day after dinner, a gentleman, who shall be nameless, took me on his knee and said something to me which I did not understand, but which was of a nature which should not have been said to any one, especially a female, and more especially if that female is of tender years. He looked me full in the face when he spoke, and I answered, "I don't like you, you are naughty." My parents were astonished; and the gentleman set me down in some alarm. I perfectly remember the whole circumstance. My mother asked me why I called him naughty? "Because," I answered, "his eyes are wicked." Thus early I began to notice the expression of the eye; and to this hour does the human eye speak so intelligibly to me, that I am often obliged to restrain myself from pronouncing too severe a judgment on the expressions it reveals. And I hope also, that I am kept humble from a sense of what perhaps might be read in my own countenance by those disposed and enabled to read aright, for the Almighty himself has declared that "the imaginations of man's heart are evil continually." I have many sweet recollections of parental kindness, even before my fourth year. I remember my mother teaching me to read with my brother, in a book where was a picture of a white horse feeding by star-light. My first idea of the quiet beauty of a star-light scene was taken from that print. I remember our mother telling us stories in the dusk of a winter's evening, one of which I have recorded in my history of "The Fairchild Family." It is the tale of the old lady who invites many children to spend a day with her.

I also recollect some walks with my father in the woods, and how he carried me in his arms over difficult places. Where are these beloved parents now? Their mortal remains sleep, indeed, in Stanford Church. They were laid there, and there our natural senses tell us that they still are, though mouldered and fallen into dust; but where are their immortal spirits? None of our natural senses can tell us this; but faith, which is the evidence of things not seen, has assured me that they are with Christ, our Lord having obtained their salvation, not because they loved him, but because he loved them and made his love manifest to them, whilst yet they were in the flesh. I had my little notions of religion before I was four years old. My brother had a dream, and he told it to me. He had seen heaven over the highest trees of Stanford Park; and he had seen hell, such as little children fancy it. We had sundry discussions on the subject, and we determined to seek the one and avoid the other. The cartoon of St Stephen in the hall no doubt helped forward our ideas; and because our Saviour was painted there in the clouds, we were taught by it to understand that we were to look to him as a friend; and what more was necessary, and what more would be necessary, than such a childlike sincerity and confidence as we then had? Had it pleased God at that time to have taken me and my dear brother, we should, I dare avow, have been in a much better state, if we only depended on ourselves, than we were years afterwards. Our blessed Saviour's words are, "Unless ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God."

But I must now proceed to the first grand event of my life, the journey to see my grandfather Butt, at Pipe Grange, near Lichfield. I must here remark, I had been attacked with a severe illness, called formerly St Anthony's fire, which had much affected my eyes. When we were in the carriage going to Lichfield, my mother pointed out to my brother the Abberley and Woodbury hills, which formed some of the grandest features of the view from our home; and she told him that we were going over those hills

and far away. Had she spoken prophetically of what was to be the future destiny of her little girl, she would have spoken truth ; but a little way was far in the imagination of my beloved mother, who lived and died without ever seeing the sea. I was so blind that I could not see the hills ; but even then I had my thoughts of hills ; and these ideas, thus early acquired and strongly impressed, have accompanied me through life. I can hardly recollect the time when the prospect of hills was not connected in my mind with scenes of future glory, even long before I had read and partly understood the various passages of Scripture which shew its truth and perfection. Probably this idea was first suggested to me by my brother's dream, which placed the celestial abode where the sun, setting in brilliant clouds of purple and gold, shewed itself at the even hour behind the grove, around heights of the hills nearest to our dear paternal home ; but be this as it may, the association of ideas has ever been so powerful in my mind, strengthened as it has been by good John Bunyan, that I have never beheld a mountain without thinking of that far-off world, where the redeemed shall behold the King their Creator and Lord and Father. I have seen the Indian Caucasus hanging as brilliant clouds in the horizon, in the clear atmosphere of a southern sky. I have seen, too, and traversed the many Alpine heights, and contemplated the sullen Apennine, where banditti rest secure in their inaccessible fastnesses. I have passed under the shades of the fir-clad Swartzwald, and beheld the milder Vosques undulating on the horizon ; the mountains of the Raje-Mahal, where the tiger and the rhinoceros range at large ; the hills of Africa and the Cape of Good Hope, which stand as an eternal bulwark against the waves and tempests of the stormy south ; the pyramidal heights of the Cape Verd Islands, and the softer beauties of the green Tyrol—all and each in their turn have passed before me, and have all alike seemed to tell me of the same thing, though differently modified with more or less shade or brilliancy, as affected by my own feelings at the moment.

We passed through Kidderminster in our way to Lichfield, and

I remember being taken out of the carriage by my host of the Lion Inn. This was a Mr Hall, who had married the daughter of a cottager at Stanford, of the name of Stephens. Had I never seen Kidderminster since that time, I should have imagined that the Lion Inn was as large as the Colosseum at Rome, and the street at the end of which it stands as magnificent as the Strada Balbi at Genoa. But inasmuch as all human glory is by comparison, there is no reasoning upon what one may think grand and another not so; though this, however, is well known, that all places seen in childhood look much less when beheld again in manhood. In the afternoon of the same day, we came to a wide heath, from whence the towers of Lichfield were pointed out to my brother's notice. It was nearly dark when we arrived at my grandfather's house, near Lichfield, called Pipe Grange; and I can recall being lifted out of the carriage, and being carried into the house. I remember well that house, though I have never been there since, and have only seen it at a distance. It was a low house, with two bow windows, and there were two large parlours and a kitchen behind. It had a garden in front, and a small pond, and a woody bank beyond that pond. There was a sort of family gathering at Pipe Grange at that time:—My grandfather and grandmother, my aunt Salt, her two daughters, my uncle Thomas Butt, and his little son, a year and a half younger than myself, who had had his leg burnt with a warming-pan, and he used to sit generally on a salt-box in the kitchen window. This poor child had already lost his mother; but if truth must be spoken, however it may sound in print, notwithstanding the burn, my dear cousin was probably never happier and never freer from care, than when he was perched on that salt-box in the kitchen window at Pipe Grange. My memory of the events during that visit are very confused. I remember walking with my brother and nurse in a green lane, and feeding some little birds in a hedge, and coming one day and finding the nest and birds gone, which was a great grief to me. Whilst at Pipe Grange, I recollect one evening being carried over some lovely

commons to an old farm-house, where were many fragrant herbs and many sheep. The irregular walls were covered with ivy, and there was a garden, with yew trees cut in grotesque forms, in front of the house. I was not four years old at this time; but such was the impression made on my mind then by the images of that evening, that, years afterwards, being in the cabin of an East Indiaman, with no light and little air, being also under the influence of fever occasioned by long-protracted sickness, and my imagination being also assisted, no doubt, by the bleatings of the unhappy sheep on board, my sickly and inflamed fancy carried me back to those breezy commons and those unfettered days of infancy. I even imagined that I was there again, bounding with my brother over the little heaps of mould with which those commons are scattered, so extraordinarily powerful were the images that that evening impressed on my memory. I once, about twelve years since, saw that old farm-house again, and found that I had, through all my wanderings, retained its perfect picture in my mind, even to its irregular windows and shapeless chimneys.

Who shall say how soon the infant gaze goes forth to collect images, which are stored up never to be effaced? Who can tell me whether children, for instance, who are brought from beneath the cloudless skies of India,—who in infancy were accustomed to all the paraphernalia of oriental pomp, and all the circumstances of oriental scenery, and yet are removed to Europe, whilst incapable of reasoning upon these early impressions, or even of speaking of what they have seen,—who can tell me, I ask, whether such children, on returning thither in after years, would or would not be sensible of a sort of familiarity with the scenery there, unfelt by absolute strangers? My opinion is, that a child with a lively imagination, who had been removed from any particular and remarkable scene at two years of age, and perhaps under that age, would, on returning to it in after-life, be sensible of a familiarity with the scenery, which one who had never before beheld it would not feel,—supposing the minds of each to be alike. With respect to myself, I have

clear and accurate recollections before I was four years of age,—recollections of things which I can now describe ; but this I believe, that there has ever been an unusual vivacity in my imagination, the impressions made thereon being stronger than on nine-tenths of the minds of my fellow-creatures. My birth-day occurred whilst I was at Pipe Grange. I was then four years of age ; and when I came down on the morning of that day, my grandfather, who was sitting by the fire in the parlour, put up his hand to a high mantel-shelf, and brought from thence a doll with a paper hoop, and wig of real flax. This was my birth-day present, and made a long and deep impression on my heart. Oh ! how did that good old man, Mr Carey Butt, love and care for his children and his children's children ! I have the full and blessed assurance that none of these will ever be lost. And now in this place I feel myself disposed to slip the noose of things present and of things past, and to rush forward into that glorious region of faith, and hope, and full assurance, where I may behold my father and my father's father, my children and my children's children, dwelling with the King in his glory,—having cast the slough of flesh and sin, and being clad in the spotless robe of their Redeemer's righteousness. Ah ! without this hope, who could do as I am doing ? Who could trace the records of past life, without a weeping eye and ever-aching heart ?

When the time of our visit at Pipe Grange was accomplished, we proceeded to Lichfield to visit my father's sister, Mrs Salt ; but my recollections of Lichfield are very confused. There was some pageantry at Whitsuntide, that caused me to wonder ; and I remember being taken to the cathedral, and feeling all that amazement which children do at first seeing sights of this kind. We were taken to see Miss Seward, at the palace, and old Mr Seward repeated some verses to my brother about Cupid ; for it seems, that some time before, but not in my memory, the ladies at Stanford Court had dressed Marten, then a most beautiful child of four years old, in a fanciful costume to represent Cupid, with a little pair of butterfly-like wings, a quiver, and a bow. Ah ! brother dear, where is now

that beautiful bloom, that high bearing of the head, and that perfection of feature, which suggested the idea to these ladies? Man is truly as the flower of the field; and who has not seen the flowers of many seasons fade? My mother ever preserved the silver quiver, the spangled scarf and wings, and barbless arrows, which had been made on this occasion.

From Lichfield we went to Donnington, in Shropshire, where my father's friend, Mr Woodhouse, resided; and of this place I have still many recollections, but all connected with rural scenery and rural objects,—drinking new milk with froth upon it, and running about green meadows, where grew daisies and cowslips, and the flowers called by children lords and ladies. These things are in consequence always connected in my mind with my happy infant days, and with a certain springing, elastic feeling, which, when enjoyed, gives bliss almost too great for existence in the flesh. We feel it not in age; but when our youth is renewed in ages to come, we shall feel it again, never, never to be taken from us.

I remember nothing of our return to Stanford; but this visit to Lichfield was the first era of mine and my brother's life, and we then began to speak of a time before we had gone to Lichfield, as a period of tender interest incalculably remote: not that we ever used the words tender or interest, but we had words of our own which conveyed to us the same ideas as more appropriate words would have done to older persons. There is in every active and lively human mind, even in the mind of infancy, a sense of dissatisfaction of present things, with an indistinct idea of some happiness, either once enjoyed and now past, or to be enjoyed at some future period, whether in this present state of being, or in that which is to come. In a worldly old age this period is generally referred to the days of childhood, and hence the many deceitful recollections of the happiness of infancy; whereas, as man from birth is a partaker of a sinful nature, so is he, in the days of childhood, a partaker also of the sorrows and pains attendant upon that nature.

It was about this time that my father's first patron, the Bishop of Bristol, presented him to the small living of Newchurch, in the Isle of Wight (1778), which was tenable with his other preferments. He eventually, in 1783, exchanged this living for Notgrove, in Gloucestershire, as being nearer to his place of residence.

I had entered my fifth year, when with my grandfather at Pipe Grange; I remember little of the following summer; but one event in the winter I can recall, connected with a Mr B——y, the last representative of an old Worcestershire family, who possessed Abberley Lodge. This Mr B——y had a town-house in the College Yard, Worcester, and he was an old bachelor, remarkable for that sort of ugliness which children hate, being strongly marked with the small-pox, and having a circle like rows of heavy red beads round his eyes; he was also what the world falsely calls a man of pleasure, and his manner of life in private had, no doubt, imparted a sort of coarseness to his expression, which added not a little to his ugliness; but withal, he was a man of the most polished manners of the old school; and he sometimes came in form to dine with my parents. Being brought in one day after dinner, as I was making my way round the table, he caught me, to my inexpressible horror, and placed me on his knee, asking me if I would be his wife. I looked at my mother, to take a hint from her respecting what I ought to say, and thinking that I must not dare to say no, I replied that I would have him in six years, wondering at the laughter which this my answer produced. Six years I thought would never end; but they did end too soon for my peace; for on the occasion of my reaching my eleventh birthday, Mr B——y came in form to demand me, and it was with some difficulty that I got a respite for a few more years, though I then firmly believed that I must necessarily some time or other fulfil my engagement. This, when I thought of it, or met the old gentleman, was such a subject of dread to me, that I always ran away and hid myself when I saw his carriage coming to the house.

CHAPTER III.

VISIT OF MY COUSINS—MR NASH, MY FATHER'S CURATE—MY BROTHER'S FALL,—THE MOUNTAIN-ASH BERRIES—MY SISTER'S BIRTH—MY EARLY EDUCATION—MY BROTHER'S CHARACTER—OUR FIRST ATTEMPTS AT WRITING—MR ANNESLEY—VISIT TO COVENTRY, TO MY GRANDFATHER SHERWOOD'S—MRS GROVE—MY FATHER'S STUDY—COVENTRY—DR L.—R'S FAMILY—MY FATHER APPOINTED ONE OF THE CHAPLAINS TO GEORGE III., 1784—THE FAMILY OF DR BUTTS, BISHOP OF ELY—MADAME PELEVE'S VISIT TO STANFORD.

DURING the winter of 1778-1779, our party was increased in our nursery by two,—the motherless children of my uncle Sherwood. I have mentioned that my mother had an only brother, my uncle Henry Sherwood, whose birth caused his mother's early death. My uncle Henry suffered from this early bereavement all through life; neither did he suffer alone, for his conduct caused all those to whom he was near and dear much trouble and anxiety. He had married early, and, like his father, was left a widower with two children,—my cousins Henry and Margaret, who at this time came to Stanford to be with their aunt. It seems to me now like a very far distant and faint dream, when I think of that nursery and the members which composed our party. And first, there was our nurse-maid, called Bond, then there was my brother Marten and myself, and Henry and Margaret, the eldest scarcely six, the youngest only two years old. Poor little Margaret! her mother had died at her birth, and within the year my uncle had married again, and alas! for little Margaret, the lady, though a relative to the child, was a stepmother in deed and in word.

It was a very pleasant time when Henry and Margaret were at

Stanford, and long talked of in our nursery annals. Henry had a red pencil, and he drew some hieroglyphics on the stone frame of our mantel-piece ; and these my brother guarded so carefully from the scrubbing-brush that they were never effaced during our infant years.

My father kept a curate at his living of Clifton-on-Teme, a Mr Robert Nash, a relative, whom my father, from motives of kindness, had helped into the ministry. Mr Nash had married a woman old enough to be his mother, of a most unfortunate temper, and one who caused his home occasionally to be anything but a happy one. He used often to escape from his wife, and visit for days together at my father's house. Oh ! it was a happy day when he was seen coming across the park, in his great bushy wig, his shovel hat, his cravat tied like a King William's bib, his great drab coat, and his worsted spatterdashes. When this figure rose above our horizon, however remote, my joy, and that of my brother, was excessive ; for he was the man of all others to delight children. As soon as it was dusk, in a winter evening, I took my place on his knee, and calling him Uncle Robert, begged for a story. Again and again I heard the same, but the old tale never tired. He told of dogs which were supposed to have been spirits, and which were always seen in certain rooms when any of the family were about to die, and other marvels of the like description ; added to which, he could bark like a dog, grunt like a pig, play tricks with cards like a conjuror, and was very successful in numerous performances of the same kind ; but as to his knowledge of religion, I cannot suppose that it was of any depth. But I need say no more of Mr Nash, inasmuch as he will never be forgotten so long as "Robert and the Owl" and "Henry Milner" are to be found in the libraries of little children. This Mr Nash was of the very fine old family of the Naashes of Worcestershire, to whom my father was allied, but in what way I know not. His brother was Rector of Ombersley.

And now I must record the first trouble of my infancy. When my brother Marten was five years old, we went out one autumn

evening to take a walk with our father and mother, and Cæsar our dog was with us. As we children ran along, tempted by the dog to go forwards and forwards, we came to a five-barred gate, of a good height, which impeded our progress; though Cæsar jumped over it, and tried by many wiles to persuade us to follow him. My brother first attempted to open the gate; but being unable to do so, he began to climb upon it from one bar to another. With some difficulty he got upon the top of the gate, whilst I was talking and patting Cæsar, and there he stood, shouting and spreading out his little arms as if they were wings. Our parents called to him; but the noise he made prevented his hearing their voices, and swinging his arms still more, he lost his balance, and down he fell: his head struck upon a stone with such force that he could neither move nor cry. My poor father was soon on the spot, and he carried my brother home; but it was a long time before he recovered his senses, for his head was severely injured, and I have no doubt my mother had much trouble in nursing him while this illness continued. It was on account of this that he got his way much more than he would otherwise have done, and a system of indulgence was commenced which would to most boys have proved exceedingly injurious; but my brother was gifted naturally with such a very sweet temper, and was so affectionate, that I never suffered from any partiality shewn to him by my mother in preference to myself. Still, it was owing to this indulgence that some of our plays were allowed, which I believe would not have been permitted under other circumstances, judging, as I now do, from the quiet character of my mother. Some of his exploits I still remember with amazement.

My brother, no doubt, had heard of the unique, but certainly undignified, amusement that was in fashion in my mother's early days. This fashion consisted of spreading a large strong tablecloth on the upper steps of any wide, old-fashioned staircase, and this being done, all the ladies present, who were disposed for merriment, seated themselves on this tablecloth, in rows upon the steps.

Then the gentlemen seized hold of the cloth and pulled it down the stairs, and a struggle would ensue, which usually ended with the tumbling down of the ladies, tablecloth and all, to the bottom of the stairs, to the utter confusion of all order and decorum.

As my brother had no tablecloth at his command, he used to put me into a drawer and kick me down the nursery stairs. He also used to heap chairs and tables one on the other, and set me at the top of them, and then throw them all down. He used to put a bridle round my neck, and drive me about with a whip: but being a very hardy child, and not easily hurt, I suppose I had myself to blame for some of his excesses; for, with all this, he was the kindest of brothers to me, and I loved him very, very much. Many of his thoughts and expressions were singularly sweet; and I remember once, when we had climbed up a high bank among the woods at Stanford, which overlooked the pleasure-grounds, he shewed me my mother walking along a path shaded by filbert-trees, and he made me look till I almost cried to think how much I loved her. It was wonderful how many of my tenderest feelings were elicited by him in our infancy.

But I have forgotten to mention the anecdote of the berries of the mountain-ash. When my brother was lying ill of the wound in his head, from the fall off the five-barred gate, he did not like the doctor to dress his head, and our father promised him, if he would be a good boy and let it be done, he would get him a bagful of blue beans. Marten had seen some berries on the mountain-ash tree on the day of the accident, and he asked for the berries instead. Our beloved father promised he would get them for him; but it so happened that, being called from home, time passed 'on, and the birds and winter caused the red berries to pass away also. On our father's return, my brother reminded him of his promise, and this tender parent at once set off in his search for the berries. Many, many miles did he ride, many, many trees were examined—but they were all stripped of their berries; still he persevered in his search, and at last, after much labour, he

found one tree, from which he gathered all the berries, and brought them home to Marten. My brother never forgot the beautiful lesson taught him by our mother, upon the trouble our beloved father had taken to get the berries for his child. "Marten," she said, "you see that when your dear papa makes a promise, he will take the greatest pains in the world to keep that promise, and this is the reason wherefore he desires it. He is a follower of that perfect Saviour whose ways he dearly loves; and that Saviour never departs from his holy word, but performs everything which he has promised to his redeemed ones." By my brother's especial desire, I made a little tale of this fact, called "The Mountain Ash;" and it was published by Thomas Melrose, of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and first came out in 1834.

It was about this time that arrangements were made, on account of the expenses incurred by building the parsonage-house at Stanford, to increase my parent's income by the admission of a few pupils into the family. Preparatory to this, my father selected a cottage in a lovely dingle, at a short distance from the house, surrounded by hills and woods, in which a room was fitted up for a study for himself and his pupils. The cottage was situated on the sloping side of a sunny bank, by which ran a clear stream of the purest water. The study itself was adorned with many curious devices, and the walls hung with old pictures. Here he composed many of his poems and sermons.

It was in this spring that Dr Hume, the Dean of Derry, came to see my father, for they were very dear friends. Dr Hume was an able artist in oil colours, and a man of vast wit; and it was whilst he was at Stanford my only sister was born.

At this period my father became acquainted with Lord Valentia, then residing at Arley, in Staffordshire. Lord Valentia had married Lucy, the daughter of the good Lord Lyttelton, as he is called in contrast with his unfortunate son. Lady Valentia's mother was the beautiful Lucy, Lady Lyttelton, on whom the celebrated monody was written.

Lady Valentia came to Stanford whilst my sister was a babe in long clothes. She was a beautiful, delicate woman. She had married for the love of a fine face. Her husband was one of the handsomest men I ever remember. He had been a friend of her unhappy brother's. He had had the good fortune to save her from being drowned when her life was perilled on some water-party excursion. The loss of six children brought her with sorrow to an early grave. The last two of these six died nearly together; one was a little girl, whose beauty I have heard was of the most rare description. Her uncle, the younger Lord Lyttelton, had been asked to give her a name, and the name he chose was Honey-suckle. I have still a few threads of silken hair which belonged to her. There is a portrait of Lady Valentia still at Arley, with her eldest son on her lap. This child, Arthur Annesley, died in infancy. Oh, how short-sighted are mothers! how they weep over the graves of their children, refusing to be comforted, when, assuredly, faith should teach them rather to weep more for those who are left long on earth, than for those who are soon removed. How soft and easy is the passage from the cradle to the grave! and yet, how would this world go on, if mothers were more willing to part from their little ones? Thus we are taught that all is well arranged to fill up the designs of Providence.

When Lady Valentia came to Stanford, to settle with my father about taking her son George under his tuition, she undertook to be sponsor for my sister, to whom she gave the name of Lucy Lyttelton; and thus the name of Lucy, that beloved name, came into our family, and is likely to continue there, as we have now five Lucys in the third generation.

I was in my sixth year when I first began to make stories, but what they were I have not the least idea. I was too young to write them down; but when I had thought of anything belonging to my story, I used to follow my mother with a slate and pencil, and get her to put my ideas down for me. She afterwards, I found,

copied these stories with pen and ink, and kept them by her for the love she bore her child.

Through the great care of this tender and good mother, I was preserved during all my childhood in an ignorance of vice, to a degree I could hardly have believed to have been possible. This ignorance of things as they are, might perhaps have been promoted by the tendency of my mind always to run upon an imaginary world, and, in consequence, to take less note of the ordinary occurrences about me than most persons do in common life.

The society in which I mixed as a child was such as to give a decided turn to the thoughts and the tastes. Indeed, as long as I have lived, I have never heard any persons converse as my father and mother were accustomed to converse. My mother never suffered her children to interrupt conversation. We were compelled to listen, whether willing or not. My father not only conversed in a superior way himself, but he gave the tone to all his visitors and to all his pupils. I can hardly say how young I was when I got ideas of other countries, and other times, and other modes of life, such as, by the modern style of education, could never possibly be obtained; and this through the simple means of listening to my father's conversation. Whilst this system of improvement was always going forward whenever the family were assembled, there was a private discipline of such undeviating strictness carried on with me by my excellent mother, that it might have appeared that no other person in the world could have been better fitted to bring a mere child of many imaginations under control than was my ever-honoured parent. Lady Jane Grey speaks of the severities to which she was subjected by her noble parents. I had neither nips, nor bobs, nor pinches; but I experienced what I thought much worse. It was the fashion then for children to wear iron collars round the neck, with a backboard strapped over the shoulders: to one of these I was subjected from my sixth to my thirteenth year. It was put on in the morning, and seldom taken off till late in the evening; and I generally did all my lessons standing in stocks, with this stiff

collar round my neck. At the same time I had the plainest possible food, such as dry bread and cold milk. I never sat on a chair in my mother's presence. Yet I was a very happy child; and when relieved from my collar, I not unseldom manifested my delight by starting from our hall-door, and taking a run for at least half a mile through the woods which adjoined our pleasure-grounds.

It would not be easy to judge of the character of a child so favourably circumstanced as I was; neither can I myself decide whether I had then any ideas of religion beyond what parents may teach—in fact, beyond what may be acquired by the unregenerate mind: the time of trial was then remote, and the evil nature restrained by the gentle, yet firm, hand of a tender and wise mother.

It was during my fifth year that George Annealey, afterwards Lord Mountnorris, came to reside under our roof, to be under the tuition of my father. Till that period, my chief companion was my brother, and a more innocent or affectionate companion could no child have.

My father thus addresses his son, in a sonnet written in 1779:—

“Sweet, rosy cherub, on thy wondering eyes
 Surrounding nature, scenes of new delight
 Profusely pouring, through the raptured sight
 Matter for Wisdom's future toil supplies.
 Thy father would aspire, my lovely child,
 To make his life-worn heart as pure as thine;
 For oh! the man alone who can refine
 His soul by copying childhood's nature mild,
 Becomes in heaven the heir of bliss divine—
 On earth, of half its sorrows is beguiled.”

Thus our father recorded the bright, animated glances with which the dark-blue eyes of my brother used to contemplate the brilliant scenery which surrounded our residence.

My brother and I were great readers, though our books were few. “Robinson Crusoe,” two sets of “Fairy Tales,” “The Little Female Academy,” and “Æsop's Fables” formed the whole of our infant library. “Robinson Crusoe” was always in my brother's

hands when he was disposed to read ; and his wont was to place himself with me at the foot of the stairs, and to ascend one step every time he turned over a page. Of course, I did as he did. Another curious custom we had was, that on the first day of every month we used to take two sticks with certain notches cut upon them, and hide them in a hollow tree in the wood, as far from the house as we were permitted to go: no person was to see us do this, and no one was to know we did it. How easily in a heathen country might a caprice of this kind grow into a superstition, and how soon might these notched sticks have become objects of veneration! Where we got the idea I do not recollect; but anything at that time which took hold of the imagination was delightful to me, and equally congenial to the mind of my brother. Though educated under the same roof with my brother till he was nine or ten years old, yet we were by no means under the same management. I have described the discipline to which I was subjected, and for which I have many times thanked my God and my beloved mother. A very different process, however, was going on with Marten. All this time, whilst I was with my mother in her dressing-room, he was with my father in his study; and, no authority being used, he made such small progress in his Latin, that it was at last suggested that I should be made to learn Latin with him. My dear mother, in order that, by her regularity, she might make up for the intermitting habits of my father, set herself to learn Latin, and thus she became our tutor. Still, however, as she constantly obliged me to get my lessons, whilst no such authority was exercised over my brother, it proved that I soon got before him. Besides, it is generally observed that, all things being equal, girls learn more rapidly than boys during the years of childhood. With me and my brother, however, all things were not equal.

About this time, my father shut me and my brother up, one morning, in his study, that each of us might write a story, with a view to prove our natural talents; for he had begun to suspect that both Marten and Mary would be what he called *geniuses*. I

forget what I produced ; but my brother began a story which he called "The Travels of the Lady Viotoria," and wrote the adventures of one day. During this first trial, we had each made a beginning, and my father shut us up again the next day. I added a little more to whatever I had begun, and my brother carried his lady on another day, carefully providing her with meals at the wonted hours, and a good bed at night.

Another and another day we were shut up, and my story came to a conclusion. But the Lady Viotoria's adventures might have gone on to the length of the tale of "The Suitor of the Princess of Shiraz," so well known in oriental history, if the experiment had not terminated. I never knew to which of his children my father gave the first palm of genius.

When Mr (or, as we called him, Master) George Annesley came I had another companion, and one whom I loved very, very dearly. He was three or four years older than my brother—a tall, elegant boy, one of the most warm-hearted and affectionate human beings I ever met with. He soon became another brother to me, and no elder brother could ever have conducted himself more kindly or more affectionately through life.

I can scarcely distinguish one year from another whilst Mr Annesley was with us, but I remember many of our pleasures. He and my brother made wooden ships, and gave them fine names. They collected snail shells, and classed them according to their colours. In the summer they made huts in the woods, and often made garlands of flowers, with which they used to adorn me ; and we not unfrequently, though our company was small, enacted portions of fairy tales in the wood ; one acting dragon, another enchanter, another queen, and so on. All these amusements served to keep my imagination active, and to keep all the common and every-day concerns of life more out of view than is, perhaps, quite convenient for those whose future lot is to live in an every-day world.

In May 1782, being then seven years old, my mother took me

and my sister and brother to see her father at Coventry. This going to Coventry was the second journey which I remember to have taken ; and the impressions then made upon my mind never were effaced, but to this day are as fresh as ever.

Some years before, modern taste, or rather the bad taste of that day, had caused the great window of St Michael's Church in Coventry to be repaired, and for this barbarous purpose certain panes of painted glass, of exceedingly ancient date, had been thrown away as mere rubbish. My father, being in Coventry at the time, procured some pieces of this ancient glass, and brought it to Stanford, where he placed it in the Gothic window of his cottage on the glebe. This place had once been a mill, and, being situated on the declivity of a hill, the stream which had once turned the mill ran down the bank by its side. The woods, in which I had spent so many years of my infancy, flung their shades across the stream, making a little paradise of the upper room of this old house, which my father called his study. He adorned it with busts, and filled the windows with the beautifully-painted panes he had obtained at Coventry. To this place my father often withdrew, to study with his pupils. Any visitors who might be at Stanford, and my mother and us children, used often to go thither to drink tea with him, being waited on by old Stephens and his wife, who occupied the other parts of this cottage, but through whose carelessness it was burnt down, when I was about nine years of age.

My recollections, therefore, of this window must have been very early, yet I remember the figure of Lady Godiva on horseback, with other mounted figures in gaudy attire, and various quaint devices, in those deep colours which they say cannot now be imitated. There can be no doubt but my father often used these precious fragments whereon to build historical lessons ; for his mode of instruction was never given by formal tasks and impositions, but by his own humorous and eloquent comments on what was before him, and before the eyes of his pupils. My ideas of the feudal mode of life, of feudal habits, and of feudal manners

have always been closely connected with these remnants of the ancient window of St Michael's, Coventry. Hence it leaves no doubt in my mind, that the association was formed through some explanation given by my father on these windows ; and probably these imperfect and broken remnants inspired my father with that most exquisite description ever written, of a window formed of stained glass, which exists in his novel of "The Spanish Daughter." This I think most probable, as he wrote the early part of this novel during the time in which he made the room at the mill-house his study.

Beautiful as the passage is, I do not mention it here for any other purpose but as a sample of my father's mind, and to shew his style of making things his own, and his power of describing to others his thoughts ; so that when, under his guidance, I saw the city of Coventry, at seven years old, I was taught by him to form associations with the ancient edifices there, which no time could afterwards efface. My grandfather Sherwood's house stood on the site of the old Cathedral, and is still called "The Priory." Beneath it to this day are vaults, the extent of which are hardly known ; and it commands from the front windows a view of the magnificent church called St Michael's, and also the church called Trinity. When the Cathedral occupied a third side of the square, Rome itself could hardly have supplied a finer view of ecclesiastical architecture. The prospect of these magnificent churches—St Mary's Hall, which is near them—various old houses then existing in Coventry, and certain old images of a nun and a king which stood in my grandfather's garden, seemed to open quite a new world to me ; and, with a little assistance from my father, I formed upon them a very tolerable idea of what this city must have been when encompassed with walls, and when all its convents, hospitals, and churches were in their original glory. There are many towns still, on the continent, which retain the character which I had been led to give to Coventry ; though, in England, there is hardly one remaining which has not departed far from what it was in the dark ages of papal power.

My grandfather had married again, very late in life ; and this marriage had by no means added to his comfort. The old lady, however, received us civilly, and I did not understand what grieved my mother much, namely, that her father was losing his cheerfulness under the influence of the constant irritation of his wife's temper.

At this time I became acquainted with a young lady about five or six years older than myself, then residing in Coventry, whence she afterwards went with her father to Lichfield. The mother of Miss Grove was Miss Lucy Sneyd, the sister of the beautiful Honora, whose history is so much mixed up with that of the unfortunate Major André. Mr Sneyd, the father, was of an old and honourable Staffordshire family. He very much increased his property by speculations in the stocks. About the time my mother resided in Lichfield he was also living there, with two sons and five daughters, three of whom were remarkably beautiful ; with two of the daughters my mother formed a friendship, which lasted till her dying day. One of these fair sisters married Mr Grove, a gentleman of independent fortune, and with the daughter of Mrs Grove I formed an acquaintance. At this time, Miss Grove might have been about twelve years of age, and, young as I was, I was then struck with her beauty, which afterwards became celebrated. She married a Mr Lyster, of Armitage, near Lichfield, and her daughter eventually became the wife of Lord John Russell. Miss Grove had a lovely and most delicate little sister called Susan, who, I believe, never married.

Coventry Fair occurred whilst we were there. The singular pageant by which the memory of Lady Godiva has been, I believe, groundlessly scandalised for ages past in Coventry, was omitted that year. This pageant is a triennial one. And though I did not witness it, I however enjoyed what I thought a vast privilege—I drank tea in the house where the figure of Peeping Tom was kept, and had the pleasure of being introduced into the very closet from which the figure obtrudes itself. During this visit in Warwickshire

I went with my mother to visit a Dr L——r at Warwick. We spent a day there, and saw Warwick Castle. My mother, when living with Mrs Woodhouse at Warwick, had been intimate with the family. By his first wife Dr L——r was father of one daughter. This young lady had visited us at Stanford, and her image was mixed up in my memory with the scenes of just-awakening consciousness. I remember walking with her in the shrubbery at Stanford, and gathering flowers for her, and confusing her name with that of lavender. I was glad to see her again at Warwick; but I was amazed at the new view of domestic life which there opened to me. When we arrived at the Doctor's house, we were ushered into a parlour, where Mrs L——r received us very cordially; but before the fire—for there were fires all that summer—lay her eldest son Walter, a big boy with rough hair. He was stretched on the carpet, and on his mother admonishing him to get up, he answered, "I won't;" or, "I shan't." She reproved him, and he bade her hold her tongue. From that day this youth became the prototype, in my mind, of all that was vulgar and disobedient; for I had never seen anything like family insubordination, and had hardly conceived the thing to be possible. But I have lived to see this single specimen multiplied beyond calculation.

We returned from Coventry in company with my mother's cousin, Miss Ball, who afterwards married Dr Andrews, Dean of Canterbury, and then once again I returned to the old routine of my healthful life at Stanford, and to my former companions, Mr Annesley and Marten; my sister being still too young to be with us. From that period, nearly two years passed without many reminiscences, except that my father, through the interest of Lord Hertford, was appointed, in 1784, one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to his Majesty George the Third. On account of this appointment he was required every November to be in waiting at St James's, where a table was kept for the Chaplain. Here he had the privilege of inviting any friend he wished. This situation afforded him the opportunity of displaying to advantage that talent of pulpit

eloquence which he possessed by nature, and which had been so successfully cultivated. During the period of his being in waiting he had to attend the levees, and was present, as I remember, at the christening of the Princess Amelia. He had always many anecdotes of the royal and noble to tell us when he returned from London. He brought something of that polish he had acquired in the higher circles into the heart of his own family. There was nothing which he opposed more decidedly in his children than want of courtesy, not of mere common civility, but of any deficiency of cheerfulness and kindness of address, even to the lowest persons. I remember but once his being *very* angry with me: we were walking, and an old man was before us, bending under the weight of a bundle of sticks; there was a gate to be opened; my father admonished me to run and open it for the old man; I was either wilful or slow—I did not open the gate, and my father bade me turn back and go to bed. I never forgot that lesson.

My father died when I was so young that I am not able exactly to define his ideas of religion. I imagine, however, that his religion was more of the heart than the head—more a religion of feeling than of calculation; yet being a religion of enlarged love and charity, and confidence in divine love as manifested in the Saviour, it assuredly was a religion of that description which is the gift of God. But when I say that it was more of the heart than the head, I do not think that his ideas of doctrine were over clearly defined; neither he nor my mother had any distinct ideas of human depravity: hence neither of them, until the very last, could see all that the Saviour has done in a true point of view. I have reason, however, to believe that they both were enlightened on these subjects before their death.

During his yearly visits to London my father was introduced to many of the greatest men of the day; and I have heard him speak of Erskine, Potter, Warren, Townley, and Paoli. Fuseli, the great artist, also much wished to take his likeness, to preserve, he said, "a countenance which was compounded of the features of Sterne

and Lavater." It was during this time that a circumstance took place which, in my young fancy, was a matter of great magnitude. When my father was a single man he visited his brother, who was settled as a physician at Bath, and there he became acquainted with the widow of a Dr Butts, Bishop of Ely. This lady acknowledged the relationship of her husband's branch of the family to my father, and he and his brother in consequence became very intimate with her. Mrs Butts lived in Guy-street, and had five fair daughters. She was quite a woman of the world, and her daughters such as herself. Of these, Charlotte, one of the youngest, married Monsieur De Pelevé, and went with him to Paris, where she resided many years, precisely at that period when the revolution broke out, and when that metropolis was probably most corrupt.

M. De Pelevé had some situation in the household of the Duke d'Orleans, and I fear it was not greatly to the credit of the Bishop's daughter that she was also one of the family; for her father was considered a religious man. The termination of her career in France was, however, that she separated from her husband. Having, probably, tired out her former associates in England, she wrote to my father as a relation, pleading many misfortunes and much ill usage, and concluding by proposing to make my mother a visit at Stanford. No one could plead, as she pleaded, in vain, to my good parents, that is, if it lay in their power to afford the relief required. Madame Pelevé was therefore assured of a welcome at Stanford, and to Stanford she came. I think it was the summer I was eight years old. Never shall I forget the arrival of Madame de Pelevé at Stanford. She then owned to be forty years of age, and, as her father had been dead forty years, it was impossible for her to plead that she was younger. She arrived in a post-chaise with a maid, a lap-dog, a canary bird, an organ, and boxes heaped upon boxes till it was impossible to see the persons within. I was, of course, at the door to watch her alight. She was a large woman, elaborately dressed, highly rouged, carrying an umbrella, the first I had seen. She was dark, I remember, and had most brilliant eyes. The style

of dress at that period was perhaps more preposterous and troublesome than any which has prevailed within the memory of those now living. This style had been introduced by the ill-fated Marie Antoinette, and Madame de Pelevé had come straight from the very fountain-head of these absurdities. The hair was worn crisped or violently frizzed about the face in the shape of a horse-shoe, long stiff curls, fastened with pins, hung on the neck, and the whole was well pomatumed, and powdered with different coloured powders. A high cushion was fastened at the top of the hair, and over that, either a cap adorned with artificial flowers and feathers, to such a height as sometimes rendered it somewhat difficult to preserve its equilibrium, or a balloon hat, a fabric of wire and tiffany, of immense circumference. The hat would require to be fixed on the head with long pins, and standing, trencherwise, quite flat and unbending in its full proportions. The crown was low, and, like the cap, richly set off with feathers and flowers. The lower part of the dress consisted of a full petticoat generally flounced, short sleeves, and a very long train; but instead of a hoop, there was a vast pad at the bottom of the waist behind, and a frame of wire in front to throw out the neckerchief, so as much as possible to resemble the craw of a pigeon.

Such were the leading articles of this style of dress, and so arranged was the figure which stepped forth from the chaise at the door of the lovely and simple parsonage of Stanford. My father was ready to hand her out, my mother to welcome her, and what would have alarmed most other persons in her appearance was set down by them only as the result of a long residence in Paris, where it was well known that people did over-dress, and were almost compelled to wear rouge. The bandboxes were all conveyed into our best bed-room, whilst Madame had her place allotted to her in our drawing-room, where she sat like a queen, and really, by the multitude of anecdotes she had to tell, rendering herself very agreeable. Whilst she was with us she never had concluded her toilet before one or two in the day, and she always appeared either in new

dresses or new adjustments. I have often wished that I could recall some of the anecdotes she used to tell of the court of Versailles, but one only can I remember,—it referred to the then popular song of Marlbrook, which she used to sing. “When the first dauphin,” she said, “was born, a nurse was procured for him from the country, and there was no song with which she could soothe the babe but Marlbrook, an old ballad sung till then only in the provinces. The poor queen heard the air, admired, and brought it forward, making it the fashion.” This is the only one of Madame de Pelevé’s stories which I remember, although I was very greatly amused by them, and could have listened to her for hours together. My admiration was also strongly excited by the splendour and varieties of her dresses, her superb trimmings, her sleeves tied with knots of coloured ribbon, her trains of silk, her beautiful hats, and I could not understand the purpose for which she took so much pains to array herself.

Madame de Pelevé was the first specimen I had ever seen of a female wholly given up to vanity, not merely to the love of fine clothes, which I believe to be in some women a simple love of accumulating finery, but of a vanity whose end and object is to gain admiration. But in measure as the means of gratifying this passion becomes more scanty, it seems, alas! but to increase in power. But I was then too young and my parents too simple to regard these things in their true light.

When Madame left Stanford she took lodgings in the neighbouring town of Ludlow.

CHAPTER IV.

MARTEN WENT TO DR VALPY'S SCHOOL, 1784—MY VISIT TO LUDLOW
—MY BROTHER'S ADDRESS TO ME—MY FATHER WROTE HIS
VERSIFICATION OF ISALAH—MARGARET'S VISIT TO STANFORD—
THE BLACK LIBRARY—MY FATHER PRESENTED WITH THE LIVING
OF KIDDERMINSTER, 1787—OUR REMOVAL TO KIDDERMINSTER—
NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

IN the year 1784, my brother was sent to Dr Valpy's school at Reading, for my father was wisely persuaded that his education could not go on well at home. The Rev. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church, whose wisdom and benevolence in private life can be equalled only by the literary pre-eminence and dignity of action which marked his public character, charged himself with the superintendence of his education. For this end Marten was sent to Reading School, till it was necessary to remove him to Westminster in order to qualify him for a studentship in Christ Church. Thus was I separated from my brother; and as my sister's nurse, a very nice person, who used to be very kind to me, also went just at the same time, I remember being very unhappy, seriously unhappy, probably for the first time in my life. Then it was that I first had an idea of that feeling of bereavement which every one who lives to my age must often, often have experienced. But I ought to say, that before these losses occurred I had gone with my father and mother to visit Madame de Pelevé at Ludlow. I have never seen that place since then; but it left so strong an impression on my mind, that I was able full twelve years after to describe it with so much accuracy, in my history of "Susan Grey," that the inhabitants of Ludlow often shew the old house where Mrs Neale is said to have lived. It was early in the autumn that we went to

Ludlow, and it was at my return that I felt the sadness I speak of, for, from the time in which my brother went to school, he never could be to me what he was before. The hours of infancy were gone, and with them its thousand delights, known only when the mind is fresh and young. It often happens that something of this freshness is renewed in after life, in parents, when the sympathies with their children lead them to delight again, for their sakes, in the same description of trifles which amused themselves in their infancy.

I have by me a very lovely address, which was sent to me by my brother, which relates to our happy infant years.

“FROM A BROTHER TO A BELOVED SISTER, ON A FIELD CALLED THE BEE MEADOW,
WHERE THEY USED TO PLAY TOGETHER IN INFANCY.

“There is a meadow in a halcyon vale,
Hid in the bosom of majestic groves,
Beneath the mountain's brow, where bees regale
On purple columbines; and harmless doves,
Inviolatè, tune their loveliest lays:
Another Paradise, calm, safe, and fair,
Whilst, 'midst the darkling glens unseen by day,
From rocks distilling, fountains cool the air,
In crystal basins sparkling in the light,
With moss embower'd and petrifying chill.
Not lake of Bebe more enchanted sight
Than our Bee Meadow and its lucid rill!
Sister! 'twas here our morning star arose,
And may in antitype its evening close!”

Some time early this year my grandfather and grandmother Sherwood came and brought with them my little cousin Margaret, whom my mother kept under her care for about a year and a half, and meant to have kept her always, which, alas! she was not permitted to do.

Margaret was the little girl whose mother had died at her birth; she was at the time she was brought to Stanford a beautiful child of seven years of age.

I do not remember that at that period of my life I attempted to write any stories; indeed, probably I had not time, but I was the most indefatigable narrator of stories. With Margaret and my sister

Lucy for my auditors, I repeated stories,—one story often going on at every possible interval for months together. In company I was remarkably silent and very much at a loss for words; but I do not remember feeling this want when telling my stories to my young companions. I knew nothing then of life as it is, but my mind was familiar with fairies, enchanters, wizards, and all the imagery of heathen gods and goddesses which I could get out of any book in my father's study. The eighteen months during which Margaret was with us appear to me to have been very long and very happy. At length, in the autumn, her father and stepmother came and took her away. My grief at the loss of Margaret was deep and long, and all that winter I continued to mourn for her. Soon after this I remember that I began to write fairy tales and fables; but I do not think that I made much of them.

I grew so rapidly in my childhood, that at thirteen I had attained my full height, which is considered above the usual standard of women. I stooped very much when thus growing. As my mother always dressed me like a child in a pinafore, I must certainly have been a very extraordinary sort of personage, and every one cried out on seeing me as one that was to be a giantess. As my only companion of nearly my own age, Miss Winnington, was small and delicate, I was very often thoroughly abashed at my appearance; and therefore never was I so happy as when I was out of sight of visitors, in my own beloved woods of Stanford. In those sweet woods I had many little embowered corners, which no one knew but myself; and there, when my daily tasks were done, I used to fly with a book and enjoy myself in places where I could hear the cooing of doves, the note of the blackbird, and the rush of two waterfalls coming from two sides of the valley and meeting within the range where I might stroll undisturbed by any one. It must be noticed, that I never made these excursions without carrying a huge wooden doll with me, which I generally slung with a string round my waist under my pinafore, as I was thought by the neighbours too big to like a doll. My sister, as a child, had not

good health, and therefore she could bear neither the exposure nor fatigue I did. Hence the reason wherefore I was so much alone. From this cause, too, she was never submitted to the same discipline that I was; she was never made so familiar with the stocks and iron collar, nor the heavy tasks; for after my brother was gone to school, I still was carried on in my Latin studies, and even before I was twelve I was obliged to translate fifty lines of Virgil every morning, standing in these same stocks with the iron collar pressing on my throat. It only wanted one to tell me that I was hardly used to turn this healthful discipline into poison; but there was no such person to give this hint, and hence the suspicion never, as I remember, arose in my mind that other children were not subjected to the same usage as myself. If my sister was not so, I put it down to her being much younger, and thus I was reconciled to the difference made between us.

The drama of the "Aveugle de Spa," which I read in English before Mr Annesley left us, was the first book which gave me any idea of denying myself to assist others, although this root did not branch forth till many years afterwards.

My father had a large and fine edition of the "Tatler," which had been my delight ever since I was eight years of age, and I have reason to think that the account there given me of Miss Bickerstaff had a very strong effect upon my mind, for it was about this time that, as I stood alone in the wood at Stanford, I suddenly asked myself: Whether it was necessary that geniuses should be slovenly and odd? My father had always told me that I was to grow up a genius, and of course I believed him, for what child ever doubts the assurance given by an elder, that he or she is, or is to be, something very extraordinary? But even then I felt, if it were necessary to be very singular, I would rather not be a genius, nor do I ever remember, either at that time, or at any other time of my life, that the desire of literary fame was remarkably strong in my mind; I mean as remarkably strong as I have generally seen it in authors.

I would at any time of my youth rather have been a heroine of romance than a celebrated authoress.

When I was eleven years old Madame de Pelivé appeared again at Stanford, and spent some months with us. I was by this time grown to a tall, unformed, awkward girl, with very long hair and very rosy cheeks; just that sort of uncouth thing whom a woman like Madame de Pelivé might be inclined to meddle with. Indeed, without any *particular* interference of hers, her very conversation was enough to excite vain thoughts in any young mind. I remember the occasion when first the question arose in mine respecting my own appearance. It was from some conversation of this lady's at dinner, which was no sooner over than I ran up stairs to a large mirror, to make the important inquiry; and at this mirror I stood a long time, turning round, and examining myself with no small interest.

I forget the exact result, for I was probably too young to understand these things. Children, I believe, generally think more of fine clothes than personal beauty, though in this point Madame de Pelevé left me not untempted, for she made me a gauze cap of a very gay description, yet I had no other ornaments to boast of. My mother had no talent whatever for the art of dress, and no delight in it, nor have I ever taken that pleasure in it that many females do. Thus the poison imparted by this poor woman took small effect with me at that period, whilst the simpler tastes of childhood, through the mercy of God, still retained all their flavour.

About this time an event of vast delight and importance occurred: this was the sale of the old library which had belonged to the celebrated Walsh, the friend of Addison, who resided at Abberley Lodge; and at this house my father always thought Addison had written those papers of the "Spectator" which are dated "Worcestershire." Few attended the sale, for such was the illiterate turn of the age of my youth, in that country, that none cared to bid for the old books; and really, to judge by the externals of these ancient tomes, they were not by any means inviting;

yet they had charms for my father, notwithstanding the blackness of their binding ; he therefore bid for them, and as many as filled a waggon were knocked down to him for one guinea. My mother, who loved neatness, was by no means well pleased when the waggon was hired or borrowed for the occasion ; for my father's study was already littered enough, and dusty enough, and what an importation was this of moths, dust, and black calfskin ! She, however, thought about it, and a low room, of considerable size, over a pantry and store-room, was appointed by her for the reception of this accession of literature. This room was accordingly got ready at the same time that the waggon and team were despatched to bring the purchase home. This little chamber was henceforward called the Black Library ; and there my father received his treasures ; and there I was permitted to go every day, to help him to turn them over for examination and reading. To direct a mind to the apprehension and enjoyment of spiritual things, all who understand the Scriptures must know to be impossible ; but to give the mind a bent of things intellectual and temporal, is often done by parents, and perhaps still oftener by apparent accident. Who knows what effect this Black Library, that was instituted at Stanford at that time, had on my young mind ? I could not possibly have a greater indulgence than to be permitted to assist my father in his dusty occupation. I know not whether I could have a more interesting employment *now*, than to examine such a purchase as this. Amongst these were several romances, viz, Barclay his "Arjenis," "Don Belianis of Greece," and Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia." These I begged, and my ever indulgent father gave them to me immediately. There were a number of folio volumes, too, of the "Fathers," and many of the Classics, of the finest old editions. My father taught me to examine the editions, and I was then as well acquainted with the name of Elzivir, and others, as any old connoisseur in scarce editions ; but my learning was never allowed to be displayed beyond the precincts of my father's book-room. When, after a fashion, we had sorted the Black Library, I

got upon a stool and did my utmost to put the study in some order. By this exercise I learned a number of names of books, and got some idea of their subjects, and the times when their authors had lived. I remember there was a very precious old edition of "The Travels of George Sandys," with many prints; this also my father gave me, and I studied it till every scene of it became familiar to me. This book falling in so well as it did with the classical instruction my mother was giving me at that period, my head and ideas were almost as much among the ancients as the moderns, although I had some spare corners in my brain for the romances of which I have spoken, with sundry other conceits. Thus I filled every region of the wild woods of Stanford with imaginary people. Wherever I saw a few ashes in a glade, left by those who burnt sticks to sell the ashes, to assist in the coarse washings in farm-houses, I fixed a hoard of gipsies, and made long stories. If I could discern fairy rings, which abounded in those woods, they gave me another set of images; and I had imaginary hermits in every hollow of the rocky sides of the dingle, and imaginary castles on every height, whilst the church and churchyard supplied me with more ghosts and apparitions than I dared to tell of. Those persons who are without imagination can have no idea of the mode of existence of one who has.

When just entering my thirteenth year (1788), the very valuable Vicarage of Kidderminster was presented by Lord Foley to my father, by the highly honourable application of the Archbishop of York, the Marchioness of Stafford, and Sir Edward Winnington, and it was thought necessary that we should remove from Stanford to reside there, placing a curate in the lovely parsonage. This was a bitter trial to my mother, though the idea of change was pleasant to me. All children love change, and children brought up in the country fancy a thousand charms in a town, which fancies time alone destroys. It was a severe trial, as I said, to my mother, to exchange the glorious groves of Stanford for a residence in a town, where nothing is seen but dusty houses, and dyed worsted

hanging to dry on huge frames in every open space. My father, however, liked the bustle of the change, the addition of income, the increase of consequence, and the greater liveliness of the scene, which were all pleasant to him, because they increased his power of manifesting his benevolence. An enlarged charity was the principal feature of his character, and this feeling was cramped in the deep retirement of Stanford; but it blazed out at Kidderminster, and to this day he is remembered there with the deepest affection. My parents seemed to have been peculiarly ill-assorted in some respects; in others, particularly suited to each other. My father was lavish of money, my mother timidly cautious; my father loved the society of his fellow-creatures, my mother shrank into solitude; my father was equally easy at Court and in the humblest society, my mother withdrew with horror from anything underbred—a vulgar expression would cause her to shut herself up for ever, if in her power, from the person who used it in her presence.

She could not, as a female, take the lead in society, as my father invariably did, at least whenever I was with him, and thus, as it were, inspiring the very stones of the street with somewhat of his own bright spirit. Where there is this power of taking the lead in society in a manner so agreeable and so benevolent, so brightly and yet so kindly; coarseness, vulgarity, and, above all, bad principle is so forced into the back ground, that society is good wherever that individual goes. My father was as much protected from low or bad life conversation by his own all-prevailing flow of eloquence as my mother was by her habitual withdrawal from such society. Yet still the distinction between the characters was as strongly marked here as in other points. In the same degree as my father, when going to Kidderminster, felt only pleasure in seeing more human beings about him, so my mother was utterly miserable in the idea of being compelled to mix with unpolished persons. Well do I remember the summer before we left Stanford, how she used to walk in the woods weeping most bitterly, and indulging her grief, till her health gave way. She became nervously

alive to the smallest change, or the smallest fatigue. I could not then comprehend her feelings, and did not sympathise with them; some might say I was too young, but, from my experience in life, I should say there are children who can feel a great deal for their elders at an earlier age than mine at that time. These children to whom I allude were, however, decidedly pious, which I certainly was not then. It might appear to some readers that piety only could have produced that harmlessness of conduct, which I have not exaggerated, to the best of my recollection. But the new scenes into which I was introduced on going to Kidderminster, were to prove to me that I was not one item better than those other children would have been, if equally attended to, and equally preserved from contamination.

We were some months at Stanford after having obtained the living of Kidderminster, and I recollect some few circumstances only of that time. Madame de Pelevé came to Stanford, accompanied by a gentleman and lady from Ludlow, with their daughter, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Tosa.

Miss Tosa was just my age, but by no means so tall and awkward as myself. This young lady had so wonderful a memory, that if any one repeated to her one line of any verse of the Bible, she was able to finish it. My father tried her in my hearing, and she never failed. She was a quiet, unpretending girl.

Mrs Tosa was the sister of Clara Reeve, who wrote "The Old English Baron," and I think one or two more small works of a similar description. "The Old English Baron" is justly celebrated as the most perfect thing of the kind ever written.

But all the scenes of infancy, and the neighbours which I had known in infancy, were now to be abandoned; and my dear mother removed me and my sister, with many sighs, regrets, and tears, from lovely Stanford to Kidderminster.

I commenced this period, 1788, at Kidderminster, being then in my thirteenth year.

We carried with us to Kidderminster the same refined interior;

in short, the same minds as had presided at Stanford; but it is scarcely possible to have found a greater contrast in all without than there was between our residences at Stanford and at Kidderminster. It is now many, many years since we went to Kidderminster, and it is probable that the state of society, as it regards refinement, in that town was very different then to what it may be now; although, from the circumstance of the constant abandonment of the place by such families as have made their fortunes, and the constant rising up of others, to fill their places, from the working classes, it must ever prevent it, whilst it is a trading place, from seeming to improve. Where now there are ten little elegant country-houses in the neighbourhood of Kidderminster, fifty years ago there was not one. People lived where their business was, and the master would then have been content with a dwelling which his foreman would now despise.

The wife (in those gone-by days) of the first manufacturer in Kidderminster wore a coloured apron, and sat in her kitchen, except on high days and holidays, and acted in her family as a sort of upper housemaid.

The gayest and most refined family then existing amongst the regular old Kidderminster people, was that of a linendraper in the Bull Ring; and my father was no sooner known to be appointed the Vicar, than the son and heir of this family rode over to Stanford to request our patronage.

I often think what very odd people there are in the world, and how little persons in general are able to appreciate their own importance or non-importance. Amongst the very oddest of these people, none was ever more odd than this linendraper's son, Mr Richard, of Mr Dicky, as he was generally called. He was, when I first saw him, about forty years of age, exceedingly plump and round, with small features, and a most minute mind, which had the power of comprehending only small things. Amongst other oddities, he always wore a light chintz dressing-gown in a morning, with a rose-coloured ribbon round his waist. He no doubt

thought himself the very pink of elegance. He had three sisters older than himself, who were always seen sitting on as many chairs in the same parlour, near the same window, and never by any accident out of their seniority. The history of the youngest and most pleasing of these is a curious one: when very young, a surgeon in the town paid his addresses to her, was accepted, and was admitted to visit her every day. When we went to Kidderminster the affair was an old one; people were tired of talking of it; still he paid his daily visit. After some years the father and mother died, the other sisters married and died, and the brother also lived his term and died; still this youngest sister remained. She had, in advanced age, a white swelling in her knee. The house her father lived in, and in which she had always resided, was to be sold; her faithful lover bought it, and presented it to her for life. When I was past fifty I went to call on her; I found her lame, indeed, but less changed than I could have expected. She told me that, for—I will not say how many years, but even, I think, ever since my father's death, she had never once left the two rooms in which she then resided. And during all that period, as I learned from others, her friend, then become a gray-headed old man, had never stopped his evening visits. This family was one of the first which called on us on our arrival at Kidderminster, and we had innumerable other visitors, many of whom were dissenters.

My father had made it appear, as soon as he had taken the living, that he was resolved to be friendly with all parties, and certainly we found that the dissenting portion of the society at Kidderminster was the best educated. Still, however, there was a cruel falling off from the society which we had hitherto kept. My poor mother, when she had been subjected to one or two annoyances from an intercourse which at first she knew not well how to avoid, shrunk back in a sort of despair, having in vain endeavoured to struggle cheerfully against that event which had so rudely torn her from her elegant solitude, and thrown her into society so wholly opposed to refinement. Never shall I forget her

horror when she heard one of her neighbours assert that his wife was busy at home, and that he had come out of the way because it was "execution-day." At first she could not comprehend the meaning of the expression, and when once made to understand this was a common term for washing-day, she gave up the whole family, and hardly ever addressed this man again; and step by step, little by little, she withdrew into herself, associating only with one or two families in the place.

During the autumn she had compelled herself to walk a good deal with us, and there was one very pleasant walk on our side of the town, through an avenue of trees, to an old black and white mansion, belonging to a family of the name of Stuart; hither we often went, but after she had received and paid her visits, she retired much into herself, went little out, departed from many of her strictest rules with me, as they regarded stocks, collars, and lessons, and committed my sister very much to my care, or rather to my neglect.

Lucy and I slept in a room which looked out into the street. Now a street was a new thing to us, and we spent every moment we could spare in looking out of the windows. We had a closet in our room in which we kept our treasures, a doll's house, which we had brought from Stanford, and all the books we had hoarded up from childhood; and these, with two white cats, which we had also brought from Stanford, happily afforded us much amusement. I had always loved dolls, and my rage for them was at this time almost at the highest; some wise persons used to say, surely Miss is too tall to play with a doll, but this remark only made me more anxious to hide my dolls. As I still wore a pinafore, it was not uncommon for me even then to sling my doll by a string from my waist under my pinafore.

I have no great delight in the recollection of these days at Kidderminster. I was not unhappy there; but I have brought from thence no pleasing recollection as belonging to the place, though I have many of my parents; of my father's great Christian love and

humility, of many pleasant walks with my sister, and many happy hours with my mother when she was not particularly depressed.

My sister and I had had, ever since my tenth year to this, my thirteenth, the curious custom of conversing when alone in certain characters, which we never changed all the time. We were both queens, and we were sisters, and were supposed to live near each other, and we pretended we had a great many children. In our narratives we allowed the introduction of fairies; and I used to tell long stories of things, and places, and adventures, which I feigned I had met with in this my character of queen. The moment we two set out to walk we always began to converse in these characters. My sister used generally to begin with, "Well, sister, how do you do to-day? how are the children? where have you been?" and before we were a yard from the house we were deep in conversation. Oh! what wonderful tales was I wont to tell, of things which I pretended I had seen, and how many many happy hours have I and my sister spent in this way, I being the chief speaker!

I can fully understand how our imaginations might have been wrought upon in the wild woods and deep glens of Stanford, so as to have invented tales of fairyland and visions of Paradise; but I cannot so well comprehend how these could have agreed with the dirty environs of Kidderminster, where the very air is tainted with the odour of dyed worsteds; but so it was, and I have no doubt but that these our romances, these harmless imaginations (for harmless they were), saved us from much coarse contamination, for we often walked along those dirty suburbs without paying any attention to what we saw about us.

CHAPTER V.

MY FATHER'S CHARACTER—OUR ACQUAINTANCES AT KIDDERMINSTER—OUR VISIT TO MR HAWKINS BROWNE AT BADGER—MY COUSIN HENRY SHERWOOD'S VISIT TO KIDDERMINSTER—A DAY AT STANFORD—THE KING'S VISIT TO HARTLEBURY—MY FATHER'S SERMON AT ST JAMES'S—MY VISIT WITH MY MOTHER AND SISTER TO COVENTRY—MY THEME ON HOC AGE—MY FATHER'S GOING TO DINE AT LORD STAMFORD'S AT ENVILLE—THE BLIND FIDDLEE—THE DEAN OF GLOUCESTER—THE SISTERS, PHILADELPHIA AND DOROTHEA PERCY.

I HAVE said, "that my mother did not like the society at Kidderminster;" but my father was so benevolent, so fully conversant with real love and Christian charity, that he was never led to expect perfection from human beings, and never despaired of seeing the work of God's hand, though defaced by the corruptions of sin, renewed and sanctified by His Spirit. He was cordially attached to the Church of England, and punctiliously anxious to discharge his duty. On one occasion he rode from Reading to Kidderminster, to prevent a failure in the regular service of the day. The populous town of Kidderminster contained a great proportion of dissenters of different denominations, whom he uniformly treated as his flock, equally with the members of his own church. It was no unfrequent sight to see many of them attend his services on those high festivals which were not observed by their own societies. It was believed, that had he been spared any length of time to dwell amongst them, his courteous manners, affectionate zeal, and dispassionate reasoning, combined with his practice of Christianity, would have brought many within the fold of the Church.

It is remembered by one who is still amongst us, that my father,

whilst once riding into Kidderminster, passed a crowd where some street-preachers, or Ranters as they are called, were addressing those around on the Holy Scriptures. In reverence to their apparent wish of doing good, and to their subject, my father took off his hat, and held it in his hand till he had passed by so far as to hear no more of their discourse,—a courtesy which proceeded from that warmth of Christian charity which ever formed one of the most striking and lovely parts of his character. Providentially my mother's wise foresight counteracted the extraordinarily benevolent hospitality of my father; but her principles were congenial with his piety. Though at times he might have struggled against her "prudent representations of life," yet in the end she became very dear to him, as may be shewn by the following address to her, under the assumed name of Melissa:—

"Thine is the fairest form of female worth,
The gentlest grace of virtue, which the mind
Of moralising poet ever drew,—
Drew from his fancy, seldom found on earth;
But no, on earth he may the model find,
Prepare his tints again and paint from you."

But I have said that my mother became acquainted at Kidderminster with one family suited to her taste, and the gentleman was a physician just settled in the town. He had married a Miss R., from Dronfield, who had been very intimate with Miss Seward, often visiting her in Lichfield, and had seen all that bright phalanx of wit and beauty which my mother had known in her younger days. This Miss R., now Mrs S., had written a novel, and could also write sonnets. She had a vast flow of language in speaking, and knew where to lay the emphasis in a pathetic harangue, and, withal, was not without much feeling. She came forward eagerly to cultivate my mother's friendship, and made herself so agreeable, in comparison with our new, homespun acquaintances in Kidderminster, that they soon became very intimate. Neither of my parents suspected at first the deep mischief which lay under the seeming warmth and amusing manners of these people, although

the intercourse had not continued long before my father discovered that Dr S. was an infidel, imbued also with the political spirit of Mr Day, Mr Edgeworth, and all that party, only that he was vastly more openly impious than they were.

After a while our two families never met; but my father and the Doctor entered upon the contest—my father, all glowing and bright, as he was, through the influence of the indwelling Spirit of Divine love, ever hoping that in time he should prevail against this infidel and scoffing mind for its own everlasting benefit. Of all this I understood but little at the time, and my sister, of course, still less; but yet sufficiently to shew a childish zeal in the cause, though the Christian spirit of brotherly love was sadly wanting in us, as the following anecdote will shew. One day the eldest son of Dr S. said to Lucy, who was about a year older than himself, “that some persons thought that there had once been one Jesus Christ, but that *he* did not believe it.” “Don’t you?” said my sister, and she struck him with all her little might, rolled him down on the carpet, and beat him with all her strength, at which, I must confess, I did not interfere, as, being older, I ought to have done.

Some time this summer Madame de Pelevé came to Kidderminster, from Ludlow, and took lodgings in Church Street, after having resided a few weeks in our house. Unfortunately for my comfort, she took it into her head to dress me, and make me a present of a shepherdess’s hat, of pale blue silver tiffany, which, when I wore, was fastened on me by large, long corking-pins, and was a terrible evil to me.

This year, though I hardly know at what time, except that jessamines were in flower, my father took me in his gig, a man-servant riding behind on horseback, to see his old friend Mr Hawkins Browne, who had just married a Miss Hay, the granddaughter of Lord Kinnoul.

Mr Browne resided at Badger, near Shiffnall, in Shropshire, at a very beautiful place, where he kept up some state, and drove his coach-and-four. We arrived at Badger in time to dress for dinner.

A very large party was expected that day. I was told that I was to put on my very best dress, which was a blue silk slip, with a muslin frock over it, a blue sash, and oh! sad to say, my silver tiffany hat; I did not dare but wear it, as it had been sent with me.

Mrs Browne had commissioned a maid-servant to come and dress me, and great was the pains which she took to fix my shepherdess hat on one side, as it was intended to be worn, and to arrange my hair, which was long, and hanging in curls; but what would I not have given to have got rid of the rustling tiffany! There were a number of great people in the drawing-room when I went down, but no child was of the company. There were several gentlemen, amongst whom was an honourable Mr Somebody Wenman, I think, who, being himself perhaps thirty-five or forty years of age, fancied it would be some sport to be excessively polite to the awkward little shepherdess. Much to my annoyance he handed me to dinner, and in the evening, when we all walked out in the shrubberies, offered me his arm. I had a very succinct way of settling matters of this kind, and, I fear, not the most polite; so, declining the offer of the honourable hand, I darted up a bank, through the shrubs, and away. My father overlooked many of these indecorums. It was a great disadvantage to me, on many occasions, that my mother seldom went out with me. I was at that time as tall as I ever was, and perchance my wild tricks were not understood by Mr Wenman, for from that time there was a constant attempt on his part to catch me when we were out of doors, and on my part to get away; but he was not fairly matched with me; he never could come up with me; he always called me "the mountain nymph, sweet Liberty." I have no doubt I was not polite to him; but he frightened me. I had a vast horror at that time of being played with by gentlemen, which is, I believe, common to some girls of the age I then was, and should not be checked.

Whilst we were at Badger, an old friend of my father's, Dr Clever, Bishop of Chester, arrived with his lady and several little children. He was the brother of the Bishop of Ferns, but of a very

different style of character : mild, unaffected, unpretending, and I liked him very much. He had some quiet jokes with me, in a small way, which suited me exactly. One day we all went to spend the morning in the woods of Appley, the seat of Mr Whitmore, near Bridgenorth. When we left the coach, everybody had some little basket of refreshment to carry. The Bishop took a small basket of gooseberries, and, calling me to him, he said, " Let us go aside and eat all these gooseberries, and then present our friends with the empty basket." This was a piece of amusement, simple as it was, that much pleased me, and others beside me also ; and even now I cannot but admire the harmless condescension it evinced.

When we were to return to Kidderminster, Mr Browne brought us as far as the Morf, then a bare common, opposite Bridgenorth. There I was called upon to look at this old and singularly situated town ! Oh ! how little did I then apprehend that that place was hereafter to be my home for some years.

We parted with our kind friends on the common, and my father and I went on in the gig, with John riding behind us, to a village called Quatford, where we stopped.

Wherefore are certain apparently unimportant circumstances of life remembered with such peculiar delight as they are, sometimes often after the lapse of many years ?

More than half a century has passed since I stopped at that humble inn, in this village, with my beloved father. It was an hour, or two perhaps, after noon, and the day was bright and sunshiny. My father, as usual, all benevolence and love, went into the little parlour and called for refreshment ; they brought eggs and bacon, and whilst these were preparing I looked about me, and examined the front of every house in the small village, and fully contemplated a hideous print of the woman of Samaria, which hung over the chimney-piece. I had at that time such a sense of happiness, that, as I have already said, the impression remains to this hour.

What was it, then, that made all things appear so bright to me in that place—that shabby inn, that humble board, and so immediately after I had left a scene of considerable elegance? What was it? Was it not that I was with my father—his beloved companion—and that he smiled upon me, and seemed fully to enjoy all that pleased me? He was himself as a bright beam of sunshine shed on a young rose-bush.

Oh! how has a parent's smile sometimes gladdened my heart, and how, for years after I lost my father, did I miss that paternal beam, which scarcely ever failed to welcome me whenever I entered his presence. If the smiles of a natural father are thus inspiring, what will those of a spiritual Father be, when we shall enjoy them in their brightest glory?

It was about the usual hour of tea when we reached Kidderminster, and there we found unexpected friends. During our absence my grandfather and grandmother Sherwood had arrived from Coventry, and brought their eldest grandson, Henry.

My uncle Sherwood had by this time so involved his affairs by neglect and by extravagance, that his poor children, especially those by his first wife, needed attention quite as much as if they had actually been orphans, whilst it was far less possible to serve them than if they had been so. My mother would have been a parent to Margaret, but the inconsiderate father had taken the child away. My grandfather Sherwood, however, had got her again from his son, and had placed her in a school in Coventry. And now he had brought with him my cousin Henry; for my parents had professed themselves anxious to receive him. He was to live with us, and go to the Free School in the Churchyard. My grandfather dearly loved these more than orphan children; they probably brought to his memory his own motherless babes. I have no doubt whatever that the uneasiness given him by his son, and his anxiety for these two little ones particularly, shortened the term of his life. My poor uncle Sherwood had been a cause of sorrow to my mother for many years. As long as I can remember, I used occasionally to

hear lamentations over him. In the year 1787 he went over to France. In my cousin Henry's early memorandums I find these passages :—"I, Henry Sherwood, being eleven years of age, was at Boulogne, where my father had taken lodgings opposite the market, where is a church with a slated roof. I, Henry Sherwood, watched the soldiers forming the dates 1787 on the building, in different coloured slates."

This year was so very near to the commencement of the French Revolution, that, young as Mr Sherwood then was, he could not help remarking many things, which, although he knew not, portended the coming storm. My uncle had imbibed certain American notions of the government of nations, and often talked of freedom and the liberty of the people, and other republican sentiments. Numberless exaggerated stories were then told of the Bastille, and of its horrors. It was said, "that the French people, in consequence of it, could not speak their minds without danger." It was said, too, that noblemen sat to be shaved with drawn swords in their hands, ready to kill the barber if he drew blood; that peasants were shot like pigeons; and that half France was confined in this same Bastille.

Any person who had been across from Dover to Calais was then accounted a distinguished traveller. The powers of steam, which have since set all the world in motion, were then only beginning to be tried by a few very penetrating spirits. Perhaps fifty years hence, those then living may speak of a journey through the air, with as little astonishment as we now speak of the rapid progress of a steam-carriage. I had seen my cousin Henry when a very little boy at Stanford, and when I was in my fifth year, so I was delighted to see him again, when we came in from our journey. I have his figure exactly before me: he was particularly small of his age, and had fair hair. Our grandfather had caused him to be dressed in a full suit of what used to be called pepper-and-salt cloth. He was standing at the tea-table, between his grandmother and aunt, and smiled with apparent great delight when he saw me. He was very

soon settled in his place ; that is, he was sent as a day-scholar to a Mr Morgan, of Kidderminster ; but he was with us between school hours, and was a very quiet little personage, very good-tempered, and very much in awe of his aunt. He was famous with us for making paper boxes one within another. He had a little bed in an attic, and in the next attic was the bed occupied by my brother when at home. There was a shelf of many books in Marten's room, amongst these, "Plutarch's Lives," in English : Henry got these books into his own domain, and read them again and again. He since dates his first extreme love for reading to the pleasure he had in these books.

My poor grandfather was breaking fast at this time ; but my grandmother neither sympathised in his afflictions, nor felt the approach of her own age. She took me and my sister, one day whilst she was with us, to see Mr and Mrs Hoskins, who were living in the beloved parsonage at Stanford. They were dragging the pool which my father had made in the dingle ; but my sister and I did not stay to watch the performance. We ran off to Stanford Court, to see our former friends ; and as I was flying along the wind took my hat and blew it off, into what was called the North Pool, which lay between the grove of firs on the side of the hill on which the church and the Court stand. Luckily for me, it flew beyond my reach at once, and floated far away, therefore I incurred no risk in endeavouring to recover it. Had I been eighteen, instead of thirteen years of age, what a misery would it have been to me to have presented myself at Stanford Court without a head-dress of any kind, and all my hair floating on my shoulders, in all the wild disorder which the breeze had occasioned ! But I now remember little of any other distress which I felt then, than the anticipated displeasure of my grandmother. Dear Lady Winnington only smiled, and gave orders that some one should be sent to fish out the unfortunate head-dress. In a very little time she had settled that we were to stay there all day. A bonnet of her daughter's was soon provided for me, and we all, that is, all the

former young companions, repaired to a place in the shrubbery, where a swing had lately been put up between two fir-trees; and there all trouble was forgotten in each other's company. But this was to be a day of adventures. My sister, who as a child had a peculiar talent for tumbling, fell out of the swing, and just as she was rising, it returned again and struck her eye. All in terror, we ran back to the house, and Lady Winnington was at first really alarmed at this second accident. However, when it was found that there was nothing worse likely to occur to my poor sister but a tremendous black eye, she smiled again, and sat down to write a letter of explanation to my mother, which letter had the effect of setting all things right. The history of this day would, however, by no means have been complete without a third adventure; and as the first misfortune had belonged only to me, and the second only to my sister, the third was to prove most annoying to our grandmother. This is the account thereof:—Between Stanford and Kidderminster there is a village called Dunley, at which village in my younger days the high road parted, and joined together again at Stourport: one of these ways being a regular, safe, and proper road for carriages, going a little round about to Stourport Bridge; the other going along over a hill, then across a common, and arriving at the bridge in a more direct way, but in a way by all persons esteemed impracticable for anything but carts.

Now it so happened that, in all my travels through Dunley, I had always looked with a longing eye to this same road, which stretched far to unknown lands—the very ill report which it had enhancing my desire to try it.

It was late in the afternoon when my grandmother called at Stanford Court to take us up, and it was getting rather dusk when we reached Dunley, and there, to my vast delight, the coachman, who was a stranger to the country, took the wrong turning, and though I was perfectly aware that he was doing so, I would not for the world have given the slightest caution. If we should be overturned, I thought, what an adventure would this be to tell

when we got home ! I will not say, for such is the treachery of the human heart, whether I might not have fancied that a comfortable overthrow might not have a good effect in making the destruction of my hat appear to be a matter of very minor importance to my mother. My grandmother was soon made aware that something was wrong, by the violent joltings the carriage sustained, and in the end we were obliged to get out and walk on to the bridge, and it was more than I deserved that I escaped so well as I did ; however, I kept my own counsel. No excuse, not even youth nor folly, can be pleaded for what I did on that occasion.

This was the last visit my dear grandfather paid to my mother. He was then no longer the cheerful old gentleman he had been. He left Henry with us.

The next event of this year was our visit to Hartlebury. The history of George the Third will explain the occasion of his journey to Cheltenham. Leaving Cheltenham, His Majesty, the Queen, the elder Princesses, and the Duke of York, visited Bishop Hurd at the Palace of Worcester, and attended the Worcester Music Meeting.

One day they came to Hartlebury, where they breakfasted. On this occasion of the breakfast all Kidderminster turned out, and every available vehicle was put in requisition. My good father, attended by our old servant John, took us in his gig to Mr Carver's, Rector of Hartlebury. We there met some ladies, whose names I need not mention. My father was not apt to notice such things, but he must have been blind indeed, not to have observed the careless contempt with which two of these ladies chose to treat his children ; for, as we walked to the castle, they rushed before us, leaving us to make our way as we best could. We, with the respectable part of the company, were taken into the hall, where we waited for the royal party coming out of the breakfast-room. We saw them all come out—the good old King, his Queen, the three fine elder Princesses, and their very handsome brother.

They entered the hall, and walked slowly through it, quietly

returning the courtesies of the company. But when they came to where we were, they made a full stop and spoke to us, or rather of us,—the Queen using a courtly phrase touching our appearance, and smiling, whilst the King and the Princesses looked at us with encouraging looks. We, of course, blushed, and bridled, and could not imagine how this could be; but they knew my father, and yet were not to know him, according to court etiquette, because he wore not his gown and cassock. The compliment to our *beau-pere* was simply to express that they knew their chaplain, though restrained by form from addressing him.

I had nearly forgotten to say that Madame de Pelevé had taken the trouble to array me, preparatory to this visit to Hartlebury; she came to the Vicarage before we set out, and began her operations by fastening a horse-hair cushion at the top of my head with double black pins. She then rolled my hair in curls, and pinned them in order. Above these she placed a black beaver-hat with feathers, attaching this so that it should stand hollow from my head, by steel pins of nearly half a yard in length: to which inflictions I submitted with all the resignation I could muster. But madame having withdrawn, I very coolly took out every pin, shook down my hair, and tied on my hat in my own style, which was that of a very untidy, tall, awkward girl, fitter to play in a wood than to appear before the great and royal party. Probably, however, I looked at least more consistent in my own fashion. My dear mother being short-sighted, saw none of these manoeuvres.

When the time arrived for my father being in waiting at St James's, he went to London, and my mother, my sister, and myself to Coventry, leaving Henry under the care of old Kitty. As this year (1778) was the centenary of the landing of King William, the anniversary was kept everywhere through the realm, with feasting, bell-ringing, and orange favours, which caused much delight to us at Coventry. It was at this period that my father preached a sermon at the Chapel Royal, St James's, on a Sunday, when the life of the excellent King was despaired of. The discourse, which

made a deep and lasting impression, described the critical state of an afflicted nation, and expressed the liveliest sentiments of general loyalty, and was followed by a most pathetic prayer, delivered with peculiar strength of feeling and fervour of devotion. The eyes of a numerous and noble audience were suffused with tears. After the service, my dear father received the general expression of the warmest gratitude. The Secretary of State, Lord Sydney, requested the Marquis of Stafford to introduce him to my father, and then he thanked him aloud with much feeling and sensibility. The newspapers spoke much of this sermon. There was a universal desire expressed that it should be published. As my father had expended a great deal in building the parsonage of Stanford, his friends advised that a subscription should be raised for the publication of all his Court sermons; and a more productive and a more honourable list of subscribers to any work was not to be found in the annals of the press. These sermons were eventually printed in 1791, in two octavo volumes, and dedicated to the Archbishop of York, for whom he entertained almost a paternal regard. These sermons were presented to their Majesties, who expressed their admiration of them; and Lord Hertford, in conveying the royal message to my father, emphatically added, "Your line is bold, original, and full of imagination. You must follow *that* line."

After the sermon respecting the King's illness, my father's acquaintance was sought for by many exalted characters in the royal circles, and there is no doubt, if length of life had been spared to him, some substantial proof of approbation would have been bestowed upon him; for his friends were able and willing to promote his interest. In these days plurality of livings are wisely forbidden; but in those days they were allowed. My father was King's Chaplain, Vicar of Kidderminster, Rector of Stanford and Clifton, &c. He also held the living of Notgrove, in Glou-

Our visit to Coventry was the last which my dear mother ever paid to her beloved father, who still resided in the very house in

which she was born, and in which her mother had died. The last days of my grandfather's life were clouded with many sorrows. His son's conduct was a cause of continual pain. Oh, how often in a long life have I seen the last days of parents rendered uneasy by the misconduct or misfortunes of their children !

Under circumstances of this description, old persons judge and feel like old persons. They tremble and get miserable on account of difficulties and trials, which in the hey-day of youth and health, in their own cases, they would have much less regarded. There is a want of piety in the indulgence of this excessive anxiety,—not that I blame others, for I am a victim to it myself :—it is a part of the frailty of human nature. We did not return to Kidderminster till near Christmas, and there we found my cousin Henry doing well under good Kitty. Soon we were joined by my father and brother, the latter of whom had been then some time at Westminster School. I conclude this year (1788) by saying, that as to my own state of mind and improvement I have very little to add. I was then altogether childish, and very much, I suppose, like other girls of my age, and certainly in no ways forwarder than my contemporaries.

I have a very imperfect recollection of this year (1789) : probably there was little in it marked, or worthy of recollection. No doubt, I was growing faster in body than in mind. My dear mother was never able to carry on my education very assiduously after I arrived in Kidderminster. Though I still read Virgil to her, yet I spent much time in dressing dolls and writing fairy tales, which never came to anything.

I was sent by my mother with my sister to an Assembly-room once every fortnight, to practise dancing under a Mr Burney. There I met with a young lady, a Miss Lee, a year older than myself, who had actually learned perfectly "The Cecilia," of Miss Burney (which had not long come out). This young lady amused me most delightfully, whilst the other children were practising their steps, by repeating this interesting story to me. It was the first

novel I had ever become acquainted with, although I had dipped into sundry romances. By the recitations of Miss Burney I was inspired with the wish of writing a novel, and began one, the dedication of which was "To Lady Harebell;" but I never finished more than the title-page. My next literary effort was a play, and I continued to write in this style for two or three years, though my poor plays never went beyond my father's parlour. One of the titles of my plays was "The Widow's Prayer-book," which was thought very well of by my father. It was not a jest upon religion, I am happy to say, though the name might lead a person to suppose so. Lucy at the same time began to use her young hand, somewhat in imitation of her elder sister; she too wrote some plays. I also tried at poetry, but soon gave it up, and never cultivated that style again. I never was born to be a poet, probably not from a dearth of ideas, but of words; for, as a young person, I had a singular difficulty always in expressing myself. Certainly, as I said before, I could tell long stories to my sister so as to amuse her; but in company I was painfully, nay, even awkwardly silent. I could neither think of anything to say, nor could I have found words to express anything I had thought of, at least so as to make myself understood. This singular want of address was probably at the very worst from thirteen years of age till seventeen; and had not my difficulty of expressing myself been almost as great in writing as in speaking, I should have thought it owing to having been kept so much in the background as I was by my dear mother; but I now believe it to be a natural defect, and only overcome by much mixing with the world, and repeated efforts in composition.

My father accustomed me to write a theme for him every Saturday. I was required to go to him early in the morning on these days for a subject; but one unfortunate day, all the reply which he made when I went to ask for my subject was, "hoc age." In vain I asked him to explain what he meant; "No," he answered, "go and make it out." I did as he desired, that is, I withdrew, and I went to my own table and took my pen and a sheet of paper, and

wrote "hoc age" at the top in a fair round hand. Then I put the translation of the words, "Do this," in another line, and there I remained, not being able to add another sentence. And in this dilemma I remained until it was time to produce my exercise; but I had nothing to shew but my four words on the top of the paper. "Very well," said my father, smiling, "you will not forget 'hoc age' again, and let it ever be in your mind as an admonition each day of life, to ascertain and to do that which is most presently necessary.—I wished you, my child," he added, "to dwell long upon the words, and therefore I did not explain my meaning."

My father was the more anxious to give me this lesson, as he himself had often suffered from want of attention to what the present moment most immediately required of him.

I have so imperfect an idea of this year and the next, both of which were principally passed at Kidderminster, that it is totally impossible for me to place many little things which I am disposed to relate in their due order; for example, the anecdote which I am about to tell of my father.

It seems that my father on one occasion, about this time, was invited to dine at Lord Stamford's, at his seat at Enville, not very distant from Kidderminster.

It was the custom, when he was to go out, for some competent person to arrange his best cloth suit on a sofa in his study, his linen and stockings being in a wardrobe in the same room. On this day he was very much engaged in writing. However, thinking he would be *quite* prepared when apprised that John and the horses were ready, he laid down his pen at an early hour, and dressed himself, laying his old black suit, neatly folded, as was his wont, on the sofa, from whence he had taken the best one. This being done, to make the most of his time he sat down to write again, till admonished that the horses were waiting. "Bless me," he cried, "and I not dressed;" and he hurried himself to put on again fresh linen and another pair of silk stockings, whilst as his old coat and waistcoat, which lay where the new ones ought to have been, came most

naturally to hand, they were put on, and a great-coat over all concealed the mischief from John and my mother; and away he drove, reaching Euville but a little time before dinner. My father happened to know Lord Stamford's butler, an old and valued servant, whom we may just as well call Johnson as any other name, and as he stopped in the hall to take off his great-coat, Mr Johnson, having looked hard at his attire, said, "My dear sir, you have a large hole in your elbow, and the white linen is visible." "Indeed!" said my father (it was a tale he always told at full length); "indeed!" said he, "how can that be? let me consider;" and, after some reflection, he made out the truth as it really had happened. "Well," said Mr Johnson, not a little amazed with the story, "come to my room and we will see what can be done." So he took my father, who was in high glee at the joke, which he thought excellent, into his own precincts, and brushed him and inked his elbow, and put him into better order than the case at first seemed possible. When all was complete, he said, "Now, sir, go into the drawing-room; set a good face on the matter; say not a word on the subject; and, my life for it, not a lady or gentleman will find you out." My father promised to be vastly prudent, and as he was always equally at home in every company, on the principle of feeling that every man was his brother, he was not in the least disturbed by the consciousness of his old coat and inked elbow. Thus everything went on prosperously till dinner was nearly over. My dear father, having probably, as usual, found the means of putting everybody in good humour about him, and beginning, no doubt, to stroke his chin, and to look like "My Uncle Selby" is described to have looked in Richardson's "Sir Charles Grandison," when about to incur his lady's displeasure, he turned towards the butler and said, "Johnson, it must not be lost." The good man frowned and shook his head, but all in vain. "It is much too good, Johnson," he added; "though you are ever so angry with me I must tell it." And then out came the whole story, to the great delight of the whole noble party present, and to

the lasting gratification of my father himself; for he never failed to be highly pleased whenever he told the story, and it was no small addition to the tale to tell of the scolding he got, before he came away, from the honest butler, whose punctilio he had most barbarously wounded.

My dear father's benevolent feeling had a wide play at Kidderminster.

There were at that time, and still I believe are, many dissenters in that town. Though our family were decidedly Church people, yet my father manifested as much kindness to the dissenters as to his own peculiar flock. By his entire exemption from bigotry he was as much loved by one party as by the other, and was on fraternal terms with the two dissenting ministers, often inviting them to his house, and discussing religious subjects with them in the most candid manner. He was also accustomed, when there was a charity sermon at either meeting-house, to attend himself in his gown and cassock, and stand at the door as the people went out, setting me before him to hold the plate, his whole countenance on these occasions beaming with love for his fellow-creatures. It had been found necessary for many years that my dear mother should keep the purse. My father had *never*, on account of his generous feelings, been fit to manage pounds, shillings, and pence. He had involved himself in a heavy debt by building the lovely parsonage of Stanford, and much economy had been needful to bring things round. In the progress of this object my father had been in the habit of bringing every guinea he received, and throwing it into my mother's lap. If he wanted a few shillings he would come very humbly and ask for them. He had the highest possible idea of the honour and generosity of my mother; but he was also a little afraid to ask for a larger sum than usual. He knew that the few shillings would not be inquired after; but such was his strict integrity and carefulness that he did not often venture to trust himself with much money at any time. It was a very frequent custom with him to spend a shilling now and then in fruit for little children. There

are people now in Kidderminster who remember having their hats filled with apples and cherries by the Vicar. One day, however, he was put to a hard trial; there was a poor blind fiddler passing through the town, and by some accident he was knocked down, and his violin broken to atoms. My father, not having any cash about him, could not bear to see this scene of distress unrelieved; he went into his field and caused a tree to be cut down, which he sold, for the value of the violin, for the benefit and the consolation of the poor itinerant musician. This we did not know till after many years.

But in speaking of my beloved father, of his thousand kind acts, of his humility, and of his enlarged love for every human being who came under his eye, I must restrain myself, lest I should so far wander as almost to forget my object. One remark, however, I must make before I dismiss this subject, and that is, that we might as readily suppose warmth and light to exist in the sun independently of all Divine power, as to attribute the enlarged charity of my father to the motions of an uninfluenced nature. To sum up his character in a few words; he was as pure in heart, as free from what is wrong, as the present imperfect state of human nature will permit.

We kept up an intimacy all that year, and for some years afterwards, with a Mr Plumtree, then Rector of Stone, afterwards Dean of Gloucester. He was a most friendly person, though he was a cruel tormentor of me, because he used to watch whether my shoes were up or down at the heel. I never, through all my childhood, could keep my shoes up, and shoes were then never tied. My foot was constructed for great activity, and such firmness in the tread that I hardly ever fall under any circumstances, not even at sea; but, from this conformation, I cannot keep up any shoe without ligaments round the ankle. The very last chastisement I received was this year, on account of my shoes. I was shut up all day in an attic, and allowed nothing to eat but bread and water. There I reasoned with myself, asking myself, "Why don't I keep

my shoes up, like a good girl?" Well, what could I do, but try to hide my delinquencies, and let my frock down over the heels of my shoes. But Mr Plumtree would follow me, and spy out the offence; which often escaped the notice of my mother, from the fact of her being short-sighted. How I did dread his voice, saying behind me, "Do, Miss Butt, pull up your shoes;" and yet I liked him very much, and his very reproofs were issued in the kindest voice imaginable.

Connected with this family comes the memory of my literary labours, and of my sister's too. At that time we were engaged in writing plays; we wrote several—I being my sister's amanuensis; and Mr Plumtree's eldest son (now living at Malvern), being about a year older than my sister, was engaged in the same way. He had written a play on foolscap paper, in a scrawling, childish hand. One evening, as we were walking between Kidderminster and Stone, the two younger authors being engaged in some deep literary discussion respecting their plays, my sister's foot slipped, she caught hold of Master Plumtree and dragged him with herself into a dry ditch, from whence I drew them forth, with many a merry peal of laughter. These were not the first nor last authors who have had similar falls, in the midst of triumphant exultations.

One day this year, as I was walking with my father and sister in Kidderminster, we saw across the street a lady and gentleman whom we had formerly known, but who had within a few months behaved very unkindly and dishonestly to my father. No matter who they were, but we had known them well formerly. "Go over to them," said my father, "and speak kindly to them." We did so; my father looked smilingly after us. They were so struck at this that they stepped across, and then and there a reconciliation was made which was never after interrupted.

A very mysterious and pitiable tale belonged to a family with whom at that period we became acquainted at Kidderminster. This family took one of the handsomest houses in the neighbourhood, and furnished it in a way not often seen in those days,

establishing themselves with a full complement of servants and a coach. They also brought an introduction from a highly-respectable gentleman in Devonshire. The new comers, friends of Mrs Hannah More, consisted of an elderly lady of a pleasing appearance, and two young ones. The names of the young ladies were said to be Philadelphia and Dorothea Percy, and they were also said to be daughters of a Duke of Northumberland, whose miniature they wore set in brilliants. It was remarkable that the elder lady, Mrs M——t, strongly resembled the young ladies; and what could any one have thought, had they not been so particularly recommended, and that highly-respectable people from Devonshire came to see them during the summer. I remember, young as I was, being particularly struck with the elder of the two sisters, Philadelphia Percy; she was a tall, fair girl, grave and silent, but singularly elegant and modest. She had a lovely face, though not so glowingly beautiful as some I had seen at Lichfield, but more elegant than is generally to be met with even amongst the rarest beauties. She never for a moment departed from the same calm and dignified reserve which her very peculiar situation seemed so especially to require. Dorothea Percy had neither the beauty nor the dignity of her sister: she looked as if she could have been merry if circumstances had allowed; but never do I remember to have since seen such entire devotion of one sister to another, as that manifested by the younger to the elder. If what was suspected of the history of these fair girls were true, who had they in this life but each other? all other sources of domestic love and confidence were to them contaminated. And if their parents had taken measures to have them educated in purity, they had only increased the distance between themselves and their children. These young ladies were always dressed in simple white; but they possessed splendid jewels, and miniatures set in diamonds, and they wore them as if always accustomed to them. Very few persons in Kidderminster thought of calling on Mrs M——t, not having the introduction which we had. My mother admired the younger ladies: they met with her

full approbation ; but she did not like the elder so well. She saw not that perfection of elegance in the latter which she saw in the former. We were much with this family, dining often in each other's houses.

CHAPTER VI.

DEATH OF MY GRANDFATHER SHERWOOD, 1790—MY UNCLE SHERWOOD WENT TO RESIDE IN FRANCE—ACQUAINTANCE WITH DE KIDD—DEATH OF PHILADELPHIA PERCY—I ACCOMPANY MY FATHER TO DE VALPY'S AT READING—THE ABBEY SCHOOL—MADAME ST Q—MRS LATOURNELLE—MY FIRST BREAKFAST—MY THREE FRIENDS—MY EXAMINATION BY MONSIEUR ST Q—THREE ANECDOTES OF MY MORAL AND RELIGIOUS OPINIONS—HOLIDAYS WITH MRS VALPY—THE PICTETS—MISS MITTFORD—MISS BACON—MY RETURN TO KIDDERMINSTER—MY FATHER'S SERMONS.

IT was on June the 5th, 1790, that my grandfather Sherwood died, aged 75, and the following week he was buried under the same stone with his first wife, my grandmother Martha Ashcroft, and their grave is yet marked by a stone in the north aisle of Trinity Church, Coventry. My dear grandfather's friends could not deeply lament his death, as his intellectual powers had failed him for months before, and he owed all the comfort of his last years to a faithful and affectionate servant, known to me by the name of Thomas, who was more to him, I grieve to say, than his son had ever been. To my dear mother this summer, marked by the death of the only parent she had ever known, could not have been one of gaiety ; but to me it was so. We had many parties

at home and abroad, and I was permitted to partake of some of them.

In the meantime my uncle Sherwood, on the death of his father, was gone to reside in France. He took all his family with him, except his eldest daughter Margaret, whom he left at school in Coventry. The French Revolution at that time wore a promising aspect, especially to those who had been accustomed to look with a favourable eye on the American Revolution. It is very evident that my poor uncle, always hot and hasty, was completely carried away by the opinions which then prevailed in France.

It was this year that my father, after his periodical visit to St James's, stayed for a while, as usual, with his friend Dr Valpy, at Reading, where my brother had been at school.

Between my father and Dr Valpy the foundation of a friendship had been laid which death only dissolved; and to Reading my father paid an annual visit, taking much interest in the school, attending all its public exercises, and assisting at their preparations. To prove the extent that he was beloved by the pupils of the seminary, the schoolboys unanimously elected him an honorary member of their society—a mark of respect without precedent and without imitation.

On occasion of this visit to Reading, in 1790, my father had been taken by Dr Valpy to see a sort of exhibition got up by the young ladies of Monsieur and Madame St Q——'s school, kept in the Old Abbey at Reading. My father was delighted with all he saw there. "This," he thought, "is the very place for Mary." And I believe he was divinely directed in his judgment.

As soon as he came home it was arranged that I should be sent for a year to school at Reading, and I was pleased with the thought. It was a change; and then, too, I had often been made painfully to feel my deficiency in some of the ornamental parts of education, for my friends were perhaps annoyed by seeing the manners and address of a child in one who was tall enough to be a woman.

I think it must have been this Christmas, for I know not where

else to place it, that a friend of my brother's, Master Kidd, came to spend some time with us. Oh! what a merry boy was this, and how did he disconcert my mother by his restless manner. He had a way, on almost every occasion, of crying out, "Which way does the crow fly?" which I thought singularly witty; but the most amusing part about him was his astonishing appetite. He used to go into the kitchen before every meal, and stuff huge pieces of bread, in order, as he was wont to say, lest he should terrify Mrs Butt at table, and make her ask, "Which way the crow flew?" And only to think that this same boy is now a grave erudite physician; a man of learning and talent; a man whose standing in society speaks for itself, publicly declaring his merit and worth. He was a most sincere, warm-hearted youth, and never was any one more devoted to a friend than he has been to Marten.

It was during these holidays that I last saw Mrs M——t and those lovely young sisters who still hold so fair a place in my memory. I shall tell the remainder of their affecting histories, as far as I know it, in this place, before I proceed to open other matters. From the name of the elder of these young ladies, Philadelphia, it is probable that she was born in that city during the American war, her father, if I am rightly informed, having been there some time; for there is little doubt that she was a daughter of a Duke of Northumberland. What or who her mother and the mother of her sister was I cannot decide: there was, however, so striking a resemblance in the Miss Percys to Mrs M——t, that it was scarcely possible to imagine that they were not very nearly related to that lady; but if so, the younger ones were probably not informed of the fact, for there was no hanging upon her in a filial way, no apparent strong sympathy, whilst between each other a union seemed to subsist of the strongest, closest nature.

They were naturally exceedingly retiring, whilst about Mrs M——t there was apparently a great effort to be gay and easy; and though she always spoke of the young ladies with respect, she exhibited towards them no marks of strong affection.

When last I saw Miss Philadelphia Percy she looked much as usual, calmly elegant, and, if memory does not deceive me, she had something of that sad and serious air which may often be observed even in infants who are marked for early death. Almost immediately after this she began to pine and fade away. Before I returned from school she was no more—that lovely one had been laid in an early grave—and before Mrs M——t could so settle her affairs as to get away from Kidderminster she had cause to anticipate a second bereavement, for the same disease, consumption, had already manifested itself in the broken-hearted Dorothea.

And this is the sequel of this story. My informant described to me, in a most pathetic and affecting manner, the vehement struggles of the unhappy Mrs M——t to conceal her anguish. “Oh,” said my friend to me, “if she was the mother of those fair girls, how bitter must her grief have been, when not even the consolation of expressing her feelings was left to her.” Oh, sin! sin! how dreadful are thy wages! Miss Dorothea soon followed her sister to the grave, and what became of Mrs M——t I never knew.

When it was time for my brother to return to Westminster I left my mother for the first time, and proceeded with my father and brother to Reading, arriving there late in the evening. We drove first to Dr Valpy’s, and, reaching there about tea-time, were ushered into a study, which the doctor had built at the back of the house, and which ran the whole length of it. Over it was a nursery, in which I afterwards spent many happy hours. The drawing-room was full of company; but the lady of the house was not present, for she had added a son to her family only a few days before, and was still in her chamber.

I took leave of my dear father and brother that evening, and was sent across the Forbury to the Abbey. But, before I introduce myself there, I must try to recollect something of the persons to whose care I was then consigned. I shall commence with Madame St Q——. She was left an orphan in childhood, and was educated by an uncle, an old bachelor, a man of large fortune at Berkhampt-

stead. Madame was reared in ease and gaiety, under the expectation of being the heiress of her indulgent uncle; and in this character she had been a parlour-boarder at the Abbey at Reading, then kept by a Mrs Latournelle and another lady. The Abbey-house has been a school longer by far than any person now living has any record of. If we could but know the histories of the generations of young creatures which have succeeded each other under that venerable roof, how many affecting tales would be brought before us. Madame was in person tall, and largely though majestically formed. She carried her head royally and fearlessly, and if she did not use art, her complexion was bright brown and red carmine, her eyes bright, her nose not bad, and her teeth white. She had fine dark hair, and a beautiful hand and arm. She danced remarkably well, but with too much of the Scotch style, which was then in fashion. She played and sang, and did fine needle-work, and she spoke well and agreeably in English and in French without fear. In short, she was known to be a fine woman, and believed to be a very clever woman, and she was really the most hospitable, generous, and affectionate of human beings. This warmth and generosity had captivated my father, although it did not render her the exact kind of person to whom to entrust the education of a young girl. To go on with her history, however, she was of full age when her uncle died, and instead of making her his heiress he left all he had to a housekeeper. At this crisis she became a partner with Mrs Latournelle, who was at this time left alone in the school; and the two together carried on the establishment for a short time with success. At length it was so ordained that Monsieur St Q—— should arrive at Reading under the patronage of Dr Valpy. This gentleman was a man of very superior intellect, the son of a nobleman in Alsace. He had been engaged in the diplomatic line, but from circumstances his affairs had reduced him to so low a state that he was thankful to become a French teacher in Dr Valpy's school. I am not aware when or how he became acquainted with the Doctor and his friend Dr Mitford, the father of the well-

known authoress Miss Mitford. When established at Reading, Monsieur St Q—— was recommended to teach French at the Abbey: not long after this he married the younger partner of the school, and very soon so entirely raised the credit of the seminary that, when I went there, there were above sixty girls under her charge. The house, or rather the Abbey itself, was exceedingly interesting; and though I know not its exact history, yet I knew every hole and corner of what remained of the ancient building, which consisted of a gateway with rooms above, and on each side of it a vast staircase, of which the balustrades had originally been gilt. Then, too, there were many little nooks and round closets, and many larger and smaller rooms and passages, which appeared to be rather more modern, whilst the gateway itself stood without the garden walls, upon the Forbury, or open green, which belonged to the town, and where Dr Valpy's boys played after school-hours. The best part of the house was encompassed by a beautiful old-fashioned garden, where the young ladies were allowed to wander, under tall trees, in hot summer evenings; whilst around two parts of this garden was an artificial embankment, from the top of which we looked down upon certain magnificent ruins, as I suppose, of the church begun by Henry I., and consecrated by Becket in 1125. If my memory does not greatly deceive me, it was on the Sunday evening that we had reached Reading, and it was at rather a late hour that I was taken over the Forbury from Dr Valpy's to the school. The person who received me was Mrs Latournelle. The school was not yet met, Monsieur and Madame were in London, and I was the first pupil who had yet appeared after the holidays.

Mrs Latournelle was a person of the old school, a stout woman, hardly under seventy, but very active, although she had a cork leg. But how she had lost its predecessor she never told. She was only fit for giving out clothes for the wash and mending them, making tea, ordering dinner, and in fact, doing the work of a housekeeper. Hers was only an everyday, common mind, but a very useful one; for tea must be made, and dinners ordered, and a house would

soon tumble to pieces without these very useful everyday kind of people.

Mrs Latournelle never had been seen or known to have changed the fashion of her dress: her white muslin handkerchief was always pinned with the same number of pins; her muslin apron always hung in the same form; she always wore the same short sleeves, cuffs, and ruffles, with a breast bow to answer the bow on her cap, both being flat with two notched ends.

She received me in a wainscotted parlour, the wainscot a little tarnished, whilst the room was hung round with chenille pieces, representing tombs and weeping willows. A screen in cloth-work stood in a corner, and there were several miniatures over the lofty mantel-piece. I was made aware that I was thought something of by Mrs Latournelle, and that my coming was a matter of congratulation to the heads of the house. In consequence of this fact, whenever visitors came I was put amongst the foremost girls to be noticed, much at first to my annoyance. But, as I said, I was cordially received, and made to sit down by a good fire to warm myself before I went to bed. And whilst I sat wondering at the new world into which I had entered, another pupil, who had been spending the holidays somewhere near, came in, dressed in a blue satin cloak, trimmed with fur. Oh, how fine I thought it. She was a pretty girl, too, somewhat older than myself. This young lady was directed to take me up stairs to my bedroom. We went up a narrow staircase, and along a passage to a large room where were six beds. The centre one on one side was for me. My new friend slept in that between mine and the window. Miss Valpy was her bedfellow when at school.

I was to be a parlour-boarder, and of course took a higher rank than the other boarders. But I had such a strong sense of shyness and awkwardness, that I was grateful to any one who took the trouble to be civil to me. The Abbey-house was expected to fill during the week, and of course good Mrs Latournelle arose in the morning under the rather pleasing consciousness of having a vast

deal to do. It was not light when I was called. We were to breakfast in the parlour, and when I came down I found, in addition to Mrs Latournelle, who was making tea almost by firelight, three teachers, of whose existence I had not even dreamed. I have the scene before me more plainly far than if I had seen it last year. The old lady was, as I said, making tea, and she was seated at a small table, having before her some small cups placed on a small tea-board. She had on a gown which always appeared at packing and unpacking times, a sort of brown or gray stripe, and she was moving quickly, though by no means expediting business. The three teachers sat on three chairs round the fire; each had on what was called in those days a close cap, that is, a large muslin rather blowsy cap, which was to hide black pins, curl-papers, &c., &c., the rest of their dresses being equally indicative of some domestic bustle. To describe these ladies, however, would be no easy matter. Notwithstanding the humility and bashfulness I so lately boasted, I made up my mind on the very first sight of these teachers that I would learn nothing of them. The first was a little simpering English woman, very like a second-rate milliner of those days; she taught spelling and needle-work. The second was a dashing, slovenly, rather handsome French girl, who ran away with some low man a few months afterwards. The third was, I think, a Swiss, and though plain and marked with the small-pox, had some good in her, I apprehend; but I had not the wit then to find it out. There was an ebony cat standing before the fire, supporting a huge plate of toast and butter, and, silly as it may seem, I, who had never whilst at home been allowed to eat toast and butter, nor to come near a fire, thought myself supremely happy under this new order of things. And truly, till the very termination of my residence at Reading, I had nothing to complain of, but that time ran away too fast; for the system there was to me, as a parlour-boarder, so excessively incautious that, unless we look to a particular Providence, we cannot but wonder how it failed utterly to injure my character. As it was, I was led through it, and not materially injured, though

certainly not through any discretion of my own, but through the watchful care of my heavenly Father. I was vastly amused during the week at seeing my future companions coming in one after the other. The two first were sisters, a Miss Mary and Miss Martha Lee, from Maidenhead Thicket, where their father was a person of some consequence. These young ladies were older than myself—twins, and so exactly alike that they could only be known by a mark which one had in the forehead under the hair. There were many other girls of my own standing, but there were none who were parlour-boarders during that quarter. I, however, after changing about a little, fixed my affections chiefly on three; namely, a Miss Poultenam, the daughter of a gentleman in Wiltshire; Amelia, the daughter of the artist Philip Reinagle; and Mary Brown, a niece of Mrs Latournelle. These were my principal friends; but besides these I was much associated with all the girls in the first class, to which I belonged. Monsieur and Madame St Q—— returned during the week, and I was quite delighted with the lady; but the gentleman's French manners frightened me. Full well I remember the morning when he called me into his study to feel the pulse of my intellect, as he said, in order that he might know in what class to place me. All the girls whom he particularly instructed were standing by, all of them being superior to me in the knowledge of those things usually taught in schools. Behold me then, in imagination, tall as I am now, standing before my master, and blushing till my blushes made me ashamed to look up. "Eh bien, mademoiselle," he said, "have you much knowledge of French?" "No, sir," I answered. "Are you much acquainted with history?" And he went on from one thing to another, asking me questions and always receiving a negative. At length, smiling, he said, "Tell me, mademoiselle, then, what you do know." I stammered "Latin," "Virgil," and finished off with a regular flood of tears. At this he laughed outright, and immediately set me down in his class and gave me lessons for every day. His style of teaching was that of the Abbé Gantier's, lively and interesting in the extreme. The person

who most commonly took Monsieur St Q——'s place when he was engaged was a fine young French gentleman, a Monsieur Malrone, who taught us with great dignity and propriety. He was greatly admired by some of the young ladies; but I do not remember that anything improper was ever said or done on these occasions, for we used to go on with our lessons just as usual, as far as I ever saw. I truly believe the larger number of the girls in the highest class at Reading were certainly simple and well-intentioned. Some bad ones there were indeed, and it so happened these were in the room in which I slept. For I had not been at school many weeks when one night, having gone to bed before the supper in the parlour, which I had the privilege of attending, I was kept from sleeping for some time by a conversation in the next bed, attended by repeated laughs.

I knew that something bad was going on, though I did not understand all that was said. I called out, "Have done with that nonsense, or I will go down and tell of you." "That I am sure you will not," said my neighbour. "I will not," I answered, "if you will let us hear no more of it." There were many other girls in the room, but chiefly little ones. "We will not have done," was the reply I received. After one or two more warnings I got up, dressed myself, and went down into the parlour, where I reported the case. Madame St Q——, whatever she might have thought or wished, was obliged to take up the affair for the credit of the establishment. The girls were punished by bread-and-water diet for a day or two. Through the Divine favour I never heard another bad word at school, though I not unseldom observed the breaking-off of a discourse between two girls when I came near.

It might be asked, whether it was under the influence of religion that I did this right action, whereby I protected the ears of all the little people in the room as well as my own? Really, I am wholly unable to answer this question, for I do not think that when at Reading I ever gave much attention to religion; though, through the force, perhaps, of education, I had a high

respect for it, accompanied with a somewhat *delicate* sense of morality. My dear mother had the greatest possible horror of any kind of coarseness, and I can solemnly aver that I never remember hearing one incorrect word proceeding from her lips. Greatly blessed, then, was the dread of coarse and indelicate language which I brought with me to school; though, in all probability, it would certainly have gone off had I allowed my mind to have become gradually familiar with it; but, through that Divine influence by which I was led without hesitation to tell of the first offence of the kind to which I was witness, this danger was removed at once, and no one ever afterwards dared to use bad language before me.

Two anecdotes of myself I will record of that time, shewing the religious state of our seminary. I had heard my parents speak with horror of certain novels, whose names I will not mention. One evening, in the school-room, I picked up an abridgment of one of these old novels. I saw at once that the title was the same as one which I knew my parents condemn. However, the temptation was strong, and I read a page or two. Suddenly, however, a better thought was inspired, and I laid the book down. At the same time, as I believed, unobserved, I lifted up my eyes, saying "God forgive me for my disobedience." A violent burst of laughter, and a cry from the French teacher to this effect, "Mademoiselle Butt is saying her prayers," suddenly startled me, and I felt more guilty than if I had been detected in stealing, or any other disgraceful act.

The other anecdote is as follows:—My mother had packed a Bible, bound in black leather, which she had had at school, in my trunk, and the first Sunday after we had been at church, I brought out this Bible and sat down to read it in the school-room. It was, I now venture to assert, the only Bible I saw that year at the Abbey, though there might be others in some of the trunks. But, oh! what a hue and cry there was when my occupation was discovered. Had the old Benedictines, in whose refectory or library

I was then sitting, suddenly all risen from their graves, and seen me reading the volume, interdicted from profane eyes by their Church, they could not have made more clamour than the teachers, and some of the girls in imitation of them, made at the sight of my Bible. It almost might have appeared that some of them had *never* seen a person reading the Scriptures in a private house before. But it must be taken into consideration that one or two of these teachers were Roman Catholics, as was the master of the house. Probably there was hardly any period since the Reformation in which England had been more dead and dark, as it regarded religion, than at the time preceding the horrors of the French revolution. After the two anecdotes I have given of myself, does not the question suggest itself,—Had a change of heart taken place with me then? Was there, or was there not, a new life dwelling within me at that time? Again, I answer, I think not; that is, I have no idea of anything which seemed to be good in me at that time, or anything that was more than the effect of habit and of a careful education. I can recollect no secret working of the Divine Spirit in my heart, convincing me of sin, or rendering me anxious to please my God, above and before all other motives of action. And again, I consider that as the gifts of the Spirit have life in themselves, so they grow and increase under apparently the most unpropitious circumstances, as the results of Divine influence; whilst those respectable qualities which originate in education only, have on the contrary *no* life in themselves, and are therefore subject to perish for ever. Thus at Reading, though improved, no doubt, in many respects, I gradually lost some of my simpler and childlike habits, and after a little while my Bible never saw the light. I began to think less of what would please my mother than of what would promote my own pleasure.

In speaking of my religious instructions at school, it must be remembered my tutor was a Romanist, which rendered him unfit to educate young people of Protestant families. Some time during that year Monsieur St Q—— had a tremendous fever, and his

life was despaired of. Great was the grief of the family, amongst high and low, for he was much beloved. My happiest time at school was when we were going on in a regular way. The liberty which the first class had was so great, that if we attended our tutor in his study for an hour or two every morning; or, in his absence, Monsieur Malrone, or Monsieur somebody else,—no human being ever took the trouble to inquire where else we spent the rest of the day between our meals. Thus, whether we gossiped in one turret or another,—whether we lounged about the garden, or out of the window above the gateway, no one as much as said, “Where have you been, mademoiselle?”

It is true, there was one other hour in which it was required that we should all present ourselves, and this was at morning prayers in the school-room. There were always two chairs placed in the centre of the room, on one knelt Mrs Latournelle, on the other her niece, Miss Browne; the latter read, and the old lady used often to whisper, “Make haste,” “Make haste.” This whisper was always known to portend the presence of the *blanchiseuse* in another room. It was enough if the great girls were in before the prayers were over.

We all breakfasted and dined together in the school-room; but, being a parlour-boarder, I drank tea and supped, if I chose, in the parlour. The supper was a jovial meal, and there was always some French gentleman or another present, and French only spoken. Sometimes politics furnished a topic, sometimes literature, sometimes Parisian and London gossip. Mrs Latournelle never could speak a word of French; but whenever she had an opportunity of holding forth, she spoke of plays, and play-actors, and green-room anecdotes and the private life of actors. There was, at that time, a certain set of people in and near London, who seemed to think of nothing but the affairs of the theatre; but there are much fewer persons of this description now, I believe; or, perhaps, as I live in the heart of the country, I am speaking unadvisedly.

During the holidays my mother and sister went to Lichfield and Trentham, and, as Dr Valpy and his eldest daughter went to Jersey, I was invited to be with Mrs Valpy, and my dear father joined us. And truly we could not have been happier than we were then.

When I returned to the Abbey after the holidays I found many things changed: several of my former companions were gone, and many new pupils come. At this time, also, the Pictets—father and son—appeared amongst us. The Pictets are an old Geneva family, descendants of Benedict Pictet, a divine and historian, who was born in 1655. He became Professor of Theology in his native city, and died there in 1724. Another of the family also wrote some valuable theological works. The Pictets whom I knew were, however, of the new school, and did not trouble themselves much with the concerns of any religious denomination. “Pictet Pere,” as we always called him, had been a secretary to Catharine of Russia: I much wish that I could remember more of the tales he used to tell of her. One only of these stories now occurs to me. Pictet Pere, being a very tall man, used to sit in his study with his legs on the chimney-piece. When Monsieur St Q—— sometimes admonished him for his impropriety in doing this before ladies, he would cry out, “Bah! bah! have I not often seen the Imperatrice in her cabinet, sitting with her Prime Minister, when he had his feet at the top of the stove, higher than his head?”

This old gentleman was considerably more than six feet high,—his hair was white as snow; but time had not favoured his exterior. He was very deeply wrinkled and had other unpleasing tokens of age. He was, no doubt, a learned and highly talented man, knowing most of the European languages. He could read and write English, but not having heard it spoken until he was very aged, he never could catch the sound of it so as to understand anything said in that language. He smoked constantly in his own study, and often under the trees in the garden. Nay, he would walk about, smoking. He generally wore a large silk wrapper and slippers, with his collar open. He was full of compliments and fair speeches

to the ladies, at least to those who would listen to him, though I do not say that he ever addressed me in any other way than as a father or a tutor should.

I found, after the holidays, that this old gentleman was often engaged to give his lessons in classes, and singly. Immense was the pains which he took with me in teaching me to read and write French. And he did more, he instructed me in subjects which may perhaps be called metaphysical, such as the nature of the human mind, &c., in all which lessons there never was the least reference to revealed religion. Though he did not dispute the existence of a God, I did not then suspect or see through the nature of many of the lessons thus given to me; but I thought them tiresome and crabbed, and was thoroughly glad always when I had done with him. Still, I respected the old gentleman, and could not fail of admiring his extreme politeness; for when not smoking and not suspending his legs on the mantel-shelf, Pictet Pere was the very pattern-card of an old French courtier.

I have said that Dr Valpy and Dr Mitford understood the high talents of Monsieur St Q——, and were his great associates. Dr Mitford was then a physician in Reading, and I remember once going to a church in the town, which we did not usually attend, with Madame St Q——, and being taken into Mrs Mitford's pew, where I saw the young authoress, Miss Mitford, then about four years old. Miss Mitford was standing on the seat, and so full of play, that she set me on to laugh in a way which made me thoroughly ashamed.

When next we met Miss Mitford had become a middle-aged woman, and I was an old one. After this early meeting, she became a pupil of Madame St Q——; but not at the Abbey, or during my time.

Our establishment at Reading became every day less and less like a school, though it might be said to contain a school, for there was always a set of little people and of inferior pupils, which belonged to Mrs Latournelle, and sat with her and the teacher in

the school-room. With some of these the more aristocratic party, under Monsieur St Q——, associated so little, that to several we hardly ever spoke. I suppose there might be some pride in this, but when there are sixty or seventy girls together, there must of course be many sets. When I returned to school after the holidays, and my dear father was gone home, I was put to sleep in a smaller room, where were three beds, in one of which was a new arrival, a Miss T——, a great girl with a red complexion, and supremely vulgar and offensive in her manners and habits. Such young people are always subjected to pretty severe treatment from their schoolfellows, unless those schoolfellows are equally offensive in their own habits. We were not behind hand in letting this girl, who could not have been much less than twenty, know our opinion of her ways. We worked each other up, no doubt, and let everybody know our disgust, and this went on till the poor girl was taken ill, though not in consequence of our treatment of her. Sad to say, instead on this occasion of becoming kinder, we expressed even more disgust than before. Madame St Q—— had observed what was going on, and her affectionate spirit was grieved. Well do I remember her behaviour on the occasion. She took me with her to walk in the garden, and there she represented in the mildest and most delicate manner the high offence of which I had been guilty, especially when I had seen the poor girl really ill. I felt the reproof. What she said agreed with what my conscience had already told me.

I think that I did endeavour to alter my conduct, but I had no idea that I required assistance from on high to enable me to do well on this trying occasion. But I am reminded in this place of a girl in the school, of a very peculiar character; this was a Miss Bacon, for I must record her name at full; the only child of an elderly pair, who were rich but modest people, living near Henley. There was nothing about Miss Bacon to attract attention, or admiration of any kind, neither beauty, accomplishments, nor elegance; but there was this peculiarity, that wherever in the house

there was sickness, or affliction of any kind, there did Miss Bacon appear—not intrusively, not impertinently—not in the spirit of a gossip, which leads many to a sick room; but in all gentleness and tenderness, to give what help she could, always retiring when again she felt she was not wanted. When I thought of this little girl, and compared her general conduct with mine in the particular case of Miss T——, I was ashamed of myself, and I trust humbled,—and the more so, because immediately after this I myself had a fever and was very ill, and half delirious for several days. During that illness the kindness of Madame St Q—— still more deeply impressed the lesson she had given me upon my mind. Yet have I been better for this lesson through life? Alas! what is it that man is able to teach, or man able to learn, without the Divine blessing bestowed with it.

We had a public examination before the Christmas vacation, and my father came to the Abbey on his return from London. There were, as was the annual custom, speeches and play-acting at Dr Valpy's, which we all attended. The play was the *Aulularia* of Plautus, for which my father wrote a prologue; the boys were the actors, and some of them were very fine ones. My cousin Thomas Butt acted a young lady, and Madame St Q—— dressed him in a classical fashion, under the direction of Dr Valpy.

The time was now coming when I was to leave my friends at Reading, with little hope of ever seeing many of them again; and most bitterly did I weep at our parting, especially with dear Mrs Valpy. When I got into the chaise at Dr Valpy's with my father, we took up my brother, who was coming home for the holidays. The year I spent at Reading had been a very happy one, and from the ease and liveliness of the mode of life, had been particularly delightful to me. It was, therefore, with a sighing heart that I bade a long adieu to school, for I never supposed that I should return to it. I remember very little of my journey home, which was made in a post-chaise, excepting that it was intensely cold, and there was a deep snow. I remember, too, that we stopped and had tea, and

I think slept at Endstone, and that my father was, as usual, all indulgence. We arrived the next day at Kidderminster. Several changes in our circle had taken place during my absence. Dr S—— had had a daughter, whom they had called Anna Honora Seward. Mr Annesley had married Miss Anne Courteney, and came to reside in a very superior style at Arley Hall. Mrs M—— and Miss Dorothy Percy were gone, having laid the fair Philadelphia in an early grave. My gentle mother, planning for my amusement, had agreed with three or four families to meet during the winter, and have a dance and a simple supper. There was a great kindness in this, because it was very much out of her way. All this kindness soon set things right. I began to feel myself happy at home; and can it be believed that my sister Lucy very soon persuaded me, when we got together again, to renew our old personifications, and to converse and relate adventures in the old characters of the Queens of Europe and Asia? I often think that the intimate society of a little sister has a peculiarly beneficial effect in keeping the mind of a young girl fresh and innocent as regards worldly matters.

I ought just to mention here that my father's sermons were published, and in consequence he was much sought after by the great and wise ones of the earth.

It must have been this year that in consequence of a loyal sermon which he had preached at Reading, he received one morning at breakfast an anonymous letter, abusive and threatening; but as his custom ever was to turn away anger by a soft answer, or find matter of amusement or innocent gaiety in attacks made upon him, so on this occasion he did not leave the table till he had turned the angry letter into playful and elegant poetry.

CHAPTER VII

DEATH OF MRS S——'S LITTLE HONORA—VISIT TO TRENTHAM—
 LUCY AND I GO TO THE ABBEY AT READING—THE FRENCH REVO-
 LUTION—THE BREAKING UP—MY ILLNESS—VISIT TO LONDON—
 DEATH OF LOUIS XVI., 1793—FRENCH ANECDOTES—THE ABBE
 BEAUREGARD—OUR PLAY AND DR VALPY'S VISIT TO ABLEY—
 THE PRINCESS—THE BARONET'S BALL AND ROBERT CHERNEY.

FROM the views which it has pleased Almighty God to give me within the last few years of His dealings as a reconciled God with the sinner man, I am convinced that He is carrying on with His elect people in this present time a certain system of education, to the advancement of which every event contributes. Hence I believe that it was for some special purpose that I was introduced to many very strange scenes during the year of which I am about to write. Our intimacy with Dr and Mrs S—— had been great when first we went to Kidderminster, but gradually, as the poor doctor became bolder and more hardened in infidelity, my parents withdrew from his society, though still the two families remained upon such terms that they sometimes met with their former kindness. My father was a man who could not meet a human being unkindly. Never in the experience of a long life has it been my misfortune to meet with another person so daringly impious as Dr S——. Though his was not a loud and abusive spirit, yet it was quite as bad, if not worse, for it was a quiet, sneering spirit,—a spirit which was never weary, and never ashamed. The whole Christian system was rejected by him as a mass of absurdity; if he did not actually deny the existence of a God, he fairly laughed at the idea of a particular Providence, referring all things to second causes as the operations of nature. He dealt much in "ifs" and "suppositions," propounding

his insidious questions in a sort of simple candid manner, which he well knew how to affect; as, for instance,—“If we can suppose that a Supreme Being should so far condescend as to take cognizance of all the minute concerns of creatures such as we are, then we may infer,” &c., &c. Some persons were deceived by this manner, and gave him credit for really desiring information upon the subjects on which he pretended to be in doubt. But by people of sense and piety he was suspected, and therefore did little injury to any other persons except his own wife and children. The poor lady had probably been very imperfectly taught what may be taught in childhood of the history and doctrines of Christianity, and had never worshipped aught in her life but human intellect. Miss Seward had been, and still was, her idol. She had, therefore, no preservative against the baneful influences of her husband's infidel principles. At this period her mind had entirely given way to doubts. She had never understood the precious doctrine of salvation by Christ; she therefore could not doubt upon a point of which she was wholly in ignorance; but she doubted the existence of a particular Providence, and of all hopes and consolations connected therewith. Mrs S—— was the mother of three sons before she had a daughter; but at last a little girl was added to her family. This child was scarcely more than a year old when I returned from Reading, and though the baby was much like other children, yet the mother believed it to be a perfect paragon, and her very soul was bound up in the life of her little Honora. But the poor babe began to fall away, and the father, who was a physician, used every human method to restore her, and the last resource was to send her with the mother to a farm-house in the country. It was then we went to see Mrs S——, and found her all joy; the little one seemed to be better,—these hopes, however, soon faded away. The Almighty had decreed that this fair child should not live to inhale the poison of infidelity. She was taken in tender infancy, and her death was at last sudden, for the father was not present at the time. When on his arrival Dr S—— first attempted to console his wife, she

sternly forbade him. "My child is gone," she said, "I know not where—YOU have taken all comfort from me with my religion, and now you never can restore it." In her rebellion against Providence and unmitigated grief, this unhappy mother refused for several days to part with the remains of her child. She dressed the corpse as the living baby had been dressed, and kept it with her night and day, till the mob threatened to tear down the house, for she had returned with the body into Kidderminster. Most striking and fearful indeed was this fruit of unbelief!

My sister in the beginning of this summer was not well; change of air was recommended. My dear uncle, Thomas Butt, invited us to Trentham. We took a female servant with us—even our faithful Kitty—and away we went and spent the whole summer, as far as I can recollect, under the roof of my very dear uncle. If I ever had any thoughts of religion since my very early childhood, I had almost entirely lost them at Reading; but at Trentham, however, in my little matted chamber, I at least began to make myself some religious forms, which I observed. I remember every Sunday that I used to write down what I could remember of the sermons which I heard at church; but I had then no insight whatever into the real nature of the Christian religion. The very forms which I appointed for myself rather tended to make me self-righteous than to bring me nearer to God. On our return to Kidderminster we had to prepare for fresh changes. Our parents had resolved to send me and my sister to Reading Abbey for another year, or nearly a year; and it was with great delight that I got ready for this journey. I have wholly forgotten how we travelled, or who went with us. I remember only a day or two before we set out, that my cousin, Dr Salt, came to be with my mother while she was left by us.

When arrived at Reading with my sister, I was received by all my old friends with the greatest affection. Here I found great changes; they had opened doors from the old Abbey to a more modern house at the back of it, and thus added many more rooms

to the former vast ranges of chambers. In one of these a study had been furnished for Monsieur Pictet, where he might enjoy the consolation of sitting with his feet on the mantel-piece without incurring the danger of being called to account for his attitude by any lady, for those he saw there were under his instruction, and so must subject themselves to his conditions of tutorage. His room was full of books, chiefly, I imagine, of the school of the French philosophers. Here he heard a daily class, consisting of the elder girls, which were all the same, with one or two additions, as those with whom I had been before associated. Two of these young ladies, viz., Miss Rowden and Miss Maria Reinagle, had the privilege of the *entrée* to the study of the philosopher whenever they pleased; and I had the same.

Sometimes during Monsieur Pictet's absence, we three would sit in his room by the fire. Maria Reinagle, on these occasions, used often to amuse us by the pains she would take to learn to smoke, the apparatus for which elegant accomplishment being always at hand. There were at that time three Miss Reinagles at school,—Amelia, Maria, and Charlotte. Amelia was an uncommonly fine dark girl, and in respect to talent fell short of no girl in the Abbey; but I think I never met with a girl of such universal talents as Maria Reinagle, in dancing, music, drawing, writing, needle-work, speaking,—whether French or English,—in all and every kind of accomplishment taught to girls she excelled, and that without effort or pretension. Such were the powers of her mind that it was impossible to recollect that she was not decidedly handsome. She died in early youth, which is often the case with persons of very superior—I might almost say precocious talents. But amongst her splendid qualities none pleased so much as her delightful companionship. It was impossible to be grave when *she* chose to make one laugh. Though attempts to smoke made her very sick, she was resolved to overcome the difficulty; for no other reasons, I fancy, than to amuse us, and to shew that she had the power of doing anything

she chose. Her real talents had made her a principal favourite of M. Pictet, as they would with any man of intellect.

When I returned to the Abbey, I found that the horrors which had taken place in divers parts of France during the last year, had driven multitudes of the French nobility to England. Reading had always been a favourite resort of foreigners. Many old friends of Monsieur St Q—— had gathered about him, and were living in small houses and obscure lodgings about the Abbey. Such an inroad of ancient friends, with all the painful interests which the state of his King and his country excited, with the constant interruption of visitors of all sorts, and the consciousness, no doubt, of disorder in his private affairs, were tending more and more to harass Monsieur St Q——; the consequence of which was, that he left the work of instruction almost entirely to M. Pictet. Madame St Q—— also seemed more uneasy than she had been aforesaid, and she appeared to be almost always in tears. At whatever time in the autumn we came to Reading, it seems to me that events crowded in so rapidly before Christmas that I hardly know how to sort them. There were to be many things done just before the breaking up, and first, a grand ball given by the dancing-master, M. Bigot, in the Town Hall. This was to be concluded by a dance of forty, which they called a quadrille, in which the two tallest girls, myself and another, were to be the leaders; and there was a vast deal of practising for this dance. Then we were to act a play and an entertainment; the play was "La Bonne Mère," of Madame Genlis; and the entertainment something in "L'Ami des Enfants," by the same authoress. The great dancing-room at the Abbey was fitted up as a regular theatre, with foot-lights and everything else complete, and the character of "Célie" was given to me; "La Bonne Mère," to Miss Rowden; "Emilie," to Maria; and "the Marchioness Aurore" to Amelia Reinagle. Madame la Fite, one of the governesses of the Princess Augusta, had been invited to attend our play, and had accepted the invitation. This lady, if I am not greatly

mistaken, was the authoress of that favourite little French work, called "Madame la Bonne." There was enough, therefore, to occupy our minds and our time before Christmas; there was almost every night either a rehearsal of the ball or of the play; the one in the Town Hall, and the other in the little private theatre. As our play was in French, we required a great deal of tutoring.

I believe it was very difficult to make me act tolerably, for I never, as a girl, had much fluency of speech, and was very apt to be alarmed and lose my presence of mind in large companies; but Dr Valpy, who was himself very fond of acting, and his brother Edward, took great pains with me. Though I begged hard to be let off, yet out of compliment, I suppose, to my father, it was not permitted.

I was forced to perform "The Good Aunt," and they dressed me like a respectable elderly lady, though, as I well remember, they did not spare their rouge. The two Miss Reinagles, especially "The Marchioness Aurora," acted splendidly; and when the time came the large room was crowded. Dr Valpy brought all his young gentlemen, and Madame la Fite came from Windsor, and several brothers of the young ladies also came. Amongst the guests was a Mr R. Reinagle, from London, now a celebrated artist; and we had a thorough week of gaiety. The play was exhibited two nights, after which we had grand suppers. The ball occupied one night, and dinners and suppers made out the rest of the week. The ball was, I think, on the last day.

I enjoyed the former part of this week immensely, but I hardly knew what to make of myself at the ball; when I was dancing I was very comfortable, but when sitting down the room seemed to whirl round with me. There were hundreds of people present, and a general dance of all the company after the young people had concluded. A strange gentleman came up to me to take me out to dance, as soon as the quadrille was over. He danced with me the rest of the night; very polite he was, and very much pleased was I on account of the compliments which he paid me.

If I did not feel well I attributed it to fatigue. It was late, or rather early in the morning, when we came home. I went to bed, but not to sleep. There was a little girl, the only child of her parents, who slept in our room; she had been rather unwell in the morning, she was no dancer, and had been left behind when we went to the ball. She was much worse, very hot and feverish, when we came home, and I was soon apparently as ill as she was. My head burned, and the gay scenes of the ball were again presented to me in disturbed dreams; another and another young lady fell ill the next day,—the measles were suspected, and the sick were brought into our room. There were about six of us invalids, amongst whom was my sister. With some of our party the measles broke out kindly; but not so with me,—the ball had been a bad preparation, and might, with a delicate girl, have occasioned death, but that was not to be. They kept us all in bed, and there I well remember we were speedily visited and attended by dear Miss Bacon.

I can scarcely account for how it happened, or how it could have been at that time of year that the window should have been opened when there were several persons lying sick of the measles in the room; but so it was, though probably only for a moment, when a bird flew in and flew round the bed of the girl who had been first taken ill, and then out again. We, all the other pupils in the room, and the person who nursed us, looked at each other, and from that moment we accounted the child as one doomed to die. Such was the force of superstition with us, and as we had imagined, so it happened. The measles never came out with this little girl, to the inexpressible grief of her parents, for she was their only one; she died within a few days of her seizure. She was carried out of our room into another, that we might not see her die. Thus was that season, which began in gaiety, terminated by sickness and scenes of death. In the meantime the young people dispersed, and all went home except some whose parents lived in London. My ever kind Madame St Q——, thinking

that it might do me good after my illness to have change of air, as she herself was going to London for a fortnight, wrote to my parents for permission to take me with her, and having procured it, she made me most happy by telling me "that if quite recovered when she set out for town I was to go with her." Thus terminated the year 1792, for although I do not know whether the year was wholly expired when we went to London, yet I think that I cannot mistake when I say that I spent part of the first month of 1793 in that great capital which all children living in the country are more or less anxious to behold. We filled a coach, and set off in high spirits, and were many hours on the road; we parted with the young ladies somewhere in Piccadilly. I went with Madame St Q—— to a family who resided at Charing Cross. The lady had been a pupil at Reading when Madame was parlour-boarder there. Although I was a stranger I was most kindly received, and it was proposed that we should go that very evening to see Kemble and Mrs Siddons as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. We went, and I never shall forget the impression made upon me by hearing "God save the King," sung in the presence of our honoured sovereign himself. The Queen also was present, and the three eldest princesses. It was an interesting sight, and the feelings I then had can never be forgotten. I then also heard "Rule, Britannia," for the first time.

I thought much more of the King than I did of the actors; although such an actress as Mrs Siddons will probably never again be seen.

The period I spent in London was almost wholly taken up by seeing sights and visiting schoolfellows; for I spent three or four delightful days with the Rainagles, a most agreeable and highly talented family. I visited also my parlour companion at Reading. When I went there the first time I found the family in great distress; they had lost a little brother, a child of five years old, and they took us to see the little remains. He was in his coffin, and one knee was drawn up, for it could not be straightened. I

had never before seen a corpse, and the impression was deep in reality, though it appeared quite the contrary; for that very same evening I was taken to a ball for young people about my own age, and I recollect that my spirits rose particularly high.

During the whole of the time of my being in London we walked all day and danced most nights; and wherever we were it was all the same to us, for the schoolfellows and their brother constantly kept together. I cared little for the suppers, or the style of house I went to; I was at that time intensely fond of dancing, and that I had to my heart's content. That merry fortnight at length came to an end, the holidays were over, and we were to return to Reading, not exactly as we had come from it, for I had gained many new ideas, though hardly, I think, any increase of wisdom. The very day of my leaving town I saw Mrs M—— and Miss Dorothy Percy in a coach. I never saw them afterwards: Miss Dorothy looked very sad, but I had no opportunity of speaking to her. She lived but a short time afterwards. It was during this visit to town that a little circumstance between me and Madame St Q—— gave rise to my story of "A Drive in a Coach through the Streets of London." It was not written for years afterwards. We had only just returned to Reading when the news came of the murder of the ill-fated Louis XVI. He was guillotined on the 21st of January 1793, and I may truly say that all the civilised world were astounded at the fearful deed. France had dipped her hands in the blood of one of her most amiable, and assuredly one of her mildest and best-intentioned Kings. If families who had no connexion with France truly and deeply lamented the fate of the King, how much more was his fate deplored in the family at the Abbey, half of the members of which were actually French, and the other half so deeply interested in what was going on in Paris that it might have been thought many of us had lost a father. Monsieur and Madame went into deep mourning, as did also many of the elder girls. Multitudes of the French nobility came thronging into Reading, gathering about the Abbey, and some of them half living within

its walls. Amongst these were several single and some married men, who were always about the house during the day, and very frequently came to supper in the evening. One of these, whom we the young ladies of the family thought very little of, was M. de Calonne, the ex-minister. We understood not then his importance in history, and in consequence we were better pleased with those nearer our own standing, and more delighted with the gay sallies of the young Chevalier St Julien than the deep-toned political orations of the Financier.

No one in these days can have an idea of the effect which the tragedies wrought by the French at that time had on the minds of the English. But, to return to these emigrants;—there is nothing so difficult to appreciate as another person's feelings, and nothing on which we form more false estimates. There are in the world a set of whining, lugubrious persons, who are constantly speaking of past afflictions, and, as it were, for ever describing wounds, bruises, and running sores. These persons pass for such as feel deeply, whereas none but those whose feelings are very dead can bear to dwell long on the occasions of their sorrows. Where one has suffered much, one cannot linger in discourse, for there are certain feelings which must be avoided and suppressed. It is a question, whether the French are a deeply feeling nation in general? Be that as it may, there was, I am certain, a very acute and deep sense of sorrow for their King and his family, for their country and their homes, in the minds of the emigrants whom I knew at Reading. Some songs and airs seemed almost at times to work them up to a state of agony. One of our young ladies, one day, very thoughtlessly struck up the air of "Ca Ira" on the pianoforte, in the presence of the old sister of the Marquise St Julien, mother of the Chevalier I named above. The poor lady jumped up from her chair, flew out of the house and into the street, wringing her aged hands and crying aloud like one deranged; and it was with difficulty we could get her back. The song of "Pauvre Jacques" is probably well known to English persons who are at all acquainted

with French music. Immediately after the Regicide, they had made an affecting parody of this favourite song, placing the words in the mouth of the departed King. It was to this effect:—

“ My people, when I was near to thee,
Thou knewest not misery ;
Now that I am far from thee,
Thou wantest everything on earth.”

The original song was a favourite in the Court of Versailles ere its splendour was extinguished. When the affecting parody was sang to the harp, I have seen the whole company of noble emigrants dissolved in tears. Nor could we, the English girls present, refrain from feeling deeply affected. Even now I doubt whether I could hear it without a renewal of the same feelings. From a child I had been accustomed to listen to tales of the Court of Versailles, and of the lovely Queen of France ; the one as of a place of unrivalled magnificence, and the other as a lady of unequalled beauty. What a lesson was now in progress of the utter uncertainty of earthly prosperity ! But who has not felt the power of music and musical sounds in awakening feelings which are sleeping, and perhaps have slept long ? What English person in a foreign land has not felt all memories of home aroused by some sweet air heard in his younger days ? Who has not felt music stealing upon him which seemed to echo voices which he is never to hear more again on earth ?

There was at this very time a plot going on which none, I believe, suspected, but those who were particularly concerned in it. This plot was with the Abbé Beauregard, and myself and the other parlour-boarder. A more pleasing man than the Abbé I do not remember ever to have seen ; all bland, and paternal, and respectful towards us, the two parlour-boarders, in whom he affected to have a particular interest. He commenced his operations thus : having access when he chose to our parlour, he began to shew us some specimens of plants, more exquisitely arranged than any I have ever seen since that time. Of course we admired these plants, and then he proposed to teach us botany and the art of drying specimens. And for this purpose he procured leave for us to walk with him.

I have a confused idea of several walks with this our dangerous companion, and of one particularly, in a wide path in some wood, by the side of a running stream, but where that was I know not.

He made just so much of teaching us botany as served for a blind to his real purposes, which was proselytism to his own religion. I cannot recollect any of his arguments at that time. I had lately thought very little of any kind of religion; but my father was a clergyman of the Church of England, and it would be very strange for me, I thought, to become a Papist. Popery of course must be wrong, because my parents had said so, and because those people worshipped saints; and God alone, I had been taught, was the fit object of worship. Now sincerely I do not believe that the ignorance in which I then lay, of anything relating to real religion, was the fault of my parents; neither do I now believe what once I not only believed but asserted, that until my mind was partially opened to the truth after my marriage, I had actually never heard that truth, either in public or in private. But this I do firmly believe, that I was not capable of receiving the gospel while in an unregenerate state, for it is only by the enlightening and unerring influences of the Spirit one can receive "the truth as it is in Jesus." From a child I had read the Word of God, and that Word is truth; but I had not the moral capacity to receive anything more than an historical view of it. I therefore had no arguments to bring against the Abbé Beauregard, and indeed little of any kind to say; for he always spoke in French, and it required more French than I had at command to have entered into argument with him. He was at any rate so far encouraged, either by me or my companion, as to give each of us a little prayer to the Virgin, written on a card in a delicate hand, entreating us to use it continually. I was surprised, when alone again with my friend the first time after he had given us this prayer, to find that he had made so deep an impression on her, that she urged on me the necessity of thoroughly considering what the Abbé was saying to us, and rather advised me to try the prayer, to which I abruptly replied, "I never would;"

and thus I was preserved from that danger, though for myself I feared not. In the meantime months passed on, and I and my sister were to leave Reading at the Midsummer holidays. Before leaving we were again to act "La Bonne Mère," and after it "La Rose de Salencie," in which last piece "the Prior" was to be altered to an Abbess, or some such character, which part was allotted to me. The emigrant ladies kindly undertook to array me in the costume of a Religieuse of high rank. My father was requested to write a prologue and an epilogue for our play. All the foreigners in Reading, with their friends, were invited to be present; for it was for the benefit of those in distress that this play was got up. There are some beautiful passages in both these pieces, written by my father, and more especially some fine sentiments expressed in the epilogue, which was spoken by Amelia Reinagle in the character of the Marchioness Aurore. Miss Reinagle looked and acted the character to perfection. She was a lovely dark girl, all life and spirit, and not more lively than unoffending. The character of Madame la Prieure suited me better than any which they had before given me, but assuredly my talents never lay in the acting line. I could never sufficiently have forgotten myself as to have acted well. I give myself no credit whatever on this score. They wished me to speak the prologue, as it was written by my father; but I was quite certain that I should not do it justice, and I earnestly pleaded with Monsieur St Q—— not to compel me to attempt it. He would not give up the point, and so far I obeyed him that I learnt it by heart. When Dr Valpy came to hear us rehearse, I stepped forward into the front of our little theatre, and there I stood reddening and stammering, wholly incapable of uttering a word, fully proving that I never should be able to address a large audience alone from that place; though I felt myself quite capable of carrying on a dialogue in busy scene with tolerable credit to myself. So there I stood, whilst Monsieur St Q—— called to me to begin, but called in vain. Next Dr Valpy spoke to me, urging me to commence, but without success; for I only became more and

more embarrassed, and more and more agitated. Being used to instant obedience, Dr Valpy was not going to put up with this apparent disrespect: he sprung upon the stage and struck me with his cane, forgetting I was a young lady, and not one of his own pupils; but there ended my prologue; his little heat being over, he gave me a paternal hug and let me off. The prologue was then given to some more efficient person, and all that was left to me in the play and after-piece was easy to me. I have many pleasing recollections of those, the few last weeks of our residence at Reading. It was bright summer weather, and whilst the days for our representation approached we lived more and more with the noble emigrants, and entered more and more into their feelings. We talked with the ladies, and danced with the gentlemen under the trees in the Abbey garden to the music of the harp. We were then, as it were, completely carried away with the spirit and feelings of France—of the olden times; and, though nominally at school, were in fact leading what Madame Genlis calls “*La vie de Château*.” It was not necessary that any of those who were then at the Abbey at Reading should have crossed the channel to have known what France had been under the old régime. We were even then living according to the ancient spirit; and I have often, often marvelled how it was that we, the elder girls of the establishment, were preserved as we were from serious danger, and ever treated with high respect, though too often compared to “roses,” “stars,” and “jewels,” and all that was beautiful and rare in nature. Of course this order of things could not have lasted long, it was too much out of the way of common discretion; but so long as I and my sister remained at the Abbey, no dark cloud rolled over the bright horizon. For years afterwards some particular tunes and airs reminded me of those happy days—days only the more interesting to my young fancy from the peculiar situation at the time of the affairs of France, and especially of the royal family. War had been already declared, and thus was a colour given to the fate of many who seemed least connected with public affairs.

I could add much more to my reminiscences of Reading. When I left it I parted from many dear friends whom I never saw again, and amongst these Mrs Valpy, perhaps the dearest of these dear friends. In company with my sister, and, I think, my brother, at the beginning of the Midsummer holidays, we returned to Kidderminster—thus, as it were, closing one interesting chapter of our lives. It was the bright season of summer when we arrived at Kidderminster, where we were received with the warmest and tenderest affection by our parents. Well I remember, for we arrived about noon-day, my father taking me up to his study, and shewing me the first volume and frontispiece of his "Poems," then in the press, and the frontispiece also of the second volume. My mother, as usual, looked serious; but there was joy in her eye to see her three children again. The last year, and particularly the society I had kept, had made a change in me. I was not the same awkward girl I had been; and this was instantly pronounced by all who saw me. I had been much in high foreign society, and I had gained that something which can only be acquired by high society, and can never be given without frequent intercourse with good company, and perhaps I ought to add with a variety of good company. I was also then at an age when young people improve, if ever they do improve, in these respects. I had not been at home a day, when my old friend and brother, Mr Annesley, came to see me, and to invite me with my parents to Arley Hall. My mother, with her old and valued friend Mrs Sarah Severne, who had been with her during the greater part of the period of our absence, had been constantly visiting at Arley Hall, where they had seen a great deal of one peculiar sort of high life. There had been at Arley a succession of visitors, and most of these were there still when we went there after our return from Reading. These persons were, first, a Sovereign Princess of Germany, driven from her territories by the distresses which had already spread far from the centre, Paris, over the neighbouring countries. This lady had accepted a refuge at Arley Hall, and had been there all the year

with an adopted daughter, whose name was Bonne Dalby or Dalben. The Princess was a woman in advanced age; always, when I knew her, attired in black, perfectly courteous, with no pride, bearing her afflictions with meekness, and even with cheerfulness; most grateful for every kindness, and most delightful in conversation. She left Arley soon after our return from Reading. This lady was much pleased with my mother, as was my mother with her. Mademoiselle Bonne Dalby was a very lovely young lady, accomplished in music and drawing, and as highly educated as foreigners often are, with much natural talent in conversation, and accustomed to first-rate society. The Princess seemed to hang upon this child, whom she had reared with the fondest affection. Two of the most beautiful Italian greyhounds I ever beheld were in the suite of the Princess. When she left Arley she presented these greyhounds to her young host and hostess.

It was somewhere about this time that Mr Annesley's father, being made Earl of Mountnorris, became Viscount Valentia, and such I shall call him in future.

As this year had commenced with gaieties, so was it to end; it was almost the first and the last year of very great vanity in my life. A few more giddy and glittering days, a few more empty triumphs, and that year closed. Then other scenes ensued; and often, in much after solitude, I longed for the recurrence of those scenes, in which I had found but too much food for vanity. When my father's month for duty at St James's arrived I went with my mother and sister to visit Miss Sneyd, for the last time, at Lichfield, and there Mrs Sneyd, that elegant and beautiful woman, of whom I have spoken before, took upon herself to arrange my dress and introduce me into company. She took me to balls innumerable, and at these I often danced with a baronet, a very gay widower, who was more than six feet high, and accounted singularly handsome. This gentleman during that season gave a magnificent entertainment, at which he boasted that he would assemble forty beauties, though he sought all Staffordshire

and Derbyshire for them. It was a masked ball, to which he invited his neighbours; every one was to go in fancy dresses, and at a certain hour to take off their masks and dance without them. He caused me to be invited through Mrs Sneyd, and she dressed me as a shepherdess, and her sister as my companion; we had to go many miles into Derbyshire from Lichfield, and there, in a magnificent suite of rooms, was an immense crowd of persons. Our host was dressed as a Grand Signor, and he handed me out to dance. I did not care one straw for him, but I was very much elated at this distinction, so public, and so entirely owing, as I fancied, to my own merits. I returned to Lichfield not a little raised in my own opinion. I must not omit to say that, when I was at that ball, a young gentleman requested a friend to introduce him to me. This gentleman was Robert Chesney, whom I had never seen since I had ridden on his back at Stanford. He was arrayed like a Cherokee chief, with his face painted to imitate tattooing. When he, in all politeness, &c., was speaking feelingly of Stanford and his early days spent there, it was a great effort for me so to forget the singularity of his figure and face as to refrain from laughing, and there is no doubt but that he could see that I was highly amused. Immediately after this grand gala we returned to Kidderminster, where my Uncle Butt received us, as I well remember, with the warmest delight.

We kept this Christmas all together at Kidderminster, being the last we ever spent in that place.

CHAPTER VIII

MY FIRST BOOK, 1794—OUR RETURN TO STANFORD—MY FATHER'S ADDRESS TO A FRIEND—MY LITTLE DOG BONNE—THE FAMILY AT STANFORD COURT—OUR LIBRARY—MY SECOND BOOK COMMENCED—LADY WINNINGTON'S DEATH AND FUNERAL—MY VISIT TO BATH AND TO CLIFTON—VISIT OF A FRIEND TO STANFORD.

I CANNOT recall exactly how often we visited Arley, the seat of my father's pupil, Lord Valentia, after my return from school; nor do I know when it was, that, being then with my father and none other of my family, I spent much time in writing my first work, yclept "The Traditions." I know only that I used to write whenever I could find time, and then to put up the manuscript in one of the cases of the dressing-table. But my father, one day, coming into my room somewhat suddenly, found the manuscript, and was so much delighted with it—as the work of his child, and formed much upon the basis of his own instructions, grounded on high and chivalrous feeling, and ignorance of life as it really is—that he took it from me and shewed it to others. My beloved father, and some of his and my friends, particularly admired the ingenuity of the outline of the story, although there is one, to me now, ridiculous and serious defect in it—the two wives of the hero existing at the same time; but, putting this aside, it is certain that the outline is ingenious and uncommon, and, may I be allowed to say, well written for a girl of seventeen. As to the religion, it is a sort of modification of Popery, and nothing more or less. "The Traditions" are valuable to me, as they present a sort of picture of my mind at that period, not of my character, nor of the qualities of my nature, which, being

human, could only be evil continually ; but of my principles, my taste, and the mode in which I contemplated life.

Very soon after this the family at Arley broke up. Lord Valentia, I believe, went abroad, and Lady Valentia went, with her child, to her sister, Mrs Gifford, who resided in Shropshire. I never saw her after she called to take leave of my mother, as she passed through Kidderminster, and was in high spirits. I often think of her with tender sorrow.

My parents had resolved, during the ensuing summer, to establish a curate in the house at Kidderminster, and return to live at lovely Stanford, and our minds were therefore then anticipating this change, and anticipating it, I think I may say, with pleasure, though sometimes I rather shrunk from the idea of the solitude of the country, knowing that my mother's spirits were not to be depended upon. Latterly, too, at Kidderminster, we had been a large party, for we had dear friends and relatives near to us. My father had been offered the living of Arley, in Staffordshire, by the Earl of Mountnorris, before Lord Foley had given him Kidderminster, and, instead of accepting it for himself, he obtained it for his beloved younger brother, Thomas Simon Butt. The delightful harmony which always existed in my grandfather's family was the fruit of that generosity and piety which marked the disposition of each and all of its members. My uncle afterwards became domestic chaplain to the Marquis of Stafford, and generally resided at Trentham, which place he called his home. He was a man of unostentatious but extensive knowledge, and was particularly versed, for his time, in the doctrines of Christianity. As a preacher he was earnest and forcible ; and as a man he was beloved by all who knew him. But my uncle Thomas had his little chamber on the wall, as we called it, whenever he came to do duty at Arley ; and my intellectual and exceedingly pleasing cousin, Dr Salt, was residing almost with us. And then, too, the daily intercourse with the excellent family of the Symonds's, whom my mother respected and valued more and more as she knew more

of them, were all very necessary to us ; and all this must be given up when we left Kidderminster ; therefore it was not with quite *unmixed* pleasure that we prepared to return to Stanford.

In the meantime I went on with "The Traditions," my father encouraging me, and everybody about me leading me to think myself most highly gifted by nature ; and yet let it not be supposed that it was in the article of intellect that my vanity was most easily excited. But how shall I state the case, as I conceive it to have really been ? Can I possibly do it ? Can any one judge of the real state of his own feelings ? I will try, however, as far as I can, to explain mine. My father had impressed upon me in very early years that I was to turn out what he called a genius ; and, therefore, the idea was so familiar to me, and the conviction that it was so was a fact so strongly engraven upon my mind, that it never came upon me by surprise.

It was a matter of course to me that I was to write, and also a matter of instinct. My head was always busy in inventions, and it was a delight to me to write down these inventions. Fortunately, however, from circumstances, and especially from reading the papers in the "Tatler" respecting Miss Jenny Bickerstaff, I had a horror of being thought a literary lady ; for it was, I fancied, ungraceful, unlike a heroine, and, in short, I did not at all desire to be known as an authoress. I was far less established in the idea of my own good looks than of my talents, and one word in favour of the latter was far more precious than thousands in praise of the former. I cannot but think now, that if my dear father did not entirely deceive himself as to my powers of imagination, he certainly formed a very false estimate respecting them ; for the only work of mine he ever saw finished was "The Traditions," and assuredly that work, when completed for the press, exhibited a mind very, very far from maturity. These volumes were hardly finished, as to their first rough outline, when letters came announcing the total ruin of a dear friend—an event which had for some time been expected. Even now, though years are past, I

do not desire to publish the name ; suffice it, my readers have seen it mentioned in this diary, and they are very dull of comprehension if they cannot trace it out. But Mr Smith, as I shall now call him, was in much need of money, and my beloved father proposed that my manuscript should be published by subscription for his benefit. My heart sunk at the proposition ; to be thus forced into public before I was of age, to be set down so soon in that character which I had always dreaded—as a Miss Jenny Bickerstaff. I was very unhappy ; but then, again, to disappoint my father in his benevolent scheme, and to withhold a helping hand from the friend I so dearly loved, was impossible. I could not, and I did not, utter a denial ; but really and truly I was thoroughly vexed. Many, many tears I shed in private. My cousin, Dr Salt, undertook to prepare the book for the press. Our distressed friend was apprised of our plan ; great exertions were made ; and the subscription was such as to enable him to set up a school in a small house in Hans Place, near Chelsea.

Nothing, however, could console me, under the mortification which I felt at being thus dragged into public. I am thankful now that my dear father never knew I was pained by the circumstance, for he was so happy in his own benevolent plans, that I would not have disturbed that happiness on any account whatever. My mother, too, my dear mother, and Dr Salt, who had as little of the world in him as the others, all approved the scheme, and there was only one person who sincerely and most kindly opposed. This person was Dr S., whom I have mentioned as differing from my father on religious subjects. He came to call on my parents, and, as I well remember, stated to them, with the greatest warmth of affection and earnest desire of prevailing, the vast amount of evil which would be done to me, in the very bloom of my life, in dragging me before the public as a writer ; for although my name was never put to "The Traditions," every one who knew me knew me to be its author. I stood by and heard all he said, and felt its truth, and often and often, too, have I since that time experienced

how great the injury to me, in a worldly point of view, was this measure of printing and making public my crude, girlish fancies. But, somehow or another, Dr S. could not prevail; the work went on, the subscriptions were solicited, and I stood before the public as an authoress before my nineteenth birthday. So that passed, and I wished that I had never known the use of a pen, and tried to resist the longing desire which I had of beginning to write again.

I have only imperfect recollections of the remainder of the time we spent at Kidderminster. Dr Salt was almost constantly with us; he was then about to settle as a physician at Birmingham. My uncle, too, was also with us a good deal, and I was much associated with Miss Symonds, who was about my own age. We had established a man-servant at the house at Stanford called John, lately left by Mr and Mrs Hoskins, and one day in the spring my father and mother, and Lucy and I, went early in the morning over to that dear place, where John (see my book, "The Fairchild Family,") had contrived to get us a breakfast. I remember, amongst other dainties he set before us, a quart jug of thick cream, a present from Mr Taylor, of the Fall. Oh! how very lovely did my native place, with all its surrounding solitudes, appear to us that day! and to my mother especially, who had accounted every year which she had spent at Kidderminster as a year of banishment. To return to Stanford, and there to spend the last years of life, had been so earnestly desired by my dear father, that only the year before, whilst Lucy and myself were at Reading, he had declined some public situation which had been held out to him by a friend. On that occasion he wrote the following little address, which, though printed in his collection of poems, so exactly portrayed his feelings and desires, that I cannot refrain from bringing it forward in this place.

ADDRESS TO A FRIEND.

No more, my friend, no more; for though I feel
 The rare distinction of your partial love
 Fix'd in my heart, though grateful to your zeal,
 Its firmness, where it most imports to prove.

LIFE OF MRS SHEERWOOD.

I was not born to drudge with laurels throng,
To dare the brunt of proud ambition's blaze;
My powers at best an unproductive song,
And wanting wit to thread life's finer maze.

Early I could not, now I will not, deign
To trace this peopled labyrinth of pride.
Before me—says my God—my path is plain;
Nor will I wander from His will aside.

Oh, yield me then dear Nature's scenes' repose,
Expand anew thine infinite sublime;
And o'er the din and damp of vulgar woes
Assist my closing act of life to climb.

Hence be thy glories ever in my sight;
For sure I deem them but the glass that brings
A far superior presence into light;
And o'er my soul its Maker's Image flings.

Yon hill-side coppice, yon umbrageous glade,
The untutor'd streams that through your alders flow,
Which twinkle now and murmur through the shade,
Now thunder down the rifted rocks below.

Shall I desert these dear delights well known,
Nor in their charms my long-past joys renew,
Review by me the blooming saplings sown,
Paths by my labour won from wilds—review?

Now in this rage of Sirius, while mine ear
Owns in distress the chattering town's annoy;
Me to my fav'rite oak dear fancy bear,
And round me let me think the zephyrs fly.

For there, when I times past would fondly roam,
Their wings went flutter, went their harps to sound;
As from its shade I mark'd my peaceful home,
And sacred temple, which the landscape crown'd.

While on the sweep of uplands high above,
My fancy mark'd the forest mass of trees;
Mark'd by the surface of the boundless grove,
The sunbeam sporting as on wavy seas.

Ah! my loved Stanford, take thy truant home,
And if with taintless honour he returns,
Smile when thou seest him through thy Tempe roam,
From thee no more a long exile to *snows*!

Such were the feelings with which my father anticipated his return to Stanford, as I particularly remember on that morning,

when I sat to take my breakfast in a huge carved oak chair, which had belonged to the Rectors of Stanford for two hundred years, or more. This chair fell into the hands of a Mr Joseph Harris, and was afterwards, I think, bought by Robert Temple, Esq., of the Nash Kempsey, Worcestershire.

We returned to Kidderminster in a day or two, and remained there a few more weeks, being made much of by many persons who had been our neighbours there for the few last years. It was still the early part of the summer when my father finally left, and we took up our abode at Stanford. And here again closes another scene of the acts of my life, and we turn to another; and what was that other? A picture of elegance, of romance, of Fairyland. The very sorrow of its period was of a nature tender, touching, and bringing with its recollection a peculiar sweetness wholly defying description. On our arrival at Stanford I found that Lord Valentia, who was on his travels, had sent me two presents, each equally beautiful in their way. The first, a number of rare exquisite plants, all in high perfection, which John had arranged on the lawn before the house, and which filled the air with their aromatic fragrance; the other, a very young Italian greyhound, the daughter of that elegant pair whose high descent was so highly lauded by Lord Valentia, on the authority of the German Princess before mentioned. This beautiful creature, though at her full growth, was not larger than a common cat, perfectly white, and most exquisitely formed. Lord Valentia requested that she should be called "Bonne," after the young lady adopted by the Princess.

Our house was soon arranged. We added John as a man-servant to our establishment. He was our chief gardener, and kept the gardens and pleasure-grounds in admirable order. And again, our former friendly, I may say intimate intercourse with the Winningtons was renewed, and many of the neighbouring gentlemen's families called upon us. What had we before us, I then thought and fondly hoped, but the prospect of long prosperity, and many bright and happy days?

“ When young life’s journey I began,
The glittering prospect charm’d my eyes ;
I saw along the extended plain,
Joy after joy successive rise.”

This passage from Burns, which is a motto to one of my chapters in “The Traditions,” precisely suited my feelings during that bright summer, when, with my beloved parents, and brother and sister, now restored to the place most dear to us all on earth, we explored the lovely environs of Stanford within easy walking distance, being always accompanied by my delicate greyhound, which dear little animal, whenever the least fatigued or alarmed, used to run back like a petted child to me, and require to be taken up in my arms. I was then in the very bloom of my youth, and my father delighted in me, and not a little contributed, by his warm and eloquent praise, to increase that self-contentment so natural to young people in health. I did not all that summer, as far as I can remember, once feel any depression of spirits from a sense of solitude, for we met with the Winningtons two or three times a-week ; we young ones dining there very often, and the young people also dining with us. My brother, too, was much at home at this time, though he must have been entered at Oxford, where he was a student of Christ Church.

Miss Symonds also visited us from Kidderminster, and Dr Salt too stayed at Stanford a long time, and my uncle and his son Thomas, and Mr and Mrs Woodhouse and their two daughters all came. We were therefore scarcely ever without a pleasant party in the house, and we had the command of Sir Edward Winnington’s library, one of the largest in the country. We had also my father’s library, which was large, and a third set of books belonging to Lord Valentia ; for when he had left Arley for travelling abroad, fearing that some of his possessions might come to an untimely end, he had sent an immense book-case, and a number of most valuable books, to be placed under my father’s care. Now that I am on the subject of books, I am led to speak of rooms where those books are kept. It is said of my beloved father that his

study presented a curious view. Old and new books, old and new paintings, were confusedly mingled together; sermons, poems, and letters thrown into promiscuous heaps. On one occasion a letter from a friend was allowed to be about for weeks, which letter pointed out to him the danger arising from a want of economy, and also contained private particulars of money transactions, but it was kept because on it was written a part of an ode.

My sister and myself had many quiet resources and pleasures of our own at home. We began a course of letters to each other, assuming French characters, on the plan of "Adele et Theodore." We wrote each a letter every week, and introduced stories and anecdotes. This was hard work, and required much study, as they were in French; and, had we gone on for some years, as we began, we should have written the language as easily as English, for we had been well instructed at Reading, and still sent our letters to be corrected to M. St Q——.

I had always earnestly desired to learn music, which I never did; but at this time I learned enough of the guitar to play certain tunes to please myself.

The delight and charm of our society during this summer, when the families of the Court and Parsonage met, was Lady Winnington. She seemed then, in total absence of selfishness, to lay herself out to make the young people happy. Often when we dined at the Court, she would send for the miller, who played the violin, and set us all to dance; and though it is true that the heir-apparent was sometimes forced to dance with me, yet when once we started he would give me a nod or a wink, and, when he could not help it, a smile, and then it was all right, and we danced away very comfortably for that time.

My brother was always the partner of the eldest Miss Winnington, and as neither of them could tell one tune from another, or dance a single step, we generally marvelled how they got on at all. The steward, also, a great, big, and, in our opinion, a most supremely ugly man, generally fell to my sister's lot. Thus we did very well,

and enjoyed ourselves in our own way. Sometimes the old Welsh harper came, and then we had a more set dance, and some of the ladies'-maids, and one or two of the upper men-servants, and the miller himself, and Mr Taylor of the Fall, and the miller's brother, Tommy, were asked, and then things were carried on in a superior style. We went into a larger room, and there was more change of partners; but as nothing could have induced the son and heir to ask a stranger, I always had him, whilst Miss Wington and my sister sometimes fell to the share of the miller and his brother: the miller being himself musical, and footing it to the tune better than his partners. The miller's brother always seemed to wheel along rather than dance, throwing himself back and looking at his white waistcoat, which was kept for these grand occasions, not unlike a sack of meal, set upright on trucks, and so pushed about the room. I am ready to laugh to this hour when I think of these balls, and I certainly obtained very high celebrity then and there for being something very superior in the dancing line.

Why do we remember some apparently very unimportant event of our former life with peculiar tenacity, whilst others, perhaps of greater importance, retain no place in our memory? And why is it that I have a particular recollection of one sweet summer's day, when our parents were at a formal dinner party at the Court, that my sister and myself, being left by ourselves, walked across the dingle in the Parsonage woods, across a field on the side of that high steep bank which faces the north side of the Parsonage? There we sat and conversed so long together that we forgot the hour. Yet I know not what we talked of. Oh, my sister! my Lucy! what sweet counsel have we taken together, and yet how far are we now separated; not in heart, I know, but personally, and from circumstances. But it is all right and good that it should be so. Our God be praised, that when we are one in Christ our Lord, we shall never part again.

It must be observed that all this summer the affair of "The Traditions" had been going on, subscriptions were being gathered

by the friends on all sides, and Dr Salt was criticising and setting me to write and re-write the little volume over again. It was no doubt a useful exercise, for my head, of course, was often much occupied by it. At the same time I had secretly resolved never to print another book, though I had already planned another, which I began the ensuing autumn, when my critics' suffered me to have done with "The Traditions."

That bright summer at length passed away, and the autumn arrived without bringing any foreboding of the cloud which was so soon to roll over our little circle. The autumn set in finely, though, I remember well, with much frost. Dr Salt left us to go to be with our uncle, who was just at that time residing at Arley Hall.

I am not able exactly to say in what time of the autumn I began my second book, "Margarita;" but this I know, that my dear father took great interest in the commencement of it, but he never knew the end. All the frost and winter scenes, however, in the first volume, were taken from phenomena and appearances of nature I then observed at Stanford, and I was particularly struck, I remember, during that winter, by one appearance of the wood, when every one of the smallest sprays was covered with frost, representing groves of diamonds. This appearance is remarked and described in one of the early chapters of "Margarita."

My father immediately recognised himself in Canon Bernardo, and was much pleased with my attempt to draw his character. Christina, of course, was meant for my mother, and Margarita's mother for one whom I knew and pitied. When I was writing "Margarita," the character of Canon Bernardo was thought very like my father, but I could not carry it on after I had lost that beloved parent. The first thing, therefore, which I wrote after my father's decease was the death of the Canon Bernardo. During that autumn, Mrs Radcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolpho" were read aloud by us, in the evenings, at Stanford, and, excepting the "Romance of the Forest," I had never before known what it was

to delight in the same extent in any book. I lived then, certainly, in a romantic world of my own, and, had that life which I then led at Stanford continued, it is hard to say how such an imaginative mind as mine is might have been affected by it. My little greyhound at that time filled too much of my thoughts, and, as old Mr Severne used to say to me, caused me to throw away too many kind affections, which would have been far better employed on a poor fellow-creature; but this beautiful little animal suffered so terribly from the cold, and had so many contrivances to warm itself, that it was impossible not to pity and love it. When we walked out it crept into my muff, and there lay with its head only looking out. It often crept into the pocket of my dress, and under my work-basket, and when in the kitchen it always sat on the back of Lion, our great Newfoundland house-dog. I did love my little Bonne so much that I resolved, after I lost her, never to make a pet of any animal.

My brother was at Oxford, and my father not at home, when one day in December, one cold, dreary day, I walked down alone to Stanford Court, on some slight occasion, and I passed through the grove of firs, near the church. I remember that I was thinking of the various changes in this life; how I had longed to return to Stanford, and how gladly I would now have exchanged its elegant solitude for the cheerfulness of the last Christmas at Kidderminster. I went on, thinking of these things, when a passage from Mason's poems occurred to me, and kept ringing in my ears:—

“Grow wiser, ye that flutter life away,
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high,
Weave the light dance with festive freedom gay,
And live your moment, for the next ye die.”

I went on, as I said, and kept on repeating the passage; I could not get it out of my mind, especially those words, “for the next ye die,” till I arrived at the Court. I went into the drawing-room, where I found Lady Winnington alone. This lady had had twelve or more children; she had nine living, and was near her

confinement. She had hitherto almost always treated me as her own child; this day, however, she spoke quite differently to me, and, complaining that she did not feel well, laid her hand on mine, and said, "Do I not burn? I am always in a fever." I felt pained, and came back very sad, still repeating the lines of Mason. In a day or two after this, namely, the 10th of December, our servant Kitty burst into my mother's dressing-room to look for my father, and to tell us that Lady Winnington was dead. She had died immediately after having given birth to a son, and my father had been sent for, in all haste, to go to Sir Edward. The whole of the family left the Court for Winterdyne that very day.

I saw the carriages which conveyed them away, and I saw the hatchment lifted up and placed over the door. The unconscious babe was left with the housekeeper, who had been the nurse of the infant's mother. This year terminated with the funeral of Lady Winnington, all the dismal circumstances of which were distinctly visible from the windows of the Parsonage. It was under auspices most melancholy to those left behind that the new year, 1795, commenced; but still more sad was its conclusion.

My father preached Lady Winnington's funeral sermon, which was afterwards printed. This sermon recalled to all our minds the sermon of Jeremy Taylor, "on the death of Lady Cutts." This sermon I then thought the very model of a funeral sermon, in which opinion I now acknowledge myself to be greatly mistaken; for the very circumstance of the object of our praise being brought under the power of temporal death, should admonish us that no deathless quality could have existed in the nature thus brought low, and that, in consequence, all that we had ever seen admirable in the character of the individual whom we desire to praise must have been *derived* and not *inherent*.

We all went into deep mourning, as if we had lost a parent or sister, and my mother grieved as for the dearest of friends. Never, to her dying day, could she speak of Lady Winnington without a renewal of sorrow. A most distressing circumstance happened

the first Sunday on which we attended the church after this mournful event. The family vault had been opened to receive the coffin, the entrance lay by the area before the communion rails, and on the Sunday following was not completely closed again. The rubbish still lay about the place of the flat-door in the pavement, which was visible, and a fearful sight to us, and one to which I would not look whilst I walked to our pew. In the middle of the service, the old clerk, whom I had remembered from a child, was seized with a fit, and, falling sideways, forced open the door of his desk, and lay the next moment on the rubbish on the pavement. I did not see him fall, but I heard a dead, lumbering sound, with a rattle amid the stones and mortar on the pavement. I believed that the trap-door of the vault had fallen in; in truth, I know not what I feared, but I shall never forget the horror of that moment; and to this day, when my imagination begins to work without the control of reason or religion, as in a dream or fever, I fancy myself again at Stanford church, in darkness, and among the dead—the venerable and beloved dead, down in the vaults—and seeing them, but not as they were in life.

After a few weeks the family returned, in very deep mourning and grief, to Stanford Court, though there was an attempt to make things appear as they had done before. Miss Winnington took the place of her mother, at the head of the table, but looked distressed and uneasy, and had nothing to say. According to former custom, the little children were brought in to the dessert, and with these the baby, who was laid on the lap of the second daughter, probably by the father's orders. There was one pretty little girl, about four years old, named Annabella; this little fair girl had been her mother's darling, and used, when brought in after dinner, to run forwards to her mamma; she now came gravely in, without a smile, and with no elastic spring. We often went to dine with the family, and my father did all he could to inspire cheerfulness, but I can decidedly say that so long as Sir Edward Winnington lived, happiness never again dwelt under that roof.

In reflecting on the death of Lady Winnington, who seemed to have been taken away at the very time when she was most valuable to her family, the spirit of infidelity is very apt to suggest this question, "Why has God done this?" whilst others, whose eyes are open only to a certain degree of the truth, can only say, "Can the Judge of all the earth do wrong?" A third sort of persons, who are of that "little flock" who have received that first and choicest gift, the assurance of the love of God through Christ, are enabled through faith to adore the wisdom of God in "preparing many sons for glory." They can acknowledge that He may judge it expedient to deal in such way with some of these sons as may cause deep present anguish. Hence, we often see in life that a pious parent, wife, or sister, is removed before some certain painful exercise is appointed to the friends which are left behind. I have, I fear, expressed myself clumsily, but it is sufficient if I have made myself understood.

Very soon after the commencement of this year, a letter was received from my godmother, a lady of some importance, whose name I will not mention, inviting me to spend some weeks with her in Bath. My parents, thinking to give me pleasure, gave their consent, though I was not to leave them till the worst of the cold season was over; so I was to taste a little more of the deep solitude and sadness of Stanford. And in order that we in that fair valley might be left more completely to ourselves, behold, one frosty night, the old bridge over the Teme came down into the bed of the river, and there was no other passage but by a ferry until another bridge was put up. As I have shewn, there was then no amusement to be derived from visiting the Court, as there had been in the early part of the cold weather. There was no possibility of going further than the river, without crossing a rapid stream in a boat; still we had our books and our writing, and I busied myself with "Margarita," and drawing the character of Canon Bernardo. I had at that time no apprehension of the near approach of that crisis when the original of the picture was

to be removed for ever in this world from my view, an event which, could I then have anticipated, I should have accounted every moment lost which I did not spend in his beloved presence. At length the time came which was fixed for my going to Bath. This was the last journey I ever took with my own beloved and kind father. We went on horseback to the ferry, and from thence in the same manner to the Hundred House. It rained and snowed so violently that I was quite wet before I got there; but I changed my clothes, got into a chaise with my father, and went on to Worcester. There we were received at Dr Plumtree's, whose prebendal house opened into the cloisters. We dined there, and the evening being fine, I walked with Master Plumtree about the city, I suppose merely to see it. Early the next morning my dear father went with me to breakfast at Mr Griffiths', after which he saw me and Miss Sandford, who was much older than myself, into a coach, and off we rolled, six of us within, and I know not how many without. We had a whole long day's journey before us, during which we stopped for our meals I think three times.

My godmother never lived a year together in one place, and she had a constant succession of intimate friends, who were all that is charming for a few months, more or less. Her present friends were persons not unknown in the world of letters, the family of the celebrated first Walker of Wales. The Reverend R. Warner, the father of the family, a very fine old man, had been residing in some town near the New Forest in Hampshire, and had many superior friends, which was an advantage to me. Whilst at Bath, he attended the rooms, particularly the old rooms, and which were far more pleasant than the new ones, because they were more like apartments in an old private house, than public rooms. We went there in plain muslin dresses, and danced for the pleasure of dancing; and at these rooms after a little while I was sure of a partner,—a major in the army, with whom I always figured away. Sad to relate, this gentleman perished soon after in the expedition to Corsica. My

godmother was very kind to me ; I was new to her then, newer than the Warners, and that was all in all with her ; but I ought to say that she was *ever* kind to me. I had sufficient experience of the gaieties of Bath to find myself tired of them, and when my godmother was disposed to move I regretted nothing but parting with the kind friends with whom I had associated in the house. We then went to the Hot Wells at Clifton, where we remained a little while in a public boarding-house on some parade, and the older and lower part of the boarding-house was full of young French emigrants—all noble, of course.

I found the change from Bath to Bristol, from a pleasant family circle to a boarding-house full of gentlemen, rather unpleasant. To add to my discomfort, my godmother was beginning to be tired of my company, and I was getting tired of hers ; for it was fine weather, and I was amazingly struck with the beauty of Clifton and St Vincent's Rocks, and preferred being out of doors all day to stopping within. Here I had another view of the French emigrant nobility, and by no means so favourable a one as I had had at Reading. One of these gentlemen, however, seemed to be a highly respectable man, and much depressed with his country's griefs ; another was even more gay and thoughtless a man than my old friend the Chevalier St Julien, although his family, as he himself told us, was in most distressing circumstances. He had, it seems, a young wife in France, and she, in order to save him from destruction, had on one occasion pretended that she knew him to be dead, and, in order to try the truth of this assertion, the authorities of the moment had insisted upon her choosing another husband. She had selected the only man she could trust, namely, an old bailiff, or steward, and with him had gone through the ceremony of marriage, and had found him a loyal and faithful protector during the reign of terror. This was the story told by the young nobleman to my godmother, and told with a heart so light that he was ready the next moment to sing, dance, and flirt with me, the only young lady within his circle of acquaintance. His grave friend not unsel-

dom reproved him, reminding him of all he had lost, and of the sufferings of those from whom he was then separated.

When my godmother brought me home we travelled in chaises to Worcester, where my brother met us, and came on with us to the water-side at Stanford. There my dear sister Lucy was waiting for us with my mother, and I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the walk up to our beloved home. That pleasant summer evening, I may truly say, "Hope told another flattering tale of joys which were never to be realised." My sister, as we went along, informed me of much which had passed in my absence:—The family at the Court were more cheerful, and our dear parents had paid the last of that heavy debt contracted by the building of the parsonage-house, which had lain upon them ever since they had first set out together in life; and now they might enjoy their whole income, and we were henceforward to have no cares respecting money. Thus we discoursed as we slowly ascended the hill to the Parsonage. I had my stories also to tell, and in this happy mood we reached our home.

Before I proceed, however, I must remedy an omission I have made: I should have said that during the past winter we had heard of our relations in France, my Uncle Sherwood and his family, who had made their escape through Switzerland and Germany to England.

My godmother stayed with us only a short time after my return to Stanford; and then followed some bright weeks, of which I have no very exact recollection. Whilst I had been out, Lord Valentia had been to Stanford, stayed a few days, and stolen my little Bonne, which was a pain to me; he had buttoned her up in his waistcoat, and thus carried her off unseen.

The next circumstance which came in the order of time was a visit from the gentleman whom I have called Mr Smith, for whom my book had been published, and he told us he had received for it a large sum of money: I mean in proportion to the means used in obtaining it. He had settled himself and his wife in Hans Place,

having a considerable number of pupils. Being afloat again, he could not rest without coming to express his gratitude; and when he did come, no one would have supposed that he had ever lived in any other place than in a royal household. He was undoubtedly a singularly pleasing man, with just so much of the ancient manners of the French Court as to give him perfect ease in any company. He was without doubt an aristocrat, and had in early life been accustomed to very high society, as may be proved by his intimacy with Calonne, added to which his intellectual powers had been most highly cultivated. My father had always liked him, and now my mother, seeing him for the first time, was extremely pleased with him. Sir Edward Winnington also took to him immediately, and invited him to his *house*. Delightful, indeed, was the beginning of his visit; he boasted of being in a terrestrial paradise, for he had found Lord Valentia's library in his bed-room, with fine editions of all the first French writers. The fruit, the legume, and the society he was in, were "the very supremacy," as he said, "of present enjoyment." He would bring down with him in the morning some of the finest tragedies of the finest writers, and sitting on a sofa by the open window of our dining-room, he used to read these tragedies aloud with me and my sister, each taking a part, whilst he corrected our pronunciation and pointed out the beauties of the author. I must not omit one circumstance which happened, which was much in his favour. When dining at Stanford Court, a gentleman after dinner, a clergyman I am sorry to say, uttered a sneer against the doctrine of the Trinity, unreprieved by Sir Edward Winnington. My father had gone to do duty at Kidderminster, and therefore was not present; but our friend took up the cause, and told the clergyman that he should rather prefer a Mohammedan to a man pretending to be a Christian, and denying the doctrine of Christ.

CHAPTER IX.

MY FATHER'S ATTACK OF PALSY AT KIDDERMINSTER, 1795—HIS RETURN TO STANFORD—THE LITTLE ROBIN—THE BAPTISM—DR DARWIN CALLED IN—MY FATHER'S DEATH, SEPT. 30, 1795—HIS FUNERAL—THE FUNERAL SERMON AT KIDDERMINSTER—MY MOTHER TOOK A HOUSE AT BRIDGENORTH—WRITING AT "MARGARITA"—MY SECOND VISIT TO BATH—AN "ECLARISMENT"—MY BROTHER'S GIFT TO ME AT OXFORD—MY VISIT TO MONSIEUR ST Q—MY RENEWED ACQUAINTANCE WITH MY COUSIN HENRY SHEEWOOD—OUR NEW HOME AT BRIDGENOETH—OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

WHILST our friend whom I have called Mr Smith was still with us, my father received a letter from a relative and college friend—whom he had not even heard of for years—saying that he was passing our way, and would spend a few days with us, if agreeable. I thought our new visitor an old man, and my father, too, an old man, though he was then only fifty-four; and the two strolled together amid the wild woods of lovely Stanford, and sat in the shade and talked of their boyish associates—

“ Reviewing days whose joy no more returns,
 When youth swam buoyant o'er the flood of life,
 The storms unfelt, and all above was clear,
 The bottom of life's deep unvisited,
 Its monstrous unimagined forms unseen.”

My father went from Stanford with Dr Holmes, and, as was his wont on his occasional visits to Kidderminster, he lodged at the Post-office in Church Street.

He was there taken ill, and I always understood that he had a stroke of the palsy, for his speech was much affected.

Dr Salt was immediately summoned from Birmingham, and a messenger sent over to Stanford.

This messenger was old Stockall, and it so happened that my sister and myself met him as he was coming towards the gate. Strange to say, we were by no means so much alarmed as might have been expected; nor did my mother fear to the degree which every one else did; indeed, she herself said that she never anticipated a fatal end to this illness till the very last, and thus nearly three months of misery were spared her.

My dear father tarried, after his first attack, a few days at Kidderminster, and we heard of him every day. Dr Salt was with him, and he was to bring him in a chaise to Stanford. I remember it was bright and beautiful weather, and after dinner, on the day they were expected, I went up to my mother's dressing-room, from one window of which I could clearly discern the high road from Kidderminster, in two distinct places, as it descended from the eminence between the Abberley and Warsgrove hills. The road, when first seen, could hardly have been less than between two or three miles from where I was, but I could distinguish any carriage moving upon it.

I had got my guitar with me, and was playing "Henry's Cottage Maid," and musing on many things, when first I saw something descending the distant hill, and thought that I should then very soon see my father dear, and as I trusted in renewed health. To this very day the air of that song, however played, whenever heard, has power to bring all the feelings of that hour back to my mind, even to a painful degree.

But to return. I watched the small dark moving object till it sank out of sight, then again in due time I saw it emerge from a declivity of the hill into nearer view, where the road, like a golden thread in the glare of the sunshine, again became visible, and then I was assured that my father was coming.

I went down stairs, and found the family in the dining-room, where the tea was prepared, and in a very little while the carriage was seen ascending the hill, and my dear father was presently brought in, leaning on the arm of his nephew, Dr Salt. He looked pale and thin, but as usual after a short separation he was all joy to see his family, and used his accustomed phrase when receiving our kisses, "Yes, you dears! yes, you dears!" These were the very last terms he used to me.

He was led to a couch, and sat down and began to converse; but I could not quite understand him, for he used one word for another, and my sister and myself laughed.

"Oh, don't laugh, don't laugh," said the gentleman I have called Mr Smith, who was still staying at our house; "don't laugh."

His reproof, with the look he gave us, conveyed the very first idea we had of any injury done to our beloved parent's mind. I need not say we laughed no more after this, but every mistake he made seemed to pierce us to the very soul.

Every one, I have no doubt, but the three present most interested, were aware of the dangerous state of my father's health at that time, though after his return home he got apparently much better for a while; at least, I believed so then, though now I recollect his mind never recovered itself again. Several of his old friends came to see him when he was a little better, and he certainly enjoyed their company much. It comforts me now to think that I was much and often with him at that period, constantly walking with him in the woods and dingles; and though it is true his mind was certainly affected, yet only so much as to have brought him back to the simplicity of a little child.

He seemed as if he had quite forgotten that there was such a thing as a busy, envious, wicked world, in which men hustled each other, and pushed each other out of the way, and trod down the weak in order to get into their places. The time had certainly been when my father had coveted literary renown, and perchance had felt desirous for even meaner objects of ambition; but it is evident, from

many passages in his poems, that he had earnestly prayed to be set free from these mere earthly feelings, and God in His infinite mercy effected his deliverance so completely before his death, that probably the last three months of his life were the happiest of his whole earthly existence.

It was the bright season of summer, his ever-beloved Stanford was in her fairest and gayest dress. His children were about him, my mother never more attentive and kind; for her heart was drawn out by witnessing his infirmities. His mind was right as regarded religion; for he had no fears whatever of his Redeemer's love and power. Hence he was full of hope and contentment, looking for a glorious resurrection when all pain and sorrow should be no more. "If so lovely," he would say, "are the works of God when uncontaminated by art in this lower world, how much more lovely will be the scenes of heaven!" A favourite robin, which during the last two winters he had been accustomed to feed from his study window, was moulting, and one day we saw it when its coat looked faded and rough. My father gazed earnestly at it, till I said, "that it would look well again when its new feathers came." "Ah!" he answered, comparing the change to the resurrection, "in the morning, in the morning it will be glorious; and we, and we, we shall be glorious in the morning too."

My precious father's mind, when he was able to move about after his first attack, turned very much to the improving of his beloved dingle behind the Parsonage. He got a labourer or two about him, and spent hours every day in these beautiful scenes, where in times past he had placed seats, and formed walks and opened views. There are two streams which meet in this dingle forming cascades, and I remember that, being a very little child, my father carried me under his arm over certain slippery stones in the front of one of these cascades.

I remember, also, that during the short interval between his last two attacks I walked with him to this very place, and whilst he was directing a labourer to cut away a bough which shaded part of the

rock from which the water fell, his foot slipped, and he was very near falling, but I had hold of him and saved him.

I cannot say wherefore, but to this day, whenever I think of these little unimportant circumstances, my tears will not be restrained. I suppose that I am thus affected by this incident, from the comparison which it suggests between the parent in full strength and the daughter in infancy; and the parent, again, in much febleness and the daughter in full strength.

I remember, also, that some one brought a sick child to be baptized, and there was no clergyman at hand; but the parents thought that much woe might accrue to the child should it die unbaptized, and my father tried to read the service, whilst our maid, Kitty, held the infant.

The whole party had got into the kitchen, and there I found them; my beloved parent too ill to read, whilst Kitty, to whom he had given the book, was almost too unlettered. She had just stammered through a prayer or two when I came in; my father had sprinkled the water, and everybody seemed to be quite satisfied, and so it passed; but I was greatly affected to think that his state was such that he could not read. Yet, even then, I did not anticipate the result.

My dear father had a young footman, who behaved as a son to him through his whole illness. This young man was particularly fond of reading, which greatly tended to raise him, and make him an agreeable companion for an invalid. But I must proceed to that event which altered the whole colouring of my early life. As far as I can remember, my father had three attacks of paralysis. After the first, he was able to walk about, and sit at table, and enjoy society; after the second, his poor limbs dragged after him, his voice was altered, and he lay much on his couch in his study. But still I could lead him about occasionally. Some friend about this time lent me Mrs Opie's "Father and Daughter." I have never read that work since, nor do I know what are its merits or demerits; this only I know, that at the time I felt it deeply, and

was scarcely less affected with the first verse of Handel's pathetic song than was poor Agnes herself. Often and often did I repeat it, though I changed some of the words.

"Tears, such as tender fathers shed,
Warm from his aged eyes descend,
For joy, to think, when he is dead,
His children shall not want a friend."

Still, I had so little idea of my father's danger, and my mother was under such small alarm herself, that we were planning a visit to Lord Valentia's, for he had come back to reside a few weeks at Arley Hall previously to going abroad, under the belief that a change might do my father good. Lord Valentia, also, wished us to meet Mr Chesney, who was to be there, and desired to be better acquainted with his former friends at the masquerade. We liked the thoughts of this scheme, and expected all from it which the sanguine mind of Lord Valentia had anticipated and suggested; but it was not to be—Providence had made other arrangements for us.

A third attack about this time almost wholly overwhelmed my poor father's faculties, taking away his knowledge of many things which passed even in his presence, though it left all his gentleness and benevolence as before. He still continued to say, "Yes, you dear!" when I or his other children came before him, and never expressing the slightest impatience.

Dr Salt and Dr Hall, who was married to Dr Salt's sister, were with him most of this time, and surely I must then have begun to anticipate a fatal end to this illness, and yet I almost think that I did not. When the hope of others was almost gone, it was proposed that Dr Erasmus Darwin, the celebrated author of "The Loves of the Plants," should be sent for from Derby, where he then resided. He had known my father from a boy, and he came, but could do nothing.

I was in my father's study, and he was lying on a sofa nearly insensible, when his former pupil, Sir Edward Winnington, came

to take a last look of him. He was so deeply affected that he could not bring himself to see him again.

Then followed an awful interval between the last attack and the closing scene, during which I was not permitted to see much of him.

Even then we hoped that he might so far recover as to enjoy again the lovely scenes nearest to the house.

I once stole into the room where my father lay, though it was wished I should not; and, ah! how sad is my recollection of that farewell look. It was the room which had been our nursery, and from which he never again came out alive.

In "The Reading Speeches" there is a short, but very sweet, account of his death, written by my brother. And there is an affecting passage, also, on this subject in the diary of my mother, written in 1796, to which I will now refer. "It was on this day last year (Sept. 29)," writes my then widowed parent, "that I last beheld my dear husband. He was lying in a state of insensibility, but his countenance was composed. He looked as if in a gentle sleep. I kissed him, and thought there was nothing terrible in death if that was all, and wished that my own might be as easy as his; and, blessed be God, it was ordained that he should endure no further pangs. About twenty-four hours after my last adieu his spirit took its flight, and never did a more benevolent spirit quit this earthly abode to appear in the presence of its Maker. It is gone, I trust, to live with Him who is love itself. But what are the first sensations of the disembodied soul? Vain, though interesting, inquiry! The veil is impenetrable to mortal eyes, nor are any who have experienced the awful change permitted to disclose the mystery."

When my beloved father was no longer able to converse, he fixed his dim eyes on a print of our Saviour bearing his cross, and in a faltering voice he said, "It is that which now gives me comfort." Shortly after he expired, on the 29th September 1795.

My beloved mother remained in the house at Stanford till the

funeral morning; then, being unable to bear it any longer, she went to a friend's residence near, whom she had known many years, and there spent that miserable day.

Mrs Whitcomb lived at Orleton, about two miles from Stanford: her house was behind a round fir-crowned hill, on the right hand of the road which goes up the hill by the Parsonage.

Dr Hall, who could be of no further service in the chamber of death, went with us, and after breakfast, leaving my mother with Mrs Whitcomb, he took me and my sister out to walk.

We ascended a little by one of the many woody knolls which, projecting from the range of still higher grounds, makes the crown of the valley, forming the very peculiar beauty of the country about Stanford. This knoll, or promontory, could not have been less than two miles from Stanford church; for neither the church nor house were seen from thence. Here we found a seat, and we proposed to rest a while. Dr Hall in the meantime endeavoured to beguile the weary and miserable hours by repeating some poems of Burns, which he did uncommonly well.

But there we could not rest, for suddenly the deep tone of the funeral bell from Stanford struck upon our ears.

We waited not another toll, but ran down into the valley beyond the little height to which we had ascended. But what words can describe what were then our feelings? When we returned that evening to our temporary home, we felt that our father was then indeed gone, his place was to know him no more. It must not be forgotten, as a rare instance of affection and respect, that the principal inhabitants of Kidderminster, at the funeral sermon, hung the church with black at their own expense, and attended divine service in mourning; and to this day the elder persons there speak of him as affectionate children speak of a tender parent.

“The blest remembrance of the just
Smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust.”

On the death of our father, our ever-dear uncle Thomas became

a father to us ; and as he was then residing at his small parsonage-house at Arley, as soon as we could move he took my mother, myself, and sister there ; and in that retired place my mother had time to arrange her future plans. It was not then quite two years since I had seen Arley Hall a scene of the wildest gaiety. It was now deserted, the voice of wild merriment had passed away, and an old servant or two alone resided in it. We had at the same time lost the only two families at Kidderminster with whom we had been intimate, both had gone ; and Mr Sneyd had lately died, so that his household was broken up, and his two remaining single daughters gone to live with the Edgeworths in Ireland. What a change had in a short time taken place ! what a blank had spread over our prospects ! And, now, where was my mother to look for a home ?

Sir Edward Winnington strongly recommended Worcester. She had then several friends in the College, especially Dr Plumptre, and seven or eight years afterwards she did take apartments near the cathedral. She ought to have done so at first, and then she would have kept her daughters amongst their father's friends, for we knew well and intimately the Dean of Worcester, who succeeded my father at Kidderminster.

My mother, too, had a good income, so much, indeed, that she saved nearly two thousand pounds during her widowhood of about twenty years. But her shyness and timidity prevailed, and it was no doubt the will of an all-wise Providence that she should throw herself and her daughters as completely in the shade as she did, by taking a house in Bridgenorth, with no other inducement whatever than that of being near my father's friend, Mr Hawkins Browne. When my uncle understood her wishes respecting Bridgenorth, he rode over from Arley to look for a house there for her, and saw two which might have been had. One a respectable one ; the other an old, miserable, cold, wretched place in the High Churchyard. This latter one my mother took without seeing it, though my uncle told us its real character ; but it was

the cheapest of the two, and she was under great alarm about her income, lest she should not be able to answer all demands. My poor mother was so timid and nervous that she was wholly unfit for any responsibilities. But we were to keep the house at Stanford till the spring. My uncle did all that lay in his power to make us happy at Arley; and I could have been content to have lived with him there, so much did his presence add to our domestic cheerfulness. I went on with my manuscript of "Margarita" at Arley, and there wrote the death of Canon Bernardo.

Our dear kind uncle walked with us every day, and I used to sit alone and play on my guitar, and weep continually; for deep, deep was the depression of our spirits. But we were not to remain at the parsonage at Arley all the winter, for I had another invitation to Bath, and my mother and sister were to spend a few weeks at Stanford Court; so we returned to Stanford at the end of the year. I have often since thought, if I were required to mark down the period of the most deep and hopeless gloom of my *whole* life, I should select, without question, the few weeks which intervened in that winter between my leaving Arley and going a second time to Bath.

We still possess my beloved father's portrait. The painting is by Mr Kean, who succeeded, as far as it was possible, to do justice to that fire of genius and benignity of aspect which characterised his countenance. An engraving is taken from the painting, and is prefixed to the first volume of his poems.

It was good for us, no doubt, to be compelled to leave dear Stanford; but though the bidding adieu to my lovely native place was agony to me, yet I most truly rejoiced when the separation was over. It was in the third week in January we all parted; my brother returned to Oxford, my mother and sister went to reside for the remainder of the winter at Stanford Court, and I travelled to Bath, in company with an old lady who was going there from her house near Stanford. At the end of the month of

unpropitious situation? I was separated at this time, at Bath, from the respectable friends whom I had made the year before, and who would have kept me out of danger: I am referring to the Warners and their associates, all people of distinction. It is true, they were still kind; but my godmother was tired of them. She also was beginning to be heartily tired of me, and I of her; for the incessant quarrels which she carried on with every one, after a short acquaintance, not only weaned me, but made me reckless as it affected my wish to please.

I soon discovered that it was all a chance whether what I did met with her approbation or not, and I e'en left it to chance. She might be pleased or otherwise, I did not care; and now I think I must have made myself very unamiable.

Being in deep mourning, I never went into public: in all respects, therefore, Bath was an altered place to me to what it had been the year before. I felt especially the change in the letters sent to me from Stanford, once my beloved home and now the grave of my father.

My sister, the year before, had sent me in a frank a few of the earliest violets from our sweet southern bank, but she had no heart this year to renew this childlike caprice; still the utmost unhappiness which I suffered then at Bath was nothing in my mind in comparison of what I dreaded in returning to Stanford. I was sometimes, at any rate, amused, though provoked, by the singularities of my godmother.

She always insisted upon it, whenever she had a quarrel, that she must meet the other party and talk the matter over.

She called these discussions "éclairisments;" and one day in particular, I remember, she asked me to accompany her in a walk to some of the then new buildings above the Royal Crescent. As she went along, she told me that she was bound on a visit to two old ladies, ancient acquaintances of hers, with whom she had a quarrel years before. They were just come to Bath, and she was resolved to have an "éclairisment." I told her I thought it might be better

to pay the visit without seeking the "éclairisment." Of course she would not listen to me, and away we trudged ; for she was a rapid and indefatigable walker.

We arrived at the house, were introduced, and kindly received ; and all would have been well, had not my godmother rubbed up the story, and demanded an explanation.

Instantly we were all in a flame ; the two old ladies blazed up on one side and my godmother on the other, and, after sundry sharp remarks and severe retorts, we trotted back again ; all the comfort which I gave *my* old lady being quietly to remind her that I had told her how it would be if she persisted in demanding the "éclairisment" she desired. My time for remaining at Bath at length wore away ; but my mother was still unsettled. She had hardly left Stanford, to go to Arley, when my godmother proposed a journey to Oxford and London. At Oxford she was to see my brother, to stay a few days, and visit the colleges, and from thence she was to go to the Metropolis.

She proposed my accompanying her in this journey, and the proposal pleased me. Of course, I was well aware, that although the old lady was at times utterly tormenting, yet that there was probably more disease than actual unkindness in her very unpleasant conduct. I also knew so much of her, as to be assured that she would be good-humoured and cheerful so long as we were moving.

It was fine weather, I remember, when we left Bath in a post-chaise for Oxford ; but we made two days' journey of it, sleeping at some pretty country inn by the way. My godmother was a pleasant travelling companion in a post-chaise ; because, when she once felt herself set in motion, she began to tell stories ; which stories, if they had no other merit, were graphic, circumstantial, and sufficiently seasoned with envy, hatred, and malice, to give them a relish to the unregenerate mind.

I have no recollection where we went to at Oxford, but we had rooms bespoken at a principal inn, and were received by my dear brother, then a student of Christ Church. He came, all joy, to

meet his sister, and before he had been in the room many minutes he presented me with an elegant pocket Testament.

I had for many weeks past been associated with a young gentleman who was an avowed infidel, and he had so far prevailed, mixing up his poisonous principles with much flattery, that I had almost begun to hear him, at least, without indignation; but this one simple gift, so kindly and unsuspectingly tendered from my ever-dear Marten, undid at once all the mischief which had been done by the infidel at Bath.

Though I have forgotten a thousand circumstances of my visit to Oxford, I can never forget the feelings with which I received that present. Oh, I thought, if that sweet brother could have the slightest suspicion of the conversations which his sister has lately hearkened to, of the books which she has lately read, of the utter carelessness of religion, to say the least, in which she has lately lived, what would he think? how would he be pained? and my father, I thought, my beloved father, could he but know how his daughter had fallen, what would he feel? With these divinely-gifted thoughts I retired to my room, and wept most bitterly.

I was, however, rather relieved when I left Oxford, and found myself once again in a post-chaise with my godmother. We found M. and Madame St Q——, my old tutor at Reading, residing in town, where they had a small boarding-school. They had obtained lodgings for us a few doors distant, but we were to take our meals with them.

They received us with the utmost affection, and as M. St Q—— was a remarkably agreeable man, and as a stranger was always liked by my travelling companion, he became such a prime favourite that she admitted him without hesitation into her confidence, told him all her family affairs, and sought his advice on several occasions. Of course this pleased me well, and I began to feel myself more at home than I had been for some months.

I know not how long I was in London at that time; but, judging from events which then took place, it seems as if it must have

been a very long time, though it really could not have been more than a month or six weeks.

It was at this time that I again saw my cousin Henry Sherwood, after having been parted from him in my thirteenth year at Kidderminster, of which more in the sequel. But my stay with my god-mother having at last arrived at its conclusion, I went to Arley, but remained there only a few days. Thence I proceeded with my mother and sister to our house at Bridgenorth, where were two female servants come from Stanford, and part of our furniture. We had not raised our expectations very high, but we were by no means prepared for the comfortless abode which had been taken by our mother without being seen by her; for had she carefully selected a place which should more decidedly contrast with the far-famed and lovely parsonage of Stanford, I think that she could hardly have succeeded better than she did in choosing this house, the centre one of three standing in the High Churchyard of Bridgenorth. I was, however, so entirely ignorant of my mother's circumstances, that I took it for granted that ten pounds a-year more for a house was a matter of consequence, and that the very strict economy which she adopted as soon as my father died was fully necessary; and my sister, of course, had the same ideas. My grandfather Sherwood had left me sufficient money, the interest of which at five per cent. I had for my own expenditure, so therefore I had no need to ask my mother for money, and my sister had the same allowance.

We arrived, I recollect, at our new house on the Saturday, and on the Sunday my dear mother thus writes:—"May 29th, 1796. Yesterday, we had a safe journey to this our new abode, but we do not like it better than before we arrived; but let us look up unto Thee for consolation; let us make no hasty, no rash decisions. A year ago, he whom I have lost thought not that death was approaching with hasty strides; if it is so, why then, oh my soul, this vain and eager anxiety for the dwelling-place of a moment? Could he look down from the habitations of those blessed spirits of whose happy number he is now, I trust, one, and were he permitted to

advise me, who am caring about such a trifle as to where I am to pass the remaining part of my allotted time, would he not urge me rather to bestow my anxiety upon the manner in which I am to spend this allotted time? Would he not say, 'My Martha, these are golden hours: on these depend your future rank in the scale of beings;' the righteous shall shine as the stars in the firmament, and the righteous are resigned to the will of their heavenly Father, and repine not at their lot. Their only claim is to become more virtuous; and if virtue is to be perfected by suffering, they suffer gladly."

Thus my dear mother endeavoured to find consolation in religious thoughts; and though I think she was much mistaken as to what the redeemed spirit of my father would have said to her, had it been consistent with the Divine plan that such intercourse as she imagined should have passed between her and her departed husband, yet can there be a doubt that the Divine Spirit was with her when she wrote these reflections, though she still dwelt in much and great darkness?

I have little or no recollection of what I myself thought, or felt, or said, or did at that time. And is it so, that the vain thoughts of the unregenerate child of Adam pass away from the memory and utterly perish, like the dreams of the night, which fly before the morning, and that the individual only begins really to live when the new and Divine nature is imparted? But it certainly has struck me with force, that in the early parts of my youth, where I have no journal to direct me, though I can recall many, many facts, I cannot remember much of anything of what I thought or how I felt on such and such occasions.

Of the first period of my residence at Bridgenorth I have a general recollection of being extremely dissatisfied, of having quite a horror of the house, and feeling excessively depressed by our mode of living. This feeling, however, gradually went off, and I began to see that there were some pretty walks, some pleasant scenes, even in Shropshire. Many kind people called upon us,

some of whom I remember with strong feelings of affection after the lapse of many years.

Mr and Mrs Hawkins Browne were among the first of those who came to see us at Bridgenorth, and they sent for us before the end of June, to spend some days with them at Badger, the effects of which visit was to make us all less contented with our home on our return. The kindness of this family continued unchanged to the end.

It is, I imagine, not in the course of nature for young unbroken spirits to comprehend the feelings of those who are in troubles such as were those of my widowed mother. When I look back upon former days, I cannot exonerate myself from a degree of very blameable negligence in this respect.

We are apt to think, whilst a friend is still living with us, that our conduct towards him is not only blameless, but even praiseworthy; but when that friend is gone, how do we look upon our past conduct? It is then, when too late, that our offences often rise up to memory, to add bitterness to our regrets. These recollections are most salutary, as they tend to the destruction of self-righteous imaginations, and, by their oft-repeated warnings, induce domestic peace.

My brother was with us this summer, during the long vacation. His visit made us happy; he walked with us, instructed me in botany, and persuaded me to learn Greek. He taught me the verbs when walking out, and put me at once into Homer, and I continued the study till I had read the first six books.

This same summer we had visits from our cousins Thomas Butt and Henry Sherwood. This was the first visit of the latter to his aunt since he had grown up. Mrs Hawkins Browne also indulgently took me to the races and to the ball afterwards, probably by way of giving me a sort of introduction to the society of the neighbourhood.

Towards the end of September all our young visitors had dropped off. The fine weather had passed away, and we were left

to anticipate a mournful winter, and to grieve over the change which one year had wrought in our prospects.

I have reason, on reflection, to suppose that we were none of us then in a state to make the family circle cheerful; my dear mother's temperament was too high-wrought, and she kept her daughters in too great awe, even for her own happiness. But my sister and myself were very much drawn together at this time. We became more and more attached to each other, and this attachment continued till we were forced asunder by inevitable circumstances. We were together for hours every day, and had a favourite walk in a retired lane which ran parallel with the Severn. At that period I was busy with "Margarita," and my head in consequence full of romantic imagery; my sister, too, must write, though I remember not what. We therefore had a little world of ideas of our own, which employed much of our time when we had leisure for conversation. This manner of going on, however, with the very little exercise we gave ourselves of talking on common matters, kept both our minds in a state of great backwardness as to our knowledge of common things. So that, even when I married—and I did not marry very early—I was singularly ignorant of life. Nearly about this time we were engaged by the curate of the Low Church at Bridgenorth to take the charge of his Sunday-school. The life we were leading was vastly too inactive for our spirits; our Sundays had been particularly painful to us; and here was a something to be done, a bustle and parade, a change, and an object; and we most gladly undertook the affair. We certainly did it thoroughly, that is, as far as we knew how to do it; and we attended the school so diligently on the Sunday, that the parents brought the children in crowds, and we were obliged to stop short when each of us had about thirty-five girls, and the old school-master as many boys.

We made bonnets and tippets for our girls; we walked with them to church; we looked them up in the week-days; we were vastly busy; we were first amused, and next deeply interested.

Providence thus supplied us with a healthful exercise, and we should both be truly ungrateful to our Heavenly Father if we do not humbly thank Him for making our work not only useful to others, but instrumental in the improvement of our own souls. Sunday-schools then were comparatively new things, so that our attentions were more valued then than they would be nowadays. Thus terminated the year 1797.

CHAPTER X.

THE SHERWOOD FAMILY—OUR OLD PRAYER-BOOK, BELONGING TO THE WHITTINGHAMS—MY COUSIN HENRY'S HISTORY.

THE journey to visit my godmother was one of many events to me ; for, when in London, I again saw my cousin Henry Sherwood, after having been parted from him in my thirteenth year at Kidderminster.

Henry came to us at Bridgenorth in the winter of 1797. His history is a most curious one. I will repeat it here, though I have, I think, occasionally spoken of my uncle and his family, as circumstances called forth.

My grandfather Henry Sherwood was a merchant of the firm of Sherwood and Reynolds. He married twice, and his second lady, who brought him no family, was a Miss Wedgewood. The first wife, my grandmother, was a Miss Martha Ashcroft ; and through her we are descended from the good old family of Whittingham, of Whittingham Hall, Lancashire. One of its members, William Whittingham, in 1550, was obliged to seek refuge abroad in Queen

Mary's time, and there he married the sister of Calvin. In the reign of Elizabeth this Whittingham was made Dean of Durham.

We always thought a great deal of this Whittingham connexion ; and the daughters of the family, out of compliment, I have been taught, to the sister of Calvin, considered it incumbent upon them not to disgrace the relationship. My youngest daughter, Sophia, now possesses an old prayer-book of 1709, which has belonged to five females of our family *before* marriage. I myself am the fourth, and it was an harmless fancy of mine to desire that one of my daughters should possess this relic as an incentive for action. This child being the one that has shewn most inclination for using her pen, has therefore, though the youngest, been selected by me to hand down the prayer-book to future daughters of our house.

It contains the following, in five handwritings :—

Mary Whittinghams
Book.
Martha Ashcroft
Ejus Liber.
Anno Domini
1745.
Martha Sherwood.
Feb^r y^e 19th, 1769.
Mary Martha Butt,
May 8th, 1803.
Sophia Sherwood.
May 8th, 1836.

In my mother's writing, in the middle page, are these words :—
“This was my grandmother's book before she married. She came of a family remarkable for the piety of its females, as I have been informed. May God continue this gift to her descendants.
“ M. BUTT.”

My grandfather had two children by his first lady, Henry and Martha, the latter my mother. The son married early in life, and his wife died at, or immediately after, the birth of her second child, the little Margaret, who visited us at Stanford. From early

youth my uncle Henry was a constant source of anxiety to his family, and on his adopting revolutionary opinions, which, sad to say, he did, I fear, solely from a spirit of opposition to his father, who was a strong supporter of Government during the American war, the discord between them became so great, that my uncle went over to France to join the revolutionary party there, my grandfather retaining the children in his possession, which he had power to do, as my uncle was dependant upon him for his pecuniary resources. My grandfather Sherwood, however, died in 1790, and my uncle now sent for his son Henry, and placed him at school in a monastery, where the monks could not understand him or he them. My uncle purchased a very large and newly-built Benedictine Abbey, at St Vallery, on the Somme, near Abbeville, which the family entered before winter; and when my cousin Henry was taken there, he was thoroughly left to himself and his own guidance. He was about thirteen, when one day, as he was sawing some wood for firing, most unexpectedly an English gentleman stood beside him. This gentleman was a solicitor, who had been sent by our grandfather's executor to remonstrate against the neglect of my cousin's education, and, if possible, to remove him at once to England, as the possessor of a property of some thousands left between him and his sister; as his grandfather, having been displeased with his son's conduct, had passed him over for the children of the first marriage. My uncle, however, was on this very account only more desirous to keep his son in his own house, charging for his board, &c., and poor little Margaret was unhappily, on account of the same reason, at once removed from school at Coventry, and taken by her father to St Vallery. Sad to add, the stepmother who had taken upon herself the parent's duty, and who was also first cousin of their own mother, and a lady of property, was so incensed at the grandfather's bequests, that she never would admit either of the children again willingly into her presence; she had taken possession of the Prior's room, and seldom went out of it, and those who wished to

see her must see her there. My cousin Henry being now more neglected than before, sought out amusement for himself. He soon found a kind friend in a gardener, who kept a garden for his father about a quarter of a mile from the town; and soon French became so much his language, that he no longer even thought in English. After a while my uncle bought a share in an old worm-eaten brig of 200 tons. I believe he did it to patronise the captain, and my cousin, no doubt, as any active boy of thirteen would do, took to it at once. Then, changing from working in the garden—for he could not be idle—he passed his time in daubing his hands, as he himself termed it, in tar and pitch, and in rowing and sailing about the estuary of the Somme from morning till night. That mode of life continued all the winter and till the spring.

On the 22d of July the brig, with its captain, officers, and men, amongst which set was my cousin, sailed from St Vallery, and then he first learned the difference between a ship at anchor and one under weigh. Their destined port was Marseilles; but Henry was not permitted to reach it without undergoing some of the mortifications and annoyances all landsmen encounter before they are considered good sailors. For instance, Mount Atlas, on the African coast, was pointed out to him by the captain as the "Mountain of Monkies," and a *looking* glass was given him, by which he said he might perchance see *one* of them. Again, having no money to save himself from being "christened," as the French sailors call it, Mount Atlas and the Rock of Gibraltar being the sponsors for the occasion, he was placed in a tub, and water was poured down his back, and down each sleeve, with a common funnel. A bucketful was thrown over his head, and thus the christening terminated, the captain becoming responsible for certain payments. And truly Henry was a young philosopher, for he comforted himself with the reflection that he was well content that the ceremony was gone through in August, as he would rather not wait for it till January.

On the 22d of August a pilot, who went on board to take them into Marseilles, informed them of the dreadful massacre at Paris on the 10th, and shortly afterwards they passed the fort of St John's, where the Duchess of Orleans and two of her sons were then confined.

I shall now quote the journal of my cousin, which I got him to write for me on his return to England.

HENRY'S JOURNAL, WRITTEN IN 1797.

"The appearance of the city and harbour of Marseilles is very fine, and much pleased me. On returning to our brig on the Sunday, on which day I had been to see the chapel of Nôtre Dame, whilst walking about the streets, at the corner of one of them I fell in with a mob, dragging with them certain unfortunate persons, whom these wretches were going to murder in the fury of their democratic zeal.

"One of these doomed men was so tall that his head appeared clearly above those of the populace; he had no covering on it, and was otherwise dressed like a sportsman, in a short shooting-jacket and spatterdashes. He was pale, but looked with contempt on the crowd around. I followed this mob without knowing what they were about. I saw a man let down a lamp which hung from a rope suspended across the street. Having taken down the lamp, they hung their prisoner in cool blood with the same rope, fastening him to the place from whence they had taken the lamp. It was a dreadful sight; but when I would have fled, the people caught me by the arm and detained me. I was afterwards afraid to attempt to get away. They hung another of their prisoners (whose name I heard was Vasque) by the feet, and afterwards cut him down, opened his body, and dragged it round the city, singing and dancing in their mad and cruel excitement, as they followed the mutilated and mangled form. As soon as I could get away unobserved, I fled to the brig, and in my way saw several bodies

hanging to the lamp cords, the frequent cry on these occasions being, 'À la lanterne! à la lanterne!' It was my intention to return no more to the shore at Marseilles. But soon after this the men made some complaint, it seems, to the authorities on shore; and as the doctrine of equality was now the order of the day, these powers in authority decided against the captain. The sailors making a party matter of it, all deserted and left the brig, none remaining on board with the captain excepting the mate, myself, and another boy. It was whilst we still lay in the harbour, we three, without the aid of the captain, who remained on shore, took down all the rigging, tarred it, and put it up again. As this was very hard work, my hands being ingrained with tar, they became dreadfully swelled. However, the work being finished, I was sent on shore to look for the captain. I stayed on shore a few days, and had an opportunity of being at the play every evening. The acting was very good, and the entrance-money very small; indeed, a person might almost go in for nothing.

"One day, whilst I was employed in my office of cook, on board the brig—for it must be remembered how few we were on board—I heard a noise in the streets, and recognised the sound of English oaths. I hastened out, and found a drunken English sailor quarrelling with the towns-people. He either could not or would not understand a word spoken by the persons who were trying to pacify him, upon which I addressed him in English; he suddenly turned round upon me and said, 'Who are you?' I answered, 'An English boy.' 'What!' he said, 'and serving the French? You little renegade, leave these French rascals immediately and return to England.'

"He then left us, and two or three days afterwards I met him again. 'You are the little English boy,' he said, 'who spoke to me the other day. I warn you to leave this city immediately; if you remain a fortnight longer, you will see the blood running up to your knees in the streets.' He told me that he belonged to an English brig bound for Smyrna, then lying in the harbour. He said that

the ship was employed to carry valuable goods belonging to people of consequence from the town, and that they had chests of dollars sunk in the mud of the harbour at the ship's head. I did not believe him, for I could not suppose that such a man would be intrusted with a secret of this kind. I have since had reason to be assured that he told nothing but the truth.

"I have omitted to say that the brig in which I had come to Marseilles was called *l'Etoile Mignon*.

"Our captain, finding that he could not obtain a freightage at Marseilles, proceeded from thence to Certe, which place lies at the end of the Gulf of Lyons, thirty leagues from Marseilles, and as he sailed out of the harbour we were aware that the citizens were attacking Fort St Nicholas, which act may be said to be the beginning or first overt act of rebellion of the revolutionists in that part of France. All the time I was at Marseilles, however, the town was in a dreadful state, and scarcely a day passed in which some person was not put to death by the mob. The sufferers were often tried, and acquitted *after* execution;—that is, they lost their lives first, and were pardoned afterwards. It was at Marseilles where I first saw the guillotine: it was carried about the streets in procession, whilst the populace sung the *Marseillois* hymn with enthusiasm:—

"To arms, Citizens!
Form your battalions,
With impure blood
Let us steep our furrows.

Let us fill the gutters with the blood of the Aristocrats."

"Such was the substance of the hymn, that was quite new at that time. I have seen the people, who considered it their own national anthem, fall on their knees in the streets, with clasped hands, and with all the semblance of the greatest devotion, crying aloud, '*Liberté! Liberté chère!*' At the theatre the actors invariably knelt every evening, and affected to address Liberty as a divinity.

"On sailing out of the port of Marseilles we were becalmed all night. Towards morning we were set free by a gulf, that is, a sea-

breeze, and, going at the rate of ten knots an hour, we reached Cette in nine hours. We had scarcely got into the port before the wind increased to a hurricane, and we were in alarm all night. There is a strong current running through the harbour, which makes it the more dangerous. The waves rushed actually clear over the pier into the harbour. Had we been a few hours later we must have perished, for we could not have lain safe anywhere in this *cul de sac* of a bay, or found our way into the harbour, the pier being hidden by the waves. At eight o'clock in the morning of the next day a curious circumstance occurred. I was coming out of the cabin, and saw a small ship, called a Tartan in those seas, just entering the harbour; she came safe in, as if by a miracle, and, when within, such a shout was set up by her crew and the people on shore as made me thrill. A little more than an hour afterwards another vessel appeared, with English colours hoisted, for quarantine. Our captain scarcely had time to exclaim, 'She is lost!' before she struck, being so close to us that we could have thrown a stone on board of her. She was without, and we within the harbour, and the waves cast her high on the rock. She fell on her side, but, to our great wonder, there she remained, as if fixed, as was the case, for it seems she had struck on the very point of the rock. And there she was, actually hanging exposed to the incessant beating of the waves, which rolled over and almost covered her. We might almost have reached her bowsprit, under the lee of the rock. An English boat did succeed in getting very near her, and received her crew, but was taken by a heavy sea and swamped. The sailors saved themselves on a rock, in the middle of the harbour, and there remained till the storm was over, for neither French nor Danes, several of which last were in the harbour, would venture near them, probably on account of the quarantine flag which had been in their ship. The wind and sea, however, calmed towards evening, and before night the gulf was as quiet as a mill-pond. I have heard it said that the Gulf of Lyons is very subject to these sudden-storms.

“At Cette, in Languedoc, we took in a cargo of brandy and wine, also a Savoyard lad, and replaced one of the sailors left at Marseilles by an Englishman. It must be recollected that the English were still in high favour, not the slightest appearance of any disagreement between the nations being manifest. But still affairs were on such a delicate footing with all parties, that when I made a mistake in reversing the colours of the ship, at the taking of Mons, our captain was in a most dreadful alarm.

“I could clearly see that both he and the mate were not pleased with the present state of affairs. We sailed from Cette on the 9th of January, in company with a brig bound for Dieppe, and it was agreed to keep in company, for the talk was that both vessels were not seaworthy.

“It blew hard when we sailed, and during the night and the next morning the brig made signals of distress, and, on our going to inquire, we found she had sprung a leak, and was making water fast. All hands were at the pump, and her captain begged us to remain by her. The vessel made but little way, and could carry but little sail; hence we moved but slowly along the shores of Catalonia, so that we had a fine view from Cape Rosa to Barcelona, which port our companion entered; but we proceeded, though we approached the harbour's mouth before we left her. The city had a fine appearance from the sea, with a fortified hill on the left. The weather was very warm. On the next day we had a fair wind, and we were in hopes of being at St Vallery by the Feast of St Blaise; but the wind increasing to a storm, with a high sea, and with little sail set, we were obliged to cross the Gulf of Valentia. The wind, however, becoming fair, we were running nearly ten miles an hour, when, about twelve o'clock at night, it being quite dark, the Savoyard boy screamed out, ‘A sail!’ We had scarcely time to be alarmed before a bowsprit appeared hanging over our poop, and glided by us, only striking our quarter, though it left its jib-boom on board, being caught in some of our rigging. All the ornaments, however, of the stern, on the starboard side, were knocked off, and we sailors

took up pieces of the splinters, to preserve as a memorial of the accident, and I kept mine through a great many troubles.

“What vessel it was, or what nation it belonged to, we never knew. A shout was raised by both the crews, and she was past in an instant.

“Nothing of any note then occurred till we reached Gibraltar, sailing so near to Europa Point that we saw the sentry, and had to pass through a Portuguese fleet cruising against the Algerines. We soon perceived the rough motion of the Atlantic. Our vessel was heavily laden, and very deep in the water, so we could not carry much sail, and were obliged to drift away to the westward. The seams of the deck being so open that the water dripped through, and my berth was perfectly wet, I had not a dry change for twenty-one days. The weather was very heavy as we neared the Bay of Biscay, and at length we lay to, whilst all hands made themselves as snug as possible, the hatchways being fastened down. When any one went below, he was obliged to watch an opportunity. It was not till the end of twenty-one days the wind fell, and we entered the Channel. By this time the fête of St Blaise was past, and we had had our dance. This dance was connected with some Romish festival kept at St Vallery, but what it was I forget.

“I very much suspect that our captain was a very ignorant person, and I believe that the French captains at that time were generally so. About the north of the Bristol Channel we saw a large ship, apparently English. We made signals, and hoisted our colours; but so far from noticing us, she made all sail possible. The captain was very angry, and said he had never known the English so uncourteous before; but when this vessel had passed out of sight, for some cause the captain was alarmed. All hands were kept on deck throughout the night. It was Shrove Tuesday, and early in the morning we fell in with many fishing-boats, and found ourselves very unexpectedly high up the Channel opposite Fecamp in Normandy. On hailing the first fishing-boat we were told this, and further, that France was at war with all the world.

‘What! with England?’ we asked. ‘Yes, with England,’ was the reply. Nothing was now thought of by us but safety. A bold, high cliff appeared a few miles off: this was above Fecamp, called Point d’Enfer. We steered for the harbour, and soon entered. What a curious scene then ensued, with congratulations of our escape from the enemy! All the town seemed on the quay pulling at the tow-rope to get us into the harbour, as if we had an enemy close at hand. Such a gabble was there that no one could hear himself speak. But the day was fine, and almost a dead calm, so no damage happened, though we did bump against the pier by mere force of the hauling. Scarcely had we been secured to the quay when the sailors jumped on shore; the mate endeavoured to prevent them until all the sails were secured, but the lowest was now the highest in the scuffle. The mate was beaten and covered with blood, and was carried away to prison for daring to shew authority.

“Our voyage was now over, and that evening I left Fecamp by diligence, and I can only recollect that I had a horse from some place to Rouen, and the next day I went to Dieppe, from that to Eu, and then in a baker’s cart to St Vallery, where I arrived on the 22d February 1793.

“My father and family were, to all appearance, as I had left them. The poor people of St Vallery did not, as yet, shew any excitement. They hoped the war would soon be over, and were in a degree kind to us; but the old priest had been changed, and the new vicar had sworn to obey the Nation, the Law, and the King. I was, on my return to St Vallery, about sixteen years old, and I suppose was rather more observing than youths of my age usually are, probably from the unfortunate circumstance of my situation; for two most heavy troubles soon began to press upon the whole family, and one particularly on myself. The first was the cutting off of all communication with England, and a consequent want of money, which the rising spirit of political dissension, which had now advanced to our town, rendered alarming; for the war had closed the port, and the sailors were unemployed, or sent to the

fleet against their will, for which our country, poor England, was blamed as the cause. The second, which distressed me particularly, was the habits of the family; my father was wholly given up to politics, and my stepmother, probably being in a state of alarm, never left her chamber, once the Prior's room, and hence was never seen by me, as I never was allowed to visit her there. After a while my father was induced, he said, though I think he was compelled by the authorities, to remove further from the coast. He appeared to go voluntarily, as if he was called to Paris; but he really only went to a little village between Abbeville and Amiens. He did not seem to wish that I should go with him; and as it chanced that a poor old washerwoman called Toinette offered to take me in for a while, in hopes, no doubt, of a remuneration at the peace, I accepted her offer, for I wished to stay at St Vallery, as its retired situation was such that the enrolling men for the land service had not reached it. Had they done so, I must have chosen between that and the sea service; for though I was nominally attached to a gunboat, as the vessel was not built there was no immediate call upon me for duty. But still I thought peace could not be far off, and so I did not much distress myself at the state of affairs. Picture me then, living on cabbage soup, sleeping in an out-house, my clothes worn out and extremely shabby, but still all gay and easy, acting in the character of a National Guard; for I was called one, though I had no uniform, and had no duty, but parading and firing with a company of artillery. I had myself almost forgotten I was English, and thus months passed with no apparent change, excepting in my attire, which became worse from day to day; and now I had to tie on my shoes with pieces of packthread, and my only coat, an old black one of my father's, was pronounced past repair. By the by, the tailor's bill for turning this same was presented to and paid by me somewhere about the year 1820.

"I have an indistinct recollection, too, of a red collar to this black coat, as a temporary uniform.

"September, however, came, and by this time all the English had

become suspected people, so that a decree of the Convention passed, commanding their imprisonment. This decree had probably been some time in operation before it found me out; but about the end of September I was arrested. In those days, if not now, the French were fond of effect; they had solemn fêtes, oath-takings, meetings of all kinds, plantings of trees of liberty, and processions of all sorts; and such an occasion as the taking of us English to prison could not be passed over without a scene. So I was paraded through the town, with a drum beating before me, my arms (I believe as a joke) tied with a hay-band, whilst two gens d'armes walked one on each side of me, with drawn swords in their hands. As to myself, I was half-laughing, half-crying, for my old companions treated it as a good joke, and they probably would have done the same if I had been going to be hanged. After me came my young sister, aged fourteen, supported by an old servant of the family; for, beside us two, there were only two young English girls in the town—the nieces of a brewer who had spent some time in England, and married their aunt. These young ladies came under the decree of imprisonment, and my sister and myself were marched to their abode. But one must have seen the procession to describe it, for it resembled nothing I can think of so much as the procession at the Fête Dieu. These two last young ladies, probably on account of their French connexion, were not made to walk as prisoners, but the officers on duty simply gave them notice that they must prepare to go to prison.

“The uncle, however, very naturally remonstrated, and made a speech to the officer in command, to which he returned a courteous answer. I began to think that we should all be released; and most probably we should, only that we were necessary for the procession, and it having been begun it must go on. So, having perambulated the town, singing ‘*Ca ira*,’ my sister and myself were taken to the house of the Municipality, which we reached about twelve o’clock in the morning. The Municipality had now so far obeyed the decree of the Convention, that they had arrested

us, but it seemed that they knew not what further to do, and so they went to dinner, leaving us in the hall, under the charge of a gens d'arme. Although they were hungry, and were satisfying their appetites, they had no thought of us, but the gens d'arme was kind enough to give Margaret some bread. As there was no proper prison in St Vallery, but merely a dungeon, or cage, under an old gateway, we were after dinner ordered to Abbeville, the chief town of the district, and a deputation of members of the Municipality, with the secretary, went to my lodgings and pretended to seal up all my effects, papers, &c. These last merely consisted of a few memorandums and a book on navigation, and some few old clothes, which I might have taken with me, but my friend the gens d'arme persuaded me to leave them in his possession until I returned, which both he and I thought would be immediately. But we were both mistaken. St Vallery is between ten and twelve miles from Abbeville, and we were ordered to march on foot, which my young sister, then about fourteen, said she was unable to do; she was, however, simply told that she must try. It is true the gens d'arme went out to endeavour to procure a horse, but proved unsuccessful, and we were obliged to set off.

“It was past five o'clock before we had reached half-way, and we were both exhausted, for I had not eaten anything, and my sister had only the bit of bread which our guard had given her; but providentially, at this point, when Margaret could go no further, M. De Latrè, uncle of the two English ladies, who had been left behind, sent a horse after us, which now overtook us, and on which they placed my sister. It was soon quite dark. I could scarcely crawl on to Abbeville, where we were taken to the office of the district, to the Procureur Syndic, who had some knowledge of me, and upon my telling him that I had no food nor money, he gave an order to the concierge at the Hôtel St Blimond to provide us with both. He promised also that he would speak to M. Picot about us. This M. Picot had been a tailor; he was a little, upright, active, fidgetty man, remarkably like Sir George Prevost

in the face. It was said of him that he had formerly been famed for his religious devotion ; but now he was a Jacobin, enragé, an infidel, with great professions of devotion to his country, and hatred to Pitt and all tyrants. Our friend the gens d'arme took us to the Hôtel St Blimond, an hotel of an emigré, situated in the Place d'Arme, and there delivered us over to the concierge, and we turned in to walk about the court-yard for some time, till, seeing a light, I opened a door, and there I found several persons sitting before a peat fire, in a kind of shed or kitchen. Amongst these persons were some men on guard, who received a certain sum every day, which was levied from the prisoners, by way of relieving the poor wretches from absolute poverty. These men were more directly before the fire, whilst at a little distance were some Englishmen occupied with cards, round a butcher's block which served for a table. Bricks, piled on each other, were the only seats visible ; but there were some old pikes placed rather prominently against the wall, and called the arms of the guard, though their use was chiefly for poking the fire, and these were the only articles of furniture of the guard-room.

“One Englishman, whom I afterwards found out to have been a smuggler from Boulogne, by name Johnson, addressed me, asking if I was a countryman, and on my answering that I was, he informed me, in English, that he had been in the house a fortnight already, that no care was taken of him, and that, though the old guard kept the door shut, yet every window in the house was left unguarded. Our rooms, he added, were many, but they had no kind of furniture, not even straw, so that they had to lay on the bare floor. They had little or no food allowed, and no prisoner knew what was to happen to him.

“I had got my letter to the concierge, who gave me some food, and continued so to do for some days. All the clothes I could get were on my back, but I had taken the precaution of putting on two shirts.

“The letter which I had got from the Procureur Syndic was for

my sister as well as myself, so, at her own request, she was taken among the females, and, as she wished to pass for French altogether, she kept from the English, and in consequence I saw very little of her, very little indeed, for she seemed completely overpowered with her situation. The other English young women, many of whom had been placed as boarders in convents, associated much together, and, after some time, I was admitted into a kind of countryman's familiarity with them all. But to go back a while, as I said, I was fed by the concierge, and my food was much the same as old Toinette had given me at St Vallery, cabbage and sorrel soup, and a thick slice of black bread, with a baked pear, or something of that kind; I did not care, and was not nice, and so far I got on tolerably well. But the time for washing arrived, and I made my first essay upon a handkerchief. I borrowed a bowl and began; but, alas! I had no soap, and it would not come clean. I was hard at work, scrubbing and rubbing, but I made no advance, when two young English girls, who had been in a convent (one now a Mrs Lock, of Birmingham), observed me, and laughed most heartily. We struck up an acquaintance from that moment, and somehow they helped me to some soap, I forget how, and they taught me how to get on better with my washing. The food which I had from the concierge was soon withdrawn; for the other English who were in poverty mentioned my case, and applied for the same indulgence. This brought out a regulation, that each poor English person should have one pound of mixed bread per diem. This mixed bread was very dark, but whether from the bran, or from a compound of rye, I forget, but it was very sour. In this our house of detention, as it was called, there were about fifty English, and in the upper rooms, where was my sister, one hundred nuns. The property belonged to the Marquis of St Blimond, an emigré nobleman, and, as I before said, fear alone kept us confined there, for there was no obstacle to our getting out, though we had part of a troop of cavalry horses in the stable. It was lucky for us that we could crib the straw and make

ourselves beds; and the richer English, although in distress themselves, occasionally gave a little assistance, but it was very little that they could do. It would naturally arise as a question—How was it that fifty English, the greater number of whom were young, active men, and some of them seamen, did not attempt to escape to the sea-shore and seize a boat? But it is astonishing what a state of terror all France was in; every master of a house was obliged to notify the number of persons that had slept in that house on the night before; and then, bread was so scarce, that none could be procured but through a ticket granted to a householder for the supply allowed. Then, too, there must be a certificate of the number in family; and this absolute want of bread so affected the bodily health, and, in consequence, the mental strength, that there is no doubt it prevented many attempts of escape; and when it is considered that the whole population was in some degree under arms, it made that attempt, when ventured on, almost hopeless so long as the reign of terror lasted; though we shall see that some struggles for freedom were made in the next year. No words can now describe the state of nervous fear in which every one lived, and even those who in their hearts were moderate men accustomed themselves to the dress and language of the most furious democrats, lest otherwise they should become suspected persons. To repeat what we underwent would not be believed, and history itself seems ashamed of recording it. Our prison was old, large, and out of repair. We entered by folding doors into a court-yard, around which the house was built; and within the door, in the yard, a line made with chalk crossed the way, and a few feet distant was another line of chalk. Our guards of old men pretended we were not allowed to pass the first line, or to speak to any one nearer than the second; but this was only a make-believe, for all the lower windows opened on the Place d'Arme, and we were like schoolboys in an imaginary bondage, and could jump out whenever we pleased. My clothes began to fail, and I made a pair of trowsers, after a fashion, by

unpicking the old pair as a pattern, and, with the assistance of Johnson, the English smuggler, cutting out and making a new pair of some canvass.

“ One day, while we were all in a small garden behind the house, some one brought to us a goose, and asked an English sailor to kill it after the English fashion. He chopped off its head, and said, ‘ Here it is guillotined, and now you may see how we shall all look by and by.’ One of the females present on hearing this went into fits, and another fainted. As the winter approached I felt the cold very much, particularly at night. The room in which I slept was a garret over the stable ; it was lathed and plastered, but so near to the tiles that the rafters were not enclosed within the plaster. Most of the poorer English were in the room, viz., two smugglers, one pocket-book maker, two servants, and myself. We were fortunate enough to find some boards, and, slipping them between the rafters, we made a kind of weather-board, as a defence from the cold, and with the straw which we purloined from the cavalry horses we made our beds. We possessed a stove in our room ; how it came there I know not, but being useless as it was, we made a trap-door in our room, which led by a gutter to the roof, and whilst exploring the upper part of the building we found some woodwork, which we determined to sacrifice as fuel. I, being the least and youngest in the company, was put through a hole to bring this wood down, and we were enjoying a good fire, and I was in the very act of jumping on a long piece of wood, to break it before burning it, when the door opened, and the wife of the concierge came in. Here was a scene : we all maintained a dead silence, which she did not, for she flew into a violent passion, and threatened us all, till, addressing herself to me, as speaking the patois French, she inquired, ‘ What we had to say ?’ I, like an impudent lad, answered, ‘ that it was our intention, when this wood was gone, to pull the house to pieces and burn it.’ The woman in her rage left us, and brought in M. Picot, whom we called the little tailor, and he ordered four of us to be taken to the gaol, where we remained one day, and were then

brought back to our prison, the Hôtel St Blimond. After this our door in the roof was secured, and we were sadly off on account of the cold; but at length we did get some fire, by a very ingenious contrivance.

“Our old guard had a certain number of baskets of turf sent every day for their fire. Now, our plan was for one of us to ring the outer bell violently, as if there was some visitor of consequence, or a patrol coming, and the old men would rush out in a hurry, whilst we helped ourselves to their turf in an instant. Then, again, at other times we pretended to be practising the pike exercise, and, in making a charge, pierced a piece of turf, and threw it over our shoulders to one of our party placed conveniently to receive it, who would toss it on until it reached a secure place, where we could do with it what we would. It must be remembered that our guard was formed of superannuated paupers, who were paid a frank and a half a day, taken from our wealthier fellow-prisoners—for we had some persons in the house who had contrived, I know not how, to procure money at the first outbreak. Amongst these were Admiral Sir Digby Dent and a Captain Bowen of the Navy, three or four Army officers, called captains, but who were all lieutenants or ensigns, two clergymen, and one or two young men with their tutors, who had been on their travels; also the landlord of the British Hotel at Boulogne (Mr Parker), and his wife, a Mrs Knowles and her daughter, and a Mrs Annesley and her daughters, one of whom is the present Lady Whitmore, wife of Sir George Whitmore, of the Engineers.

“I soon became acquainted with an officer of the name of Forster, a captain, as he was called, and received many kindnesses from him, as will be seen afterwards.

“His lady was a daughter of Admiral Beasley, of Dover. She had married without thinking of the consequences; and both being young and thoughtless, it had become necessary for him to reside in France, whilst his affairs were being arranged at home; and there were others, too, in the same predicament.

“In the meanwhile my shoes and stockings were gone, and so I was saved their washing. I was, during this time, very happy, and I have observed since, that outward circumstances do not necessarily give or subtract from happiness. I really think that these difficulties in youth rather add to than take off from enjoyment.

“We had always one of our guards who could scrape the fiddle tolerably, and we danced away in our guard-room, the young ladies joining us under the pretext of keeping themselves warm. Though it must have been a very trying situation for these young girls, yet I have every reason to believe that they all conducted themselves with the greatest propriety. As for myself, as might be expected, I chose one as my idol, and was, as far as my situation allowed, in love.

“But it is true that we had some drawbacks, for our little tailor, M. Picot, sometimes amused himself by alarming us. On one occasion he told us that we were to be sent to Paris—at another time he said that the men were to be sent to one prison and the women to another. At first these threatenings distressed us; but at length we did not care for them. Now and then, too, our old guard took the liberty of insulting us English, calling the nation a nation of beasts, with other opprobrious epithets, and once I was, so enraged that I pushed one of them backwards into the fire; but he made no complaint, fearing, as I suppose, lest he should lose his situation, though he threatened very furiously, notwithstanding, that I should feel the vengeance of the ‘great nation.’ Another time all our guard fell asleep together, and we blacked their faces with soot and oil, which made them very angry, so that a coolness took place between us. It must be understood, however, that the wealthier English were not concerned in these tricks, but only those who had no money and were obliged to associate together. Our garret window commanded the Place d’Arme, where were all the reviews and parades of troops. There, too, all rejoicings and grand national fêtes took place; and once a whole army passed the night in the square. It had been made prisoner in Conde and Valenciennes, and was on its march, to La Vendée.

“The French are fond of these spectacles, and they are accustomed to them in their church ceremonies. In the end of December a grand ceremonial fête was enacted; it was called ‘The Fête de la Raison;’ and it was celebrated as usual in the Place d’Arme. The intent was to shew the superiority that reason had over revelation or religion, called on that occasion superstition. A large platform was erected, and near it an immense pile of wood, on which was placed a monstrous figure called Superstition, together with many pictures, images, crucifixes, and Madonnas, from the churches. An actress of noted bad character represented the goddess of Reason, who, with her torch, was to fire the pile and reduce it to ashes. Yet at this very fête, such was the feeling of the populace and National Guard, that I saw many of the little images, pictures, &c., plucked out of the fire; and some of these were even brought into our prison, and publicly shewn to us English, whilst curses were poured out against the Government, by them called the nation, for the desecration of their holy things. Whilst this mockery was going on, I was sent for, and I found my little tailor disposed to be very kind. He told me that reason declared that I at my age, sixteen, could not be answerable for the crimes of my country, and that Dumont, the representative of the people, was going to release many prisoners, as an act of grace, and me among the number.

“I observed that liberty was of no use to me without bread; but he kindly persuaded me, saying, ‘Take your liberty, at all events; and if nothing better offers, you can return to prison.’

“After the exhibition at the platform in the Place d’Arme, the procession moved on to the principal church, where was another platform erected over what formerly was the altar. On this platform stood André Dumont, wearing a peculiar dress, as a member of the Convention, and in his hand he held a hat or cap having three long ostrich feathers in it. On his right stood the goddess of Reason, and some few attendants placed around them for effect. Dumont was addressing the crowd as I entered; he was talking of the harlequinades of the priests; he said, ‘There was neither heaven

nor hell, neither resurrection, angel, nor spirit; but that a fate attended us all, he knew not from whence, or how it happened; so that no one could say why Louis XIV. died in his bed and Louis XVI. on the scaffold.

“When he had finished his oration all those detenués who were to be released advanced to the platform: I was one in the rank, and we were directed to ascend some steps on the one side of the altar, pass across it, receive the accolade, and descend on the other side.

“The goddess of Reason, dressed like Minerva, with a spear in her hand, gave us this accolade, which was a touch as we passed, it being supposed that by this touch our fetters were to fall off. The owl was exchanged on her helmet for a cock, and on the point of her spear was the cap of liberty; her train was held by four of the Municipality, and as she moved the persons near fell on their knees, as they do at the passing of the Host in Roman Catholic countries. At the moment that my turn came to receive the accolade the stage cracked and gave symptoms of falling. We all, with the goddess, rushed to the side of the platform to save ourselves. As I was the youngest of our party, I mean of the males, more notice was taken of me than the others, and her goddess-ship embraced me twice. Dumont asked me if I would serve in a French ship; but he did not press it, which was well for me, for I was at the moment so excited that I began to speak of and defend my country, scarcely knowing what I said. Strange to say, he also praised the English, but regretted that we were governed by a tyrant.

“I forget how it happened, but something next arose to this purport, that this tyrant of England, however, had not imprisoned the French residents; and Dumont said, he ought to have done it. Our conversation was short, and I passed on, and then, not knowing what else to do, I returned to the Hôtel St Blimond, and told the English detenués what had happened. My companions, that is, the poor among the English, were released, and the smuggler Johnson, the servant Downton, who was brother to Downton the actor,

the pocket-book maker, and myself set off towards Boulogne, hoping to get to England somehow or another.

“My sister, who was freed, went to her old quarters at St Valéry, and was in no danger of wanting; for she could embroider beautifully, and had plenty to do in embroidering for the officers, a work which was rather above the capacity of the females of St Valéry. Leaving her safely there, my party and myself set off from Abbeville with our faces towards England, whilst Downton, who had been a servant to an English ensign, residing at Feremontier, on the road to Boulogne, undertook to direct us on our way. This man had been paying his addresses to the daughter of a small farmer at Feremontier, although he could scarcely speak a word of French, nor she of English.

“When we came to Feremontier, in the Forest of Cressy, however, he would go no further, for he was alarmed lest we should be seized trying to make our escape; but at the same time he palliated his defection by saying that we could escape more easily by seizing a boat on the coast, near at hand, and we had better each try for ourselves. Thus our party was broken up, and I knew not what to do, and in the end my necessities were so great I voluntarily went back to my prison at Abbeville, having no other refuge. On my return I was allowed my bread-ration as usual. Captain Forster soon after kindly pretended I was in his service, and provided me with food, so I was no longer a prisoner, and could go in and out of the Hôtel St Blimond as I pleased, and by this means I was left free to escape when any opportunity should offer.”

CHAPTER XI

CONTINUATION OF MR SHERWOOD'S LIFE—ABBEVILLE, 1793.

"I WAS NOW," continues Mr Sherwood in his diary, "professedly free, sleeping in my old prison of the Hôtel St Blimond, keeping up my pretended servitude by going on errands for the wealthier English, who all, no doubt, understood my position, and calling myself especially Captain Forster's attendant. Four or five years after this time, this truly kind friend was thrown from a mule in the West Indies and killed on the spot. By little and little the surveillance over the English at Abbeville was much relaxed, and although no alteration was publicly announced, yet medical certificates were very readily granted, so that one by one the prisoners got into lodgings; and this, it was suspected, was chiefly owing to M. Picot consenting to be bribed. Captain Forster was allowed to remove to apartments in the college, now very much reduced as to students, the young men having been forced into the army and navy, whilst the professors were in prison.

"I, too, followed to the college, where the English were called upon for a sum of money to pay some part of the expenses of our detention. Sir Digby Dent, being the greatest amongst us, was the first applied to, and as by this time a kind of intercourse, as we may call it, had been opened through means of the Jews, money was obtained from England, though with great loss. It is true, Sir Digby, for a while, refused to pay; but the threats on one side, and promises on the other, prevailed. He tendered his quota, and the rest followed his example; but my situation was too apparent: I was not asked for money. Whilst at this college some day-scholars attended, or rather recommenced their studies, a professor or two being set at liberty, and with these I formed

acquaintances, and through their kindness I had access to the library, which contained all kinds of works, not only those which had belonged to the college, but also the private libraries of many emigrés. One of the professors, too, was very good to me, and gave me a vacant room to sleep in, and a paillasse and blankets; but I had not food sufficient, though Captain Forster assisted me to the best of his power, and some of the students also now and then. But even these poor enjoyments did not last long, for the college was again cleared, and we were removed to a house in the Place d'Arme, close to the Hôtel St Blimond. Our new abode was partly unfurnished; but there I got a closet to myself at the head of the first flight of stairs, with a window to it; but the chamber was not above four feet high, so I could not stand upright in it; yet I had there a bedstead, a looking-glass, and some articles of furniture. The house itself was a very good one; but I forget to whom it belonged, or where the furniture came from. There Sir Digby Dent rejoined us, and my friend Miss Knowles; and I was allowed to appear more as a member of Captain Forster's family than as an attendant.

"I had still the privilege of occasionally getting books from the college, and I remember going there one day, and seeing the insurgents bring in a poor infirm old bishop in a chair, much as the children carry about Guy Faux. I knew that he was a republican bishop, and I heard that he had made himself very conspicuous, and that he was not pitied; but I forget his name and his See.

"We prisoners were certainly little regarded at Abbeville, and enjoyed in a great measure safety; but we heard the thunder all around. We heard of Lebon at Arras, very near us, of Robespierre at Paris, of massacres at Nantes, where we were told that every one of the members of two English families had lost their lives.

"Dumont, our governor, was not sanguinary; he was one of those who protected his department, and we had no fear from him;

but we heard of an army of executioners, and a perambulating guillotine. Many a time have I settled in my own mind how, upon any decided attack made upon my freedom, I would attempt an escape by going down our well, and getting up by the rope into the next house,—for the well-buckets hung over a beam, and were used for both houses. I thought that I could then get over the ramparts, and make my way to the Forest of Cressy, and get some support from Downton, who I had learned was married and settled there. It was in the summer when a prisoner who had been detained at Amiens was brought to us, and who gave me an account of the death of my father at Amiens, so circumstantially that I could not disbelieve it. The man also told many anecdotes of my father, and seemed to know his circumstances and his habits; and as I never had heard from him I believed all he said, particularly as I had written several times without receiving any answer. He told me of a man at Amiens who could give me all the information I desired, and by this means I actually received a message from my father himself, saying that he was well, but had never heard from me. On the death of Robespierre the detention ceased of its own accord, and we now removed from house to house, but why or wherefore I knew not; but the houses of emigrés were all vacant, and it was easy to remove if we chose. Towards winter a regiment of Hessian prisoners arrived, and we soon became intimate with the officers. The winter of 1794-5 was very severe: many of the poor died from cold and famine. Captain Forster contrived, at a very great loss, to get a very small sum of money from England, and this was managed through the Jews. ♪

“It was about this time I saw a hamper of wine in the dining-room actually frozen, the bottles broken, and the wine on the ground, a perfect cake of ice. The famine was so great that again it was necessary that every household should be registered, and permissions granted for bread. This permission was given by the Municipality on some particular baker, for a certain quantity of

black bread. I have stood at the door of a baker's shop in the bitterest cold, and as I have seen people at the pit-door of the play-house, so did these poor wretches wait to reach the foremost place, to get their daily miserable pittance. The number of inmates of every house, with their ages and professions, had for two years been registered and affixed over the doors of all houses, and domiciliary visits were of constant occurrence. The penalties, too, for having a stranger in the house were so severe, that there was scarcely a possibility for any one to be hidden even for one night. The famine of bread was not the only famine: soap, sugar, &c., were under the same regulation, and every person was obliged to send in a statement of what stock he had in his house, and was forbidden under the penalty of death from selling above the market price. This price was called the maximum, and although there were hidden means of getting one hundred paper livres for five, and at last even for three, yet still death was the penalty for making a distinction between paper and silver, and it was often put in force. The amount of stock in hand was at any time liable to be examined, and the expenditure checked by the Municipal power. I am almost afraid to write what I firmly believe to be the case, that one quarter of a pound of black bread, an inch thick, was all that each individual of a family might purchase each day.

"I was now in such a state of want, that I began seriously to think of escape by Feremontier, but the spirit within me was broken, and what might have happened I know not, when one day my father suddenly appeared, and informed me he had contrived to get himself released from a state of surveillance at Amiens, and was on his way to St Vallery.

"He was not very communicative, for he was afraid of our conversations being overheard; but I gathered from him that he hoped to borrow some money on the pledge of his estate at St Vallery, and that he had friends at Paris through whose interest he expected to procure passports for England. We accordingly left Abbeville,

for I found no difficulty in getting a passport to St Vallery, and also eventually to Amiens. At St Vallery my father happily obtained a little money, so that he gave me sufficient to remunerate very liberally the old washerwoman Toinette, and enough also to make a considerable present to the servant of Captain Forster, who had been very good to me.

“My father had, on his detention, hired a house at a village near Amiens, which he had slightly furnished. This furniture, with a little exception, we left to its fate; and though it was Sunday, on the 1st of April, the morning after our arrival from St Vallery, our situation was so imminent that we bought a cart, and laying two feather-beds in the bottom of it, my stepmother and the children were placed in the cart, and we started for Amiens. We had no bread, for none was publicly sold at Amiens, for the town could scarcely provide itself, being full of Hessian and English prisoners of war. The poor children suffered severely, but they had learned already to complain but little. I do not know the place we first stopped at that night, but it was about thirty miles from Amiens; here we wished to put up at a farm-house, which was at the same time a cabaret; but the landlord would not receive us because we had no bread with us: so we had to proceed some distance further. Happily, our next attempt succeeded, and we were admitted into another farm-house, the inhabitants of which were friends of the emigrés. On the 2d of April we reached Clermont, where we found the palace and fine park of the Duke of Fitz James much damaged through wanton mischief. On the 3d we got as far as Chantilly, and on the 4th we entered Paris, by the Port St Denis. No one troubled us about our passport; but poor Paris did not appear to advantage, for famine raged there, and the doors of the bakers' shops as we passed on were surrounded each by its separate mob, waiting for the small allotment of bread granted by certificate to each individual, as at Abbeville. On advancing the payment, we obtained admittance into a small inn, in the Rue St Denis, but we could get no bread, though, what was singular, brioches, a kind

of cake, was to be purchased, though very dear, at the pastry-cook's; and cheese and meat might also be had.

"Paris was not a place to be at ease in during the horrors of the Revolution, and these horrors were by no means over then. My poor father seemed stunned by the responsibility of his situation. My stepmother was helpless from fear and want. My sister Margaret was detained in France by the Republicans, as a possessor of property; hence, she became as a ward of the State, and, I must add, eventually was not unkindly used by them. And my stepmother's children, five in number, were so young, that they were nothing but burthens in our difficulties: thus it fell out that all the real management was left to me, a youth of scarcely eighteen.

"At Paris we were told to go to the office of the Committee of Public Safety for passports, and we were shewn into a large room with a bench round it, on which sat as many persons as it could hold, waiting to be admitted, and there appeared no chance of our getting heard, for possibly we ought to have had the tact to bribe for this. As, however, we could not succeed, and days passed, and our money was passing too, it was resolved to try to get to Geneva. This was the most feasible plan, because, though Geneva was surrounded by France, yet it was still permitted to have an appearance of independence; and though this independence was in appearance only, still it worked in some way as regarded Switzerland, which pretended to something more.

"I remember on one occasion, whilst our plans were unsettled, there was an alarm in Paris; the drums beat, and people said there was a conspiracy discovered, and the name of Merlin was mentioned, but I know no more respecting it. How we in the end managed to leave Paris I can hardly tell, but we got on board a passage-boat on the Seine, going up the river to Auxerre, in Burgundy. The boat was full of peasantry and market people, I believe nearly two hundred in number, for we stood as thick as we could, exposed at one time to a heavy shower of rain, whilst the police were asking for our passports. It was found that many had none,

and as all were endeavouring to get under cover, in the bustle and confusion we were passed over, and well was it for us, for we too had no passport. But I shall never forget the indescribably nervous agitation I endured whilst this was going on, and until the vessel got under weigh, for I was on board *alone* with the children. We were towed up the river, having no food of any kind for our support but a very large Gruyere cheese. How he managed it I cannot say, but an Italian boy contrived to get my father and mother smuggled out of Paris under some bedding in a cart, and they came on board our passage-boat a few miles above the city. No one can express in words the relief to our minds at being out of that dreadful place, Paris, of which we had heard so much; and yet then we had only our Abbeville passports, and I now wonder how we could have even ventured with such insufficient means. Most probably the French themselves were tired of the Reign of Terror, and were willing to pass over any little matters they could, for it is certain that we met with but little difficulty in our way. It seemed as if everybody willingly believed our story, which at any other time must certainly have appeared a very improbable one.

“I have no recollection after this of what passed for two days, except I recall with disgust the disagreeable smell and taste of the cheese. We stopped for a few minutes at a bridge, I believe Montagne; I ran up to a house at the bridge head, and was lucky enough to succeed in procuring four pounds of bread, the luxury of which I can never forget. Two days after this we reached Auxerre, where we left the boat, and hired a cart for Chalons. The cart was not covered, but we spread a sheet over it for my mother and the children. How well can I now recall the face of the driver, a young man, with eyes like a weaver's shuttle, and dark eyebrows joining across the nose, resembling, in a remarkable manner, a bat with the wings extended. Before we had reached Chalons we struck a bargain with this man to take us to Geneva, but I have no idea how he procured a passport for himself; but perhaps he did without it. We were to give one thousand livres for the hire of the cart, which

would have been upwards of forty pounds in English money ; but the depreciation of paper was such, that it was scarcely worth a guinea.

“ My father informed me, that having paid that sum, even if we lived in the most economical way, we should not have half-a-crown on our arrival at Geneva.

“ I have but a faint idea of Chalons ; I think the inn faced the river. We only remained there one night ; but I do not know why we went there, for I think it is not the shortest way, and we certainly talked about going through Dijon and Dole. Indeed, I fancy we meant to go by those places, but coming to a fork in the road we took the right hand path, and travelled along it all day. Our Auxerre driver trusted that we should meet with some person on the road who would direct us, but we went miles before we met with such a one, and then we were told that we were on the wrong road ; we were also told that we might find some nearer way to the mountains than by retracing our steps.

“ We stopped at a small cabaret to pass the night, and then, being assured of our mistake, we determined on continuing in the same road, by which we learned we could pass the mountains of Jura, now very near to us : but advancing next day towards them, we were quite astonished and frightened at their appearance. I can well recall passing that day a small green meadow, with a clear stream of water, and large blocks of stone scattered abroad, and cows lying down, and innumerable large flies buzzing about our heads, and a road winding behind one of these immense blocks.

“ I had never been on a mountain before, and as we began to ascend, the precipices on our right hand soon appeared very frightful. We walked after our cart, carrying a stone to place under the wheel when the horse stopped, and as we advanced our heads began to become dizzy. I remember, too, seeing here and there small houses, on different heights, seemingly little better than cottages. Our driver had been obliged to take two extra horses ; we there-

fore made but short journeys. My poor mother was so alarmed, she would have returned if she dared.

“It would be useless to enlarge on the troubles and difficulties of our journey; but it was only at Les Rousses that we had any alarm respecting our passports. It was Sunday; the morning service was performing, and we were obliged to sit in our cart till it was over; but after which we were allowed to pass; and well do I now remember the appearance of the Lake of Geneva and the beautiful scenery around the snow-clad Alps, with the cherries in full blossom. When we had reached the bottom of the mountain we found ourselves in a fine road, on which were moving carriages of all sorts, bearing many a gentleman in uniform, with a cockade in his hat, like a Frenchman, though the colour, perchance, was of a different hue. All were merrily moving along, and so were we; for we knew we were in the Canton de Vaud, and *believed ourselves* escaped from France. When, lo! at the turn of the road, we came upon a flag-staff, with the French flag flying gaily in the breeze. This was the village of Versay, built on French ground, which comes down to the lake. Here we had to attend at a French outpost; but we did not find any difficulty in being allowed to pass, though at first they pretended to believe that I was a French soldier, endeavouring to escape from the army; but it was done with civility; indeed, we always found the soldiers more kind than the citizens and civilians. We arrived that night at an hotel at Secheron, a very little way from the gate of Geneva, and here we discharged our cart and driver, having paid his demand, though I believe we had scarcely a crown left. Considering ourselves safe, we slept well and happily. In the morning we found ourselves close on the shores of the sea-like Lake of Geneva, and I well remember its glorious beauty in the fine days of spring. My father, leaving us, returned to Geneva, but was not very long away, coming back with money in his pocket, and we were all *en route* again. He had there met a merchant, a M. Mar, but who he was I know not, neither could I afterwards learn what was become of

him, although I made many inquiries. This M. Mar attended immediately to my father's request, and sundry bills were drawn on England, though I believe the amount of each was very small.

"M. Mar possessed a small cottage, in a garden, above the banks of the Arve. It was probably a summer retreat, for it was but a poor place; two rooms above, and the stairs outside, as is usual in Swiss cottages, two rooms below, and a little detached out-house, with a strip of a garden reaching the cliff overhanging the Arve, and a summer-house at the extremity, completed the building, and this was kindly lent to us, as the time of year was not arrived when the merchants retired to the country.

"Some *little* furniture was in it, and we had brought our two feather beds with us, so that comparatively we were living in luxury, though, on looking back, I am aware that our residence there was little better than a gardener's cottage. Here, then, we remained, and my father informed M. Mar of the Genevese he knew in London. One was a banker in Lombard Street, of the house of Vere Lucardo and Troughton. Mr Troughton was trustee to some property belonging to my father, and afterwards to myself. This knowledge seemed to make all things comparatively easy. M. Mar also obtained leave for us to remain one month in Geneva to get our remittances; so that truly we were now at ease. Our abode was about half a mile from the city, through the Port Neuve; I have tried to find the place since, but it is entirely pulled down, and the ditch of the town, which at that time was made into small gardens, is now so altered with beautiful buildings as not to wear anything of the same appearance. At that period Geneva was not a desirable place to remain in; for the people had almost as much cause to fear as in France itself. All the Protestant churches were closed, some of them destroyed. The spirit of Voltaire and Rousseau reigned triumphant, and all the public monuments were broken in pieces; and it was clear that Geneva would shortly be incorporated in France, as it only enjoyed the *name* of independence; for France entirely surrounded it, and no

provision could be brought in except by permission of France. One night we were alarmed by the ringing of bells, beating of drums, &c. The gates of the city were closed, and we did not learn till noon what had occurred; we were then told that there had been an *émeute*, and that a Jacobin had been killed. The aristocratic party had made their escape, and now every person was obliged to appear republican, and mount a tricoloured cockade. Green was the independent colour, that is, the colour worn by the persons opposed to the incorporation with France, and those who assumed it wore it as a neckerchief. Twelve young men of the first families of Geneva, who were accused of wearing this green neckerchief, were banished from home. On the 6th of June a remittance arrived very opportunely; it came, I believe, from Mr Woodhouse, afterwards Dean of Lichfield, my father's near relative. Our month of permission was now over, and we could not obtain a renewal of leave to stay. From what I heard afterwards, when we had arrived in England, several remittances had been made at the same time—one, indeed, especially for myself, by the executor under my grandfather's will—but not one of these ever reached us but the one sent by Mr Woodhouse through M. Mar. At Berne was an English resident, neither ambassador nor consul, but somewhat of a plenipotentiary, from whom we received passports. All was now *en règle*, except the money, which began to run short; but it had been settled by M. Mar that we were to find letters from him at Basle, and there we were to remain till further notice. From Berne to Basle we passed through a very mountainous country; but I must confess I had too much to think of to admire it, though I do remember being on the top of a very high hill, and seeing a church on the top of another across a valley, when a thunder-storm came on, and the church bells began to ring, which they told me was to disperse the clouds.

“When arrived at Basle we found no letters, and, what was worse, we were not allowed to remain in the town, but were driven away across the Rhine into Swabia. Basle, like Geneva, at that

time was under the authority of France. The French territories came up to the walls almost at one corner, and the Austrian on the other, the Rhine dividing them, which is here a rapid, fine river.

"We had for some time feared that we should find no resting-place in Switzerland, for party spirit ran high, and men of property were frightened by the mob, which was encouraged by the French. Two days only could we obtain permission to remain to rest. Our money was very low, and we spent the two days in running from one banker to another, but could not succeed in getting money for a bill on England. And this is not to be wondered at when the number of *émigrés* is considered, and the almost destitution of many.

"One banker at last advanced equal to six guineas, saying, 'If I lose it, it is well.' Another, an Austrian resident, advanced about ten on a bill, and after giving directions for letters to be sent after us, and writing to M. Mar, we proceeded, as advised by the Austrian ambassador, to Fribourg, in Briegan, where we were to await our letters from Geneva.

"Soon after crossing the Rhine we passed through a camp of Austrians, and afterwards through the army of the Prince of Conde, composed of French royalists, wearing white cockades.

"To this army there was an English resident attached, a Colonel Crawford, but he was absent when we passed it. At Fribourg the bankers would give us no money on a bill without our waiting a month for its acceptance, so we took a couple of rooms, for we had still kept our feather beds, and these were almost our only furniture. The very small rent of our apartments we were obliged to pay in advance, which left but very little. A chair or two and a table we borrowed, and I forget how we got cooking utensils, but I suppose we did not want any, for I remember getting acquainted with an old woman who lived underneath us; I think she was either the landlord's wife or servant, and if we had anything to cook, no doubt she must have done it for us. But

our little money could only afford bread, and we had no letter from Geneva, and nearly a month to look forwards to before we could hear from England; so we sold every article of our clothes that we could spare, and I remember, amongst other things, two pairs of silver buckles, for shoe and knee ties; and often have I gone to the hill behind the town and gathered ears of unripe corn, and eaten them, to satisfy my cravings, and even unripe grapes. It was hoped that Colonel Crawford might be returned to the army of the French Prince. I was sent over to see, and after having walked twelve miles I found that he was still at Frankfort; but I slept in the French guard's tent, and was very kindly treated by the men.

"It was only a sergeant's guard, and the men appeared all to have been servants, and the sergeant had been a gamekeeper; they most good-humouredly gave me some of their supper.

"On my return to Fribourg I found that there had been something amiss; during my absence an order had reached my father that he must leave the town in twenty-four hours. Oh, how I cried! My father almost helpless, his wife quite so, and five small children, and without money. What could we do? We at length went all together in procession to the Governor, carrying with us our old Abbeville passport. We were admitted into a small room, and soon the Governor appeared, with a very forbidding frown, and having made my father repeat his history (it must be remarked that we spoke French like natives, and the conversation was in French), he, in reply, I believe suspecting that we were French, said that no person could remain in a fortified town without permission from the Governor. We explained that these rules were unknown to us; that our passport had been seen at the gate of the town, and no directions given by the guard. My mother now began to shed tears, and addressed the children in English, and they all cried; upon which the Governor patted her on the shoulder, dropped his French, and spoke good English, telling her to fear nothing, giving us his permission to remain. He did more, he lent her ten shillings until our remittances arrived. I have

called this gentleman the Governor, but it is very probable that he held some inferior office, though I know no more of it.

"I believe the ten shillings were at first only lent, and we offered to return them, and I think he declined receiving them. This gentleman's wife called to see us, and gave us a louis d'or and a crown; but still we had not enough to buy bread.

"I called with my mother on the banker to beg an advance, and he, for once, gave us a louis, and seeing my mother's shoes worn out he sent her a pair.

"I must now remark, that, besides the bills my father drew, he desired *me* to draw a bill in my own name on the executor of my grandfather, which I did, and this money, £22, came to me after a while.

"We had now been a month at Fribourg, and had received no letters from Geneva, although we afterwards found that there was money there for us; but we procured five pounds more from the bankers, and with this small sum it was determined to advance. Anyhow, we should be nearer England, and we had been preserved hitherto. We paid six louis for an old landau, having springs behind, but none before, and shaped like a slipper-bath. Putting our well-used bedding in the bottom of our carriage, we all started off towards Frankfort with a pair of post-horses. Our conveyance was not comfortable: the forepart had no springs, and it was there that I was obliged to sit.

"At Offenburg my mother wished to pass the night, but the postmaster would not hear of it, for he wanted to get rid of us, as suspected persons from France; so he put the horses to, and we travelled all night.

"It was a fine moonlight night, and although very weary, we felt we were advancing nearer to home, and then, too, our expenses were saved for the night, and the young ones slept very well.

"In the morning we passed through Rastad, without stopping, but we had a great difficulty in getting on with only two horses, for our weight was too great for them. Our road lay between rows

of fruit trees, and a most rich country, with broad plains of wheat waving like a sea. We passed through Heidelberg, where we met many French deserters, on their march to join the Prince of Conde's army. They said that famine had been very severe, and that they had suffered much, particularly when besieging Mayence. At Bruchal the rain poured down in torrents, and we were obliged to stop, as we had no covering. We found the Bishop of Worms here, and observed the splendour of his servants' liveries; but alarm was in all faces, for the French were daily expected. The Protestants and Roman Catholics are here much intermixed, yet the separation between the two faiths is as great as if many a mile divided them. At Frankfort we could get no further, for our money was expended; yet this gave us but comparatively little uneasiness, for we were so near Hanover, and we thought Hanover would be almost England.

“At Frankfort we had some difficulty in getting permission to enter its gates, and I think this difficulty arises generally at what are called free cities; so, at least, says our experience, for it was the same at Geneva, Basle, and now at Frankfort. The innkeeper at Frankfort required twenty florins in advance before he would permit us to enter his house, and that took the last of our money, and, to add to our troubles, there were no letters, either from England or Geneva. Now in these days we might have an answer to a letter in little more than a week, but it was not so then; for the Rhine was under the command of France, and so was Holland. The nearest sea-port was Bremen on the Weser, and the road thereto not very good. We waited on every banker, but we could get no information. We starved here for a week, when our host, not liking our company, ordered us out of his house. Every day we went to the post-office, but in vain. In the end, the bankers each lent us a louis a-piece, and one especially sent his clerk to us with two louis as a present, and advised us not to linger there, but hasten to Hanover. This gentleman's advice was taken, but no one would advance money on our bills, though they all, as I said, gave us a

little. So, after paying up our landlord, we had six guineas left, with our carriage and bedding. We could not expect to be better off; so again we started homewards, and our first stage took one of our golden louis, so that of course we could not get very far with the remaining five. The roads were very bad, and we met numbers of merchants, Jews, &c., going to Frankfort fair. We did not stop till our last farthing was gone, which happened in a small village about thirty miles from Hesse-Cassel. What, then, was to be done? The post-horses must be paid for in advance. The postmaster did not keep an inn; but fortunately we spoke French well. Under pretence of great fatigue—though indeed it was no pretence, only we were too anxious, to think how tired we were—we asked leave to pass the night in the room appropriated to the use of travellers whilst the horses were preparing. This was granted, and we took out our bedding and lay down on it, without being able to afford any supper. In the morning the horses were put to, and the postilions came to be paid. We asked to see the postmaster; and, whether he suspected us or not I cannot tell, but he did not come to us. We could speak but very little German, and the people about very little French. A scene of excitement ensued: we must pay, or move on on foot. We did neither, but remained, not knowing what to do; my mother became faint and unwell, and the horses were taken out. After some time the postmaster appeared, and we were able to tell in French the circumstances of our situation. The man was sulky, and, not knowing what to do, we offered our old landau and bedding, if he would send us on to Hesse-Cassel. It is true they were not worth much now, and the man not only refused, but told us to leave the travellers' room, for his house was not an inn.

“My father, mother, and the children obeyed; they went out, proceeding along the road, not knowing in their despair where they were going.

“I stood by the carriage crying, I believe, though some might think that unmanly. I was there some time, I do not know how

long. What could I do? here was the carriage standing in the road, which I could not leave, and I knew not where my family were gone; but I knew that my mother and the young children could not walk far.

"It appears that the postmaster himself was puzzled what to do, so he sent for a man who let out horses, and began to try to make a bargain with him to take us on to Cassel for our carriage. A small group of women and children were collected around us, and, as I said, I was almost, if not quite, crying.

"The man (a carrier) did not seem altogether contented; he was making many objections, when in the heat of the bustle two officers came up and inquired what was the matter.

"The one was a Prussian, the other a Hessian officer, and the latter addressed me in French.

"I told my story, having the tact to begin with my knowledge of the Hessian regiment of Colonel Bezenrode, which had been detained at Abbeville. I mentioned the names of several officers of the corps, and my new friend told me that he knew them, and that they were actually in garrison at Cassel at present. The two officers immediately interested themselves in my behalf, and they prevailed on the man to undertake to carry us to Cassel. They also gave me two French crowns of six livres each, adding they were only lieutenants, and could but ill spare that.

"The horses were soon brought, and even our postmaster was kind at last; and oh, how joyfully did I then go on in our old landau, and, as I expected, soon overtook the family, who were, of course, delighted to see me perched up in triumph in the front of the carriage. The day, however, had slipped away, and towards evening we had a storm, which caught us near a very small public-house, kept by a Jew. Here we stopped to dry ourselves, and having got our bedding out, and turned the dry side upwards, we passed the night, and, thanks to the hard life we had led, none of us caught cold from our wetting. Our Jewish landlord was the cheapest we had ever met with, and we had some good ham for

supper, a treat not to be forgotten in those times. Next day we reached Cassel, and our first inquiry was whether there was any English consul, ambassador, or agent residing there. In answer they sent us to a Major Legrand, who, I believe, was employed in raising men for some foreign regiment in the English service. This gentleman very naturally said, in the first place, 'he had no means of assisting us, and that in these times there were so many distressed *emigrés* that it was impossible to help them all.' And he hinted that he did not believe our story, for he told me he required some proof of what we really were. I said that I believed that there was a Hessian regiment in garrison which had been with me in prison at Abbeville. My poor father all this time seemed too much overpowered to speak, so that I had to carry on all the conversation. Major Legrand then directed me to go out and find some member of the regiment, and at the foot of the stairs I unexpectedly met a man who had been a servant to one of the officers at Abbeville. Unfortunately, all that this man could say for me was, that we had all been in distress together. Thus were we situated, when at that moment Colonel Bezenrode himself passed the window, and I exclaimed, 'Colonel Bezenrode,' and ran out. The strict old veteran received me most kindly, and told me where to find his house, as he was then going to parade.

"I took my leave, and returned to Major Legrand, who had seen out of the window all that had passed. His manner was immediately altered. He told me that he had not been pleased with my father; for he said there was something suspicious about his conduct. This was said probably to justify his past behaviour to us; but to keep it up, he added he would lend me five pounds if I would give him a bill, though I was still under age; but he would not lend my father anything.

"It is not for a son to speak against a father; but should these memoirs ever be read by a stranger to our family, they must detect that my unhappy parent brought all these difficulties upon his family by rebellion against his own father, and he was made to

suffer severely for his dereliction of duty. On my way to the inn I met the surgeon of the Hessian regiment, whom I had known rather intimately. He was very anxious to hear all our adventures, and came and passed the evening with us.

“He brought with him a Hessian captain, who was his friend, and he begged our acceptance of a small sum, as much as he could afford. He proposed mentioning our circumstances to the officers on parade next day, and he said he had no doubt of receiving an order for a free conveyance in the mail-waggon for us to Hanover. But we had now got about six pounds, and my father, feeling hurt at the kindness and attention shewed to me, would not receive any more favours, but hired a cart, and left Cassel in the morning, and we arrived at Hanover, having spent all our money. And now we had reached Hanover, the Hanover we had thought, but now found out too late was not, England. I remember toiling about all day in the heat, and getting into a guardroom among some soldiers, where a Hanoverian major was very kind, and interested himself very much for us, so that he obtained a free passage for the whole family in the mail-waggon to some seaport town, though I forget its name. The driver of the waggon, indeed, acted brutally by us; the free passage for the family displeased him, and at last, on some pretence, he turned us out to walk at Nienberg at twelve o'clock at night, and then drove off his waggon before we knew what he was doing.

“It was with great difficulty, and entirely from pity for the children, that the postmaster permitted us to enter the house and lie down on the floor. In the morning a Mr Duncan, who was something of a resident or commissary to the Prince of Orange's corps, gave us as much as a guinea, and packed us off to Bremen in an open cart.

“It rained the whole way, and we were in a sad state, but at any rate we had reached a seaport. On inquiry we learned that a vessel was shortly going to England, and we might soon be at home. Here we got some food for the children; but I had none, and we

wanted money to get our passage to England. We were induced to inquire after the English consul; but when we got to his house he was from home. His brother told us, 'that he had no means of assisting us, he was so pressed on every side by *émigrés*.' But in course of conversation he mentioned a Lady Irvine, who was at Bremen, and who had something to do in connexion with the British army, which we heard was at Delmenhurst; and he was kind enough to point out her house, to which we went. We found some difficulty in gaining admission to Lady Irvine; but my mother at length was permitted to enter, whilst I remained in the street.

"My mother having told our story, was relieved for the day, and told that many officers of the English (cavalry) would be in Bremen to a ball the next day, and that Lady Irvine would mention our situation to them. When my mother called again, she found that inquiries had been made, and that no ship was likely to sail for England immediately; however, some money was got through Lady Irvine's kind assistance, and we were then able to look out for a lodging, and we succeeded in getting one room over a stable, which we entered by means of a ladder passing behind the horses' heels. There was a dunghill reaching up to the very window. The greater part of the day we passed on the ramparts, and I slept on the straw in the loft.

"Count Harcourt, in the British service, often came to visit Lady Irvine, and he brought us seven guineas. We at last succeeded in getting a passage to Brock, twenty miles below Bremen, where we found rather a superior inn for sailors, but as we certainly looked like gipsies, we were refused admittance. A little boy who spoke English, and seemed to be acquainted with the English holiday sailors, however, volunteered his services to point out a smaller public-house. I was left with the youngest child to take care of our sea stock, which we had got in the boat. The little one soon fell asleep, and I covered him up as well as I could, for it began to rain. At the end of two hours my eldest brother, Thomas, then

twelve, came running down along the dike, and said, 'Henry, we have found a low kind of farm-house and half beer-shop.' Now we had to awaken the child and collect our stock. By this time it rained very hard, and we loaded ourselves like little asses, and, sliding and slipping along, we at length reached our new abode. The building, I well remember, consisted of a large barn, over which was a hayloft, and at the further end two small rooms were divided off from the rest; the one that was let to us had a kind of berth in the wall, with feather-beds both above and below.

"But I took up my abode in the loft, where was a Danish sailor, who was looking out for a ship. The next day, being Sunday, the crews of the English vessels came ashore, and most shocking was the noise they made, swearing, dancing, and drinking. Our family were most glad to escape for quiet into the fields, if fields they could be called, for there was a high dike forming a road, and one house stuck on a broader part of it, and all the fields much below, so that they were probably flooded in the winter.

"My abode in the hayloft was not the most pleasant, for when I awoke in the night I felt a pricking all over my body, such an irritation as I scarcely could bear; but there was no remedy for it. On Monday we went in search of a ship, and found one likely to sail immediately. The captain asked sixteen guineas to take us over to Hull. This was out of the question, as we had not anything like that sum. My father, therefore, desired me to go to Delmenhurst, and try what assistance I could get from the English officers there. So I got a lame horse and went to Delmenhurst, but I did not succeed; in fact, I was ashamed of my errand. Count Harcourt was most kind and courteous, though he did not lend me the money; and really, when it is considered how many were suffering as we were, it will be seen he could not help all. I must just add here, that all sums were most faithfully repaid, with thanks, on our arrival in England. But to my journey. On my returning along the dike my horse, having an unequal gait, appeared to go on three legs, or like a ship pitching at sea, whilst

I myself presented to the beholders a most extraordinary figure. My head was covered with a *bonnet de police*, very like a foraging-cap, and I wore an old bluish-black coat with one skirt off. I had on a pair of very coarse pantaloons, such as the Catalonians use, and which I had preserved ever since I was at Marseilles; proving that, in the first instance, they must have been much too large for me, though now they were too short. As habit during the last month had accustomed me to the non-wearing of stockings and neckcloths, so I was without them then, for I possessed none to wear. Picture me, then, riding along the dike, cutting altogether a conspicuous figure, and towards evening looming so prominently in the declining sunlight, as I jogged along, that the people in the fields stood still to stare.

"I thought them haymakers, but now I think they must have been cutting some coarser herbage. As I passed along they set up a cry of 'Schneider! Schneider! Schneider! myn coup!' I understood that they were calling me tailor, and I was very angry, for I thought English haymakers would have been more polite.

"On my return I found at the principal inn, where we had been refused admittance, an English dragoon, who had been sent down by Sir Robert Lawrey to receive some packages from England. I soon got acquainted with him, for he was from Warwickshire, and he told me that his father kept the Swan at Birmingham, and that his name was Thornton; but there was, however, no such person there when I inquired.

"The transport, it seems, had not arrived that was to bring the packages, and so he was kept at Brock for some days. This man kindly interested himself in our affairs, and being, as he said, from Warwickshire, my father could tell him much about that county. You would have thought we had known each other all our lives. One captain who frequented the inn, through the dragoon's introduction, got into a kind of intimacy with us, and also a sergeant of the 11th. This last was in charge of some stores for his regiment,

which had returned to England ; and what with Thornton and the sergeant, we were all taken on board the vessel in which the sergeant was to go to England. I firmly believe the latter made himself answerable for our passage-money when we embarked.

“ I have no recollection of our voyage to Hull ; only I remember the entrance of the river, and a man-of-war that we passed in the Humber. Here we found plenty of money, and here I ought to end my difficulties and travels ; but I was still uncertain what was to become of me, so I must continue my narrative a little longer. Money was sent to me at Hull for my private use ; for though under age I was the possessor of a good fortune, and I was to go to my guardians at Coventry. Now the force of habit shewed itself. I was afraid that the money would not last, so I bought no clothes, but took leave of my family, and, crossing to Barton, proceeded by coach to Lincoln. My road was through Nottingham, but in those days coaches did not run every day, so I spent one day at Lincoln, but was so very ill and feverish with a sore throat that I could hardly hold up my head.

“ The landlord of the inn at Lincoln, I believe the *White Hart*, shewed me great kindness, and I passed most of the day in the bar. He tried to persuade me to remain another day, until I was better, but the fear which had haunted me for months past urged me on, and I would travel ; but before the coach reached Newark, my throat was so very painful, that I sent to a druggist near to where the horses were changed, and got a gargle.

“ A shivering fit then came on, and a gentleman in the coach, himself an invalid, going to Buxton, kindly covered me with his great-coat. The gargle, however, relieved me a while ; but on coming to Nottingham I was again unfortunate, for there was no coach to Leicester until the second day ; but I would not wait, and determined to set off on foot.

“ I had met with greater difficulties on the continent than this, but now I was ill with fever. How far I advanced I knew not, for my legs refused to carry me, and I crawled on till I came to the

crossing of two roads, the one from Nottingham to Ashby, the other from Derby to Leicester.

“ Here I found a small inn, and was told that a coach to Leicester would soon pass by.

“ I have no doubt, although I have no recollection of the circumstance, that I told my story and sufferings to every one, and I met too with much pity. I rested here for some time, and gained strength before the coach came ; but when it did come it was full inside, and I was obliged to mount the outside. The weather at the time was fine, but a thunder-storm came on, and I got partially wet. The coachman recommended his own house, a kind of inferior inn, where I slept, and when in the morning as usual I learned there was no coach to Coventry, I moved on on foot, and contrived to reach Hinkley, though in a most exhausted state. The assizes were at Coventry, and the troops had been moved to Hinkley, so that all the public-houses were full.

“ My appearance was not in my favour, and when I entered a public-house to ask them if they could take me in, some dragoons who were drinking in the kitchen pretended to recognise me as a deserter. Worn out with illness and frightened for my life, I began to tell my whole history, when, as I suppose in a fit of jocularity, one turned upon me and said he was sure I had been a soldier, and if a French one, he must take me up for fighting against my country. Now I must explain that I had just come from a land in which a suspicion of this kind was a most serious thing ; French deserters and *émigrés* were put to death without inquiry. I had heard that any Englishman found in a French ship was certainly hanged at once without a trial. Seized with a panic, I rushed out of the house, scarcely knowing what I was about, and got into the fields, fortunately on the Coventry side. I should suppose I had not gone above a mile, when I found myself in the turnpike road, near to a small public-house, or rather a tea-garden, a kind of place near all towns where people go on Sunday evenings in their best attire. Imagine me, then, dressed like a

beggar, with my foraging-cap, my old dusty black coat, minus one skirt, with no stockings nor neckerchief, asking admission on a Sunday evening at a neat tea-drinking public-house. It was no wonder they would not receive me. Exhausted and heart-broken, within ten or eleven miles of the end of my journey, having gone through so much, and now so unkindly used near home, I fell fainting at the door.

“When, after a while forgetting my sorrows, I came to myself, I found that I had been taken into the house and tenderly treated, but I did not dare tell my history there, for I was afraid, though I repeatedly said that I had no need of money.

“I recollect they gave me brandy-and-water, and I passed a quiet night, and in the morning I proceeded on foot.

“I had been taught by my father that if I shewed myself in Coventry in my worn-out dress, that our family would be disgraced for ever. My business now was to get to a great-aunt, my grandfather’s sister, in such a manner as not to be known hereafter. How foolish we all are! just as if any persons were thinking of me, or troubling their heads to recognise Henry Sherwood in the travel-soiled, wayworn beggar that I then appeared. The skin being changed, the whole animal was changed also in an instant, for I had not the manners of the beggar. But I was very ill, and I often stopped and rested. Once, whilst leaning against a milestone, a postchaisé passed, in which were two young ladies and a gentleman. The young ladies laughed at me, pointing me out, saying, ‘See that drunken lad.’

“I was very much hurt at this remark; but I met these same young ladies at my grandmother’s within the week, and they had no idea I was the same poor wretch leaning against the milestone, and I kept the story to myself.

“At Nuneaton I bought a pair of stockings, and smartened myself up as well as I could. I at length entered Coventry; but I had now forgotten the streets, and no wonder, for I had not been there since I was seven years old. The street, indeed, I at

last found, but not the house. I knew, indeed, where my trustee lived, for his house was very large; my grandfather had built it, and it was called the Priory, and was sufficiently marked by its iron gates, and its relative situation to St Michael's and Trinity Churches; but here I was ashamed to go.

"My old great-aunt I remembered well, and I walked along the street, looking in at each window to see her: at length I did see her dear old face, and I knocked very lightly and humbly at the door. It was opened, and there stood Susan—Sukey they always called her—she had been in the family before I was born. She did not know me; but was shutting to the door with 'Go to the mayor, go.' 'I—I—I am Henry Sherwood,' I said.

"Of course I was at once admitted, and at once taken to bed. The surgeon was summoned, and he pronounced my disease the scarlet fever, and I lost all recollection for days. During this time my clothes were destroyed, and unfortunately all the memoranda in my pockets, which I much regretted. And now all my troubles were over, and here follows the ridiculous. My great-aunt knew nothing of young gentlemen's attire, and I knew little more of what was suitable to my situation; but I was to order new clothes, and to have my own way, with unlimited means. Well, I would have blue and buff—Fox's colours—I had admired it some years before when at Merchant Taylors' School; for I had a recollection of a barge passing under Blackfriars Bridge, with a large party of gentlemen thus dressed, and I thought them very fine: so I would have blue and buff, and nothing else. In those days we were used to buy our cloth at the woollen-drapers and make it up. So the draper was sent for with his pattern-board, and I chose blue, and, as I thought, a buff also. Now this buff turned out a very fine yellow. Next, in ordering my boots, I must have a pair up to my knees. And now all my things were sent home. I myself was restored to health, and I was to make my first appearance in public. An assistant in a ribbon manufactory was to take me under his protection; for my poor old aunt engaged him, on this

occasi3n, half as a companion, half as an attendant. This man himself was an oddity; he wore a crimson coat, with hair fully powdered, a thick club knocker at the back of his neck, and white cotton ribbed stockings, with long-quartered shoes. He carried also an immensely thick, short, club-like stick in his hand, and he wore his hat cocked rather jauntily on one side. So I attired myself in my blue coat, yellow waistcoat, and yellow knee-breeches, which had immense bundles of ribbons at the knees, to which my ill-made boots joined. Away we two strutted into Coventry Park on Sunday—everybody staring at us. However, I was soon told of the out-of-the-way colours of parts of my dress, and they were shortly put aside, whilst I myself remained idling the remainder of the year at Coventry, my grandfather's executor advancing money for me, but sadly puzzled to know what to do with me. All my education had been acquired before I was twelve years old, and in the intervening years most had been forgotten again. My great-aunt, Mrs Patterson, was old and blind, and quite incapable of directing me, and thus I was placed in a most dangerous situation, having plenty of money at my own disposal, and no one to direct me how to spend it. I had, however, one steady and efficient friend, the Rev. Gerard Andrews, Dean of Canterbury, who had married a Miss Ball, a first cousin of my father's. This kind relative's attention and fatherly care of me then was of vital importance. Whilst thus waiting to be decidedly my own master, my cousin Mary came to London, and I was in consequence induced to visit my aunt at Bridgenorth, as soon as I came of age, which happened on the 1st of January 1798."

And here concludes Mr Sherwood's diary; for, as he said, he visited us at Bridgenorth, where his attention was turned to the army through a friend of ours, a Major Buckland, of the 53d. He stayed with us whilst arrangements were being made for his commission. He left us in March, when he obtained an ensigncy in the 45th, which in a few days was exchanged for a lieutenantcy

in the 53d Foot, then stationed in the Island of St Vincent, in the West Indies.

CHAPTER XII.

MRS HANNAH MORE—"SUSAN GREY" AND "ESTELLE" WRITTEN—
WE LEFT BRIDGENORTH—OUR LODGINGS AT BATH—MISS HAMIL-
TON—OUR RESIDENCE AT ARLEY HALL—"SUSAN GREY" SOLD—
HENRY SALT—MR M——'S VISIT TO ARLEY—THE SCARLET
FEVER—MRS BURY.

MY last pages I have devoted to the early history of my cousin and husband: for it must be borne in mind that if Mr Sherwood had not been the Christian he proved himself to be, I, as his wife, could never have been the intimate and hourly associate of such men as Mr Martyn, Mr Corrie, and the holy ones of the earth. So then, whilst my education, as it were, was going on in quiet England, in outward peace, at least, Henry was being educated in a more trying school, though at the period of which I am writing, many of his troubles were nearly over. About this time I sold my novel of "Margarita" for forty pounds, and if I gained nothing else by the exercise, I certainly acquired much command of language.

I shall ever love that book, because its earliest sheets were written in my father's study, and because he smiled on the undertaking.

Whilst my brother and myself were on a visit to Mrs King's, at Alveston, near Thornbury, in Gloucestershire, in the year 1799, that kind lady took us both for a day to Bath, where she introduced

us to Mrs Hannah More, who was residing with her four sisters in Pulteney Street. Mrs More was then, perhaps, at the highest pinnacle of her fame, and it was, I think, before the Blagden controversy. Now, how shall I record the impression made upon me by this visit and introduction to my great sister authoress.

The houses in Pulteney Street, Bath, are large and handsome; a footman opened the door to us. Mrs King was well known in the house, and we were at once ushered into a large dining-room, and the four sisters came down, viz., Miss More, Miss Kitty, I think Miss Patty, and Miss Sally,—not that I know their steps of precedency. Mrs Hannah was inquired after by Mrs King, who said she was very anxious to introduce us, pleading that my brother was a young clergyman, and that it was desirable that Mrs Hannah should see him. “Humph! yes, very proper,” all the sisters answered; but then “Mrs Hannah was not well; she was confined to her room—such demands upon her—such a tax—such an object of public attention—the fatigue so great—the fear of giving offence so vast. Lady —— had been refused, and my Lord —— put off, and even Mr Wilberforce and the Bishop of London set aside, &c., &c., &c.” The four old ladies looked unutterable things, but never once uttered their sister’s name. It was always *she*, and the voice fell to the lowest key when the “*she*” was uttered.

At length, when our hopes had fallen as low as hopes could fall, a hint was given that at least she should be asked whether she thought she could see us. We were then ushered up-stairs to the drawing-room which was next the presence-chamber. After a little further delay we were led into a dressing-room, where sat the lady, looking very like the picture which we commonly see of her, though considerably older, and wearing a cap.

She sat in an arm-chair in due invalid order, and though a strong-featured woman of a dark complexion, she had a magnificent pair of dark eyes.

She was very gracious to Mrs King and to Marten, Mrs King

having purposely put my brother forward. She spoke well, those about her gathering up her words carefully, though rather Boswellian-like, if I may so term it. The lesson I hope was beneficial to me when my turn came for exhibition. I ought to add, the words of advice uttered to my brother were not addressed to a deaf ear, though I might have desired more simplicity in our interview, or, perhaps I should say, *before* our interview with the excellent Mrs More herself.

On my return to Bridgenorth, Lucy and myself devoted much time to our scholars. We were accustomed to mark every absentee on the Sunday, and to call on the family during the week, and this formed an object for our walks, and gave us great amusement.

The winter of 1801 was very severe, and my mother thought it right to limit each individual of the family to a quartern loaf of brown bread every week; but my sister and myself never found our allowance sufficient. Where there is a real scarcity this ought to be done, no doubt, and when the poor were suffering as they then did, who could have dared to complain of small bereavements? We, I think, felt it was a Christian duty*to fast on this occasion, and my sister even carried her self-denial so far that she studied to render what food she ate disagreeable to the palate. Thus we were rapidly adopting the idea of self-infliction, and were just in the state to have entered into a nunnery, had it been as easy to have done so then as it is now.

On Wednesday, the 6th of January, I finished "Susan Grey," which was printed in its first form by Mr Hazard, of Bath, in 1802. This little volume is remarkable in the annals of literature from its having been the first of its kind, that is, the first narrative allowing of anything like correct writing, or refined sentiments, expressed without vulgarisms, ever prepared for the poor, and having religion for its object.

"Susan Grey" was, in its time, so great a favourite, that it was pirated in every shape and form, and it would be impossible to

calculate the editions through which it passed before the year 1816, when the copyright was returned to me.

In that year I altered and sold it again.

"Susan Grey," though an affecting story, is evidently the work of a young writer, and touches on points which a female author knowing more of the world than I then did would probably rather choose to avoid. It was originally written for the elder girls in our Sunday-school, and read to them chapter by chapter, and naturally turned upon the especial circumstances of the times, when every town was filled with military men, who were there to-day and gone to-morrow, little heeding the many distressed and aching hearts they left behind them.

I have reason to think that these lessons of morality, given at that time, were blessed to many of the girls who formed our school. It is well known that only one of them has been led aside from the way of honour; but this is Thy work, not ours, O Lord.

There was evidently all this time a very strong contest going on in my mind, between the love of the world and a sense of the sin and vanity of that love. There is a period in the lives of all young girls in which they are flattered. The peculiar trial of our youth was, that my mother seldom if ever went out with us, to be our guard, and after a while she only permitted us to go out separately. There are memorandums in my old journal, from which I am taking this history, of one of these flatteries, followed by this prayer:—"Oh! my God! others may love the world, but I will follow Thee; others may follow the pleasures of this life, but I will be contented to take up my cross and follow Thee, and I will be numbered among the holy men and prophets and apostles of old."

Then follows, the next day, a thanksgiving for having been enabled to do my duty to my God, and for having been patient, submissive, and cheerful. Here we find a double deception: first, in the resolutions formed of doing all things well; and, secondly, in the persuasion, which seems to have been entertained the next day, that all things had been so done, as far as occasion had served.

The lesson, therefore, which in due time must be learned by all, that man is nothing, and that God is all in all, was still to be acquired by me from its very commencement.

That winter continued to be very hard ; many efforts were made in the town for clothing the poor, and also for feeding them, and my sister and I were very busy on these occasions.

We worked at the clothing in the morning, and in the evening we went among the poor, always going to one house each day, and carrying supplies of bread, butter, tea, and sugar for one meal. These articles we bought, with our own savings, at the shops as we passed along. Thus wore away the winter, and part of the spring, during which time I wrote two tracts, one entitled "The Potatoes," in which I well remember describing the day of judgment, invested with all its horrors. The motto of this story was, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." The other tract was called, "The Baker's Dream," of which I forget any particulars.

My beloved mother entered with much pleasure into the making and selling of the clothes for the poor. The work finished off by a public sale of these clothes in the room over the gateway.

In April my dear sister went to London, to visit our relative, the Rev. G. Andrews, Rector of St James's. The departure of Lucy was a great trial to me, for most solitary indeed I felt when deprived of her.

My dear sister had left me in April : it was now May. During that time I had found three motherless girls in a cottage, and made arrangements for their being placed in a decent school.

The way in which I became acquainted with them was curious. I was walking in Bridgenorth slowly and alone, when I met a pretty little girl in shabby mourning. She made me a low courtesy, and said, "Lady, mammy is dead." I stopped and asked her some questions, and she took me to her miserable dwelling, where two pretty sisters, younger than herself, claimed my pity. They were not so very poor, as that they wanted attention.

I soon managed that they should be sent to a small school at the

end of the town, near the High Rock. They were very handsome, and one of them, I have heard, turned out very unfortunately. I know not the fate of the others.

At this period I ran myself into great danger by visiting some of the children who were dreadfully ill of the small-pox; but I had no fear. My mind at that time was undoubtedly much engaged by religious subjects, although in total darkness as it regarded Christian doctrines, not one of which did I then comprehend.

What at first had given me alarm respecting what might be the end of a life of mere self-pleasing, I cannot remember; but hitherto I had not yet gone one step beyond the desire of establishing my own righteousness. It was soon after my sister's return that I began to write "The Beautiful Estelle," a story which, in an altered and I trust improved form, is found in the sixth volume of the "Lady of the Manor."

This story, even as it is published, partakes of the gloom of the period in which it was first thought of; namely, the period of the absence of my sister. Being wholly under the covenant of works, and being condemned either to much solitude or to very gay companions—for the town was full of officers, who had introductions to our family—when I walked out I felt with great force the peculiar trials of youth, and had more than ever needed the protection of a mother, not within the house only, but out of doors. The history of "Estelle," as I before said, took its impression from my own mind at the time described,—what I then supposed were the inevitable consequences of yielding to vanity and the love of pleasure; and with the ideas I had then of these things, I made my beautiful heroine, not only deeply miserable in this life, but also consigned her to endless misery in the next. After many years, when I read this little history again, I was perfectly amazed, and, I may say, shocked, at the fearful gloom cast over the whole composition. A total absence of religious principles always must deduct from the interest of a narrative; but such views of religion as were given in the first "Estelle" must render every story terrible.

It seems that at that time I had not an idea of the nature of the work of redemption by our blessed Lord. What, then, was my religion? Whence came those reproaches of conscience when I had done wrong, and those strong, yet intermitting, efforts to do well? Whence came those dark cries for help which are recorded in many places of my journal? Whilst writing "Estelle," I made another little scheme for keeping my mind in what I thought a proper state. I made a kind of scale, with many degrees, by which to measure my animal spirits, which, when right, were always to rise to the centre degree, which I marked self-approbation.

At the very top of my scale was high and vicious prosperity. I ought to have called it excitement; at the bottom despair; and there were as many ascending as descending grades; but the desirable point, the happy medium, was this same self-approbation. Then follows a record of many days in which this same agreeable illusion was enjoyed by me without a sensible rise or fall.

But to return to what then chiefly occupied our thoughts and attention—our school. Sunday-schools were then new things; there were none of the places then existing of training intellectual beings, as it were, by mere machinery; neither were the times then such as rendered the affectionate intercourse between different ranks in society almost, if not altogether, impracticable, as it now would be.

The spirit of insubordination had not then forced the higher ranks to shrink from kindly intercourse with the lower; hence the influence which we were enabled to use over our children was not that of mere form, but of the heart; and such was their affection for us, that, for two or three years after we were taken from them, many of them used to meet on a fine Sunday evening, behind a round hill or tumulus, supposed to have been raised up against the Castle Hill at Bridgenorth during the Civil Wars, to pray for us, and to pray also for a future happy meeting. And that meeting will be allowed in glory everlasting.

It seems that my mother began to be dissatisfied with her resi-

dence at Bridgenorth, and in the summer of 1801, she began to talk of going to Bath, and leaving Bridgenorth altogether.

In a prayer written about the period when this move was first in contemplation, there seems to be more light and warmth than in any which occurs before. "Oh, holy and beloved Maker and Redeemer, I will now without ceasing call upon Thee! I will delight to think of Thee. Make me to feed with thy holy and milk-white flock. Be thou my Shepherd in this perilous wilderness, and lead me hereafter to thy heavenly and immortal pastures," &c.

After this prayer follows a string of good resolutions, all of which were of course immediately broken.

It is evident from my journal that I was striving hard in my own strength to be very good and very religious, whilst at the same time the gay young people with whom I was associated used their influence to dissipate my severer thoughts.

I was by no means happy, nor is it possible for any person to enjoy anything like happiness until their minds are fixed upon the Redeemer. But the natural mind is morally incapable of comprehending Christ as *the* Redeemer, although it may struggle vehemently to deliver itself from the consequences of its own evil motions and actings, and to quiet its conscience by its own efforts to propitiate a justly offended God.

I have said that whilst at Arley my mother declared her intention of going to Bath; she had taken a dislike to Bridgenorth. She would go there no more, she said. When she told us her plans, my sister and myself were much affected by the idea of leaving our scholars. And, were not our feelings on this occasion recorded in my journal, I could hardly have believed they had been so strong. The passage is this:—"My mother opened to us this day her intention of going to Bath, and perhaps never returning to Bridgenorth; we were not happy, and could not bring our mind to part with our flock—our little flock. Oh! my God! my gracious God and heavenly Father, take pity on these lambs, and provide them, Oh! Lord, in thine infinite bounty and mercy, with a tender shepherd

who will lead them beside clear streams, and where refreshing waters flow." The following stanzas from Cowley are then added, altered, I believe, to suit my own feelings :—

" Whilome I used, as thou right well dost know,
My little flock on western downs to keep,
Not far from where Sabrina's stream doth flow,
And flowery banks with silver liquor steep ;
Nought cared I then for worldly change or chance,
For all my joys were on my gentle sheep,
And to my pipe to carol or to dance.

" My little flock, whom erst I loved so well,
And wont to feed with finest grass that grew,
Feed ye henceforth on bitter Asphodell."

The first clear expression of confidence in God I have yet found in my journal is contained in the next passage :—" To thee, my glorious God, I leave my little flock, without guilty anxiety ; for will not the gracious God have pity upon it ?"

There is scarcely anything more remarkable in the mind of man than restlessness, which can only be overcome by the new nature acting with power upon the old one, giving to the renewed creature such assurances of a future happiness, to be enjoyed in a union with the Redeemer, as in comparison throw all objects of present enjoyment into the back-ground. My sister and myself were not pleased with the idea of a visit to Bath, in which we anticipated only what we found—much mortification ; but probably going back to Bridgenorth might not have pleased us better ; for I, at least, was conscious of a spirit of dissatisfaction, and I thought that I might perchance lose it by tightening the cord of my duties. So at this time I endeavoured to adopt certain rules of conduct which I found in an old book, I think of Bishop Burnet, one of which was, " Always, when lying down in your bed, try to think it is your coffin."

Is it not wonderful that so many well-meaning persons should think that they honour Him who has brought life and immortality to light, by delighting to dwell among the potsherd of the earth,

rather than in the assurance which is given to all believers, that they shall arise with the wings of the dove? But so it is, and always has been. And where there is more zeal than knowledge, it is always thought meritorious to die every day in the contemplation of the grave, the coffin, and the charnel-house.

From Arley I went by myself to Bridgenorth, to make arrangements for our leaving; and, on my return, which I did by water, though I have no recollection with whom, many of my beloved scholars took leave of me on the banks of the river. My farewell to Bridgenorth on this occasion is thus expressed:—"Farewell, Bridgenorth; God be praised for the many happy hours I have spent in this place; for the many melancholy hours there passed, I also praise God; for the sacred and solemn lessons, too, I have here learned; and Oh! I ask thee, my Lord, that, should I ever return to this place, I may return more *holy, pure, and pious.*"

By my mother's dictation, I had written from Bristol to a friend, to ask her to take us a lodging, and, with her accustomed timidity, the poor lady had desired that her lodgings should be humble and cheap. Our friend had taken her to the very letter. She had written to say that lodgings were procured, and had directed us whither to drive. It so happened we arrived in the evening, and although I was never particularly fastidious in these matters, I was never more shocked; for we were destined to inhabit a dark old house in one of the worst streets in the town.

I remember that the window of my sister's and my room opened at the head of the bed, and that it rained in upon the bed. My mother had a ridiculous dread of expenditure, and my sister and myself, not knowing what her income was, really believed her to be very poor; we therefore hardly knew what to say, or what to propose. When our friend called upon us the next day, to ask us how we liked our lodgings, we scarcely ventured to hint that we thought them too bad. She, however, appealed to the letter, and said that she had supposed we really could afford no better.

The lodgings had been hired for a week, but our removal was effected before the week was out, in consequence of a circumstance which terrified my mother as much as if she had found herself in a robber's cave.

One evening, just before retiring to rest, a carriage stopped at the door; thundering knocks ensued. The door was opened, and many loud, merry voices filled the passage, and the rooms above us presently resounded with many steps; then there were calls for supper and lights. Next ensued scraps of songs, laughter, and shouts. My poor mother was all alarm, and at length we called the slave-of-all-work to inquire the cause of all this tintamara. "It is Mr Cook," she said, "and some gentlemen from London."

This Mr Cook was a celebrated comedian of that day, and the other gentlemen were his friends.

The next morning we removed to very pleasant lodgings, nearly opposite the door of the principal pump-room, and found ourselves the more comfortable from the comparison with what we had left. And now being settled in our new lodgings, I made myself new rules, and formed new resolutions, and begun what was really good: that was, reading the Bible, and committing some portion of it to memory.

Whilst we were at Bath I formed several acquaintances worthy of recollection, and one was with a Miss Galton, from Birmingham, a young lady of about my own age, who had come to Bath for her health, and resided with the celebrated Miss Hamilton. Miss Galton's family was attended by my cousin, Dr Salt, when he resided in Birmingham, and through him she was induced to call on us.

Miss Hamilton came with her, and invited me to her house, my mother not accepting any invitation.

Miss Hamilton was then in her highest celebrity as an authoress, having not long before published her "Modern Philosophers." She was, in fact, at that period at the head of the *bas bleus* of Bath. She had a literary party, a *belle assemblée*, one evening

every week at her house, and, although then unknown as an authoress, I was honoured with an invitation.

I have given a description of that evening, under feigned names, in a chapter of a work of mine, entitled "Caroline Mordaunt:" I will not, therefore, say more of it in this place,

Miss Hamilton, notwithstanding her tincture of blue, appeared to me to be naturally as unassuming and as good-natured a woman as I ever met with; she was small in person, her face was plain, and her age then what I accounted old—at least elderly.

The only persons I remember in that party besides, were the "Child of Nature," who appeared to me to be playing a part, and a Colonel Barry, a perfect literary dandy, who afterwards called upon us, and took a great fancy to my sister.

It was not for years and years afterwards that I recognised my former acquaintance, Miss Galton, in the celebrated Mrs Skimmelpennick, the authoress of the "History of Port Royal." All I can now recollect of her was, that she was a simple, agreeable person, without the smallest display.

My mother's health continuing far from well, we were recommended to consult a medical gentleman of the name of Creser, and a friend brought him to our lodgings, when his advice proved so serviceable, that in a very short time our beloved parent lost the worst symptoms. With the blessing of God, though much weakened by the remedies to which she had been subjected, she again became all that she had been in her happiest and best days, before our dear father's death.

Early in February we left Bath. My mother accepted an invitation from her nephew, Mr Thomas Butt, to reside with him for the present at *Arley Hall*, where he was living alone. How agreeable this plan was to us cannot be told; and, truly, the wide old Hall, with its lovely gardens, seemed to me a perfect paradise after the dark chambers in the South Parade.

I have forgotten to say, that just before we had undertaken our Bath journey, I had sold the manuscript of "Susan Grey" to Mr

Hazard for ten pounds, without my name. We found, when we got to Bath, that the book was being published. As I asked leave to correct the press, Mr Hazard soon guessed that I was the authoress, and very soon after it was out I got a very complimentary letter from the chaplain of some female orphan asylum in London, thanking me for my valuable work, though not knowing my name.

Mr Hazard gave me this letter, and I was not a little pleased with myself on the occasion.

Some smiling weeks followed after we were settled at Arley Hall. My dear mother was better, and her kindness and gentleness, and the affection she shewed to us, and delight in our company, now that she was well, made her character shine forth with a purity which I have scarcely ever seen equalled. During the whole time of my intercourse with this excellent parent, I never heard one light word from her lips, nor one word which conveyed an idea that she held sin in any other light than with unmixed abhorrence. Without being prosy or sententious, every word she spoke was with wisdom, and every principle which she uttered was worthy of being written in letters of gold.

She had a fine taste in works of imagination, though she probably had little imagination herself. In every action she referred to the pleasure of God, and was long and deeply sensible of error when she had done wrong.

It was, therefore, in comparison with what had gone before, a very happy spring that we spent at Arley Hall. We commonly occupied the library, over the fireplace of which was the portrait of Thomas, the second Lord Lyttelton, in his parliamentary robes; the spirit, which was said to have admonished him of his death, having been introduced in the background after the demise of the young nobleman.

Lord Valentia had not yet commenced his voyage, being then in London, and with him my cousin, Henry Salt, who was afterwards consul in Egypt. Lord Valentia's exquisite gardens and

noble collection of exotics were kept in the nicest order. My beloved mother speaks in her journal of the delight she had in walking in these beautiful grounds; and, writing on the 23d of February, she says, "The wonderful improvement which has taken place in my health, and the consequent comfort which I have enjoyed since I came here, requires the grateful return of praise to God, from whom I derive these and all the innumerable comforts of my life; and I do most sincerely desire to offer up to Him every possible tribute of gratitude which I can bring."

At this period there was a Mr Wright, from Kidderminster, residing at the Hall, and occupied in painting certain of the most rare and beautiful specimens in the hot-house. I had remembered him at Kidderminster, and the whole of his family had been accounted pious persons. My kind and most affectionate cousin, Mr Butt, being obliged to go from the Hall for one or two weeks, this Mr Wright came to me and my sister, and asked us if we would venture to uphold him in establishing a Sunday-school whilst Mr Butt, the curate, was absent, running the risk, perhaps, of offending him by this independent step.

Lucy and myself, being full of zeal, warmly met Mr Wright's views. We selected the servants' hall as our school-room, and Mr Wright undertook to muster the children; and so busy we were, that, when our cousin returned, there was his Sunday-school established: and so far from being displeased, he was delighted.

He had been planning something of this kind, but the popular voice was then far from being in favour of these things: for many persons anticipated gloomily what might result from educating the populace, not considering that the impulse having been given, probably at first by the invention of printing, it must certainly proceed with increased force until the last experiment shall be fully tried. And this experiment I believe is a trial to shew the utmost effect of human knowledge upon society. We shall then be taught its incapacity for producing true happiness; but, as usual, we shall be slow at learning this lesson.

About this time Lucy and myself paid a visit to Bridgenorth. One day, being alone in the parlour, my sister having walked out, a gentleman was ushered in, bringing a letter from my mother, and introducing himself as Colonel Cockburn. This gentleman was dressed in black, and carried his arm in a scarf sling. I supposed that the gallant officer had been injured in battle, and of course I was very polite to him ; but, had he not brought a letter from my mother, I should very soon have set him down as one of the most free-and-easy gentlemen I had ever seen, and should have thought that I had admitted some one who ought not to have been there. His seeming impertinence, however, chiefly consisted in a very curious expression of countenance, and a half smile, which I could not account for. In my heart I was excessively angry with my mother and cousin, Mr Butt, for sending such a visitor to us. He had been with me some time, and I had not the least suspicion of any trick being played upon me, until he suddenly asked me some questions about a family portrait hanging on the wall. This question betrayed him, and the truth flashing on my mind, I congratulated myself on the pleasure of being in company with my cousin, Henry Salt. Thus the pretended Colonel Cockburn stood unmasked, and then the real Henry Salt told me, that he was come to spend two days with us, to make our acquaintance before we parted, probably never to meet again on earth.

Of course I made my cousin most welcome ; but hearing my sister's voice in the hall, we agreed in an instant that he was to be Colonel Cockburn again.

Lucy came in and found me sitting all prim with the colonel, my mother's note was handed to her, and the colonel introduced in due form. Having one now to assist him, Henry topped his part to such perfection, and I probably looked so merry, that my sister became perfectly distressed, looking from one to another, and in her heart, as she afterwards told me, being excessively angry, not only with me for my imprudence with a stranger, but with our mother and cousin, Mr Butt, for sending this stranger to us. At

length, however, when we saw she was getting quite serious upon the occasion, we told her who our visitor was, and soon she brightened up, and all was right. He was come just at the lucky time. We expected several of the young ladies from Dudmaston to dine with us, and there was some happy scheme for the evening, though I cannot say that I remember what it was. But we were all to go out together, and some kind old lady was going with us as a chaperon. What an addition, then, to our party was our young cousin, Henry Salt! The future consul of Egypt was a remarkably pleasing young man, highly intellectual, as the records of him at the British Museum will shew, and full of innocent merriment, as had appeared from the mode in which he had contrived to have himself introduced to us, choosing the name, from the circumstance of its actual owner being then at Arley Hall.

The Miss Whitmores were to stay with us till the following evening, and a merry time we had. After breakfast the next day we had a mock sale of pictures, selling all the portraits in the house, Henry Salt sitting in a chair placed on the dining-table, and acting auctioneer. He left us the following morning, and from that time we never saw him more, though within a very few years afterwards I visited many places in the East, where he was well remembered. How truly does the poet say, in reference to this world, "Oh! blindness to the future, kindly given." Could the lively young people who then met in that strange old house at Bridgenorth have anticipated their various fates, and the various sorrows through which they were appointed to travel—could they in that case have laughed away the hours as they then did?

One of the fairest of the party there was Elizabeth, or Lizzy Whitmore, as she was called by her sisters; she had a particularly fresh and innocent face; she married very soon after this, and became the mother of ten children. Her story is a sad one. She has lived to bury her husband and nine of those children; whilst the life of Henry Salt was cut short in its prime by the plague in Egypt. The rest still live, and all, no doubt, have had their share

of trial, though none, not one, has received a blow too many; for there is no other view in which the believer can possibly see any present trial but in that of a concealed blessing, bestowed upon us through the redemption of our Saviour.

I must now proceed to refer to a circumstance which happened to me at Bath. Being one day in company with my friend Miss Warner, she shewed me a letter from a Mr William M——, asking her to take charge of a little half-coloured child of six years old from India. She could not undertake this charge herself; but it struck me that a little child might amuse my mother, and break a little of the tedium of our winter's evenings. I therefore, having obtained my mother's permission, made, through my friend, the offer of taking this child myself. The little girl was brought to me by Mr M—— in a chaise-and-four on the last Sunday evening in March.

It was evident that if we were surprised at a chaise-and-four rattling through the bottom of the valley, seen through the windows of the library, Mr M—— was not less so to find us living, as we then were, at Arley Hall. He expressed his surprise, and asked me what motive I could have in wishing the trouble of a pupil.

I told him my real reason—a want of something to make our home interesting. He seemed to be greatly pleased with my mother, as well he might, and not less so I think with me; for meeting him as he was going away, on the wide old staircase, I asked him if he had any particular wish to express respecting the little girl. "Only, madam," he answered, most gallantly bowing, "that you will make her like yourself, and my utmost wishes will be satisfied." How this was to be done I could not well understand, though I was marvellously pleased with the compliment. As I had anticipated, my mother immediately took to the child, who was only six years old, particularly small, very quiet, and helpless from delicate health, and therefore more fit to go about with one thinking herself an invalid.

Her habits were still completely East Indian, and her complexion so also ; and she was so small and light that I carried her in my arms, and was altogether as much pleased at possessing her as I should have been years before with the possession of a new doll.

It had been agreed, some time before, that about the beginning of October I should accompany my cousin, Mr Butt, on a visit to his aunt, Mrs Congreve, at Peter Hall ; but, on the Sunday previous, I called with my sister on a family the children of which were ill with the scarlet fever. On the Monday my cousin and myself proceeded by coach to Coventry, where we were to meet Miss Congreve, and to sleep at a lady's house of the name of Bury. This journey, proved to be very full of events to me ; for it appeared that I had taken the infection of the scarlet fever when paying my morning visit at Arley. In twenty-four hours from that period I was so ill as scarcely to be able to sit up in the coach at Birmingham ; hence I was compelled to lie down instead of dining, and when in a chaise, which we took from thence to Coventry, I could hardly keep up my head, and was cruelly mortified at a turnpike in the way, where, asking for water, I could only procure some boiling from the tea-kettle. My cousin seemed much perplexed, and great indeed was his kindness ; and, to endeavour to amuse me, he repeated hundreds of lines of Milton's "Paradise Lost," of which I particularly noted the glorious description of the angels praising God, as described in the second book, throwing their crowns of immortal amaranth on the golden pavement, and magnifying the Lord with their harps—harps ever tuned. The infernal regions, with all the circumstances of horror which the poet has there assembled, were not allowed to pass from my feverish mind, as my dear cousin gave utterance to them with much force and elegance. As these were the last ideas conveyed to my imagination before I was entirely overpowered by fever, they failed not to present themselves again in aggravated and exaggerated forms, the fearful images, no doubt, resulting from

delirium. When arrived at the turnpike, at the entrance of Coventry, we met Miss Congreve, who came into the chaise, and was our guide to Mr Bury's, whose house was so near St Michael's Church as to command a fine view of the unrivalled spire and tower. It is not necessary to enter into the minutiae of the dreadful illness which laid me up so completely that the next day I could not be removed. None of the medical men, it seems, knew what was the matter with me, as the eruption did not appear. I was, however, almost suffocated with a sore throat, and quite wild with delirium. The kindness I met with from the family, who were all strangers to me, from Miss Congreve, and Mr T. Butt, was such as ought never to be forgotten; but unluckily the fiends of Milton had taken such hold of me that, in my delirium, I actually fancied myself in hell, and I thought I was surrounded by men and women of the most distorted and horrid features, expressive of the most diabolical passions. It is of little use to dwell longer on these scenes of fever.

I was only to have slept one night at Mrs Bury's; but I remained many there, and Mrs Bury herself sat up with me most of these nights, and bore not only with fatigue and great alarm, but ran the risk of fearful infection.

She was then a happy wife and mother of ten children, all then at home, and some very young; but she incurred all the risk of fearful infection for me, a total stranger, and the infection, I am sorry to say, spread. The two servants who nursed me, and two of the children took it; but they had this advantage: the physician knew what the disease was, which he did not in my case. Hence they were sooner than myself out of danger. A happier couple, a happier family than that of Mr and Mrs Bury's was, at that time, I never met with. The children were then all, as I said, at home, and never did I meet with people who enjoyed domestic happiness as they did.

Whilst these children were little, everything with them was a domestic gala, because they all worked together at the daily task,

whatever it might have been ; whether it was reading a choice volume, or gathering fruit for preserves, all were present, all enjoyed the same ideas, and assisted in the same tasks.

A very few years after this, sorrows came thick and in various forms upon them, and many of the ten, all of whom had been spared in infancy, were laid to rest in their graves long before their beloved mother, who was, alas ! a widow many years.

The kindness of Miss Congreve at that time I must ever remember, and her attention to me then, as will be seen, had great influence on her after-life. But in the excess of my illness, whilst hanging between life and death, no kindness could ever have surpassed that of my cousin's, Mr Butt. He was the only one of my own family with me, and the only one who could induce me to attempt to swallow medicines, when almost suffocated with the quinsy in my throat. But since that period I have seen little of him. Our journey through life has led us into far distant paths ; and now that, after many wanderings, I am again settled in England, I and the few remaining friends with whom I spent my early youth are so widely separated by domestic calls, that now we scarcely live to each other more than in memory—precious, precious memory !

CHAPTER XIII.

MY VISIT TO PETER HALL—MY MOTHER'S ILLNESS—MY RETURN TO BRIDGENORTH—ARRIVAL OF MR SHERWOOD—DR SALT'S ILLNESS—MY MARRIAGE—I JOIN THE REGIMENT AT SUNDERLAND—DR PALEY—WE ARE REMOVED TO BRAMPTON, AND CARLISLE, AND HEXHAM.

I CANNOT say how long I remained at Coventry: probably about a fortnight; but at the end of the time which had been fixed for my cousin's return to Arley, he came to take leave of me at Mrs Bury's, and the same day I was removed to Peter Hall with Miss Congreve. Mr Bury kindly went with us.

Peter Hall is an ancient, many-gabled house, situated on the very edge of Combe Park, the seat of Lord Craven. Notwithstanding the general flatness of Warwickshire, the county has a peculiar character of beauty of its own; a green elegance, with many fine trees, laid out in woods. The Congreves of Peter Hall had then intermarried three times within record with my father's family; hence, I was received, when brought from Coventry in a most feeble state of health, precisely as if I had been a beloved child of the family—laid on a couch in the parlour, and permitted to make one amongst the rest, everything going on precisely as if I had not been present.

The first night I spent at Peter Hall I slept sweetly. Soon I was able to go on regularly with my usual occupations, and then I gradually gained strength and health; and as I recovered the power and vigour of my mind, never did more pleasant thoughts enter my head.

It was then I thus wrote in my journal:—"I have remembered all thy goodness to me, O Lord! thy mercy in my illness, and

how thou didst then render pain tolerable and weakness delightful to me. 'Oh, death! where is thy sting? Oh, grave! where is thy victory? for the sting of death is sin.'

"What refreshing thoughts have from time to time entered my mind since I came to this place, and what pleasure have I taken in the most simple and innocent things!

"When I first walked in the gardens here, and saw the sheep feeding in the adjoining pastures—when I saw the lovely woods in one of the rich and many-tinted months of autumn—when I saw the bright sky, the radiant stars, and the fresh green fields, how did I praise my God; and when left alone, how did I, in holy hymns and sacred songs, exalt my voice to Thee!

"Oh, my God! my God! preserve me in this serious yet most delightful frame of mind, this holy innocence. May I do all which is in my poor power, and do Thou, oh, Spirit of God! assist me.

"Wash me with thy blood, oh, blessed Jesus! and though my 'sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.'"

With the exception of the last quotation from Scripture, I do not see more light in these passages, written immediately after my arrival at Peter Hall, than in others which have gone before. Though they contain the evidence of a more cheerful state of mind—the consequence of renewed health—yet when I could fancy myself to be holy or innocent, I must still have been in midnight darkness as to my spiritual nature.

Whilst I was at Peter Hall, the family had a visit from a clergyman of the name of Barns, who told the following anecdote of Bishop Hough, as related to him by his uncle, who was a young curate in the time of that bishop. The young curate, it seems, being called upon to say grace, said it in a very low voice, as if under the influence of shame. Bishop Hough said, "Young man, are you ashamed?" The curate coloured, on which the bishop told this anecdote:—"When I was a young man," he said, "I was chaplain to the king. When at the chaplain's table, I thought that it became me to say grace in an audible voice. An old

courtier at the table, who was rather deaf, said, 'This, ~~Mr~~, is the first time I have *heard* grace said for many years.'

I remained at Peter Hall till the 8th of January 1803. During that time I received two letters, on one of which depended many important events of my future life ; and this was from my cousin, Henry Sherwood.

This letter was dated from Hilsa Barracks, where for the present he was stationed with his regiment, the 53d. He had just arrived from the West Indies, where he had been, for five years. He had twice been near death from the yellow fever. The other letter was from my sister, saying that my mother had been ill of some feverish attack, but was better, and did not wish me to return just yet, as, having so lately had one fever, she supposed that I was more likely to take another. A second letter afterwards informed me that my mother was getting better.

The truly motherly and compassionate friend to whom I had been so much indebted during my illness, Mrs Bury, was patroness of some charity in Coventry, for the benefit of which she, with some other ladies, were to have an assembly at the Drapers' Hall, and as she urged that her niece, Miss Congreve, and myself should be present, I could not think of refusing her kind invitation, after all she had done for me ; and it was therefore planned that Miss Congreve and myself should leave Peter Hall, and go to an aunt of hers, a Mrs Clay, who lived in Park Street, Coventry, to be there during the assembly. The aunt had also arranged a little ball for young people, to take place the evening before the public meeting. I certainly did not look forward with much pleasure to these gaieties, neither did Miss Congreve ; but we were neither of us, I trust, ungrateful for the kindness intended for us. The children's ball at Mrs Clay's took place the night we expected. We sat up late, and when I came down in the morning many of the party had breakfasted. It so happened that I sat opposite Mr Thomas Congreve, my friend's brother, and observed that he looked at me once or twice with an expression of deep concern, which I could not

understand. After breakfast this was explained to me. A letter had been received that morning directed to Miss Congreve from my sister, on the outside of which had been written, "With all speed." It had fallen into his hands, and he had kindly kept it till we had breakfasted—and then he produced it.

It was to say that my mother's fever had turned out to be typhus, that she was in the most imminent danger, and that I was to return immediately.

On the receipt of this letter, Miss Congreve instantly, without any reference to her parents, who were six miles distant, though under the sanction of her aunt and brother, determined to accompany me home. In the shortest time possible we were on our way to Birmingham, though we could not get on to Bridgenorth till the next morning. I found my mother in a most dangerous state, and my sister worn out with watching.

Mary Bailis, a young servant who had been for some years with my mother, and was excessively attached to her, was so overcome with joy when she saw me, and remembered the late fears for my life, that she ran up to me and kissed me in her ecstasy. I was surprised, of course, at this salutation; but I should not easily have forgiven myself had I repulsed her.

The disease which had attacked my mother was a low, putrid fever, and so infectious that on the morning after our arrival the little child (Harriet) was taken ill, and the next day the cook. The Sunday following my sister sickened, and one week afterwards poor Mary Bailis.

Our house then became a place of alarm to all the town; and had it not been for some of the grateful and affectionate parents of our Sunday-scholars, we might have been left without attendance. Whilst my mother's state was most threatening in one room of our old house, my sister and Harriet were, we thought, dying in another; and poor Mary Bailis did actually die. My dear Miss Congreve underwent extreme fatigue for us, whilst all the town avoided us. Persons spoke to us, and inquired after us through

the closed street-door, no one for some time venturing to come in from a distance to abide with us but my dear brother, who was with us every other week.

When my cousin Henry Sherwood arrived in the town, having got permission to recruit in Bridgenorth (his regiment having been marched to Shrewsbury, where, in fact, it had been raised), we were almost afraid of receiving him, lest he, too, should take the infection. Thus in a peculiar manner were I and my young friend associated with the two persons with whom we were to terminate our lives. And this I firmly believe, that more marriages are made in scenes of affliction, such as we then were in, than in the most brilliant periods of life.

On the 7th of March poor Mary Bailis died. Six young women, in white gowns and white hoods, carried her to her grave in the High Churchyard. She died, we all believe, in a decidedly pious state. My mother had always loved her, and a more faithful, affectionate servant never lived. When my mother had gone to Bath she would not take her, lest she should be corrupted; but she had been with us all the time we were at Arley Hall. After a while it was settled that my sister and Harriet should go to Coventry, by slow journeys, with Miss Congreve, first stopping at Arley, where our kind cousin was to receive them. Accordingly we all set out; Miss Congreve, my sister, the little Indian, and Mr Sherwood going with us. Miss Congreve and I, however, returned the same evening to my mother, leaving the invalids at Arley. On the Thursday following, the 53d came from Shrewsbury to Bridgenorth, and Mr Sherwood became alarmed lest he should be sent to some other place. This alarm, however, passed off shortly, which was well for us, for the few next days were full of decisive events to us. In that period both Miss Congreve and myself engaged ourselves: I to follow the camp wheresoever the fortune of war, or rather Divine Providence, might call me; and she to settle down with my brother as the wife of a clergyman.

I had no thought, however, when I engaged myself, that I should

leave my mother till her plans were settled, and my sister's health was restored ; for I supposed that Mr Sherwood would remain some years in England with his regiment, and so, in fancy, I put off the day of separation.

My mother, when asked, gave her sanction to our marriage, but would not enter into the subject of any plans. She still continued to be in a very delicate state, and, being very nervous, she seemed afraid to discuss any matters of business, and was certainly better with any other person than a member of her own family. Her good old nurse, Mrs Gumm, who had attended her during the fever, and her little daughter, about twelve years old, were therefore always with her, and the child particularly could amuse her when nobody else had the power to do so.

Mr Hawkins Browne kindly invited her to inhabit apartments for a while in his beautiful house at Badger, though he himself could not be at home. On the 18th of April I took her to Badger, and left her with the nurse and child, after remaining with her a week.

I had to return from Badger to receive my cousin Dr Salt, who arrived the next day, when my brother and Mr Sherwood also came.

The history of Dr Salt is one of peculiar interest to all those who love to trace those special arrangements of a merciful Providence, by which a wandering soul is gradually brought into the fold of the Redeemer.

We had last parted with Dr Salt at Worcester, in our way to Bath. He was then going with his sister into Devonshire on account of his health. He remained with her from that period, gradually getting worse and worse, till at length it was ascertained that he had some inward disease, which was certain in a short time to cause death. He was too well aware, as a medical man, that he was dying. His heart yearned after the companions of his early youth, in those days, ever remembered, when he lived under the care of my father at Stanford. Although he could not then see or

associate with my mother, he was bent upon coming to see me and my brother; and his motive was, undoubtedly, in order that he might converse with us, to obtain more light on the subject of religion, although, God knows, we could be *then* only as the blind leading the blind. Still, however, both my brother and myself thought religion a matter of some importance. This was better for the poor dying man than the society of mere worldly persons, such as he had been in the habit of seeing about him. It was one of his caprices, that during all his illness he would not suffer a man-servant to wait upon him; he came, therefore, with a rough sort of female-servant, who would do anything for him, but she was such a disagreeable person that she set our servants into a state of regular rebellion. Such was the confusion of our household at Bridgenorth, such the delicate state of my mother at Badger, and my sister at Coventry, that it seemed as if a total change in all our family arrangements must very soon necessarily take place.

This was to me a time of much perplexity, for, added to those named, was the following trouble:—The principal part of our family property was then on an estate, held by three lives, viz., my mother's, my brother's, and Dr Salt's. Dr Salt one day said to me, "Are you aware of what would happen should two of these lives go at once?" He advised me to take steps to exchange my mother's life for a younger and better one. On consulting my brother, we two determined on a renewal, but resolved not to exchange the name of my mother, but that of Dr Salt's for mine, and we actually effected the exchange without his discovering whose name had really been removed. Some one, however, let it out before him, and then my poor cousin said, with a deep sigh, "You have judged rightly: mine is the worst life."

I have never felt more pain from any speech than I did from this.

It is possible, nay, I am assured, that sometimes persons in the very blossom of earthly hopes and earthly prospects, when all around them smile most sweetly, are able to look forward, through

faith bestowed from the fullness of Christ, even cheerfully to death, and the bright anticipation of the glories beyond the grave. But such was not then the state of my cousin Dr Salt. When residing as a little boy at Stanford, my father and my mother had carefully instructed him in all their own views of religion : my father's especially being all bright and glowing, as was his own mind. But these instructions, it seems, had remained without fruit ; and though retained, with other remembrances of that happy period of his early days, yet for a time they seemed to have no effect.

After leaving Stanford, the elegance of his manners, the vast superiority of his mind, as manifested particularly in conversation, had first recommended him to the most refined society in Lichfield ; next, to the most talented in Edinburgh ; and, lastly, to the most intellectual in Birmingham. But in these three circles the simple Christian was not to be met with. My father had, from the time of his nephew's return from Edinburgh, detected the tendency in his mind to infidelity, though that infidelity was neither daring nor profligate, but quite enough to annihilate all peace and rest in God. My father, I well remember, used to say, " John, you are altogether wrong ; I wish you had never gone to Edinburgh. They have infected you there ; they have tainted you with their abominable philosophy."

On these occasions my cousin would endeavour to defend himself ; but he never for one moment lost his love or deference for his uncle. After my father died, my poor mother had never met with this her favourite nephew without urging upon him the vast importance of religion, though hitherto with little apparent success. Now, in his dying state, however, he had returned to the family whom he had loved from infancy, and, as I find from a passage in my journal, was devoting himself most earnestly to know the truth as it is in Jesus. When once that desire is given, can we doubt that our Lord, the Sanctifier, would leave His work unperfected ? No ; for consolation, I was informed, was imparted to him during the last struggle, which was then approaching, as far as was

requisite to support him through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

One circumstance alone need now be mentioned as belonging to this time. The servant whom Dr Salt had brought with him soon contrived to render the house too hot to hold her, and even made her poor master tremble under the scourge of her tongue. I soon delivered him from this thralldom, and established in her place one of my favourite pupils, the eldest daughter of my mother's nurse. Rebecca, then about sixteen or seventeen years old, was a gentle, quiet, old-fashioned looking girl, in a white apron and round-eared cap; one who could read well, and sing softly and sweetly many simple hymns.

The poor invalid was delighted with the change, and Rebecca never left him till he died, but soothed his many weary, sleepless nights by frequently singing to him, or by reading the Scriptures to him when unable to read himself. Then the pride of intellect, consciousness of superior skill and talent, the desire of shining in conversation, were all, all gone, and before he died he became mild and tractable as a little child.

In the meanwhile the 53d regiment was ordered suddenly from Bridgenorth to Ipswich. The men were to commence their march on the 19th of May. The regiment had been originally raised by a Whittemore; and Mr Whittemore, of Dudmaston, thought it a proper compliment to give the officers a ball, which was fixed for the 19th of May; and, in order that it should be carried into effect, the officers, having marched the men to Wolverhampton, returned themselves to Dudmaston. At this ball I saw many of those gentlemen with whom I afterwards became well acquainted in other lands.

The evening was externally gay, though inwardly, no doubt, sad to many. The war had broken out again after the short peace, and all the feelings which the English ladies had experienced before that short peace were, in increased force, revived. These feelings consisted in the close connexion between gaiety and death;

in the fearful apprehension that the blooming young man, in his gold-laced coat and emplumed cap, who last month, perchance, was the gayest member of the circle of the little county town, might, perchance, in the next month's Gazette be reported as a breathless corpse.

It is hardly possible to bring these feelings, in all their bearings, before the minds of the young people of the present day. Perhaps it may now hardly be believed, that I have seen a whole room, at a public assembly at Bridgenorth, thrown into tears by the song of "Here's a health to those far away."

Mr Sherwood was absent with his regiment till nearly the end of June, and during that time my sister returned to us in renewed health. We settled many affairs, and as my mother could not stay much longer at Badger, we looked out for lodgings for her at a place called Oldbury, a little way out of Bridgenorth, but she was not removed there till the 28th of July.

On the last day of June I was married, Mr Sherwood having come to Bridgenorth only a few days before. He remained with us till the 19th of July, and then returned to his regiment without me, as our plans still remained unfixed, it being quite uncertain whither the 53d might next be ordered. From this period till about the 4th of October I remained at Bridgenorth, often visiting my dear mother in her lodgings at Oldbury. During that time I saw Mr Sherwood once only for a few days, he having been ordered upon some regimental business to the north, and then he came round one hundred and eighty miles to see me. As soon as the bustle of our marriage was passed, it appears that I set to work again to form to myself new rules of conduct. My journal contains in this place, first, a prayer, then a confession of sins, then another prayer, and then sixteen rules of conduct; of all these I shall quote only one passage, as a sort of index to the state of my mind at that time: "As man's weakness is such that he cannot always fulfil his duties of prayer and praise with *equal* holiness, *equal* heavenly-mindedness, *equal* self-possession; as his time is

not always at his command, his health never, it behoveth him to set down to himself certain rules, which must be observed, whether he feels himself disposed to the observance of them or otherwise."

Oh! the depths of the ignorance and self-presumption of this *equal* holiness, *equal* heavenly-mindedness, *equal* self-possession; the holiness and heavenly-mindedness of an unregenerate child of Adam!

It was in the month of October that I left my mother for Sunderland, where the 53d were quartered, as was supposed, for the winter, and where Mr Sherwood had taken lodgings, the regiment being in barracks. Travelling was not then like what it is now. I left Lichfield about two in the afternoon of one day, and did not arrive at Sunderland till midnight the second day afterwards, though I went on, without stopping, one whole day, a night, half the next day, and till twelve the next night.

Sunderland, the place in which I commenced my military life, is situated in the north-east of the county of Durham. It is a town of comparatively modern construction, and almost owes its existence to its port; but it is so closely connected with Bishopwearmouth that they both seem to form one town. The rector of Bishopwearmouth for the time being is lord of the manor, and holds his courts. When the 53d were at Sunderland, this rector was the celebrated Dr William Paley, Archdeacon of Carlisle, author of the "Natural Theology," and on whom I had a double claim for notice: first, from a letter of introduction from Mr Hawkins Browne; and, secondly, on the plea of a distant relationship through the Sherwood family.

I found, on arriving at Sunderland some hours after midnight, that Mr Sherwood was on guard; but I was set down at the lodgings which had been taken for me by my husband. These were in the house of a Mr Rutherford, who kept a shop in the principal street. They consisted of two handsome rooms; the sitting-room looking to the street, and having two or three windows.

I was received by Mr Sherwood's servant, Luke Parker, a private soldier, and the very sort of person who would have served for a companion to Corporal Trim.

This man had attended Mr Sherwood in every capacity of servant nearly as long as he had been in the regiment, and during the whole of that period he had probably never uttered ten words consecutively to his master. Poor Luke was singularly hard-featured, passing for a middle-aged man when hardly twenty-five, most generally well-conducted, and invariably honest when not under the temptation of strong liquors. This last, unhappily, was his weak point; neither was his case a singular one. Of course, it had been a great trouble, as it is to all bachelors' servants, when his master had married. However, he received me with much respect, and I can still fancy I can see him as he then stood before me, in the attitude in which he had been accustomed to salute his officer.

One of the singularities of poor Luke was, that in arranging a table, a room, or whatever else it might be, he seemed always to have a reference to military precision. He was a perfect martinet as regarded the combs and brushes on his master's toilet table; and when he had set the dishes at meals, he would make a retreat for a few paces to observe that all was placed in due precision, often stepping, now forwards, now backwards, to judge correctly whether the lines of plates, dishes, spoons, and cruets were in perfect exactness. I have endeavoured to describe this man in my fourth volume of "Henry Milner," in the character of the major's servant; but I have only there done half justice to his various qualifications.

I had expected that my life at Sunderland would have been a very lively one; but I was much mistaken, for I spent more hours of solitude than I have since done. The 53d at that time consisted of two battalions, both of which were located in Sunderland Barracks, and there were five or six married ladies in the regiment, only two of whom had been in the West Indies. The rest had

lately joined ; and whilst the two ladies who had come from the West Indies were of course well known to Mr Sherwood, the others were altogether strangers. There was a great deal of regimental duty to be done, constant drillings were going forward, and Mr Sherwood was obliged to be absent many hours each day at the barracks. Sometimes he returned in time to walk with me ; but I have very little recollection of the environs of Sunderland beyond thick fogs, a stormy beach, stunted trees, and dull brick-houses.

I have often wondered wherefore I did not attempt to beguile the long hours in which I was left alone by writing ; but I have no memorandum of having written any thing there, except a little portion of a tale called "Mary Marsh," a story which I had told my dear Sunday-scholars on a holiday. I never finished this book. I mentioned that Mr Browne had given us a letter of introduction to Dr and Mrs Paley, who called and invited us to visit them in their parsonage-house at Wearmouth. I was at that time by no means aware that Dr Paley would be so much thought of in after-years as it has proved that he has been, otherwise I should have carefully noted down all he said to me. All I knew of him then was, that we were connected with his family, and that he had published a book on the Evidences of Christianity, which had been given to me in very early youth. I thought him a most pleasing man, with a heavenly benevolence of countenance. He did not survive above a year and a half after this.

My religious duties I chose to make very laborious at Sunderland. Here I had comparatively few interruptions, and much time for observing my rules. There are twenty-one daily tasks self-appointed in my journal. Six of these are forms of prayer, three are Bible readings, and the other eleven are more secular. At this place I began to study the Bible in a regular way, though in much darkness. I had then very few books, which was a great blessing to me. I began the Scriptures there, and continued to read them in other places, till I read them to the end, beginning again when I came to the conclusion. This constant reading a certain portion

every day I carried on for years ; but I was not content with reading to myself, I must force Mr Sherwood to do the same. He must read also, and he was by no means disposed to do so. It was then, for the first time, whilst still at Sunderland, he very quietly and calmly let me know that he was not quite convinced that the whole of the Bible was true, although he thought parts of it might be so.

It was on a Sunday evening, I well remember, that he made this startling observation, on which I became excessively angry, and asked him, if such were his opinions, wherefore he had not told them to me before we were married ; for during the days of our courtship, which had not been long, he had made no objections whatever to hearing the Bible read, or to any religious observances whatever. He replied that he did not mean to interfere with me, and that I might do just what I pleased, in reading the Bible, going to church, or anything else in a religious way.

I do not pretend exactly to remember his words, but I have given the sense of what he said. As may be imagined, I cried most bitterly at this, and probably made my religion anything but inviting by so doing ; however, it will after appear that even in this scene, in which I certainly did not behave well, some good was effected through the infinite mercy of God.

In the beginning of December the sea was dreadfully rough, the waves dashed over the pier and tossed the ships about in a fearful manner. It was a most severe winter ; and what with the violent winds at sea, the place appeared to be particularly melancholy and disagreeable to me without doors ; though within I was not unhappy, yet very much alone. On Monday, 21st of December, we moved from our lodgings in the principal street to one near the barracks ; but we were destined to remain only a very few days in our new habitation, for at twelve o'clock at night, on the 23d, an order arrived for the regiment to march to Carlisle to embark for Ireland.

The march was to commence at eight o'clock next morning, which, accordingly took place, although the whole regiment did not

move at once, two companies only proceeding on the 24th, and the rest were to set out on Sunday, the 25th, Christmas-day having fallen that year on the Sunday. The detachment to which Mr Sherwood belonged was not, however, to move till Monday, which gave me more time for preparation. We carried with us a little furniture, which I was permitted to send by the baggage-waggon. At eight o'clock on Monday morning, I began my first journey with the regiment—that is, I followed, or rather went before, in a post-chaise with our surgeon's lady. We reached Newcastle at twelve o'clock, where we dined, I remember, with our husbands, on one of those monstrous Yorkshire pies, which we seldom see in the south.

When arrived at Brampton we met with an unexpected order, directing us to halt where we were. I believe that each detachment was stopped in like manner wherever the order met it. We were at an inn when this command reached us. This house happened to be the property of Mr Sherwood's godfather, though I know not now how we arrived at the knowledge of this fact; yet, when we understood that we must stay, we knew not how long, where we were, we made use of this bit of information to obtain such small attentions as money cannot always command. We succeeded so well that mine hostess gave us the very best room in her house. The winter was very severe, and the violent contrast between the climates of Northumberland and Cumberland, and that of the West Indies, at length so much affected Mr Sherwood that he became quite ill, and continued so even till our removal on the 3d of January to Carlisle. On the 2d of February, orders were received at Carlisle for separating the battalions. The directions for this separation were, that all the men who had enlisted under the Act for embodying the army of reserve, and who refused to extend their services, should be embodied in the 2d battalion; whilst all the disposable men were appointed to the 1st.

The officers, at the same time, were requested to use all their influence to persuade the men to volunteer for general service.

In consequence of these directions, all kinds of rioting and drun-

kenness were allowed, nay, even encouraged; but without success, for most of our army of reserve were Yorkshiremen, and canny Yorkshire was too much for the cunning of the heads of the regiment. The man partook of the drink allowed, and retained his liberty; for not more than twenty men on the whole volunteered, and these probably would have done so without any further inducement. The state of our men at that time in Carlisle was a disgrace to the army, and made such an impression upon me that I founded the history of "Charles Lorraine" on what I then saw. On the 9th of February, we were ordered to hold ourselves in readiness to re-tread our steps to Hexham. On the 10th, General Gray arrived in Carlisle, and gave directions for putting in force the order respecting the final separation of general-service men and limited-service men. There was only one day given for all the necessary arrangements: for accoutrements to be examined, and accounts to be made up. It was impossible for Mr Sherwood, who paid a company, to finish all his affairs till the 13th: we therefore remained behind at Carlisle till the Monday, and I have still a lively recollection of the last Sunday I spent there. Our journey led us over the old border country, and it took us in our postchaise two days to reach Hexham, where lodgings had been taken for us. The next day General Gray inspected the regiment, and as Mr Sherwood was obliged to be present, though far from well, he suffered so severely that he was laid up afterwards some weeks from indisposition; and it was in consequence of this he was first persuaded by a brother officer to think of trying for the paymastership of the regiment, a situation which would give him more liberty for doing as he liked.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE REGIMENT ORDERED TO MORPETH—DEATH OF DR SALT—MY SISTER'S ENGAGEMENT—MR SHERWOOD BECOMES PAYMASTER OF THE 53D REGIMENT—MY BABY'S BIRTH—TRACT OF "ELIZA CUNNINGHAM"—MY JOURNEY TO BLACKWALL FROM SHIELDS, IN THE "CHARMING PEGGY"—WALTHAMSTOW—I VISIT MY MOTHER IN WORCESTERSHIRE—CANTERBURY—MY SISTER'S VISIT—MRS DUNCOMBE—THE REGIMENT ORDERED TO INDIA—THE REV. GERARD ANDREWS, RECTOR OF ST JAMES—MRS CARTER—POKTSMOUTH—WE SAIL IN THE "DEVONSHIRE."

BEFORE Mr Sherwood was sufficiently well to travel, the regiment was ordered to Morpeth, and we were allowed to remain a few days after it for him to recruit his strength.

On our arrival at Morpeth we received an account of the death of poor Dr Salt. My sister thus writes respecting him :—"You will not, I think, be surprised to hear that our dear cousin, Dr Salt, is free from all his distresses : he is no more. We have the greatest reason to trust he is gone to the land of everlasting rest. We, who knew his sufferings, cannot but rejoice at his release. Thank God, that to the society of our family we may, under Providence, attribute the serenity of mind and hope of better things with which he met his dissolution—hopes which nothing but the belief of a crucified Saviour can reasonably give to wretched sinners. He died on the 29th of last month, and provided handsomely for his little servant Rebecca."

My sister, also, in the same letter, informed me of her engagement to the Rev. Charles Cameron, a son of Dr Cameron, of Worcester.

I was made very happy at Morpeth by a small box, which my

beloved mother sent me, containing many little contributions of baby's clothes, with many long letters and some books. With what delight did I arrange these presents, and prepare for my baby ! About this time Mr Sherwood had to go to London respecting the paymastership of the 53d regiment ; for the then paymaster wished to retire. This situation he eventually obtained ; and it was on the morning after his return that my God gave to my arms my eldest child, whom we named Mary Henrietta, after her father and myself. My journal contains a prayer for this child, which immediately follows the account of her birth. He who inspired such wishes as this prayer contains will, I know, grant them to the very utmost. " Oh ! my God, most earnestly I pray Thee to make this sweet child thine own. I ask not riches, nor grandeur, nor beauty, nor fame, nor worldly happiness for this my babe ; but I ask of Thee most earnestly, oh Lord ! that she may hereafter dwell among thy saints. Oh ! my God, hear the prayer of thy poor servant, for my Saviour's sake." After the birth of my babe, it is affecting to recall, that, on the joy of her bestowal to us, her father, who had up to that time disregarded all thoughts of a future state, came to me, and doubled my happiness and gratitude to God, by saying, in the moment of his thankfulness, that he would read the Bible to me every day. And from thenceforward this promise was kept : the sacred book has since then ever been our daily study together. We first began it on the Sunday when our little one was five days old. When my old nurse left me I hired the daughter of the clerk of Morpeth to attend my baby, and she used to sing many Border ditties to the child. I wish I could remember some of the words of these ballads ; but they were chiefly Jacobite songs, and had all of them some reference to " Bonnie Prince Charlie." Soon after this Mr Sherwood began his duties as paymaster. He had now obtained the rank of captain, with an increase of pay and of consequence in the regiment. He was released from drill, had a serjeant especially devoted to him, kept his gig ; but, to balance this, his responsibility was greatly increased. The time for our leaving

Morpeth was at hand, and the arrangements were such that several of our officers were to part from us there, and to proceed to the second battalion in Dublin barracks. Our destination was Shields.

It was at Shields I went on a little with the history of "Lucy Clare," which I had begun two years before at Bridgenorth. Mr Sherwood found the unfinished manuscript in a cupboard, and expressed a stronger liking for it than he ever did before or since for anything I have written; but I was then far too busy with my baby to attend to writing books.

In June there came an order for the regiment to embark, in two transports, to Ramsgate; and it was settled that I, too, should go to London by sea, in company with another officer's lady; but, as in those days there were no steam-packets, we were obliged to be content with such accommodation as a collier could afford. Anything was preferable for ladies than a transport filled with officers and soldiers. On the Sunday after the order had been received, the regiment embarked, although they did not sail till the Tuesday. What a scene did those transports present, crowded as they were with men and women, young and handsome women, who were then for the first time, perhaps, leaving their homes! They looked, however, all gay and blithe, for little did they anticipate what the future might bring forth. How often have I thought of the old song:

" Little thinks the townsman's wife,
Whilst at home she tarries,
What must be the lassie's life
Who a soldier marries."

When we visited "The Charming Peggy," which was to take me to London, we found that they were loading it with coal, and certainly Cinderella would have suited her better for a cognomen than the one she had; nevertheless, we were assured that when laden she would be made perfectly clean, and, after all, we considered that coal dust was not the worst of many sorts of dusts, and if it had been so we had no remedy, for, as I said before, a berth in a transport would have been more disagreeable.

It was not till the Friday after the regiment left us that we,

the ladies, with our servants, embarked ; nor did we by any means find our accommodations so bad as we might have expected. "The Charming Peggy" had undoubtedly gone through a certain process of cleaning, for there was no coal dust afloat, and the principal coating of black had been taken off the cabin. It was a room of considerable size, with a window and lockers in the stern. There was a table fixed in the centre, and at the inner end was what they called a state-cabin, with beds placed on each side the door, one for me and the other for my companion. The only inmates besides ourselves were the wife and daughter of the captain. The former was a neat, unpretending person, and the latter a girl in her teens, who was to go this voyage with her father as a superlative treat.

We had a prosperous but very slow voyage. We left Shields on Friday, and on the Saturday-week we landed at Blackwall. I proceeded in a coach to Hackney, having made an eight days' business of the voyage. In crossing the bar from Shields, all the females, except a veteran sergent's wife, had been ill ; very soon, however, all were quite well but myself, though when I lay still I was sufficiently easy to be able to read with pleasure the new page of life which was then opened to me.

The sergent's wife, Mrs Sergeant Strachan, as I called her—for I cannot pronounce nor spell her name—was the first person of her kind with whom I had then ever had the honour of conversing. Undoubtedly she was quite a superior, and, I may say, a perfect pattern in her peculiar line. I do not suppose that the woman was more than thirty-five, but she might have been any age between thirty and fifty. Her hair was what is termed carrot, her complexion not sunburnt, but red and freckly to an extreme. She had been with the regiment in the West Indies. She had the most decided and most fearful cast in one eye I almost ever saw, and her person was broad and clumsy in the extreme. As to her dress, I remember nothing but a cap with many bows, and an enormous pair of gilt drops, which hung from her ears ;

but, such as she was, we should have been lost without her. She not only nursed the child, and waited on me, but on every female in the cabin; and she not only nursed me, but she amused me with her inexhaustible fund of anecdotes. She was at that time married to her second husband, having buried her first in the West Indies. She gave us a full and detailed account of six offers which she had had before her deceased husband had been laid in the ground. Of course we at first believed that she was inventing these stories, as women will sometimes do, in order to enhance the merit of their charms; but I now believe, from further information, that she only told us the truth. When she brought me my tea the first morning, I thought it tasted very strangely, and I asked her what she had put into it. "Only a sup of brandy," she answered, "and it is what will do you more good than all the tea in the world without it." And as she dosed me, so also did she dose the other officer's lady and the nurse.

I am told that the passage from the north of England to London is as dangerous a one as any in the wide ocean. All I can say of it is, that our voyage was very uneasy; we had much rolling and pitching, and baffling winds, and our progress was exceedingly slow. We had also some uncomfortable thoughts respecting French privateers. It being war-time, I have since fancied that it was not the wisest of ventures to undertake such a voyage as this without any protection whatever; but strange as it may seem, however, when we planned this voyage we had not taken the chances of war into our consideration.

I cannot say exactly where it was, though probably at the mouth of the river, for it was before we got into fresh water, whilst I was lying on my bed, that we heard some sort of noise overhead, and at the same moment one of the common sailors rushed into our little cabin and crept under my bedplace, where he was concealed by the valance.

I was made to understand immediately, by the captain's wife, that the poor fellow was hiding himself from a pressgang, who

were coming on board ; and I was requested not to be offended at what the man had done.

I scarcely understood what all this was about before the outer cabin was filled by the pressgang, who peered into the state-room. But seeing a lady lying upon the bed, though they looked keenly round, they did not enter. I lay quite still without speaking, and they walked out again, and made off, and we all gloried in having saved the poor fellow. In the fresh water my sickness left me, and I was enabled to sit on the wide locker before the window, and enjoy the passing objects. How beautiful did the green hills and fields on each side the river then appear to me ! I really thought that our northern lasses, the captain's daughter and my servant, would have gone wild when they first saw St Paul's in the distance.

Whilst Mr Sherwood was to be in camp on Barham Downs, I was to pay my beloved mother a visit in Worcestershire ; but I stayed a short time with a relative of my husband's at Grove Place, Hackney. On the Sunday before I left for the country, we had an excursion to Epping Forest, to visit a family who resided there in their country-house. We passed through Walthamstow, where Mr Sherwood's mother was buried, of whom I must relate the following pathetic anecdote. Henry, as a boy, had never heard where his mother's remains had been laid, though no poor child suffered more from the loss of a mother than he did. His father had a country seat in the neighbourhood of Walthamstow, where the boy was left to follow his own devices. It happened one day, when about eight or nine years old, that he saw a number of people of the lower classes running in one direction to see some sight. He, too, must follow, and he kept on running till he reached Walthamstow churchyard. There, being tired, he turned in, and threw himself on a tomb, to rest himself and to take breath, and at last fell asleep upon it. On waking and looking round him on his strange bed, his eye rested on the inscription, and he read these words, "Sacred. to the memory of Margaret Sherwood, &c." The child

had actually been sleeping upon his mother's grave. Such a tale needs no comment.

I took the mail-coach to Worcester at eight o'clock in the evening. So slow was travelling at that time that I did not reach my own beloved native valley until after dinner on the next day ; and then I did not (though expected) dare to present myself and my baby before my dear mother that evening. I was received in the lovely parsonage with the utmost affection, and I was told that my mother was not to know that I had arrived till the morning following, lest she should be agitated, and have a bad night. Her habit was, after her tea, to sit for awhile in an old-fashioned arbour in her garden, which partly faced the road. I might very safely venture to look at her on the other side of the fence ; for her sight was getting dim, and so she would not see me. Even this was a gratification, and Mrs Hoskins, my kind hostess, being my guide, she led me to a spot in a field where I could see the front of the old-fashioned house in which my mother then resided, the stiff garden which lay before it, and the arbour in which the beloved lady was sitting, little imagining how near her daughter was.

I watched her till she arose and walked into the house to take her cup of milk before retiring to bed, which she usually did as early as eight o'clock ; I then returned to the parsonage. When my dear mother had retired to her room, my sister came, all joy and delight, to me at the parsonage, and I and my baby were smuggled into my mother's house, unknown to her. The dear lady was too much of an invalid, and she had allowed herself to assume too early the prerogatives of old age. It is disgusting in a moral sense to see the aged affecting youth, but I am not quite certain whether it is not quite as injurious, though in a perfectly opposite degree, to an individual to fancy himself old, as my mother did. In consequence of this, much was the happiness of which she was deprived. She was told in the morning of my arrival ; but as I had been up the whole night before, the baby and myself slept till noon, so the dear lady crept into the room to see us, but could not

get a view of the infant's face. And now followed many happy days. I was restored for a short time to the scenes of my early youth, and the place of my father's ministry was visible from my window, with all the glorious woods and uplands of my beautiful Stanford. My mother had a Bath-chair, and in this she travelled, taking the baby on her lap, my sister and myself walking near her with little Harriet and the nurse. In this way we made several excursions, and amongst these was one or two visits to Stanford Court. Neither shall I easily forget the triumphant air of my mother, when first wheeled through the village of Stanford with her granddaughter on her knee.

She called to one and to another of her old neighbours, inviting them to see what she had got.

Whilst we were at Stanford a letter came from Dr Valpy, requesting my brother, my sister, and myself to communicate to him in writing all that we could recollect of our father. How singularly was this request fitted to the opportunity: a few weeks sooner or later we should have been separated, and we could not have compared recollections, or examined papers together. The short life of my father, printed in "The Reading Speeches," is taken from the papers written by his three children at that time at Stockton.

On the last day of September, a chaise from the Hundred House took me to Worcester; my mother and sister going so far with me, which somewhat broke the pain of separation. When I got into the coach in the yard of the inn, and took the baby on my knee, my dear mother said, "How wonderfully you, Mary, encounter all the difficulties of life!"

I have often smiled since at the dear lady's ideas of difficulty—a journey to London in a stage-coach, with an infant on the lap. (It must be understood that there was a nurse also.)

Mr Sherwood had taken lodgings for us at Canterbury, in the principal street opposite the great inn; and very soon, when settled there, I had a large acquaintance, having brought with me two

letters, by which I was at once introduced into two completely distinct circles, which, with our military friends, formed three. We spent our time at Canterbury in much peace and contentment. As I had more to do than previously, I had less time to devote to those many small forms by which I perplexed myself, and at the same time built up and strengthened my good opinion of self. Neither had I so much solitude, for I had many visitors, and saw much of several kinds of life. An introduction which I brought with me from Mr Hawkins Browne to a Mrs Duncomb proved a very interesting one to me. This lady lived in one of the old prebendal houses, and had a private door from her house into the cathedral. The late Mr Duncomb's mother, or stepmother, I forget which, was the sister of Hughes the poet. Her own father was Mr Highmore, an artist and an author, and the most intimate friend of Richardson, the celebrated author of "Sir Charles Grandison."

Mrs Duncomb, who was a very old lady, had sat in conclave to hear Richardson himself read his manuscripts, and to decide on any points on which his own mind had not been made up. In possession of her family was a small painting, which I saw, representing an old-fashioned parlour, where the author was placed at a table, reading a manuscript, with many figures, all sitting erect in high-backed chairs, forming a circle round the room. All the faces were portraits, and consisting chiefly of Highmores. The whole scene was not very unlike what Richardson himself describes of a family meeting of the Harlowes, though we may suppose that the excitement was not the same amid this circle of critics as in the family circle of the cruel and cold-hearted kindred of Clarissa.

On one occasion I was taken over Mrs Duncomb's whole house, and into a long gallery, at the end of which was a full-length picture, by Mr Highmore, of Richardson's "Clementina," as large as life, dressed in white, and fixed so low upon the wall as to seem to be almost treading out of the canvas on to the floor.

There was a constant dread at that time hanging over my mind that we should soon be ordered abroad, and that I must then part with my baby. I remember that I used often to watch her as she lay in her cradle, and weep most bitterly at the thought. Still, however, I had resolved, should such an event occur as our being sent from England, that I would leave this little one with my mother and sister, and so save her health from the effects of other climes.

Whilst my sister was with me, she collected a few children from the barracks, and instructed them every day, for a few hours, in a garret, which had been used only for lumber, at the top of the house.

Amongst these children came a pretty, blooming boy in a pinafore, the son of a sergeant who had married a young woman from Kidderminster, which young woman had known my father as the vicar, and therefore always looked up to me as a very superior person.

When Mrs A. heard that Miss Butt was inquiring for a few children to instruct, she, of course, was the first to send her child, and that child was the pretty boy mentioned above.

Sergeant A., the father of this boy, was of a good family in Lancashire, and had been with the regiment in the West Indies, where the boy was born.

It was on the first Sunday in March that my sister and myself, returning home after morning service in the cathedral, were met with these appalling words as we entered the house, "The order is come to march to Tenterden."

All then was hurry and confusion, and my dear sister had a new view of military proceedings; for she saw from her window, the next morning and the morning after, the regiment marching by from the barracks, with the band playing, on its way to Ashford.

With it went the gentlemen, but we, the ladies, remained to conclude affairs in Canterbury, and during that short period we spent two days with Miss Highmore.

My sister had brought with her, from Mr ~~Hawkins~~ ^{Hawkins} Browne, in London, the manuscript of "Felicia," my father's novel, which I had finished; we were to read it over together. Miss Highmore heard of this, and begged we would spend two whole days with her, and read it before her.

This we did, and in those two days we were so domesticated with her and her lovely niece, that, as long as life shall last with any of us, the memory of each other will be reciprocally dear.

On our way from Canterbury we stopped for an hour at Ashford, where Mr Sherwood had been at school. The story of little Marten, in "The Fairchild Family," is built in some degree on what I then heard at Ashford. I saw an old house in the churchyard, which I fixed upon for that of Marten's venerable friend. All the scenery of the churchyard and schoolhouse remained a long time accurately traced on my memory; it is now become confused and misty, warning me that the time cannot be far off when I shall lead a new life, and when all old things must pass away.

We proceeded the same day to Tenterden, where very nice lodgings were already provided for us. Our landlady in these lodgings was a most civil sort of person, and she amused me very much by the name of endearment which she used to her husband, who was, like herself, well-stricken in years: she always called him "*Sugar*." It was some time before I quite understood her, when she referred every question I put to her, with all due humility, to this same "*Sugar*." Nothing, indeed, could be done without reference to "*Sugar*," and Sugar was to be consulted on every occasion, and the good soul never dreamt that the old man was not as well known to me by the name of Sugar as he was to herself.

On the Tuesday I was sitting with my sister, who had just finished preparing our text-books, when we saw Mr Sherwood, who had gone but a little while before on horseback to the barracks, returning in haste. He had met some of the officers

coming into Tenterden, who informed him that an order was come for the immediate march of the regiment to Portsmouth, there to embark for foreign service. The first detachment was to move the next day. We saw at once by Mr Sherwood's countenance, as he looked up to the window, that something had happened. I said in haste, "We are going to the East Indies." But even then we were still uncertain respecting our own destination; but we made up our minds to go at once to London, and from thence, if necessary, to proceed to Portsmouth.

Dr Andrews, rector of St James's, my husband's near relative, being informed of our plans, most kindly invited us to his house, and from that time it was all bustle till we left Tenterden, the whole regiment and every person connected with it being in a ferment.

The first detachment marched for Portsmouth on the 21st, the second on the 22d, the third on the 23d. We spent one more Sunday at Tenterden, the next day bidding it adieu with much sorrow, as a place where we had anticipated some weeks, at least, of happiness together.

Mr Sherwood hired the whole inside of a coach for us, and we travelled as far as Maidstone the first night, proceeding the next day to London. We were most warmly received at the Rectory House, St James's.

Whilst staying with our relative, Dr Andrews, Mr and Mrs Hawkins Browne came up to town, and insisted upon my sister and myself paying them a visit in South Audley Street. Here we met Mrs Barton, the lady of the Irish judge, who had been an especial friend of my father's, and also the celebrated Mrs Carter. This last venerable lady was then in her seventy-seventh year, and when I saw her she was quite feeble and oppressed with age; but she laid her withered hands upon the head of my baby, and blessed her.

On our return to St James's rectory, we were decidedly informed that our regiment was ordered to the East Indies, and this being

known we could fix our plans with more certainty; so we wrote to our friends, and received many sweet letters in reply.

My residence in London, for the short time I stayed there before I went to Portsmouth, seemed almost like a dream to me, and a dream full of pain. Our reception from Dr and Mrs Andrews was most kind; but Mr Sherwood could only stay with us two days, and he was then obliged to take leave of his baby and my dear sister, and proceed to Portsmouth.

I slept the last night with my dear sister, who suddenly aroused me, sobbing bitterly: she had dreamed that the 53d regiment had all been lost at sea, and she awoke only to anticipate the possibility of this disaster. But parting from my mother, my brother, and sister, and baby, filled up my whole thoughts. My mind had not any room for fears of the dangers of the deep, and it is contrary to the *esprit de corps* of military persons to expatiate on these sort of alarms. I much wish that missionaries and other pious men, when writing their experience, would refrain from expressions of fear which an officer's wife would be ashamed to utter; for I have heard these expressions much ridiculed, and the inquiry made, "What is that religion which cannot give the courage which a mere man of the world might be ashamed of wanting?"

On the 8th of April, I received a letter from Mr Sherwood, fixing the next day for my proceeding to Portsmouth. On the 9th, I therefore took leave of my beloved sister and of my precious baby. "The last time I saw my Mary," I find written in my journal, "she was sitting on her nurse's lap. She was eleven months and eighteen days old. Oh, my baby! my little baby! She could then walk a few paces alone. She could call mamma, and tell me what the lambs said. Oh, this state of bereavement—this parting—this life in which we are as dead to each other! My mother, my sister, you who have taken my infant under your care, you will feel for her and be tender with her. My babe will be brought up amongst lambs and flowers, among sweet woods and hills, near where her mother, who will then be far away, was

brought up. She will be educated in the fear of God, if she lives ; if not, she will be taken to her heavenly Father's bosom. My beloved baby—oh, my God ! bless my baby."

I can well recall the wretchedness of my feelings as we drove out of London in the coach. I particularly remember passing the Magdalen, and hearing the clock strike. The coach in which I was travelling was so large within, that it contained five gentlemen and myself.

As we passed through Guildford, I thought of my beloved mother, who had been at school there ; but, being night, it was useless to look out for any place which might answer to her description of the house. I believe that every person thinks of the time in which their parents were children, as immeasurably distant from their own times, and so I felt. I fancied that the house must be quite in the Elizabethan style, although it was not then forty years since my mother had left school.

Mr Sherwood met me before entering the town of Portsmouth, and took me to lodgings prepared for my reception. This was Wednesday ; two days after was Good-Friday, and I find in my diary a lamentation on account of not being able to keep it as I desired to do ; for I had, it seems, no Bible unpacked, nor could I get at one. We walked to Portsmouth, and went to the service at the Hospital Chapel, and afterwards dined at a Mr Park's on salt fish, this last being a matter at that time of some importance to my mind ; indeed, so much so, that I find the following expression of thankfulness, written on occasion of this dinner on fish, duly written in my diary :—"Oh, my God ! I thank thee ; for, in this wandering life, I find it so difficult to do what is right."

On the 20th the regiment embarked, and as it fell out that the major (who only arrived that day at Portsmouth, and who was one of my oldest friends) had the privilege of choosing the officer's lady who should sail in the same ship with himself and family, that choice naturally fell upon me ; and as none had doubted that compliment would be paid to me, I alone, of all the ladies, could not

make a selection of any cabin, not knowing exactly in what ship of the fleet I should sail. By the major's late arrival at Portsmouth, the compliment became an undesirable one, for it scarcely left me time to make any arrangement before we were obliged to be on board. By that time every cabin in "The Devonshire" was taken, and it was only by a handsome bribe we could persuade the carpenter to part with his to us. In this cabin was a great gun, the mouth of which faced the port-hole; and our hammock was slung over this gun, and was so near the top of the cabin that one could hardly sit up in bed.

When the pumps were at work, the bilge water ran through this miserable place, this worse than dog-kennel; and to finish the horrors of it, it was only separated by a canvas partition from the place where the soldiers sat, and, I believe, slept and dressed; so that it was absolutely necessary for me in all weathers to go down to this shocking place before any of the men were turned down for the night.

Yet, wretched as this place was, I was not to have it till I could be truly thankful for it, as will be soon seen; for, according to some rule which I do not understand, the carpenter did not dare to let us have the use of it until the pilot had left the ship.

I was, of course, very, very sad during all the time we were at Portsmouth, though we met with every possible kindness from our relatives, Mr and Mrs Park; and I was much amused with the dockyard and the fortifications.

Still, still that terrible sea and the shipping were before me, and my heart sunk at the contemplation of them.

On Sunday, I heard an excellent sermon at Portsmouth church from this text, "He that is born of God overcometh the world." On this occasion my diary thus speaks:—"This is, perhaps, the last discourse I may hear in my native country, and it contained an awful warning to me from God, to withstand the temptations, the pleasures, the ridicule and contempt, the avarice and persecutions

of the world, all of which must be encountered by all those who shew themselves to be servants of God. This sermon also contained an injunction to cheerfulness, and even to rejoicing; for 'why should those who are beloved of God be less cheerful than the sons of the world?' The next day was the last day which I spent in England, for on Tuesday, before it was light, some one knocked violently at the door, to say that the fleet would sail in a few hours. I remember the thought which occurred as I started from my sleep that miserable morning. I thought that, perhaps for years and years, I should sleep no more in England. That very day my mother and brother, and Mr Cameron came to meet my sister and little Mary at Worcester, to take her home with them.

We did not get under weigh that day, notwithstanding that we had been roused before it was light; but as the pilot was on board, and we were under observation of the authorities from shore, I could not have the cabin till late at night. I therefore had no refuge amid all the confusion on deck, and I spent much of the day sitting on a gun-carriage; sometimes getting up and looking from the gangway on the shores of my native land—that land which contained my mother and my child. Had I had one lady of the regiment to associate with, I should have had some consolation; but I was utterly miserable, and once hearing the clock of the Portsmouth dockyard striking, I gave way in utter sadness to the wretchedness of my situation. Towards the afternoon it began to rain, though not violently, still I had no place in which I could find refuge. My friend, the major, was considerably pained by seeing me in such a situation, and brought his boat-cloak and laid it over my shoulders; but unhappy as I was, I could not but be aware that there were others more wretched than myself. Each company were allowed to take out ten women, and I had the privilege of choosing one who was to be my servant on the voyage, and of course, I could do no other than choose our man-servant's (Luke Parker's) wife, Betty. By this, Betty Parker was assured of her

passage as my servant; but when the rest of the women came to be mustered in "The Devonshire," there was one too many, and lots were drawn on deck to determine which was to be sent home.

I saw this process—I saw the agony of the poor woman that was to be carried back to shore. I saw her wring her hands, and heard her cries, and I saw her put in a boat and sent back to Portsmouth, and I felt, whatever my hardships might be, my trials were nothing to hers. During the whole of that day our fellow-passengers were coming in, and shortly we had on board eleven officers, nineteen cadets, and several gentlemen of the civil service for Madras. There were also in the two state-cabins two families of colonels and their ladies. In the cabins below were our officers on one side, and on the other three daughters of a late Dean of Bristol, Dr Layard.

I saw all these passengers come in as I sat on the gun-carriage; and thus that miserable day wore out, and at night we got our cabin, though, as I said above, not before I was thoroughly thankful for it.

After a wretched night I awoke, as it were, to renewed misery in the morning. "The Blenheim," of seventy-four guns, made the signal to get under weigh, and we sailed for the Needles with a strong wind from the east, the first motion of our vessel being the commencement to me of that dreadful sickness which I suffered through the greatest portion of the voyage. We anchored at seven o'clock in the evening opposite Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. We had not expected to sail so soon, and were in all respects unprepared.

Our cabin was as far forward as the mainmast, the entrance being before the pump-handles. It was just the width of one gun, with a little space beside for a small table and a single chair. Our cot was slung crossways over the gun; but it could not swing, there not being height sufficient for it. On entering the cabin, which was formed only of canvas, we were forced to stoop under

the cot, there not being one foot from the head or the foot of the cot to the partition; the water, too, from the pump ran through this delectable cabin. Those who have not been at sea can never conceive a hundredth part of the horrors of a long voyage to a female in a sailing-packet. When we rested the first evening opposite Yarmouth, I went up to look at the Isle of Wight. I have the recollection of a sort of bird's-eye view of flowery fields, green lanes, ancient towers, lovely cottages, and small, elegant houses. Who can say how earnestly I longed for one of those cottages, wherein to live with my husband and my smiling baby!

The next day we had a fine easterly breeze, and Mr Sherwood persuaded me to go up on the forecastle, ill as I was, to see the Needles and the coast of Cornwall. The weather was fine, and the sight of a large fleet at sail, such as ours, was truly grand; but it would have been doubly so to me if we had been returning home instead of going from England. Our fleet did not, however, escape these dangerous rocks without injury, for "The Blenheim" struck the ground in going out, but soon got off again. Every one who understood these matters thought that she then received a severe shock, and this suspicion was confirmed when it was afterwards known that she foundered at sea in 1806, it was supposed near the Cape, and everybody on board perished.

CHAPTER XV.

WE LOSE SIGHT OF ENGLAND—OUR VOYAGE—"THE IMMORTALITE"
 —THE LOST BROOCH—THE KING'S BIRTHDAY—ADMIRAL LENOIS
 —OUR ARRIVAL AT MADRAS—THE SURF—OUR NEW RESIDENCE
 —WE EMBARK AGAIN IN "THE DEVONSHIRE"—THE ISLAND OF
 SAUGUR.

THE Bill of Portland was the last we saw of England—beloved England!—and well is it for most travellers that the *maladie de mer* is mercifully sent to take away the bitter, bitter anguish all must to a certain extent experience in saying farewell to one's native shores. Ah! who would not rather suffer bodily than mentally? but, praised be God, a time shall come when there is to be "no more pain, for the former things shall then be passed away."—Rev. xxi. 4. Eight days after we had been on board, the admiral made a signal for an enemy in sight at the south-west, and he also spoke a sloop of war, by which, as we supposed, the report of the French fleet was confirmed. Two days after, we had a very fine breeze, which carried us smoothly six miles an hour, and gave me some relief from sickness. At twelve o'clock we spoke "The Cumberland," and saw several of our officers in good health. On the Sunday we had divine service on board; but the wind rose in the evening, and at twelve at night the gale was so strong that we lost our top-mast and main-top-gallant-mast. This accident so disabled us that at daylight the fleet was nearly out of sight. "The Greyhound" frigate, however, missed us, and came back to our assistance, and sent six men on board; but the sea was so rough, and the ship rolled so much, that nothing could be done except clearing away the broken masts. Thus we lay helpless till near one o'clock, when

a strange sail appeared, which was soon discovered to be a ship of war, and much larger than "The Greyhound." Of course this was not pleasant, more especially as "The Greyhound" sent for her six men back; but when the frigate drew near, we found with pleasure that she was "The Immortalité," Captain Owen, on a cruise, and intending to proceed immediately for England.

Captain Owen most kindly offered to stay by us until we could repair our damages, so that "The Greyhound" went after the fleet.

We sent letters to England by "The Immortalité," and being in good order again, we soon found our fleet, which was lying-to for us. Now once again, all being right, we had leisure to look about us, and to find our cabin just what we considered it the first day of our occupation of it, with this additional circumstance to its disadvantage, that our side of the ship, called by sailors the starboard, has, since our sailing, been the leeward-side, and is likely to continue so all the voyage, from which we find we are in constant darkness. Again, we have much putrid water on board, which is pumped up every four hours by our cabin door, so that we are occasionally floated by it. Hence our cabin was altogether intolerable in the day, and not over-agreeable at night. So I used to leave it as early as I could, and go upon deck and sit under the awning by the wheel, at the door of the dining-room. When my sickness left me, as we were in the tropics it was very pleasant to be out of doors; and my servant, Mrs Parker, with her baby, were my usual companions.

Luke Parker waited on me at breakfast, and foraged for me; but poor, miserable foraging it was. Yet he never failed, but always contrived to bring me something, and bad as our breakfasts were in the dining-room, they were exquisite to what the soldiers got; and thus with a little management there was always a breakfast at my table for his little Maria, then about half a year old. And, as if the babe knew how I used to supply her, whenever she saw me she would quiver from head to foot, and look at me till

her soft eyes watered with a love which she had no means of otherwise expressing. There was a soldier's boy, too, on board, of about ten years of age, a poor, ignorant, little fellow, and it occurred to me that I might as well take this occasion to teach him to read, and he was therefore told to come to me every day after breakfast. Thus, with sewing, reading, or being read to, and teaching this boy, the time passed pleasantly till it was necessary to dress for dinner, which was done as regularly with us as in a gentleman's house at home. Some of our lady-passengers, too, who had had as many months perhaps to prepare for their voyage as I had had days, really came out in the afternoons elegantly and richly adorned, to walk the deck, or sit down to the captain's table.

After dinner I was generally invited into Mrs Colonel Carr's cabin, whilst the rest of the ladies went and took their tea on deck. Not unfrequently we finished the day with a dance, for there were several musicians of our band on board.

The mirth of the dance used to amuse me sometimes, for I was the only lady who did not dance; but oftener the constant repetition of the same notes used to make me sad, particularly when I considered the dangerous situations of those who were dancing, being exposed to the mercy of every gale. The evenings are short within the tropics, and there is no twilight in those latitudes; but the party often used to dance till the sun was set, and the moon and stars visible. The aspect of the heavens, however, was now rapidly changing, and the southern constellations rising to our view, whilst those of the northern hemisphere appeared every night lower and still lower towards the horizon. The hours given to dancing were the times in which I reflected most, and yet I could hardly say what were the tendencies of any reflections which I made at sea.

I rather imagine that all my thoughts were then so fully occupied by the vast changes which had lately occurred in my mode of life, the anticipation of still greater changes to come, and the con-

tinal pressure of external annoyances, that abstract subjects found no place in my reflections.

It was necessary for me to go down to my miserable cabin long before other people retired, in order that I might be shut up before my neighbours, on the other side the canvas partition, came down. Mr Sherwood generally came down with me, and this was his hour for reading the Bible to me.

I have still a copy of the New Testament marked by him as he read it each day in "The Devonshire." I have also a collection of pathetic little poems which he read to me there, and I have some very, very sweet recollections of hours which were particularly blessed to us, in that dark corner where no light ever visited, and where no pure breath of heaven could blow.

A most curious circumstance occurred during this voyage. A lady-passenger had a brooch of a peculiar form, which contained hair of some decided colour, fastened down with the two letters "E. L.," in pearls. It happened that the lady mislaid the brooch, and supposed that she had lost it on deck.

Some days afterwards she saw a ship's officer with this very brooch, as she thought, in his bosom. Her sister saw it, and fancied she recognised it also. The young ladies called my attention to the thing, and as far as I remembered the lost brooch, I thought I saw it again in the possession of the young man.

Still I pleaded that it was not likely that he should thus publicly wear what did not belong to him; but it was with some difficulty the loser of the brooch was restrained from a public declaration of her suspicions.

Soon afterwards the young gentleman was perfectly cleared from all her doubts by the discovery of the hiding-place of her own brooch. This little circumstance has often occurred to my recollection, as a warning not to trust to appearances.

On the 20th of May, we had a favourable breeze, which died away at eight o'clock in the evening, and the sailors asserted that this was owing to the dancing on deck. Whatever it was caused by, I can-

not say, but a dead calm succeeded, with very heavy showers of rain, and occasional squalls, which state of things remained for eight days. The heat during this time was excessive, and the temperature of our cabin almost intolerable. I can recollect many of these nights, in which I could only keep myself from fainting by constantly fanning myself, what air we had being saturated with the horrible effluvia of bilge water.

It was on the 6th of August—we had then been at sea more than three months—when, soon after dinner, and before we had left the dining-room, the morning having been cloudy and rainy, an alarm was given that three strange ships were approaching towards us, coming as if from the direction of India. By reason of the haze these were close to us before they were perceived. This alarm was immediately followed by a signal from the admiral, to announce that these strange ships were suspicious. I hastened with Mrs Carr to the window of her cabin, whence we could see the vessels coming down upon us. What happened next I have little recollection of : all seemed from that time, for hours, one scene of confusion. I shall first give Mr Sherwood's account of this affair, and next, my own history of it.

“In a very short time after the enemy had been seen,” writes Mr Sherwood, “one of the strangers lay-to, whilst the other two vessels came down, and passing close to our rear, hoisted French colours almost before we had time to form our conjectures of what they were. The colours were no sooner up than they began to fire, and at the same moment all hands were engaged on board our ship to clear for action. Every cabin which had been erected between the last gun and the fore-part of the ship was torn down—ours of course amongst the rest, and everything we possessed thrown in heaps into the hold, or trampled under foot. All the women, without respect to persons, were placed after the furniture of the cabin into the same dismal hole at the very bottom of the ship. The guns were prepared in the shortest possible time to return the compliments which the enemy had already paid us.

“One of the enemy’s ships was a seventy-four or eighty gun, the other a large frigate. These were commanded by the Admiral Lenois. At the commencement of the contest, “The Devonshire” was one of those nearest the enemy, and three shots passed through our rigging; but, as we advanced, the seventy-four fell back, and the battle became unequal. One of the Indiamen singled out the frigate, and would have fought her; but, after some broadsides, the French shewed a disposition to withdraw. It seemed to us that they had been quite as much surprised at meeting us as we had been at seeing them. It was said that Lenois did not shew his usual spirit at this time; but it was quite dark when the contest ceased.”

Such was Mr Sherwood’s account; as for myself, I cannot say that I remember much of what happened, when we were all driven down into the hold. It was a dismal place, and there was no light but what came from above. There were six ladies and nine soldiers’ wives, besides a negro female-servant of Mrs Carr’s, one or two Madras ayahs, two children, the boy whom I taught to read, and little Maria Parker. The first thing which happened to me when I got down, was to have little Maria popped into my arms, whilst her mother tried to collect our possessions, which had been scattered in the hold; and much as my mind was occupied with fears of what was going on, I could not help wondering how the woman, at such a time, could possibly think of such matters. However, I had reason to thank her afterwards for her care. We were then considerably under water-mark, in darkness, and quite certain that had anything happened to the ship, nothing could save us; for they had taken away the ladders, probably to keep us in our places below. Our husbands and all our late companions were above, and we heard the roar of the guns, but had no means of learning what was going on. We were warned not to approach the grating from whence we got our little gleam of light, lest a ball might roll in upon us. There we were for some hours, in total ignorance of what was to be our fate, or the fate of those above us.

There was, however, no fainting, no screaming, nor folly amongst us; for it is not on occasions of real trial that women in general behave weakly. As to myself, I can hardly say that I felt anything more than a sort of dull, dreary insensibility; a kind of feeling which I have often experienced on very alarming occasions. It was quite dark, though I know not the hour, when notice was given us that all was over, and no mischief really done to "The Devonshire." Then ensued a strange ceremony; for the men began to hoist up the women, instead of providing the ladders, which probably could not be immediately found. So the females were lifted from one man to another, as if they had been so many bales of goods. There were larger and smaller women amongst us than myself, but the men made no difference with any of us. When on deck the ladies all repaired to Colonel Carr's cabin, where we congratulated each other on the happy termination of the alarm, and much enjoyed some negus and biscuits. Miss Layards most kindly invited me to share their cabin, and Miss Louisa, who was all joy at our escape, kept us laughing almost all the remainder of the night with her amusing comments upon the affair. The morning report, however, somewhat depressed our spirits again; several of the gentlemen, amongst whom was Mr Sherwood, had had very uncomfortable nights. Being deprived of their cabins, they had, therefore, opportunity and leisure more closely to watch the enemies' lights. At a little distance, and about midnight, they saw them sail ahead and cross our track, getting to windward of us. At daylight they appeared to be preparing to renew the action; but it was suspected, however, that the frigate had met with some damage, and that she was repairing her masts. The third ship, which was a merchant ship, was no longer in their company.

Several times the two vessels bore down, as if to attack; but always stopped out of reach of our guns. Our admiral, followed by some Indiamen, made a shew of pursuing them, but did not go far. Had we had the ships with us with which we had lately parted, we should not have let them off as we did.

On the 8th, at daylight, the Frenchmen were no longer to be seen, and our captain sent on board the different ships of the fleet to ascertain what damage had been done. The riggings of "The Hope" and "Cumberland" had been much cut. A Mr Cook, on board "The Blenheim," was killed; a private of the 67th had lost his life on board "The Ganges;" and a sergeant of our regiment had lost both his legs on board "The Dorsetshire."

An ode to Brahma, written by our Captain Fraser, was brought to us from on board "The Dorsetshire," the last verse of which is worth recording:

" Yet what, O Brahma, what art thou !
Thou canst not hear our prayer :
In Hindostan to God we'll bow,
The Christian's God is there."

From that time we saw no more of the French, but we afterwards ascertained that we had made Lenois suffer so severely that he was glad to get away from us; that the man-of-war was "The Marengo," of eighty guns, and the frigate "La Belle Poule," of forty.

I was now again so completely humbled as to be truly thankful to have my miserable little cabin restored to me, and to find myself once again in possession of all my little comforts. After this alarm of the French, I began to anticipate the end of our voyage with delight.

Some one very kindly lent me "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," and I cannot describe the pleasure they gave me then, as connected with the sort of life I expected to find in the East. These stories undoubtedly are the very best description of Eastern manners and Eastern modes of thinking which were then in existence. Yet, perhaps, I ought not to recommend them to the study of young people, for they certainly are very far from correct.

On the 19th of August, we fancied we saw Ceylon in the remote and hazy distance. On the 21st, we saw the continent of India. At daylight, on the 22d, we were off Pondicherry, at

the distance of about six miles. The town of Pondicherry looked beautiful, like a fairy scene of delicate tracery, and we were fortunate in continuing all the day to coast along with a light breeze, in view of a low and woody shore. We could not sufficiently admire the palm-trees, and the small clusters of cottages scattered about. Only those who have been some months on the sea can have any idea of the delight of beholding land again.

I had the enjoyment, too, this day, whilst packing and preparing to land, of having my cabin window, or rather its pretence of a window, open, and feeling the soft sea-breeze, which, in the climate in which we then were, was particularly agreeable. On the 22d of August, we were all restless with expectation; calculating the distance from Madras—inquiring of the mariners whether it was possible for us to get in that night—watching the sails to see if they filled with the breeze, and wearying each other with our impatience to gain the shore. We observed many country boats anchored about two miles from Madras, and were much offended because the people seemed to take no notice of us. We sat down to dinner, indeed, but could not eat, because some one or other of the party was every moment jumping up and running out to see how we were getting on. This day we observed many sharks, and some water-snakes, and were visited by some beautiful butterflies from the shore.

On the 23d, at daylight, we found ourselves close to Madras, for we could see the masts of the ships in the bay, and as we proceeded, one new object after another presented itself to our view. Not a cloud was seen on the deep yet brilliant azure of the sky. The sun poured its dazzling rays unbroken on the long line of shore, which appeared to be richly scattered with palaces standing amongst groves of such trees as are seen only in tropical countries. With the aid of glasses we could discern the natives moving about amid these scenes, and actually distinguished a set of bearers carrying a palanquin. It seemed now, as I looked upon these scenes, that all the visions of Oriental pomp and luxury in which I had

often indulged in fancy during my voyage would now be realised. The new and elegant beauties of that dazzling shore filled me with delight. Oh! how ardently did I long to be there. How little did I then anticipate the thousand drawbacks from comfort which I was doomed to find in this new world in which I was arrived. As we approached nearer to Madras we observed several black men sitting in the sea, on small logs of wood, more than a mile from the shore. Here was a new cause of amazement to us; for although we had been associated for the last four months with persons who had come from Madras, and had probably spent most of their lives there, yet they never volunteered the slightest information, and scarcely answered any question but by some grossly absurd assertion; as, for instance, that tigers were so common in Madras that they often made their way into the Fort, and ran away with the children. We, then, who were strangers, were very ignorant of what we were to expect when arrived in India, and quite unprepared for seeing the natives riding on their logs from the shore. These logs are called catamarans, and it is certainly marvellous to observe how fearlessly the natives use them. There will be probably few persons who read these memorandums who may need to be told that Madras is otherwise called Fort St George, and often spoken of in writing under that name. It is one of the three Presidencies of the British Empire in India. It contains nearly fourteen millions of inhabitants, being under the immediate government of the Governor and Council of Madras. This capital is situated on the Coromandel coast, in the Bay of Bengal, and is in an open roadstead, but very dangerous for any one desiring to land, on account of the fearful surge which dashes on the shore with ceaseless fury.

I shall soon have occasion to speak of the manner in which this surf is passed.

Fort St George itself is close on the margin of the sea, from which it has a magnificent appearance. The houses, all of which are detached, are covered with a white stucco, called chunam,

which bears almost as fine a polish as marble. These houses are built with long colonnades and open porticos ; the roofs are flat, and encompassed with balustrades, to prevent accidents to those walking upon them. The change of scenery, of manners, of buildings, and of costume must ever be progressive to one travelling by land. But to persons coming from England, as we had done, there is hardly any change of objects, except in the aspect of the heavens and among the constellations. Hence we were not prepared for the wonderful effect produced on the mind by the first appearance of Fort St George on the Coromandel coast.

Madras, as seen from the sea, is compared, by some traveller, to a Grecian city in the age of the Macedonian hero, when the arts of architecture were at the highest, and when the magnificence of the public buildings had reached their ultimatum. We came to anchor, about ten o'clock, in full view of the fort and magnificent custom-house. We were then little more than a mile from the shore, and saw about us a quantity of shipping, both European and native.

We lay very near "The Arley Castle," an East Indiaman, and we seemed to be hardly stationed in water, for it was smooth and calm as a mirror. But now the natives began to come alongside of us, riding on their catamarans, having no attire whatever but a piece of cloth about the waist ; yet, from their slender and even delicate forms, and black complexions, looking better in their light clothing than could be imagined.

Some of these brought letters from land, well secured from the sea-water in the conical caps of the bearer ; for, as we found afterwards, the surf is so violent that these catamaran people are forced to dive under the three first waves after leaving the shore.

We were immensely amused with the sight of these people, and the ladies all watched them from the window of the state-cabin. They made supplications to us for bottles, empty bottles, which we threw out to them, till the captain sent a request to us not to do so any longer, as we should get swarms of them about the ship,

which would prove very troublesome. We could not understand any other words they said, except their entreaty for bottles. We had hardly been an hour at anchor when many boats came off from the shore. These brought natives dressed in muslin, looking, at a distance, like an assembly of ladies. This illusion led all the lady-passengers to go out upon deck to receive these visitors, who were ascending the side of the vessel; not that we then understood what sort of persons they were, or why they were come. Could we have doubted before that we were in a new world, we could not have doubted it any longer, for these were a description of persons hitherto represented to one's fancy only in the Arabian and Persian tales. These men were arrayed in long muslin dresses, bound about the waist with ample bands of muslin. They wore large turbans and gold earrings and chains, their beards being trimmed and cut with great nicety, and their faces in many instances were marked with yellow or white streaks or spots.

Whilst we, the griffins (a name given to any European just arrived in India), were doubting respecting the grade in society of these our elegant but extraordinary visitors, they soon settled our opinions by the profound salutations which they bestowed three times upon the ship's officers and other gentlemen, by bending their bodies so low that they touched the deck with the back of their hands and with their foreheads. These persons were, in fact, nothing more than stewards, or head servants,—persons in Calcutta called Circars, or Khaunsanmans, and at Madras, Debashea. These men undertake to do and provide for every European who comes to India. They generally speak a little English; and though they are known to be great rogues, yet it is impossible to do without one of them, for a little while at least. Cheat a stranger they will; but it is found better to submit to one bloodsucker than to be at the mercy of all who come near the unfortunate newly-arrived. These fine personages were therefore come to get situations amongst the passengers, and in a very short time more boats arrived, until the deck was covered with men of this description.

There were also boats about us which brought fruit, vegetables, fresh meat, and fresh bread and butter, with various flowers, and fans formed of palm-leaves, all of which were vastly delightful to persons who had not seen a green leaf for four weary months.

Mr Sherwood went on shore this day, leaving me on board ship, being no longer under the necessity of remaining in my miserable little cabin. Though why should I call it miserable? for I spent many a happy hour by candlelight there with my husband. Whilst I sewed, he read the Bible to me. Thus, when God gives peace, he gives it in total independence of all external circumstances; and again, His gifts are even wholly independent of the merits or demerits of the receiver.

Mr Sherwood's account of his first going on shore at Madras is as follows:—"I had heard a bad account of the surf at Madras; but seeing the ships around me anchored in such calm water, I had began to fancy the old Indians in "The Devonshire" had been laughing at our expense; yet the make of the boat I had hired in which I was to land seemed to me to be something suspicious. It was formed without a keel, flat bottomed, with the sides raised high, and the boards of which it was composed were sewed loosely together with the fibres of the cocoa-nut tree, calked with the same material, and we had two catamarans to attend it, no doubt in case of danger. As we approached the shore, I began to perceive that there was need, indeed, for all these preparations. The roaring of the waves became tremendous, and before we entered the surf the boatmen stopped, as if to prepare themselves, and having taken breath, they began to howl and shriek, or rather to keep time to the oars by a horrid sound, whilst they pulled very short. At the same instant we rose as if on a mountain, the boat standing almost perpendicular, with her forepart downwards, and thus we were hurried along upon the wave, the situation of the boat being suddenly reversed, after which we were left to lie in the trough of the sea till another wave met us; this was repeated three times, and on the third time we struck on the top of the wave on the

shore with such a tremendous shock, that had we not been on our guard we should all inevitably have been dashed out. Now we had reached the shore, about one hundred persons seized the boat, and by main strength pulled her up into safe mooring; but not until another wave had come and given us a most copious sprinkling. Being landed, I went to a tavern for breakfast, and then hired a palanquin to take me to the Fort. I got into this carriage, but could not balance myself; I therefore sat uneasily, being afraid of falling out on the one side or on the other, and I would much rather have walked had not the heat been so great; and then, too, there was the honour of the thing. I had landed close to the custom-house, which is situated in the suburb called the Black Town; and the bearers carried me to the Fort at about the rate of five miles an hour. The distance appeared more than a mile. I first went to the paymaster's office, and learned that the regiment was to land immediately. After having gone into a coffee-house in the Fort, which looked like a public Exchange, I returned to the ship, and found the surf even worse than when I had landed; and for this reason, that on going on shore, the boat has the advantage of running before or with the breakers, but in going off it has in a certain degree to contend with them. The noise alone when going off is enough to appal any one not used to it, and the blows given by the waves cause the boat to quiver and tremble in every part of it, being able to keep together only by the looseness of its construction."

Such was Mr Sherwood's account. Never shall I forget the horrors of the roaring surf, or the yelling of the boatmen when preparing to meet the dreaded beating of a wave; but the howlings of the men and the agitation of the whole fabric of the boat was so overpowering, that there was not time to analyse a single feeling; for all appeared to me one wild scene of terror and confusion until I felt the shock of the vessel against *terra firma*, and heard the cry of the multitude whose business it was to seize hold of her, and haul her by main force upon the shore.

I was instantly assisted to get out, and at length I found myself standing on solid ground, thousands and thousands of miles removed from my native home. Were it in my power to recall even to my own mind the feelings of that moment, I should still find it impossible to describe them to any other person. For there was not in this new world one object of a description familiar to me. Multitudes of equipages and palanquins were waiting on the shore to receive the Europeans who were landing this day from the fleet. I had scarcely looked round me, Mr Sherwood being busy in seeing some of our property carried from the boat, when an English looking close carriage, with a pair of horses, a black coachman, and several native attendants, who had been sent to the beach for some white lady, came up to me ; the men insisting upon taking possession of me, gathering round me and jabbering most vehemently to me.

I could neither understand them nor they me ; but they would not give me up until a Debash, whom Mr Sherwood had hired I believe the day before, came to my relief with a palanquin and ran by my side to the Fort. I was still in too great amazement during my transit from the beach to the Fort to have any clear recollection of what I then saw ; for, as an infant opening its eyes on a new world is unable to distinguish one thing from another, or to comprehend any object it sees, so, in some degree, my first views of India seems strangely confused in my recollections.

Mr Sherwood, indeed, in the West Indies, had been accustomed for years to a tropical climate, tropical scenery, and the sight of half savage people ; he, therefore, knew much better what he was about than I did.

I have but an imperfect idea of the Fort St George. I remember large square courts, surrounded with buildings, with rows of trees in front of them ; and I have an accurate recollection of two immense ground-floor apartments, which were appointed for our use. We had no security of remaining a week at Madras, therefore it was not worth our while to procure furniture. We therefore

made the best of what we had—a camp-table, a few chairs, a can-teen, a sea-cot, and a great many trunks and chests. I have seen many country churches less than either of our rooms; indeed, they were exactly like churches, without pews or galleries, the beams of the roof being visible, with many immense windows which closed with jalousies.

Our Debash, who managed everything for us, had provided himself with such inferior servants as might be required. He had a kitchen and offices behind our apartments. He served us up a supper on our camp-table, and a dinner every day afterwards, consisting of many dishes which were then quite new to me; but I thought these dishes very pleasant; amongst them I particularly remember soup made of a glutinous vegetable, and the egg-plant roasted before the fire and garnished with crumbs of bread.

For camp living, or for making a temporary residence comfortable, there are no servants equal to the East Indians; but I had no female-servant. Mrs Parker had gone with her husband and child to the soldiers' quarters, and I was left for the first night to render our sea-cot as comfortable as it could be. So it was placed at one end of our vast sleeping-room, and our many trunks collected around it. We had neither table nor chair in the room, but we had no longer the smell of the ship. We were not swung over a gun, and it was quite sufficient luxury to us that night to feel the stability of the floor on which our cot was set. Thus, though in some respects our situation was gloomy enough, yet I enjoyed myself very much in the change of position. We went very early to bed, really from not having taken the precaution to supply ourselves with lights; but we were by no means prepared for the multitude of companions with whom we were to spend the night. These, however, soon made us aware of their presence in a variety of ways. One would have thought that the whole room was filled with all sorts of living creatures of the insect tribe, by the variety of noises which were kept up. In the first place, there was a sound

like the whirr of a spinning-wheel; then a click, click, as of a clock; an occasional squeak, which conveyed the unpleasant idea of a rat; then a buzz, as of a fly; and the small, hollow, and tormenting note of the mosquito's horn; all these giving indications of the presence of such myriads of living creatures as was by no means agreeable, especially as we did not know if some of them might not be noxious; however, we recollected that many other persons had slept in that same room before ourselves; nor do I remember that our sleep was much disturbed by our apprehensions. Ours is a family who, when awake, are awake; but we sleep when we can, without being over-fastidious about our lodgings. When we awoke in the morning, the light was streaming through the jalousies, and several little elegant black and white squirrels (creatures I was afterwards taught to call gillaries) were sporting up and down the woodwork. The Debash and his adjutants had arranged our breakfast in the outer apartment to more advantage than it might be thought circumstances would admit. Every place seemed to be delightful to me after the ship.

We had hardly breakfasted on the day after our arrival at Madras, before we were informed that we must hold ourselves in readiness to proceed to Bengal. We, with many others of the regiment, were to make this voyage in our old ship "The Devonshire." There was no use, therefore, in endeavouring to make our abode more comfortable at Madras; but the little time we had we used in getting some of our clothes washed. If gentlemen do not sympathise with me, ladies will, when I say that I was delighted beyond measure when the linen, which had been stained and iron-moulded in the most wretched manner in our ill-conditioned cabin, came back whiter than the driven snow itself. Oh! the luxury of fresh water and a profusion of clean linen after a long sea voyage. After ten days on shore, we again embarked in "The Devonshire," and proceeded up the bay, very soon losing sight of Madras. Still proceeding, we passed the island of Saugar, of which so much has been said. The land is very low and covered with brushwood.

Our pilot told us that it abounded with tigers ; he said, "It is noted as a place where the Hindoos assemble at certain seasons of the year to bathe, and where many, as acts of devotion, cast themselves and their little ones into the sea to be devoured by the sharks." He added, too, that he had known thirty of these poor wretches carried away in one day by these sea monsters. These infatuated heathens, moreover, as he told us, made it a point never to guard themselves against the tigers, accounting it to be even a greater mark of favour from Heaven to be devoured by a tiger than by a shark. They also often make vows, when at home in their own houses, that if one of their special gods will grant them so many children, they will sacrifice one at a certain age to the sharks at Saugar, or to their idol Juggernaut.

The tide carried us on till twelve at noon, when it turned, and we anchored close to a low woody point of the island, called Mud Point. It was with great interest that I contemplated, with the aid of a glass, this island from the ship. I marked a glade, or open pasture-ground, encompassed with trees, where were many deer feeding ; but it was fearful to think of the enemies which surrounded these gentle creatures, and of the many horrible monsters which filled those woods and haunted those shores.

Whilst we were lying at this point, the natives came down the river, in their boats, bringing fruit, fowls, eggs, and ducks to sell. We thought six fat ducks very cheap for a rupee, but some years afterwards we bought twenty for the same money, and were, no doubt, even cheated at that time. These ducks are exactly like our tame duck, and live in the swamps and marshes at the mouths of the Ganges. We were then in one of these mouths of that mighty river, the thousand mouths, as they are called, of the Ganges, and this branch is called the Hoogly. On the 11th, at eight o'clock in the morning, we weighed anchor, and then proceeded upward with the tide, and succeeded in reaching Diamond Harbour before the tide left us.

CHAPTER XVI.

ARRIVAL AT DIAMOND HARBOUR—FORT-WILLIAM—LIST OF ATTENDANTS—DEATH OF MARIA PARKER—THE EUROPEAN BUTTER—BIRTH OF MY ELDEST SON—HIS BAPTISM—THE CHURCH-SERVICE AT DINAPORE—THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—SERGEANT CLARKE—OUR EVENING DRIVES—DESCRIPTION OF THE NATIVES OF DINAPORE.

WE anchored in Diamond Harbour, as I said, and found the shore low and swampy, so that it can hardly be doubted but that all the country in the south of Bengal has been formed in comparatively modern times by the depositions of mud brought down by the river, since the land at the mouths of the Ganges is annually gaining upon the sea.

We remained on board all the next day, in expectation of an order for the regiment to land; but we found that it would require four or five days for a sufficient number of boats to be sent down from Calcutta to bring it up. It is not only unpleasant but unhealthy for a crowded ship to lie in a river full of mud, amid low, swampy banks, and without the possibility of getting on shore for the deep mud and the thick, tangled brushwood.

Mr Sherwood asked leave to go on to Calcutta; and, having obtained permission, he hired one of the many boats which were plying for passengers to take us to Calcutta immediately. The distance by water from Diamond Harbour to Calcutta is fifty miles.

The boatmen stopped at a landing-place in a line with Fort-William, and began to jabber and talk to Mr Sherwood, and he made equally strenuous efforts to understand and be understood by them, in which efforts both parties completely failed. After a while he himself pushed the boat from the shore, and pointed to

the town, repeating the name, "Calcutta." Still they did not appear to know what he wanted, and we lay in the middle of the stream, under the pelting rays of the noonday sun. A boat approaching with a white man on board, Mr Sherwood called to him, to entreat him to be his interpreter. Through him he learned, that all that the boatmen wanted was to know where to land us. This being made known to the boatmen, Mr Sherwood followed the goods to the custom-house, whilst I was delivered over to the care of a black servant, who was waiting for a job on the landing-place, to conduct me to a tavern at a small distance.

I remember following the black guide with that sort of confused feeling which I can only compare to a dream; but happily I had not far to walk to a tavern, called the Crown and Anchor. My attendant held a vast umbrella over my head, and most grateful was I for the quiet I obtained on entering the tavern.

On the day following, immediately after breakfast, Mr Sherwood left me at the tavern and went to Fort-William, and got apartments for us in the Fort, consisting of two immense rooms. A native broker provided us with all the furniture which persons who had been accustomed to be on board ship so long as we had could really want for a temporary residence; so that before night I was comfortably settled in Fort-William, with all my possessions about me.

Our apartments consisted of an outer room and a vast inner or sleeping-room, which commanded, from the large windows, a view of the whole square. These rooms were immensely lofty, with double doors, which could be closed with jalousies. I found already arranged in the inner room all our packages from Europe, one or two of which had never been opened since leaving England.

When arrived in Fort-William, we found it was necessary that our establishment should be such as I shall describe.

Mr Sherwood, being paymaster, or the person who kept the key of the strong box, was of some little importance; he was therefore obliged to have a black Circar, or steward, Ram Harry by name, a Brahmin, and a very decent man, and through him the rest of our

servants were already provided when I arrived at the Fort. These were, as enumerated by Mr Sherwood in his diary, as follows :— 1st, A Kitmutghaur ; this functionary goes to market, overlooks the cook, and waits at table, but he will not carry home what he purchases in the market. 2d, A Mussalchee ; his business is to wash dishes, carry a lantern, and, in fact, wait upon the Kitmutghaur. 3d, A Behishtee ; his name signifies “ the heavenly ; ” he carries water in a skin upon his shoulders, and we may understand wherefore, in such a climate as India, he may have got his name. 4th, A Matranee ; the only female-servant we had in Fort-William ; she swept our rooms, and appeared several times a-day to receive my orders. She wore a full chintz or silk petticoat, a white muslin jacket and veil, and a quantity of silver ornaments. 5th, A Sirdar Bearer, or Prince of the Bearers. 6th, His mate. And eventually, when we had provided ourselves with a palanquin, we had to provide six bearers in addition.

The Sirdar and his people attend to the gentleman's clothes, clean the shoes, take care of the candles, which are wax, dust the wall shades, clean the tables, and take their part in carrying the palanquin. 7th, A washerwoman, or Dobi. 8th, A cook. 9th, The Circar, or banker ; making altogether, with the six palanquin bearers, fifteen attendants ; though we had not then, it was considered, commenced housekeeping.

Mr Sherwood calculated that these servants would cost him £10, 17s. 3d. per month ; but he remarked, at the same time, that more attendants would in the end be absolutely necessary. Still, as they were all on board-wages, the expenses of a kitchen-table for three or four servants in England would very soon much exceed the sum above mentioned, as their expectations were very moderate.

In agreement with what were then my ideas of the necessity of works for salvation, instead of taking the rest in Fort-William which my health and situation required, I began, after a few days, to instruct William Durham, the same little boy whom I had taught to read in “ The Devonshire.” I soon added another pupil, the

still dearly beloved child of a friend of my husband and myself, George, the eldest son of Captain and Mrs Whetstone, of our corps.

Mr Sherwood had found himself overloaded with work, which had accumulated during the period of the voyage, for he had fifteen times to furnish three muster-rolls of the regiment, and his assistant, Sergeant Clarke, was ill. In the hope of other aid, he hired a black clerk, by way of trial ; but the man made so many blunders, that Mr Sherwood did not dare to trust him. He was, therefore, obliged to do the work himself, and, in consequence, hardly stirred out for days, except early in the morning. It was necessary that I should keep myself as much out of the way of this business as I could ; I therefore spent my time in a morning in the inner room, which, as it regarded the Great Square, was, in fact, the outer room. The sun was most powerful for many hours on this room, but we had means of excluding it. I thought that the temperature was hardly bearable. What with the bites of mosquitoes, and the prickly heat of a slight eruption which breaks out generally on a new-comer to India, I was in a state of great bodily irritation. However, there was a vast deal to amuse my mind when I looked forth from our windows, and when we went out still more entertainment.

Our hopes for staying at Calcutta were suddenly dashed to the ground by our officers receiving the information that we were to go up the country to Dinapore, and what added to my trouble was, that my little pupil, William Durham, was at that time very ill.

The regiment left on the Saturday, thus having made out four weeks since our arrival at Calcutta.

Had poor Luke Parker been forced to go on board with his company, he must have left his baby, my little Maria, dying ; but we made interest for him, and he was left behind two days.

The sweet infant died on the second morning ; and the poor man and his wife were compelled to commit the body to the grave within an hour, or perhaps a little more, of the departure of the spirit to a glorious reunion with Him who made it. This sad duty

done, the sorrowing parents joined us, who most truly sorrowed with them, by the water's side, where we waited only for them to embark.

When our boats were anchored for the night, we generally walked out in the evenings, and sometimes drank tea with some friends in their boat, and thus I saw much of the country.

The natives, wherever we went, followed us by hundreds, though I have heard it remarked, by persons who have lately visited these places by the river's side, that there is not the wonder now expressed at the sight of a white face as my experience would warrant at the time to which I refer.

The heat soon became excessive, but the country was very pleasant, the mango groves covering large spaces of ground.

We find great difficulty in making ourselves understood, even through our Kitmutghaur, who professes to be our interpreter; for when we ask a question which he does not comprehend he always says, "Yes," and his mode of replying to our inquiries is most curious and quaint; thus, when we asked him, "How far it was to Plassy?" he answered, "Cutwa Plassy," meaning to say, "One day to Cutwa, the next to Plassy." At Plassy we saw many fine trees and Hindoo temples. This village will be ever memorable for Lord Clive's victory over Surage Dowlah, the Nawaub of Bengal, from which we may date the real commencement of the English power in India.

It was whilst taking an evening walk, during this journey, that Mr Sherwood and myself first saw a small society of good men, who for several years after we came to India united together to read their Bibles and to pray; often having no place in which they could meet undisturbed but old stores, ravines, groves, and woods, and other retired places, where they, however, no doubt enjoyed much communion with their God. The very existence of any person in the barracks who had the smallest notion of the importance of religion was quite unsuspected by me. I believe I am not severe when I assert that at that time there really was not one

in the higher ranks in the regiment who had courage enough to come forward and say, "I think it right, in this distant land, to do as it regards religion what I have been accustomed to do at home." But more of these holy ones in their place. I ought to remember this journey especially, because it was the beginning of my intimacy, my friendship, I may call it, I trust, with Mrs Mawby, the lady of our colonel,—a friendship which never had an intermission of daily meetings whilst we were in India. No two persons could have been naturally more different than Mrs Mawby and myself; but there was one point which pleased me, even at the first moment of our introduction to each other. Mrs Mawby had the manners of a lady; she never said a rude thing, nor took an impertinent liberty; there never was any want of decorum in her conduct. As it is hard to live without some little familiar intercourse, I trust that she was as glad to find something suitable in me as I was to find much that was interesting in her. The colonel, too, became my husband's friend, and sweet and precious to me is the memory of that friendship.

As we ascended the river, and as the season advanced, we began to experience great change in the temperature. The early mornings became quite cool and fresh, so that the servants at the top of the pinnace were glad to wrap themselves up in thick cotton quilts. We had brought a little native boy with us, as a helper to our Kitmutghaur. This lad waited at table; he was a quick-witted little fellow, who seemed almost able to read his master's wishes. One morning he came in with a face of great alarm, and proclaimed in a most doleful voice, "that all the butter—the salted European butter which we had brought in a tub from Calcutta—was spoilt, utterly spoilt." Of course we inquired what he could mean, for there seemed to be an end to many a savoury dish, if there was no European butter, as we could get nothing like it in the villages along the river side—nothing but buffalo's butter, which is rancid, and as yellow as if mixed up with sulphur. This doleful business of the destruction of the butter was, however, explained as soon as the

elder Kitmutghaur entered. The boy had never seen the European butter in any state but what was entirely liquid. The cold of the last night had been sufficient to harden it, and the phenomenon had overpowered the boy.

I think it needful in this place to make some remarks on the anxiety I felt that the child I hoped shortly to possess should receive Christian baptism; but I will state my reason, which I omitted to tell in its proper place. The summer before in Worcestershire, one day, just as we were about to sit down to dinner, my brother being present, a person came to beg him to go immediately to Abberley, to baptize a child who was dying, Mr Severne, who was the proper minister, not being at home.

My brother, however, thought he would dine before he obeyed the summons, and by this delay the child was dead before he arrived. When my sister and I were alone after this event, she put the fearful question to me, "If the soul of that child is lost on account of Marten's delay, how can he ever forgive himself for this neglect of duty?" Through the Divine mercy, as my mind became more enlightened, I have been taught to see that much, much less importance is to be attached to the rite of baptism; but it may be imagined how I then answered this question, when, nearly a year and a half afterwards, I was in the utmost agitation lest there should be no ordained clergyman at Dinapore to baptize my child. Hence my constant prayer, "Grant to it, oh, my heavenly Father, a Christian baptism—the baptism of thy Holy Spirit, so that, whether living or dying, make it thine own." I shall have occasion to point out how I allegorised my anxieties respecting my baby, and their termination, in my "Infant Progress." But who would imagine that I was at that time so utterly dark as to believe that the eternal happiness of an infant for whom Christ died could possibly depend in the smallest degree on the performance of any rite, or on the will of any man? I have since often thought that, with such impressions on my mind, I ought by no means ever to have travelled abroad. Nay, if the

Almighty is thus ready to hang, as it were, the fate of infants on the caprices of man, no feeling person ought ever to marry, or to be an instrument of bringing children into a life of such awful peril. But the very nature of false doctrine is inconsistency. A true doctrine may be followed as far as it will go, without producing confusion and disorder; a false one can only be followed to a certain point, beyond which it invariably produces perplexity.

Whilst I remained in the pinnace at anchor, and so far distant from the cantonments that I saw nothing of them, Mr Sherwood went up to them to look for quarters. It was at Dinapore that we first actually began to feel what Indian luxuries are. The Kitmutghaur who had attended us from Calcutta had done his work, and made his market, though in no very large way, of the "Tazee Willaut," or white people, and therefore he left us as soon as we were settled in Dinapore. We parted good friends, and I do not recollect any very great enormity of which he was guilty, except that he charged as much weekly for the onions to put into our curry as would have filled a good sized cart. Probably, however, with all his peccadilloes, he did not make more than one hundred rupees out of all these petty thefts. In his place we took other servants, Dirges, and Dobes, and a Sais for Mr Sherwood, who now got a pony, and I had a tonjon, or open palanquin, in which I rode, having put aside my bonnet for a lace cap with European ribbons.

We liked Dinapore; but the place was so unhealthy that we lost fifteen men the first fourteen days. The weather, too, was very cold, and we were glad to shut up our houses and light a fire; for almost all the houses have one room with a fireplace in it.

It was at Dinapore that our first-born son entered into life. Oh, my Henry, my precious boy, how shall I now go on with my history, and retrace the events of your short yet painful course! "My lovely, my redeemed one!" My heavenly Father, in His paternal goodness, so far indulged my earnest desire, that I had the satisfaction of having my son baptized by a clergyman of the Church of England, who was accidentally at the station. Oh, foolish,

blind mother! who could rest upon the shadow, even when she had so many proofs of the love of Him who is the substance!

My child was born on Christmas-day, and on the 2d of February, Sunday, I went to the chapel in the barracks to hear the clergyman on the text, "Many are called, but few chosen."

I call it, in my diary, an ill-spent Sunday for most of us; for immediately after service some travelling merchants came with European goods, and our house-steward paid the servants' wages, and our *sergeant* the regimental account.

The reference here made to the manner in which a Sunday was then spent at Dinapore affords a good opportunity of opening another page of domestic life in India. There was then no church in Dinapore. The service was performed in a large empty quarter of a wide and lofty room, having numbers of double doors of green lattice-work in it, and possessing no other furniture than forms for the inferior persons, and chairs and footstools for the superiors, placed there by their own servants. There was nothing like a pulpit or desk, but the preacher stood before a table.

In the cold season, the service was before breakfast, and the regiment was marched to the place appointed, the band sometimes playing.

At Dinapore, the soldiers' wives all attended, dressed completely in white, with caps instead of bonnets, and many of them looking very well. The women, of course, had to walk to church, and they were obliged to protect their heads from the sun; but I do not know their reason for choosing painted umbrellas.

The higher ranks all came in carriages of some kind, and as the civilians came from the neighbouring places round, the square was littered with vehicles of all possible descriptions. The ladies were all led to their seats by one of the officers. Such was the custom, and on occasion when a lady came alone, she was no sooner seen alighting from her carriage, than some gentleman would leave his place in the church, run to meet her, and hand her in.

On one occasion at Cawnpore, I was detained very late by the

illness of a little child, and I found myself handed into the church by the clergyman himself, having espied me from his robing-room, where he was preparing himself for the sermon. It was a pleasing sight to see so many well-dressed Europeans at this place of worship at Dinapore so far, so very far from our native land. But, alas! as soon as the sermon was over, all attention to the especial duties of the day entirely ceased with most of those persons whom I then knew at Dinapore. Mr Sherwood himself used to transact his business in the centre room of our quarters, where was the iron chest containing the rupees; and there, in a corner by it, sat the Circar on his carpet, ready to weigh the money, and Sergeant Clarke, the paymaster's assistant, to write down the accounts.

When the service, too, was over, the officers came as usual to settle their affairs, and even the clergyman not unseldom used to call to take tiffin, or a hot luncheon, with us. The first time this last gentleman honoured us with his company, he sat with me in the verandah, and seeing some travelling pedlars passing by he invited them in, made them open their wares on the floor of the verandah, and amused himself by making bargains for any small articles which he fancied. A dinner-party generally finished the day; though, having a very young baby, and one which was far from strong, I seldom joined it.

I was, however, very uneasy at the sad way in which our Sundays were spent; but I could not prevail immediately to have things altered.

About this time a plan was formed, without any trouble on my part, for the establishment of a regimental school; and as this school afterwards formed a very prominent feature in my Indian life, I think, it necessary to explain somewhat particularly how the affair originated. There was at that time no provision made by government for the instruction of the children of soldiers; but this year, at a dinner-party, but at whose house I cannot say, the subject being discussed, Mr Sherwood and myself at once offered to receive the children in our quarters, if it was agreed

upon that a school should be established, and Mr Sherwood offered his clerk to assist me in the undertaking.

The children were only to be present from eight till twelve every day, quite drudgery enough in that climate, and rather too much for me in some respects, as I was never without a baby whilst I was in India.

I must do Sergeant Clarke the justice to say, that he made no objection whatever to this additional labour, for which he never received fee nor reward but from ourselves. Since we had been settled in Dinapore, he had always taken his dinner at our house, and this he continued to do as long as we remained in India. On this new arrangement, we appointed a room for him, and there, when we had tiffin, his dinner was served him, and a more respectable man I have seldom met with.

He was not a soldier-like man, but much more like a banker's clerk; Clarke he was by name, by nature, and by office.

It was whilst we were at Dinapore that I persuaded Mr Sherwood not to see the officers on a Sunday, and the only plan which he could suggest was his going out himself on that day, and dismissing the Circar. He used, therefore, after breakfast, to leave the house and go to the quarters of some other officer, where he was obliged to take his chance of whatever mode of spending the time might be offered him. Thus was I often left alone the whole Sunday, having no companion but my little baby. Our week-days were more cheerful, and it was a source of great interest to me to look about the strange land in which I then resided. It is a custom with the Europeans in the provinces, in the cool of the evening, to have whatever carriages they keep paraded before their doors, whether with or without orders. We were then already so Indian that we had our bullock-carriage, our palanquin, and a riding-horse paraded before the house. Our bullock-coach, with its fine silver-gray pair, was usually appropriated to our boy and his nurse, whilst my general vehicle at that time was an open palanquin; and I was almost always

joined in my airing by my beloved friend, Mrs Mawby, and vastly amused we were by the scenes which we beheld as we passed the Bazaar.

The women in and about Dinapore, that is, the Hindoos, are the very dirtiest I ever saw in India. Their dress consists of a single web of coarse cotton, gathered by the hand on the hips, and brought round the lower part of the person, so as to form a scanty petticoat; then so manœvered as to cover one arm, the back, and the lower part of one side under the arm, and finally carried over the head, forming a veil. This is a most beautiful arrangement of drapery for a picture or statue, or for a young and delicate girl; but for the old and the ugly, most disgusting. In many parts of India, the women dress their hair neatly; not so at Dinapore, neither do they trouble themselves to wash their clothes. They wear silver and glass bangles, armlets, bracelets, and anklets, with nose-jewels; and their earrings are so heavy and so numerous, that the ears are often quite dragged down. The feet are bare, but their walk is graceful. They carry everything but their children on their heads and shoulders. The little ones they set astride on their hips. The huts at Dinapore consist in general of one apartment. They are commonly clay-built, and arranged in groups without order. No furniture is needed but a bamboo bedstead laced with cord, and brass or earthen pots, in the form of the bell of a hyacinth. They cook out of doors. Their food is simple, and their wants few. If they need a house, they build the walls with mud, and buy a thatched roof double-leaved, which being perched upon the walls completes the edifice. The children hardly wear any clothes till seven or eight years old; not even a petticoat is thought necessary for a girl. They have often the abominable custom of devoting their children's hair to some idol; and in this case the poor little wretch's locks are neither combed nor cut till the day of offering. But let it not be supposed for one moment that these people are the happier because their wants are few, and because they can purchase a

plentiful meal for a few cowries, a hundred or more of which are not of the value of a farthing. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the happiest persons are those who can live on the smallest means, for there is little or no peace in these dark villages; and though we did not then understand a word which was said, we could read the indication of every vile passion, on the countenance of almost every person we met. It was impossible to mistake the fierce expression of the adults, or the pining sadness of infancy. Nor can I well describe what my feelings often were on the view of this heathen population, who were living wholly without a knowledge of our God and our Redeemer.

CHAPTER XVII

INDIAN DINNERS—MY SCHOOL—VOYAGE TO BERRHAMPORE—
DESCRIPTION OF THE NATIVES—INVITATION OF THE NAWAUB
OF BENGAL—THE PALACE AT MOORSHEDEBAD—THE ENTER-
TAINMENT AND THE NAUTCH—THE FIREWORKS—THE SUPPER
—THE BROTHERS OF THE NAWAUB—THE PARTING GIFT—
ILLNESS AND DEATH OF MY SON.

WHEN first I knew India, I was perfectly amazed at the quantities of meat which smoked upon the table at a dinner-party. We never sat long afterwards, nor was there much that was interesting that I ever saw going on in the drawing-room.

In Indian parties, I always thought that the preponderance of gentlemen made society uncomfortable. One gentleman among ladies is less overpowering than one lady among many gentlemen.

We were, on one occasion, invited to a grand dinner. A fatted

calf, and a grain-fed sheep had been killed in the morning; but, when the dinner was set on the table, there was not one joint, either of the sheep or of the calf, which was eatable. Every dish of veal or of mutton was forced to be sent away, and nothing was left but the poultry and the curries. "You now see," said our host to me, "wherefore, when we give a dinner, we are forced to overload our tables. We must kill our own meat, and it often happens that it becomes tainted before it is cold."

There were no servants but the sweepers, who would eat anything brought from the master's table; and probably the greater part of the calf and the sheep were thrown to the crows.

My school in India gradually increased from the thirteen, with whom it first began, to forty or fifty. It consisted chiefly of the children from the barracks, with a few officers' children, in general even worse behaved, because more pampered, than the soldiers' children, and children perhaps of merchants and other people in the neighbourhood of the cantonment in which I might chance to be.

I refused none who came to ask me to receive and instruct their little ones, not even when the children were coloured; but I was speedily brought to see that many of my pupils were extremely wicked, and complaints of very bad language and very bad conduct were brought to me.

In my first indignation I used to get Sergeant Clarke to exercise his cane on the children's backs. After a little time and a little experience, he and I came to the determination of never allowing a tale to be told us of anything that passed out of our school-room, and never to chastise any offence which did not take place under our roof, and, this plan we found good. We always dismissed the girls before the boys, in order to give them time to get home quietly.

A report arose that the regiment was to go down the river immediately, to make room for some corps which was leaving the field; and the official order at length arrived for our proceeding by water

to Berhampore as soon as boats could be collected. We procured a sixteen-oared budgerow for our conveyance, and got leave to drop down before the fleet.

Mr Sherwood had settled all his business at Dinapore by the 1st of July, when we embarked in our budgerow, and with our attendant boats and many servants dropped down the river to Diga. We heard from the colonel that the regiment was positively to sail on the 6th. The wind, however, was so high from the east, that we thought it impossible they could attempt to move, and Mr Sherwood engaged himself, on the strength of this persuasion, to dine out. We had, however, all gone down in the morning to our budgerow to be ready, and greatly were we astonished, about ten o'clock, to see the whole fleet in the midst of the river, scattered by the gale, and, though the current was strong, making very little way. They were at length compelled to run to the shore, though not till two boats had been lost, though the persons they had in them were saved. The waves ran exceedingly high, and it was a mercy that the whole fleet did not suffer more severely. It took the next day to repair the damages.

On the 8th of July the wind was more moderate, and we sailed with the fleet; but when our budgerow got into the river, she rolled so much that we were afraid of her sinking, and when we had reached Patna, the river taking a sweep to the eastward, and losing all protection from the shore, we lay rolling for three hours, the current forcing us down, whilst the wind with equal violence drove us upwards; and there we lay without making more than half a mile; however, a lull for about half an hour gave us leisure to cross the river, and we got into a small channel on the north side of the stream. It is a grand sight, by the light of the moon, to see upwards of a hundred boats floating down so large a river without a sail set; and I got a chair on the deck of the budgerow, and sat enjoying the prospect, which is ever varying. We arrived at Berhampore at eleven in the forenoon, having made a voyage of about three hundred and eight miles, including windings, in eight

days, and in those eight days encountered more perils than in our voyage from Europe.

We had made a miserable exchange of climate, and I cannot now reflect on Berhampore but as on a region of miasma—a place of graves.

There is no part of India which I have ever seen in which Europeans look as they do at Berhampore. There is a marble whiteness about all females and infants in India, which I think far from ugly, especially where the lips preserve any colour; but the lips of most persons in Berhampore are perfectly white—white as the paper on which I am writing, and the effect is fearful.

Immediately on arriving at Berhampore we got letters from home, which cost us upwards of two guineas, from their having followed us from Madras. On the 18th we received one hundred and thirty men from the 75th regiment, and as these brought several coloured children with them, they were added to my school; and truly keeping school at that time, at Berhampore, was dreadful work from the excessive heat.

On the 4th of August the commander-in-chief, Lord Lake, arrived, on his way to England; and on the 5th, the 53d gave a public dinner to him and all the civil and military servants, after which there was a ball and supper, and to this ball I went. My journal only gives a hint upon the subject of this ball, which, however, I well understand. I had had, when in London, some conversations with Dr Andrews, in which he told me, "If I wished to do good, I must not shun society:" I mean gay society; and he had actually sent me a message on this subject, which I received about that time. In accordance with Dr Andrews' letter I went to several balls. [I make no comment upon this advice, as every thinking mind has settled the point for itself.]

There appears, in many portions of my old Indian diary, a sort of discrepancy, which I have observed in the diaries of many religious persons. In one passage, it appears as if I had been the most miserable of human beings; and in the next, *pe.*, I speak of

the pleasant manner in which my days pass, and of my many enjoyments : both passages having, probably, been tolerably correct copies of my feelings at the time they were written.

I also believe that these discrepancies, which are the copies of the mind, exist more in the journals of persons in a half-awakened state, as it regards religion, than in those of persons either having no religion or those enjoying real light. He that dwells in a border country will, and must, have views both ways, and must necessarily breathe the air which blows from either side of the border—the *land of Bether* (Sol. Song, ii. 17).

Early in September all the Europeans of a certain rank in the cantonment received an invitation, in a note written in Persian, on paper sprinkled with gold, from the Nawaub of Bengal, to sup with him in his palace at Moorshedabad, and to see certain splendid illuminations. This is an annual ceremony, the occasion of which is the river having passed its height.

Early on the morning of the 11th of September, having, together with a friend and his lady, hired a budgerow, merely for the occasion, we set out, with little Henry and his two attendants, and proceeded up the river. Our table-servants all accompanied us, and brought all that was necessary for breakfast and tiffin. We breakfasted as we went along, and had the pleasure of seeing the troops of Indians, as they proceeded from different parts of the country up the river in boats towards the same point with ourselves. We also saw groups of natives coming down to the river from the interior, trudging along the shores, being sometimes exposed to the burning rays of the sun on the open yet swampy banks, and again passing under the shade of plantains and bamboos, the roots of which bathed themselves in the neighbouring flood. But the river's bank was not more gay than the stream itself ; multitudes of persons, of higher degree, were ascending the stream, in boats of such infinite variety of forms, and such brilliancy of material, as afforded us an less source of amusement until we reached the place of our destination.

These vessels were in general very long and narrow, having an awning of silk in some instances, and having their beaks wrought into the form of some living creature; one terminated in the body and head of a horse, another of a dragon, and so forth, according to the taste of the builder. But the most splendid of all these vessels represented a peacock, painted in green and gold, being, in its way, excessively brilliant. In these gaudy vessels sat many a well-fed, oily Mussulman, in that sort of dull placidity which is so commonly observed in rich Orientals, and which is a mode of existence that a lively European cannot be made to comprehend as the sum of human felicity. The seats of these great men were generally a sort of canopied dais, towards the stern of their vessels; and there they squatted, many of them being engaged with their hookahs, a species of pastime of which they never seem to be weary. Of course, we saw no native ladies in these vessels. As we proceeded, the throng, both on the water and the land, became thicker and thicker, and was so great that when we reached Moorshedabad it was difficult to find anchorage. We, however, succeeded in finding a place on the bank, just under the palace, where we were much troubled by the evening sun, which poured in upon us in a most annoying manner.

As far as I can recollect, the palace of the Nawaub, as seen from the river, looks like an irregular heap of old castellated buildings, arranged without order, and having few, if any, windows towards the river. We arrived at our anchorage about one o'clock, and found great amusement in looking about us till our tiffin was served. Amongst other things, we were greatly entertained by watching the manoeuvres of an elephant, which had been brought down to the river to be washed. We observed also, that there were frames of bamboo, in various shapes and forms, for a quarter of a mile along the shore of the river, immediately opposite the city; but what these meant we did not find out till night.

The evening amusement began at sunset among the poorer sort of Mussulmans; these brought small ships of painted paper,

bearing lighted lamps within them, which they launched into the stream, and watched as they sailed away until they could see them no longer, on account of the distance, or till the light burned out or was extinguished by the wind. Many of these little vessels were made in the form of peacocks, which is the Mussulman emblem.

We prepared ourselves to proceed to the palace by eight o'clock, having put on our most splendid dresses: the gentlemen being in uniform. It was not without anxiety that I left little Henry, with his nurse, in the budgerow. The scene on the river and on the bank was so noisy and tumultuous, that I could scarcely fancy he could be safe.

We could not get our palanquins down to the beach, and were therefore obliged to go on foot to the palace, through such a crowd, and such a clamour, and such uncertain light, that I have little recollection of the places we went through; though I remember certain narrow passages, steps, and doorways.

Having threaded these narrow passages, into which opened the doors of certain mean habitations, we arrived at an ancient gateway, the passage under which was arched and lofty, and in the chamber above, but dimly distinguished, was a part of the Nawaub's band, every instrument being in full exercise. It is impossible to give any idea of this music, and, not being myself a musician, I shall probably be guilty of some grievous mistake in attempting to describe it; but it appeared to me as if every instrument of which the band was composed was attuned and screwed up to the highest pitch of which it was capable, without the smallest reference to the agreement of one instrument with another: never had we before heard such fearful screeching and skirling as proceeded from this band.

We passed from hence through one or more wide and dimly illumined courts, into which only a few high and small windows opened—high, I mean, as to the ground; who or what occupied these rooms it is not for me to say. We passed a second gateway,

over which another part of the band was stationed. Over this second gateway was an illumination, representing a crown and various jewellery, in exceedingly rich colouring. The second court was even more vast and gloomy than the first, and here we met a servant of his highness the Nawaub, who led us to a pavilion in which the company were assembled. This pavilion was very large; the Nawaub was sitting at one end of it on a musnud encircled with cushions, and the company sat on sofas round, close to the curtains of the tent:—there was a wide area in the centre. The whole was lighted by English glass chandeliers.

We were separately introduced to the Nawaub; he arose each time, held out his hand to take ours, and, though he did not speak English, he addressed us with great courtesy. After the introduction, we took our places on the sofas prepared for the English visitants, where wine and water, cooled with ice, was handed to us, and we were refreshed by the air of many large fans, or punkahs, of palm leaves.

Around the throne of the Nawaub were a multitude of attendants, and some dismounted cavalry, besides many native gentlemen who formed his court. He was rather a good-looking man, and not more than twenty-eight years of age; but the expression of his countenance was melancholy, and he was evidently so infirm that he appeared to rise each time with pain: this weakness was attributed to the immense quantity of ardent spirits which he had been in the habit of taking for years.

The amusements provided had commenced before we arrived, and when we entered we found that a woman and two girls were performing a dance and song, or nautch. They only moved their arms and feet slowly, first stepping forwards and then sinking backwards; their song was melancholy and monotonous, and consisted only, as we were told, of praises of the Nawaub, to which he did not seem to pay the smallest attention. These were succeeded by at least a dozen pretended fools and jesters, who played all sorts of tricks, none of which had any real drollery in them. The principal

story acted by them was a trial about a horse, before an English jury. One of the men represented the horse, being furnished with a back, a tail, and hind legs, like the stalking-horse in our old Christmas gambols, and thus metamorphosed he tried to frisk about in a horse-like style, to neigh, and to prance. The joke consisted in the endeavours of the two claimants of the horse to climb his back, and his efforts always to throw of the false claimant for his possession.

When these jesters had withdrawn, an elderly man entered apparently covered with blood, with a spear which seemed to be run right through his body. This object made me shut my eyes, and even so startled Mr Sherwood that, for an instant, he believed that this old man had really been wounded, and was come to complain; for he kept up the serious farce much better than his brother jesters had done the ridiculous one. He came forward and stood before the Nawab in a deploring attitude, and with a miserable countenance; and he was soon afterwards followed by some singing men, who, as the female singers had done before, made his highness the burden of their song. "You," said they, "are" a greater man than your father, though not so rich: many great white men are come to pay their respects to you; some on horses, some in carriages, some in boats, and some in palanquins."

We had had quite enough of the attempts of the Mussulman jugglers and buffoons to be witty and amusing before the signal was given for the better part of the evening's amusement, by the sound of a gun. This signal was at nine o'clock precisely, and there was a general move. We all left the pavilion, and, passing through several chambers, were introduced into a vast gallery, or balcony which hung over the river, or appeared in the gloom so to do. It was with some difficulty that we got front seats in this gallery. The scene was fine, and memory brings it back indistinctly in many particulars; for I was thinking very much of my delicate boy, and was trying to distinguish the vessel which contained him amid the vast crowd of boats which lay thickly along

the bank, especially above the palace. The heavens were dark, and we were high above the water; but the river seemed to be almost covered with fire, on account of the multitudes of little vessels which had been set to float by the superstitious populace. The bamboo framework, which we had seen on the shore opposite to the palace was now lighted up, and had assumed the semblance of a regular and most magnificent building, formed, as it were, of stones of fire; the effect was singularly fine. From one moment to another great guns were fired, and scarcely were we all placed when a blazing ship, of vast dimensions, came floating down before our eyes, passing away into the distant darkness.

The scene every moment became more exciting, for towers and castles of fire followed each other along the blue waters. Between the thunders of the guns, which shook the very palace, the band did its utmost to awaken the echoes, which, together with the cries and shouts of the people below, the strong smell of sulphur, the darkness which alternated with the blaze, and the fear which I had lest my baby should be frightened, made me thankful when this most noisy part of the entertainment was over, and the last exhibition brought forward. This consisted of two fiery dazzling peacocks, rich with every colour of the rainbow, which appeared for a while to float upon the air, though how I can hardly conceive, unless the works were fastened to wires suspended from the towers.

At one o'clock we sat down to supper. There were two tables, and everything was served much in the *Anglo-Indian* fashion. Two very handsome boys presided at our table; we could not find out whether they were sons or brothers of the Nawaub, but they wore such jewels as I believed existed only in tales of *genii*. They had necklaces of all-coloured jewels, strung together without taste, of which the beads were literally as large as pigeons' eggs. They used their knives and forks as if they had never handled either before; one of these was fourteen and the other eight years of age. They had a certain air about them which spoke them of princely blood, but they looked melancholy. It is impossible that they

should witness the prosperity of the English without pain. We sat an hour after supper, and were then dismissed by having a drop or two of otto of roses thrown upon us, and by every person receiving a collar of jasmine, sandal-wood, and silver tinsel, with a little beetle-nut, &c., wrapped in leaves: this last I found to be an acceptable present to Henry's nurse.

When arrived at the budgerow, we found that the baby had not been the least annoyed by the noises, and that his attendants had been amazingly delighted with the sights and the uproar. My friend and myself, with the woman and child, retired into the inner room of the budgerow and slept, as the gentlemen did in the outer. During our sleep the vessel dropped down to Berhampore, and when we awoke we were lying gently on the bank. This was altogether a most delightful and interesting expedition, a little bright spot in my life, of which I have had no small pleasure in renewing the recollection.

It was shortly after this entertainment that the nurse took my boy when walking out with him, his ayah and bearer, to some Poojah (idolatrous service), and brought him home marked with some idolatrous daub or spot on his forehead. I can hardly believe that I could possibly at that time have been so dark as I was. The woman should have been blamed, with Christian instruction, and the stain removed, and there the matter should have ended: but I was dreadfully terrified. How bitterly did I cry and sob! Our chaplain came in at the time, and saw me thus distressed. I explained to him what had happened, and we proposed to him that the baby should be baptized again; it was with some difficulty that he succeeded in removing my terrors.

By this anecdote I think that a somewhat accurate estimate may be formed of my religious knowledge at that period.

I began the month of February with plans for weaning Henry; there was no one to tell me that in so doing I was sacrificing him. I learned this lesson when it was too late to profit my boy. Everything was against my child; everything as it regarded his

continuance on earth, everything in favour of his early admittance into a happier state of being.

There is a circumstance here which should be noticed. Little Henry was then fourteen months old; and, according to our English notions, not at all too young to be weaned. His nurse, I suppose, gave herself airs, and the white woman at the head of our nursery establishment was anxious that she should be got rid of: her influence, the surgeon's, and every European also whom I consulted, gave their voices for this weaning. I was permitted to take that step which, humanly speaking, brought my baby to his grave in a few months afterwards. May we not, therefore, understand by faith, that the early death of this little boy was the best which could have happened to him, and thus my prayers for him were answered?

Somewhere about or before this time I had a great shock. Being in my dressing-room next the nursery, I heard my baby give a sharp cry. In a moment I was near him, and I felt certain that his nurse had crammed something into his mouth. I charged her with it, but both she and the ayah denied it. I was not satisfied. I watched my boy carefully; in a very little while he fell into a deep sleep. I still watched. I had fearful suspicions. The sleep became heavier and heavier. His extremities became cold. I sent for the medical man, and he soon discovered that my baby had been drugged with opium. I cannot say what means were used by the surgeon, but the baby lay like death for many hours, I think about twelve; he then revived gradually, but assuredly this was not the first time he had been so quieted. After this, of course, we could have no confidence in his nurse, and we changed her for a black woman to whom he had taken a fancy.

It is my firm belief that half the European children who die in infancy in India, die from the habit which their nurses have of giving them opium. How many, many things were against my infant boy! It was ordained that he was not to remain long on

earth; but I had not, when this happened, reconciled myself to the idea of parting from him. My Henry was an exceedingly pretty child, paler and fairer than polished marble, with soft, blue eyes, hair of paly gold, and faultless features; but truly may I say he never appeared to enjoy one hour of perfect health. This was the first bitter drop in the cup of my Indian life, which otherwise might have intoxicated me with its sweetness. How wisely and how kindly are all things arranged by our heavenly Father, for the good of those whom he hath reconciled to Himself by the blood of His Son!

As any one who knew India might have predicted, the infant began to fall off as soon as he was completely weaned. He grew rapidly, and became a complete skeleton. He was constantly either with me or his favourite black woman; by day she walked incessantly with him, always singing to him her lullaby. Both the words and the air are still fresh in my mind, and in after-years I sung them in the original Hindoostanee to every little beloved one who rested on my knee.

"Sleep make Baby,
Sleep make;
Sleep little Baby,
Sleep, oh! oh!
Golden is thy bed,
Of silk are thy curtains,
From Cabul the Mogul woman comes
To make my master sleep."

This woman, of whom Henry was so fond, though then a Matrannee, had once been a dancing and singing girl. Her voice was sweet, and a more affectionate creature I never knew. For hours and hours she used to pace the verandah with my boy; her labours were by day, and mine by night; and when I say that I not uncommonly walked above half the night, singing to my child, some allowances may be made for my weariness.

About the middle of this month my sorrows were greatly aggravated by the breaking out in the cantonments of the hooping-cough. It first appeared in the family of a Mr Oldfield,

a civilian in the neighbourhood, and then came into the cantonments, and infected every child in it. Of course we instantly dismissed the school, and did what we could to preserve the babies in our house. But the will of my God be done; and it was His will to afflict my child. I had my lovely Henry as usual with me in the night of the 25th of March, and walked with him some hours: we then had a quiet sleep together; but I awoke at four, and was obliged to change my quarters immediately to the room in the house most distant from the nursery. Before ten that night my sweet little Lucy was born, the day being Good Friday.

This circumstance was the cause of the particular horror which the hooping-cough gave me; for when I parted from Henry at four o'clock, I expected the immediate arrival of his sister. I never again hoped to see him in life; but my God dealt mercifully with me in this respect, though I cannot now think of some passages of that time without anguish.

I had been obliged to take the most remote of our sitting-rooms for my use during my absence from the family. It was at the very end of the house, and looked towards the river, catching the view of the opposite shore—that lovely woody district, in the neighbourhood of which I had spent one or two days, and taken several lovely walks when ascending the river to Dinapore, a year and a half before. I could see this region from my bed, through the open verandah; whilst no one could approach the verandah from without, as there were posts and rails beyond it. The first night after my Lucy was born was to me one of great sadness, mingled with thanksgiving for my new-born baby; for my quick ear could catch the distant call of Henry, at the usual hour, for a long, long while, for his own mamma; till at length the cry of "Oh, mamma! mamma!" sunk under the persevering lullaby of the faithful attendant.

After this night the poor infant pined less for me. They brought him after a few days, that I should see him through the

glass windows; and he then looked at me with a sweet and tender smile, and like a weaned child submitted to be taken quietly away.

My journal thus speaks of this period:—"My little girl is a sweet plump child. Thank God, she has hitherto had excellent health, and the Lord has dealt most favourably with me. My anxiety about my lovely Henry has been very great; he has been very ill, but I trusted in God and He comforted me. Oh, my God! my good God!

"My pretty little girl was baptized on the 7th of April by the name of Lucy Martha.

"Oh! my Father, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, hear a mother's prayer for her infants. Oh! my Father, bless the babes thou hast given to me. I ask not riches, I ask not honour for them; I ask only that Thou wilt make them Thine for ever."

It seems that it was proposed, after this, that I might safely put the children together; this may be thought soon, but the hooping-cough is not in India what it is in Europe. But why do I linger in this part of my narrative? Let me hasten onwards.

From day to day my baby boy was sinking to the grave; yet with short intervals of ease, which deceived me. The weather was intensely hot; very close, without either wind or rain, and the nights were so oppressive that we could not sleep.

I was now beginning seriously to apprehend that I must give up my child. It was the first trial of the kind to which I had been called. I had felt it hard to be parted from my little Mary, parted so effectually that during all her infant and childish years she never was anything to me. But oh! it was still more painful to watch the lingering death of my beautiful boy; yet God remembered mercy, and in this instance, when one child was taken another was left, for I had Lucy still when Henry died.

But God "does not willingly afflict the children of men; though He cause grief yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies."

During the month of May I received a small box containing

letters from home, with the account of my sister's marriage to the Rev. Charles Cameron, son of Dr Cameron, of Worcester. In the beginning of June I find this prayer in my diary:—"Oh, holy Father! give thy grace to my poor little boy; help us to conquer in him what there may be of an evil spirit, and deign to visit him with thy holy, peaceful spirit, the spirit of love, of content, of innocence.

"Oh, holy Father, that fillest this world with so many innocent delights, so many natural beauties, fields and woods and running streams—banks fragrant with primroses and violets—waterfalls in woody glens, and open meadows gay with cowslips—Oh! give us hearts pure and fragrant as these, lovely and innocent, that we may know how to estimate these innocent joys. Oh, make us fit for our eternal home, for the sake of thy only Son our Lord and Saviour!"

I cannot exactly say at what time, but it was either in this month of May or of June, that, one day in conversation with our chaplain, I betrayed my total ignorance respecting the doctrine of human depravity. I seemed at times to have been astonished and dismayed by my own depravity, and this uneasiness was, of course, greatly increased by the idea which I entertained, that other religious people were free from my infirmities.

It would be strange to think how I could have remained thus blind to this doctrine when reading the Bible, as I did every day, if we did not see this same blindness frequently at this time amongst well-meaning people.

Our chaplain was undoubtedly my first teacher (through the Divine Spirit) of this very essential truth, that man's nature is depraved, for he admitted this doctrine as explained in our Ninth Article. He stated that original sin belonged to all the children of Adam; for through the first father man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil; so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit, and therefore every person born into the world is deserving of God's wrath and displeasure: He shewed me many texts which proved his words, and

I sought out many others. I found immediate comfort in the doctrine; it was the comfort of one who, having long felt himself sick, finds the nature of his disease and its remedy laid open before him. I was then (through Divine mercy) precisely in that state to receive, to admit, and to make my own all that Mr Parson taught me on this subject of original sin. I read with greediness a book which he lent me, viz., "Owen on Indwelling Sin." I have reason to rejoice in this little step towards the truth which I had been led to ascend, and I have reason also to remember with gratitude that friend who was permitted so far to assist me.

It should have been out of the question with me, situated as I then was, with one sick child and another either expected or hanging on me for support, to have undertaken the regimental school; but there again came in my false views of what God required of me, or of what I was to effect by my exertions. I was, I thought, either to work, or to suffer severe punishment, or if I escaped, through the Redeemer, others, I thought, might perish through my neglect. I therefore did work at all risks; and, had I then had an opportunity of consulting Henry Martyn on the subject, he would have said, "Go on, though you sacrifice your life in so doing." And I must add, that under the idea that immortal souls in any degree depended upon human ministry, no human person could have done otherwise than we did.

I had not yet attained that first step to a heavenly life in the scale given us by the apostle. I had not yet seen cause to glory in tribulation, because tribulation worketh experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed. I had not patience; the constant sufferings of my boy were dreadful to me to witness, and I fear I accounted the persons about me to blame for the misery I endured.

It is a new and terrible feeling when a tender parent first looks upon the corpse of his own child. Every father or mother possesses a sort of instinctive persuasion that his child is to outlive him; and if ever he presents his own deathbed scene to himself, he always

imagines that his sons and daughters will be standing round him, endeavouring to administer every comfort in their power. Nature shrinks at the idea of the child going before the father. Well do I remember, that, although the death of infants is so common an event, I was utterly confounded when I was called upon to give up my infant baby. Oh, my baby—oh, my Henry! Teach me to do thy will, my God.

On the 6th July I sent out the rest of the family, and walked with my little sweet one on the river-side; his bearer carried him. He often held out his arms to me, and I bade him look at the birds (adjutants) and monkeys on the shore. He looked, sweet babe, and with the bright hues of the birds and the antics of the monkeys he was pleased.

There was a row of posts along the river's bank, at the top of each of which there always was an adjutant sitting, as if the creature had been a part of the woodwork. There were monkeys, too, belonging to some gentleman, which used to be brought out for air on the bank, to the great delight of many a little white child and his nurse.

In the evening I walked with my Henry in Lucy's verandah (the verandah of the room in which that little fair one was born). I sang the "Evening Hymn." I sang many psalms, and took him at last asleep to bed. These words are ever sounding in my ears—"Mamma, mamma, remember Henry!" I used to fancy at that time that I constantly heard him repeating them.

On Saturday I saw him in the back verandah, with a little slender stick in his hand; and I saw him afterwards with corn for the fowls in his frock.

In the evening he became worse, and being very restless I walked a little way with him, to shew him some elephants, which were often led out on the bank.

Oh, my baby! oh, my Henry! and can I no more even behold the burying-place of my baby, beneath the palm-trees? Oh, my child, may our reunion be happy! "Oh, mamma, mamma, remember Henry!"

Lord, 'tis thy hand, thy sovereign power,
 That form'd him in the womb;
 Thy holy, just, Almighty Word
 Now lays him in the tomb.

What though his mother never more
 Shall kiss her Henry dear,
 Nor, gazing on his pale, sweet face,
 Bedew it with a tear—

Yet the Great King, with father's love,
 Hath laid this babe to rest
 In that most glorious, happy land,
 Where all in Christ are bless'd.

On the Saturday before my little one's death, I sat at the door (or entrance) of the front verandah, with my boy on a pillow on my lap. After a while he raised himself up, and looked about him. I took him in my arms, and walked with him towards the river: he seemed easier; but towards evening the disease, which had ceased for twenty-four hours, came on again with violence.

We sent for the doctor, and two of the women sat up with him. He lay in his ayah's arms, and death sat on his face. I saw it then for the first time.

The native servants were quarrelsome, as they too often are in scenes of trouble. The bearers could not agree who was to air the linen with which the nurse changed the bed of my dying infant. This circumstance made me weep bitterly; for when a cup is full, a small thing causes it to overflow,

Dr Penny (the station surgeon) came. I suppose that Mr Millar had brought him in. He looked at the dying baby, and then, taking my hand, he told me not to grieve if he was taken from me: he was struggling with death. Once again I got my boy in my arms. I walked with him to the further part of the verandah, where I was not under the immediate gaze of any one. There were some lovely golden clouds just above my head; I thought that these were opening to receive my baby, and that my father and little Maria Parker were coming for my child. I was alone for a moment, and I remember crying, in an agony of grief, "Oh, Lord! take my child, and make him thine own for ever."

(Thus far had I then been brought to submit, after much and long resistance against the Divine will; for assuredly never did mother more reluctantly resign a child than I did Henry; yet even this sin is forgiven me, through Him who is the propitiation for all sins). I dreaded lest he might suffer much in death, but God was good to me.

The two surgeons again brought me away from my boy. He was still struggling with his last enemy (death), and wanted to be removed from place to place. They brought him into that part of the verandah opposite to the door of the room where they detained me. I could remain from him no longer—I hastened to his side. He was changed during the few minutes in which I had been absent from him. Some one said to him, "Henry, kiss your mamma." We supposed he had passed all knowledge of present things, but he turned his lovely eyes to me and smiled. Oh! what a smile! I kissed his lips; they were already quite cold and clammy. I was again drawn from him, but soon after, returning, I sat down and took him on my lap, stretched as he was on his mattress. He was breathing hard; his breath became slower and slower. He suddenly raised his eyes, as if to heaven, and they became fixed. He fetched his breath at longer and longer intervals, and soon it ceased for ever.

Oh, my baby! Oh, my Henry!

I saw the remains of my precious baby for a few minutes that same night; he was laid out on the sofa of the parlour. They would not suffer me to stay with him. They tore me from him.

The fair corpse wore a delicate Holland cap, with a white rose, and a frill round his neck, but otherwise dressed as he had been in life. He looked quite white; but his features were in no way changed. Flowers were scattered over the infant corpse.

Mrs Sturt had a boy a little older than Henry; this child had been so ill that she had come into cantonments with him, for the advantage of being near medical assistance. His disease had been convulsions. In one of his fits he had been supposed to be dead; his

coffin had been ordered and made, but he recovered, and the child of another mother was destined to fill that last receptacle. As soon as I arose the next day, I went with my baby, Lucy, to Mrs. Whetstone's quarters in the great Square, and from her kindness received much comfort; only once giving way to a violent burst of sorrow, on hearing the well-known sound of our own carriage when it conveyed my boy, on the knees of his nurses, to the burying-ground. Still I had my beautiful Lucy to comfort me, and the whole tide of my maternal affection (balked already in two instances) poured forth upon her.

This lovely child was not then quite a quarter old, but a more beautiful infant can scarcely be imagined. There was not a fault in her features, and although a native of Berhampore, yet there was a glow of health and beauty which was very promising of long life. Her eyes were of dark blue, and soft as those of the gazelle, and her hair, young as she was, of the real golden auburn.

I remember that day occupying myself in trimming her lace cap with bows of narrow black love-ribbon, and tying a black love-sash round her waist. I was encouraging myself to make a new idol; each idol that I raised becoming more and more precious, if possible, than the one which had gone before. Still, still my heart clung to the memory of my Henry.

I never returned to our old quarters at Berhampore after my boy's funeral, but went at night to the budgerow which had been prepared for our voyage to Cawnpore. We had expected to have moved some time before, but we depended on the 22d regiment, which was up the country, and was to relieve us. This regiment had left Muttra, we heard, on the 20th June; it was to come down the river, and the boats which had been used to bring down the soldiers of that regiment were to take ours up. We could not expect them, it seems, before the middle of August. I do not remember how it had happened that we had got a budgerow so soon; it was to this boat, however, that we went that night. I spent the

whole day there with my Lucy, and the next, Mr Parson fetched us to his house.

Supposing, what I cannot suppose, that the minute accounts of the lives and deaths of these babes have no interest, yet I hope presently to shew, that behind this frowning Providence there were purposes of mercy to be revealed that no human wisdom can appreciate.

By many persons it will be thought that my grief for Henry was inordinate. I do not dispute the point. I am not writing these memoirs to prove myself a faultless person. My wish is to state the truth, as I find it in my Indian journal, and it is with this object that I introduce many little things which self-love would persuade me to keep in the back-ground.

As Mr Sherwood could not pay the regiment, nor settle with the officers, at the house of Mr Parson, he had a room still in his old quarters. He used to breakfast early, and go out, seldom appearing again until dinner-time. Of course I could not have my school; I therefore after breakfast always retired to my rooms, where I had my own sweet Lucy to comfort me; yet still my thoughts would wander back to the children from whom I was parted. I often used to weep over my lovely, solitary Lucy. I felt very sad that this, my third child, should be alone without brother or sister, and I permitted this regret one day to escape me in the presence of Mr Sherwood. He was so much affected by my sorrow, that he made me a proposal which much pleased me, and which just suited my feelings. "Would you," he said, "like to adopt a little orphan from the barracks, some little motherless child who might be a companion to our Lucy?" I rejoiced greatly when Mr Sherwood made this kind proposition to me, and he immediately left me to make inquiries for an orphan child in the barracks.

I can give no account of the feeling which led me so eagerly to accept this proposal, for I still had one child left with me, and I was of an age to suppose I might have many more; neither did I

then thoroughly understand the condition of white orphans in India. But all that I can now say is, that it pleased God (in whose hands are the hearts of all men) so at that time to fill my heart with feelings of pity for little children, that there was no length which I would not have gone to serve them, babies especially.

I needed none to tell me how deplorable must be the state of a white child left in barracks without a mother. I thought that nothing could comfort me so much after the loss of Henry as the adoption of some little motherless one in his place. I was, however, induced to give up this plan at that time from this circumstance, that there was not, on inquiry, any orphan in the barracks, but a boy about three years old, a stout, healthy little fellow, who did not particularly require any fostering care. I reflected that in a very few years I could do nothing with a boy, and we gave up the idea for that time.

I still, however, was permitted to retain the hope that some time or another I might adopt some forlorn little girl from the barracks, and the idea was sweet to me. At that time there was no refuge for white orphan girls in India.

Our kind host, Mr Parson, devoted himself much to me in my deep sorrow, to give me such views of Divine love as I never knew before. At those periods he also spoke to me of Mr Brown, Mr Martyn, Mr Corrie, and Mr Simeon; of what was doing in England, and what was planned in India, for the conversion of the world. He told me, also, of a set of holy persons who lived, or had lived, at Malda; and amongst these last was a Mr Clayton, who actually arrived at Mr Parson's whilst I was there, on his way to Calcutta, in dreadful health, where he died shortly afterwards.

This Mr Clayton had resided long in India, and had always been enabled to walk in holiness. He was a native of Coventry, and had first received serious impressions from a sermon he had heard in Trinity church, in that city. Mr Sherwood and myself well knew the preacher of the sermon, and there is little doubt

that if he was the means of doing Mr Clayton good it was a Divine work, for he was not by any means enlightened himself. But it pleased God so to bless his words to Mr Clayton, that, humanly speaking, he owed to him his conversion to the truth as it is in our blessed Redeemer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DEATH OF MRS CHILDE—LEFT BERHAMPORE—OUR ATTENDANTS—
MR RAMSAY'S INVITATION—THE DANCE—MRS STURT'S LITTLE
BOY—MY "INFANT PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"—HENRY'S NURSE—MR
MARTYN—HIS VIEWS ON THE MILLENNIUM—MR CURRIE—MRS
PARSONS AND LITTLE MARY—ADOPTION OF ANNIE AND SARAH.

It was in the beginning of September, a day or two only before we left Berhampore, when our host, Mr Parson, was called one evening to visit a dying woman in the hospital. This woman, who had come out with the detachment under Major Mansell, had suffered severely from the length of the voyage. I cannot recollect how long they were on the sea, but it seems that when arrived at Calcutta, instead of enjoying any rest, they had been immediately transferred to boats, and brought on to Berhampore. Two of the women of the detachment, in consequence, were in a dying state when they reached the regiment, although one of these did not die for several weeks after we had left that station. The names of these women were Childe and Pownal, the last being the wife of a sergeant. I shall have occasion to refer to both hereafter. It was to Mrs Childe that Mr Parson was called; and when he returned he seemed to be much affected. He described the scene as being

such as he never before witnessed. He did not tell us the name of the woman, but he said she was a young and delicate person, and near death. She had not had time to make any friends in the regiment, except with the few women who had come out with her, and they were suffering from the same cause (over-fatigue) with herself. Hence she was quite alone, saving that on her pillow sat a little pale girl, not much more than three years old—a sweet little creature, wholly unconscious of her threatened loss. The dying woman had sent to Mr Parson, as the minister of Christ; but, as often happens between the minister and the person dying, the holy lesson was to come from her to him, and not from him to her. He found her furnished with much religious knowledge of the best kind. She repeated, he said, many passages from the Scriptures and from "Watts' Hymns" (these last were at that time universally taught in Sunday and other schools). She gave this evidence of her faith—an evidence, the strength of which a tender mother only can comprehend: she expressed herself, in that, her dying hour, perfectly assured, without a shadow of uneasiness, that her little beloved one would be well provided for—yea, even better than she could do for her herself.

Thus her faith was made to see beyond the dark scene of this world. She was of inferior degree by birth, in a foreign land, a stranger even to the ladies of her own regiment, her husband but a private soldier, her infant's only refuge being a soldier's life, and yet even Job himself did not exclaim more confidently, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," than did this poor dying mother, "that she knew her infant girl would be taken care of." The child, as I said before, was a delicate, pale little creature, sitting by a mother's side almost motionless. Mr Parson was greatly struck by this instance of strong faith in this poor woman, as, indeed, we all were; but the bustle and hurry which ensued immediately afterwards put all these things out of our minds; for at the same time my little Lucy was far from well. Oh, poor human nature! in my own trouble I forgot that there was,

or had been, another mother, more tried, but more faithful than myself. We left Berhampore on the 9th September. We sailed with a fine easterly wind, and soon overtook the regiment, which had halted to place itself in order about three miles above Berhampore, on the opposite side. I remember that we were deserted by almost all our servants at the very moment of our embarkation, though Mr Sherwood had taken the precaution to inquire of each one whether he would go with us or not to Cawnpore. Some of our attendants had expressed perfect willingness to go, whilst others had refused; so Mr Sherwood paid them all up the day before. Those who were going with us alleged that they wanted their wages to buy provisions for the voyage. When we got into our budgerow how greatly, then, were we amazed to find that all those servants who had undertaken to go with us had decamped, bag and baggage, whilst those who had declared their intention to leave us were in their places, and ready to serve us. Amongst these was a certain little hideous Kitmutghaur, with a huge head and shrivelled members, who served us from the time of our residence in Berhampore till we went down to Calcutta to embark for England, with the exception of only a few months. The name of this monstrous dwarf was Babouk; and worthy he was of being a brother of the famous barber of Bagdad. This strange conduct on the part of our servants left us in some trouble on our departure, for our cook and Dobe were of the number of those who had left us. Though we soon made up their loss, yet we could get no food cooked for the first day, the consequence of which was that we had nothing to eat or drink for twenty-four hours but what the budgerow itself contained. My sweet Lucy was ill during this voyage, and continued so till we reached Jungipore, where a Mr Ramsay, a son of Lord Dalhousie, had a magnificent house close to the river side. Mr Ramsay had associated much with our officers at Berhampore. He had engaged our colonel to halt the fleet in that place for three days on our voyage up. He also had invited all the great civilians to meet their old friends for the last time in

this place. As the position of our budgerow was very near the head of the regiment, it so happened that we lay, during the three days of our sojourn at Jungipore, nearly opposite the principal front of Mr Ramsay's house. We were separated from this house only by a small extent of sloping lawn, so that by candle-light we could see into the very hall in which the company were regaled. The blaze of the numerous lamps streamed through every open window and door-way, and, pouring through the portico, displayed the whole front of the mansion, with the light colonnade and oriental balustrade which encircled the flat roof, in strong relief against the background of dark vegetation. The band usually struck up immediately after the appearance of the lights, and continued at intervals to fill the air with many a well-remembered strain, till night gave place to morning, and the weary travellers were compelled to retreat each to his boat or tent. Sunday was the last day which we spent at Jungipore. My little one, who had been ill, was much better. As I received another invitation to dinner from Mrs Ramsay, I thought it best to accept it. It is evident I was to a certain extent sufficiently Indian to do as others did about me; so accordingly I accompanied Mr Sherwood to the house at the usual dinner hour. It must be understood that there was not an unmarried female then at Jungipore. As I ascended the steps of the portico, one of our officers, a Major I——, seized my hand. "I am the first to secure you," he said; "will you be my partner?" "For what?" I asked. "The ball, to be sure," he replied; "will you dance with me?" "What," I answered, "on Sunday!" "And why not?" he said, and he went on attempting to prove that there could not possibly be any harm in dancing on a Sunday. It was impossible to argue with him there. I could not shake him off till I had told him that I would dance with no other person, though I believed that he was altogether jesting about a ball that evening. Before I got into the saloon, however, several similar petitions were made to me.

I was most kindly received by all parties. We had a dinner

laid out in all the pomp of the East, and after dinner the ladies withdrew to the drawing-room, and there I had an unlooked-for shock. Mrs Sturt had brought her babies with her. She had four children in Europe and four in India. A little pale boy, one of Mrs Sturt's children, came running into the drawing-room; he was a month, or two, perhaps, older than my Henry would have been. His mamma began to talk of him to the lady on my other side, as he stood between her and myself. She said, "That he had lately been so terribly ill that his coffin had been ordered and made; indeed, he had been supposed to have been absolutely dead." The child was standing close to me, leaning upon me, and I could not restrain my feelings. "Oh, that coffin," I said; "oh that coffin!" The ladies could not conceive what was the matter with me. They kindly took me into another room, where they were both much affected when I told them, that my own little boy had occupied the coffin from which the other had been saved. Mrs Ramsay had then never had a child, but still with all the tenderness of a mother, she and Mrs Sturt kindly took care that the little pale boy should be seen no more by me that night. Thus was the pleasure of that evening thoroughly saddened to me by this very painful association. Truly my way in India was mercifully hedged in with thorns, until, as I firmly believe, I was brought out where I was no longer encompassed with snares and pitfalls. Mr Sherwood and myself waited only till after tea. On hearing the band preluding as for the opening of the ball in the next room, and seeing the gentlemen rising to select their partners, we took a hasty leave of Mrs Ramsay, and escaped to our budgerow and to our little baby.

It was not till near the morning that the music ceased on the shore, as the company took their last farewell of their magnificent and truly kind entertainers. At gun-fire the fleet was in motion to leave Jungipore. When free from sickness, and the weather favourable, there was something in the mode of life which we led during that voyage which was particularly delightful to me. The

of his soul would absorb the attention of every observer. There was a very decided air, too, of the gentleman about Mr Martyn, and a perfection of manners which, from his extreme attention to all minute civilities, might seem almost inconsistent with the general bent of his thoughts to the most serious subjects. He was as remarkable for ease as for cheerfulness, and in these particulars this journal does not give a graphic account of this blessed child of God. I was much pleased at the first sight of Mr Martyn. I had heard much of him from Mr Parson; but I had no anticipation of his hereafter becoming so distinguished as he subsequently did. And if I anticipated it little, he, I am sure, anticipated it less; for he was one of the humblest of men.

Mr Martyn invited us to visit him at his quarters at Dinapore, and we agreed to accept his invitation the next day. Mr Martyn's house was destitute of every comfort, though he had multitudes of people about him. I had been troubled with a pain in my face, and there was not such a thing as a pillow in the house. I could not find anything to lay my head on at night but a bolster, stuffed as hard as a pin-cushion. We had not, as is usual in India, brought our own bedding from the boats. Our kind friend had given us his own room; but I could get no rest during the two nights of my remaining there, from the pain in my face, which was irritated by the bolster; but during each day, however, there was much for the mind to feed upon with delight. After breakfast—Mr Martyn had family prayers, which he commenced by singing a hymn. He had a rich, deep voice, and a fine taste for vocal music. After singing he read a chapter, explained parts of it, and prayed extempore. Afterwards he withdrew to his studies and translations. The evening was finished with another hymn, scripture reading, and prayers. The conversion of the natives and the building up of the kingdom of Christ were the great objects for which alone that child of God seemed to exist then, and, in fact, for which he died. His views on these subjects were then what were entertained by all religious persons in England—views which are, I believe, generally

entertained under various modifications by those who are called evangelical. As far as I can recollect them, they were these: that a time was to come when, according to the promise, "the earth was to be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the seas." Nor did he err in receiving the promise in its full sense, without doubting; for that which God hath said shall be, and it is sweet to the memory of this beloved child of God to state that the promises of his Saviour were the grounds of his brightest and most sanguine hopes. But it appears to me that our dear friend did not fully comprehend three important points relating to the fulfilment of the promise. First, as to the time when this blessed change was to take place, even under the present order of things, whilst all things in the natural world were going on in the natural way; secondly, as to the state of those who were then to exist of the offspring of Adam; and thirdly, as to the means by which this blessed change was to be wrought: viz., the ministry of man as directed by the Divine Spirit. Hence he was led to entertain the idea that this day of better things was about to dawn. He believed that he saw the glimmering of this day in the exertions then making in Europe for the diffusion of the Scriptures and the sending forth of missionaries. Influenced by the belief that man's ministry was the instrumentality which, by the Holy Spirit, would be made effectual to the work, we found him labouring beyond his strength, and doing all in his power to excite other persons to use the same exertions. How far they influenced us may be seen in the sequel. I can recollect that it was chiefly whilst walking with him on the Plain, on the Saturday and Sunday evenings, that he opened his mind to us on these subjects; explaining his various plans, and the difficulties he had already met with in other matters relative to religion, which I do not exactly now remember. This, however, I can never forget, that Henry Martyn was one of the very few persons whom I have ever met who appeared never to be drawn away from one leading and prevailing object of interest, and that object was the promotion of religion. He did not appear like

one who felt the necessity of contending with the world and denying himself its delights, but rather as one who was unconscious of the existence of any attractions in the world, or of any delights which were worthy of his notice. When he relaxed from his labours in the presence of his friends, it was to play and laugh like an innocent, happy child, more especially if children were present to play and laugh with him.

I wish that I could remember more of his conversation at that time; but my memory has been too often heavily laden with diversified subjects to be always vigorous and distinct. There is a reference in "The Infant's Progress" to one elegant idea of his respecting a rose transfixed with a thorn. The natives have a peculiar taste for forming nosegays by fixing flowers of various colours and descriptions on a thorny branch; and these the gardener often presents as an offering to his master. This offering is usually laid on the breakfast-table. The flowers thus parted from their own stem begin to languish instantly, soon collapse, and lose their bloom and fragrance. It may easily be imagined how such a mind as that which Henry Martyn had might apply this emblem to the union between Christ and his people; shewing how our life depends on our union with him, and with him only, as the only living root.

We were much pleased with Mr Martyn's sermon, and yet I do not now even remember the text. Mr Martyn shewed us in the "Calcutta Collection," which we used in India, a hymn which he had caused to be sung at the funeral of a young and lovely lady, the wife of an officer of the regiment then in Dinapore. Little did I anticipate the circumstances under which I myself selected this hymn to be sung, many a year after, at the funeral sermon of my daughter Emily:—

"When blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand."

Calcutta Collection, 212.

In my Indian journal I find this remark:—"Mr Martyn is one

of the most pleasing, mild, and heavenly-minded men, walking in this turbulent world with peace in his mind, and charity in his heart."

It was some days after leaving Dinapore before we reached Benares, one of the most striking examples of a Pagan city I ever beheld. In its wretched, dark, and narrow streets one meets perpetually with hogs and sacred bulls, having gilded horns, pariah dogs, and naked fakeers besmeared with mud and cowdung, deformed men and women, beggars, lazars, lepers, Brahmins, Nautch girls, and devotees in furious fanatic excitement, marching in procession, and shouting and howling fearfully in honour of their gods. But we did not linger in its polluted air, for we started at four o'clock the next morning. We could not but admire the effect, though we must disapprove the object, of the illumination, occasioned by the lamps of the many devotees, placed in all directions above the city, lighting up the buildings as if studded with stars.

As we were proceeding we met with a boat, bringing us bread and vegetables from kind Mr Corrie, the late Bishop of Madras, a friend of Mr Parson, then stationed as chaplain at Chunar. This was the beginning of our intercourse with that simple-hearted, holy Christian. God, in His infinite mercy, though we knew it not, was beginning to lead us out from worldly society into that of His chosen and most beloved children in India. He hitherto hedged our way with sharp thorns, but He was preparing the roses which after a little while were to render the few last years of our residence in the East as happy as human beings can be in the present state of existence.

As the day broke, having not yet left Benares behind us, but being still near some parts of the city, we heard a confused noise of horns, cracked drums, and other nondescript instruments, we cannot say of music, but of discord, sufficient to terrify any one who did not know from whence it came. These sounds were from different places of worship at Benares. It was here that Mr

Corrie first began his ministry in India, and many of his letters to Mr Martyn are dated from thence. It is very probable that had he not been removed from this place, within two or three years afterwards, his life must have fallen a sacrifice to the excessive heats. Mr Sherwood walked up from the river to the Fort, when he landed at Chunar, and he found Mr Corrie in quarters there. He breakfasted with him whilst the fleet was coming up, and when it came in view he brought Mr Corrie on board our pinnace. He remained with us three hours, whilst the greater part of the fleet was labouring through the dangerous rapid which is opposite Chunar, and then he left us. And now let me endeavour to recover my first impression of that humble and blessed child of God, Mr Corrie. He was a tall man, nearly six feet high; his features were not good, from the length of his face, but the expression of his countenance was as full of love as that of my father's—more I cannot say—with a simplicity wholly his own. He never departed from the most perfect rules of politeness; he never said a rude or unkind thing, and never seemed to have any consciousness of the rank of the person with whom he was conversing. He was equally courteous to all, and attentive to every individual who came within his observation. I had been greatly pleased with Mr Martyn; I could not be less so with Mr Corrie. A letter from Mr Parson had apprised him of our approach, and he met us not as strangers, but in every respect treated us as a dear brother and sister, opening out his own plans for instructing the people, and urging us to make every exertion for the cause of Christianity. This excellent man, as I said, remained nearly three hours with us, until we, with the whole fleet, had passed Chunar; he was then obliged to leave us, returning in a small boat.

And now, urged on to exertion by our new friends, we assembled the school again as soon as we arrived at Cawnpore, and we worked very hard with the children. I generally heard four classes: one of great boys, another of the elder girls, and two classes of the younger children. The great boys were put under instruction mostly by

the sanction of the regiment. Many of the first set, having been brought from Europe, died before we left India; some of the older girls also died, and some married. Many married officers above their own birth, and some proved their affection to me in after-life.

It was at this time that Mr Sherwood's kind offer of taking a little companion for my Lucy occurred to my mind, and I employed one of the soldiers' wives, a Mrs Parsons, to look out for a little girl for me.

On the first establishment of our school at Dinapore, a young and comely woman particularly attracted my attention. She wore, on the occasion when she first presented herself before me, a print gown and white apron and kerchief, and in her arms she carried a little creature about three years old, very fair, and having a profusion of light hair curling about her head. The mother set her down at a little distance from the house, and shewed her the door of the school-room where she was to enter. The child, however, held back, and the mother stooped and kissed her babe, leading her a few steps, and then encouraging her to go on alone; and, after a while, the little one, gathering courage, presented herself, and soon became a very dear and affectionate pupil. This little Mary will be often spoken of hereafter; but I cannot refrain from making this remark here: Mrs Parsons was the orphans' friend; she it was who helped me to find those who needed help. Hence, as might be expected, God blessed her, by providing a friend for her own child when the little girl became motherless. Little did I then foresee that Mary Parsons would become, in future days, a partner with me in many joys and sorrows.

But to return to little Annie Childe's infantine sorrows. I said I employed Mrs Parsons to look out for a little girl for me. One day she informed me that she had found out a child in the barracks, motherless and fatherless, the father having died within a few weeks. This was precisely the object I sought, and I immediately commissioned Mrs Parsons to bring the child to me, and to inform the persons who took care of her, that it was my intention to adopt

her. I soon discovered that the little one was the same whom the chaplain had noticed at Berhampore, seated on the pillow, where rested the head of her dying mother—that same little helpless one for whom the prayer of faith had been poured forth in circumstances as dark as faith ever enlightened. Kind, motherly Mrs Parsons did not linger on her errand. The motherless Annie was brought by her to me, and, sad to say, we found that the little destitute girl had been so improperly treated since her mother's death, having been drugged with ardent spirits, that the fatal effects upon her health were never overcome. The history of this sweet child will be found, at full length, in a work of mine, entitled "The Indian Orphans," published by Melrose, Berwick-upon-Tweed, in 1839.

When my Annie was provided with new clothes, the forlorn and neglected orphan shortly appeared a delicate-looking little lady, with all the airs and manners suitable to the rank into which she had been raised; at the same time she did not lose an item of that unassuming simplicity which is so lovely in childhood.

I was at this period of my life so very busy with the children of the regiment—that is, with the motherless children in the barracks—that it hardly seemed as if the taking of one or more into the house was a circumstance worth a notice of a few lines. I frequently regret that I have said so much in my Indian journals of private feelings and thoughts, and so little of real events. We had made a large collection in the regiment, for the use of all the little children which had lost a parent; by this means they were handsomely provided for. The women in the barracks were glad to take them for the money which was given with them; but as Mr Sherwood, as paymaster, had the charge of this charity, I had far more little creatures to see clothed and taken care of out of my own family than in it. There were five little boys in the school nearly of the age of my own Mary, four of whom were orphans, and for these I had made clothes at Sunderland and Morpeth. The money we had collected for the orphans was the beginning of a fund by

which we effectually relieved many children whilst we remained with the 53d. Efforts of this description were afterwards rendered less necessary, as will be shewn in the sequel of these memoirs.

I now proceed to explain one cause of my being so strongly excited as I was to take the part of the orphans of the 53d regiment under my immediate superintendance.

It happened some weeks only after I had taken little Annie, that Mrs Parsons called to see my Lucy, who was, next to her own children, the dearest to her in the regiment. We were always pleased to see her, and she had always much to say to me; amongst other things she spoke with high indignation of some wretched woman in the barracks who had the charge of an orphan girl. This woman, whose name I forget, had come out in the same detachment with the mother of Annie, and also with the mother of the poor baby whom she was treating thus barbarously. Mrs Parsons hinted that she believed the woman was actually endeavouring, in an underhand, quiet way, to relieve herself of the burden of the child by starving it to death. It was natural for me to inquire what sort of a man the father was, and wherefore did the woman undertake the care of the child? The father was a young man, and easily deceived, she said; he was told that his child was ill, and the woman had made some promise to the mother on her deathbed that she would take the child. Having Mr Sherwood's consent to all I did, I sent the next morning to the barracks to desire the woman who had the care of Sergeant Pownal's infant to come and bring the child to me, which, however unwillingly she might be, she did not dare to refuse, and so well was I known that even the father could scarcely have withheld the child from me had he wished it. I perfectly remember the time, and where I stood when the babe was brought in. I was in the nursery; Mrs Parker, some black women, and also the bearer who attended the children were with me. It was noonday, and I had dismissed the school. The soldier's wife, as I said, was brought before me: she was young, sandy complexion, and hair inclined to red—a coarse

and disagreeable person ; in her arms she carried the child ; the skin about the infant's mouth was stretched until the mouth and teeth were quite prominent ; the cheeks were fallen in, the eyes staring, and the whole physiognomy that of the most eager famine. The little creature was very pale, and had very light and soft hair. The child wore a muslin frock, which had been hastily put on, and there were little long sleeves rudely attached to the short ones. The frock was clean, but the child had no other garment than the frock. The woman looked defiance at us all when I put the question to her—"Is this child ill?" "Yes," she answered, "very ill." "I do not think it," I said ; and going near to the baby to examine her more closely, she stretched out her arms to me and struggled faintly. Those little arms and that little eager, helpless appeal, was rendered effectual by Him in whose hands are the hearts of all men, to turn and direct them to His own purposes. "And now," I said to the woman, having received the little one in my arms, "now you may go ; the child needs you no more." She refused to go without the babe, and would have been very impertinent, had not the white women, with the other servants, taken up the cause, and the bearer very quietly followed her till he saw her without the gates. I must just add, that the father expressed himself truly grateful. The woman was no sooner gone than Mrs Parker began to provide for the baby's comfort. She first bathed and dressed her, and as the poor child had not power to sit up straight, we laid her on a little mattress, and we procured an ayah to attend her ; we gave her from time to time a few spoonfuls of very light food, such as we made for the youngest baby ; but for weeks she was so ravenous that she would have eaten everything which she could lay her little hands upon. We found very soon that the child had no disease whatever, and that she was suffering merely from famine, though the wretched woman had persuaded the father that she was very ill. As I said above, he was very thankful for all I was doing for his child, and deeply grieved when he knew of her past sufferings.

CHAPTER XIX.

DEATH OF LITTLE LUCY—MY INORDINATE GRIEF—DESCRIPTION OF ANNIE—DEATH OF MRS PARSONS—THREATENINGS OF WAR—MR JEFFREDS—MODE OF EXISTENCE DURING THE HOT WINDS—ARRIVAL AND ILLNESS OF THE REV. HENRY MARTYN—ANECDOTES OF ANNIE AND MR MARTYN.

AND now once again I am called upon to narrate another of those heavy losses which will ever render our life on earth a life of mourning. Oh, life! life!—the life we live in Adam—how full it is of sorrowful memories! but we live in the hope of the life which is in Christ, an existence of happiness unspeakable and full of glory.

It was on a Wednesday that, after our tiffin, I lay down with my baby, her sweet arms over my neck. We both slept; but, alas! when I awoke I found that her little frame burned like fire, and, oh, my precious one, she never from that time left the house but in her coffin.

We sent for a doctor who did what he thought advisable. My sweet Lucy was very restless in the night. Her disease was dysentery, and in the morning light I saw that she was much altered in appearance, and that the last fatal symptom had already shewn itself.

My God was preparing me to give up this idol also. My Bible was in my hand, and I turned to the Lamentations, thinking only that I might there find suitable expressions of anguish, and there I was led to see, and in part to receive in faith, that beautiful passage, which I quote at length:—"For the Lord will not cast off for ever: but though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not

afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men."—Lam. iii. 31, 32, 33.

But let me draw a veil over my sorrows. The Friday after her first attack, I lost my Lucy. Thank God, she slept much between the intervals of her disease. When she last awoke, she rolled and threw herself about on the mattress, which we had put for coolness on the floor, as if she were in mortal anguish. But the agony was short, and during that agony her father was kneeling in his own room; for this child, this third child, had been the most dear and precious to him of all his children. When the anguish of death was about to terminate, my baby girl extended her little arms towards me, her eyes being at the same time closed. Her cry was, "Mamma, mamma!" speaking lower and lower, and more indistinctly, till the last faint repetition of the words could no longer be heard. I felt for her pulse, but it was gone.

Suddenly she raised her beautiful black eyelashes, and looked up towards the ceiling. Oh, what a look, what a countenance of heavenly beauty, mingled with the expression of extinguishing mortality! Oh, my Lucy, I thank thy heavenly Father that I know thou art already profiting by thy Redeemer's merits! I have no fears of thy eternal happiness; no, nor had I even at that moment in which I felt this life was going from thee. Another instant, and the immortal soul had passed away; the little body was a dead weight upon the mother's arms.

Oh, my God! I thank Thee for the composure and comfort which Thou bestowed upon us in that hour of greatest need.

But, as days passed on, we were very unhappy, for my Lucy's father sorrowed as deeply as myself. It seemed as if we had forgotten prosperity, or to have our hearts raised with joy. I tried, but it was coldly, to thank God for the blessings still remaining to me, and the kindness of those about me, especially of that dearest of dear friends, Mrs Mawby.

I laboured with my school, but I saw not the fruits of my labours, excepting in my little Annie, for this child was early blest.

There is no doubt that many mothers have lost more children, one after another, than I did in India, and perhaps even under more painful circumstances. These mothers, too, may have been equally tender with myself, yet they may have suffered these losses with far more resignation, cheerfulness, and submission to the Divine will than I did; but something in my favour may perhaps be allowed for the enervating effect of the climate in which I then resided. And yet, when all has been said, I must acknowledge that I did not only yield to my grief, but that I nourished and cherished it in many instances in which I should have fled from it; for example, was it not a needless pain to me to write down, as I did, all the particulars of my Lucy's last days on earth, and the circumstances of her death? Was it not feeding grief to do what I did, as it regarded the little Sally? For this child, having been badly nourished, was scarcely larger than my Lucy had been, and nearly as helpless and infantine. No sooner, then, was my Lucy gone, than I caused Sally to be dressed in her frocks. I made her and Annie new caps, which I trimmed with rosettes of black love-ribbon, thus encouraging my sorrow.

Weeks passed, too, before I would go out in the tonjon, though I sometimes walked with the children in our beautiful garden, for they were with me on all occasions, even when the ladies of the regiment visited me.

Annie had improved so rapidly, and had so much of the little lady in her manners, with such peculiar refinement of sentiment, that she became a particular favourite of Mrs Mawby's and the other ladies. She was much spoken of, and often invited to spend days from home; and had she been my own child, she could not have received more attention. It seemed to be a wonder to all that the barracks could have produced such a child. Thus persons began to turn their thoughts to the situation of motherless white girls of low degree in India; and thus, may I add, were all things ordered, so as to tend to one point of no small importance, for the

welfare of the many. What use it pleased God to make of this little girl will hereafter appear.

But again am I called upon to narrate scenes of suffering. My humble but pious friend and constant companion, dear Mrs Parsons, died so suddenly, in the beginning of October, scarcely one month after my Lucy, that the first thing I heard was that Parsons was come to get flowers to lay over his wife's remains. Oh, death, death, thou art very busy here! On the Wednesday morning, the afflicted husband brought his little girl, his sole remaining child, to me. I was preparing her black clothes; poor child, she was pleased with the change. Three orphans, and myself, the mother of two departed babes, made up our party in the room in which I sat to work.

On the 6th, a great ball was given to the commander-in-chief, which I did not attend, but stayed at home with my little girls. I have their figures now before me walking in that fair garden, dressed in white, as children commonly are in India, with black caps and trimmings, Mary Parsons being the eldest by a year and a half. Mrs Parsons had never looked up after she was informed of the death of my Lucy. Her answer to those who told her was, "I, too, shall soon go to her."

It was the day afterwards I heard of the death of a poor woman in the barracks, whose infant was brought to me, and I had some trouble in getting a nurse.

At this time there were many rumours of war, though we hardly knew what to believe; yet we knew that government was marching an army towards Ludhana, one of the fords on the Sutlege, the most eastern branch of the Indus.

It also appeared that the Seik chief, Rajah Runjeet Sing, of Lahore, had a large army on the western bank; but what the purposes of the English were, as regarded this man, we did not know; though it seemed, however, that there was some alarm. In short, we were under such constant expectation of an order to march, that every officer began to provide himself with camp furniture

and camels; and well it was that they did so, for soon afterwards there was a removal of three companies of our regiment into the Bundelcund, to take a strong fort near Callinger, which lies nearly west of Allahabad, among the mountains.

I had much anxiety at this time upon the following subject. I expected again to become a mother, and I was told by our medical men no child of mine could be reared in India. What was I to do?—to sacrifice my child, or leave my husband to take the babe to England? We could neither of us decide; hence we were burthened with care and anxiety about the threatened separation. I could not find any person or persons who would relieve me of the charge of the orphans, who now depended upon me wholly for support.

Miss Corrie, the sister of the Rev. Mr Corrie, had consented to take Annie; and so full was my confidence in this excellent brother and sister, that I had not a moment's fear respecting my little girl. But my poor Sally, my little Sally, a mere lisping babe—I was very unhappy respecting her, and formed many plans for her, until I got a promise from a Mrs R., of Benares, that she would receive her. Oh, how do we poor human beings vex and turmoil ourselves about many things! Surely we are all blind, and as blind leading the blind; yet how are we led on through the tangled paths of this world into scenes of peace, of rest, and of security. Oh, that we may, as we advance in life, and look back on our former acts of folly and want of faith, learn more and more to trust God our Father for the future, remembering always that He has reconciled himself to us, through His beloved Son.

During the whole of the cold season, being in good health, I worked excessively hard with the regimental school, with my precious little Annie, and also with my beloved pupil George, giving to the latter private lessons in the afternoon. I also wrote an outline of history—in short, a set of questions with verses attached to them, and was working at my "Infant Pilgrim," reading the manuscript to my children as I proceeded. We had not many

books then for children, and what I wrote were therefore particularly acceptable.

It was about the month of February that the Rev. Mr Jeffries (one of the Company's chaplains, a venerable person, and the father of ten children) called to see us on his way up from Calcutta to Furruckabad, to which station he had been appointed. We were very much pleased with him; and he told us that, in the beginning of the year 1806, three clergymen arrived from Cambridge, appointed chaplains in Bengal—the Rev. Mr Martyn, Mr Corrie, and Mr Parson. These gentlemen, Mr Jeffries told us, were, according to the term then in use, called Methodists—that is, close followers of the Thirty-nine Articles; whilst the chaplains on the establishment before, with the exception of Dr Buchannan and David Browne, were unhappily believed to have been inclined to Socinianism.

Mr Martyn's doctrines were therefore thought very strict, when he delivered them in Calcutta; and he was commented on with some bitterness by the superior chaplains, who considered that doctrines should be left out of the question altogether in sermons, and morality only preached. The controversy was carried on in the pulpit, and all Calcutta became excited on the subject. Mr Jeffries never spoke publicly on one side or the other, as he was a military chaplain, and on a distinct service, till he was called upon to give his opinion in Calcutta, which he did by reading the homily on the subject under agitation, instead of a sermon. The subject of the homily was, I think, "Justification by Faith." The homily, of course, went against the preachers of a cold morality, and caused great anger. The inhabitants of Calcutta were divided respecting the propriety of reading this homily; one side remarking, "that they wondered that Mr Jeffries should read so old a book, for were we not making improvements every year in the sciences, and, of course, in religion also?" But more of this anon.

Toward the end of March the winds began to blow warm; and when once set in, they continue to blow violently till the end of the month. I at this time lived in much retirement, seeing only

Mrs Mawby and Mrs Percy; for when the hot winds blew we were obliged to give up the daily school; but, in consequence, I had more leisure for my books, my pen and ink, and my orphans. The mode of existence of an English family during the hot winds in India is so very unlike anything in Europe, that I must not omit to describe it, with reference especially to my own situation then at Cawnpore. Every outer door of the house and every window is closed; all the interior doors and venetians are, however, open, whilst most of the private apartments are shut in by drop curtains or screens of grass, looking like fine wirework, partially covered with green silk. The hall, which never has any other than borrowed lights in any bungalow, is always in the centre of the house; and ours, at Cawnpore, had a large room on each side of it, with baths and sleeping-rooms. In the hot winds I always sat in the hall at Cawnpore. Though I was that year without a baby of my own, I had my orphan, my little Annie, always by me, quietly occupying herself when not actually receiving instruction from me. I had given her a good-sized box, painted green; with a lock and key; she had a little chair and table.

She was the neatest of all neat little people, somewhat faddy and particular, perchance. She was the child, of all others, to live with an ancient grandmother. Annie's treasures were few; but they were all contained in her green box. She never wanted occupation: she was either dressing her doll or finding pretty verses in her Bible, marking the places with an infinitude of minute pieces of paper. It was a great delight to me to have this little quiet one by my side.

I generally sat on a sofa, with a table before me, with my pen and ink and books; for I used to write as long as I could bear the exertion, and then I rested on the sofa, and read. I read an immense deal in India, the very scarcity of books making me more anxious for them. A new book, or one I had not often read before, was then to me like cold water to the thirsty soul. I shall never forget the delight which I had when somebody lent me

"Robinson Crusoe," and when Mr Sherwood picked up an old copy of "Sir Charles Grandison." But to proceed with my picture. In another part of this hall sat Mr Sherwood during most part of the morning, either engaged with his accounts, his journal, or his books. He, of course, did not like the confinement so well as I did, and often contrived to get out to a neighbour's bungalow in his palanquin, during some part of the long morning. In one of the side rooms sat Sergeant Clarke, with his books and accounts. This worthy and most methodical personage used to fill up his time in copying my manuscripts in a very neat hand, and in giving lessons in reading and spelling, &c., to Annie. He always dined at our tiffin time. In the other room was the orphan Sally, with her toys. Beside her sat her attendaut, chewing her paun, and enjoying a state of perfect apathy. Thus did our mornings pass, whilst we sat in what the lovers of broad daylight would call almost darkness. During these mornings we heard no sounds but the monotonous click click of the punkah,* or the melancholy moaning of the burning blast without, with the splash and dripping of the water thrown over the tatties.† At one o'clock, or perhaps somewhat later, the tiffin was always served—a hot dinner, in fact, consisting always of curry and variety of vegetables. We often dined at this hour, the children at a little table in the room, after which we all lay down, the adults on sofas, and the children on the floor, under the punkah in the hall. At four, or later perhaps, we had coffee brought, from which we all derived much refreshment. We then bathed and dressed, and at six, or thereabouts, the wind generally falling, the tatties were removed, the doors and windows of the house were opened, and we either took an airing in carriages, or sat in the verandah; but the evenings and nights of the hot winds brought no refreshment. On the 30th of May, the Rev. Henry Martyn arrived at

* The punkah is a piece of mechanism attached to large houses in India, which, being worked, acts as a monstrous fan to the whole house.—Ed.

† The tatties is a screen of fragrant mosslike grass, which is constantly kept wet by the water-carriers.—Ed.

our bungalow. The former chaplain had proceeded to the presidency, and we were so highly favoured as to have Mr Martyn appointed in his place. I am not aware whether we expected him, but certainly not at the time when he did appear. It was in the morning, and we were situated as above described, the desert winds blowing like fire without, when we suddenly heard the quick steps of many bearers. Mr Sherwood ran out to the leeward of the house, and exclaimed, "Mr Martyn." The next moment I saw him leading in that excellent man, and saw our visitor, a moment afterwards, fall down in a fainting fit. He had travelled in a palanquin from Dinapore, and the first part of the way he moved only by night. But between Cawnpore and Allahabad, being a hundred and thirty miles, there is no resting-place, and he was compelled for two days and two nights to journey on in his palanquin, exposed to the raging heat of a fiery wind. He arrived, therefore, quite exhausted, and actually under the influence of fever. There was not another family in Cawnpore except ours to which he could have gone with pleasure; not because any family would have denied shelter to a countryman in such a condition, but, alas! they were only Christians in name. In his fainting state, Mr Martyn could not have retired to the sleeping-room which we caused to be prepared immediately for him, because we had no means of cooling any sleeping-room so thoroughly as we could the hall. We, therefore, had a couch set for him in the hall. There he was laid, and very ill he was for a day or two. On the 2d of May, the hot winds left us, and we had a close, suffocating calm. Mr Martyn could not lift his head from the couch. In our bungalow, when shut up as close as it could be, we could not get the thermometer under ninety-six, though the punkah was constantly going. When Mr Martyn got a little better, he became very cheerful, and seemed quite happy with us all about him. He commonly lay on his couch in the hall during the morning, with many books near to his hand, and amongst these always a Hebrew Bible and a Greek Testament. Soon, very

soon, he began to talk to me of what was passing in his mind, calling to me at my table to tell me his thoughts. He was studying the Hebrew characters, having an idea, which I believe is not a new one, that these characters contain the elements of all things, though I have reason to suppose he could not make them out at all to his satisfaction; but whenever anything occurred to him he must needs make it known to me.

He was much engaged also with another subject, into which I was more capable of entering. It was his opinion that if the Hindoos could be persuaded that all nations are made of one blood, to dwell upon the face of the earth, and if they could be shewn how each nation is connected by its descent from the sons and grandsons of Noah with other nations existing upon the globe, that it would be a means of breaking down, or at least of loosening, that wall of separation which they have set up between themselves and all other people. With this view Mr Martyn was endeavouring to trace up the various leading families of the earth to their great progenitors; and so much pleased was I with what he said on this subject, that I immediately committed all I could remember to paper, and founded thereupon a system of historical instruction which I ever afterwards used with my children. Mr Martyn, like myself at this time, was often perplexed and dismayed at the workings of his own heart, yet, perhaps, not discerning a hundredth part of the depth of the depravity of his own nature, the character of which is summed up in Holy Writ in these two words—"utterly unclean." He felt this the more strongly, because he partook also of that new nature "which sinneth not." It was in the working and actings of that nature that his character shone so pre-eminently as it did amid dark and unbelieving society, such as was ours then at Cawnpore.

In a very few days he had discerned the sweet qualities of the orphan Annie, and had so encouraged her to come about him that she drew her chair, and her table, and her green box to the vicinity of his couch. She shewed him her verses, and consulted him about

the adoption of more passages into the number of her favourites. Annie had a particular delight in all the pastoral views given in Scripture of our Saviour and of his Church ; and when Mr Martyn shewed her this beautiful passage, " Feed thy people with thy rod, the flock of thine heritage which dwell solitarily in the wood in the midst of Carmel " (Micah vii. 14), she was as pleased with this passage as if she had made some wonderful acquisition. As I have remarked in the history of my Indian orphans, what could have been more beautiful than to see the senior wrangler and the almost infant Annie thus conversing together, whilst the elder seemed to be in no ways conscious of any condescension in bringing down his mind to the level of the child's? Such are the beautiful influences of the Divine Spirit, which, whilst they depress the high places of human pride, exalt the lowly valleys.

When Mr Martyn lost the worst symptoms of his illness he used to sing a great deal. He had an uncommonly fine voice and fine ear ; he could sing many fine chaunts, and a vast variety of hymns and psalms. He would insist upon it that I should sing with him, and he taught me many tunes, all of which were afterwards brought into requisition ; and when fatigued himself, he made me sit by his couch, and practise these hymns. He would listen to my singing, which was altogether very unscientific, for hours together, and he was constantly requiring me to go on, even when I was tired. The tunes he taught me, no doubt, reminded him of England, and of scenes and friends no longer seen. The more simple the style of singing, the more it probably answered his purpose.

CHAPTER XX.

MR MARTYN AND THE PIOUS SOLDIERS—MR MARTYN'S SALARY—
HIS BUNGALOW—SABAT'S HISTORY—OUR FIRST VISIT TO MR
MARTYN—THE PADRE—THE MUTTON PATTIES—THE BIRTH OF
MY FOURTH CHILD—MY DAUGHTER'S CHRISTENING—THE WATER-
SPOUTS—WE LEAVE OUR BUNGALOW—VISIT TO MR MARTYN.

AS soon as Mr Martyn could in any way exert himself, he made acquaintance with some of the pious men of the regiment (the same poor men whom I have mentioned before, who used to meet in ravines, in huts, in woods, and in every wild and secret place they could find, to read, and pray, and sing) ; and he invited them to come to him in our house, Mr Sherwood making no objection. The time first fixed was an evening after parade, and in consequence they all appeared at the appointed hour, each carrying their mors (a low seat), and their books tied up in pocket-handkerchiefs. In this very unmilitary fashion they were all met in a body by some officers. It was with some difficulty that Mr Sherwood could divert the storm of displeasure which had well nigh burst upon them on the occasion. Had they been all found intoxicated and fighting, they would have created less anger from those who loved not religion. How truly is it said that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." Notwithstanding this unfortunate *contretemps*, these poor good men were received by Mr Martyn in his own apartment ; and a most joyful meeting he had with them. We did not join the party, but we heard them singing and praying, and the sound was very sweet. Mr Martyn then promised them that when he had got a house he would set aside a room for them, where they might come every evening, adding he would meet them himself

twice in the week. It may as well be remarked here as in another place, that as soon as every convenience for the assembly of these persons was provided, and when these assemblies were sanctioned by our ever kind Colonel Mawby, and all difficulties, in short, overcome, many who had been the most zealous under persecution fell quite away, and never returned. How can we account for these things? Many, however, remained steadfast under evil report as well as good report, and died, as they had lived, in simple and pure faith.

I must not omit in this place another anecdote of Mr Martyn, which amused us much at the time after we had recovered the alarm attending it. The salary of a chaplain is large, and Mr Martyn had not drawn his for so long a time, that the sum amounted perhaps to some hundreds. He was to receive it from the collector at Cawnpore. Accordingly, he one morning sent a note for the amount, confiding the note to the care of a common Cooley, a porter of low caste, generally a very poor man. This man went off, unknown to Mr Sherwood and myself, early in the morning. The day passed, the evening came, and no Cooley arrived. At length Mr Martyn said in a quiet voice to us, "The Cooley does not come with my money. I was thinking this morning how rich I should be; and, now, I should not wonder in the least if he has not run off, and taken my treasure with him." "What," we exclaimed, "surely you have not sent a common Cooley for your pay?" "I have," he replied. Of course we could not expect that it would ever arrive safe; for it would be paid in silver, and delivered to the man in cotton bags. Soon afterwards, however, it did arrive, a circumstance at which we all greatly marvelled. Immediately after this Mr Martyn went out, and, being persuaded by some black man, he bought one of the most undesirable houses, to all appearance, which he could have chosen. This house afterwards proved to be in many respects singularly convenient, as we shall shew by and by. On the 29th of May Mr Martyn left us to go to his own house; and after he

was gone, it seems, I fell into a state of uneasiness and dissatisfaction with myself; for I was then experiencing a deeply strong sense of my own depravity, not yet having reached to such Bible knowledge as might lead me to the conviction that this depravity, which I bewailed so incessantly, must remain in antagonism with the work of the Spirit until the carnal nature shall be put off in the moment of death. Mr Martyn's house was a bungalow situated between the Sepoy Parade and the Artillery Barracks, but behind that range of principal bungalows which face the Parade. The approach to the dwelling was called the Compound, along an avenue of palm-trees and aloes. A more stiff, funereal avenue can hardly be imagined, unless it might be that one of noted Sphynxes which I have read of, but where I forget, as the approach to a ruined Egyptian temple. At the end of this avenue were two bungalows, connected by a long passage. These bungalows were low, and the rooms small. The garden was prettily laid out with flowering shrubs and tall trees; in the centre was a wide space, which at some seasons was green, and a cherbuter, or raised platform of chunam, of great extent was placed in the middle of this space. A vast number and variety of huts and sheds formed one boundary of the compound; these were concealed by the shrubs. But who would venture to give any account of the heterogeneous population which occupied these buildings? For besides the usual complement of servants found in and about the houses of persons of a certain rank in India, we must add to Mr Martyn's household a multitude of Pundits, Moonshees, schoolmasters, and poor nominal Christians, who hung about him because there was no other to give them a handful of rice for their daily maintenance; and most strange was the murmur which proceeded at times from this ill-assorted and discordant multitude. Mr Martyn occupied the largest of the two bungalows. He had given up the least to the wife of Sabat, that wild man of the desert whose extraordinary history has made so much noise in the Christian world. Mr Martyn had come up dawk from Dinapore; Sabat with all the

household and goods had arrived in boats. He was introduced to us soon after his arrival. Mr Sherwood wrote down the outline of his history at the time, from Mr Martyn's mouth. This history was as Sabat told it, and we had no means of detecting its inaccuracy, or of proving its correctness. But I will quote it as it is written. "Sabat," says Mr Sherwood's journal, "is of the tribe of Koreish, the most noble of the Arab tribes, and that to which Mohammed belonged. He asserts that he is a descendant of that impostor, but this may be doubted as this is a boast too common with Mussulmans; and although Sabat is a Christian now, we perceive a great deal of national and family pride in him. He was born, he says, on the banks of the Euphrates, near Bagdad. His father died when he was very young, and left him to the care of his mother, who, as he describes her, was a very clever and learned woman, of a Persian family. His parents kept numbers of camels and sheep. Many sheep they expended in feeding Mohammedan pilgrims from different countries. Sabat left Arabia when very young, and served against the French when they were in Palestine; he afterwards went into the Persian service, and was often wounded. Of one wound in his hand he still complains. He left the Persian service in consequence of these wounds. He served as an assistant secretary to the King of Cabul, and in this situation he formed a friendship with a young man of the name of Abdalla, who was a fellow secretary, and of the same noble tribe of the Koreish. Abdalla was very clever, and a poet also, which, in fact, most educated Arabs pretend to be. When the Wahabees took possession of Mecca, their chief wrote to the King of Cabul, and Abdalla was commanded to translate the letter. The young Arab performed this task by rendering it into Persian verse. The king was so delighted by what the youth had done that he ordered his mouth to be filled with pearls, a custom by no means unfrequent in Eastern courts; but (as Sabat adds), though thus highly honoured, Abdalla did not seem to be happy. He was observed to seek solitude, and retire from his usual companions. He frequented the house of an

Armenian, but, as this Armenian had a fair daughter, these visits were, for a time, attributed to love, and no doubt the sadness and melancholy of the young man was set down to the same cause. At length Abdalla asked leave to retire from court, and to withdraw to his own country, Arabia. Some time after this the Tartars from Bokhara attacked the King of Cabul, and Sabat was made a captive, and kept as a slave within the territories of the Tartars. One day Sabat, seeing the King of Bokhara passing, he lifted up his voice, and cried, 'Justice, O king! justice.' The king stopped and inquired the cause of his cry; the Arab replied, 'Is it lawful to keep a descendant of the Prophet in slavery?' The king hearkened to his plea, and, finding him to be a man of talents, took him into his service; and, owing to the royal favour, he rose so high that he travelled in a litter, and had a magnificent establishment allowed him. Whilst thus basking in the sunshine of prosperity—being, as he described himself, not a little uplifted thereby—he visited the city of Bokhara, and on one occasion thought he saw at some distance his old friend Abdalla. Sabat hastened after him, but perceived he was avoided by him. However, Sabat at length came up with him, when he saw, with amazement, that Abdalla had no beard. Much, in the East, is indicated by the fashion of the beard, and Sabat failed not to question his former companion most closely upon this singularity in his appearance. After much hesitation, Abdalla confessed that he had become a Christian, and did not wish to be recognised. Sabat was then a furious Mussulman, and, being in great wrath, he entreated him to return again to the faith of his fathers, and not to persist in dishonouring his noble descent; and when he saw that he could not prevail by persuasion, he had recourse to threatening. These threats, however, had no effect; and, in his rage, Sabat betrayed his once old friend to the priests, and caused him to be seized and brought before them. The priests were anxious to spare Abdalla, and used every argument to induce him to renounce the Christian religion, but in vain; a strength from on high was given to this

martyr to the truth, and he listened not to their arguments. The wild Arab, Sabat, was always much affected when he spoke of the trial and death of the young Christian convert: and, surely, we cannot suppose that he was the only one then in Bokhara on whom the circumstances made an impression. After much discussion, one of the priests said to Abdalla, 'In the gospel of Christ, that is, in the Book of the Gospel, is anything said of our Prophet?' This question was put in order to extort from the Christian the acknowledgment that Christ had promised to send the Comforter, by which the Mussulmans always pretend that Mohammed was intended; though, as Mohammed came with a sword, it may be wondered at how ignorance itself could have applied to him the name of Parakletos, 'The Comforter.' Abdalla's answer was, 'Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves' (Matt. vii. 15). On this the principal priest ordered him to be beaten on the mouth until the blood ran down. Sabat says he at that moment thought with sorrow of the time when he had seen that same mouth filled with pearls. Abdalla was then ordered to prison, and four days were given him to change his religion; at the end of that time, should he continue to refuse to change, he was to suffer death. This was published throughout Bokhara; and, on the appointed day, multitudes gathered together around the scaffold, where Abdalla was brought, and pardon offered to him if he would recant. But power was given to him to continue steadfast unto death in the faith of Christ. He then had his left hand cut off, after which he was again exhorted to save his life by denying the religion of Christ. Sabat stood near him, as he told Mr Martyn, and Abdalla, turning to him, gave him one look of deep sorrow, though not of anger. That look seemed to say to his former friend, 'Wherefore did you betray me? Why have you done this?' Sabat declares, 'that from that moment he began to regret what he had done.' The conclusion of the termination of the faithful Abdalla's sufferings, was that his head was cut off."

Mr Martyn and ourselves always thought that Sabat could not have told this story in the way he always did had he been perfectly blind, and hard, and ignorant ; and yet, in many other respects, he made it but too evident that he was only partly reclaimed from his original fierce character. There was a sort of hiatus, or portion of time in the history of Sabat which to us was never properly or satisfactorily filled up. That chasm of time was from after the death of Abdalla until he described himself as being Moola, or chief native judge of the Mohammedan court at Vizagapatam. "It was there," said Sabat, for I am now again quoting Mr Sherwood's journal, "that, being one day engaged in reading the Koran, I met with a passage which acknowledged that the Lord Jesus had no father among men, but was conceived of the Spirit. This puzzled me, because the Prophet had never pretended to any distinction of this kind ; again, Mohammed had died and was buried, and it never had been asserted of him that his body had risen again, yet Mohammed allows that Jesus had risen. These two facts were both striking proofs of the superiority of Christ over Mohammed."

After this, Sabat, it seems, sought the most learned priests, to account to him for this difficulty ; but in true anti-Christian spirit, a spirit which differs little in the East from the West, they told him that he must read and believe, and not endeavour to look into things which were above him. The haughty son of Ishmael was not pleased at being put off in this way, and, in consequence, he immediately applied to an English gentleman then in Bokhara for a Persian or Arabic New Testament, but no such thing could be procured in that country. With much expense and trouble Sabat got one from Bombay ; and, having read it attentively, he discerned that he could make nothing of it without knowing something of the prophecies and the history of the fall of man. From this example, as from many others, Christians ought to be admonished of the necessity, wherever it is possible, of giving the whole Bible together, and of not disseminating it in detached parts. But man has ever been wiser in his own opinion than the God by whom he

was created. With much trouble Sabat obtained a copy of the Old Testament, and, by comparison with the New, he was convinced that Jesus was the Christ. He then repaired to Bombay, and applied to the chaplain there for baptism, but who this gentleman was, our diaries do not explain; though it seems probable that, with very good reasons, he thought it right to deny it him till he could give some proof of his being in earnest. The chaplain put off the rite so long that Sabat became impatient, and, in the true spirit of the wild man of the desert, he threatened the Christian minister that he would be his accuser before God, in the resurrection, if he did not baptize him at once.

What followed from the time of his baptism till we found him with Mr Martyn assisting in translating the Scriptures, does not appear from Mr Sherwood's journal at that time. Sabat afterwards added such a variety of wonderful episodes, and told so many marvellous tales of himself, that the most credulous person must have been led to ask how it was possible that so many things could have been done and suffered by one man in so short a time. For this son of Ishmael did not appear, when we knew him to be more than thirty, nor did he acknowledge himself to be so old as that.

But to leave Sabat for a while, and return to Mr Martyn. It was a burning evening in June, when, after sunset, I accompanied Mr Sherwood to Mr Martyn's bungalow, and saw for the first time its avenue of palms and aloes. We were conducted to the cherbuter, where the company was already assembled, among which there was no lady but myself. This cherbuter was many feet square, and chairs were set for the guests; and a more heterogeneous assembly surely had not often met, and seldom, I believe, were more languages in requisition in so small a party. Besides Mr Martyn and ourselves, there was no one present who could speak English. But let me introduce each individual separately; and first, Sabat, for whose physiognomy I recommend my readers to study any old sign of the Saracen's head which may chance to

be in his neighbourhood. Every feature in the large disk of Sabat's face was what we should call exaggerated. His eyebrows were arched, black, and strongly pencilled; his eyes dark and round, and from time to time flashing with unsubdued emotion, and ready to kindle into flame on the most trifling occasion. His nose was high, his mouth wide, his teeth large, and looked white in contrast with his bronzed complexion and fierce black mustachios. He was a large and powerful man, and generally wore a skull-cap of rich shawling, or embroidered silk, with circular flaps of the same hanging over each ear. His large, tawny throat and neck had no other covering than that afforded by his beard, which was black. His attire was a kind of jacket of silk, with long sleeves, fastened by a girelle, or girdle, about his loins, to which was appended a jewelled dirk. He wore loose trousers, and embroidered shoes turned up at the toes. In the cold season he threw over this a wrapper lined with fur, and when it was warmer the fur was changed for silk. When to this costume is added ear-rings, and sometimes a golden chain, the Arab stands before you in his complete state of Oriental dandyism. This son of the desert never sat in a chair without contriving to tuck up his legs under him on the seat, in attitude very like a tailor on his board. The only languages which he was able to speak were Persian, Arabic, and a very little bad Hindostanee; but what was wanting in the words of this man was more than made up by the loudness with which he uttered them, for he had a voice like rolling thunder. When it is understood that loud utterance is considered as an ingredient of respect in the East, we cannot suppose that one who had been much in native courts should think it necessary to modulate his voice in the presence of the English Sahib Logues. The second of Mr Martyn's guests, whom I must introduce as being not a whit behind Sabat in his own opinion of himself, was the Padre Julius Cæsar, an Italian monk of the order of the Jesuits, a worthy disciple of Ignatius Loyola. Mr Martyn had become acquainted with him at Patna, where the Italian priest was not less zealous and active

in making proselytes than the Company's chaplain, and probably much more wise and subtle in his movements than the latter. The Jesuit was a handsome young man, and dressed in the complete costume of the monk, with his little skull-cap, his flowing robes, and his cord. The materials, however, of his dress were very rich ; his robe was of the finest purple satin, and his cord of twisted silk, and his rosary of costly stones, whilst his air and manner were extremely elegant. He spoke French fluently, and there Mr Sherwood was at home with him, but his native language was Italian. His conversation with Mr Martyn was carried on partly in Latin and partly in Italian. A third guest was a learned native of India, in his full and handsome Hindostanee costume ; and a fourth, a little, thin, copper-coloured, half-caste Bengalee gentleman, in white nankeen, who spoke only Bengalee. Mr Sherwood made a fifth, in his scarlet and gold uniform ; myself, the only lady, was the sixth ; and add our host, Mr Martyn, in his clerical black silk coat, and there is our party. Most assuredly I never listened to such a confusion of tongues before or since. Such a noisy, perplexing Babel can scarcely be imagined. Every one who had acquired his views of politeness in Eastern society was shouting at the top of his voice, as if he had lost his fellow in a wood ; and no less than seven languages were in constant request, viz., English, French, Italian, Arabic, Persian, Hindostanee, Bengalee, and Latin.

In order to lengthen out the pleasures of the evening, we were scarcely seated before good Mr Martyn recollected that he had heard me say that I liked a certain sort of little mutton patty, which the natives made particularly well ; so, without thinking how long it might take to make these same patties, he called to a servant, to give orders that mutton patties should be added to the supper. I heard the order, but never dreamed that perhaps the mutton might not be in the house. The consequence of this order was, that we sat on the cherbuter till it was quite dark, and till I was utterly weary with the confusion. It must be under-

stood, that sitting out of doors late in the evening, or long in the night, is by no means so uncomfortable in a hot climate as it is in England, though I much doubt its salubrity. No one who has not been in or near the tropics can have an idea of the glorious appearance of the heavens in these regions, and the brilliancy of the star-lit nights, at Cawnpore. Mr Martyn used often to shew me the pole-star, just above the line of the horizon; and I have seen the moon, when almost new, looking like a ball of ebony in a silver cup. Who can, therefore, be surprised that the science of astronomy should first have been pursued by the shepherds who watched their flocks by night in the plains of the South? When the mutton patties were ready, I was handed by Mr Martyn into the hall of the bungalow. Mr Martyn took the top of the table, and Sabat perched himself on a chair at the bottom. I think it was on this day, when at table, Sabat was telling some of his own adventures to Mr Martyn, in Persian, which the latter interpreted to Mr Sherwood and myself, that the wild Arab asserted, that there were in Tartary and Arabia many persons converted to Christianity, and that many had given up their lives for the faith. He professed to be himself acquainted with two of these, besides Abdalla. "One," he said, "was a relation of his own." But he gave but small proof of this man's sincerity. This convert, if such he was, drew the attention of the priests by a total neglect of all forms; and this was the more remarkable on account of the multiplied forms of Islamism; for at the wonted hour of prayer a true Mussulman must kneel down and pray in the middle of a street, or between the courses of a feast, nay, even at the moment when perhaps his hands might be reeking with a brother's blood. This relative of Sabat's, however, was, as he remarked, observed to neglect all forms, and he was called before the heads of his tribe, and required to say wherefore he was guilty of this offence. His answer was, "It is nothing." He proceeded to express himself as if he doubted the very existence of a God. The seniors of the tribe told him that it would be better for him to be a Christian than an

atheist adding, therefore, "If you do not believe in our prophet you must be a Christian;" for they wisely accounted that no man but a fool could be without some religion. The man's reply was, that he thought the Christian's a better religion than that of Mohammed; the consequence of which declaration was, that they stoned him until he died. The other example which Sabat gave us was of a boy in Bagdad, who was converted by an Armenian, and endeavoured to escape, but was pursued, seized, and offered pardon if he would recant; but he was preserved in steadfastness to the truth, and preferred death to returning to Mohammedanism. His life was required of him.

From the time Mr Martyn left our house he was in the constant habit of supping with us two or three times a week, and he used to come on horseback, with the Sais running by his side. He sat his horse as if he were not quite aware that he was on horseback, and he generally wore his coat as if it were falling from his shoulders. When he dismounted, his favourite place was in the verandah, with a book, till we came in from our airing. And when we returned many a sweet and long discourse we had, whilst waiting for our dinner or supper. Mr Martyn often looked up to the starry heavens, and spoke of those glorious worlds of which we know so little now, but of which we hope to know so much hereafter. Often we turned from the contemplation of these to the consideration of the smallness, and apparent diminutiveness in creation, of our own little globe, and of the exceeding love of the Father, who so cared for its inhabitants that He sent His Son to redeem them.

It was on the tenth of August I was blessed in the birth of another daughter, my ever-precious Lucy Elizabeth; and shortly afterwards I received a very pleasant letter from a lady in Benares, who had undertaken to adopt little Sarah, of whom she spoke very kindly.

During this time dear Mrs Mawby was unfailing in her kindness and attention to me, and dearly did she love my baby and sympathise in my happiness, in once again possessing a living child.

A few days after my Lucy's birth, towards the dusk of the evening, the musquitto-curtains having been removed in order that I might be the cooler, and being alone with my baby, an enormous bat, as large as an owl, came and sat on the bar at the foot of the bed, its round eyes settled upon me. For some time I could not make any one hear, and was forced to lie still, with the eyes of this ill-omened creature fixed upon me, which I acknowledge frightened me not a little.

A somewhat curious circumstance occurred on the occasion of the baptism of my second Lucy. We had requested Mr Martyn to come some evening to perform the service, leaving the day to himself. He came accordingly on the 2d of September, in the cool of the evening, and directed the servants to set a table and water in the long verandah; this was done. All the white persons in the house, consisting of myself, Mr Sherwood, Mrs Wiley the nurse, Annie, and Sally, gathered round the table with the baby. Never can I forget the solemn manner with which Mr Martyn went through the service, which, of course, to the parents who had lost so many children, was particularly affecting; but it suddenly occurred to me whilst the service was going on, that in that very spot in the verandah, at that very hour of evening, that very day twelve months, my first Lucy had been laid down upon a mattress, from which she was lifted up a cold corpse before midnight. My heart rose to my throat, I could hardly preserve my composure, but I took this circumstance as a token for good, and I did not err in so doing. Never can I forget the beautiful and earnest blessing Mr Martyn implored for my baby, when he took her into his arms after the service was concluded. I still fancy I see that child of God as he looked down tenderly on the gentle babe, and then looked upwards, asking of his God that grace and mercy for the infant which he truly accounted as the only gift which parents ought to desire.

After many years, I add, alas, my daughter! alas, my Lucy! How sweet are all the recollections connected with my Lucy, my

now glorified one ! But to proceed ; this babe in infancy, had so peculiar a gentleness of aspect, that Mr Martyn always called her Serena. During the first few months of her life she promised more strength of constitution than she afterwards exhibited.

It was about the 30th of September when, riding out, we saw a very large water-spout playing between the heavens and a lake in the Lucknow territories. We asked our servants " what it was ? " They answered, " God's elephant, which was drinking. " We referred the question to a Brahmin, who said that it was Indru's elephant drinking from the lake. He seemed much put out when I told him " that I had seen numbers of these water-spouts at the same time, for it was never heard that Indru's elephant had any young ones. " He replied, " Probably it may be something else, " adding some other foolish tale bearing on the subject. We must not give the Brahmins credit for believing all the wild tales by which they deceive the people.

The time was now arrived in which the painful step I had long looked forward to was to be taken, when I must begin my preparations for my visit to England. The sad separation was to be effected, and consequently we sold our lovely bungalow, the scene of the death of one Lucy and the birth of another. We hired a large sixteen-oared budgerow for three hundred rupees, for our journey to Calcutta was to be made by water ; and I need scarcely say how much we both suffered in anticipation, for, after all, it was but anticipation, as I shall presently shew.

I was terrified; I well remember, at the responsibility of the voyage to England, with a very little baby, and yet still bent upon making it ; such a horror I had of seeing the child dying like the rest, and at the same time being quite assured that she would die if I kept her in India. I was, indeed, in a cruel strait, and had not faith to leave the affair in the hands of God. I should rejoice if any person should be admonished from my example, when they find themselves, as I was then, uncertain what was my duty, to remember that it is always better to await the leadings of Provi-

dence than to take the lead in our own hands. If possible, every one should avoid any decisive step when under strong excitement, particularly from grief. I think I may say that I acted decidedly wrong when I proposed leaving Cawnpore to return to England; and although even this my impatient folly worked for all our good, yet this result only proves that God is not extreme to mark what is done amiss.

There was much to be settled previous to an absence of some months, for Mr Sherwood had got leave to accompany me to Calcutta. Mrs Wiley was to go with me by her own desire, and Annie and Sally were to be left at Chunar with Miss Corrie; Mrs R., of Benares, having asked Miss Corrie to take care of Sally till after her confinement, which was near at hand.

On the Sunday before we left our house at Cawnpore we had our children (that is, the children of the regiment, whom we had instructed up to that time), as usual, for Divine service in the morning. On the Monday we left our beloved bungalow, beloved and ever to be remembered on many accounts. There many events occurred, the consequence of which may extend into all eternity; there I learned to read (or rather, I should say acquired the habit of studying) my Bible; there I received and nourished my orphans; from thence my redeemed Lucy departed to that rest for which her Lord had prepared her; and there another little sweet one was given me in her place. It was in those fair gardens I have often meditated, in much bitterness and sorrow of heart, on heavenly things, being pressed down with bitter grief under the chastisement of heaven; but tribulation, I humbly thank my God, with His grace, has worked patience, and patience experience, and experience hope; for experience has shewn me Divine love in answer to my prayers respecting by beloved Annie. And shall I experience Thy kindness, oh! my Heavenly Father, and not have hope—a hope which time shall swallow up in certainty?

It was in the evening we left our house, and went to our boats with the children; but we remained a week afterwards at Cawn-

pore. During this week we spent the days at Mr Martyn's house, who appropriated a suite of rooms to our use, so that we only slept in the boats. Mr Martyn's house was peaceful, holy, and cheerful. Oh, Lord God, truly may they who have dwelt in the tents of thine enemies cry, "Thy ways are ways of pleasantness, and all thy paths are peace."

CHAPTER XXI

OUR RESIDENCE AT MR MARTYN'S BUNGALOW—ACCOUNT OF HIS SCHOOL—SARAT'S WIFE—THE LORD'S SUPPER AT MR MARTYN'S—WE LEAVE CAWNPORE—REV. MR CORRIE AND LITTLE ANNIE—MRS R.—BENARES—STATE OF BENARES—ARRIVAL AT CALCUTTA—OUR UNEASINESS—DRS SCHOLBRED AND RUSSELL.

I STILL remember the time we spent at Mr Martyn's bungalow with deep interest. In the mornings we all used to set out together, children and servants, to go up from the river to the house, whilst the dew yet lay upon the grass; for it was the beginning of the cold season, and the many aromatic flowers of that southern climate shed their perfume in the air. Having arrived at the bungalow, the children and their servants went to the apartments appointed them, and I went into the hall to breakfast. There were always one or more strangers (gentlemen) present. We sang a hymn, and Mr Martyn read and prayed before breakfast, and we often sat long at breakfast. The persons who visited Mr Martyn, with few exceptions, were religious persons, and the conversation was generally upon religious subjects, the conversion of the heathen being constantly the topic of discourse. Many

letters were at this time passing between the different religious leaders (if such an expression may be permitted me) throughout all India: the Rev. David Browne, of Calcutta, being, as it were, set in the centre of the battle, whilst others occupied the front, and were as pioneers, breaking up the new ground. Mr Browne again and again suggested new plans of work, and there were then not a few who were eager to execute them, full of confidence that wonders were to be wrought, and the whole earth converted, according to the words of Mr Martyn's favourite hymn, which is a paraphrase of the 72d Psalm by Dr Watts:—

“ Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.”

I now ask, after many years—And did these glowing and, I believe, heavenly-inspired hopes of these children of God fall short of the truth of what shall really be? Yes; for, inasmuch as the nature of man is limited, he cannot comprehend the boundless love of the Divinity. We believed that this world, at some future time, should be a holy world; and this I still believe; but I thank God that I have ceased to believe that man, unaided by the Spirit, can accomplish this mighty work, for I now know that God alone can do it. Is it not asked, “When our Lord shall come, shall he find faith on the earth?” We walked then as mere babes; and yet, I humbly trust, as children having been brought to desire to do their Father's will. As I said before, little was spoken of at Mr Martyn's table but of various plans for advancing the triumphs of Christianity. Among the plans adopted, Mr Martyn had, first at Dinapore and then at Cawnpore, established one or two schools for children of the natives of the lower caste. His plan was to hire a native schoolmaster, generally a Mussulman, to appoint him a

place and to pay him an anna a head for each boy whom he could induce to attend school. These boys the master was to teach to write and read. It was Mr Martyn's great aim, and, indeed, the sole end of his exertions, to get Christian books into the school. As no mention was ever made of proselytism, there was never any difficulty found in introducing even portions of the Scripture itself, more especially portions of the Old Testament, to the attention of the children. The books of Moses are always very acceptable to a Mussulman, and Genesis is particularly interesting to the Hindoos. Mr Martyn's first school at Cawnpore was located in a long shed which was on the side of the cavalry lines. It was the first school of the kind I ever saw. The master sat at one end, like a tailor, on the dusty floor; and along under the shed sat the scholars, a pack of little urchins with no other clothes on than a skull-cap and a piece of cloth round the loins. These little ones squatted, like their master, in the sand. They had wooden imitations of slates in their hands, on which having first written their lessons with chalk, they recited them, "*à pleine gorge*," as the French would say, being sure to raise their voices on the approach of any European or native of note. Now Cawnpore is about one of the most dusty places in the world. The Sepoy lines are the most dusty part of Cawnpore; and as the little urchins are always well greased, either with cocoa-nut oil or, in failure thereof, with rancid mustard oil, whenever there was the slightest breath of air they always looked as if they had been powdered all over with brown powder. But what did this signify? they would have been equally dusty in their own huts. In these schools they were in the way of getting a few ideas; at all events they often got so far as to be able to copy a verse on their wooden slates. Afterwards they committed to memory what they had written. Who that has ever heard it can forget the sounds of the various notes with which these little people intonated their "Aleph Zuber ah—Zair a—Paiche oh," as they waved backwards and forwards in their recitations? Or who can forget the vacant self-importance of the

schoolmaster, who was generally a long-bearded, dry old man, who had no other means of proving his superiority over the scholars but making more noise than even they could do? Such a scene, indeed, could not be forgotten; but would it not require great faith to expect anything green to spring from a soil so dry? But this faith was not wanting to the Christians then in India. Faith is the root of hope and charity, for whosoever believes in Christ confides in his word. To know that we are saved is the foundation of hope and charity; for a man who believes must hope for the coming of Christ and for the joys of heaven; and such a one must also have love or charity. For in the end, when faith and hope are lost in sight and in fruition, then love will reign triumphant, and will burn more and more brightly through all the long ages of eternity. But though we perhaps did not understand this then, we felt its germ in our hearts.

Sabat often made one of our company at Mr Martyn's table. He was at that time married to his seventh wife; that is, according to his own account. Anina was a pretty young woman though particularly dark for a purdah walla, or one, according to the Eastern custom, who is supposed always to sit behind a purdah, or curtain. She occupied the smaller bungalow, which adjoined the larger by a long, covered passage. Our children often went to see her whilst they were at Mr Martyn's, and I paid her one formal visit. I found her seated on the ground, encircled by cushions within gauze musquitto-curtains, stretched by ropes from the four corners of the hall. In the day time these curtains were twisted and knotted over her head, and towards the night they were let down around her, and thus she slept where she had sat all day. She had one or two women in constant attendance upon her, though her husband was a mere subordinate. These Eastern women have little idea of using the needle, and very few are taught any other feminine accomplishment. Music and literature, dancing and singing, are known only to the Nautch, or dancing-girls by profession. Hence, nothing on earth can be imagined to be more monotonous than

the lives of women in the East; such, I mean, as are not compelled to servile labour. They sit on their cushions behind their curtains from day to day, from month to month, with no other occupation than that of having their hair dressed, and their nails and eyelids stained, and no other amusement than hearing "the gup gup," or gossip of the place where they may happen to be; nor is any gossip too low or too frivolous to be unacceptable. The visits of our children and nurses were very acceptable to Amina, and she took much and tender notice of the baby. She lived on miserable terms with her husband, and hated him most cordially. She was a Mussulman, and he was very anxious to make her a Christian, to which she constantly shewed strong opposition. At length, however, she terminated the controversy in the following extraordinary manner:—"Pray," said she, "will you have the goodness to inform me where Christians go after death?" "To heaven and to their Saviour," replied Sabat. "And where do Mohammedans go?" she asked. "To hell and the devil," answered the fierce Arab. "You," said the meek wife, "will go to heaven, of course, as being a Christian." "Certainly," replied Sabat. "Well then," she said, "I will continue to be a Mussulman, because I should prefer hell and the devil without you, to heaven itself in your presence." This anecdote was told to Mr Martyn by Sabat himself as a proof of the hardened spirit of his wife. Amina was, by the Arab's own account, his seventh wife.

Bibles at that period were most scarce and valuable in India; Annie and Sally were therefore much pleased when Mr Martyn gave each of them a copy. His kindness to these little ones was always remarkable; he was never more at his ease than when they were hanging about him. On Sunday, 22d October, we received the Lord's Supper from Mr Martyn; about fourteen of the devout men of the 53d being present, and Francis, the eldest of my scholars in the regiment.

There was one circumstance attending the celebration of the Lord's Supper this day in Mr Martyn's house which I must record.

Everything was prepared in a long inner verandah, which Mr Martyn had given up for the use of the pious soldiers, and where they met every evening. Down each side, and at both ends of this verandah, were lofty doors, filled up with double shutters of green lattice work. Near the door at the further end they had placed the table with the white cloth, and all things requisite for the service. There were hassocks to kneel upon on each side the table, and a high form marked the line beyond which the people were not to go. All this was but decent and in good order, according to the forms of the Church of England. But when Mr Martyn took his place on the right of the table, he, no doubt with the best intention, caused Sabat to stand opposite to him on the left, in the place of a sort of deacon, or assisting minister. The fierce Arab was not more clerical than any other man present, and, alas, nothing, we since believed, could have injured this man more than thus to have set him up as a teacher of the Christians in the house. We have reason to think that he was the victim of spiritual pride.

The whole of the next day we spent in the boats, settling ourselves for the voyage, and parting from Mr Martyn, who came to call on us with other friends. Many tears were shed by the black women and children when the former left the budgerow, and stood looking upon them from the bank. But it was not till the Tuesday that we left Cawnpore.

I had received a letter from Allahabad, from Mrs R, requesting me to leave Sally at Chunar, till she should be recovered from her confinement; so when we came in sight of the Fort, at Chunar, I had my babies washed and dressed, in order to be ready to receive Mr Corrie, who I knew would come down to the budgerow as soon as he heard of our arrival. He accordingly appeared immediately. If I could have given up my beloved children to any human being with confidence, that human being was Daniel Corrie. Never have I since seen, and never had I before seen, excepting in the instance of my own beloved father, such manifestations in

a countenance, of that spirit of love which is directly derived from God, and by which, as far as a finite nature will allow, these two persons seemed to include all the excellences of human nature. Benevolence beamed from the eyes of Mr Corrie, and rendered a face not particularly handsome at times even beautiful. With his benevolence he had extraordinary humility, and yet was he not without dignity of manner and carriage. He was playful when amongst friends, but in his most playful moods he never manifested the smallest levity. He was ever engaged, even beyond his strength and means, in doing good to his fellow-creatures, but with so little display and pretension that his most intimate friends hardly knew the half he did. Far, most far was it from him to take any merit to himself for any good work, and, in truth, it hardly appeared that he was ever conscious of doing more than another. His character, however, was one which the Christian world never, I think, thoroughly appreciated as it really deserved, for less has been said of him in the *Missionary Registers* and public papers in Europe than of some other of the leading characters of the day. I wish now most earnestly to bear my testimony, as far as it will go, to his having been in his way, which differed widely from Mr Martyn's, perhaps the most useful man, of the Established Church, who ever set his foot on Indian ground. But to return. When Mr Corrie entered our boat, I brought my motherless ones to him. Oh, how kindly did this holy man welcome those orphan babies! He received them in the true spirit of his Divine Master, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Being all prepared, I got into the palanquin. Hearing that Miss Corrie was very impatient to see the orphans, I took them both with me; Lucy, with her nurse, also accompanied us. We were carried to Mr Corrie's house, which was not above a quarter of a mile from the river, and situated on the left hand of the Fort, where there is an extent of open park-like country, green and fresh at that time of the year, and scattered with groups and clusters

of magnificent trees. The house, which was a puckah one, was elevated above a very pretty hanging garden by a high flight of steps.

Dear Miss Corrie, how much pleased was I with her, and how kind was she to me and mine. She was very anxious, too, to know what my plans of instruction had been with Annie, with the real view of doing her best with this motherless one.

Mr Corrie, when it was cool, drove me a little way into the interior, and I had much profitable conversation with him during this airing. One remark which he made was this, that he believed that when any one persevered in prayer for another, that prayer would finally be answered. Assuredly so, because He who inspired the prayer, and gives the faith for it, hath fore-ordained that it shall be answered. Before we took leave, Mr Corrie proposed prayers and a chapter. I kissed my sweet orphans, and they were taken to bed. Sally, to the last, could not be made to understand that I was leaving her, but Annie, who was older, understood the parting better. I had prepared and dressed two European dolls, to be given them in the morning on their awaking.

Those who know Mr and Miss Corrie, will understand how soothing their kindness was to me; nor will they be surprised that all anxiety from thenceforth was at an end with me respecting Annie, for the lot of this poor babe had fallen on a fair heritage. And here the believer may trace the hand of Providence, and the depth of wisdom and goodness by which the Almighty makes even the follies of His creatures to work together for good. I was impatient and rebellious under the loss of my children, and hence was driven on a measure which might have destroyed the whole peace of my life; for although I had a beloved child and an infirm mother in England, yet I was leaving my husband and my appointed place to seek that which God could have given me, and did afterwards give me when restored to that place, and I may add, much more than I ever could have hoped. But the Almighty

so far permitted me to follow my own devices as to go down to Calcutta, to leave Annie with Miss Corrie, to form acquaintances in Calcutta, and to tell the tale of my sorrows and anxieties respecting the orphans to the friends of religion in that Presidency. The great work which was afterwards wrought for these orphans was at once taken in hand, not only by the Church, but also by people of the world in India. God works by means, and blessed, thrice blessed, are those whom the God and Father of all men employs as the agents of any present good.

Before parting, Miss Corrie kindly told me "that if Mrs R. should not be able to take to Sally, she would protect her;" for her brother had said to her, "he should not dislike to have both children always under his roof." Excellent man! true child of God! these little ones had already so won his affection that he would gladly have adopted them both. We had expected to have met a carriage from Mrs R. at the ghaut at Benares, but were disappointed, owing to the following circumstance:—A week before our arrival, a most violent quarrel had occurred in Benares between the Hindoos and Mussulmans, in which three hundred and fifteen persons were said to have been killed in one day, two hundred of whom were Mohammedans. The quarrel arose in this way. A certain Hindoo happened to find a little image in the ground—a circumstance which might well happen at this principal seat of idolatry, Benares. Having made this wonderful acquisition, he resolved to make it his god; accordingly he raised a little clay platform, whereupon he placed it, and over it he built a shed of straw. To this he made his daily poojah, or worship, vowing that if it would be his god and send him a child, he would build it a puckah house to dwell in. In course of time he had a child, and of course the poor deluded Hindoo considered the birth of his son to be an answer to his prayer. He immediately resolved to perform his vow, but had not considered that the land on which he had erected his idol-house was not his own; it appertained to a Mussulman mosque. The little shed had been so low under the

wall that it had never been observed by the priests of the mosque ; but when the devotee was beginning to prepare his puckah house, the attention of the followers of Mohammed was drawn to the abomination, and they at first expostulated with the Hindoo. Of course, between two such parties, it cannot be supposed that the words used on either side would be particularly mild. There is hardly a language on earth which is more abundant in grossly abusive terms than the Hindostanee, and no people better skilled in the use of what they call Gallee than these people. We may suppose, then, how each party provoked the other on the occasion above described ; and the next thing done by the enraged Mussulmans was that they called an assembly, and in the fury of their zeal they resolved upon killing a sacred cow, one accounted by the Hindoos a divinity, which being done, they sprinkled the blood over the place of worship, thus making it to be considered defiled for ever—though it might be asked how the blood of a divinity could possibly have this defiling effect in the opinion of the worshippers. This first outrage having been effected, the Moham-medans determined to destroy all the idols throughout the city. Their next attempt was against a celebrated stone which was said to have fallen from heaven during some former age, and to which was attached this superstition, that it was to exist as long as the Hindoo religion and the Hindoo caste endured. It had been observed of this stone that its size had considerably diminished during the few years which had passed before the affair we are speaking of occurred ; an idea which, however absurd it may be in one sense, is remarkable in another, as it agrees with a persuasion entertained by the Hindoos in general, and often expressed by them to the Europeans, that the time was coming in which all nations would be of one opinion as it regarded religion, or, to use their own terms, as one flock of sheep instead of many. It was further said of this same sacred stone, that when Aurungzebe destroyed many of the Hindoo temples at Benares, he attempted to destroy this palladium also by firing his guns at it ; but the shot had re-

coiled from it upon his troops, and killed a thousand men. Others asserted that curious beasts came out of it and cut one hundred soldiers to pieces, making him prudently to desist from his impious attempt. Notwithstanding the fate of the one thousand moguls and the history of the curious beasts, the enraged Mussulmans were bent upon the destruction of this same marvellous stone. They piled wood upon it, and, having set fire to the wood, they killed another cow, and threw the blood, mixed with water, upon it when it was hot, the consequence of which was that it split into many pieces, and lay a broken and blackened ruin. The infuriated zealots next proceeded to attack the Hindoo temples, one of which they destroyed; but the Sepoys arrived in time to save the one which had been, according to the Hindoo traditions, built before the flood; for had this been destroyed, it is feared that the Hindoos would have been in civil war for years.

The Hindoos now began to collect in masses, and as it is calculated that in Benares there are one hundred of them to every ten Mussulmans, they drove their enemies away, murdering every individual they could find, forcing their way into houses and beating out the brains of the little children against the stones. In fact, these fierce idolaters acted like devils in their fury, and in justice it should be told that during this trial of strength the Mussulmans were in no case guilty of like wanton cruelties, as indeed they are found also to be the mildest when in power. The Hindoos pulled down one mosque, which was dedicated to Fatima, and killed pigs in all to pollute them. The only thing which saved the noble one built by Aurungzebe was the dread of pulling the minarets on their heads. Whilst they were considering how the destruction of this fine building could be safely effected, the Sepoys, as I said above, arrived, and compelled the mob to desist from their purposed mischief. It was curious, as those who were present told us, to observe the awe inspired by the regular troops, fourteen of whom put to flight thousands of men completely armed, and quiet was restored in that quarter

with the death of only one Sepoy. The rioters had attempted the house of the princes, the children of the eldest son of the late Emperor Shah Allum; and as the inhabitants of this house were unprepared, the assailants had got within the gates, but the servants killed one of them, and providentially succeeded in shutting the gates, and so keeping the others out. It must be remarked that all the houses of natives of high rank in India are fortifications.

But to return to our visit at Benares. The people were not then calm, and all the Mohammedans were hidden. It is a blessing that the respect and fear of the English is a control over both parties. The English go between them without fear. Mr Willberforce Bird, the son of Mr Bird, late M.P. for Coventry, and a friend of my grandfather's, was the acting assistant magistrate, and was much employed during the riots. He behaved most judiciously and courageously. The shops in Benares were all shut, and no persons except soldiers were allowed to go armed into the city. Our host, Mr R., had the care of the wounded, and the tales of cruelty which he told us were fearful in the extreme. A woman, he said, was then in jail for throwing her own child into a well; and the reason she gave for this fearful deed was, that some neighbour having offended her, she killed the child that its ghost might haunt her enemy. Again, he told us, as a known and positive fact, that there is a Poojah, a religious festival, in which two of the handsomest children which can be found about ten years of age are made to personate the deities. After the ceremony they are not suffered to live, and are never seen again; yet with this fact before their eyes, the Hindoo parent prefers the honour which is accounted as done to his family by having a beautiful child chosen from it—first, for exaltation, and then for destruction—to retaining him beneath his roof, and seeing him growing up to man's estate. It is impossible, in a nominal Christian country even, to conceive half the horrors of idolatry.

But while Mr Sherwood was gathering all the information that he could learn of this lamentable city of destruction, I found poor Mrs R. in a most uncomfortable situation. She was hourly expecting her confinement, yet without hope, or at least with little hope of doing well. Some weeks before she had been paying a morning visit, and as she was returning home through the verandah, two young tigers, pets of the master of the house, came bounding upon her. The creatures were but half grown, and were, as yet, harmless ; but they were both far too large to play with. The master, who had reared them from cubs, had not observed their growth, and it was well, perhaps, for him, though not for poor Mrs R., that she met with this alarm. He was exceedingly sorry, but the mischief was done, and could not be repaired. She had made great preparations for her expected baby ; she had dressed out a cradle of delicate basket-work, with rose-coloured China gauze, and silk rosettes, with a beautiful mattress and pillows, and the finest linen. Added to all this was a most elegant assortment of baby-clothes, for no expense and trouble had been spared. I was introduced into Mrs R.'s sleeping-room, and found her in bed and very much depressed. I had my little Lucy with me ; my baby was asleep, and she directed me to lay her in the beautiful cradle, which was in an inner room. As I placed her in it, the rose-coloured curtains cast a soft glow on her fair cheek, but my heart sank, for I felt that that bed would never be occupied by the child for whom it was intended.

On the morning of the 28th of November we reached Calcutta, and came to anchor. The appearance of the shipping through which we made our way reminded us in a smaller degree of London, and filled me with fear on account of the long voyage before me.

Mr Sherwood's first business, when arrived, was to look out a vessel to convey me and my baby to England. He soon learned that there were four ships so nearly ready to sail that the captains had gone on board, and that in two days at the latest the

fleet would sail. The agent strongly recommended "The Ocean," and told us that if we dropped down to Saugar the next day, in the evening, we should be in time. Whilst my husband was thus engaged, I remember that I was looking out on the busy scene on the water. An East Indiaman was lying in view, with the flying figure at the head. I saw the English sailors busy about, and goods of various kinds handed up the side in all the fervour of preparation, but, to add to my misery, the sight of these things had such an effect on the white woman, Mrs Wiley, I had brought with me, by her own desire, from Cawnpore, that she suddenly declared that she would not return with me. When Mr Sherwood came in from the agent's, he had been bargaining for a cabin in "The Ocean," but the captain's brother only being in Calcutta, he was not empowered to conclude the arrangement, though he promised an answer in the evening.

The captain's brother had asked five thousand rupees for a cabin; but he had added, that if we would drop down to the Indiaman in the morning—for "The Ocean" had left Calcutta—he had no doubt that when his brother the captain saw us he would take us in for the four thousand. The brother said that he was not authorised to close the bargain under five thousand. Had we closed it, it must have been paid at all risks. We were expecting an answer from the captain's brother all the evening; and had it come, and been favourable, as I was ready, it was our intention to have dropped down to the ship the next morning. Such was the state of things when I was obliged to tell Mr Sherwood of Mrs Wiley's refusal to go on with me. Deeply, then, were we distressed every way; and that evening, finding how my husband objected to our separation, I proposed, I hope under the guidance of God, that I certainly would not go by "The Ocean," but that we would, at any rate, decline closing with the captain of that vessel, even should we find him willing to take our offer. We agreed, too, that we would the next day

take the advice of one of the medical men in Calcutta respecting the constitutions of our children, and the necessity of taking the present little one to a colder climate. Oh, my God! my Father! and my Friend! How can I sufficiently thank Thee, O Lord, for Thy goodness to me in this instance; for Thine infinite kindness in thus removing the film from my eyes, and shewing me the way I should go, ere yet I had taken that step which was so decidedly against my duty. Oh! who can tell what might have been the consequences had I been permitted to have gone, following my own devices, until I had made full shipwreck of all our domestic happiness. Oh! let me warn all wives to consider what I have here said.

It was a happy breakfast next morning after this determination, and when it was over I wrote to Mr Scholbred, who was accounted one of the first medical men, in the cases of children, then in the Presidency. This Mr Scholbred was the husband of the sister of Mrs Piercy, of our regiment. As Mr Sherwood had had it in his power, as paymaster, greatly to serve Captain Piercy, Mr Scholbred was, as it turned out, prepared to shew us much kindness. We wrote to request to see him, and were in great agitation till he came. But before he arrived we heard from the captain of "The Ocean," who offered me, my child, and servant, a passage in his vessel for four thousand rupees. The offer was a remarkably good one. Mr Sherwood was deeply affected by this, but I decidedly said—we would decline it. If I had accepted it I must have set out immediately. Had that offer been made the day before, and had not Mrs Wiley changed her mind as to going on with me, I probably should have accepted it, and left all that was dear to me in India.

As soon as possible Mr Scholbred came, and we had the satisfaction of having his opinion, and that of another eminent physician, Dr Russell, entirely in favour of our keeping the child in the country some years at least. It was by Mr Scholbred's advice that Dr Russell was consulted. It seems that Mrs Piercy had

given the cases of our two former children to her sister, and Mr Scholbred, in consequence, did not choose to take the responsibility wholly on himself. Dr Russell's opinion, however, coincided with his; and it is a pleasure to me to say how much obliged we were to the liberality of both these kind gentlemen, for they both refused all remuneration.

When our most friendly doctor, Mr Scholbred, had left us, and we had got the other opinion, we were indeed happy; and to this day, although many years have since passed, the recollection of our happiness is still as fresh as ever. Oh! what a weight of woe was removed; what a contrast was that evening with the one which had gone before. So violent, however, had been my agitation during the late few hours, that my head gave me much pain. After a few days my hair began to drop off in large quantities; it returned, however, quite fresh, and of as good a colour as before, a few weeks after.

With what joy, what peace of mind, did we prepare to go up the country, and Mr Sherwood began to look about him for a pinnace, the budgerow in which we had come down the river having been much injured at Allahabad, and was otherwise old and inconvenient. He soon met with what he desired, an elegant pinnace, which differs from a budgerow in many particulars, and has, among other agreeable peculiarities, windows in the stern. In an incredibly short time, this pinnace having been brought alongside our budgerow, the servants passed all our goods and chattels through the windows, our little crook-backed Babouk being most active on the occasion, the small man being very well pleased at the idea of my going back, for, as he used to say, he had seen all the Sahib's children born. The white woman was also pleased, and as she had not the delicacy to be aware of her past conduct, we passed it over.

CHAPTER XXII.

OUR REMOVAL FROM CALCUTTA, AND ANCHORING FOR TWO DAYS
 —OUR NEW ACQUAINTANCES—VISIT TO MR THOMASON'S—THE
 REV. DAVID BROWNE—THE BOTANIC GARDEN—CRUDEN'S CON-
 CORDANCE—OUR JOURNEY TO CAWNPORE—MEETING WITH MR R.
 —VISIT TO MR CORRIE AT CHUNAR.

IN a very short time we were established in our handsome and commodious abode, our elegant pinnace; and having laid in provisions, we dropped down the river just so far as to clear all houses and to be anchored on a quiet and solitary shore, where we remained two days. Let not any one assert that there is not such a thing as happiness in this present life. Our heavenly Father does indeed and in truth sometimes give us a foretaste of heavenly bliss; at least, so much as may assist us to anticipate what our feelings may and will be when death shall be swallowed up in victory, through the grace of our all-conquering Redeemer. It is impossible to give an idea of our peace, our joy, our delight, during the two days we passed on that solitary shore; we who had so long anticipated a fearful separation. I remember even now our walks upon that quiet beach, our baby being carried by a black nurse by our side, our little, fair, and smiling Lucy. During those two days I wrote to Miss Corrie and Mrs R., anxiously desiring to have my orphans, my adopted ones, again. But we did not think of remaining in Calcutta for answers; we proposed calling to take them up on our way. On the 1st of December Mr Sherwood went from our quiet resting-place to the bazaar in Calcutta, and purchased many things which were wanting for the voyage up again to the provinces, for which we discovered we needed as much as for a short sea voyage. He had determined to commence our

journey up the country immediately, but this was not to be; we were to be introduced to many of the excellent people in Calcutta, and it was assuredly for our refreshment in our pilgrimage that it was to be so.

On the 2d Mr Sherwood, being again in Calcutta, called on the Rev. Mr Thomason, minister of the New Church. I can compare the little religious society at that time in Calcutta to nothing else than a very happy family, the children of which had long been separated, and had then but lately found each other united together again, enjoying a beloved parent's smiles, and rejoicing in the consciousness of his great love and divine power.

I have never seen in any body of Christians, nor probably ever shall see again while this life lasts, such full and perfect reliance upon the Divine will as was evinced in that little church of the children of the Holy One.

The Rev. David Browne, who had been the minister of what was called "The Missionary Church" in Calcutta, was then gone to Aldeen, near Serampore. Mr Thomason, who had lately come to India, now filled the place Mr Browne had vacated, and, with his wife and children, resided in the house of the minister, near the church. Another most eminent Christian, a Mr Myers, an old and most excellent man, and his wife and daughter, lived near, and were kindred spirits to them.

Mr Thomason was a friend of Mr Martyn's, and, knowing us well by report, he insisted on our going with him, and passing a few days at a country house which had been lent to him at Garden Reach, and in which he was residing whilst his own was under repair.

We could not refuse his warm solicitations, and, having left our retreat, we came up to our old station on the river, and proceeded to the house with our baby and Mrs Wiley in the evening.

Mr Thomason's house was within the court of the New Church, and opposite the end of the court were several apartments which joined to the church, and which were always occupied by Mr Browne when he came from Aldeen.

We found a party of ladies assembled at tea, after which every one repaired to the church. It was a custom adopted by Mr Thomason once a week to examine the European children or Christian children of half-blood whom he could collect in the church. The subject of his last Sunday's sermon was the subject for examination, and, to enable them to answer the better, he had always some of the principal points of the discourse printed each week in form of question and answer, and distributed amongst the children. About that time he was preaching a series of discourses on obedience to parents, and the duty of enforcing this obedience. It was a sweet and affecting sight to me to see so many fair English children, all of them elegantly dressed, standing round the desk and answering the good man's questions. Of these very few now live. We slept that night at Mr Thomason's, and though the house was of good size, it was as full as a hive of bees. Besides the sleeping inmates, visitors were dropping in at every meal, merely making calls, with Moonshes, Pundits, persons desiring religious instruction, and native servants in great numbers. We sat down at every meal to a very long table, profusely provided. The conversation at this hospitable board always ran upon religious subjects and on plans for doing good.

On Sunday we had two services, and, when I say it was nearly five years since we had seen a church or heard a church-bell, it may be imagined what were our feelings on the occasion.

On the Monday, after breakfast, Mr Thomason and his guests came down to our pinnace, which was lying off the Esplanade, and we dropped down altogether in it to Garden Reach, the first house of which is distant a very little way from Calcutta. Whilst in our pinnace, Mrs Thomason, happening to see amongst our books my "Susan Grey," exclaimed with great delight how much she liked that book when in England, and she asked us "if we knew who had written it." When I told her, it seemed a new subject of interest between us.

Garden Reach consists of a long extent of houses belonging to

the great civilians of Calcutta, and the house to which we were bound was six miles down the river. Our party at Garden Reach was much the same as it had been at Calcutta, but I had more opportunities of witnessing the Christian graces of dear Mrs Thomason, and I doubt not but that she shortened her life by her exertions in the cause of her faith. When she died she left behind her few who had been enabled to manifest, whilst in the flesh, so enlarged a kindness for all classes of human beings. She was formed to take a part in the blessed work that was then going on in India, and having taken that part and done her task, she was called away to rest in peace.

It was our intention to have left our friends on the 12th, but we were so much pressed to stay, that we consented to remain a week with them in Calcutta. During this week Mr Sherwood went across the river to the botanic gardens, and called at Dr Roxbury's, who gave him four pots of strawberries to take up the country, which he did. Before that time strawberries were not known in the Indian provinces, but they are now abundant.

One day during this week that most excellent of men, the Rev. David Browne, came over to see us from his country house at Aldeen, near Serampore. Mr Browne was a fine, tall, handsome, dark man, with a countenance beaming with Christian charity. This was the only time I ever saw him.

I had much conversation, whilst at Calcutta, with Mr and Mrs Thomason, respecting the state of the white orphan children of poor Europeans in India. I opened my heart especially to dear Mrs Thomason, and did not pour forth my feelings into the ears of the deaf; for from that time her mind was led to work on the subject, and we shall in the sequel see that through these means—these humble, unostentatious means—that provision was made which these forlorn ones required, in a manner which no person could then have anticipated.

On Monday, the 18th of December, we took leave of our dear friends in Calcutta, after many blessings on each side. As we

stood in the portico Mr Thomason suddenly ran into the house, and came out with a quarto Cruden's Concordance, which he presented to me. I cannot say what a treasure that book was, even then, to me, or how valuable I have since found it. At the same time a number of books were put into our trunks, to carry up to Patna, to a Mrs Hawkins, the wife of a great civilian there, with a letter of introduction if we chose to use it, which we did. And to this package was added the welcome privilege of opening it and reading the books on our way.

During my voyage I had much leisure, which I had not in Calcutta, to cultivate the affections of my baby, my fair and gentle Lucy, the little *pivot*, as Mr Thomason used to call her, on which all our late great movements had turned. She was a sweet, mild, smiling baby, very, very fair, with light brown hair. In her I seemed to have found again all the children I had lost. Our Lucy dear was lent to me for many happy years, and still is present with me in every hope I enjoy of future happiness. I know that I shall find her again when I am perfected in my Redeemer's image; for "I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness."

I was not without employment during my journey, neither was Mr Sherwood. Every morning, after breakfast, he used to read to me many chapters in the Bible, whilst I sewed. We then looked for texts, compared passages by our new Cruden, and both of us wrote down verses applicable to a set of lessons on history and prophecy which I was writing for my children, and which I still have by me.

Oh, that was a happy life, after the miseries we had suffered :

It was about two o'clock on the fourteenth day after our leaving Calcutta, as we were tracking slowly up the right bank of the stream, being in the principal branch of the Ganges, that notice was given of the approach of a budgerow, bearing a European family from the upper country. When Europeans thus meet, there is always a ceremony of hailing each other. Mr Sherwood was out in a moment on the fore-deck, and as the up-country boat

glided rapidly by us with the stream, he hailed the gentleman on the deck, and found him to be Mr R., of Benares, on his way to the Presidency, with his lady, his little son, and the orphan Sally. There was not time for more to be said than that Mr R. would stop as soon as possible, and that we would try to meet when come to anchor; for Mr R. could not stop his rapid downward course easily, nor indeed until the two boats were at least a mile distant.

As had been anticipated, Mrs R. had been disappointed in her hopes of a living baby to occupy her beautiful cradle, and she was going down to Calcutta to renew her health and spirits.

No sooner was our pinnace come to anchor than Mr Sherwood, taking a small boat that we always had with us, and two or three men, dropped down to Mr R.'s boat to inquire for little Sally, being earnestly charged by me to get her back if possible. I was anxious till he returned with the child, and then he told me that the little girl had been so restless, and had so pined after me, that it was thought advisable she should come to me at once. Poor Mrs R. was wholly incapable of attending to the orphan, for she was in feeble health; indeed, I cannot think she ever recovered that illness at Benares which was thought to be occasioned by the alarm of the young tigers, as she died in Calcutta not very long afterwards.

We passed the mouth of the Caramnassa river, which flows from the west, and is accounted as impure as the Ganges is esteemed holy; inasmuch so, that if a pilgrim, returning from any of the holy places to the south, should accidentally touch its waters, all his former labours would be of no avail. Such are the absurdities of the superstitious.

On the same day Mr Sherwood observed a large tree on the high bank, with its roots worn bare by the stream at high water, and threatening to fall during the next rains into the bed of the stream. Mr Sherwood observed to one of the boatmen, "that if that tree were then cut down, it might save many a boat next year." The

man answered, "that it was a divinity, and must not be touched." It was probably one of those kinds which these poor ignorant people account not only holy, but divine.

At twelve o'clock on the 9th of February we reached Chunar, where we purposed visiting Mr and Miss Corrie, and expected to take up our little Annie. Oh, how different were the feelings with which I now approached that place to those which I had had when I saw it last. We had scarcely obtained a sight of the landing-place, when we saw Mr Corrie's palanquins waiting to take us up to his hospitable house. We landed, all impatience, and were carried, not to the same place where I had left my little girls, but to some old house near the fort. Mr Corrie was under orders for Agra, and had parted with his pretty domain, having provided himself with only a temporary residence—a wide, dark, dilapidated hungalow, only half-furnished. With what affection did little Annie rush into my arms, and into those of her beloved Sally! How kindly did my dear Miss Corrie receive me! She was ever to me like the friend and sister of former years. Mr Corrie was not in the house when we arrived; but when he entered, and saw us, he hailed our presence with unfeigned delight, expressing his pleasure in seeing us all again together. But hardly had he looked at us, before he inquired anxiously for the baby. "Where is Lucy Elizabeth?" he said. He was under fear that this little one too had been taken from her parents. She was in an adjoining suite of rooms, which Miss Corrie had already appropriated to us. In a moment after he understood where the baby was, he passed the door, and appeared again with her in his arms, tossing her up, and setting the little fair creature, then only eight months old, to laugh, and crow, and dance as he raised her in the air. That was indeed a joyful meeting, and the memory of it will remain with me, perhaps, beyond this present existence.

But to return to little Annie. I could not have looked at her for one moment, in the presence of her adopted parents, without beholding in her a happy child at home. Pale and delicate she

always was ; but there was peace in the expression of her dove-like eye, and content in all her movements. Her dress was neat to perfection, consisting of white muslin, without ornament, and her hair was nicely arranged. She dined with Sally at a little low table which had been purchased for her ; she had also a small arm-chair. Her green box was still precious, but her small possessions were increased to the utmost of her simple desires. And when, after dinner, the children had gone into another room, she became the subject of our conversation, and we offered to take her, nay, were even anxious so to do, the Christian brother and sister both looked so unhappy that we desisted in our request. "We love her," said Mr Corrie ; "she is a sweet and gentle child, and so intelligent, that she is already a companion to my sister, and her solace in many a lonely hour of the long hot Indian day. She sleeps in her room, she is her constant companion ; she reads to her, she finds sweet verses to shew to her, and we would gladly keep her ; still, we must not insist upon it. Though she would like to go with you, we feel she would be grieved to part with us. You have other children, and many other calls for your compassion."

Thus spoke Mr Corrie, and we thought that we should have really injured the child had we pressed the point ; and we had no right to do it. Parting her from Sally was the only difficulty. She had, it seemed, pined much after her when Sally went first to Benares—often bursting into tears in the midst of her work or play, and crying, "Oh, I am sorry for Sally, I am sorry for Sally !" But our little Annie had become used to be without her sister by adoption, and the bitterness of the separation was in some degree passed. It was evidently with an important purpose that this child was taken from me by Miss Corrie, as will appear in the sequel.

Whilst we were at Chunar, on the 10th and 11th, the hot winds began to be so strong that we were advised to get tatties for our budgerow. We also heard that the regiment was returned to

headquarters—Cawnpore. On the 12th we left Chunar; the wind was very hot, and one side of our budgerow was darkened by tatties, some one being always employed to draw water from the river, and throw it on them. An awning, too, was raised over the roof, under which the bearers and other idle servants reposed. I think that this was the only time in which we ever travelled in the hot winds; and it was not many days that we were exposed to this very uncomfortable situation, in which we could do nothing but lie down, and perhaps read.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE CIVILIAN'S FAMILY AT MIRZAPORE—MISS LOUISA—THE OLD AYAH'S ADVICE—OUR RETURN TO CAWNPORE—THE DHAYE'S CHILD—MR MARTYN AND THE FAKEERS—ABDOOL MUSSEEH—THE DEATH OF THE DHAYE'S CHILD AND LITTLE CHARLES SUNDERLAND.

We reached Mirzapore two days after leaving Chunar, and here we had an opportunity of seeing the proceedings of a true Indian family, a civilian of great opulence. Though we slept in our boat, I could not leave the children there, and therefore we brought them up, and located little Miss Lucy and her attendants in the nursery of our friend, who had, besides two or three children at school in England, one daughter, Miss Louisa, whom we had seen before, and three very little ones. These children had the whole of a wing of the large house devoted to themselves and their attendants; for each child had two or more servants to itself, not counting the washerman, sweepers, bullock-drivers, silver-stick

bearers, cooks, &c., &c., which that portion of the house needed. Over all these was a large, tall, consequential, superbly dressed, high-salaried, white woman, probably some sergeant's widow, who sat in state, gave her orders, and talked in superlatives. Woe was there to those who did not pay her the respect she thought due to herself. Under this person was an Ayah, or head nurse, a black woman, who had lived long with the lady of the mansion, and who no doubt felt the yoke of the white woman anything but easy. My own white woman, Mrs Wiley, however, here found a fellow-creature, and one to whom she looked up as the very ultimatum of all that was desirable. The civilian's lady herself, who was a very gentle, timid person, seemed to be in some awe of the mistress paramount of her nursery. I can fancy I see this tyrant now, in her smart head-tire, seated in her elbow chair, issuing her commands in Anglo-Hindostanee, and scarcely condescending to bow to her lady's visitors. But there were three babies, as near to each other in age as possible, and this was to me a sight of the deepest interest, for the children looked well, and the little one was so fat that they had put rows of pearls about her little neck to prevent the creases occasioned by the plumpness from galling. To learn how these little ones were managed was so important to me that I would have borne any insolence to obtain information. Each person who had anything to do in the nursery way agreed that wet-nurses must be had for delicate children in India, even if the white mother was able to nurse her children for a time. "But the wet-nurse's baby," I remarked; "what can be done for the little black infant?" "Oh!" replied the amiable white woman, "something handsome is always paid for their being reared; but they commonly die." "My lady," she added, "has had six nurses for different children, and the babies have one and all died." "Died!" I remember I exclaimed, "but this is murder." She answered coolly, "But this can't be helped; the mothers never fret after them. Whenever they nurse a white baby, they cease to care for their own; they say, 'White child is good; black child his slave.'"

I still inquired "whether this might not be avoided?" "Only," she answered, "by a lady taking the trouble of keeping the infant within her compound and seeing it daily."

I was not content with talking to the white nurse upon the subject of rearing children. I had a long conversation with the old Ayah. The advice she gave me was so important that I ever afterwards acted upon it whilst in India. She looked at my little fair Lucy, who had not then a sign of a tooth, and, though in good health, was delicately fair, and without a shade of colour, so that a baby form cut in Carrara marble could not have been whiter than she was. "When you reach your home," said the old Ayah, "you must get a Dhaye (nurse) for the little Beebee (lady), and keep that Dhaye with her till she has cut every tooth. Do not force or tempt her to eat; let her live entirely, if she pleases, on her milk, and, God willing, you will rear her. So do with all the children you may have hereafter, for bones made of milk are good."

I made up my mind to follow this advice, and to mothers in India it may prove very valuable.

I must now proceed to some description of Miss Louisa, the eldest daughter then in India of our friends, who at that time might have been about six or seven. She was tall of her age, very brown, and very pale. She had been entirely reared in India, and was accustomed from her earliest infancy to be attended by a multitude of servants, whom she despised thoroughly as being black, although, no doubt, she preferred their society to her own country people, as they administered, with much flattery and servility, to her wants. Wherever she had moved during these first years of her life, she had been followed by her Ayah, and probably by one or two bearers, and she was perfectly aware that if she got into any mischief they would be blamed, and not herself. In the meantime, except in the article of food, every desire, and every caprice, and every want had been indulged to satiety. No one who has not seen it could imagine the profusion of toys which are scattered about an Indian house wherever the Babalogue (children

people) are permitted to range. There may be seen fine polished and painted toys from Benares, in which all the household utensils of the country, the fruits, and even the animals, are represented, the last most ludicrously incorrect; toys in painted clay from Morshebabad and Calcutta, representing figures of gods and goddesses, with horses, camels, elephants, peacocks, and parrots, and now and then a Topce Walla, or hat-wearer, as they call the English, in full regimentals and cocked-hat, seated on an ill-formed, clumsy thing, meant for a horse. Then add to these English, French, and Dutch toys, which generally lie pell-mell in every corner where the listless, toy-satiated child may have thrown or kicked them.

The child, being now nearly seven years old, was permitted to move about the house independently of her Ayah; thus, she was sometimes in the hall, sometimes in the verandah, sometimes in one room, sometimes in another. In an Indian house in the hot season no inner door is ever shut, and curtains only are hung in the doorways, so that this little wild one was in and out and everywhere just as it hit her fancy. She had never been taught even to know her letters; she had never been kept to any task; she was a complete slave of idleness, restlessness, and *ennui*. "It is time for Louisa to go to England," was quietly remarked by the parents, and no one present controverted the point. As to little Sally, she seemed perfectly terrified by this child, and kept close by me. The lady of the house, it should be told, suffered as much as any European who yet lived could do from the influence of the climate. She appeared to be a complete victim to languor and *ennui*. She had not the bodily strength of controlling either children or servants; she seemed to have lost all motive of action, all power of exertion. She had few books, and scarcely ever heard any news of her own people, of whom she saw scarce one in a year, and apparently she took little interest in the natives. Hers was, indeed, but a common picture, which might represent hundreds of her country people in the same situation. There is no solitude like the solitude of a civilian's lady in a retired situation in India.

We left after two days' visit, proceeding for twenty-one days more, when we came within view of Cawnpore. Our long, long voyage terminated under a high conker bank, on the summit of which was our assistant surgeon's bungalow, or rather I should say bungalows, for there were two, connected by a long gallery or passage, with walls of unbaked brick.

By mutual arrangement, he kindly let us have the whole of the smaller bungalow, and on the Monday morning we sent up all our furniture from the boats, which was placed, without any trouble of ours, just as we would have it, in the empty bungalow. It was the season for the beginning of the hot winds, and most thankful were we for this refuge.

Behold us then again established, in a certain degree ; keeping to our own side of the house, as it were, without any trouble to our hosts, for thus we manage things in India. Our old friends were soon about us, congratulating us on our return, and I believe sincerely glad to see us again—my pupils and their parents especially, who were amongst the foremost to welcome us ; for there had been no school in the regiment since we had left Cawnpore, and no hope of one till our return. Of those in the higher ranks who rejoiced most at my remaining in India was dear Mrs Mawby, Mrs Piercy, and, last named but not least beloved, Mr Henry Martyn, who came the very first evening on horseback, with his coat, as he always wore it, hanging like a saddle over his horse's back, to sup with us, and tell us how full of joy he was. "He had wanted fellow countrymen," he said, "during our absence," and, to use his own words, "had felt he had been dwelling in the tents of Kedar." He looked, we thought, very ill, and often complained of what he called a fire burning in his breast.

We remained ten days in our kind friends', Mr and Mrs Millar's, bungalow, during which time Mr Sherwood was looking for a house, and he had some difficulty in finding a suitable one. I had resolved, ever since my conversation with the old Ayah, to

procure a wet-nurse for my little Lucy. A respectable woman offered herself, and was approved. I took every possible precaution for her baby, promising money if care was taken and the child reared. The mother selected the nurse, and was far better satisfied than I was. I gave orders that the child of the nurse should be brought to me every day. I hid myself then for a time from my own dear Lucy, and had the pleasure to find that my little one was soon reconciled to her foster-mother. It is touching to see the European babe hanging on the breast of the black woman, and testifying towards her all the tenderness which is due to its own mother. It is not uncommon to see the delicate, fair hand stroking the swarthy face of the foster-parent, and even to observe *that* foster-mother smiling upon the child, really, I believe, usually feeling for it unfeigned and unextinguishable love.

During the latter part of this month we had the pleasure of Mr Martyn's company continually. He was urging me to learn Hebrew. He usually came in just before tea time, and, if Lucy was not gone to rest, took her in his arms, and had always a something to say to Sally. He was with us during a most tremendous touffan, and no one who has not been in a tropical region can, I think, imagine what these storms are. The wind roars, and howls, and whistles, as if bearing terrible voices on its wings, and bursts, every now and then, with such fury, that one expects to see the roof of the house torn up, or the walls giving way. We had a curious conversation on the subject. There was a hollow, fearful whistling, like human voices, in the blast; and Mr Martyn said, "It was often in his mind, that the prince of the power of the air was permitted to inflict, not only all storms and tempests, but all diseases and sufferings on man in the flesh." He brought forward passages in the book of Job, and many other texts, to prove this opinion. Mr Martyn's conversation was always upon subjects of general and never-ceasing interest. Neither the gossip, nor even the politics, much

less the gains and losses of this present time, seemed to enter into his thoughts, in consequence of which his society had a perpetual influence in elevating the minds of his hearers, and filling them with ideas to dwell upon when alone. "Mr Martyn's mind," observes his biographer in his printed memoirs, "closed as it was against trifling vanities, was ever open and alive to many of those subjects which arrest the attention and interest the curiosity of men of science and research, and which form one great source of intellectual gratification. While the moral depravity of Shiraz chiefly occupied his thoughts and aroused his commiseration, he could find also a mournful pleasure in musing over the fallen grandeur of Persepolis."

When I awoke on the morning of the 4th of May I heard that the Dhaye's baby was come, brought for my inspection. I thought it did not look well. I was sorry for this poor child, and sent for another nurse for it. I did feel deeply for the little creature, whose milk my Lucy enjoyed, and I have no doubt that I was deceived in respect to that baby, and that the nurse provided by the mother probably had no support for her. I grew more capable of managing when the next occasion of the kind occurred. I made another attempt, however, to change the nurse of the Dhaye's child, but the mother did not seem to wish me to interfere. Whilst uneasy for this child, I commenced a story called "Little Henry and his Bearer," for I was thinking much of the poor natives of India, and their religious necessities.

From the earliest period of Mr Martyn's arrival at Cawnpore he had collected all the pious soldiers, as has been stated before, and he was trying to get a place for them for public worship. It was very remarkable that the building fixed upon for this purpose was a large, empty bungalow, in the very next compound to his own house. This bungalow was in preparation when we returned. They commenced placing pews and benches, and erecting a pulpit and reading-desk, and thus eventually a very respectable and convenient place of worship was prepared, although Mr Martyn re-

mained only to see it opened. But before it was opened, however, a part of the building afforded a convenient place for the meetings of the pious soldiers and a few persons of the higher ranks who longed for something like public worship. In the church compound there was a small puckah house, the former use of which we know not; but I cast my eyes upon it, and asked Mr Martyn if he would permit me to have it for the orphan children of the regiment then in the barracks, the girls especially who were without mothers.

Mr Martyn's school of native boys had proceeded prosperously during the cold season, and he had brought it nearer to himself, whilst he filled his domain with Moon-hees, Pundits, and native Christians, and all sorts of odd people; some of whom, when he left Cawnpore, he added to his brother Corrie's establishment, and a few he bequeathed to us. During this time he had formed a friendship with some Europeans, and, as this blessed minister of the truth, had been very useful also to several young men, especially to a fine young man of our corps, Lieutenant Harrington, who, about this period of which I am writing, mixed himself up in all our parties and many of our employments. Another of Mr Martyn's works at Cawnpore, during the late cold season, was collecting together and preaching to the Yogees and Fakeers, a sort of persons who abound in every part of India, persons who, under a thin veil of superstition, are thieves, rogues, and murderers, the very vilest of the vile. It was whilst we were absent that he commenced this strange and apparently unpromising labour. Every Sunday evening the gates of his compound were opened, and every one admitted who chose to come, and then placing himself on his cherbuter, he from thence addressed these people. These Fakeers and Yogees (Mussulman and Hindoo saints) are organised bodies, having their king or supreme in every district. They amount to hundreds in every large station, and, as it has lately been better understood, act in concert to gull the people. Even we English, in all our pretended wisdom, have been often

deceived by them as well as the poor ignorant natives. I remember once seeing a man standing by the river side, who was said to have stood there in one attitude for many years, until his beard and his nails had grown to an enormous length, and the very birds had built their nests in his hair. We, of course, marvelled not a little at this prodigy; but we did not suspect, what has since been discovered, that this appearance is always kept up by three or four persons, who combine together to relieve guard, watching their opportunities to make the exchange when no eye is upon them. But horrid as these standing and sitting objects make themselves by wigs and false beards of matted hair, and a thick plaster of cow-dung, they are not worse, if so bad, as many that move about the country, demanding alms from the superstitious or ignorant people. The various contrivances with which they create wonder and excite compassion can hardly be believed in a Christian country. Sometimes Mr Martyn's garden has contained as many as five hundred of these people on a Sunday evening, and as I dare not let my imagination loose to describe them, I will copy from my Indian journals what I have written of them. "No dreams nor visions excited in the delirium of a raging fever can surpass these realities. These devotees vary in age and appearance; they are young and old, male and female, bloated and wizened, tall and short, athletic and feeble; some clothed with abominable rags; some nearly without clothes; some plastered with mud and cow-dung; others with matted, uncombed locks streaming down to their heels; others with heads bald or scabby, every countenance being hard and fixed, as it were, by the continual indulgence of bad passions, the features having become exaggerated, and the lips blackened with tobacco, or blood-red with the juice of the henna. But these and such as these form only the general mass of the people; there are among them still more distinguished monsters. One little man generally comes in a small cart drawn by a bullock; his body and limbs are so shrivelled as to give, with his black skin and large head, the appearance of a gigantic frog. Another has

his arm fixed above his head, the nail of the thumb piercing through the palm of the hand ; another, and a very large man, has his ribs and the bones of his face externally traced with white chalk, which, striking the eye in relief above the dark skin, makes him appear, as he approaches, like a moving skeleton. The most horrible, however, of these poor creatures are such as have contrived to throw all the nourishment of the body into one limb, so as to make that limb of immense size, whilst all the rest of the frame is shrivelled."

Since I wrote this account, I have been inclined to believe that this last case must be one of disease, commonly called elephantiasis, and not an artificial work.

When Mr Martyn collected these people he gave each a *pie* ; but he was most carefully watched by the British authorities, and had he attempted at anything which could have been represented to be an attack upon the religion of these poor people, he certainly would have incurred a command to collect them no more. Had he excited them to make any noise or tumult, he would undoubtedly have incurred the same reproof. He, therefore, was compelled to be very careful of what he said to them, and on this account he kept much to discussions upon the moral law. He went over the ten commandments with them. Though he used the greatest caution, he was often interrupted with groans, hissings, cursings, blasphemies, and threatenings ; the scene altogether was a fearful one. Nor was Mr Martyn aware that these addresses to the beggars had produced any fruit until the very last Sunday of his residence in Cawnpore. Mr Martyn's bungalow was next to one in which some wealthy natives resided, and on the wall of one of these gardens was a summer-house, which overlooked his domain. One Sunday a party of young Mussulmans were regaling themselves in this kiosk, or summer-house, with their hookahs and their sherbet, at the very time when Mr Martyn was haranguing the mendicants below. This was a fine amusement for the idle youths, and they no doubt made their comments upon the "foolishness"

of the Feringhee Padre—"foolishness" being the term commonly applied even by the English at Cawnpore to many of the actions of this child of God. But after a little while, these young men felt disposed to see and hear more of what was going forward; so down they came from their kiosk, and entered the garden, and made their way through the crowd, and placed themselves in a row before the front of the bungalow, with their arms folded, their turbans placed jauntily on one side, and their countenances and their manner betraying the deepest scorn.

Their description was given me by one who had well observed them. They listened with much assurance, made their remarks, and after a while returned to their kiosk, leaving such small impression on the Europeans present, that some neither observed their entrance nor their exit. Amongst these young men was Abdool Mussech, afterwards so well known in the religious world of India; the original name of this man was Sheik Saleh. He was born at Delhi about the year 1776. He was the son of a learned man, whose occupation was the instruction of youth, though the learning, however, of the East amounts to but little with the knowing. Sheik Saleh was remarkably handsome, of a grave and dignified air; his comeliness being of that description which we attribute to the patriarchs of the Old Testament. Under his father's instruction, he had become well versed in Persian and Arabic; for these are languages indispensable in a literary character in that part of the world. Persian may be considered the court language of the East: it is the softest, most elegant, and melodious of all Oriental tongues. It is delightful to hear it spoken, even though by the hearer it be not understood. Sheik Saleh, when of age, had come with his father to Lucknow; there he became Moonshee to two English gentlemen—the first a merchant, the second an officer in the Company's service. He was then a fiery Mussulman, who wanted but the power to convert the whole earth by the force of the sword. The fruit of his zeal was only one poor fellow-servant, whom he persuaded to abandon his

idolatries, and become a Mussulman. Being probably much excited by his success in this instance, he became so forward and troublesome in the family that his master found it necessary to reprove him. This he was by no means disposed to put up with ; he therefore left his service, vowing never again to attend upon a Feringhee. He next attached himself to the Nawaub of Lucknow, and from this service he went into the Mahratta country. It was in this country that it pleased God to impress the mind of this young man with his first serious thoughts. He was in the service of the Rajah, and accompanied the envoy sent by the Rajah to murder the rival of the Rajah of Joudpore. The cruelty and treachery which he there witnessed seemed to open his eyes, and probably gave him a disgust to his own religion.

The envoy swore on the Koran that he came on a message of peace, and having thus lulled his victim into security, he decoyed the young chief into his tent, where he stabbed his victim through the folds of the cloth.

Sheik Saleh witnessed this act ; and so great was the fear he conceived lest he, too, should be employed in some such work of treachery, that he immediately left the Mahratta service, and returned to Lucknow, and, guided by a hand of which he still was ignorant, he was shortly after led to visit Cawnpore, where he was present when Mr Martyn so stated the purity of the Divine law as to bring the conviction to the mind of this auditor at least, that, as by the deeds of the law no flesh can be saved, some atonement beyond the reach of man was requisite for man's salvation. From thus hearing the gospel, Sheik Saleh forthwith resolved to look deeper into the Christian doctrines. He had already become dissatisfied with the Mussulman creed, and God had opened and prepared his heart for instruction, so that on his return to Lucknow he begged his father, who was residing there, to procure him employment in Cawnpore. His father was acquainted with a friend of Sabat's, and through this friend's interest he was engaged to copy Persian manuscripts for Sabat, and

came to Cawnpore for this purpose, and he actually resided within Mr Martyn's domain, though unknown, or I should say unregarded, by any of us.

The party assembled at that period at Cawnpore was ready to hail the approach of Mr and Miss Corrie, with their little Annie; and on the 3d of June these dear friends arrived, Miss Corrie and Annie staying with us, and Mr Corrie going to Mr Martyn's; but not a day, however, passed in which we did not meet.

I was made very unhappy one morning, on being suddenly informed that the Dhaye's poor baby was dead. The account given me was that it had been killed in a fall—its death had been very sudden. I felt much for the mother, and begged they would not tell her till she had dined. When I looked through the venetians of the children's room, and saw her sitting placidly taking her food as usual, I remember that I withdrew and cried bitterly, till Miss Corrie came to me and said, "Wipe away your tears on the mother's account, she has known of her child's death since the morning, and all the comment she made upon it was, 'I hope the Beebee Sahib will not be vexed.'" After this of course I was comforted, or, as my journal says, I became entirely reconciled, for this poor babe is gone to Him who made it and loved it, after a very short suffering. Its very sudden death excited in my mind painful conjectures.

It was on Thursday, the 12th of June, whilst dressing in the morning, a sweet little boy, called Charles Sunderland, whose mother was dead, was brought to me from the barracks, in a state almost past hope. His father implored me to look for a Dhaye for him, and Mr Sherwood was so kind as to say, as he ever did, that I might take the little one in. He was in our house a week, and I succeeded in procuring a Dhaye for him, and during that time he was so dreadfully ill that on Saturday we hourly looked for his death. In fact, he died on Wednesday, between six and seven in the evening, and he passed so gently

that I, who was watching him anxiously, did not exactly know the moment of his departure.

Lovely, lovely baby! His mother, I am told, was a pious woman. The little memorandum of his birth and death is as follows :—

“Charles Sunderland, born and died at Cawnpore, aged two years and two months, buried in his mother’s tomb in the soldiers’ burying-ground.”

I have by me still a lock of fair hair cut from that baby’s head.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OUR SERVICES AT THE CHURCH BUNGALOW—MR MARTYN’S ADDRESS TO THE MENDICANTS—THE “INDIAN PILGRIM’S PROGRESS”—THE PINE-APPLE CHEESE—MR MARTYN’S STUDIES—MR MARTYN LEAVES FOR PERSIA—OUR SCHOOL—MARIA CLARKE—THE PORTUGUESE HALF-CASTE.

WE were, during this our second stay at Cawnpore, peculiarly blessed in our society. Few were the evenings which we did not spend with Mr Martyn and Mr Corrie, and twice in the week we all went together to Mr Martyn’s domain, the children not being omitted. First we went to the church bungalow, where we had service, and afterwards to his house. One or other of these excellent men usually expounded to us. Our party consisted of some young officers, who were almost always with us; a few poor, pious soldiers; some orphans of the barracks; and a number of our former pupils. We always sang two or three hymns from the Calcutta

Collection, and sat at one end of the place of worship, the other and larger end not being finished, and of course not open. After the service, as I said, we went to the bungalow, and had supper, and generally concluded with another hymn. Mr Martyn's principal favourite hymns were "The God of Abraham's praise," and "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness." I remember to this hour the spirit of hope and of joy with which we were wont to join in these words :—

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness
 Look, my soul, with hope and praise,
 All the promises do travail
 With a glorious day of grace ;
 Blessed jubilee !
 Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Let the Indian, let the negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That Divine and glorious conquest
 (Once obtain'd on Calvary ;
 Let the gospel
 Loud resound from pole to pole."

Oh, what glorious feelings have we enjoyed when, Mr Martyn leading the hymn, we all broke forth in one delightful chorus ! On such occasions all languor was forgotten, and every heart glowed with holy hope. We were then, indeed, somewhat mistaken as to the means which were to bring about our expected jubilee ; but we did not mistake as to the magnitude of the love of God, through Christ our Redeemer, and what he wrought for the human race when he cried out on the cross, "It is finished," and then gave up the ghost.

We often went, too, on the Sunday evenings, to hear the addresses of Mr Martyn to the assembly of mendicants, and we generally stood behind him on the cherbuter. On these occasions we had to make our way through a dense crowd, with a temperature often rising above 92°, whilst the sun poured its burning rays upon us through a lurid haze of dust. Frightful were the objects which usually met our eyes in this crowd ; so many monstrous and diseased limbs, and hideous faces, were displayed before us,

and pushed forward for our inspection, that I have often made my way to the cherbuter with my eyes shut, whilst Mr Sherwood led me. On reaching the platform I was surrounded by our own people, and yet even there I scarcely dared to look about me. I still imagine that I hear the calm, distinct, and musical tones of Henry Martyn, as he stood raised above the people, endeavouring, by shewing the purity of the Divine law, to convince the unbelievers that by their works they were all condemned; and that this was the case of every man of the offspring of Adam, and they therefore needed a Saviour who was both willing and able to redeem them. From time to time low murmurs and curses would arise in the distance, and then roll forward till they became so loud as to drown the voice of this pious one, generally concluding with hissings and fierce cries. But when the storm passed away, again he might be heard going on where he had left off, in the same calm, steadfast tone, as if he were incapable of irritation from the interruption.

Mr Martyn himself assisted in giving each person his *piece* after the address was concluded; and when he withdrew to his bungalow, I have seen him drop, almost fainting, on a sofa, for he had, as he often said, even at that time, a slow inflammation burning in his chest, and one which he knew must eventually terminate his existence. In consequence of this he was usually in much pain after any exertion of speaking.

The 18th of August that year is a day to be remembered by me. The religious persons in Calcutta were just beginning at this time to think of translating some of the best English works on religious subjects into Hindostanee. Amongst some other books they had tried John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" but if ever there was a work ill suited to the genius of the East, it was this work of honest old John's. When a few pages had been completed, the incompatibility of Bunyan's homespun style with the flowery Oriental taste so struck everybody, that it was thought the thing must be given up. What could be made of "Mrs Bat's-

eyes," "Mr Worldly Wiseman," and "Mr Byends," in a narrative for Hindoos and Mussulmans? The report of this failure had reached Mr Corrie, and he came over the Parade to us this morning, all glee and delight, with the idea of fabricating an Indian "Pilgrim's Progress;" but, as he said, "he had none of that qualification called invention." He could give hints and correct blunders, but he had not been in the habit of writing in the style required, and, therefore, it had been settled between him and Mr Martyn that I was to write and they were to direct and criticise; in short, it was to be a joint performance, and we formed a conception of our plan that very day.

Our dear companion, Mr Martyn, was indeed, as we apprehended, changing rapidly for another state of being. In the autumn of the year before, he had suffered from an attack of inflammation of the chest of a very serious nature; and so feeble was he in the spring, that Mr Corrie, when he arrived at Cawnpore, in his way to Agra, made an application to the authorities to be permitted to remain there, in order to assist his friend. As it afterwards happened, Mr Corrie was prepared to take Mr Martyn's place as soon as he was obliged to leave the station. Most merciful and tender was that arrangement of Providence, whereby these two beloved friends were thus left together for some months, so short a time previously to the death of one of them; and I have shewn how much Mr Sherwood and myself benefited by this arrangement.

I must now proceed to what I call the adventures of a pineapple cheese. A European cheese was at that time a most expensive article in the higher provinces. One had been provided for our family, at the cost of I know not how many rupees, and our little major-domo had received these rupees to pay for it. This cheese was placed every evening on the supper-table when we supped at home, which was five days on an average in the week, our party, whether at home or elsewhere, always including the Padre, as Mr Martyn was called. It occurred to me one day, by mere chance,

that Mr Martyn's cheese was singularly like our own, and, on deeper scrutiny, I thought I perceived a remarkable sympathy between ours and the one which appeared on Mr Martyn's table: as one diminished, so, in equal ratio, did the other shrink. I mentioned my suspicions to Miss Corrie, and we soon became convinced that there was but one cheese between the two families, although both heads of the houses had assuredly each paid for one. Having arrived at this point, I charged our attendant, Babouk, with being in league with Mr Martyn's head man in the affair. I told him that he stood detected; he joined his hands, crouched like a dog, and confessed the charge, crying, "Mercy! mercy!" He was forgiven, though from that time the double duties of this celebrated cheese were put a stop to.

Mr Martyn himself always supped on raisins, steeped in water, and sweet limes. I, of course, gave money to have these provided when he was at our house. They were things of small value there, but I found out afterwards that our little thief bought the raisins at half price from Mr Martyn's servant.

We spent some hours every morning during the early part of the month of September in taking short voyages on the river; for Mr Sherwood, Mr Martyn, and Mr Corrie hired a pinnace, and we furnished it with a sofa and a few chairs and tables. The children went with us, and their attendants. Mr Martyn sent a quantity of books, and used to take possession of the sofa, with all his books about him. He was often studying Hebrew, and had huge lexicons lying by him. The nurses sat on the floor in the inner room, and the rest of us in the outer. Well do I remember some of the manoeuvres of little Lucy at that time, who had just acquired the power of moving about independently of a guiding hand; by this independence she always used to make her way to Mr Martyn when he was by any means approachable. On one occasion I remember seeing the little one, with her grave yet placid countenance, her silken hair, and shoeless feet, step out of the inner room of the pinnace with a little mora, which she set by Mr

Martyn's couch, then, mounting on it, she got upon the sofa, which was low, and next seated herself on his huge lexicon. He would not suffer her to be disturbed, though he required his book every instant. Soon, however, weary of this seat, she moved to Mr Martyn's knee, and there she remained, now and then taking his book from him, and pretending to read; but he would not have her removed, for, as he said, she had taken her position with him, and she was on no account to be sent from him. Little Annie, in the meantime, as Miss Corrie used to say of her, had more than she could do, in all the various exigencies of these voyages, to take care of herself, and keep herself safe and blameless, neat and clean; a pretty anxiety ever manifested itself on her small face lest we should be overset, or some one should tumble out of the window. But, oh! how dear in their different ways were all these little ones to Mr Corrie; climbing about him, leaning upon him, and laughing at all his innocent jests. Sweet, most sweet, is the remembrance of those excursions on the Ganges, and such must they continue ever, till memory's power shall pass away.

In the meantime, I was going on with my "Indian Pilgrim," under the eye of Mr Corrie, being in the Mohammedan part of the story much assisted by some papers of Mr Martyn. The history of Bartholomew, in this book, is founded on fact. I often went out with Mr Martyn in his gig, during that month, when he used to call either for me or Miss Corrie, and whoever went with him went at the peril of their lives. He never looked where he was driving, but went dashing through thick and thin, being always occupied in reading Hindostanee by word of mouth, or discussing some text of Scripture. I certainly never expected to have survived a lesson he gave me in his gig, in the midst of the plain at Cawnpore, on the pronounciation of one of the Persian letters; however, I did survive, and live to tell of it many years afterwards.

Mr Martyn had long been intending to leave Cawnpore. His purpose was to return to England by way of Persia, and the time

of separation was drawing near, and the loss of that holy man was the first break in our little happy society.

When Mr Martyn had finished his translation of the New Testament in Persian, it was given to Sheik Saleh (Abdool Musseeh) to bind, who took this opportunity to read it attentively; and such was the interest which it excited, that from that time he resolved to go down with Mr Martyn to Calcutta, that is, to follow in his train, for as yet Mr Martyn knew him not personally. Sabat also was with Mr Martyn, as I have lately said; but little did he know of him, although his stern form, which terrified the children, was often mixed up with our happiest scenes. During this period it may be difficult to give an idea of the tortures which this Arab inflicted upon his patron. Mr Martyn was most anxious, of course, to finish the translation of the New Testament into Persian. He felt that his time would be short, and he felt also the pressure of the climate and of illness; but the spirit of pride and disputation had taken such hold of Sabat that he would often contend for a whole morning about the meaning of an unimportant word; and Mr Martyn has not unseldom ordered his palanquin and come over to us, to get out of the sound of the voice of the fierce Ishmaelite. Though often thoroughly exhausted by the constant inflictions of this man, this true child of God never lost his temper with him. What must have been the reflections of Sabat, in the days of his adversity, on the manner in which he treated that gentle one? Most awful is the history of this son of the desert, for his was a spirit which was incapable of rest. He maintained a perpetual warfare with his fellow-creatures; and as he lived in violence, so he died. I have by me now a note of his, addressed to Mr Sherwood on occasion of his having lost a jewelled dagger, which note was directed in English, "To the Man of God, Captain Sherwood," and was brought on parade by a black servant, and handed about from one officer to another till it reached its destination. There is another anecdote of this man which I will relate here. Being one day offended with Mr Martyn, Sabat

wrote a Persian letter full of abuse of his patron, to a friend of his, who lived in the service of the English Resident at Lucknow. This friend shewed the letter to his master, who, being greatly displeased with Sabat's ingratitude, sent it under cover to Mr Martyn, in order to apprise him of the nature of the person harboured beneath his roof, assuring him that the terms of the letter were extremely violent. Mr Martyn did not look into it, but, summoning the Ishmaelite, requested him to read it aloud to him, seeming as if he knew not who had written it. The child of the desert was for once confounded; he could not look up; he cowered and was still before his calm, dispassionate master. Mr Martyn pitied him, and, first assuring him that he had not read one word of the letter, though he understood its tendency, he bade him go in peace, taking the epistle in his hands. On this occasion Sabat seemed to be really touched, and expressed contrition.

On the Sunday before Mr Martyn left, the church was opened, and the bell sounded for the first time over this land of darkness. The church was crowded, and there was the band of our regiment to lead the singing and the chanting. Sergeant Clarke—our Sergeant Clarke—had been appointed as clerk; and there he sat under the desk, in due form, in his red coat, and went through his duty with all due correctness. The Rev. Daniel Corrie read prayers, and Mr Martyn preached. That was a day never to be forgotten. Those only who have been for some years in a place where there never has been public worship, can have any idea of the fearful effect of its absence, especially among the mass of the people, who, of course, are unregenerate. Every prescribed form of public worship certainly has a tendency to become nothing more than a form, yet even a form may awaken reflection, and any state is better than that of perfect deadness. From his first arrival at the station, Mr Martyn had been labouring to effect the purpose which he then saw completed; namely, the opening of a place of worship. He was permitted to see it, to address the congregation once, and then he was summoned to depart. How often,

how very often, are human beings called away, perhaps from this world, at the moment they have been enabled to bring to bear some favourite object! Blessed are those whose object has been such a one as that of Henry Martyn. Alas! he was known to be, even then, in a most dangerous state of health, either burnt within by slow inflammation, which gave a flush to his cheek, or pale as death from weakness and lassitude.

On this occasion the bright glow prevailed—a brilliant light shone from his eyes—he was filled with hope and joy; he saw the dawn of better things, he thought, at Cawnpore, and most eloquent, earnest, and affectionate was his address to the congregation. Our usual party accompanied him back to his bungalow, where, being arrived, he sank, as was often his way, nearly fainting, on a sofa in the hall. Soon, however, he revived a little, and called us all about him to sing. It was then that we sang to him that sweet hymn which thus begins:—

" O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

We all dined early together, and then returned with our little ones to enjoy some rest and quiet; but when the sun began to descend to the horizon, we again went over to Mr Martyn's bungalow, to hear his *last* address to the Fakeers. It was one of those sickly, hazy, burning evenings, which I have before described, and the scene was precisely such a one as I have recounted above. Mr Martyn nearly fainted again after this effort; and when he got to his house, with his friends about him, he told us that he was afraid he had not been the means of doing the smallest good to any one of the strange people whom he had thus so often addressed. He did not even then know of the impression he had been enabled to make, on one of these occasions, on Sheik Saleh. On the Monday, our beloved friend went to his boats, which lay at the Ghaut, nearest the bungalow; but in the cool of the evening, however, whilst

Miss Corrie and myself were taking the air in our tonjons, he came after us on horseback. There was a gentle sadness in his aspect as he accompanied me home; and Miss Corrie came also. Once again we all supped together, and united in one last hymn. We were all low, very, very low; we could never expect to behold again that face which we then saw—to hear again that voice, or to be again elevated and instructed by that conversation. It was impossible to hope that he would survive the fatigue of such a journey as he meditated. Often and often, when thinking of him, have these verses, so frequently sung by him, come to my mind:—

“E’er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my thame,
 And shall be till I die.

Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I’ll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
 Is silent in the grave.”

Mr Martyn’s object for going to Persia was to complete his Persian Testament; but he had no unpleasant ideas nor expectations of the country; on the contrary, all his imaginations of Persia were taken from those beautiful descriptions given by the poets. He often spoke of that land as of a land of roses and nightingales, of fresh, flowing streams, of sparkling fountains, and of breezes laden with perfumes. Though these imaginations were far from the truth, yet they pleased and soothed him, and cheated him of some fears. Man lives by hope, and to hope and anticipate good of every kind must be a part of the renewed nature. The parting moment, when that holy man arose to leave us, blessing our little children, and blessing us, was deeply sad: we never expected to see him more, and we never did.

We kept up almost as constant an intercourse with Mr Corrie’s family as if we had been in the same house; for Miss Corrie and Annie left us after Mr Martyn’s absence, and removed to his bungalow. Both brother and sister helped us in all our plans, and

we did what we could to help them in theirs. We assembled our children from the barracks after the hot season, and once again opened our school. We appropriated one of the side-rooms in the larger bungalow for the little girls, and another for the boys. We had more scholars than ever we had had before ; and, as the cold weather advanced, I was better able to exert myself. We had one or two officers' children also, and some children from the Artillery Barracks, which were rather nearer to us than our own.

At this time we brought to bear the following plan. We placed a soldier and his wife in the small house in the church compound, and, having made a little collection amongst the officers, which was given over to me, we settled several orphans, or rather, I should say, motherless girls, in this house, under the woman's care. Mrs Parker had a temper, we knew, but we had no choice ; for, could we have found a better tempered person, who was correct in morals, perhaps her husband might have been everything bad and undesirable ; we therefore did our best, and in some respects succeeded in our object.

Mary Parsons, who was growing a fine child, and an amiable, but, unhappily, deformed little girl called Maria Clarke, were the two first children placed in this new asylum, and shortly afterwards were added two infant boys. The little girls, with Mrs Parker's son, used to come every day to school, with their satchels in their hands, neatly washed and dressed. Their shortest way was through Mr Corrio's garden, and if, perchance, he met them, he had always a kind word to say to them, or an orange to give them, or a pat on the head, to which, no doubt, he added his blessing. These little ones were always gladdened at the sight of him. I used to go almost daily to see these children at home, after we had our tiffin, and I caused to be carried with me what remained of pie, pudding, or fruit, on a tray, for which the little people, no doubt, looked with anxious eyes.

Whilst thus engaged, Mr Sherwood was occupied in the following way. First, he appropriated a room, with a long table and forms, for the use of any young soldiers who wished to come and

improve themselves in reading and writing ; next, he employed one or two, or more, of the steady old religious men to attend and give instruction. Then we all met together—that is, both schools and the adults—to read a chapter, sing a hymn, and pray every morning before we commenced our daily occupations. Mr Corrie often led this service, and Mr Harrington also gave much of his time to the men's school, and was a great assistant to us all. Whilst our house was thus filled in a morning with scholars of various ages, Miss Corrie took Sally to teach with Annie, and little Lucy used to make her progress under a large umbrella to the Padre's (Mr Corrie's) bungalow, where she explored every nook, being accompanied by her Dhaye and her bearer. She had discovered an old deal three-cornered hat-box, and because it was not safe for her to sit on the chunam floors, her bearer always carried this hat-box with her, and, whenever she chose to sit down in a shady part of the verandah, the box was set on the floor, and she sat in it like a little god in his shrine, whilst the man placed himself on one side of her, and the woman on the other.

Having finished the "Indian Pilgrim," I began to write my "Church Catechism" for the use of my school, for I had a little before been thoroughly perplexed by finding that the children could not understand any common English narrative without asking many questions ; for instance, on reading an English story, one said, "What is a barn?" another, "Do they walk out at noon without a chatta? Are they not afraid of serpents in the grass?" This was rather too much, and what could I do but write for them myself? and with this idea I began the "Church Catechism," making use of any tale or conversation from the barracks which I might chance to hear.

I must here mention a set of children, two or three of whom I particularly remember, who came under my care at this time. They were the half-caste children of European officers and black women ; their mothers lived about the cantonments, supported by the European gentlemen. Many of them were well supplied with

money, and keeping their servants, and probably possessing a bullock-coach, in which they sat like tailors on a board. Children of this description of families are usually sent to Calcutta or to Europe for education, but if not, they are left by the father to reside with the mother, and have no means whatever of education, growing up too often in total ignorance of all that is right, being initiated in vice from their tenderest infancy. When our school began to be talked of in Cawnpore, some of these poor mothers became anxious to profit by it, and sent their children. In several instances they appeared before our bungalow in their bullock-coach, without ceremony or previous warning, accompanied probably by some old ayah, and merely saying in broken English, "they were come to learn." To turn such petitioners back again, would have been quite out of the question with a Christian, for I felt true pity for them, so we always took them in, and did what we could for them.

I never hesitated about these petitions until we were at Meerut some years afterwards, when a Colonel Rutledge, who was there, sent a band of young black drummers and trumpeters with his compliments, and he should be obliged to me if I would instruct them. I was, indeed, ready then to refuse, for some of these boys were taller than myself; but I did not. But more of this in its place.

I particularly recollect some of these half-caste children who came to me in the way I have just spoken of at Cawnpore; and amongst the rest were two sisters about thirteen and fourteen, tall, slender, and, though dark, very delicate girls in form and feature. They wore white muslin frocks and coloured red shoes, with golden earrings and coral necklaces. Their hair, which was glossy black, was neatly braided, and partly knotted at the top of the head. They spoke a sort of broken, clipped English; they had fine teeth and eyes. They knew not a single letter, and could do nothing but mark on fine canvas. They were very civil and well behaved externally, but so profoundly ignorant that they had

perhaps never heard the name of Christ. These, and many such as these, are the daughters of Europeans, of Englishmen and English gentlemen—of men who have known what it is to have had a tender, well educated Christian mother, and honourable and amiable sisters! How can such men, by any sophistry, reconcile it to themselves so utterly to forget the first principles of morality, and then neglect the good of their own offspring, as they, alas! too often and often do? But this is a subject I dare not enter upon. I shall only say that, with one sort and another, however, I had an immense school at Cawnpore, and I had only Sergeant Clarke to assist me, and for several days in every month, about the 24th, I was even deprived of him.

As I classed the children, and kept the girls in one room and the boys in another, it was quite beyond all possibility to attend to both. So I arranged that Mrs Parker should sit with the girls and keep them to their sewing, whilst I was with the boys, and thus I was greatly relieved.

It was in the month of August 1840, that one of my Cawnpore pupils, now a clergyman of the Church of England, gave this testimony to my instructions to him in childhood:—

“I have never,” he said, “been brought to unlearn anything you taught me, though, through the Divine blessing, each doctrine has been further and fuller developed to my mind.”

He also much interested me by adding, there was, by the goodness of God, a sort of *esprit de corps* established among many of the barrack children; so that when even, in their own places, their own most unpropitious homes; they used often to check each other when doing wrong, by saying such and such words and actions would not please Mr and Mrs Sherwood if they knew it.

I cannot believe that any statement or any terrors of the law could have produced effects like this in any children, much less in children such as these.

Mr Corrie was busy at this time in getting my “Indian Pil-

grim" translated into Hindostanee, for the benefit of the Hindoos, to point out their errors of belief. He was very successful in getting a chapter rendered into Hindostanee by a Mussulman Daniahmund, or wise man, whom he was employing as a translator. This man was so pleased with it, that he cried, "Wa! wa!" "Wonderful! wonderful!" and did his utmost to translate it in his best style. I fancy I now can see dear Mr Corrie, in his dress of white nankeen, stepping through the doorway we had cut in the wall, with the first chapter of the "Indian Pilgrim," in Hindostanee, in his hand, coming all glee to tell us how well he succeeded, and expressing his hopes that we should soon see the whole book in Hindostanee. Mr Sherwood advised him not to set the translator at work on the chapter which treated of the Mohammedan religion, but to keep that back till all the other chapters were concluded. Mr Corrie thought, however, that his translator might be benefited rather than offended by this chapter; and he tried it, and the consequence was that the Mussulman took offence, and the work was at an end. One evening in March little Sally was taken so ill that I sent her with Mrs Parker in the palanquin to the surgeon's bungalow, and it was discovered that she had the scarlet fever and a putrid sore throat. That night Mrs Parker sat up with her, and it was agreed that on the Saturday she should be carried to the hospital; for Mr Millar dreaded infection for my delicate Lucy. I therefore proposed that Mrs Parker should go with her to the hospital; and, in order to facilitate this plan, we took all the children under the care of Mrs Parker into our house. Amongst these children were Mary Parsons, John Parker, and little Maria Clarke. These three children's little cots were all put together in one room, and so far all was well.

Dear Mr and Miss Corrie took their parts whilst Sally was so very ill. Mr Corrie came regularly every morning, soon after sunrise, to make his inquiries, and to know whether we had any news, and what they were. One morning when he came, he found the door of the room which I had devoted to the orphans wide open,

and little Mary Parsons, whose business it was to dress Maria Clark, absent, with or without leave. The youthful lady's-maid gone, John was trying to dress the child, who, though older, was less than himself, and, as sickly and deformed children sometimes are, particularly neat and precise in her person. Mr Corrie stood at the door to speak to, and no doubt in his heart to bless, these little ones; and much amused was he by the state in which he found the children. The little girl sat on her mora, that the boy should reach her to tie her frock; but Mr Corrie soon saw that there was something going amiss between the lady and her valet, but what this great matter was he could not discover till she called to him to come and assist; for "she did not know what to do," he said; "John had been trying and trying, and he could not make a double bow." "Indeed," said Mr Corrie, "I am not sure that I could do any better." But the good man condescended to try, and little Maria's toilet was thus completed. "Can you tie a double bow yet?" was often his address to little John whenever he afterwards saw him. But before I leave dear Mr Corrie again, I must tell another anecdote of him which was not quite so complaisant to me as the toilet duty was to little Maria. Somewhere about the time I am writing of, or probably a little before, there appeared one morning, issuing through the doorway between the two compounds, such a being as I almost despair of bringing before the eyes of my untravelled English reader. This person was a young man, a Portuguese half-caste, his mother probably having been entirely native; his name Decoster, to which some very fine Christian appellations were appended. He was, as most of his race are, very slight and apparently feeble; of an olive complexion, with dark eyes and hair; foppishly dressed in white nankeen, with rings and brooches, and, when out of doors, wearing white gloves; his general air and manner was free and easy to a degree difficult to be described. He partook at least one quality of his maternal people—the incapacity of blushing. From my own experience I must say that, although a native of Hindostan may be frightened

—and they are a timid people—they cannot be made ashamed ; I never saw any one of them what we call out of countenance. This poor youth had received no education whatever beyond being just able to read a little English, which he understood imperfectly, and to write a flourishing hand ; this last operation, being mechanical, is easily acquired by persons otherwise wholly ignorant. His mother tongue was Hindostanee ; yet he could speak English of a certain description—a sort of dictionary English, consisting of the longest words most amusingly ill-placed. As to any religious or intellectual knowledge, the youth was dark as darkness itself ; yet was it evident that he had some command of money. This poor fellow was but the pattern-card of multitudes. There is hardly a station in India, where Europeans are, where such young men do not abound ; some, having English fathers, and these are less dark. The Portuguese girls usually, in such circumstances, are sent to England for education, but their brothers are in general miserably neglected, living loose on the world even when supplied with money, knowing nothing of the gentle control of a happy domestic life, and having no resources but those of dissipation wherewith to beguile the tedium of existence. These are, however, a class of persons whom a refined white individual instinctively shuns, on account of that forwardness which seems a trait of the national character, not to be counteracted effectually by the most careful subsequent training. Poor Decoster had heard that there was instruction to be had by asking for it at Mr Corrie's, and he came and begged to be taught, having been introduced by some of Mr Corrie's many *protégés*.

Mr Corrie forthwith sent him to me with a note expressing his hope that I would instruct him. I was certainly somewhat puzzled what to do with him, as I never professed to teach grown gentlemen ; however, I located him in the boys' room, and between myself and Sergeant Clarke we gave him lessons, though I could not set him in any class, and was obliged to give him lessons apart from the children. After I had dismissed the school, during the

hot winds season, I had more time to give him religious instruction, and instruction in writing English; but he was so wrapped up in his own self-sufficiency, that it seemed utterly impossible to teach either his heart or understanding. When I saw Mr Corrie next, after this addition to our seminary, I said, "By the bye, what could have induced you to send me such a pupil as you did this morning?"

He laughed, and replied, "Because I could not bear to teach him myself; I could not stand his extreme self-sufficiency and forwardness."

I could not help laughing, too. "Surely," I said, "if the youth is so forward that you could not put up with him, he is still less fit to be taught by me." He smiled in his own kind way, and looked around for a friend to take his part; but no one came forward, not even his sister. However, I continued to do what I could till the youth got tired of us all, and absented himself entirely, much to the delight of the sergeant, whose calm and soldier-like dignity he continually disturbed, without being himself conscious that he did so.

CHAPTER XXV.

DEATH OF MARIA CLARKE—SARAH ABBOT—BIRTH OF MY FIFTH CHILD—THE WAR—TAKING OF CALLINGER—LITTLE MARGARET AND JOHN—MRS HAWKINS' ARRIVAL—THE FAKERS—OUR MEETING—OUR REMOVAL TO MEERUT—THE BEGUM—JOHN STRACHAN—THE NAUTCH GIRLS—DEATH OF MR MARTYN.

We had feared for the life of little Sally, but it was the will of God that this child should be spared for many years on earth,

while for Maria Clarke we had then no fears. This little one was taken ill suddenly, and so seriously that she died in a few days. The last month of her life she was in our house, and I trust under careful keeping—careful, I mean, in a religious way. It is beautiful to see the mercy of Providence in these apparently small matters. This dear child's death may be accounted a desirable circumstance for herself, for she had suffered distressingly in her constitution by her deformity, and her mind was in the greatest danger from the wickedness about her; for I would not pollute my paper by describing the horrid habits of the youth of both sexes in general in India.

It was during the cold season a child of the name of Sally Abbot attended from the Artillery Barracks. Her short, disastrous story I shall conclude in this place. She was a fair little girl, entirely English in her appearance, the daughter of an artilleryman and an English woman, and, though her father lived, her mother had died while she was an infant. This child was well known to me. She was brought to me by Miss Corrie, and I not only taught her to read, but often invited her with the other children to partake of any little entertainment which was going forward. Sarah Abbot was not more than six years old in these her happiest days. But whilst we were still at Cawnpore her father died, and, being quite destitute, she was sent to the lower orphan-school at the presidency. This orphan-school is an asylum which was provided for the destitute children of European soldiers, without any respect to the colour of the mother, or her character as wife or otherwise. It was but just and right that such a refuge should be provided, but it was not right, and an offence to propriety, to class the daughters of English women, of good character, with children which had been nurtured by Hindoo and Mussulman mothers of the lowest description, neither could the two parties amalgamate. Sarah Abbot was the only white child in the seminary at the time, and prejudice instantly marked her as a victim, the other children not being content merely to drive her from them at their play

hours, but actually proceeded to hunt her like a stricken deer, until, from the heat of the climate, her tender frame gave way, and she was released by death from this scene of present suffering. Two other girls at this time also came to me at the Artillery Barracks, Mary M'Mahon, and a little one called Diana.

Mary was a fine, blooming girl, about entering her teens. Diana was younger. Mary's mother was the wife of a sergeant. She was a very handsome, smart, lively, respectable, warm-hearted person; and had won all our hearts by her kindness to Diana, whom she had taken from a dying mother, and had reared for some years with her own daughter, making no difference between the two, but treating and dressing both alike. The very sight of Mrs M'Mahon conveyed the idea of happiness; and so blooming was she that she looked fitter to shine at a village festival in her own cool, native lands, than to reside in the burning plains of Hindostan.

On the 16th of July Mr Corrie was very unwell, and could not do his duty: but he persuaded Mr Sherwood to go to the church to read to the little party of children and soldiers which assembled there on the Sundays and Wednesdays.

On the 20th of this month it pleased God to add another little girl to my family. This lovely child was my fifth, and, till then, I had never, only for a short and very painful period, seen two of my children together. This infant was more beautiful, but very like my precious first Lucy. It was the same fair face again; the same fine, oval, and chiselled mouth; the same bright hair and eyes, though not quite so dark. There was scarcely a fault in the exterior of this infant, and it was instantly acknowledged by all who saw her. Mrs Mawby and Miss Corrie, on the report of her beauty, came that day to see her, and the next day the one brought her husband and the other her brother, to behold a thing so rare as a beautiful new-born babe. Colonel Mawby was not introduced to me, but Mr Corrie came in, at my request, to baptize her, he being also her godfather. It was my wish to have called her

Martha, after my mother ; but when Mr Corrie took her in his arms and heard the name, he laid her quietly down, saying in his playful way, "Then I don't christen her." "What wilt you please to have her called?" we asked. He answered, "Emily." "Then Emily it shall be," we replied. He took her up again, and gave her this sweet name. Oh, Emily! my Emily! My memory is fuller than my written records. My Emily grew more lovely from day to day ; she became fairer, and her form more full. She was so spoken of that some even of the young officers came to see her. One of these officers wrote me a note to say that if I would permit him to be her godfather he thought it might do him good, and constrain him to lead a better life than he had hitherto done ; an odd idea, but there was something of good feeling in it. My pretty Emily was transferred to the care of a fine, tall, black woman, who was recommended to me ; her name was Luchmee. She would have been very handsome had she not been tattooed all over her arms and neck ; she was a Hindoo. I had then six black women in my nursery—Sally's attendant, Lucy's Dhaye and Ayah, a sweeper, Luchmee, and my Ayah. They slept in a room off mine : one in a bed with Lucy, the rest on the floor. They used to sit in an evening, and till late at night, on the floor, with the children lying on a cotton quilt in the centre of the room. There, whilst they fanned the children, or champeed them if they were restless, they used to tell stories, some of which dealt of marvels as great as those recorded in the "Thousand and One Nights."

We knew we must shortly lose Mr Corrie from Cawnpore, and we formed a plan for carrying on the Hindostanee service when he was gone, and God blessed our efforts. This was about September ; but in the month of December five companies of our regiment were ordered to take the field against some forts to the westward. The commanding officer, Colonel Mawby, was to go, and the staff also. On the Christmas-day we took sacrament together, and most sad and solemn was our meeting, and the next morning early my husband set off with a party to Bundelcund.

With him went Sergeant Clarke, my great assistant in the school ; but good Mr Harrington promised to help me as much as was in his power.

Sad as it may be for those who go to warfare, yet equally sad are the feelings of those left behind. Letters from Mr Sherwood gave us accounts of what those persons who only read of wars in distant lands, and are not brought into a close view of their disasters, can have no idea. The scene which took place at the taking of the fort of Callinger, although few soldiers comparatively were engaged in it, was one of peculiar horror. The guns were actually forced up a road nearly perpendicular. No opposition was made to getting up the artillery, as is usual in Indian warfare, and, six days after the batteries opened, Major Kelly, with a detachment of the 7th Native Infantry, took possession of the village at the foot of the hill. For three days the fort was attacked in vain, and then it was determined that a storm should take place next morning. As paymaster, Mr Sherwood could not join in a party of the kind, the treasure being under his charge, and by that he was to abide ; but he saw his brother officers and their men march to storm the fort at three in the morning, and till daylight he walked about the camp, as he himself described in the letters to me, in the deepest anxiety. By sun-rise there was a very heavy fire of musketry. Then came the sad news of the deaths of Major Fraser and Lieutenant-adjutant Nice, and next a report that Lieutenant Young was severely hurt. In a little while the wounded men were brought into camp, saying, " the fort neither could nor would be taken." The officers all agreed that the rock was invulnerable ; for the lowest and least difficult place was, they said, ten feet of a perpendicular height. This was, however, overcome, in the end, by ladders, after which there was thirty feet of broken wall to surmount, ragged it is true, but leaning against a perpendicular rock, which the European soldiers achieved by clinging to the stones of the old wall. Whilst hanging on the broken rock our

soldiers were knocked down by large stones rolled upon them from above, or fired upon by matchlock men, who, being in places of perfect security themselves, could aim with the coolest precision on those below them. Of the officers who marched up in health before the dawn of that day, twelve were carried back before eight o'clock, two of them corpses, the rest wounded more or less; and of the men a hundred and twenty-two were carried back, and thirteen left dead. Major Fraser's body also was left in the breach, and it was five days before it was recovered, when Mr Sherwood read the funeral service over this lamented friend's remains.

Our enemy's brother-in-law having been killed, and forty-nine of his men, it so alarmed him and his people that he sent to surrender; and a deputation, consisting of hostages, elephants, and palanquins, &c., came into the camp, with many Indian chiefs. The next night all the native women of consequence were removed with such great privacy that those who had taken the fort knew not scarcely how it was done. It was after this our truly kind friend, Colonel Mawby, gave Mr Sherwood leave to return to us at Cawnpore. He set off from the camp on the 14th of February, with his attendants, horses, camels, palanquins, &c.; and, after a most fatiguing journey, he reached Cawnpore on the 18th.

It was before Mr Sherwood's return that one morning several women of the regiment came to me with a little babe wrapped in the apron of one of them. The mother had died the evening before, and the brutal father had ordered that the coffin should be made large enough for the infant. Without hesitation I took the little one in, and she was shortly baptized by Mr Corrie, receiving the name of Margaret, and she proved a remarkably handsome, though dark, child. Mr Corrie was shortly after this obliged to leave us for Agra, and we parted with much sorrow, felt by all parties. Alas! poor Cawnpore, it had cause to mourn his removal from amongst us. He committed to our management his

Hindustanee schools, sundry curious native Christian *protégés*, and four native Christian boys, for whom he wholly provided. On the departure of Mr Corrie the native schoolmaster was ordered to parade his boys once every day before our house, and I was to see to their writing, to hear their recitals, and mark their tasks.

When this office first devolved on me I could not follow the words on the book. I did not know where the pupil stopped, and where I was to put my mark. However, I put a good face on the matter, handed my pencil to each boy in his turn, and made him mark himself where he left off, and so obtained time to become more expert before I was found out.

I had the care of the clothes of the four Christian boys, and saw that twice a-week they made themselves respectable to attend Divine service. As to all other days, their external appearance spoke of nothing but oil and dust; but their acquirements were above my hand.

Besides these duties with the children, which devolved much upon me, Mr Sherwood took, upon the absence of Mr Corrie—for he was then returned to me—the Hindostanee service for Christian natives, which he conducted twice a-week. This service had been commenced by Mr Martyn, and was carried on by Mr Corrie. The congregation met in the church on Sundays and Wednesdays, and consisted of all sorts of odd people, chiefly hangers-on of our regiment.

It was about this time that we took, as a new inmate into our family, the fine boy my sister had commenced instructing at Canterbury. Mr Sherwood saw him lounging at a tent door, his mother being within; he was the only boy of that age who had not been put on the strength of the regiment. "John," said Mr Sherwood, "will you come with me?" And then, addressing his mother, who was now married again, "Mrs H, shall I take your son?" he said. "Yea, sir," she answered, "gladly anywhere with you, sir." The boy stepped into Mr Sherwood's gig, and it might be

said that his whole future history turned on that small circumstance.

Mr Sherwood brought him to me in the upper bungalow, saying, "I have brought you a present; will you have it?" "Of course," was my reply; and soon the boy was established as one of the family, and soon I set him to study Hindostanee, and he became a great help to me in the school, and God blessed this adoption in a remarkable manner. There are no means, however small and humble, which, in the hands of God, may not be blessed to the production of incalculable good; whereas all human exertions, when not so blessed, end only in disappointment.

It was at this period I arrived at the capacity of being able to follow the Hindostanee when the book was put into my hands. About this time our pious and estimable friend Mrs Hawkins came to us on her way to join her husband at Bareilly. Many were her attempts at doing good, and, amongst others, whilst with us, she proposed the collecting together of the Fakeers on the Sunday, as Mr Martyn had done, and engaging old Bartholomew to read and expound to them.

Now this Bartholomew is described in my "Indian Pilgrim" as the man found in the Serai by Goonah Purist, and he had a most peculiar kind of whine and snuffle, which he used when expounding. His expositions consisted only in turning each sentence after he had read it; for instance, "Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judah—in Bethlehem of Judah Jesus was born." I am not quite convinced that old Bartholomew's expositions, as being nearest to Scripture, were not after all of the very best kind.

The small house, in which we had located our little establishment of orphans in the church compound, stood on a raised platform, and on that was placed Bartholomew to address the beggars. Thither Mrs Hawkins and myself repaired, and took our seats beside him. On that memorable Sunday evening in May we were making an attempt to keep up what, as I said before, Mr

Martyn had done. Scarcely, however, were we seated, when, behold, there poured into the space before us, not only all the Yogeas, Fakeers, and rogues of that description which the neighbourhood might afford, but the king of the beggars himself, wearing his peculiar badge, by which he was known immediately to the few native servants who were with us. These persons did not approach with the humble, crouching air of beggars, but with such strong indications of defiance and insult that Mrs Hawkins, who was a person of very quick feelings of all kinds, rushed into the small house near the door of which we were standing, leaving me to appease the strange mob, which was prepared for any violence of tongue, for already they had saluted us with groans and hisses.

I was frightened, but I dealt out the pice which Mrs Hawkins had brought in, and the men went out of the compound in straggling parties, though not without bestowing a few of their blessings of the wrong kind upon us, under the idea that we were wishing to bribe them to give up those superstitions upon which they lived. There is no language, probably, on earth so redundant in curses as the Hindostanee, and it was often very happy for me that I did not understand the low words in common use in that language. Of course we never dared renew our attempts at converting the Fakeers, as they had come for the money and nothing else, and for this, no doubt, they would come again and again, without permitting old Bartholomew to utter a word that could be heard.

At the suggestion of Mrs Hawkins, however, I commenced a little work, more in my own way than collecting thieves and devotees for their conversion, and the result was "The Ayah and Lady," which small work is considered a faithful description of the manners of that sort of persons of whom it professes to treat. Many of its stories, and those the most remarkable, are real histories; for Mrs Hawkins knew much of Indian life, and she corrected my narrations as I wrote them,

and caused her Moonshee to translate them, so that they were completed in two languages within a few days of each other. She also had "Henry and his Bearer" translated into Hindostanee at this time.

Another proposition of dear Mrs Hawkins at this period proved more successful than our affair with the Fakeers; and this was the collecting of all the servants of both families in our large hall every morning, and engaging the very intelligent Moonshee who had been lately occupied with the translations to read aloud a chapter of the Old Testament in Hindostanee. Well do I remember the first morning we made our attempt; I was not almost, but entirely, frightened. We mustered all the white people we could, and all the Christians. The Moonshee stood with his book,—there was the delay of a moment or two, and then the native servants came pouring in from both houses. The Moonshee then began to read aloud, slowly and clearly, the first and second chapters of Genesis. The Hindoos and Mussulmans were all attention. When the reading ceased some said, "The words are good, very good; we will hear more;" and they all walked quietly out, whilst the Christians present, white and black, in deep thankfulness knelt down to prayer.

We never found the smallest difficulty in carrying on this plan, for the native servants all came willingly and regularly.

On the 18th of June dear Mrs Hawkins left us, taking one of the orphans with her. We never met again in this world; but her loss was made up to me in a great measure by the daily intercourse with Mrs Mawby. Some of our children having had the hooping-cough, our doctor recommended a change of house, and our new residence was close to the Colonel's bungalow. It was in this new house that a large cobra de capella was found glaring one day in the long, gloomy passage where my babes had often played. It was killed, but there might be others, and I was never easy afterwards in that place, though we took every precaution necessary. Nevertheless I was glad to get back to our house.

Sir George Nugent on the 26th of September reviewed our troops, and the heat was so great that one man died in the field. Sir George was then commander-in-chief, and, as many changes were taking place, we, too, had orders for removal, and our new destination was Meerut. We were going to a place cooler in winter than Cawnpore, so I made the children warm clothing. We sent our goods on board our boats, and on the 14th we all moved into Mr Corrie's bungalow, which remained as he had left it; but we were soon after terribly alarmed by a bungalow very near to us taking fire, and blazing up to the clouds, the flakes of burning thatch rising and dropping not only near to where we were, but still nearer to the house we had left. Nothing can be more terrible than a fire in India after a dry season. It was late in the night before we could fancy all was safe; and then the burning bungalow shewed itself reduced to blackened, crumbling walls, ready in the first rain to return to the dust from which it had been raised.

Sweet Cawnpore, farewell! Place ever dear to me, for there is the white tomb wherein the mortal remains of my elder Lucy sleep, and there my younger Lucy and my Emily were born, and there I became acquainted with dear Mr Corrie, Miss Corrie, and Mr Martyn, beloved children of our heavenly Father.

One circumstance only of our journey shall I record. Near Shahjehanpoor we disposed ourselves for sleep as usual in our tents. The one which I occupied had two compartments, besides a verandah; but we were not to rest. We had scarcely fallen asleep when we were awakened by the howling of wild dogs and wolves round the tent, the dogs actually making their way several times into it. The babies, the babies were the objects of our first thoughts. The women, in their little tent, were equally terrified with me, and each held her infant closer. I got up, and shut up Emily and her Dhaye in the palanquin within the tent, closing the doors; and I took Lucy in my arms. But it was a fearful situation, and I could not sleep till it was nearly light,

and the savage beasts of the jungle were withdrawn ; but I had hardly then closed my eyes when I was again roused. The men, according to orders, were taking down the tent, and it already shook over my head ; and there was no more quiet or sleep for any one. Oh, the goodness of my Lord, who, notwithstanding all my negligence, all my worldly and wicked ways, thus tenderly takes care of us, amidst thousands of dangers, snares, and deaths.

We reached Meerut before our old friends, Mr and Mrs Parson, were up ; but the roads were so bad that, in going through a jungle, Mr Sherwood nearly broke his gig to pieces on an old stump of a tree. Our new residence stood in a large and fair garden, gay with bambool parkinsonia and pomegranate, orange and citron, and provided with a long grape trellis. After the hackeries came up, it took only a few hours for us to be settled in perfect comfort. In our lodge we placed Mrs Parker and our orphans.

There was no other place of worship then at Meerut but a barn-like building, which had been erected in the plain near the bazaar by the Lieutenants Peavor and Goodenough, of the 17th. This place had been furnished with benches, &c, &c, and there these young officers used to read to any of the men who were disposed to hear. Our religious men succeeded to this place ; and on the first Sunday evening at Meerut we went with Mr Parson and Mr Harrington, and had Divine service there, after which these gentlemen came to our house for refreshment, and this became a precedent whilst we remained at Meerut.

About this time an order came from the Duke of York for appointing a schoolmaster to teach the children of the regiment. It was so ordained, that the fittest man for the appointment happened to be a religious man, Sergeant Cake. Thus, through the goodness and tender mercy of my God, the greater burden of the school was taken from me when my own children began to need more of my instructions.

From the time since we arrived at Meerut we had been endeavouring to establish a native school, to get a schoolmaster and scholars, but without success. For some days the natives in the bazaar only laughed at those we sent to inquire for children, saying, "that their children knew more Hindostanee than we could teach them." At length a native came to the door to sell thread, and he saw one of our children with a Hindostanee book in her hand, on which he said that he could read himself. We gave him a little volume called "Scripture Characters," and he promised to read it. We inquired if he could hire us a schoolmaster, and the next day he sent us an old grey-bearded pedagogue, with thirteen boys; and we agreed to give the old man four rupees a-month, and two annas a-head for each boy he could collect. We appointed him a room in the stable for his school, and ordered him to come at eleven every day for the boys to repeat their lessons; and during the month of December the average number kept up to eleven. Few of these boys could tell a single letter when they came. We had nineteen on our books at the end of the month; they were chiefly of low grade, few of them had a jacket, and they were all smeared with oil, and smelt of garlick. The regimental school, too, was established this month.

Twice a-day our native school was paraded in the varandah, and in the morning, with the assistance of the Moonshah and John, I examined what had been done during the last day, and marked the progress in the books. In the afternoon they passed along the varandah, announcing their presence by the repetition of the ten commandments in Hindostanee. They stood in a row opposite my dressing window, all repeating together; after which they were taken back to their school-house at the master shaking his cane. Upon their departure, my dear Mrs Mawby made her appearance, and we generally took our airing together. Our house was the only depository of the Scriptures in that part of India. We had been the first to bring the strawberry-plant up the country; but we were far more highly blest in being permitted

to bring the translated and printed Word of God, before all others, into the province of Delhi. Great was our gratification at this time on receiving a letter from a Mrs Law, to ask us to send a Persian Gospel to the Vakeel of the Nawaub of Rampore, which we did.

Shortly after this I went to pay my respects to the Begum Somru, who was come from her own territory to meet our commander-in-chief, Sir George Nugent. She had sent to the chief ladies of the station a present of rose-water, by which the persons thus honoured were made to understand that if they paid a visit they would be received. In her little territory of twenty miles long and twelve miles broad she ruled with absolute power, and it was fearful to hear the recitals of the cruelties of which she was guilty. She surrounded her person with numerous slaves, many of whom were women; and woe was it to her who fell under the Begum's displeasure. Those who offended her she tortured with thumb-screws, and sometimes even with death. On one occasion she ordered that two of her women should be buried alive, and she caused her carpet to be spread over the grave, that she might dine upon the spot.

It might seem strange that, knowing what this woman was, I should have thought of paying her a visit. Perhaps I might have been led by curiosity, but I hope that I had a better motive; for knowing that she could never have seen a Persian Gospel, I directed that one of those I had by me should be as handsomely bound and as richly decorated with gold as the Meerut workmen could do it. Now, I thought, is my time for taking it myself, and I shall be sure it is put in her own hands.

As I shall have occasion to mention another visit I paid her, I shall only remark here that the book which I presented was most graciously received. We sat awhile on chairs, which were brought us, said very little, and then took our leave.

As we were much cramped for room, Mr Sherwood caused a small building to be erected amongst fragrant flowers, approached by a shadowy grape terrace walk. This he fitted up with benches

and wall shades, and it became our only place of worship. Our chaplain, Mr Parson, came generally twice or three times a-week to perform the service to the white people, and it was attended by as many of all degrees as could crowd into it. We had also the Christian service conducted in Hindostanee in it. It was used for the regimental school, and after evening parade it was at the service of the religious men of the regiment, who often met there. Never shall I forget the sweet feelings which we had when the sound of their simple hymns used to reach us within the bungalow, as we sat with our doors open.

In our Hindostanee service, which was performed by Mr Sherwood, we used the Liturgy of our Church, translated under the inspection of Mr Corrie, together with some hymns which were adapted to some of the old and simple melodies of the country by Mrs Hawkins. Instead of a sermon, portions of the Bible were read, and our own orphans and myself were clerks, choristers, and all officials needful. Our first congregations consisted of eight black women. One especially of our girls, Mary Parsons, had a remarkably fine voice; my own and Mr Sherwood's were both good and powerful; and another orphan, Sarah, shewed a decided talent for music: thus we were quite able to manage the musical department of our services.

Another motherless babe was brought to me in the month of February—little John Strachan. As my Margaret no longer needed a nurse, the infant was given over to hers, and Margaret was removed to my own nursery. The heavenly messenger, after a while, was sent to remove these little fair ones whilst yet in their first loveliness. Thy imputed righteousness, O Bleeding Lamb, has removed their imputed guilt. As I pass through time I drop one sweet flower after another, till my hand is empty, in comparison, at least, with its former fulness. What then, O God, would my feelings be in recording these bereavements, if I were not assured that I should find with Thee all the dear ones whom I have ever lost?

It was whilst we were at Meerut that Chuny Laul, the Copra Walla, commonly called the Burrah Nauk Walla, the Great Nose Fellow, brought to our gates a party of dancers, Nautch girls, and asked me if I would like to see a Nautch. I was glad to have the opportunity, and had the party to the long room, whilst every child and servant in the compound were collected to see the sight.

These Nautch girls are regularly brought up to the profession ; some of them are probably slaves, often sold by their parents for the purpose ; and the most beautiful girls, and those who have the finest voices, are selected. There is generally an old female at the head of the company—one who lives on the wages obtained in various ways by these unhappy girls, and there are men who attend in the household, and go out with the girls. Oh, who would desire to investigate the secrets of such families ! When these girls travel, they generally go hidden by crimson curtains in a rutt or car drawn by bullocks. Their education consists in singing, dancing, and playing on a sort of guitar or small harp. Some of the higher ranks of them are taught to read, on which account it is considered disgraceful for respectable women in the East to learn. The influence of these Nautch girls over the other sex, even over men who have been bred up in England, and who have known, admired, and respected their own country-women, is not to be accounted for ; because it is not only obtained in a very peculiar way, but often kept up even when beauty is past. This influence steals upon the senses of those who come within its charmed circle not unlike that of an intoxicating drug, or that of what is written of the wiles of witchcraft, being the more dangerous to young Europeans because they seldom fear it ; for perhaps these very men who are so infatuated remember some lovely face in their native land, and fancy they are wholly unapproachable by any attraction which could be used by a tawny beauty.

It was on this occasion that I thought of writing "The History

of George Desmond," which is taken from various facts. The three girls described in "George Desmond" were represented from the three who were introduced by Ohuny Laul. As the chapter in which they are mentioned was written immediately after I had seen them, I shall not say more here than request that if any one should take the trouble to read that work, he must please to consider that in my narrative there I imagined the spectator to be, not a matron surrounded by her children, but a young man, half intoxicated, who had placed himself in the way of temptation.

Of course the effect produced on me was not similar to that described in "George Desmond;" but certainly I was astonished, fascinated, and carried, as described in fancy, to the golden halls of ancient kings. I was thus made thoroughly to comprehend the nature of the fascination which persons of this description exercise over many a fine English youth, commencing the process of the entire ruin of all his prospects in this world. For who can tell the utter depravity of these unhappy women? Before I leave the subject of "George Desmond," which I began to write at that time, I must say that the fact of the poisoning is true, and was of no rare occurrence; for it was said many an English wife lost her life from the jealousy of native favourites; but the story of the lovely "Emily Desmond" was taken from a particular case known to me.

The nights at this time of the year were so very hot that I often got up and partially dressed. I often sat by the open window, and there, night after night, I used to hear the songs of the unhappy dancing-girls, accompanied by the sweet yet melancholy music of the cithara; and many were the sad reflections inspired by these long-protracted songs. All these Englishmen who were beguiled by this sweet music had had mothers at home, and some had mothers still, who, in the far distant land of their children's birth, still cared, and prayed, and wept for the once blooming boys, who were then slowly sacrificing themselves to drinking, smoking,

want of rest, and the witcheries of the unhappy daughters of heathens and infidels. I cannot describe the many melancholy feelings inspired by this midnight music.

It was on the 24th of this month the news came to us of the death of Mr Martyn, which took place at Torcat, on the borders of Turkey, on the 16th of the last October. We were all most deeply affected, and I then resolved, if all were well, and that if it pleased God ever to give me a son, I would bestow on him the revered name of Henry Martyn.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TOUFFAN—MR CORRIE'S VISIT TO CAWNPORE—BIRTH OF MY SON—THE CHRISTIAN CONVEETS AND THEIR BAPTISM BY MR CORRIE—LITTLE SUTKEE—THE ADOPTION OF MARY PARSONS—THE WAR AND THE BEGUM SOMBU'S GUARD—THE PIOUS SOLDIERS—OUR ALARM—THE TAKING OF KALUNGA—THE CHUCKOOR—ARRIVAL OF PERMUNUND—THE MOHURREUM.

DURING this month we had the most violent touffan I ever experienced in India. In the evening, the day having been dark, there came on such a north-wester as we had never before seen nor heard. Mr Sherwood thus describes it:—"I first observed the appearance of a heavy squall rising in the north-west, and being acquainted with its portents, I ran to the house, and saw that every window, door, and shutter was closed. This being done, I held the principal door in my hand to admit some air; but prepared to close it should the wind come on with fury. The appearance of the approaching storm some minutes before it

reached us was that of a dense wall, rising from the plain to the mid-heavens, advancing steadily forward, whilst the light of day fled before it, and the breath of every living thing was affected with a sense of suffocation. Its march was silent, and every one experienced a solemn awe as he felt its approach. Presently the whole air became like to one immense cloud of dust; but without wind of any consequence. Whilst I still held the door, it suddenly became dark; I never saw a night so dark; it was so deep a darkness that even the situations of the windows in the nursery, into which Mrs Sherwood had withdrawn with all the women and children, could not be seen. When the door was closed, we could not tell its position. In about a minute the light again appeared; but its appearance through the floating sand was like that of an intense flame, a lurid and fearful glare. One would have thought that the whole surrounding country was in flames. After this awful scene we can well understand the stories of whole armies being buried in clouds of sand in the deserts; for the sand-storm which came over us had come from a great distance, and had of course lost much of its denseness in every yard of cultivated country which it had passed over, where it could gather nothing, but only lost in matter, and if it could occasion such total darkness when we saw it, what must it have been in its fulness?

“There was not an article in the house which was not covered with some inches of sand when the storm was past.

“After this *dry* shower we had rain, and the thermometer stood the next morning at 86°, and we were subject for some days afterwards to violent squalls, which had power to turn up the thatch of the bungalow like the feathers of a Friezeland hen.”

It was on Mr Corrie's return at this time from the presidency of Agra, that he stopped at Cawnpore, and visited the bungalows and other places where we had all been so happy together. The house he had once occupied was left unfurnished, and in the compound there still lingered an odd assortment of native Christians, old pensioners, and forlorn persons, whom he was to collect and

take with him to Agra; but all those with whom he had held sweet social intercourse only a few months since were gone from thence. His sister, Mrs Sherer, for she was then married, and the little orphan Annie, were in Calcutta; Henry Martyn was no more; and all our party were at Meerut. What is more sad than the view of the inanimate scenes which were once peopled with those we love? How Mr Corrie felt this is beautifully expressed by his own words in a letter to his beloved little Annie:—

*Copy of a Letter from the Reverend Daniel Corrie
to Annie Child.*

“MY DEAR LITTLE ANNIE,—

“I was sorry to hear from Ma'am* that you have a pain in your side still; but I hope you will learn the reason why people are sick and why they die, and what improvement we should make of our present time. I daresay you remember how 'by one man sin entered the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for all have sinned;' and you can repeat to yourself the answer to that question, 'Who is the Saviour of sinners?' It begins, 'Jesus the Lord.' I hope my dear little Annie does not forget to pray to him for his grace, which is as needful for her soul as medicine is for the pain in her side. If the doctor do not give medicine, her side will get worse; so, if Jesus do not give grace to enable her to love and serve him, her soul must die for ever and ever. When I was at Cawnpore, it put me very much in mind of the way people live and die, and pass from this world to the next. I first went to Mr Martyn's bungalow, and there all the doors and windows were shut, and nobody came to welcome me home, and no little girl to cry out, 'Oh, there's Mr Corrie!' Then I went in and found a chair or two, and a table covered with dust; then I went into the little bungalow, and looked about and

* The orphan was accustomed to call Mr Corrie's sister, after awhile her sole protectress, "Ma'am," and myself "Mamma."

spied out Annie's green box ; and when I opened it, I saw the geography book, and all the strings and curls hanging to it, and then I thought, 'Where's little Annie? I do not see her here, but she is not yet gone hence to be no more seen ; she is in Calcutta, but she will not be there either, always.' Then I looked all about, but saw no Mr nor Mrs Sherwood, no Lucy, no Emily, nor Sally, nor John Parker—all, all gone away to Meerut. Then poor Susan Stubbs, she lies in the lonely burying-ground, and will be seen no more on earth. Now, it matters not to her that she had a pretty voice, if she did not use it to sing the praises of Jesus ; all her smart clothes will do her no more service if she cannot sing,

' Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress.'

"After a few more hot and cold seasons we shall all undergo the change she has passed through. Surely my dear Annie will not forget this, but pray that she may live to God now that she may be happy with Him hereafter. I hope she is attentive during prayers, and sits quietly at church, and is obedient to her lessons ; and then, when we look about and see her no more, we shall say she has gone to heaven ; or, if she gets well, we shall be happy to think she is a servant of Christ, and shall love her still more dearly.

"I am, my dear Annie,

"Yours affectionately,

"D. C."

It is not, so much in the public as in the private lives of the children of God that we are enabled best to discern the wonderful beauty of the Divine influence. It is in the most private intercourse with the humblest and feeblest persons that we find the best and most lovely exhibitions of the Christian graces. These are not formed for external show ; the time for their manifestation is not now. The dross of this world prevents the jewels of the Redeemer from pouring forth their lustre ; but these, and only these,

shall shine forth when he, our Saviour, comes again, bearing them in his crown, or set as signals upon his heart and upon his arm.

On the first morning of July my boy was born, and we christened him, after our lamented, departed friend, Henry Martyn. The ceremony was performed in the little chapel in our garden, Mr Corrie being one godfather. When the beloved name was pronounced, tears were in the eyes of all present. Where was he now who was so dear to all of us, the bright ray of light which had once so gladdened our eyes and warmed our hearts?

It was after my recovery that the drummers of the 3d Native Infantry, by request of their officers, and especially of that of Colonel Rutledge, came every other day to read to me. They were tall, almost full-grown coloured boys, and they read Hindostanee well; and each boy possessed a St Matthew's Gospel.

Kind Mr Corrie at this time undertook to carry on the education of John, and he was sent to him at Cawnpore. He was afterwards ordained by him. The Christian convert, Abdool Musseeh, once Sheik Saleh, whom I have mentioned before, paid us a visit at this time at Meerut, and on the Sunday I went to hear him preach in the hall of Mr Parson's house. Abdool remained a fortnight at Meerut, preaching in the city, and he left behind him one convert, Taleb Musseeh; for such was the name by which we knew him, though not his original appellation. Taleb had formerly been the chief physician to the Rajah of Bhurtpoor. It was thought he was a learned man, though he believed "the world to be balanced on a point like a child's whirligig, the axis of which is a high mountain."

Two natives also applied to us for baptism. One of them lived about twelve miles off, and possessed some property; he could have no worldly object in view; the other was a woman, highly recommended. There was also a learned man in the bazaar, a native of Rampore, who had been persecuted, even to the confiscation of his property, by the Rampore Rajah, only for speaking in

favour of Christianity. This man seemed inclined to become a Christian himself, and for that purpose commenced reading the Scriptures with great attention.

Abdool Musseeh, having preached and disputed some days in the city of Meerut, next visited Sirdhana, and then returned to Mr Corrie at Agra, having, I trust, with God's blessing, sowed the good seed there. The physician of Bhurtpoor, Taleb Musseeh, remained behind to perform divine service in the old chapel in the plain, to a few poor native Christians with the schools. He came to us every day for instruction from Mr Sherwood.

After the perusal of the Scriptures, the native of Rampore informed my husband that he much wished to brave the world and acknowledge himself a Christian, but he said he was afraid; however, after being more fully instructed, he decided on so doing, and asked to be baptized by Mr Corrie, who hoped to be at Delhi on the 18th of January.

Mr Sherwood was very diligent in instructing him, to prepare him for this sacrament; and, as he well understood the Hindostanee language, he could explain many things to the poor man.

We were told that Mr Corrie might perhaps be unable to come as far as Delhi, and the candidates for baptism became so anxious that they set off to meet him on the Delhi road. We soon heard of their meeting from Mr Corrie himself, and that he was pleased with them. Shortly afterwards our beloved friend appeared, with tents, camels, and elephants, and we had the pleasure of having his largest tent pitched in our compound, for we had not room for all his suite within the house. Then for the next week our house and grounds brought to my mind what I had often fancied of a scene in some high festival in Jerusalem; but ours was an assembly under a fairer, brighter dispensation. "Here we are," said Mr Corrie, "poor weary pilgrims;" and he applied the names of "Christian" and "Mercy" to his wife and an orphan girl who was with them. Dear Mr Corrie! perhaps there never was a man so universally beloved as he was. Wherever he was known, from the

lipping babe who climbed upon his knee, to the hoary-headed native, he was regarded as a bright example of Christian charity and humility.

On Sunday, 31st January, the baptism of all the converts but one took place. Numbers of Europeans from different quarters of the station attended. The little chapel was crowded to overflowing, and most affecting indeed was the sight. Few persons could restrain their tears when Mr Corrie extended his hand to raise the silver curls which clustered upon the brow of Monghool Doss, one of the most sincere of the converts.

After the reception of these natives into the visible Church, we sang together these words :—

“ Proclaim, saith Christ, my wondrous grace
To all the sons of men ;
He that believes and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.”

The ceremony was very affecting, and the convert, who stood by and saw the others baptized, became so uneasy that when Mr Corrie set off to return he followed him. For family reasons this man's baptism had been deferred, as he hoped by so doing to bring others of his family into the Church of God.

How delightfully passed that Sunday ! How sweet was our private intercourse with Mr Corrie ! He brought our children many Hindostanee hymns, set to ancient Oriental melodies, which they were to sing at the Hindoo services, and we all together sang a hymn, which I find in my journal designated by this title :—

WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR IN THE EAST.

“ In Britain's land of light my mind
To Jesus and his love was blind,
Till, wandering midst the heathen far,
Lo, in the east I saw his star.

“ Oh, should my steps, which distant roam,
Attain once more my native shore,
Better than India's wealth by far,
I'll speak the worth of Bethlehem's star.”

There is little merit in the composition of this hymn ; but it had a peculiar interest for us at that time, and the sentiment which it professes must ever retain its interest. These, his friends and companions of many happy days, never saw Mr Corrie again in India, in his own especial province, where he was most happy, most blessed, and most at home. Languor and disease soon after this seized on Mrs Corrie, and Mr Corrie himself became so disordered by the burning seasons of the higher provinces, that he was compelled to give up Agra and proceed to England for a while.

I once wrote, all of happiness and hope which belonged to those times, and was of earth, is passed away ; but now to me it seems the sentiment is a wrong one, though I thought the word *earth* had corrected the error. Surely, surely, it is ingratitude in us weak mortals so to speak. Does not the expression sound like a lament ? and shall we have anything to lament in our Saviour and Redeemer ? Let me rather say that the happiness and hope which belonged to those times, inasmuch as they were of earth, fell so far short of what we shall hereafter feel, as the earthly nature is inferior to the heavenly. Shall we regret the passing pleasure we experienced when we first found ourselves capable of deciphering the first symbols of Providence, now we can read pages and pages of His glorious Promises ?

I received this month a parcel from England, in which was enclosed a book of my brother's, "The Pilgrimage of Theophilus to the City of God." This book is little known, but there are exquisite passages in it, and some of the pilgrims' songs equal in beauty almost anything of the kind I have ever seen written.

It was in the end of the spring that one day Sally, on returning home, told me that she had seen a white baby in a hut in the bazaar. I sent to inquire about it, and found that there was a white infant, an orphan, who had been left by some English soldiers, not ours, with an old black woman in a hut. His name was Edward Kitchen, and when I went to see him he was about a year and a half old, and such a skeleton I had hardly ever beheld.

We called him Suktee, which signifies dry, for he was mere bones. I got him into the compound, where I provided him with a wet nurse. He was brought to the bungalow every day, and we saw that he was washed, fed, and had clean clothes; we took care of him as long as we were at Meerut, and before I left India I got him sent to the orphan school at Madras, under the protection of a pious chaplain there, and I have heard that he is doing well.

At the same time that we discovered Suktee, I was told other stories which made my heart ache, but for which I had no remedy. It was not an uncommon occurrence to find the orphan children of natives left to perish of hunger in the streets of the village, whilst the inhabitants looked on with total apathy. One little girl had lately died in this way in our own regimental bazaar.

Who can describe, or even imagine, the cruelties which prevail in the dark corners of the earth? It is in the small details of life that the natural depravity makes itself apparent, for even the believer—though God in mercy restrains him from gross offences in most instances—is still left sufficiently to himself to understand what he might be without restraining grace.

About this time I was obliged to drop all intercourse with the white woman who had the care of two of our motherless girls.

I could not endure to witness the sufferings of the child whom I have mentioned before as little Mary Parsons. Her cries, when beaten, reached even to the bungalow, and I could not bear to hear them. But what made me most angry was, that she was sent many times on most days to the barracks. Her father was miserable about her. He had bought her a little arm-chair of Sessoo wood, and one evening she came weeping to me, and saying, "Oh! ma'am, give me a corner of your house, where I may put my chair and sit all day." I could not bear this; my mind was made up. I got permission from Mr Sherwood, and we adopted the child. How thankfully did her father fetch her box from the lodge! how happy was the rescued child!

I settled with that truly worthy man, Sergeant Cake, who was

most respectably married, to take charge of the one orphan when I took Mary into our own house.

We were now beginning to be weary of India. The children were coming to an age in which they required to go to a colder climate. We had one child in England, and I had a tender mother there, who was daily growing more infirm. Our thoughts then necessarily turned towards England, and yet we had a dread of leaving India, we all so dearly loved that country.

Towards the end of September our regiment was alarmed by many flying reports respecting a move; but they were so vague, and often so ridiculous, that, although sometimes irritated by them, we ourselves paid them little credit. They, however, soon gained strength, though varying every day. Sometimes it was said that two thousand pairs of boots were making for the soldiers; again, half that number of flannel waistcoats, preparatory for a colder clime; but on the 3d of October the real order came for marching. The effective men were to leave the station, whilst the women and children were to remain without protection at Meerut, at the mercy of all the wild and fierce people in the neighbourhood.

The Begum Somru was applied to for aid, and she sent a guard to each family; I was to have six men, a superior and five inferiors. These were to live in our compound, and guard us during the night; but they looked so savage and fierce themselves that I acknowledge I had no real confidence in them. I can never forget the figure of the principal man of the party with us. He was tall, and precisely such a person as one would draw for the captain of a gang of desperadoes, very dark, with brilliant and flashing eyes, and a certain smile on his countenance, the meaning of which one did not desire to investigate. His mustachios were dark and curling, his carriage erect, his tread heavy, and he always appeared in full military accoutrements.

Our palanquin and bearers had gone with Mr Sherwood, but, the evenings being cool, I used to walk with the children, to call

on the other ladies ; but I never took a step abroad without this man, and probably two others, following me. I felt somewhat as a person would do when followed by a tame tiger. Such were the guardians with whom we were left, and we were tolerably safe with them, no doubt, so long as good accounts arrived from the battlefield, but not a moment after. The dread that our protectors might be removed kept us in a state of constant anxiety.

The Sunday before the march was an affecting day in every English house in the station, and on some accounts particularly so to me. Mr Leonard, a judge's writer, a friend of Mr Bowley's, from the city, officiated at the Hindostanee service, and undertook it during Mr Sherwood's absence. At the ten o'clock service there were few present except the usual religious society. After the service, Mr Sherwood spoke to them in the kindest and most affecting manner, pressing upon them a continued attention to their religious duties in the camp, giving them each a little work, which he thought particularly suitable to their state, and promising them the use of his tent for their evening meetings. We could not part on this occasion without tears. Two years before, these pious men had given me a "Rippon's Hymn Book," with all their names inscribed on the first page. I shall record them here, as they stand in my book.

" Thomas Cate	Richard Mills
William Smith	Joshua Hall
James Deighton	Thos. Farmour
Abraham Hays	Benj. Watson
John Nother	Thos. Roberts
Thos. McGuire	George Russel."

Underneath they had written this verse—

" Oh, that you may, with steady, even pace,
 Pass forward till you gain that heavenly place
 Where you and we, we hope, at last shall meet,
 And sit like Mary at the Saviour's feet ;
 There shall we in his glorious presence shine—
 Oh, may this happy lot be yours and mine."

These were the same good men who, when we first came to India, met in the jungles and ravines to pray and read their Bibles ;

the same who had attended in Mr Martyn's and Mr Corrie's house ; the same who had met in our little chapel at Meerut for many of the last months ; and the same to whom Mr Sherwood promised the use of his tent, which proved to many of them their last earthly meeting-house.

It was rather a remarkable circumstance that several of these soldiers, especially Abraham Hays, though they had already gone through many campaigns, were fully persuaded that they should never return from this. In consequence of this presentiment they brought me their watches, tea-spoons, and other valuables, begging me to take care of them for those they loved.

The march was towards the Himalaya, and the campaign was against the Ghoorkas, one of the mountain tribes which had been constantly making invasions on the people of the plains. The object of the movement of our troops was kept as profound a secret as possible, in order that the enemy might not be prepared ; but this very secrecy tended much to excite the alarm of wives, who, when they parted from their husbands, knew not whence they might hear next from them.

My first few letters from Mr Sherwood were from the different halts in his way, and I wrote to him whenever I had opportunity. From one of my letters, still preserved, I quote the following event which happened to us :—" I had gone to rest with all my helpless ones about me, and was falling asleep, when I was roused by the sounds of running round the house and firing of guns, with a knocking at the walls near my bed. I got up instantly and dressed myself, and on inquiry the people told me that bands of armed thieves were attacking the cantonments. I ordered the frightened nurses to dress the children, and we all got together—the youngest, Henry, in his nurse's arms, Emily in mine, and Lucy coming close to me with little Sally and Mary Parsons ; all of us resolving, if we must die, we would die together. Thus we passed the night, whilst the noise, the shouts, the firing, and tramping continued, the alarm being given to every female throughout the cantonment,

and every one being conscious that we had no human aid at hand."

The Begum Somru kindly sent us more guards after this, and a party of ten Sepoys came, and were located in our compound; but they frightened me very much by the immense fires they made near the bungalow, and I was kept up some nights before I could get it arranged that these fires should not be near the house. The morning after our first terrible alarm was a morning free from all disturbance. The ladies of the regiment were, of course, comparing notes; and we came to the conclusion that the alarm had been got up in order that our guards might increase their own importance.

From the letter I received I learned of the pains and penalties connected with scenes of warfare; but Mr Sherwood, on account of our fears and anxieties, kindly made as light of these things as possible. One adventure of his I particularly remember. Orders were given on an occasion at twelve o'clock at noon for an evening march, and notwithstanding that the same orders said that no one was to start before that hour, the camp-followers were at once in motion, each anxious to clear the head of the pass before the column reached it, for it was foreseen that the road might be choked up. Although Mr Sherwood was usually desirous to obey orders, yet he found himself obliged, as it were, to act with others: so leaving his tent to take its chance, tacitly authorising the striking and packing, and eventually the moving of it, he set off slowly to observe what was to be seen, and soon he was joined by two friends, Colonel Buckland and Emery, who were on horseback. His own commanding officer, Colonel Mawby, being in advance, Mr Sherwood also mounted, and they rode forwards together. The colonel's horse being the larger took long steps, and so got over the ground, hence Mr Sherwood was obliged to trot on whenever a clearing of a few paces permitted; but as they advanced, the camels, by the narrowness of the pass, were so forced together in a confused mass, that the three were obliged to dismount, and

in the end separate. Mr Sherwood had to lead his pony, here, stepping over a loaded camel, fallen in the pass, now, creeping under another, while such discordant sounds of thumping, swearing, shouting, were going on as were enough to deafen any one. The crest of the pass was scarcely nine feet wide, and almost as steep as the roof of a house. "The Sais, or horse-attendant, soon, however, took charge of my horse," added Mr Sherwood in his letter to me, "and I scrambled up the bank, where I was joined by the Colonel and Emery, and there we stood just on the culminating point, giving orders and advice which no one could or would attend to. The heat was intolerable, and we were exposed fully to it; the colonel was white as a sheet, and supported, or rather dragged on by Emery, and yet we could not refrain from laughing. One restive camel fell, and choked up the road, and nothing could make him rise, till a cord was placed round him and he was turned upon his back, in which position he was moved away like a sledge. In this state we remained some time; at length, as it got cooler, I moved on by myself, leaving only my Sais with the horse. After a while, being tired, I rested myself under a tree, lighted a fire of brushwood, prepared my dinner, and, being provided with a bottle of wine, I was much pleased when my two friends found me in my very delightful situation. I shall never forget the pleasure I experienced at the rising of the moon, and how heartily Emery and myself sang 'Rise, Cynthia, rise,' to the annoyance of our friend the colonel, who would rather have been in Ibbottson's Hotel. It soon, however, became so cold, that when the regiment joined us at ten o'clock, we were very glad to proceed. About twelve we reached the place where our guide had left Colonel Mawby, and the marks of the encampment were visible by the light of the moon, but no man nor beast could be seen. I lay down to sleep, and on awaking learned that the army was about three miles off, encamped opposite a high hill, on which was built the Fort of Kalunga. As the day broke, we saw that the fort had a very imposing appearance, its size being lost by the

elevation on which it was placed. It was small and newly-built, but its natural defences were so strong, that though Colonel Mawby had attacked it, he was for the present obliged to desist, and he was now engaged in drawing up six-pound gallopers, and forming a battery. Soon after daylight firing commenced, though little could be seen, even with the aid of a glass; but towards middle-day, a native cavalry officer came galloping down, exclaiming, 'General Gillespie is killed, and the attack has failed.' Then shortly after the wounded came in, and they reported the attack as a rash one, describing the dragoons in boots and spurs, headed by the general commanding-in-chief.

"When the General fell he had few except officers near him, and Major Ludlow, who was next him, commanded the retreat."

General Gillespie was shot through the heart, and altogether 107 men of the 53d were killed and wounded. The total loss was nearly 500, the officers being out of proportion in numbers. The events of the day threw a damp over all. At half-past six in the morning Mr Sherwood read the burial service over the officers and men, whose bodies were brought in, and permission was asked to bring our dead from the field.

But it would be painful and tedious to go through other scenes of battle and warfare. I shall therefore only make one more quotation from Mr Sherwood's letter. "At two o'clock on the morning of the 29th I heard," he writes, "a heavy firing of musketry and a shout. I arose and went out, but all was silent again, and I could not tell from what side the noise had come. Shortly afterwards the shouts began again, and the firing was very heavy. I hastened to my tent door, where I clearly discovered the cries to be English, accompanied by the beat of a drum. Several officers had now come to the quarter-guard, and we thought that the drum beat the Grenadier's March. Percy, Emery, and myself set off towards the fort to see what had happened, and we met a Sepoy coming down from Major Kelly to say that the fort was empty.

“Emery and myself returned with the Sepoy to the Colonel, where we heard that at two o'clock in the morning the Ghoorkas had made a rush down the hill in hopes of forcing their way, but were driven back with great loss. About an hour afterwards they made a second most desperate attempt. Many were killed, but some few escaped.

“I now started off for the fort; it was not light when I reached it. I was for going in immediately, when Heathcote, who was on duty, advised our waiting till we had more light, as he feared we should tread on the bodies of the dead or dying. The fort was very small, and the whole space was covered with bodies; and in one place, about ten feet long by six broad, lay seven bodies across each other. The fort itself was trenched across in every direction, and these trenches were about two feet deep; and in them the unhappy people had endeavoured to find shelter. There were eighty-six dead bodies lying in this small place. The wounded were in a most wretched state; those who could in any way move had attempted to get out, but others were crying, ‘Water, water!’ and our officers were assisting, as well as they could, by pouring water out to them. Some of the poor creatures had lain there for three days with their limbs broken. I shall never forget one young woman with a broken leg, lying among the dead. She was partly covered or entangled among the bodies; and as she could not move, she held her mouth open for water so anxiously that there is no describing it. We could not get near her, but Heathcote at length contrived to pour a stream from a mussak. There was another woman, herself unhurt, but she had a wounded baby at her breast. She seemed dreadfully distressed; but the child was taking its food, and did not seem to mind it. There was a soldier-like looking Ghoorka also lying on a bed in the fort; his wound had been in his head, and had taken away his senses; he was making figures in the bloody dust with his fingers. Two little girls, one about four years old, and the other about one, had lost both father and

mother; they were taken care of, but the elder screamed very much, fearing she should be separated from the younger. The sight is certainly more distressing than what is generally met with in Indian warfare, for the women and helpless are usually alone seen; yet still we feel that they were until within a few days a conquering, oppressing people, who had held this place and the valleys around in fearful subjection. These persons I saw afterwards clean and in high spirits, particularly the young woman, who had got a wooden leg.

“When I again visited the fort it was partially cleared. Ninety-seven dead bodies had been burnt, but this was only a part, for all around the fort you might see the marks of imperfect burials. The ground was rocky, and it was difficult to dig into it, so that I could still count thirty bodies only half buried, in many cases having a leg or an arm above the ground.”

Such was the style of many of Mr Sherwood's letters; but all was not as sad; for instance, one day, in the fort, he found a hill partridge, enclosed in a wicker basket without a door, which he afterwards sent to me. This bird is called the chuckoor, and is said to eat fire. The story of this little chuckoor is to be found in a work of mine, entitled “Juliana Oakeley.” We called the bird our prisoner of war. It loved the warmth of the sun, and delighted to come out of the new cage which we bought for it, and roll itself in the gravel.

But to return to my own situation, and the situation of those whose sons, husbands, and brothers were in the camp. We were much alarmed at the loss of the General, and we heard of nothing but the killed and wounded, or of the enemy's horsemen collecting near us. We were advised to get a few things packed up, and for safety to get within the city walls, for Meerut had been fortified. On the Sunday I sent my little boy with his nurses to the regimental hospital for advice, the child being ill; and as I sat alone I heard the guns firing over General Gillespie's grave; for his body was sent for interment to Meerut. The guns ceased, and the minute-

fire began again. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,"—the gallant hero of Java was then laid in the cold grave. He met his fate gallantly, at Kalunga, in the Indian Caucasus, and there also died Abraham Hays, Russell, and Gill, three poor holy men, private soldiers. For days our alarm increased, and we had no trust but in Providence. My kind friends on Monday took charge of my children. My God helped us. He protected my husband, my precious little ones, and my soon expected but then unborn babe. We were threatened with the Sikhs and other marauders, I know not with what foundation, but we felt ourselves utterly helpless.

I must here quote a passage from a letter to my mother which, from its date, was written whilst my husband was with the regiment at Kalunga, and will shew the state of my mind at that time.

"MEERUT, Dec. 27th.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I fear you will begin to think that it is very long since I have written to you; but you, no doubt, have heard of us through my dear cousin Butt, at Trentham, to whom I have addressed two letters lately. You will have heard that Henry is not with me, but with our regiment, and other considerable force, attacking the country of the Ghoorkas, which lies in the valleys among the mountains which divide Hindostan from Thibet, and extend from the Caspian Sea to China. The regiment has been absent more than two months, nor can we guess when it is likely to return. Dear Henry, from whom I often hear, is well, and I hope doing good wherever he goes. His tent is a place of worship to all devoutly disposed. He is happy in the acquaintance of a pious young officer of the name of Tomkins, whose father lives near Bromyard. As to myself, I am at Meerut, and have much upon my hands, having three dear babes of my own, the two orphans, and Henry's nurse's child in the house, besides the care of two infants, whose nurses I have to overlook. I have also an English and a Hindostanee school to see to, the latter daily, besides giving

attention to the Hindostanee service, which, without care, would have dropped through on Mr Sherwood's going to the camp ; but, by the express ordination of Providence, it has suddenly revived, and become more flourishing than ever.

“The Almighty has kept me in great peace of mind amidst all these employments, and amongst many alarms attendant upon being situated near the seat of war. I have more reason to be thankful, as I am in expectation of an addition to my little family in the beginning of February ; I am afraid before I see dear Henry. I have given much of my time since the regiment went, to the education of my children, and I have brought them amazingly forward during these two months. Sarah, one of my orphans, can read Hindostanee with much facility, so as to be able to perform the clerk's part in the Hindostanee service. Having an opportunity, I am getting her taught to read Persian, and also to read the old Sanscrit character. I write questions from the Bible for my motherless girls, and make them bring me the answers neatly written in English, and I find that this exercise greatly sharpens their understandings. Mary Parsons, the eldest, begins to be very useful amongst the children, and can carry keys and take care of clothes, so that already she pays me somewhat for my trouble.

“My own Lucy is a very pleasing girl, not speaking partially ; she is exceedingly sweet-tempered, and may be managed by any one—very upright and free from deceit. She has an open English countenance and complexion, and is very tender-hearted. I was punishing Emily the other day ; Lucy stood by reddening ; at last she burst into a loud cry, saying in English, with the Hindostanee idiom, ‘This little sister of mine, I cannot bear to see her weep, because she is very pleasant to me.’ The children have a very pretty way of mixing the languages, using the Eastern idiom with the English. ‘Oh, my papa,’ she sometimes says, ‘my heart is full of grief for my papa, because he is gone very far.’ In the military life, where there is affection, the joys and sorrows are more keen and higher wrought than in common life.

“ You can form no idea, my beloved mother, of the spirit which is required in the management of a family in India, particularly when the master is not at home, or rather gone out in dangerous warfare. The natives have no respect for females. Four or five men walk into the parlour, and quarrel altogether before your face, using the lowest and most abusive language, and trying in the night to frighten you with cries of alarm of thieves and fire. The night after Henry went away, one of the men appointed as a guard or watchman came to my window, close to my bed’s head, setting up a great howl and firing off a gun, exclaiming at the same time in Hindostanee, ‘ Come, come, ye thieves, come, come, and I will destroy you ; I will cut you down ; there they are, there they run.’ I thought of Don ‘ Quixote,’ and the flock of sheep to which he called out so manfully, and could not help laughing, because I knew the men’s tricks ; but Mary and Sally and Lucy, who were in another room, were terribly scared. Some ladies in the station, who had not been so long in the country as myself, were almost frightened into fits by the alarming ways of these watchmen. I own that they have made my heart beat a little when they cry ‘ Fire ;’ but of late they have kept themselves quieter, and the officer left here has been so kind as to let me have an invalid soldier of the regiment to sleep in the house, which has set all things to rights.

“ The hooping-cough is so prevalent just round us that I have resolved to move, and go into a small house which Mr Parson, our chaplain, possesses within the walls of his grounds, where I hope to remain quiet, please God, till Mr Sherwood’s return, of which I have as yet no distinct hope ; but thank God he is well, in the camp among the hills, and not only well but doing good, I trust. He goes about among the natives with the other officer, Mr Tomkins, and distributes the Bible in their language. He performs Divine service in his tent on Sundays and Wednesdays, and is perhaps the first person who ever uttered the words of God in the Indian Caucasus, or carried the Holy Bible there in the language

of the natives. Are not these sweet and consoling circumstances amid all the fears and agitations of this life? I do not trouble you with an account of the campaign among the hills, it being, I am sorry to say, a disastrous one. I have now been left nearly four months, and have had occasion for the exertion of much spirit and activity, but God has been infinitely good, and has comforted and brought me so far in health."

This letter it was afterwards thought advisable to detain, as we feared to distress our aged mother in England, and we did not send it till Mr Sherwood's return to us at Meerut.

But to speak of what befel us one Sunday morning. It was, I recollect, on the 18th of December, that being prepared with my orphans, and my little Indian daughters, Lucy and Emily, one in each hand, I stood ready in the verandah, until the servant should inform me of the arrival of Mr Leonard, to accompany him to the chapel, where he was to perform the service. I afterwards learned, however, that he was taken ill suddenly that day of a fever. Mr Bowley, who had done duty for us, had left Meerut to go to Mr Corrie's, at Agra, some months before, so that Mr Leonard was our only hope. Whilst we stood there waiting, the servants came up in high glee, ill concealed by assumed perplexity, to say that the congregation were waiting, but no reader could be seen coming over the plain. Another and another servant followed, each with the same tale. "The congregation are waiting in the sun," said one; "shall they be dismissed?"

"Open the chapel doors, then," I replied, "and let them in."

"It is very late, and Mr Leonard is not to be seen," replied the attendant. "He is not coming. Will the Beebee Sahib give orders for dismissing the people?"

Though sorely perplexed and troubled, I could not find it in my heart to do so. No, I will not, I thought; if they go they must, but I will never order the gates of this little place of worship to be closed. But it was a moment of triumph to the heathen servants, and it was natural for them, by constant applications, to try to

obtain orders for dismissing the congregation. Time moves heavily in scenes like this, and yet, though it might appear in recollection that this perplexing state of the case continued an hour or more, it was probably not of many minutes' endurance, when suddenly, whilst still standing under the verandah, I saw two well-dressed natives approaching. Let no one now say, after reading this, that real life has not wonders great as fiction. What is here related has been written from documents taken down at the time, and owes nothing to any glosses given too often by fancy to narrations of the past. There is as much difference in the air and manner of a refined and gentlemanlike native and one of low caste, as in the different ranks and orders of Europeans, and the principal of the two whom I then saw approaching was decidedly of superior birth. He was a tall, handsome man, and, like Abdool Musseeh, of a turn of countenance and air resembling the pictures we have been accustomed to see of Abraham. The servants, by the cringing, fawning manner common to them, immediately acknowledged the rank of these strangers, and permitted them to approach near the spot where I stood, and to make their salaams* to me. After the first civilities had passed, for the strangers said "they had come expressly to see me," I asked them, "what had induced them to take this trouble?" They answered, "that Mr Chamberlayne, the Baptist minister, had sent them, desiring them to seek me out at Meerut." I knew that Mr Chamberlayne had been engaged by the Begum Somru, at Sirdhana, as a tutor to her grandson, and also that he had left his situation, and I believed had gone to Serampore. But this did not occur to me at the moment, for I only fancied that perhaps this gentleman was accidentally passing through Meerut, and that he had, by some unaccountable means, heard of my present dilemma, and had sent timely help. I therefore said in reply, "Mr Chamberlayne has then heard of my distress." "What distress?" asked the stranger. I immediately explained my situation, adding, "Who are you?"

* Salaams—respectful bows.

and wherefore did you come here?" "I am," was the reply, "a Christian, converted by Mr Chamberlayne, and I have been accustomed to assist him in his services." "Will you come with me, then, now?" I said; "you can read and expound to my little congregation." "With joy," he answered; "and you shall stand by me, and tell me what I shall do."

Not a moment more was lost; books were placed in the strangers' hands, and they proceeded through the flowery and embowered paths to the little chapel in the pleasure-ground, whilst every Hindoo and Mussulman servant of every degree in the compound crowded after them, and filled the place of worship. The stranger took his place at the desk. The Hindostanee version of the English Liturgy was opened before him; we directed him how to proceed; little Sally made the responses, and all was delightful. The stranger, whose name was Permunund, read extremely well, and was not in the least embarrassed by the novelty of his situation. He went through all the forms of the Liturgy as if he had been brought up in Oxford, and the Christians in the place followed his lead, and knelt down and rose up when proper so to do. The Hindoos and Mussulmans who stood around, however, shewed their independence, by sitting through the service, or standing with their arms folded. In the places appointed Permunund gave out hymns, set to some old Eastern melody, some of which are exquisitely sweet, though generally sad. He knew many hymns of this kind, of which our Lord was the theme, and the metre entirely Oriental. The voice of this gifted native was uncommonly fine, and when he on this occasion broke forth in the praises of Him whose name is the Beloved, I felt that I had never heard such music before. Nor do I ever again expect to hear strains so sweet as those then seemed to be, till all shall be fulfilled of which those songs of holy love were then the earnest.

Permunund gave out the words of the hymn, verse by verse. The air was well known to many. Mary and Sarah took up the strain, and every Christian present joined. Thus the chorus was

filled, and surely such a chorus had never yet arisen in that province, of old the principal seat of the mighty Emperors of Delhi.

When these hymns and the usual prayers of the morning service were finished, Permunund asked leave to expound a chapter. He took that one from St Luke, relating to the crucifixion of our Lord, and gave a most beautiful commentary upon the passage he read; using the high, flowery, and poetical style so general in the East, and seeming to comprehend the figures of Scripture at once, as if by intuition; one example of which I particularly remember. In speaking of the purple robe placed upon our Lord, he made the figure to represent the imputation of the sins of mankind, in which the Saviour was imbued in the moment of his suffering, and by which imputation he became subject to death; for otherwise death could not have passed upon him, death being the consequence of sin. Could any gospel have been clearer than this? What human learning or human ingenuity could have added aught to the truth and eloquence of this commentary? Before we left the chapel, he asked permission to appoint another service in the evening; and from that time forward this little place of worship overflowed with natives, not only nominal Christians, but idolaters and Mussulmans; though these, whilst they listened, took good care to preserve their supercilious air in the presence of the Christians. Whilst walking back with Permunund to the house, I said, "Come, tell me now, did you drop from the clouds this morning?" He then informed me that his mind had been first awakened to attention to the Christian religion by Mr Chamberlayne, when that zealous child of God was at Sirdhana. Mr Chamberlayne, it seems, had employed him in reading and teaching, and he had been with him some months; at length Permunund had been led to desire baptism, at the same time requiring to have his infant children baptized with himself. Mr Chamberlayne, thinking as he did, could not comply with this last request, neither would Permunund give it up. Mr Chamberlayne

then proposed that if such were his wishes as it regarded his infant children, he should apply for advice and instruction from some person of the Established Church of England, and he recommended him to seek me out, "who," he said, "would take interest in his spiritual concerns." Circumstances, however, had delayed his coming till the critical moment when his appearance was thus marvellously ordered. Nor can we easily calculate the effect of this singular occurrence on the minds of those who witnessed it. Permunund himself seemed to feel it deeply. Having no one to consult, without hesitation I engaged him to remain in the family for a few months to perform the service in the chapel, to overlook the native schoolmaster, and to instruct the children. He was well content to accept the proposal, for I was to give him eight rupees a-month, and, provided that he attended to what I required, he had liberty to go to and fro, and do what he pleased in his leisure hours. He very soon opened a room in the old city of Meerut for reading and expounding the Scriptures. He took vast pains to instruct his little English pupils to sing Hindostanee hymns; and many a time, when very far from Meerut, under the pale, cold sky of England, have these children caused tears to gush to the eyes of their parents by singing these songs of another land.

Let me relate one more anecdote of this year before I close it; but that one, I regret to say, is not of so pleasing a description as the last. On the great day of the Mohurrum, the 23d of December, the Dhayes wanted the liberty to go out, which I refused. They all appeared to submit quietly, and I supposed even that I had carried my point, when, in the middle of the night, I heard Henry's foster-brother screaming most dreadfully. I was up in a moment, and went into a closed verandah where this baby and its nurse always slept. I found the woman sitting on her bedstead, leaning her head forwards on her hands, the very image of sullenness and stupidity, whilst the black baby was lying with his face downwards on the cold chunam floor; his mother and the other women were up, looking on and expostulating. I came forward

in high indignation, and asked what all this meant, ordering the woman to take up the baby. Stir she did not. On my repeating my commands, she muttered, "Why did you not let me go to the Mohurram, then?" "I used to wonder," says my journal, "at what is said of Queen Elizabeth, that she boxed the ears of her maids of honour, but I now wonder no longer." I used argument, and it was useless; so I followed the example of the royal lady, and then so able were my arguments, that the nurse caught up the baby, and found the proper means of quieting him instantly, and from that time gave me no farther trouble. I am not commending these summary modes of procedure in any circumstances; I am merely telling a fact. It was soon after this, that, going into the nursery, I found the little black boy sprawling again on the floor, and Henry riding on him, or pretending to do so by jolting up and down on his back. I called to his mother to ask her how she could suffer such a thing. She laughed, and said, "Is he not Hindoo, and is he not Henry Sahib's bunda (slave), and may he not do what he will with him?" I found afterwards that this poor woman was in fact, even at that time, a slave of Sirdhana, and had run away and found a refuge with us. We took care that she should never be a slave again; but she could not lay aside the slavish feelings. I soon unhorsed my boy, and ordered that he should never be suffered to ride again upon the same steed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WE MOVE TO MR PARSON'S BUNGALOW—LORD MOIRA'S VISIT TO MEERUT—LETTER FROM COLONEL MAWBY—RETURN OF MR SHERWOOD—LITTLE ELIZABETH O—OUR VISIT TO THE BEGUM SOMBU—PERMUNUND'S ASTRONOMY—MR SHERWOOD GOES AGAIN TO THE FIELD—THE END OF THE WAR—OUR REMOVAL TO BERRHAMPORE—OUR RAINY JOURNEY—SHAHJEHANPORE—OUR ARRIVAL AT THE GHAUT OF GHURMETSIE—THE BRAHMIN—OUR VISIT TO MR SHERER AT CALCUTTA—OUR REMOVAL TO ALDEEN—THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SETTLEMENT—THE SUTTEE.

THE taking of Kalunga was a terrible affair, but we were easier at Meerut when the true accounts were made known; for grievous was it to see the poor women weeping and lamenting, and some had need to weep, for they were widows.

Dismal news, however, again reached us from the camp: more of the poor 53d cut up in attempting to stop the water of some fort near Nahum. A cruel work this stopping water, more especially in these hot climates.

As the news was still sad from the camp, I made up my mind to accept an invitation to repair with all my children and a few servants to the small bungalow in Mr Parson's compound. He had often pressed me to do so, and as these matters are very easily arranged in India, it took but a day to move and be settled; and very comfortable we were in this small bungalow, under the protection of Mr Parson. Sometimes, in the cool of the evening, our children played together in the gardens, whilst we walked about, and our beloved friend Mrs Mawby never failed to be of our party.

Our Hindostanee service was at this time always conducted by Permumund, and greatly was I pleased with the improvement he

effected in the singing of the hymns. Every country has its own peculiar character and style of music; that of the East is sweet and melancholy in the extreme, but wonderfully melodious. I cannot speak scientifically of music, yet I know what is lovely, and some of the old Indian airs, to my taste, surpass every air I ever heard in Europe as to their deeply touching pathos. Permunund took great pains to teach our little ones to sing these airs to the hymns which Mr Corrie had caused to be prepared. I spent the few next days in a quiet, contented way, with my sweet children about me, and my kind friends near me. The weather was cool, and my own little ones blooming and gay. I have their figures before me as they played in the shade of the little bungalow, whilst the sun was getting low. Ah! where are my daughters now? More gloriously beautiful are they become than even their mother thought them then; for there is no spot nor stain of sin upon them; and when I behold them again, I shall be satisfied, yea, filled with joy; for they shall be in the likeness of their Redeemer, and one with Him.

The Governor-general, Lord Moira, and his lady, with their suite, had been making a progress among the higher provinces, and Mr and Mrs Thomason, with their children, had the privilege of travelling with them, and seeing much of India to great advantage. The government party, who had been expected some time, entered Meerut early in this month; and our own dear friends, who had preceded the rest a day or two, were received into Mr Parson's house. Mr Thomason on his arrival loaded the children with many toys, and immense was the bustle of coming and going for a short time. Lord Moira had given notice to inspect the schools, and there were none to inspect but that in our little chapel. There had been for some years past at that time two establishments near Calcutta, the one for the relief of orphans of officers of both sexes, and the other for the orphans of military men of inferior grade. The children in these establishments were found, with very few exceptions, to consist of those of white men and coloured mothers,

and it had already been proved, as in the case of Sarah Abbot, that the two descriptions could not be mixed without the greatest detriment to the smaller party. The attention of Lady Loudon had been providentially drawn to this subject by the case of Annie, who was well known, much loved, and much admired among the religious party in Calcutta. This dear child, by her tender and delicate habits, was just the individual to create an interest for all her class in the eyes and minds of the more refined and elegant of the society in Calcutta, and thus the Almighty wrought his blessed work. Thus was Lady Loudon's mind led to inquire into the state of motherless white girls exposed to all kinds of evil in barracks. It was this interest for the little one I had adopted which had induced her to procure from me, through Mrs Thomason first, and afterwards by a more direct address, all the information on the subject which I could give. This confirmed the noble lady in her intention of establishing an asylum in Calcutta for white orphan girls, and she only waited for her return to the presidency to commence the blessed work. What a long and sweet discourse did I have that evening with Mr and Mrs Thomason at the little bungalow, and I was made to feel that every desire of my heart respecting these little ones, over whom I had mourned so long and so often, would now be more than answered. But where was my faith? Had I passed wholly unregarded these words of the Lord to Jonah?—"Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which *thou* hast not laboured, neither madest it grow; and should not *I* spare Nineveh, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons, that cannot discern between their right hand and their left?" (Jonah iv. 10, 11.)

My dear friend, Mrs Mawby, about this time received the following letter from the Colonel, which shows the friendly nature of his feelings to Mr Sherwood and myself. It was respecting his leave of absence. It must be understood that *Buxi* means paymaster in the Anglo-Indian language.

Copy of a Letter from Colonel Mawby to Mrs Mawby.

“Mr Buxi came up the hill this morning at breakfast time, and I asked him ‘what he wished for.’ He said, ‘I wish for many things.’ ‘Well! what are they?’ ‘Why, Sir, I wish I was off this hill’ And what more, Mr Buxi?’ I wish, Sir, I could be allowed to go to Meerut to Mrs Sherwood, after mustering and paying the regiment on the 4th.’ I left him, of course, in suspense; but on going away he said, ‘Well, Sir, may I write to the collector to lay bearers for me to Meerut?’ so that, I suppose, he will be with his family about the end of this month.” (Such was the Colonel’s kind letter; and now I add this memorandum to my journal in 1851. These friends were removed to a better and happier world within a very few months of each other. The last illness of our beloved Indian friend, Lieutenant-General Mawby, made its fatal attack within the first few weeks of my widowhood.)

It was past midnight, just at morning dawn, that Mr Sherwood arrived from the camp, and any one must have been in the situation such as that in which our ladies then were, to know the delight of a husband’s return. He was all joy to see his children again, and the little ones hung upon him with delight. My fair little girls formed a curious contrast with their father, for he was tanned till he looked as dark as a mulatto, and he with the rest of the officers had let their hair and moustaches grow, to protect them from the cold winds of the mountains. The effect was strange; for the climate and mode of life of India make our infants’ complexions exceedingly delicate. It is for this reason that, in one of my most popular works, in representing my own family, I call them “The Fairchild Family.” It must be remembered also that my eye then had constantly before it the dark natives of the south.

As I was not at that time capable of much exertion, Mr Sherwood looked after the schools, and Mr Thomason appointed Permunand, under our eye, schoolmaster in the city. I have learned

from Mr Thomason that the convert from Rampore is assisting him in overlooking Fitrit's translation of the Old Testament.

On the 20th of this month, February, nineteen days after her father's return, another daughter was added to our family. Every one had predicted that this infant could not live, so great had been the alarms and terrors for some months previous to her birth ; but, through the Divine mercy, she proved to be a healthy baby. I had blindly wished for a son, to be the companion of my dear Henry. Where would have been my comfort now if this my wish had been granted? This was my fifth daughter, the only one, through various circumstances, left to be the solace and support of my declining age. Three of my daughters are with their Saviour. One, my eldest born, is herself the mother of a numerous family, who claim her constant and daily care ; but my youngest Indian daughter is my comfort and my earthly rest. Let it not be thought, though, that I repined for an instant because I had not a son. No, for my heart at once poured forth all its affection towards the little helpless one ; nor has the stream diminished from that time to the present hour, though years are passed since first I took this daughter to my arms. Oh, let me point out from this that every disappointment we ever received will be as much to our advantage, when proved, as this has been to me. Oh, the goodness, the unspeakable goodness, of our Creator to all the creatures he has made. And for myself, oh, heavenly Father, I can declare thou hast kept me, and will keep me, in the secret of thy pavilion till time shall be no more.

On the last Thursday of this month one of our soldiers' wives died in childbirth, leaving a little girl, who, as usual, was brought to me. I had vast trouble to find a nurse, which search occupied me to the end of the month.

There are some curious circumstances attending this poor woman. She had been reared by pious people in a charity-school ; she had married wretchedly ; her husband was a man who drank and swore, and behaved most shockingly in every way. The un-

happy woman attempted to console herself with drinking, and was doomed to pay the penalty of death in childbirth. But she lived a few days after the birth of her little girl, and was frequently visited by our chaplain, at which seasons she referred incessantly, and with apparent confidence, to what she had learned in youth.

The chaplain was shocked beyond expression, and we knew not what to make of it. He found there was much evangelical knowledge, and but little practical influence. These things are beyond man's comprehension, at least it was beyond ours then; in later life I have learned to lay hold of the promise more firmly, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days thou shalt find it." Parents, guardians, teachers, of all classes and descriptions, to you I say, "Labour diligently, be not discouraged; and trust in the Lord with all your heart. Fear not." If ye have asked for bread for these misguided ones, will He give you a stone? Nay, rather, "If ye ask the Father anything in the name of Christ, He will grant it you." (John xv. 16.)

On Easter Sunday the Begum Somru came with her camels, and set up her tents in the plain between our house and Mr Parson's. She then sent her usual present of rose-water to certain of the ladies, which was a hint that we were to pay our compliments. Accordingly I went, with others of the officers' wives, taking with me my two little girls and two of the orphans. Many tents were pitched around, and the plain was littered by elephants, camels, hackeries, &c. We were ushered into the principal tent, where her highness sat on a musnud, her shrivelled person being almost lost in Cashmere shawls and immense cushions of quin qwab. Her superb hookah was set ready to one hand, and her glittering paun-box to the other, whilst very little of her person but her remarkably plain face was visible. Behind her, on the cushions, was perched David Dyce, the son of her husband's daughter, a child of five or six years of age, in a full court suit—coat, waistcoat, and shorts of crimson satin—with a sword dangling to his side, and a cocked hat. On each side the musnud was a row of female slaves,

standing with their backs to the wall of the tent, dressed in white cotton, and that none of the cleanest.

We went in, and having exchanged bows and salaams in due form, and chairs being offered, the Begum addressed the children I had brought with me, all of whom answered very correctly, except the youngest of my little girls then present. Emily was the very specimen of a delicate and beautiful little English girl, such as the Begum probably had not often seen, and she seemed resolved to make her speak. At first she began gently and soothingly, but not a word would the little one reply, till the Begum said, "I suspect you have no tongue." "I have," she answered. "It is good for nothing, then," said the old lady. "I will have it cut out and given to the crows."

The child reddened and stamped with her foot, and called the Begum "a naughty wicked Beebee." The old lady laughed, and the poor slaves echoed her laugh; but I was glad to get the child away, though she expressed no fear. Master David, in his crimson satin suit, was called upon to hand us out of the tent, which he did with the usual etiquette.

I must just add one remark in this place. My little girl, of whom I have just spoken, was a remarkably passionate infant; in her after life she proved quite otherwise, constantly evidencing much self-command. This change I can but attribute to the Divine influence, which early prepared her for glory.

This week, I notice in my diary, I saw our own guard of the Begum's Sepoys were reading Persian, and I sent a St Matthew's Gospel to one, and a St Mark's Gospel to another.

Permunund's new school of twenty-six boys came to be examined, and our own school increased. A stranger called to ask for a St Matthew's Gospel, which was given to him. Mr Sherwood read daily the Scriptures to the servants in their own language, and privately with Permunund, to give him deeper instructions. He afterwards employed him in teaching the Naugree Gospel to one bearer and five other men-servants, but they seemed inclined to

discontinue learning. But, thank God, I heard from Permunund that there was an immense demand for Naugree Scriptures in the city.

I have remarked I had much difficulty in getting a nurse for the little orphan I had last brought to me. The women about had decided that the child must die, and they scarcely made the necessary attempts to save it. My little Eliza has, however, been spared to grow to womanhood.

It was after one of our usual Hindostanee services, conducted by Permunund, that the notice came for Mr Sherwood to return to the camp. Then news came that our regiment was ordered to Calcutta, and thus our minds were much agitated with doubts respecting our present and future plans, or whether he ought to go at all to the camp, as the detachment with which he was to go had been directed to remain where they were. However, he at last resolved upon starting, and I was full of anxiety about this journey on account of the heat, and because he went alone. He travelled dork, and was obliged to take advantage of the coolness of night. I was praying for him in much anguish that God would take care of him, when these words came powerfully to my mind, "I will ; be not afraid."

On the 22d of April I received a letter from Mr Sherwood, and I see by the one I answered that it was at this time the Moonshee and Permunund were engaging me in explaining something of astronomy and the shape of the earth, &c., to them.

I had found in India, where globes and maps are not to be had, a little way of my own, with larger and lesser balls, for teaching the children the rudiments of astronomy and geography. The grown men I had then to teach were not only as ignorant as children, but were each furnished with innumerable false notions on these subjects ; as, for instance, that the world was a vast plain, with the sun on a high mountain in its centre. These notions were to be put away before the others could be understood. or, at anyrate, removed for a while out of sight ; but I found my pupils wonderfully ready to learn.

There is a letter from Permunnund in one of the Missionary Registers, in which he refers most affectionately to me and my balls of silk.

On one occasion the Moonshee said, "Are you not accounted one of the wisest women in the world, Beebee?" I could not resist answering, "Far from it; I have been accounted a fool in my own country." Which was true enough, as Mr Edgeworth had spoken disparagingly of my abilities, and others also had paid me the same compliments more than once, in childhood; I suppose from my appearing somewhat absent in company.

"Eh wa! wa!—wonderful! wonderful!" cried the old man, nothing doubting of the marvellous cleverness of the English ladies. All these lessons were given by me in Hindostanee, which added vastly to their labour, my broken language being corrected when written down by the Moonshee's son, who assisted, as the French would say, at these strange lectures.

During Mr Sherwood's absence, as usual, we kept up the Hindostanee service; as to the English service, only the children and the native women attached to the regiment attended it, for the English women did not. And here I must remark, that I was often greatly distressed in my mind by the condition of these native women. I then thought that the evil of the system belonging to them might and ought to be remedied. I have not now, as I had then, either hopes or expectations of seeing this world amended. It lieth in wickedness, and always has and always will do so, till the blessed One shall take the government into His own hands. The system I allude to is this, that the white men in barracks are allowed to take each of them a black woman as a temporary wife whilst they are in India. These women, for the most part, live in huts near the barracks and act as servants to the men; and the only idea these poor creatures have of morality and honour is, that whilst thus engaged to one man they are to be faithful to him; and faithful many are, perhaps following him for years, bearing him many children, and may be standing with those children on the

sands of the river, to see the last of him and of the vessel which bears him away. I have had scenes of this kind described to me by such of these poor creatures as have themselves gone through them, and I cannot recall the recollection of them without tears. The lower orphan-school provides refuges for many of these poor children ; but the mothers have no refuge, nor can I understand how one can be provided. She has lost caste by her union with the white man, and has no resource but, if she can, to form such another temporary union with another white man.

In the meanwhile I received many letters from the camp with different information. Mr Sherwood said that in the middle of the day the heat was oppressive, but he ought not to complain, for he had a tent, and could do as he liked ; whereas several persons were obliged to pass the whole of the day with nothing but a screen made of portions of the tents. Mr Sherwood added, "If we are to go by appearances, we are not one step nearer taking the fort than we were a month ago ; but I believe the general knows what he is about. The Ghoorkas desert in dozens. * * * * The great number of women in the fort is the reason both of their distress and obstinacy, and the army is obliged to be much on the alert for fear of some desperate attack. * * * I pity the Ghoorkas, and wish they would come to some terms. About five days ago the garrison consisted of 2090 fighting men ; but we have had on an average ten a-day coming in, and yesterday one came in and said they were starving, and that he himself, with many others, were confined in the stocks on suspicion of desertion. He says, too, that great numbers get out and make their escape to the low lands, in hopes of reaching their own country."

It was on the 17th that the next letter was written, and, as it is a short one, I will copy it :—"You must be content," he writes, "with short notes from me ; for I always put off, to the last moment, writing. Everything looks like capitulation, but we learn nothing for a certainty. Not a gun has been fired to-day, and messengers are passing. The Ghoorkas appear sitting within

range of our guns, and our men are walking about within reach of theirs, and all this looks well. It is more than probable we shall be removed in a few days; but you will hear this from Mrs Mawby, as I am a long way from the colonel. He came down and partook of one of my poor breakfasts this morning. I was really ashamed. I had a pot of bad butter on a tin dish, and a bit of bread; and that was all that I could give him. I am out of wine, and there was none drinkable at the mess; I had seven bottles broke, by the Coolies falling, of that I brought with me, and all my rum was knocked over by the tent during the storm of the 4th. That was a dreadful night; the wind blew a complete hurricane, and the rain poured. I was up all night, for my tent was nearly down, and not only my rum lost, but my looking-glass broken. The mess-tent, too, broke.

But, notwithstanding the poor breakfast I had to offer the colonel, I believe it was not his intention to have returned up the hill again so soon, but he was sent for in a hurry. I dine in Brodie's tent, who cannot go to the mess. The poor Ghoorkas are absolutely starving, and begging for food; but we dare not give them any, for we fear they will not capitulate as long as they can exist."

On the 29th of May, middle day, Mr Sherwood arrived at Meerut, and so I suppose the Indian warfare for that time had closed. He says on the 18th, "The Ghoorka chief came into the camp, and all appeared to be at peace; but, the fort not being in the possession of the English, anxiety still prevailed."

The regiment left Nabum on the 5th June, and arrived three miles east of Meerut on the 20th, to which place Mr Sherwood went to pay the officers, and there received orders for our immediate removal to Berhampore. I will not attempt to describe our feelings on this announcement, but we hastened to prepare for our departure.

On Thursday, the 14th July, I saw the beloved chapel, and the congregation in it, for the last time.

Captain and Mrs Arden, who were at Meerut only for a short time, and had no house, came into ours as we left it; for we lent it to them.

On the morning of the 20th July, after our house was quite emptied, we went to spend the day at Mr Parson's bungalow.

Our trunks, beds, &c., had been sent forwards, and Captain Arden most kindly forwarded his tent to Shahjehanpore, half way between Meerut and the Ghaut, for our use. Our intention was to make the first move in the night, and our line of march was thus arranged: Mr Sherwood leading the way on horseback, myself and baby in the first palanquin, my little boy and his nurse in the second, my little girls and their attendants in a bullock-coach belonging to a friend, and the foster-brother of my son, with his nurse in attendance, in a second bullock-coach; and, lastly, a one-horse carriage, also borrowed, containing the orphans we had adopted; six modes of conveyances in all, added to which we had seventeen Coolies, carrying provisions and clothes in baskets slung on bamboos. I could laugh now at this procession, but so little did it appear particular to me then, that I made no comment whatever upon it in my diary; but I remark how sad, how very, very sad, did we all feel that day at Mr Parson's. Often did I look upon our own beloved bungalow, which I was never more to enter; and I have now before me the whole line of the house, the front windows appearing above and amid the baubools and parkinsonias on the lawn.

We left Mr Parson's at three in the afternoon. The day had been uncommonly overclouded for the season, with occasional showers, and it seemed so dark, and consequently cool, that we ventured forth earlier than we had intended. Our procession, however, had not advanced above two miles before the rain began to pour, not as a storm, but right down, as in a dead, solemn calm, the whole horizon being one dark lowering cloud. Soon the whole plain was a continued sheet of water, the bearers and cattle sliding at every step; for the earth around Meerut being of

a soapy nature, it became slippery in the extreme. Knowing that the Kali Middy lay in our route, we judged it right to return, which we accomplished with some difficulty, and thus we had another sorrowful evening and another sad parting.

. Our little ones, too, deeply felt these partings. The affection of one of Mr Parson's sons for my little Emily was curious. He would follow her everywhere, and stand to look at her as if he saw her only in the whole world. That first day of parting she gave him a small glass phial, and he held it in his hand night and day for a long time after she was gone. He was only three years old, and she was just four. It rained a good deal in the early part of the night, but at one o'clock it stopped, and the wind began to blow away the clouds which passed rapidly before the full moon. Mr Sherwood arose and collected the family, and we set off once more, and our last look at the plain of Meerut was taken by moonlight. The roads were wet and slippery, and we advanced with difficulty. How often have I been tossed about from one country to another ! how often has my heart attached itself to things, to places, to persons, and how have these cords of love been continually cut asunder ! The love of the creature passeth away, but that of the Creator abideth for ever. Farewell for awhile, dear school ; farewell, little church ; thou art a Philadelphia, which hath an open door which no man can shut.

After we started, the blinds of my palanquin being closed, with my child in my arms, I fell into a sleep from which I did not wake till early dawn. I then opened my eyes, and looked out on a common, where I saw a row of round-topped, small trees. We slept again, and awoke in a small village, where we all stopped in the midst of a herd of cows. The Indian cows are small, of an iron gray, and of a very hungry appearance. All the party being come up, we bought some milk, had it put into a brass dish, and bread being sopped in it, the children, after partaking of it, were much refreshed. We next came to a beautiful tope, with roads beneath it, winding away in different directions, looking green and

fresh from the late rain. The air was cool, and many birds were singing. I thought how sweet this scene would be when all India shall be Christianised. Passing on a little further, we suddenly came to the plain where our regiment was encamped; they were, of course, bound like ourselves to the Ghaut. We soon afterwards stopped to refresh our bearers, whilst Mr Sherwood went on before. We had a nulla to pass, where the water was expected to be between three and four feet deep; and Mr Sherwood, being afraid that the cattle and the people would knock up before we could possibly reach Shahjehanpore, set off to try at a neighbouring village if he could get any assistance, but he could not succeed. When the children's carriages came up, and the bearers had rested a little, we went on by a gentle ascent to the village, and there saw Mr Sherwood sitting at the door of a Serai. I must here acknowledge that I again fell asleep, and have no recollection of passing the nulla, or of anything, till we were come near to the beautiful groves of Shahjehanpore, a place renowned in the annals of the sultans of Delhi. As we advanced we came to a running stream; the bearers stopped to drink, and the poor Behistee (water-carrier) whom we had taught to read the Bible, brought me some water in a leathern cup. It was cool and sweet, but, as I thought, not so sweet and refreshing as those precious truths which, through the Divine favour, we had been the unworthy means of opening in the letter to that poor man.

We entered Shahjehanpore beneath beautiful mango topes of considerable extent, and underneath the branches of one of these we saw some ruins, which appeared like the portico of a temple. We observed also in various places the remains of ancient burial-grounds, the walls of the tombs in many instances broken away; whilst here and there lofty door-ways of stone, remained alone of all the buildings to which they originally belonged, exalting themselves above the brakes and underwood.

We found the tent lent to us by Captain Arden pitched near a well, under an immense Brahminee fig-tree. It was six o'clock

before we reached it. There, in that royal solitude, we found everything that we could possibly require for comfort and refreshment. The bedding and other furniture reserved for our use in the boats were arranged in the two compartments of the large tent in the nicest order; the table set out for breakfast as if we had been in our dear bungalow, and our little humpbacked Kitmutghaur and his assistants ready to serve us, as unmoved in their aspects as if we had indeed been there. Whilst at breakfast another tremendous shower occurred, accompanied by the singular phenomenon of the fall of several fish, one as long as a man's forefinger; they were all quite fresh, though of course dashed to pieces in their fall. This is the more remarkable, as Shahjehanpore is far from any extensive waters. Some suppose that fish may be drawn up to the clouds by waterspouts.

The tent protected us so well that we remained quite dry whilst watching the rain, and soon I laid down on the couch and read my Bible for a considerable time. Then I took up a volume of the Persian tales, and did not I enjoy my literary banquet—the reading of the Persian tales beneath the groves of Shahjehanpore! Fancy has her delights, and I often pity those who do not understand them.

When the rain was over, the children, with their nurses and servants, played about the roots of the old pekul-tree, or, as some call it, the Brahminee fig-tree. The children were sad, for they were about to leave their native country and their old companions. They then spoke a little English, but all their conversations passed in Hindostanee, and their associations, too, were Oriental. A crow came and sat on a bough in an opposite tree, and began to caw. Lucy got up, and, addressing it, said, "Pretty crow, is every one well at Meerut, and is Annie good at Calcutta?" I asked her "What she meant by putting those questions to the bird," and she answered, that her nurse had told her "that crows know all things."

It was at midnight that we again continued our journey, nor

did we stop till we were in sight of the Brahmin's Grove at Ghurmetsir. Mr Sherwood, being on horseback, had no rest; but we, in our palanquins and bullock-coaches, slept the greater part of the way. He found that the country was almost covered with water, not deep, but enough to detain and fatigue the cattle. The tent was to go back from Shahjehanpore, but our baggage was to go to the Ghaut. Mr Sherwood found the parties conveying it resting in the different villages on the way, so weary that they could not get on. As there was a budgerow and other boats already provided for us at the Ghaut, he permitted them to remain till refreshed, but we pushed on, though the floods were so high at Doolicah, we had great difficulty in passing. In the meanwhile the clouds became more and more threatening, but the rain did not fall till Mr Sherwood was within five minutes' ride of the boats, and then so heavily did it come down that he was wet through in those few minutes; but he found, however, a change of clothes in the budgerow sent on before.

Our quartermaster, who had been some days at the Ghaut with his family, received us hospitably, and gave us a good breakfast; and when the sun came out, which it soon did, we were not long in arranging all our things in our boats.

Near the Ghaut of Ghurmetsir was a grove of many trees, planted by a Brahmin, who, though fifty years afterwards, still lived within its shade, in a small bungalow which he himself had built. This Brahmin was accounted one of superior sanctity among his people, and it happened that on the same day on which we left Meerut there was a great meeting of Brahmins to take place in the sacred grove of Ghurmetsir, on account of a great eclipse of the moon. Permunund was anxious to be present at this meeting, and to take his balls of silk, to impart some of that knowledge of the heavenly bodies which he had lately acquired concerning the form of the earth; which knowledge he asserted was a powerful instrument in throwing down the whole fabric of old and monstrous superstitions that had so inflamed his own

mind. He wished, as I said, to be present at the assembly, and also that he might then take a last farewell of us at the Ghaut. He took his Bible with him, and held many arguments with the Brahmins, not only on the subject of the motions of the heavenly bodies but on that of prophecy, which had lately much occupied his mind.

We remained at the Ghaut till after the next Sunday, our regiment coming up in the meantime, and settling themselves in the boats. On Saturday Permumund came from the Brahmins, and asserted that they had heard him with eagerness. Oh, my God! Thou wert and art doing great things for this poor country. We had Hindostanee service in our boat on Sunday, and many of our poor servants were present, who had often heard the Word of God on such occasions—but where were they to hear it again? We talked much with Permumund in the evening about the conversion of the natives, and we parted in much sorrow; the children wept bitterly, and long, long they talked of poor Permumund. He returned solitary and alone to Meerut, and we never saw him more.

On the Tuesday I accompanied Mr Sherwood and Mrs Mawby to the Brahmin's grove, but had not much time to talk to the Brahmin. He lives in his bungalow; the two other dwellings, built on each side of his, form a court in the centre, a very common arrangement in this country. It was late, and dusky under the trees. When we arrived two young Brahmins were sitting on the cherbuter. The old man was at prayers within, and we heard him call upon his idol. The young men spoke highly of Permumund, of his wisdom, and of his knowledge. They called on the old man to come out to us. He received us politely, and actually had chairs to offer us, but many of our officers being with us, I did not like to say much to him.

It would be both tedious and uninteresting to describe how the fleet embarked from Ghurmetsair, and how we sometimes kept with it, and sometimes were in advance of it, as the scenery through which we passed called for our attention or otherwise.

At Cawnpore Mr Sherwood received permission to visit England for twelve months, but not for his final return. A few days after we had left Cawnpore, I believe it was on a Sunday, we observed a native come down into the water near our budgerow, with some sweetmeats in his hand; these he threw into the water, little by little, crying each time, "Gunga mi ca lo." "My Gunga, take and eat."

Our voyage would be but a recapitulation of what I have described before, of travelling through beautiful scenes, where the air is envenomed with poison, where death walks abroad on grand parades, inhabits marble halls, and hangs on every gale. The English children are deadly white—white as the whitest marble, till there is not even a tincture of colour in their lips. A damp heat pervades the whole atmosphere, producing a luxuriant vegetation, and promoting the increase of every species of disgusting and noxious reptile. In this unhealthy spot my infant was taken alarmingly ill; and it was whilst fearing for her life we came to anchor one evening in a jungle covered with flowering shrubs, amidst which I discovered a small white tomb, an infant's tomb, over which stood a lofty palm-tree. This tree had no doubt been wounded too deeply for its sap. It was in a dying state: its beautiful crown had fallen, and hung on one side of the still upright stem; the vast leaves were turned quite black, and drooped like the sable plumes of the hearse; and a more striking emblem of death and of funereal pomp nature could surely nowhere supply. When the front of our budgerow touched this point I thought of Pompey, who, when the beak of his ship pointed to a tomb on the shores of Africa, was much troubled at the omen, and ordered that the vessel should be passed on a little further. But was this poor heathen to be an example to me; had he a Saviour, a Friend, a Brother on high to look to, as I had? Ah, why did I not rather regard in humble confidence the beautiful appropriateness of this emblem to him who died in giving his blood for his people?

And here I must say one word on the wonderful love and devo-

tion of the Indian bearer of my baby, for it must be understood she had not at that time a black nurse. For one long, weary night did Jevan, kneeling beside the cot whereon the infant lay, watch her with the most unfeigned interest, awaiting the critical moment when the fearful fever of the jungles might effect its most terrible purpose, or pass away, we hoped, without any consequences. He it was who waited on her as the tenderest mother ; and never shall I forget his soft, musical cry of " Baba gee, baba gee," " The baby lives, the baby lives," which he uttered as the dreadful symptoms of fever passed, one by one, away, and gentle sleep prevailed. I believe there are few instances of an English babe of five months old surviving the terrible fever ascribed to the miasma of the jungles of India. Oh, my God, how can I thank Thee for all the mercies bestowed upon me ?

The regiment received orders at Berhampore to proceed immediately to Calcutta, to embark for Madras ; but we had determined to return to England, therefore these orders affected us but little. On the 24th of September, Mr Sherwood gave up his paymaster duties, and we saw the iron box carried away to the acting paymaster's quarters. We were very sad, but our attention was diverted by the alarming circumstance that the children saw a deadly serpent in the grass, which I believe was afterwards destroyed. It wanted only a little for Mr Sherwood to have been twenty years with his corps. He had never left it before for any length of time, and he was so unwilling to have a parting scene. that we got under-weigh at four in the morning, and halted at some little distance above the station. It must be understood that we had two motherless girls with us, Mary and Sarah, whom we purposed taking to England. The fathers of these children, soldiers of the 53d, came with us to the boat to say farewell. Alas, poor 53d !

We were going to Mr Sherer's at Calcutta, whose lady was my own beloved friend, Miss Corrie. On our landing at the Ghaut, we found servants and carriages waiting to convey us to Chou-

ringhee, where they resided. In my journal I find the following passage :—"30th Sept. This morning came down to Calcutta, where we are waiting the turn of the tide. And now, O Almighty Father ! let me humbly thank Thee for Thine inestimable mercies, in that, not one evil untoward accident has happened to us in this long voyage of nearly four months. O Lord God Almighty, give to me and to my babes Thine own robes, the robes provided by Thee for a covering, even the garments made white by Thy blood." We got into the carriages sent by Mr Sherer, and, if I remember rightly, passed through the Fort and over the draw-bridges to Chouringhee. This is a magnificent row of houses facing a plain, at one end of which is the Government House. The houses are all white, being covered with chunam, with green lattices and immense porticos, sometimes elevated to the very roofs, which are flat and encompassed by stone balustrades. They stand in gardens, which, of course, are rich with all those luxuriant trees only known in tropical countries. They have large gates and porter's lodges, and are the residences of the great Sahibs of Calcutta. Amongst these, as far as rank went, was Mr Sherer, the Company's accountant-general ; and the next house to his was Bishop Middleton's, the first Indian bishop of our Church, whom the natives called the Lord Padre.

We were whirled away to Chouringhee, and were received with the warmest welcome by our beloved friends, Mr and Mrs Sherer and dear little Annie. Mrs Sherer was then the happy mother of two fair girls—Mary Anne and Lucy. Sweet Lucy, she was not then two moons old ; a lovely, delicate baby, bestowed to bless her parents for a while, and then to be removed,

"High in salvation and the climes of bliss."

We saw much of our sweet Annie in Calcutta ; she was with us in our room whenever she pleased. She was grown a tall girl, with a most agreeable manner ; but she already suffered from that disease which terminated her life not many years afterwards.

Mr Sherwood took a passage for us and the two motherless girls,

Mary and Sarah, in the ship "Robarts," Captain Brown, and this filled my heart with joy for these my dear adopted ones ; for often, often had I prayed that I might not be separated from them.

At this time I became acquainted with Mr Marshman and one of the young Carys, who came from Berhampore, for they were friends of my host and hostess. With them came a Mr May, who had particular delight in instructing young children, for whom he had written several books filled with anecdotes. My Lucy's late Dhaye, who had come to Calcutta with her lady, the niece of Lady Loudon, came to see her child. Poor Piarée, how tender was the meeting between her and her nursling ; how dearly did Lucy love her nurse ; how earnestly did she strive, in after years, by saving her pocket-money, to effect means by which her beloved Piarée might be taught the truth ; how often did she pray for her, that they might meet in glory ; how many were the little tokens of affection sent to her : and when my Lucy was no more, I found amongst her papers, prayers for this poor creature, and a letter and presents to be sent to her. I fear that none of these tokens or parcels reached her ; but why should I fear ? He who gave that infant the heart to pray had surely determined in His infinite love to grant that prayer before it was uttered.

It was in consequence of the strong affection of my Lucy for Piarée that I was induced to write the little tale of "Lucy and her Dhaye," which is, in many points, true. Again I address myself to the children of English parents born in India, who owe perhaps their very existence now to the poor natives of those Eastern climes. Do not forget them, but remember, if you are allowed to owe to them an earthly life, implore permission to repay them by aiding the means used to shew them the way to gain a heavenly life.

About this time, as I was getting into the coach for an airing, a small book, just arrived from Europe, was put into my hand. I looked at it as we were driving along, and looked again, fancying that I must be dreaming, for the book was so very like "Susan

Gray;" but the title of the book was "Betsy Green," and the language not exactly mine, so much more rustic. I was much puzzled, but found out afterwards that a lady, a Mrs Low, of Walsall, had taken my story, changed the names, put her own ideas of religion into it, and brought it out under the name of "Betsy Green." I could not help laughing to find my elegant little heroine thus metamorphosed. As to the religion, it was only a shade better than the original; however, it put it into my head to look at my own work again, and to do, what we called in Calcutta, evangelise it; which, by the bye, is rather a self-sufficient expression for such poor mortals as we are.

The last arrivals from England had heard much of "Henry and his Bearer." This little volume had been sent in a letter to my sister, some time before, and she sold the copyright for five pounds to a Mr Houlston, a young bookseller just beginning life at Wellington, in Shropshire. It had come out in the same form it now is, and immediately produced a great sensation in England, so much so, that such religious persons as came to India were all anxious to find out the author, who was supposed to be a man.

The day after I had made my acquaintance with "Betsy Green," I was favoured with the first sight of my "Little Henry," in his new and elegant dress. It was brought to Calcutta by the wife of a Baptist Missionary, and the little volume passed into every hand in the small religious society there. It was lent to me, and I must say brought tears into my eyes. I was pleased, yes, greatly pleased. I shewed the pictures to Jevan—poor Jevan; and well do I remember him, standing and looking upon them, with deep, deep feeling on his bronzed features.

It had been advised that Mrs Sherer should remove from Calcutta, on account of her health, and we agreed to go up all together to Aldeen, to the habitation of the late David Browne, then empty. Good Mr Thomason, too, and his estimable lady, joined in this scheme of ours.

Aldeen is on the banks of the Ganges, about fourteen miles

above Calcutta, within a short walk of the Baptist Missionary Establishment at Serhampore. It is a puckah house, situated in extensive grounds, ornamented by various beautiful trees, amongst which two towering palms form a marked feature.

In the grounds of Aldeen, itself now belonging to the estate, is an ancient pagoda, which, having probably suffered some imaginary pollution, was forsaken. The Rev. David Browne, of holy memory, obtained possession of it, repaired and beautified it, fitting it up with glass doors, and making it his study; and, from the extraordinary thickness of the walls, it proved cooler than could have been expected. Behind it there was a long stone terrace walk, of ancient construction. Mr Browne cleaned this, and adorned it on each side with flowering shrubs; there he used to walk, and meditate and pray. Near the entrance of this pagoda is an immense Brahminee fig-tree, under the cool arcades of which our children used to play, as Mr Browne's children had done before them, tying the drooping branches together, and forming swings. In that pagoda, and on the terrace behind, Mr Browne for many years offered up his prayers for a blessing on the Indian Church. There he was accustomed to converse with the holy and heavenly Henry Martyn, and the no less holy Daniel Corrie; men whose memories must be ever dear to those who love the Lord. This good man saw his prayers answered in the very place in which he made his petitions. The Baptist Missionary Establishment was within a quarter of an hour's walk higher up the river, and on the same side of Aldeen: it was like a bee-hive of busy people, for there were many buildings belonging to the establishment, several dwelling-houses, a chapel, a school for native boys, and schools for boys and girls of higher degree, and printing-offices, in which were types for twenty languages, a paper manufactory, and innumerable small dwellings for Christian disciples.

We settled ourselves very quietly at Aldeen, arranging ourselves in different parts of the wide house. I was pleased with the idea of being where such men as David Browne and Henry Martyn

had been before me ; the children rejoiced in the liberty of playing on the wide verandah, and under the Brahminee fig-tree. Mr Sherer did not accompany us to Aldeen ; he was to follow us on the Saturday. On the Friday we took a walk to call on the Missionaries, and in the evening we drank tea at the Mission House. in a large hall, at a very long table.

I sat by Mr Ward, who talked much with me. The scene was a curious one ; so strange a variety of people. I brought most of the children with me. After tea Mr Marshman took us into his garden, in which he much delighted. He had lately received some plants from England in a box of soil, and he must needs set each child on the box, that they might say they had been on English ground. After our walk, every one repaired to service in the Chapel.

Dr Cary was a fine old gentleman, fond of botany and ornithology. He had a beautiful aviary, where his birds dwelt in all the luxury of Indian queens, though, like them, deprived of liberty. We left our little chuckoor under his care, and we went with the children to take leave of the bird. The same evening Mr Sherwood heard Mr Ward preach to the workmen in the printing-house ; but he did not understand the language, which was different to what he had learnt. The missionaries tell us that they have baptized eight hundred persons since they arrived in India. The number is great when it is considered that they entered almost upon unbroken ground, and they never baptize children. Mr Marshman had then one hundred native scholars at Serhampore. In the chapel, Dr Cary propounded a text, and Mr Ward preached upon it. The congregation was English, or so called, for many were present who never had, and probably never would see England. The preacher dwelt particularly on the Providence of God, and touched upon the good which he supposed had arisen from the French Revolution in separating good from evil, which is no doubt the effect of all convulsions in the political world.

Mr Marshman next took up the discourse, and shewed how

much good had been produced, to the overthrow of the long-established system of polytheism, by the irruption of the northern hordes in the dark ages.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE ORPHANS AND MR EDMONDS—THE FEMALE ORPHAN ASYLUM—
OUR RETURN TO ENGLAND—THE BLACK AYAH—OUR LANDING—
VISIT TO SNEDSHILL—ARRIVAL AT WORCESTER—VISIT OF MR
CORRIE—MY MOTHER'S ILLNESS AND DEATH.

OUR regiment was still at the fort, in tents, but under orders for Madras. Whilst waiting, I had great anxiety for three of my little motherless ones, Mary J——, and her brother John, and the babe Elizabeth. I soon found that there would be no difficulty in getting the last-named sweet child into the Orphan Asylum at Calcutta, under the care of Mrs Thomason; but Mary's father was not willing to part with her or her brother. The poor fellow was in a dying state at the hospital, and we were asking him to give up his children, without the prospect of ever seeing them again on earth; but those who know the horrors of a barrack life for young people will feel as I did for those motherless ones. The father, however, still continued determined not to part with them.

I thought much, in the night of Sunday, the 17th December, of these helpless ones. The regiment was to embark for Madras the next day, and then all hope on my part of doing them any good was past. I lay awake from the earliest dawn, thinking what I could do, and I prayed most earnestly in my trouble. Suddenly

these words seemed, as it were, whispered to me: "Send Mr Edmonds to the father!" With that my mind was set at rest; and as it was too early to rise and be doing, I slept again, and that sleep was sweet to me.

Of this Mr Edmonds, as I have not spoken before, I must speak now. I know nothing of his early history, nor how he came to India, nor in what capacity; but he was an elderly married man, of inferior rank; his wife kept a second-rate boarding-school in a small bungalow in the suburbs of Calcutta. But though his previous history could not be told, yet this man had for years past been known and highly respected by the religious people in Calcutta. He was a valued member of their society, and, in his own peculiar way, his place could not easily have been filled had it pleased God to have removed him to a better world. The talent with which he had been entrusted was a wonderful power which he had of impressing the truth on the minds of the lower classes of Europeans in India. He was daily to be found among the sick and afflicted in the fort and hospital. He was, therefore, much respected by the lowest and the highest. He was a meek, unassuming man, and never encroached on kindness or condescension.

I had often heard of him, but had never seen him. My reason however, at once saw the propriety of the suggestion to send him to Mary's father, let that suggestion have come from whence it might. As soon, therefore, as any of the family were in motion I got up, wrote to Mrs Thomason, and stated the case to her, and asked her to convey my wishes to Mr Edmonds. Through the goodness of God, so well did this succeed, that before we had finished our breakfast in came Mr Edmonds, with the little brother and sister, one in each hand. The good man had been blessed, in the arguments he had used, in inducing the parent to give up his children; so obviously for their benefit, yet, no doubt, so sadly for him, as he never saw them more.

Mr Edmonds, having obtained the father's consent, had brought the children away at once, just as they were, standing in no small

need of brush and soap. The girl had been more accustomed to me than her own parent; she came, therefore, with a less heavy heart. To her this change was a return to the friends of her infancy; to the poor boy it was the disruption of all his former associations. He remembered nothing of what I had done for him, and he stood, not only the image of sorrow, but of sullenness. Who could blame him? He had parted with his father. Let me draw his picture as I remember it: a fine, bold boy, but tanned to the very brow, without stockings, and wearing but one single article of dress, which answered the purpose of trousers and waist-coat without sleeves, all made of one piece of whitish calico. We were at breakfast, and Mr Sherer, with his wonted humanity, called him to the table, and offered him such consolations as it could afford; but all in vain. The child retained his gloom, and one might have expected that the kind gentleman would have given up the matter: but not so; he had recourse to another little contrivance, which proved triumphant. He perceived that the little side pocket was amply filled; for the boy had, in his haste, crammed all his favourite possessions into it, to bring them away with him. Mr Sherer judged well—that the heart might perhaps be reached through this same pocket; and forthwith he began a grave inquiry respecting the nature of the treasures therein contained. The little one was proud to shew them, and began instantly to unload, producing as his primest treasure a broken fork without a handle, and a clasped knife. Mr Sherer's eyes, though they smiled, expressed the tenderest pity, so that I did not even think of asking him whether I might harbour these little ones in his house till they could go to their places. I should have thought the question an insult. I took the little ones to my own side of the house after breakfast, and Mary was received by her first dear friend, my own sweet Lucy, as one sister would receive another. On Friday little John went to the free-school, and Mary, his sister, about the same time went to the Orphan Asylum, under the protection of kind Mrs Myers and the equally kind Mrs Thomason. My sweet little Meggy

was next placed safely with Mrs S. My heart was thus made full of thankfulness respecting my orphans; for now my ties with them, excepting those of memory, were dissolved for a while, not to be again renewed but in eternity.

The house first appointed for the Orphan Asylum, at Calcutta, was in the Circular Road. This situation was more airy and open than most others in the neighbourhood, and there were shrubs and grass, and a few palm-trees, within the domain. The rooms of this house were arranged as they most commonly are in Indian houses—one large hall in the centre, and the other apartments round it. Each little girl had a cot to herself, with green gauze musquitto curtains, a good wardrobe, either of white cotton or muslin, and a complete suit allowed every day. Already had the hours of study, meals, recreation, and rest, been arranged by Mrs Thomason; and a most respectable governess, an English lady, had been appointed. Every pious and humane English female in Calcutta had at once come forward to patronise this beautiful charity. But probably, without the powerful sanction of Lady Lou- don, this Christian work would never have been brought to bear; and the reason for this conjecture is plain, because the very first declared principle whereon this asylum was to be formed was, that it should receive *only white* orphans. Violent was the offence taken by the coloured population. The distinction could not do otherwise than give the greatest offence; and so great was the opposition that, even when the point was carried and the asylum opened, various little impotent acts of malice shewed the feelings of the coloured populace. One of these acts was to burn good Mr Thomason in effigy in a very public way. This he minded not; but he did feel the petty malice displayed in certain anonymous letters sent to him. One of these letters was fairly written in a delicate female hand, and signed "Indiana," in which the writer remonstrated most pathetically against the slur put upon herself and all persons in her condition, as children of a mixed breed; shewing that it was not their fault if they were such, and asking

how it agreed with humanity and Christian feeling to add mortification to their unhappy condition? I do not pretend to have given the exact words of this letter, but I have given the purport. There was, however, an asylum of old standing for young ladies of her description—namely, the Upper Orphan School; but it was found that neither this nor the lower one was a proper refuge for the white orphans. There were about eleven little girls in the white Orphan Asylum when we visited it; amongst these were two of the 53d, Mary and the infant Elizabeth, a nice little smiling, unconscious baby. Mrs Thomason kindly shewed us all her arrangements, and explained all her plans. The children were to receive a thoroughly good English education—writing, needle-work, and accounts. They were never to have any intercourse with native servants, even to speak to them. Cleanliness and order were to prevail everywhere, and Scripture instruction to take the lead of all others. It was kindly promised that my little Mary (being a remarkably quick child, and having been taught by me to the point where it was supposed the teaching in the house would generally finish) should be carried on to things not intended to be taught there generally—such as the native languages, &c.; as if it were foreseen that she was to become the wife of a Missionary, which she actually did. Whilst Mrs Thomason took me round the house the children played in the pleasure grounds with the friend of their former years, thinking, in the happiness of the present moment, little of the separation which must soon ensue, and which was to be for this life. For some are passed to an asylum which will endure as long as the Eternal sits upon the throne of the heavens.

It was remarkable, that I was permitted through the Divine favour to see all my wishes, and more than I could have hoped, wrought for those little helpless ones whose very deplorable condition had so largely filled my mind during nearly the whole period of my residence in India. But I cannot find words now, even at this distant period, to describe what I felt when I saw

what God had done, and with what glorious characters of mercy and love he had traced the last pages of the volume of our Indian life.

When we left Calcutta Mr Sherer brought us in his carriage through the fort to the water's edge. As we went along he was, in his own kind way, taking a little review of what he knew of our course in India, which proved very consoling. I felt even then, though I saw it not so clearly as I do now, that the long sicknesses and deaths of my babies had worked amazing good for our eternal happiness. Mr Sherwood had hired a boat, for which he paid 200 rupees. It was called "The Wellington," and we were to go in it to "The Roberts," which was to bear us to England. One or two of our old servants accompanied us, and amongst these Jevan, Sophia's bearer. He would see his little one as far as the black waters, he said. Our children cried most bitterly when they saw the Indian shores receding, and truly we were all very sad.

I have little worth recording of our long sea voyage, saving that we had one awful storm, which had scarcely passed away before a black Ayah, who had charge of two English children, passengers on board, made an attempt to mislead our two little ones, by drawing the figure of some Hindoo god on the deck, and making poojah (worship) to it, and getting my children to do the same with hers. I found them bowing and bending before the grim figure, though I think they had no idea what they were really doing, yet I was very much shocked, and very angry with the elder ones especially, for not hindering it.

We landed for a few hours at the Cape. I took all my little people with me on shore, that they might say in after years "they had been in Africa." My little baby, who was only a year old, might be said there in reality first to have learned to walk, as it was full two months that we had been at sea. This little one, as nearly as we could calculate, at the time she was fifteen months old, had travelled about fifteen thousand miles from the place of

her birth. She has never met with but one youthful rival on this point, and that rival was the youngest daughter of Sir Stamford Raffles, the sweet little Ella, whose early death has caused her mother much sorrow. Surely we have cause to thank God, that

“ In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by His care,
Through burning climes we passed unhurt,
And breath'd no tainted air.”

The traveller's hymn was much in my thoughts on the 26th of May. It was the change of the moon, and there was also an eclipse of the sun. Just as my dear husband commenced prayers it began to blow a tremendous gale, the water pouring in from the hatchways, the storm raging round us; whilst, at every motion of the ship, every loose article floated backwards and forwards confusedly. I got the children into their beds, and kept them as dry and quiet as possible, and told my servant Robinson to keep the babe in his arms. I felt she was most safe with him; but, as he stood on the outside in the steerage, just at the door, a tremendous wave came bursting down the hatchway. Oh, my baby girl! I feared she must have been lost; but Robinson kept her safe. Thus I go on as I record my feelings—Praised, blessed, glorified be my God!

For some hours we had nothing before us but death. I prayed most earnestly that, whether living or dying, our Saviour would be with us. I thank God that He made me more submissive to the thoughts of death, for myself and those I loved, than I had been during a former storm. Though feeling more reconciled to death and more assured of the love of my Saviour, than it had been in the previous similar trial, yet the poor sinful mortal body shrunk at the horrors of shipwreck and death. I commended myself to the Lord Jehovah, and solemnly renounced for myself and children all pleas for mercy but through the merits of Christ my Saviour. These very near views of eternity are awful beyond expression; the remembrance of these moments ought never to be effaced,

since in them the real value of all things temporal appears. I felt in those dread hours, with the saints of old, that nothing is precious, nothing desirable, but the Lord Jesus Christ.

‘ Oh ! could we read our title clear
To mansions in the skies ;
We'd bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe our weeping eyes.”

And if I had not read that “title clear,” well might I have shrunk at death ; but I copy here what I wrote at that time :—“ This day I was struck with the difference of Mr M'Kenzie's behaviour and that of most other persons on board. It was evident to all that we were in great danger ; Mr M'Kenzie then shewed where his support was. These scenes display the difference between the children of God and the children of the earth. Resignation in trouble and thankfulness in deliverance on the Christian's part, and murmuring and unthankfulness on the part of the children of the world. The oaths I heard that day did not add to my confidence ; neither, thank God, did they diminish it.”

The danger had passed about our dinner time, at least I could read as much on the faces of the ship's officers. When I went upon deck the wind blew with such force that it seemed almost to overpower and keep down the waves. The sea was covered with white foam, and the ship continued to roll and strain herself all night, creaking and groaning as if she would come to pieces. From time to time a wave came pouring down the hatchway, with such confusion of noises, crashes, and uproars, as if universal ruin must ensue. About three o'clock the terrified children all united in prayer.

The port of Liverpool had just been opened to East Indiamen, and ours was the first vessel from India which availed itself of the permission. In consequence of this arrangement, the whole town was prepared to receive us with a hearty welcome. All was confusion and bustle on board. Mr Sherwood hired a boat to take us

on shore in the morning, and the captain, we believe, went off to Liverpool, for he disappeared, leaving anarchy behind him.

When I went down to my cabin with the children at night there was a drunken man lying across the door. The ship was full of revenue officers, and it was the policy of some to make others intoxicated, which they did to good purpose.

To sleep was impossible; the noise continued all night, and those who should have watched were wholly incapable. Much underhand work was being carried on. When Mr Sherwood arose in the morning not a white face was to be seen belonging to the ship. The Lascars on board were all drunk. Mr Sherwood was of course anxious to get on shore, but the boat which he had hired was gone, and when he asked the Tindal what was become of it, he found him tipsy also, and told him so. The man repeated what he said to the officer then in command, a plain proof that the two understood each other; for such a thing is never known in India, that a Tindal should get drunk and confess it. The fact turned out to be that all the officers had been smuggling, and hence in the power of the sailors. Some time after this a letter was sent on board, and there was not an officer sober enough to read it. Mr Sherwood was obliged to speak sharply before one would appear, for they were aware of their own state. There was an evident anxiety to get rid of us out of the vessel, though there was no incivility manifested. They had been smuggling all night, and were still employed in lowering contraband articles over the side of the vessel. We were up in the morning rather too early for them. We were very glad to get away from the ship, for all were intoxicated—from the chief mate to the lowest Lascar. The custom-house waiters were as bad as the rest. So quarrelsome were they, that there were two or three battles between the chief mate and the private sailors, even before we left. Robinson, our servant, was the only perfectly sober man of all the inferior Europeans on board.

We had come up the Mersey in a fishing-boat. Had "The

Robarts" brought a royal party it could not have excited more rejoicing, for the reason above-mentioned. The bells were set to ring on this account—bells that had not rung for years. Our party happened to be the largest from the ship, for we had eight children, and we were followed wherever we went by hundreds of the residents of Liverpool. It must be understood we had not a bonnet in the party: we all wore caps trimmed with lace, white dresses, and Indian shawls. As every person was allowed to land a shawl without duty, each little girl had been made the bearer of one for that purpose. At the quay there were thousands of spectators to welcome us, looking kindly at the fair babes. We walked up with Robinson to the "Talbot," whilst Mr Sherwood went with the baggage to the custom-house. We did not understand then why we were followed through the streets by such a concourse of people. The little girls trembled lest they and their shawls should be seized, but no one offered to touch us, or anything belonging to us. We were received at the inn with as many expressions of welcome as we had been at the landing-place, and the children excited the same interest. We were led to an upper sitting-room looking on the street, with its paper-hangings and small neat compartments, which was so strange a sight to us, that one of the little girls said "it was like a box lined with coloured paper." We ordered breakfast, and when the little creatures saw the fresh rolls, &c., they expressed such joy, that the hostess and her maids, who contrived to keep about us, were quite convulsed with merriment. The amazement expressed by these little Indians at all they saw was very entertaining, especially at the feather-beds; and when I threw the baby on one of them and she sank down laughing in it, they quite shrieked, and would have it tried again. The sights seen from the windows, too, the shops and passengers, were an infinite source of delight. We dined happily together when Mr Sherwood joined us, having sent our goods by water to Worcester. We finished the evening in thanksgiving, by singing the following stanza:—

“Here we raise our Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help we're come;
And we hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.”

Our intention was to proceed to Worcester, where my aged mother and my eldest child resided, and we waited at Liverpool to hear from our friends. We had landed with a month's clean clothing, but among our preparations I had not thought of a bonnet, that *sine quâ non* of English attire. The question might be asked, “Had I, in the years of absence from England, so totally forgotten English customs?” and the answer must be, “I suppose that I had.”

Facts are stubborn things. I did not think of these said bonnets, nor did I avail myself of the Saturday to prepare them. There are odd people in the world, and ever have been, and I must be content to sit down among them; my conduct on this occasion leaves it without a doubt.

On Sunday morning, June the 2d, we were gladdened by the sound of bells calling the people to church. I should have thought it very wrong, after all our mercies, with the memory fresh of the fearful storm of that day fortnight, not to have gone to attend Divine service. So, without hesitation, bonnetless as we were, I went with three of my little girls to a fine church near the inn, and heard a good preacher. His subject was the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. We were put into a seat in the centre of the church. Some old ladies in Liverpool still talk of the Indian family who appeared that day, looking so remarkable with their Indian shawls and lace caps, being apparently and really unconscious of their *outré* appearance. After having been at church, we, with the rest of our family, took a walk in the town, followed by a concourse of people, all of whom looked favourably upon us as the first-fruits of the port, and smiling on the fair children from a far-off land.

On the Monday we left Liverpool, stopping at Trentham and Snedshill, on our way to Worcester. Trentham Parsonage was

then the residence of my late beloved cousin, the Rev. Thomas Butt. My sister and her husband lived at Snedshill, where Mr Cameron for many years was a faithful pastor. There were born there twelve children, six of whom have already entered into their eternal rest. Alas! my beloved sister!

Before reaching Snedshill, we stopped for Mr Cameron at the neighbouring town of Newport, where I met with the following little adventure. A stranger whom we met whilst looking about us in the street, and who, I thought, had come up to us accidentally from the church where our relative, Archdeacon Woodhouse, was holding a visitation, thus addressed me—"It is, indeed, a privilege, Madam, to see the authoress of 'Henry and his Bearer.'"

"Well to be sure," I thought, "and how does this gentleman know me?" though, by the bye, as he expected to see me then and there, our very Indian appearance—for we still walked out of doors without bonnets—certainly required no great sagacity of discernment; but wherefore he should take such an interest in "Henry and his Bearer" was, however, soon explained to me by my sister. He was the publisher of the work. Lucy had sold the manuscript to him for five pounds. She had received it in a letter written by Mr Sherwood from Cawnpore, and had immediately offered it to her near neighbour, Mr Houlston, of Wellington. Its success was great, and I suddenly found myself, therefore, when I arrived in England, within reach of high literary honour as a writer for children; and the question they put to me was, "Should I declare my name or not?" This, however, was a point to which I could not then attend. We spent nearly a week at Snedshill, which we much enjoyed, and then proceeded to Worcester, being, by the assistance of my dear sister, duly accoutred in English fashion.

I cannot attempt to describe in words the effect of seeing my beloved child again, the intense interest of the meeting, and the strangeness of finding myself the mother of an almost grown-up girl. I could scarcely realise the idea that the daughter now before me was the infant Mary I had left. The shyness, and yet

strong affection, the curiosity, and yet fear of our feelings, made up something more than pleasure, something too much for human nature; but I despair of expressing it. I shall only add, that as my mother *always* called me Mary, to prevent confusion *my* Mary henceforth was called by her second name, Henrietta; hence some have thought I lost *my* Mary in childhood.

Alas! when I saw my own beloved mother, I learned that death had set its icy hand upon her. She was much and fearfully changed, for she had every external appearance of extreme decrepitude. The next week we arranged our plans for some months to come, taking lodgings for a while in one of the suburbs of the city of Worcester. I felt I could never leave my parent again as soon as I knew her situation, and she seemed to rest in the persuasion I never would. My sweet mother was full of plans of how we should all settle together, and we looked at many houses; but our affairs were in the hand of God, and He had appointed all our movements.

If there is a feeling of human nature remaining with anything of primeval purity, it is that of the parental attachment. The affections of the parent are vastly more exalted and more free from selfishness than that of the child. On this account the parental feelings are the type, imperfect indeed, of the Divine love, whilst the less disinterested, that of the child for the parent, is the emblem of that of the creature in its most exalted state.

It must be understood that our pecuniary affairs were not then in the most flourishing state we could desire. Whilst my mother lived, the dear lady enjoyed the parental property, and my husband's reliance was on his commission, which in India, with our private means, produced somewhere above a thousand a-year. But the question was this: Mr Sherwood, to possess this income, must remain with his regiment. And must I give up the sweet society of my children to remain with him, or must I allow him to return alone, that I may reside with my children in England? Neither of these arrangements pleased us. I was unwilling to part

with either husband or children. My dying mother claimed my care and attention, and my husband, who was fond of domestic happiness, perhaps in worldly prudence, I should say too rashly, proposed to me to give up his commission, to retire on half-pay, and to choose some village home, were we *all* might dwell together. Then were we first taught that our family was a numerous, and, in consequences, an expensive one. We had five children of our own, and two orphan girls, to support in England, besides calls for *protégés* in India, and we had been accustomed to the luxuries of the East. We had had a most expensive journey of seventeen thousand miles from Meerut; and for many a year, such is the style of life in India, I had done nothing for myself, being waited on hand and foot, and my Indian children had ever been accustomed to have servants and carriages at their disposal. But still, the desire to be together and not to part, made poverty with it appear preferable to luxury and separation.

It was, however, a mercy, and I have ever felt grateful for it, that I was allowed to be with my mother during the last months of her life, though then I did not think that the sweet lady would not live to see another summer bloom on earth. Mr Sherwood had obtained leave of absence for two years; if he then did not join the regiment he forfeited his situation, with a hope only of half-pay. His full-pay, however, would continue until his leave of absence expired. So, as is the way with most persons, we must be impatient, and arrange our affairs at once, and so far wisely, I must say, we looked on our pecuniary resources as they really stood; that is, we considered that as Mr Sherwood had only leave of absence for a year more, the pay would end at that time, and half-pay in England, if allowed, was but of small account: yet that was our chief resource; for though my mother's health might have told us that the dear lady could not live to enjoy her income for many years, yet this we did not see, nor desire to see. Therefore the result was decidedly that we were poor, and might feel ourselves straitened for our children and our orphans. It is a

curious fact that, though then known as an authoress, neither Mr Sherwood nor myself calculated thereupon, and only considered it as an advantage as an advertisement for procuring for me some pupils to educate with the six little girls already under my care. Thus we were induced to apply for pupils; though, before the second was offered to me, my beloved mother's death putting me in possession of my parental portion, the securing of the half-pay of a captaincy for Mr Sherwood in the Brunswick Hussars, added to our savings in India, and the liberal sums I received for my writings, altogether made our income more than sufficient for our wants. But now I must here confess the truth: I dearly loved the society of young persons, I rejoiced in the numbers of cheerful faces about me. As Mr Sherwood never put a check upon my making our house the asylum for motherless girls in India, so in England he let me do what I would; and hence the many, many happy years I have obtained, through his indulgence, in the society of my own children and my orphans. For I have had orphans dependent upon me for support in England, as in India, as well as beloved pupils intrusted to my care. Some of these I now address; for to me there are some inexpressibly dear still left on earth, but many are already entered into glory. The sweet promise through my Saviour is mine, for these my loved ones. For he has said, "And all mine are thine, O Father, and thine, O Father, are mine, and I am glorified, and they shall be glorified in me."

Oh, my pupils! mourn not for me; but as you loved me, and cherish my memory, love him who died for us, who will unite us in glory, who will make us one with himself for ever and for ever.

But now let me return, for I have anticipated events. Whilst our affairs were in this unsettled state, dear Mr Corrie, with his family, came to Worcester to seek us out. His carriage perambulated our street, and the driver was in such uncertainty where to find us that Mr Corrie alighted, with the intention of making inquiries, but it was not necessary. The voice of his godson,

Henry, reached his ear, speaking in Hindostanee to his attendant, which language she much admired, being no doubt proud of understanding more of what he said than she ever expected to know of the tongue of such an outlandish country.

"Delightful!" exclaimed Mr Corrie. "We are right; this is the place." He entered with all that glee of former days with which he had passed into our domain from his own, through the gap in the wall, at dear Cawnpore, with some information which he thought would give us pleasure. He spent three or four days with us. He had been set on a high pinnacle for admiration in England; but this true Christian, through Divine help, could bear exaltation or abasement without derangement of his Christian equability. It was at this time Mr Corrie persuaded us to give our Hindostanee translation of the Bible to the Bible Society.

When Mr and Mrs Corrie left us, taking with them my eldest child, we, for a time, took a house on the Henwick Road, going out of Worcester, to be near my mother, who had taken lodgings in that neighbourhood for change of air. In the same house with my mother was the Rev. John Davis, then a young man, but now well known and beloved in that parish of St Clement's, Worcester, as its rector for many, many years. His kindness and attention to my mother I can never forget.

It was about this time that, wishing to contribute to my brother-in-law's Sunday-school, and not having any money, I wrote one of my most popular little works, called "George and his Penny," which I am told, went through eighteen editions in as many years.

Several friends at this period were pressing Mr Sherwood, if he resolved to give up the army, to try for ordination, and he so far listened to them as to study Latin and the Greek Testament; and thus, with the Divine blessing, he had an impulse given him for further and deeper improvement.

One letter from our beloved friend Mr Corrie I cannot refrain from quoting, but I must remark, that this testimonial was given

at this time purposely by Mr Corrie, in case the plan of ordination should be carried out.

"To Henry Sherwood, Esq.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I shall be very happy if any testimony I can bear will be of any use in promoting your wishes to obtain holy orders. I recollect full well the labour you and dear Mrs Sherwood bestowed on the children of the 53d at Cawnpore, before the regimental school was formed, and the exemplary conduct of several of those children, now grown to riper years, is the best proof of the care you took of them, and will be 'your joy and rejoicing' hereafter, whatever your earthly destination may be. I recollect full well, also, the excellent fruits of your adult soldiers' school, at that period, in the good conduct of some of the men, ignorant before of letters, and in some instances of morals, and now useful non-commissioned officers in the regiment. But I am especially bound to recollect, with gratitude, the great assistance rendered to myself during a lingering illness, when you readily, and for a long time read the Church prayers and a sermon on Sundays, and once in the week, to as many of the regiment as chose to assemble; thus supplying my place, and affording me the comfort of knowing that the public means of grace were not wholly suspended, though I was unable to administer them.

"I am happy, also, to bear testimony to the exemplary Christian conduct which you have manifested in all our intercourse since 1808.

"I remain, yours truly,

"DAVID CORRIE,

"Chaplain to the Honourable East India Company's

"Bengal Establishment.

"January 13."

I endeavoured at this time to speak continually with my mother on religious subjects, but was as the blind leading the blind, and I often expressed wonder and regret that I could not speak more to the purpose. My beloved mother was now beginning to sink visibly and rapidly. She soon was unable to move from one room to another; then she could not leave her couch, to walk, as she was wont, up and down her room. Oh, my parent! my sweet parent! where are the hopes which opened before me when I first arrived at Worcester, when I looked forward to living long with you, and seeing you attended in your happy home by your gentle grandchildren! "Oh, my Saviour!" I often prayed, "shew thyself in sweet consolation to my mother." Her disease, which was an inward one, had hitherto been with little suffering, but for a day or two it became very painful, and then ceased to be so, probably from the effect of mortification. At that time she blessed God frequently for her afflictions, saying, "that she had not had one too many: there was so much mercy and love in them, that they were made quite easy." She often said, "What must sin be to make it needful for the Saviour to suffer so much?"

She took to her bed on the Tuesday. She talked of her funeral, and spoke of her Redeemer in a sweet manner. Once I heard her call upon him in a soft voice, and then she shewed me a verse respecting him, and said, "I love him much, but I cannot talk of him."

On the Wednesday kind Mr Davis administered to her the Sacrament, but the day following she was in much distress and terror of mind, saying, "that she could not feel her sins were forgiven." Tenderly as a Christian son did Mr Davis pray with her, and try to comfort her. I judged on this occasion as one without experience. I thought that, had my beloved parent been blessed through the course of life with more clear views of the Divine love, as manifested in the Saviour, she would certainly have escaped those terrors on the approach of death. But I have since changed this opinion, so far, that I believe it may please God to appoint

these terrors,* for some purpose of love, to take hold of the mind of the best instructed Christian at certain seasons; perhaps to shew us that no man can walk in his own, or even any previously enjoyed strength from on high, and that the first of saints is no more than any other man when the light of the Divine countenance is hidden from his eyes.

As the illness progressed her mind seemed more disturbed. She was very gentle and thankful for attention, but her cry was constantly, "Peace! peace! Oh, that I could have peace! Oh, that I could have comfort!" "You will have peace—you will," we answered; "the everlasting arms are under you." "I hope so," she answered, half despondingly.

My brother came to see her about noon, and was much affected. As he drew near the bed, "Best of mothers," he said, and was going to say more, when she cried in terror, "Oh no, no! not best, not good." She was arrived at that hour, and at that blessed state of mind, in which those rags of human merit with which once the creature clad itself so fondly are thrown away with horror and abhorrence. Never since have I witnessed a more sincere repentance and renunciation of these than I beheld in my dying mother. To all appearance my beloved parent was slowly dying from Friday middle-day till eleven on the Saturday night. I do not think her sufferings were great, but this we cannot know. On the day of her death she was heard to say, in a very low voice, "Then I will ask no more; I am satisfied. Death! death!" A little while after this she prayed most earnestly, crying, "Lord, speak peace! Lord, speak peace!" and about an hour afterwards, having lain during the interval withdrawn into herself, and apparently unconscious, she said, "He is speaking peace."

The awful hour was approaching; she was covered with the dews of death, and her breath laboured, yet she knew her children,

* Such terrors may be permitted for the purposes of paternal discipline. "He does not afflict willingly." If He chasten us, "it is for our profit, that we might be made partakers of His holiness."—Ed.

and begged we would not leave her. It was near eleven o'clock when the final struggle ensued. We had watched anxiously, and with little faith; we wanted some token from the dying child of God to assure us of her happiness. Blind, indeed, and dark we must have been, to require such a sign; yet so anxious was I for it, that when I saw the crisis approaching I threw myself on my knees in prayer that some such assurance might be granted. I was still in this attitude when she spoke. "Peace," she said; "He speaks peace. I see Him, but not always. He speaks peace. It is peace." And then nothing remained for us to do but to close those eyes, and kiss the still warm remains.

My mother was buried by my father, at Stamford, and poor, faithful Kitty followed the hearse up the hill to the church, sorely weeping as she went.

CHAPTER XXIX.

OUR HOME AT WICK—OUR FAMILY—MRS BUTT'S DEATH—MY GEORGE'S BIRTH—MY TRACT OF "THE CHINA MANUFACTORY"—DEATHS OF ELIZABETH PARSONS AND MY LITTLE GEORGE—OUR VISIT TO FRANCE—THE BARBEE—PERE LA CHAISE—MR WILKS AND HIS LETTER—OUR VISIT TO ST VALKEY—DEATH OF LITTLE ALFRED—MRS FRY—OUR VISIT TO WEEDON—THE MILITARY BAND.

WE remained at our small house at Henwick some months after the loss of my beloved mother, whilst Mr Sherwood, or, as he was then called, Captain Sherwood, was looking out for some place near Worcester wherein to settle; and it was not till towards the

end of June that we heard of one which we thought would suit us. We could not gain permission to go within the small grounds, but we looked at the house through a hedge, and liked it, and eventually we bought it.

At this time we adopted another little child, the fatherless daughter of a poor relative. She came by the coach from London, and could scarcely speak ten words in English, for she was a native of Brussels; but she was properly directed. She was a fine child, not nine years of age, very pleasing, and not the least disconcerted in finding herself among strangers. Elize was soon at home, and one with the others. By this it will be seen that we brought our Indian ways to England, though human prudence (I am afraid it will be said) had forsaken us.

And now I must attempt to give a description of a place in which I spent many and many a happy year of my life, the very happiest I have ever known; for I was surrounded by a joyous and blooming circle of young people, and enjoyed the companionship of a kind and pious husband. Our new home—for it is still as we left it—stands on the road between Worcester and Malvern, about two miles from Worcester Bridge. It is a little removed from the road itself, and the hamlet—for there are still several houses there—was once more distinguished than it now is, when it was called “Wick Episcopi,” but now simply “Lower Wick.” The house we had purchased was an old one, most marvellously ill-constructed, though it had two good rooms, which had been lately added to it, whilst all the other chambers were merely nooks, and holes, and closets, approached by steps up and steps down, and in some instances divided only by partitions of lath and plaster; but the situation made up for all this.

The house itself is placed amongst shadowy orchards of fruit-trees. The grounds, richly carpeted with verdure, sweep down gently to my own beloved mountain stream, and we could hear, on a quiet summer's evening, the waters dashing over the weir, and the roar and the whirl of the mill, where the river Teme hastens

to empty itself into the Severn. Then again the land rises on the opposite side until it terminates in the beautiful range of Malvern, as a bird would fly, not five miles distant. The rising ground from the bridge over the Teme had been defended against the Parliament army by Prince Rupert, who had made a stand under a yew-tree, and turned on the enemy on the brow of the hill close to our house. Prince Rupert's tree was still in existence when we lived at Wick. It is whispered, too, that there was, in years back, a secret passage under ground from Malvern Abbey to Worcester Cathedral. However this may be, it is true that sounds in the road below are conveyed in a very peculiar way to one particular spot in the orchard, near the entrance gate, a circumstance which lovers of the marvellous—and I acknowledge myself decidedly one—regard as very agreeable.

Carpenters, masons, and workmen of all descriptions were set to improve our dwelling. Our garden, to my opinion, was enriched beyond expression with shrubs and flowers from the grounds of Stanford Court, sent as a gift by the late lamented Sir Thomas Winnington, who kindly called upon us, with the friendliness and hearty affection his family have ever shewn to ours.

Behold us, then, domesticated in this lovely place, Mr Sherwood and myself, our five children, Mary, or, as we now called her, Henrietta, Lucy, Emily, Henry, and Sophia, our two Indian orphans, Mary and Sally, and the motherless Elize. My mother's young attendant and her old housekeeper were left to our protection and support, which they deserved for their fidelity to our lamented parent.

These, with two in-door servants and our pupils, made up our rather large party for a few months. As soon as we had settled ourselves Captain Sherwood began a little Sunday-school; and our young ones had a few poor children to teach on a Sunday in one of the cottages, which belonged to the estate, at the bottom of our orchard at Wick.

But we had not been in our new home many months before fresh troubles came on us, for my poor brother lost his wife, my early friend, Miss Congreve, at the birth of her eighth child, who lived just long enough to be christened by the sweet name of Theophilus by his mourning father. There is death and sorrow in England, I thought, as I stood beside my sister-in-law's dying bed, as well as in the East Indies. Fever rages here in these cool climates not less terribly, though more slowly, than in the burning South. But with the dying one there was no self-righteousness, no clinging to hopes of her own merits, no desire to remain on earth, and no anxious cares for her children. Her whole, sole reliance was on her Saviour; and beautifully and holily, notwithstanding her feverish fancies, her pious asseverations were poured forth for the benefit of the sorrowing relatives and friends.

On the Sunday following her death, the whole family being collected at evening prayer, this passage was read, "She that hath borne seven languisheth: she hath given up the ghost whilst it is yet day" (Jer. xv. 9). Did I not think of the cold, pale corpse in darkness and solitude in the chamber above?

It was eventually settled that my sister should take charge of our three little nieces, whilst our four nephews were removed to our house at Wick.

My sister and myself this year received a legacy from our lamented friend, Mr Hawkins Browne, of Badger, who never forgot my father's pious instructions; for they were blessed by the Divine Spirit.

"The garlands wither on the tomb
Then boast no more thy mighty deeds;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

It was shortly after we took up our residence at Wick, that it pleased my God to bless me for a time with my little George, my youngest born, a free gift of my Heavenly Father, bestowed upon me here for a while, but ever mine in glory. My babe was

fair as the fairest flower, with every meandering vein visible through the transparent skin, with eyes of deep blue, and dove-like softness. Alas, my George! On his christening day, the Bishop of Calcutta, Daniel Wilson, spent the evening at our house with a party of friends. This was a most blessed day: no unpleasant thing occurred. My charming boy looked smilingly upon all around him, springing gently from one friend's arms to another.

We were getting on so well in pecuniary matters that Captain Sherwood, at this time, bought a little cottage and orchard at Powick, our next parish, and it was in the month of September that we had a most delightful walk; my husband and myself, our own darlings, including my sweet little George (in arms of course), and all the beloved young ones under our care, went to see this newly-bought cottage.

" These are the joys He makes us know,
In fields and villages below,
Gives us a relish of His love,
But keeps His noblest feasts above."

Wherefore should an event so unimportant as this be traced long years afterwards on the memory, when matters of life and death are forgotten? May it not be because the Almighty, for some particular purpose of mercy, leaves such sweet, sunny influences to render the shadow of others equally indelible? Hereafter, when we have ceased to understand only after the manner of man's intellect, we shall know and comprehend the boundless love of our Creator.

The image of my baby George is now before me, as, in lifting him over a stile, his hat and cap blew off, and the evening breezes played in his silky hair. Was I becoming more worldly than aforetime? Did God make use of the instrumentality of this lovely babe to renew the almost forgotten lesson, twice learned in India with so much anguish, the motto of which is, "This is not thy rest?"

In October I had the pleasure of an introduction to Mr Wilber-

force, and in his company I visited the china manufactory in Worcester, and afterwards wrote the little tract called "The China Manufactory." But I did not then see clearly that He who formed the vessel to honour could take of the potsherd of the earth, if it so pleased Him, and make it above all its kind. Man is nought, and God is all. We are powerless in our Maker's hands, and the sum-total of all our waking and sleeping dreams is this, that with us all is vanity. But yet, as no man was ever taught to know or read the Word of God without visible means, we are led by parallel conclusions, to understand that the Divine Spirit never puts itself forth to effect aught but that which human exertion cannot attain by natural efforts. For the Almighty apparently, in this material world, works by and through certain means in his dealings with man.

This, then, should stimulate us to exertion, whilst with due humility we should feel that one may plant, another may water, but it is God alone that gives the increase.

Again am I called upon to narrate fresh troubles. Alas! my baby, my little Benjamin, my youngest born, my beautiful golden-haired baby! my baby with dove's eyes, I have lost you for ever in this world. Till the morning of the resurrection, farewell! oh, farewell! Oh! my George, my George! may I love my Saviour more because he is thine also!

I had been ill with rheumatic fever, and on recovery I left home for change of air. I had not been gone but a few days when a letter came to say that one of our Indian charges, little Elizabeth, and my own infant George, were indisposed. The next post summoned us home. We found the dear babes both rather better, but, not to dwell on this gloomy period, I will shortly say they both died, my George being the last to depart.

When I was led to the side of the cradle where my baby lay, I saw at once that he was much changed. He had become exceedingly pale, his eyes were half closed, and on his delicate wrist was a black patch, which was laid over a place where a vein had been

opened. I saw death marked on his sweet face, and I knew I was called upon to resign my child. His infant form after death assumed the appearance of the whitest marble, his features seemed restored to what they had been in health, and with his golden hair parted on his brow he remained for several days unchanged. Oh! how beautiful in death!

We missed also the sweet little Elizabeth. She had been the darling of the lady who assisted me to superintend the education of our little family, and had lain in her bosom, and been as a little daughter to her. Elizabeth and George were lovely in their lives, and not divided in death; their remains repose side by side in St John's Churchyard. Sweet babes, we shall be united together again, through yours and my Saviour! Oh, teach me then, Divine Spirit, to kiss thy rod!

Soon after the loss of my child, for a little change of scene, we visited Paris, stopping on our way in the neighbourhood of St Valery, so familiar to Captain Sherwood. A little anecdote of our travels I must record. Mr Sherwood one morning sent for a barber, who came quickly at the call. He was an old man, and appeared a brisk, chattering personage, who, whilst he applied his brush, opened out his political opinions without being desired so to do, taking advantage of the occasion to exhibit his great loyalty and attachment to the reigning family. Whilst displaying his eloquence with all his national vivacity, Mr Sherwood suddenly recognised him as a person whom he had known when loyalty was at a very low premium. "Are you not so and so, my friend?" he said. "Do I not remember you when the English were in prison in Abbeville?" The poor barber was confounded. He forthwith lost his vivacity, though he pretended to be delighted at seeing an old acquaintance; but, having finished his business, and received a handsome fee, he made his bow, and, though desired to come again the next day, he returned no more.

At Paris we took apartments at the residence of one of my old schoolfellows, a Miss Rowden, who had gone over there with

Monsieur and Madame St Q., our instructors. There Miss Rowden kept a small seminary for young ladies, in connexion with Monsieur and Madame St Q. I had written to her as soon as we had determined on the journey, and we found that she kindly expected us to reside with her whilst at Paris. Miss Rowden's pupils were little English girls, quite Frenchified in their dresses and appearance. One of them has been celebrated in later years, and is still known by her maiden name of Fanny Kemble.

It is remarkable how many celebrated ladies have issued from under the tuition of Monsieur St Q. Miss Mitford, Lady Caroline Lamb, and Miss Landon, were also his pupils, not to speak of one or two less known writers.

Of all sights at Paris, Père la Chaise made most impression on my mind. The cemetery, though it is not generally known, was called after Father la Chaise, for the ground which it occupies was formerly his property, when he was the confessor to Louis XIV. One little tomb particularly affected me, carrying me back to the graves of my own fair infants, two of which were many thousand miles from where I was, and the third which had been filled so lately: This infant's tomb at Père la Chaise exhibited the most gloomy and fruitless, yet most touching, proofs of the fresh grief of some poor mother, probably of high degree, from the richness of the artificial roses of white satin which garlanded the urn. "Oh, unhappy mother! how have you been able to commit your baby to the cold grave without sinking under the pressure of actual despair? You know not a Saviour, in whose keeping to confide your little fair one—you acknowledge no beloved Redeemer, in whose arms you may lay that cold corpse, in full assurance of its revival in glory, of its rising again clothed with everlasting and unfading beauty. In vain you decorate his tomb with wreathed roses, and wash his urn with your tears. These fruitless services can give no ease, they can administer no balm to the wounds of your heart!"

Near to this monument was another to the memory of the daughter of an officer cut off in budding womanhood. On it was a beautiful bust of the young girl, the hair knotted behind in the Roman style. Some impious hand had in pencil traced upon this tomb in French these words, "Death is an eternal sleep."

From reading these and such like inscriptions, I was induced to write my little story called "Père la Chaise." Afterwards I published, on the same subject, "The Infant's Grave," and the little tract of "The Blessed Family."

Whilst at Paris, Mr Wilks, the Protestant minister, called upon us, and took a copy of "Henry and his Bearer," that he might get it translated and dispersed. It has since been ably translated, and sold at a low price. Mr Wilks read to us a beautiful letter from a friend, of which the following is the substance:—A pious man from Paris was travelling in the mountains of the south of France. His way lay amongst valleys, in which were coal-pits and iron-foundries, and he passed on among scenes of great natural beauty, but much defaced by the manufactories scattered amongst them. One day, having finished his business, he was anxious to get to a town at some distance from the hills, and for this purpose inquired his way through a range of valleys little frequented. These valleys were exceedingly beautiful, and the more so from having been untouched by the miners. In one of the most retired of these valleys he came to a poor village where several women were standing in a window, watching and calling to a little child who had run into the street, and, at the moment in which he came up, was in danger of being run over by a cart. Being near the child at that instant, our traveller had the pleasure of rescuing it, and bearing it in safety to its friends. Whilst thus engaged, an elderly woman looked out from some upper window, and thanked him for his kindness in doing that for her child in the instant which she could not have been in time to have done for it herself, had she made the utmost speed. The gentleman made some reply, by which he made it evident that he was one who with

piety referred all things to Providence; on which the woman exclaimed with joy, "You are then a Christian, sir; you speak a language which I had never yet heard from a stranger. It is an inconceivable delight to hear that language. Will you come in and converse with me and my family? I have not a house fit for the reception of a gentleman, but this you will pardon." Thus invited, he went into the house, which was large and old; there the old woman lived with her daughter and grandchildren. Their trade was winding silk. They reared many silk-worms, of which their apartments were full.

As he entered the house, many of the neighbours came in after him, and they spent two delightful hours in prayer and conversation on religious subjects. The account which these people gave of themselves was, that being deprived of their priests during the Revolution, they had endeavoured to establish a little church among themselves, taking the New Testament, of which they had a single copy, as their guide, and reading it in their assembly. They shewed this Testament to the gentleman; it was very old, and worn almost to shreds, but, as they said, "they had long in vain tried to get another." They requested the gentleman to send them one, saying that they would pay him any money for it. He assured them that he would in a few days send them half-a-dozen without fee or reward, which saying they seemed to think almost incredible.

When he arrived in the evening at the town to which he was bound, he related to his acquaintance there his adventure in the valley, and asked the character of the people of the village. "They are poor, foolish, ignorant people," answered the acquaintance; "but one thing I must add respecting them, it is never necessary to weigh the silk they bring for sale."

Six copies of the New Testament were forwarded to them next day from Lyons.

"It appears from this and other circumstances," continued Mr Wilks to us, after reading the letter, "that there are many persons

in France who, in fact, belong to the Church of Christ, though not united to any of the denominations of Christians now existing on earth; and now is the time to bestow on them the Gospels we have printed by our English Bible Societies."

It was whilst on our way returning to England that we stopped at St Valery, near Abbeville, to see the old abbey. When we were near to the place, so connected with the early history of Mr Sherwood, we alighted from our carriage at a spot where two roads met, and, taking the upper of the two, we sent on our vehicle by the lower to the town. It was our object to learn what we could of the party who now possessed the mansion, though with no purpose of stating that it had ever been Mr Sherwood's father's, for the title-deeds were lost by our family during the Revolution of the last century.

After ascending a hill, over which the road passed, we saw before us a deep and extensive grove, encompassed by a wall which appeared to have been lately repaired. In the centre of the grove was the Abbey of St Valery and its domain. We followed by the wall till we came to the front of the mansion, where we entered in by a large gate, and obtained an excellent view of the house. It is an edifice of vast extent, partly of brick and partly of stone, having long ranges of windows, and galleries of immense length, with arcades or cloisters in a ruinous state. On one side is the ancient abbey church, or rather its ruins, for it had been demolished during the Revolution. There had been an avenue of linden-trees between the garden and the house, but this, too, had been destroyed. These parts of the grounds were nothing but a scene of ruin, in which weeds, flowers, and high grass were mixed confusedly amongst the rubbish.

We walked in, and, passing to the left of the house, near where the church had once joined it, we were much surprised at the very handsome appearance of the building, and the extent of the garden, which was full of fruit-trees in full bearing. Beyond was a thick wood, and, by leave of the gardener, we passed through the garden

and looked at this wood, and saw several cool and shady paths, where the man told us the monks used to walk and meditate in the heat of the day.

Leaving the garden we returned to the road. My heart was full. I could have liked to have lingered longer there, for it was a place of immense interest to me, and if to me, how much more so to Mr Sherwood?

From the abbey we proceeded towards the church, which looked as old as the days of William the Conqueror. We passed by an ancient gateway, flanked by two round towers, the work of the dark ages, by the side of one of which Mr Sherwood shewed us a sort of cavern, or vault, in which he said his little step-sister, Mercy Sherwood, was buried. This poor child had pined away from the time her parents had brought her to France, and had at length escaped from all present trouble by an early death at St Valery.

How seldom do families reside any time in a place without leaving one of their members behind them in this way! I thought where two of my own babies lay, still more removed from all family connexions than this poor little Mercy.

How warmly were we welcomed home to Worcestershire, and how happy were we to see our family around us again!

Some time after this I received a letter from a Mr Bird, saying that the widow of David Browne, of Aldeen, Calcutta, had died suddenly, leaving it as her request that I would undertake the charge of her two youngest daughters, Lydia and Sarah, which in the end I did. This was in April, and they must have been even then on their passage to England, as they were with us before long.

We had a most delightful visit in May from our beloved friends, General and Mrs Mawby. Mr Sherwood being called from home, the general read the chapters and prayers in family worship in mornings and evenings, which he said he found pleasant and profitable. He delighted in our Indian hymns, our small organ, and

the youthful company of which our family party was composed. I still remember that spring as a peaceful, happy time. I find in my journal notices of bees swarming, and other such matters as seemed to form delightful varieties to our life. The young people were always seen rushing out whenever the "tinkling frying-pan" gave notice of a movement in the hive, and Mr Sherwood assumed on these occasions a dress in which he looked not unlike an old Oby woman.

In the dusk of the evening I always told my children a story, and some of these were never forgotten. "Henry Milner," or, as we called him, "the little millennium boy," was the first invented at those hours. During this spring and summer many Christian visitors from distant places came to see us; amongst others, the Rev. Mr Bickersteth, and Mr Robertson the chaplain from Calcutta.

Mr Sherwood bought a boat, in which we used often to go on the Teme, passing through some of the sweetest scenery of my native county, usually taking two of the children each time with us; but we were induced to give this pleasure up, fearing that boating was not quite safe.

There is a chapter in "Henry Milner" which refers to one of these little voyages, which I loved exceedingly, as they reminded me of our adventures on the Ganges.

We next obtained a little pony-carriage, and no doubt much good did our airings do to our health; but, after a while, we gave this up also, on account of the ill behaviour of our pony, which ran away with us on the Powick road.

We had the charge, or, rather, overlooked the education, of more than one Indian family—children of friends still in that beloved country. At this time one of these children, the youngest of our Indian boys, of which we had the superintendence and the care during the holidays, fell ill. The poor child languished for some weeks without being decidedly in danger, and Mr Sherwood and myself watched and tended over him in vain, as far as earthly

means for his recovery went. When mourning for his indisposition, I was much struck by Mr Sherwood's telling me that he had awoke one night thinking of the child, and these words seemed to be repeated to him :

" Little cherub, thou art called from school,
Thy Father's house will suit thee better."

I have hesitated whether I should copy an account I wrote at the time of certain circumstances relative to the last days of this little boy, but I find that I cannot cancel the original with any satisfaction unless I do so. Some persons have a great delight in narrations of this kind, others place no value on them. The record I refer to is as follows:—"When our beloved little boy first came to us, we found that he had learned much that was amiss at sea. It is impossible that there can be a more fearful school for a child than a ship, unless he is watched by the eyes of an Argus. We found it necessary to separate him entirely from a little sister who had been his companion on board, and with whom he could talk of what he had learned amiss. He was still but a dimpled babe, with a soft complexion and light curling hair. We took decided measures to prevent any one ever reminding him of the circumstance of his voyage, and we had reason to believe that he had lost the impression of all that was evil of it some months before his illness. From the time these measures were taken we never saw anything in him which gave us the impression of his having been seriously injured by what he had heard at sea, a baby-like simplicity being ever observable in his countenance, and often a smile of peculiar sweetness. I think he was not more than six when he died. He never made any complaints during the former part of his residence with us, but there was always wanting in him the playfulness of childhood. Since our medical man could not discern the indications of any disease, we hoped that he would gain strength when more accustomed to England. Thus passed a year and a half, during which he became fond of reading, and continued his harmless course, becoming very dear to all about him. The

late winter, from its severity, had been the most fatal within the memory of man, especially with little children, few families having been exempt from some bereavement. One comfort, however, we have in the loss of this little child, that we are assured of his present happiness; for, on looking back on his blameless and innocent course, on considering his gentle and lamb-like deportment, we can have little doubt but that his Almighty Father was preparing him for his change long before his friends anticipated it. At Christmas last he and his sister had the hooping-cough; his sister was very ill, but he seemed to get through the disorder easily. The measles followed in the beginning of March, and from them he never recovered, but continued to droop and fall away till the 24th of April, when he expired. At the commencement of his last illness he was in a state of high inflammation, but seemed to be scarcely sensible of his sufferings. In the second stage of his illness, when his fever left him, he was perfectly himself, and then we became anxious that such nourishment might be administered to his mind as only suited his dying state.

“We placed his Bible and hymn-book by him, and he was enabled to read them himself till within a few hours of his death.

“When we saw that he was sinking fast, we were advised, about three weeks before his death, to make trial of mother’s milk, which we did, and the little fellow made no objection, but drew the milk of a healthy young woman as naturally as if he had been as much a new-born babe in body as we had reason to believe he was in spirit.

“It was thought right, when all hope was gone, to state to him the truth, that his death was approaching. He received the information without alarm; but this I did not wonder at, being usual with children, whose tender minds cannot grasp the mighty ideas suggested by this awful knowledge, however, supposing them to be imbued with pious feelings; for they are more disposed to think of the Saviour as of a tender parent than those to whom the feelings of childhood are more remote. He asked after this for a

tained. What a strange revulsion, what a violent flood of old feelings burst upon my mind! the past, as it appertained to my Indian life, seeming to roll itself into one with the present.

On the Friday, in passing through the hall, I found it half filled with officers and as many as eight members of the band, all waiting to see me. The youths stood together, and as I went up to them they gathered round me and formed a circle, their eyes sparkling with pleasure. They were all full-grown, tall, military men, finely drawn up, and well acquainted with what was due from themselves to me.

For an instant I knew not one of them, but soon I recognised in them the babes I had nursed, and dressed, and lulled to sleep, and the boys I had taught whilst yet scarce able to lisp their letters. The finest, or at least one of the finest, among them, for they one and all looked well, came forward and told me who he was—"William Coleman." Then came Flichteroft, who had been one of my particular nurslings; Elliott, who had the same especial claim on my regard; Roberts and Ross, Hartley and Botheroyd, and not one of these had even one parent.

I cannot say what I felt, but I own I was relieved when the meeting was over, and I could retire to pray and weep for my orphan boys. Our first introduction was in the far-off East, our second in England, and once more we shall be united, through our blessed Redeemer, in glory, where together we shall join in one eternal strain of praise. Such a minute is worth many, many petty annoyances. How gratified was I to hear the most favourable account of these boys, and that they did credit to the very great care that had been bestowed upon them.

The band played opposite our rooms, for it must be remembered we had the colonel next door; but when "Auld Lang Syne" was played, we knew well that it was addressed to ourselves, and to do us honour.

It was shortly after our return from Weedon that we employed an artist in Worcester to take our five children, from a design

of a family picture of Lord Gowers' family. I think the design was by West, and in consequence of which the attitudes, &c., far surpass the execution. It is still to me very precious. It was on the very day this picture came home framed that I took up again my needle, and began to use it, after an interval of several years, to the great amazement and amusement of some members of my family.

I got a sweet letter from Mr Corrie, too, about this time, dated from Cawnpore. It was filled with touching reminiscences of days long since past, and he told me of the well-doing of many of my former pupils, and the marriage of Mary to a missionary at Madras.

But my records of years seem to get shorter and shorter as life was less varied, but like the uneventful periods of history, these uneventful years are, no doubt, the happiest of times. Parents have a second youth in their children, and, alas! they often give themselves up to the beguilement of earthly hopes and earthly vanities which they might have shunned for themselves. This blossom of hope with me was, however, but of short duration. This season of gaiety is gone, never to return again, whilst it possesses a perishable nature, but when youth shall be renewed in glory its blossom shall flower for ever and ever.

CHAPTER XXX

MR THOMASON'S VISIT—MY DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE—MR IRVINE—
WE LEAVE ENGLAND—MR DICKINSON—M. MALAN, GENEVA—
LADY RAFFLES—THE LITTLE MOMIERE—THE RIOTS AT LYONS—
NICE AND THE BRIGADE D'ACQUIS—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AND now, as time rolled on, it was granted me to rejoice and joy exceedingly that my God permitted me, a vessel of clay, to receive and convey, as it were, one ray of light that He had graciously bestowed upon me, and with it to lighten the way of some of His chosen ones. The pencil in the hand of the artist has equal right for boasting and vainglory. Such were my feelings when I heard from a Dr Morrison, in China, that he was translating my little work of "Henry and his Bearer" into the Chinese language, and that he had seen it also in the Cingalese.

I had a sweet letter, too, at this period, from the mother of the fair little Sophia N——, who appeared to us, who can see no further than the means employed, to have received early impressions of religion from reading my writings, and had just died in the faith of the gospel.

A few months afterwards I saw the bereaved mother, and one anecdote of the departed one I must record. The little girl used to adorn her head with roses, and then ask her mother "if she would admire those flowers more if placed elsewhere than on her little person." Surely the maternal love is great, and yet not equal to the Divine Father's.

It was not long after this that our beloved friend, Mr Thomason, came to Wick. How paternal was the blessing he bestowed upon his little godchild, my own Sophia! Sweet was his prayer for her. He took her with him to the Pershore Bible-meeting, holding

the little girl on his knee on the platform, though the chair of honour was appropriated to him. We old East Indians scorn to do anything like other people; but, oh! the beautiful simplicity of this paternal action.

We saw dear Mr and Mrs Sherer shortly after this, and their brother Captain Moyle Sherer, the talented writer. Oh, how kindly did he enter into all the amusements of the young ones his nephews and nieces, and our little girl. His good-natured kindness drew upon him the gentle rebuke of his sister-in-law, so that in the words of the Apostle Paul she was ready to exclaim, "All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient." It is not expedient to make the little ones so very merry."

From our Indian friends we learn sweet accounts of our orphans. And first we heard that my Mary was the happy wife of a missionary living at Palamcotta, and that she had become a very valuable, clever, and pious woman, and most inestimable in her situation. Her brother John was with her, a hopeful boy. Annie, our gentle Annie, had passed in bright faith to glory. Diana was married to a sergeant at Barruckpore, and was conducting herself well.

Margaret, my little Meggy, my own nursling, who had been taken by Mrs Latter, died at seven years old, in a particularly happy state of mind. Before her death she had become a remarkably beautiful child. Our Elizabeth was still a happy, merry girl in the Asylum at Calcutta.

A cause of great anxiety opened to me at this time, namely several of my young people, and, indeed, more than I then knew of, had become objects of attention, and were likely soon to leave the paternal home. I shall say little on the subject of my own children's marriages, or on the marriages of the orphans under my care, nor even what I thought of them at the time; but as in the course of this life much good is mixed with evil, and much evil with good, to work out the wise arrangements of Providence, so the results of these marriages have proved a twisted thread of both.

As Sir Walter so graphically expresses it, from the mouths of the gipsy wife—

“Twist ye, twine ye, even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe;
Hope and fear, and peace and strife
Weave the thread of human life.”

I shall only add that my eldest daughter at this time married a clergyman of the name of Dawes. Mr Sherwood's relative, and my father's friend, Dr Chapel Woodhouse, then Dean of Lichfield, presented our son-in-law with the small living of Adbaston, near Eccleshall, “for the sake,” said Dr Woodhouse, “of the friend of former days.” My child's marriage was followed, within the course of two months, by the engagement of the eldest of my orphans, Mary Parsons. Most rapid were these arrangements of my children. A few, a very few years, and we, the parents of many, were left, as it were, alone with our youngest one. The only peculiar circumstances in our case were, the changes were more decided, and more quick one upon another, than they are in most families of our rank and station in England. I had not then learned to be alone: to sit often solitary—to miss the voices of my beloved children—to think of them scattered and changed, so that on earth they can never be again to me what they were. I could not then conceive that I could submit to such entire changes and be *happy*. I am, however, the more happy, because, though I have no hopes in increasing our enjoyments in this present life, I look, I trust, more steadily to a reunion with them in our Saviour above. But I was to be brought to this; and thrice blessed are those whose hopes, being uprooted from the clay, are elevated to where there can be no change—no winter of darkness after the summer light of truth, no cloud dense enough to obscure the brightness of the eternal sun; for we shall no more need its rainbow of promise. Glory be to that God in whom we have this assurance. And I feel, indeed, that,

“Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Thou art my all in all.”

I experienced much uneasiness at this time from the illness of my second daughter, Lucy. My eldest Indian child was in very precarious health, and drawn by sickness from the gay and busy world, a stricken deer, and suffering from the contrast with what she has been only a few months before. She had a lesson to learn in youth, which even many blessed ones do not learn till advanced age. In January some one had given her a little text-book, called "Daily Bread," and it had been her constant companion ever since, and remained so to the end of her short life. It lay open on her dressing-table when she died. I have found it, and I have it by me. I mention it now for her beloved child's good, who I trust will love its lessons, the blessed words of Scripture, for their own excellence as well as for her departed parent's desire.

We had formed a resolution to give up our residence in Worcester, and travel abroad. It was the wish of our children, and we thought it might do their health good, for they shewed too plainly by their delicate appearance that they were natives of a warmer climate than England.

I have said it was only during the first year of our return from India, before my mother's death, that the taking of pupils, in a pecuniary point of view, was needful to us. But I liked it; my heart was in it, and it was one labour to educate my own children with others. The right and pleasure of educating my own children and my orphan girls I would not willingly have given up to any one whilst life and strength was spared me from on high. But now we gave up our pupils, as I was not as strong as before; and, as our daughters missed their young companions, for they had been accustomed to a large and cheerful family circle, we looked on travelling as a resource.

All changes imply some sort of suffering, as either preceding or accompanying them. A transition state can hardly be expected to be easy; though I believe that Almighty love often renders the last most awful change not only easy, but a period of intense happiness to those who are passing through it.

So, as I said, we determined to go abroad.

Whilst in London, trying to get Mr Sherwood's leave of absence, for it must be remembered that he had been put upon the half-pay of the Brunswick Hussars, we went to hear the celebrated Mr Irving, and I was greatly struck with his preaching, though there was a wildness about his manner, and a peculiarity of ideas, which made it impossible thoroughly to understand him by once hearing. One day, we dined with our friend Mr Kinnard, of Hackney, and there we met Mr Irving. Very much was I pleased with him. He was a tall man, with a most pleasant expression, though he had a defect in one eye. A more gentlemanlike or courteous person I never saw, and no otherwise spoiled by the excessive adulation of his party, who treated him more as a god than as a man, but that he betrayed some symptoms of too much excitement, especially when he spoke of "THE TONGUES." He also listened to and told many stories of bells in houses ringing of their own accord, which several persons present seemed to consider as warnings of deaths and other dismal events.

Mr Irving, when asked, spoke doubtfully, as if such interruptions of the common arrangements of natural things might be, and most fully expressed his belief in the miracle of tongues; though he then, and ever afterwards, humbly asserted that the gift had never been imparted to himself. In thinking of this excellent man, and of many others who have been much exposed to popular applause, I have often thanked my God for giving me, as He has done, so many domestic cares, which have kept me in the background of life. For even supposing that by Divine grace I might have been withheld from self-conceit, as that humble Christian Mr Irving was, yet might I not have suffered, as he did, from the effect of perpetual excitement and popular applause, in an exhaustion of the mind, long, long before I arrived at my present age.

At this time I was rich in having four daughters on earth, though, may be, now I might account myself far richer in my family in glory, where I have three daughters and two sons; and

these dear ones I had instructed in the old Testament Hebrew, with the view to the types, of which we are about to commence a dictionary. I had long been convinced that the Scripture types, or emblems, or that figurative style which is used almost entirely in the prophetic books, is a complete language. We had found it impossible to make anything of this language without looking to the Hebrew; from this circumstance, that the Hebrew and English words do not, and cannot, exactly answer to each other. For example: there are six Hebrew words which are translated *earth* indiscriminately, whereas these words have all some difference, but necessarily of a very trifling description, to the simple reading of the Bible. These six Hebrew words would describe land or earth in different degrees of cultivation: hence, taking this land or earth in the typical language of Scripture as the Church, we should find different stages of this Church, as it is far off or approaching nearer to that perfection all that is one with *Him* must eventually arrive at. As types, then, were the objects in hand, and as those who have once tasted of the extreme interest of the subject can never lose the sense of the delight which they are calculated to impart, my daughters soon were deeply interested in the Hebrew. After a time Mr Sherwood also took to the study, and afforded us most useful assistance, for he made for our benefit a Hebrew and English Concordance, a work of ten years' daily labour. But this last I have anticipated.

The types, however, have been my study for years, and I still continue at them, though I do not expect to live to see them printed. They form, however, the subject of many sweet thoughts and sweeter conversations.

But our movements then were towards the Continent of Europe, and for a while these studies were partially but not wholly laid aside. It is not my intention here to enter into a long particular detail of this journey: I shall only say that I have by me a full and accurate account of each day's travelling and events; but here I shall quote only a few anecdotes.

Whilst in Paris, dining at the house of an acquaintance, I met a Mr and Mrs Dickinson ; this lady was a relative of my childhood's friend, the Earl of Mountnorris, and she kindly told me the following story, which was afterwards confirmed to me from other sources.

A lady of the name of Ross had passed through Paris some years before to go to Italy : she was a person of large fortune. In Italy she adopted a little Italian girl, and caused her to be instructed in English. Among other books she gave her "THE LADY OF THE MANOR," "THE TWO LAMBS," and "ANNA ROSS." The little girl read these with her master, and they were so blessed to her, by Him who can make the weakest means effectual, that she not only became decided in seeking the truth herself, but instantly set herself to lead her mother by adoption to the same course, and for this purpose immediately commenced the translation of these three little volumes into Italian. * In the progress of these works she became very ill ; she had half finished the history of Mrs Danzy, in "The Lady of the Manor," her favourite story of all, when she was incapacitated for further exertion. She made it her dying request, however, that this story should be finished, and printed in Italian, with the others above mentioned. Her patroness could not refuse her last request ; so she caused the translations to be completed and printed at her own expense. though she was obliged first to obtain permission from the ecclesiastical rulers. Being a woman of fortune and spirit, she succeeded so far as to print the books, though forbidden to sell them. On leaving Italy she thoughtlessly gave some remaining copies to a bookseller, I think in Rome, which circumstance being made known to the authorities, all the books were seized, with the exception of a few which she had reserved, and with which she was leaving the country ; these were, however, preserved, though an officer was sent after her to examine her luggage. This officer was provided with a document in which he was directed to examine the trunks of a certain Madame Ross, but in this legal instrument the R looked so like a P, that when he had overtaken the lady he

was so confounded by the mistake that he let her pass the frontier without interruption; probably neither his heart nor his interest were much engaged in the matter, so the books were spared.

This anecdote, as may be supposed, was deeply interesting to me.

At Geneva we boarded in the house of a M. Wolff Hanlock, in the Pre l'Eveque, next door to Dr, or, as we then termed him, Monsieur, Malan's domain called Pre Fleuri. The same day of our arrival we went to his chapel, which stands in a garden. The service was in French, to which our ears were not then sufficiently accustomed to enable us to follow. We were greatly pleased with the appearance and manner of M. Malan. He appeared to be more than fifty, having white hair hanging in natural curls over the collar of his coat, most benevolent eyes, and every mark to prove that in his youth he must have been more than commonly handsome. I have never heard singing superior, though in India I heard equal, to that in M. Malan's chapel. His daughter played the organ most exquisitely. On the Tuesday I accompanied a Mr Lloyd, the member for Limerick, who was then boarding with M. Wolff, to call on M. Malan. He resides in the remains of the old episcopal palace, though there are no remains of antiquity, that I saw, about the place. We met M. Malan at his garden-gate; he received us with a smile of beaming kindness, and addressed us in English, which he spoke exceedingly well. He took us into a parlour, which was hung with an arras of landscapes in oil colours, wrought by his own hands; for he is highly skilled in painting and music. When we were seated, after a while he told me that he knew me well by name; and he told me also that he objected to a passage in my "Church Catechism Stories," in which I had asserted "that Christ, instead of acting according to the will of the Father, had, as it were, by interposing himself between the Father and the sinner, *compelled* Him to have mercy." How kindly, and yet how decidedly, did this enlightened Christian point out my error, proving to me that our Saviour is the exponent of

his Father's love, not the procuring cause of it ; for what saith the Witness—" God so loved the world, that He Himself gave us His Son for our salvation." I recalled to mind that once before I had been told that my views of the Father were very defective, and I prayed that, if I were blind as to the truth, my eyes might be opened. M. Malan lent me a little book called "Theogenes." That same evening we attended Divine service in his chapel, and sat on the strangers' bench exactly opposite the reading-desk, and when the hymn was given out he found the place and handed the book himself to me.

How sweet and refreshing were the holy discourses I then often had with M. Malan—that true servant of God—and how parentally did he speak to my children, calling them *his* children in the faith. One of my daughters informed me that, for some time past, the idea of the day of judgment had filled her with terror, that she felt she could never stand the judgment of an all-pure and all-seeing God, and that above all things she wished to hear what M. Malan would say on the subject. I had ever taught my child that the Lord the Saviour would preserve her in judgment if she trusted in him ; but as I had very imperfect views myself at that time of what the Saviour had done, my instructions had failed of giving her satisfaction. In fact, I may say, I fear with truth, that I was then very unable to give a reason for the hope that was within me : for I was clinging to one great and general error—that man had some condition to fulfil, on the non-fulfilment or fulfilment of which his salvation must depend.

M. Malan was scripturally grounded in his views of the perfection of the Divine work, as it regarded the elect, and of the perfect and entire safety of those individuals who are adopted into the body of Christ, and of the total impossibility of their ever being suffered finally to fall away, and hence of the absolute duty of entertaining the doctrine of assurance. On this point—that is, in shewing the fulness of Christ as regards his own chosen ones, and the perfect confidence such should place in him—M. Malan

worked hard to instruct my young ones, and what he said was blessed not only to them but to me.

Never shall I forget his playful address to my young daughter, when next we met — “*Eh, bien ! ma petite demoiselle, vos oiseaux de nuits le sont ils volés.*”

In measure, as I see the non-conditionality of salvation to the child of God—a non-conditionality wholly built upon the fulfilment of all conditions by the second Adam, Christ—there is a cessation in my feelings, of what in former years had almost filled them. I find no longer any references to those weary and fruitless searchings for any good in myself, which are recorded in my old journals as accruing day after day, and year after year, almost from my youth, till I was far advanced in middle age, with occasional strong expressions of hopelessness because I found it not, or sometimes those of self-satisfaction when any flatterer told me that I had found what I was searching for. But when I was blessed by clearer views of the work of the Saviour, and of the demerits of man—which views were first conveyed to my mind with clearness through the ministry of M. Malan—all these expressions of self-seeking, harassing fears and doubts suddenly disappeared from my diary. Though I know that human agency unassisted can do nothing, yet I must ever believe and say that M. Malan was, by the Divine blessing, made decidedly useful to me, and also to my dear daughters ; and to this hour such as are left with me on earth will bear witness to the same.

Whilst staying at Geneva we had a visit from a Lady Raffles. This lady is the widow of Sir Stamford ; her history is sad. In the year 18— she was living, with her husband and five children, in great happiness in Ceylon ; within six months four of these children were taken from her, and the baby, a little girl, only left. The infant was immediately despatched to England, and the parents followed as soon as they could. The ship in which they sailed took fire, and they lost a valuable collection of rarities. Sir Stamford died when he had been less than half a year in England, and

his widow was then residing at Geneva, with her daughter Ella and a nephew, Charles Raffles, whom she has adopted. This bereaved lady has long now mourned her lovely girl, her beautiful Ella.

At the house of Lady Raffles we met a Lady Charlotte Hamilton and a Madame l'Ivernois, a Geneva lady of some consequence, and a Captain Hawker of the Royal Navy, and his lady, leading Christians of the day at Geneva.

We had desired to live unknown at Geneva, but it seems that some of the principal religious Genevese and English ladies, who were then residing there, had a little scheme in view, and so, contrary to the etiquette of the place, Lady Raffles was put forward to call upon us as soon as our arrival was known. This scheme was, that I should write a book on the subject of a very curious custom existing in Geneva, which is fully detailed in the little work. The Christian ladies who wished this done, at my desire sent me written documents on the subject, which being received, I wrote the story entitled "The Little Momiere."

From Geneva we went to Lyons, where we remained a month in the Hôtel du Parc, in the Place Terraux. We observed at Lyons, what we had not noticed before, that the young ladies of our party,—and these were four,—could not walk out without being followed. The words "*Les Anglais*" were whispered and then spoken loudly, and the people would gather together and follow us. There were no other English girls then at Lyons, we knew, and we put this notice down to that circumstance, and to the particularly Saxon appearance of our daughters. But I believe that these symptoms indicated more than we then apprehended, and were strong tokens of the lawless condition of the people at that epoch.

On the 25th October was the fête day of the Cordonniers, and in consequence we had a grand procession, the principal of the body going first in his carriage. This was nothing extraordinary in itself; but what was peculiar was, that the military walked with

them, and multitudes of the lowest of the mob, four abreast, to the amount of some hundreds, which kept on increasing in number all the day. The workmen, it seems, had insisted on their masters raising their wages, and had carried their point. Parties of other workmen had come forward to shew their satisfaction, and thus the excitement was ever increasing. But, like the man who had persisted in remaining in his bed when the house was on fire, because he was only a lodger, we looked out at all this from our windows, and thought it did not concern us, because we were only visitors at the place. One day, however, we set out to walk to the Place Belle Cour; but, when we arrived there, we found the square full of the riotous populace, and the cry of "*Les Anglais*" annoyed us so much, and the noise and confusion were so great, that we did not think it prudent to stay out any longer on that day. Twice after this, when we attempted to walk the streets, we found the town in such a disorderly state, that we thought it best to return. yet still we anticipated nothing alarming.

In the middle of the night of Sunday, October 30th, a party of officers and soldiers stationed themselves in a restaurateur looking into the Place Terraux, near to our hotel, whilst their band struck up "the Marsellaise," and other revolutionary airs, the populace encouraging them with great applause, and encoring the bloody Marsellaise.

It is wonderful that we were not more alarmed at these symptoms of turbulence amongst these people, but we knew not how much to attribute to the common customs of the city, and how much to extraordinary excitement.

It was on the 4th of November, in the evening, that we first heard alarming sounds under the windows in the Place Terraux; there was tramping, and shouting, and scolding, and fearful oaths uttered. Looking out, we saw a mob collecting, and found that it was a regular rising of the populace. The National Guard had dispersed the people once or twice during the day, and we had taken little notice of it; but now they were collecting in greater

numbers. The dragoons soon came up, and we, strange to say, were much amused by the manner in which the crowd was driven back. Men with flambeaux stood between the National Guards, and dragoons and the mob, and as the military advanced the flambeaux were pushed in the faces of the rioters, and they retreated till they were backed out of the square. One party went down the street with the torches flaring in their hands under the side window of our sitting-room. Still we took no alarm, but some young French ladies with us were dreadfully agitated, as they knew better than we did what might ensue. They kept calling on the name of God, in a way, I grieve to say, usual with French-women, even on much lighter occasions than this.

We tried to give them courage, and after this scene were no longer strangers to each other.

From the papers we afterwards learned that the gates of Lyons were closed the very evening we left, and were not opened again till twelve hundred persons were murdered or seriously wounded. Many buildings were burned down, and the General, and some other officers and persons of distinction, were detained by the people, as hostages for such of their own party as were taken prisoners. It was also said the unruly populace had possessed themselves of much money.

What might have been our fate we cannot say, had we remained only a day longer at the Hôtel du Parc, in the most central portion of the city, so marked as we had been, so followed, and so called after, with the spirit which we now may imagine was felt against us; for the English were then injuring the trade of the city. Humanly speaking, we have to thank our landlord, who hurried us away under the pretence that the voiturin we had hired to drive us to Nice was obliged to be off that very morning. Most probably both these men knew the state of the town, for it is a curious fact, we afterwards recollected, that our host was very urgent with us to take a drive with our whole party, as he said, to try our new carriage, the day before we really left Lyons. He sent his little son

Paul, a child of four years old, with us. In our first drive with the child, who was well known, we passed the barriers, and thus the people, who saw us go and return from our drive, let us go out again the next day, without any suspicion, probably, that we might not return, for we had luggage with us both times. But though to M. Levrat we owe great gratitude, let us not forget to return thanks to the Fatherly care that put that pity into his mind for us.

We were the only English family then in Lyons, and we may guess what was in the minds of some by an extraordinary paragraph, which first appeared in the French and afterwards in the English papers, saying that the whole of the family of a Captain S. had been brutally murdered on such a day, I forget the date, during the riots in the city of Lyons, pointing to about the time when we left the city. Our sudden disappearance, no doubt, aided the supposition that we had been massacred.

This paragraph found its way into England, and not a little distressed some of our friends. But, poor Lyons, we were hardly clear of the city when the smouldering fire broke forth into a flame.

We wintered at Nice, and took a house in the Croix de Marbre, a quarter of the suburbs where the English congregate. And here I must relate an adventure that befel us, prefacing it with this remark, that our part in the affair was, to say the truth, a part we took in ignorance, as if the matter was to come over again we should have learnt experience. One day, whilst all the family were out, I was somewhat startled by the information that M. le Comte de — and M. de Baron de —, aides-de-camp to his Majesty the King of Sardinia, of a corps denominated the Brigade d'Acquis, were in the house, desirous of seeing me, and that they had been ushered into the saloon on the first floor. What is so rapid as thought? What did I not think of as I walked up the stairs? for I was reading on the ground floor. I asked myself what I had done or said which might have offended the higher authorities; and what could they want with me, a British subject? "Courage," I said to myself, "courage! it may after all be nothing; but what could

have brought the aides-de-camp of the King of Sardinia to call on a person like myself, who could have no knowledge of them?"

As soon as Joseph, our man-servant, in great form had lifted the curtain which hung over the door of the saloon, and I had stepped in, three officers in blazing uniform came forward and bowed very low, and we begged each other to be seated. The usual compliments then followed which pass when strangers meet; after which the superior of the three, a fine middle-aged officer, put forward a petition, which I granted at once when I understood it, all my fearful prognostics flying away at the same instant. The officers of the Brigade d'Acquis were, it seems, going to give a ball to the English at Nice. They had hired a large house on our left, and also one on our right, and had come to ask permission to use our terrace on the occasion.

I gave the permission for our marble terrace to be used, without much thought, and under the idea that it was churlish to refuse it; but to make my consent more excusable, if excuse is necessary, I must explain the situation of our residence. The house we had hired is withdrawn from the road, whilst those on each side advance so far forward that the hinder walls of the projecting ones are almost on a level with the front of the one in which we lived. To prevent this from being an eyesore, the middle house possesses a splendid marble terrace, or balcony, of extent sufficient for a handsome saloon, on which open three doors or windows of our house, and a door from each of the neighbouring houses, forming thus a communication for the three houses, shewing clearly that they are the property of one and the same individual. Now it so chanced that the houses on our right and left were both empty, hence they were just convenient for the military ball. When it was explained to me that there was no communication from the one to the other but by our terrace, and that communication was needed, as the supper was in the house on our right at the hour of midnight, I perhaps too thoughtlessly said, "you are welcome to pass along our terrace;" for, I added to myself, "we shall all be

in our sleeping-rooms at that hour of the night, and of what use is our terrace to us?" Had it been a question of right or wrong about balls, it would have been another matter; the ball *was* to be held in those houses, and a way would have been made in the street under the terrace if not on it, and we could not have said nay. Therefore, as I said, I hesitated not a minute; but told them it was entirely at their disposal. They bowed and I bowed, and they then expressed their hopes that I and my family would attend their ball, on which I bowed again, as also did they. Whilst these ceremonies were in progress, in came the young ladies, admitted by Joseph, who, in a manner as alarming as mysterious, told them they must on no account enter the saloon, that Madame was engaged there with some officers; and as they turned into their sleeping-rooms he turned the keys upon them, to speculate at their leisure upon these inexplicable doings. However, as the merriest of my young ones remarked, "Joseph was not a match for us, mamma; for, if we had chosen, as there are three glass-doors opening on the terrace, what was to hinder us stepping out of one and stepping into the room where the strangers were, had we been so minded, just to shew that 'where there is a will there is a way?'" My daughter would never have thought of using the glass-door had she not heard the lock turned; and, let me ask, is there not a moral in this?

But now listen how we were taken in, and made to suffer for our consent. On the Saturday they began to make preparations for the ball on our terrace. And, first, they covered it with an awning, which extended from above our windows to the balustrade in front. Whilst we were at dinner the Count, who was also the colonel of the regiment, sent to ask leave to close the awning at the further end, which would have reduced our front rooms to total darkness, though it was then like twilight. We begged a delay till after Sunday; but, as the ball was to take place on Monday, we were obliged during the whole of Sunday to be contented to live in the light that owls do. The process of preparation had been

going on for several days, the doors on each side of the terrace had been thrown open, and a constant thoroughfare established for all descriptions, workmen and supervisors, officers, gentlemen and ladies: and now and then a monk, in cowl and cord, came in and peered and looked about with as much apparent interest as the rest. We were too curious to see what was going on, and too much entertained to keep our venetians decidedly closed. On Saturday we went out to walk upon our terrace, all the officers having disappeared, and, as we believed, gone to their mess. While there, our landlord came; he was the owner of all three houses, and invited us to view the preparations in the house on our left, telling us it was then vacant; so we went. Having passed through several rooms, we suddenly found ourselves surrounded by the officers. The Colonel, my late principal guest, immediately came forward and repeated his request to me, that I would attend the ball with all our demoiselles, urging the request in the name of the brigade. I only recollect answering, "that my young people were not accustomed to go into public;"—a plea which seemed to make the officers more desirous to see them at the ball; for such is human nature, that it is always most desirous of obtaining that which is withheld. I was vexed that we had been persuaded to go into the house; but I have no doubt that the landlord had been sent to get us there. Not one of my young people wished to give way to the solicitations of the officers; but I advise all parents not to take either son or daughter on the Continent, unless they are sure of their obedience and of their Christian principles. I am myself not certain whether the utmost effort of intellectual improvement does not consist in simply impressing pious, beautiful, and exalted associations on the young mind.

On the Sunday, as we might have anticipated in Italy, the workmen in the neighbouring houses continued their preparations for the ball; and, on the Monday, the appearance of our terrace was wholly changed. They had covered it, as I said, completely with an awning of sail-cloth, lined with some sort of striped

cotton. Along the sides they had arranged orange-trees in large pots, loaded with flowers and golden fruit; and amongst the leaves, they had inserted coloured lamps. There were festoons and garlands and draperies on either side the trees, which only needed the blaze of the lamps to produce a fine effect. Whilst walking in the garden after dinner, the Colonel sent a message to us, saying "that the apartments were all finished, and that he hoped to have the pleasure of shewing them to Madame and the demoiselles. We were led by an elderly and most courteous officer over our transmographied terrace into the large house on the left, where, after crossing several passages, and descending some stairs, he conducted us through a suite of seven rooms, the last of which was destined for the orchestra. These apartments were decorated with garlands of roses and myrtles, and festoons and draperies of muslin: the lamps, which were in the form of balls, being inserted among the flowers; and all shewing that the officers had spared neither trouble, nor labour, nor expense in their decorations.

Our terrace was appropriated as a card-room, and also as a passage to the restaurateurs on the right hand. The two doorways were ornamented with the same description of garlands as those in the grand suite. It was also very nicely carpeted, and tables arranged all along the apartment. The Colonel again repeated his entreaties for my young people to be permitted to attend the festivities. I replied "That there were many Protestant families who did not approve of public amusements for their daughters;" but all I could say had no effect, and before we got back to our quarters, a number of young officers joined our train, all urging the same petition, that we would make our appearance at the ball. At eight o'clock, just as the officers assembled to receive their company, we received another and final message of entreaty, the ambassadors seeking admittance through one of the glass-doors of our saloon, the Count and one or two other officers coming in also in full uniform. It was painful to say no, so repeatedly; but I did so as often as required.

Two mornings after the ball, I was called upon to receive a deputation from the regiment in general. Two of the officers presented themselves, bowing low. The Colonel we knew well; a fine-looking elderly man, who seemed to have enjoyed his share of the good things of this life. We met with great and grave decorum. The second officer was very deaf; so that, from being obliged to speak loud, the refined compliments we paid to each other sounded rather amusing. After a series of polite speeches upon the brilliant success of the ball, the Colonel inquired after the demoiselles, and expressed his final regret for their absence at the entertainment. He profusely poured out compliments and flatteries—and disclaiming of compliments next ensued, with great vivacity on all sides; the *militaires* insisting, that if their entertainment went off well, it was owing to the accommodation, which we had afforded them, and at the same time adding, "It was cruel not to give the last finish to the adornments of their rooms by our presence." "And wherefore," said the Count, "even if the demoiselles did not choose to dance, why would they not come to be *looked at*?" He then arose, and bending on one knee, presented me with a box, which, he told me, was a small tribute of respect from the officers of the Brigade d'Acquis to the demoiselles under my care. The deputation then withdrew with the same ceremonies with which they had entered; and, soon after, the young people came in, and we opened their tribute. It was a green octagonal box, edged with silver in vandykes; on the lid was a coloured enamelled device, representing a young girl, who had just overturned a hive from the summit of an altar, and breaking a bow across her knee. The altar belongs to Cupid; and the winged urchin is seen flying over the altar, if possible to stop the destruction. We could not but smile at the allusion. The box was divided into compartments, and filled with all sorts of bonbons, comfits, hearts, and knots of ribbon; and thus finished the episode of the ball at Nica.

Our next adventure that I shall relate here is one of a much

more gloomy kind. Mr Sherwood took our passage home for us in "The Batavier," from Rotterdam; and our voyage was a memorable one, as our vessel brought home to his native land the dying author of "Waverley." Sir Walter Scott was returning with his son and daughter from Naples, where he had received such honours as are only paid usually to crowned heads. They had given a masquerade, to which he was invited, in which all the characters were personifications of his own heroes and heroines. The cup of adulation had been tendered to him, filled to the brim and running over. Report said that he had been taken ill at Nimeguen on the Rhine, and the conducteur of the vessel, which had brought us to Rotterdam, had been up and down again, and had brought down his party now. When we were on our way to the steamer that was to take us to "The Batavier," we first saw Sir Walter. On the beach was a wooden pier; the packet was drawn up close to this pier, whereon was the barouche in which lay the invalid, from which they had taken the horses, and boards had been placed, so as it could be wheeled on deck without disturbing the sufferer. The hood of the carriage was up behind, and the front open. A bed had been spread in it, on which lay Sir Walter; his fine head, that head aforetime the seat of high conceptions and glorious imaginings, being covered by a black velvet cap.

What were our thoughts, and those of all who possessed feeling and reflecting minds on board the packet, as we stood looking on the helpless inmate of that carriage! Is this, then, the end of that fine mind, whose imagination and powers have for the last twenty years employed and charmed the attention, I may say, of thousands of the human race, ay, and of its most intellectual members? Oh, how should this solemn example of the perishable nature of all earthly endowments lead one, and those especially in the decline of life, to inquire, How have I employed the gifts which the Almighty has thought fit to bestow upon us? I believe that the illness of this honoured writer was less painful to himself than to his sorrowing relatives and admirers; but, no doubt, He who

does all for the best, has sent this affliction in love, as a lesson to the children of His creation. Let us by it learn, however, never to pay deference to the human intellect, in forgetfulness of Him who is the source of all intelligence.

When the carriage was placed on board, there was a solemn silence for some minutes. The gayest, the most thoughtless amongst us, seemed struck with awe; and I really think we should have felt less, if an actual corpse had been brought before us on its bier.

On a nearer view, we all thought that we should have recognised the face from the many portraits which have made the world familiar with the features; but, alas! the light which even those inanimate representations conveyed, where was it now? That dire disease, which was soon to bring him to the tomb, left only the outline of what that face had once been; whilst the dark plaster, fixed over where leeches had lately drawn the blood from the temples, contrasted sadly with the general paleness.

He seemed to lie a while in total unconsciousness, his eyelids falling heavily; but at length he raised them, and spoke to a very attentive servant who was ever near him; but still there was no animation in those eyes;—there was no play in those pale features, but a stiffness and rigidity, which gave no hope of more than a very temporary recovery. One anecdote will shew to what an extent the illness then afflicted him. A sudden squall coming on, the umbrella, which had been placed to protect him from the gusts of wind or spray, was suddenly blown into the sea and floated away out of our sight; but of this he appeared not aware, nor did he seem to feel the inconvenience that resulted, though it took some minutes to provide another.

Strange to say, that before we left the vessel for “The Batavier,” poor Sir Walter seemed to be totally forgotten, though deep had been the sensation at his first appearance.

“How soon the herd forsake the stricken deer!” But “he who was wounded for our transgressions,” he knows and feels, yes, *ever* feels for us.

The fatigue of the moving it seems, however, distressed Sir Walter ; and when he was lifted from his carriage, and borne in a chair to his cabin in "The Batavier," it was said he was ill again ; and a Russian physician on board was applied to, who administered with success for the time a soporific draught. On awaking, he called for pen and ink ; and it is in vain for me to try to paint my feelings, when it was asked of me to give up the implements I was using at the moment, for the benefit of the eminent invalid. It was a high gratification to be able to meet his wishes.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OUR RETURN TO WICK—VISIT MY BROTHER AT BRIDGENORTH—OUR
TEA-PARTY—DEATH OF MY DAUGHTER EMILY—HENRY AND
LUCY'S MARRIAGES—MY LUCY'S DEATH—MY YOUNGEST DAUGH-
TER'S MARRIAGE AND RESIDENCE WITH US—OUR HAPPY HOME
—THE PARCEL FROM AMERICA—MY STATE OF MIND—CONCLU-
SION.

It was in the month of June that we returned to England after our travels, and it seems that for some time I wrote no journal. I have then nothing but memory to assist me in filling up the void for months and months. But this little chasm in my diary admonishes me how impossible it would be for the most correct person to recover and set in order the events of a life of more or fewer years with perfect accuracy, if a few months are so impossible to remember. And oh, how infinitely awful must it be to believe, as the conscience-stricken legalist must do if he is not an

infidel, that every idle word that he has ever spoken is recorded against him; the infinite mind being thus brought in terrible array against the finite. Thank God, however, that to me the veil of goat's-hair has been removed from the face of the Sun of Righteousness! But now for the course of events.

It was quite the decline of day when we first saw the Malvern Hills and the lovely vale of the Severn from Broadway; the scene would do even after Switzerland, as fertile and as rich, but of course much tamer. We speedily settled down into a mode of life which endured for some length of time with no very great variety. Memory tells me that it was a sweet period, and I have no records by which to recall the many interruptions to peace which infallibly disturb the most happily constituted earthly arrangements. I caused the old desk and bookcase, which my grandfather had given me, to be placed alongside the window in what we called our little parlour; a low room in the front of the house, which commanded a view along the greensward under the trees of the orchard, but no further—a quiet shady scene, which I have always connected with my first ideas of the millennium. Alas, during that period, how was I surrounded by my children and my young people, and what then were my anticipations! Oh, how unlike the realities which followed! and yet, in the most important points, there is a brightness, a glory often attending my present feelings, of which then I had no idea. We were all working at my "TYPE DICTIONARY," with very, very small aid from books. Cruden and Buxtorf were our best: and now, though only a few years afterwards, I have every help from every sort of work. But I have often thought, what a kind arrangement of Providence it was that two of my daughters should have been employed in examining the Scriptures so incessantly during the last months of their lives. All that my God does, is well and kind; all is love. It was at this time that, finding Captain Sherwood wanted an object to employ his mind, I engaged him to investigate a few words in Hebrew for me. He commenced in the

spirit of kindness and courtesy, and as I was prompted to draw him on, he, after a while, fairly started to make a Hebrew concordance, which has prevented him from spending many and many a weary hour. He has worked at it now for many years, and is going through it the second time for correction.

It was in March, the year following our return from the Continent, that I went to visit my brother at Bridgenorth, where a circumstance happened that I shall now relate. I have mentioned, in the early part of my diary, that my sister and myself had a Sunday-school in our youthful days at Bridgenorth, and now it so fell out, that one evening, whilst staying at my brother's, I was called to speak to a poor woman, called Elizabeth Hughes, formerly one of our old scholars. In truth, she had been under my sister's tuition, not mine; but she remembered me with affection, and came to see me. I engaged her to take the management of a tea-party, in some house, in which she was to invite all my own and my sister's old pupils who could be found. March 24th was the day fixed for this meeting, and my kind sister-in-law, Mrs Butt, had some large cakes made; and, provided with these, properly conveyed before us as signs of our approach, she guided me to Mrs Hughes' house, which is in a row on a ledge of the rock on which the town stands, at the entrance of that elegant place called "the Cartway." We knew the house from seeing a pyramid of tea-cups arranged in the window, indicating the gathering of the clans then and there assembled. Mrs Butt went with me to the door, and witnessed the meeting; for the company had already arrived. Be it remembered that those I then met had all been in the freshest bloom of childhood and youth when I had seen them last, and as bright and sparkling girls I had remembered them all. But I confess I received a shock when I found myself encompassed by a number of elderly, nay, in some instances, really old-looking women. I was thrown aback, touched with some sad reflections, from which I did not immediately recover. But if the officers had difficulty to restrain their feelings when they saw my meeting with

those fine young men of the band in the hall at Weedon, youths whom I had nursed and fed in their orphan infancy, this meeting with these poor women was quite too much for Mrs Butt, who turned away weeping, though not in sorrow. My hands were caught and kissed, whilst every eye ran down with tears. I could not let it so pass, and, though some may blame me, I acknowledge that I kissed them all; though for me to recognise the individuals present was impossible, and I did not pretend to do it.

At length we were seated, I with my pupils about me, though some of these, having lived lives of hardship, unquestionably appeared older than I did; for age had then dealt gently by me, and I looked, as many told me, much younger than I really was. My first questions, when we were all placed, was to ask "who was who?" and, as the answers were given, I tried to discern the resemblance of the persons then presented to me to the fair girls recorded in my memory, and eminently fair some at least had been. There were only eight present, all that could be found from our once large school.

The scene was most affecting. We spoke of days long past, and of former trials incident to youth, in which the Almighty had led us on through dangerous paths, and in much darkness, into that glorious light, in which, as far as I could ascertain, most of us were then standing, through Infinite mercy.

I inquired after many who were not with us; and Elizabeth Hughes, who was the principal speaker, assured me, the others vouching for the truth, that none of the whole school remembered by me had fallen from that virtue which is the glory of females, with one only exception, a very fair girl, whose name was Margaret. She had been misled by a gentleman, who took her to London; but had returned to her home, and died in deep repentance.

Elizabeth also told me, that after my sister and myself had left Bridgenorth, never to live there again, the girls of the first

classes had often gone, on a Sunday evening, to a round hill, which may be seen on the right from the castle, and there prayed for us, and prayed that they might never forget the things which we had taught them.

She told me, too, that often when at Malta she had looked towards the east, and thought of me, and prayed for me. Oh ! how does piety ennoble the lowest individual ; how does it bestow an elegance of mind in the most unpromising conditions. But, I ask, in what consisted the power of the instructions which we gave those young people ? In reply, I should say that the strength of the impression which our instructions made was owing, with the Divine favour, to the hold which we were enabled to take on the affections of the children. The love of us, inferior as it was, becoming a law to them in a very decided sense ; for, as the poor women told me, all agreeing in the same tale, it was a constant habit amongst them, after we were gone, when called to trial, to say, " We must not do so and so, because it would grieve our ladies."

If, then, the love with which one human being is able to inspire another is so superior in its efficacy to any legal motive, how much more is that love which is divinely inspired predominant, and efficacious in producing good feelings and acts of moral righteousness ? Is not love, even between man and man, the fulfilment of the law ?

The scene that evening was most affecting ; we sang many hymns, which I have ever loved, in strains which, awakened now, have power to carry me back to years long gone by. We spoke, too, of pleasures past ; of delights that left no thorns on the brow, or in the heart. At seven o'clock we parted, assuredly never more to meet again on earth.

It was on the next day a lady brought her little son to see me, whom she had christened Henry Milner. The child brought me two ornamented pens wherewith to write another volume of the work from whence he had received his name.

In the evening many religious friends assembled, and we had

an interesting party, and, amongst other things, this curious subject was discussed:—As the animal world suffered with man at his fall, is it quite certain that they will not benefit by the same means which are used for *his* salvation?

Some said much one way and some another; none of our party using the strongest arguments in favour of the pleasant side of the question, if I understood rightly, but myself. My brother, however, being very warm against me, I took an opportunity of moving next to him on the sofa, and whispered “Cæsar,” the name of the poor, large yellow dog which had been the companion of our childhood. He turned round and gave me a smile, which acknowledged he was conquered. I do not say this was a proof that I was really scripturally right; but if it silenced my adversary, for he did not say another word against me, it at least shewed the tender affection of my brother to the companions of his boyhood; and is our God less tender? Oh! no, no! for “God is love.”

The next day I parted for ever, in this life, from my own and only brother; then and there all personal intercourse closed with him who had been my cradle-fellow. My beloved brother, I thank my God there was a light from on high resting on his head, and he is blessed for ever and ever.

I looked back and back from the carriage to gaze on him as long as I could see him: he was walking on under the rock, Mrs Butt holding his arm. He came quickly, as if to see me, too, as long as he could, his person was bent, and the wind agitated his thin white hair. The carriage turned a corner of the road, and then that thread of my existence, which consisted in intercourse with my Maker, snapped to be rejoined on earth no more; though, through Divine tenderness, I knew not then that it had done so.

We went on from Bridgenorth, it being a cold rainy day, and arrived at Snedshill about five o'clock, and found, together with my sister's family, Mr M'Leod, the son of Lady Arabella M'Leod, once Annesley. He was the nephew, and eventually the heir, of

my youthful friend, Lord Mountnorris, my father's pupil. I may say that the friendship of the noble family of Annealey has ever been shewn towards us unbroken, from the days when my brother and myself and the then youthful heir and last male representative of that ancestral house were beloved companions in the woods of Stanford. To the Lady Catherine Annesley, now the Lady John Somerset, have I dedicated, by permission, one of my latest works, "THE GOLDEN GARLAND," as a remembrance of the gratitude I feel to one whose rank, though far above us, has never deterred her from the kindest notice of me and mine. The name of Lucy, too, is obtained by our children from the same source, "the good Lady Lyttleton;" hers from connexion, mine from reverence of her goodness; and is used in that work, together with that of Frances, in compliment to the beloved daughters of my honoured, honourable friend.

At Snedshill, I find we were all very busy in making white tippets for some grand gala at their Sunday-school. I put on my thimble, and we worked away as diligently as possible, and we were very merry together and very happy. Families are never more happy than when engaged, in this sort of way, in one common object; that is, if that object be a useful one, though only in a small way.

And now, once again, I am called upon to record one of those domestic bereavements with which this life must ever be saddened; and, first, I would ask, who has not experienced that unaccountable unapprehensiveness which so often foreruns any severe affliction. Oh, my Emily! Alas! my precious one! your mother needs no notes, no written memorandums, to bring to memory all that relates to you, to record on paper your early death. Yet she did not anticipate that the time would come when in this world she would have nothing left of you but this memory. Oh, my Emily, I again repeat, and ask, were those happy days when you were still with me but only dreams? was so sweet a babe as you were ever mine? was I your guardian through your blameléss infancy? did

I watch your growth till you bloomed in unrivalled beauty, and in all that holy elegance of mind and manner which formed the reality of the fairest pictures I ever drew in my many little narratives? Some there are now, who, never having known my Emily, inquire of me, "Where I ever found the original of those lovely portraits of childhood and youth with which I have adorned many a tale?" Some assert "that such characters are but the creation of an enthusiastic fancy." These inquiries call in question the power of God to inspire man in the flesh with a Divine nature, and know not the beauty of the result, when such inspiration is brought to bear upon blooming and lovely youth. But to abandon these reflections, which lead only to melancholy, I will proceed with my memorandums.

Though my beloved child was losing strength from day to day, I saw it not. She had ceased even from appearing at meals; but she was calm and happy, and suffering little.

But am I the only mother, by thousands and tens of thousands, who have experienced such bereavements as these? Was not the first mother called upon to deplore her Abel, under circumstances of the most aggravating woe? Did not the virgin mother see her blameless child suffer all the agonies of the cross? What am I, then, that I should be excused the sufferings common to all the human kind? But let me rather remember that God doth "not willingly afflict the children of men;" that is, He does it not wantonly, but for some great purpose hereafter to be revealed.

My Emily was for some time still able to read, and she seemed really to enjoy life. Her affliction was indeed short, and shrinks to nothing in comparison with the glory that was secured to her by her Saviour's death and resurrection.

She was very cheerful, too. One day, when I returned to her after a short absence, she said, "I have been making a little story, mamma, about a fly; one came in just now, and after flying about the room, and settling on one gilt frame and then another, it came buzzing in my ear. I drove it away, and then it danced about

again, and came buzzing back, resolved to have my attention. I thought how like gay insects we are, buzzing about the world, attracted by what looks bright, and filling the ears of others with our impertinences. Mamma, you must make a story of that."

Once, looking towards a mirror we had long possessed, "Mamma," she said, "that was my 'beauty glass;' how often have I admired myself in that glass; but those things are passed." Ah, beauty! beauty! As to that which is of infinitely more importance than all else, the hymn which she was perpetually repeating must be the answer to those who would ask the state of her mind:—

"Jesus, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the roaring billows roll,
While the tempest still is high."

This hymn expresses better than I can do the consolations experienced by my lovely daughter while passing through those sufferings which, during the last few weeks of her life, were very severe, undoubtedly, for she was in a state of constant fever and excitement.

On Sunday, the 6th October, thinking my child better, I went to church, as my diary says, "being eased in heart." Thus, through Divine mercy, are we often relieved from the bitterness of many hours by hopes which, as to their earthly fulfilments, are often delusive; but, when stretched forward by faith into a future state, are never liable to deceive.

The next morning my Emily was dressed as usual, and laid on the sofa; she was easy and perfectly cheerful. She remarked the chimney-piece of white marble, and the alabaster ornaments upon it. She noticed also the painting of the family group above it, and said, "It was the prettiest chimney-piece in the world." She spoke, too, of how she had fallen away; but still I was not alarmed. Early, very early on the Tuesday, a violent ringing of the bell in her room made me hasten to my child. I found her dying, flushed with the effort to draw her breath. I stood till her spirit had

departed. I saw her last sweet, solemn smile. Then I remembered nothing more for some hours, but seeing all weeping through the house.

“Eheu ! Emily ! my Emily !”

“ Like leaves on trees
The race of man is found.”

At this solemn period—those few days when we were shut up in deep affliction—whilst the precious remains were still under the paternal roof, her sorrowing friends found no relief but in the study of the Bible, and particularly in those passages which treat of the state of the departed. Ah ! proud mothers, learn of me ; and may God give us grace to dwell on higher forms of beauty than such as belong to earth !

My Emily lies beside her little brother George, in the church-yard of St John’s, near Worcester. I shall go to them ; these eyes shall weep for them for a while, then shall they have that unfading sight bestowed upon them to behold the ransomed ones glorified.

“ Oh, let our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o’er the grave.”

Why is it that marriages and deaths so often go hand in hand ? The experience of many will say that such is the case. When the mourning garments were laid aside for our Emily, my son Henry, and shortly afterwards my daughter Lucy, were married and left the paternal home.

Then was I left with my youngest daughter ; I, who had been so rich in children. Yet still for a while I had these beloved ones on earth. It was at this period that I instructed Sophia in the art of composition ; for, with a mother’s partiality, I fancied she inherited a portion of that talent which I had got from my father. So I spent much time with her alone, teaching her as my own beloved father had taught me. Since then we have often published together, and hence it is that to her I have left these papers of my

life, with many and many a direction what to do should the public desire the publication of these memoirs. May she be guided aright, so that nought may be recorded that will hurt or pain the feelings of any!

My Lucy was married to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, but was only a wife for ten months, and a mother for as many days. Oh! what joy did we feel when it was announced to us that another little precious one was added to our family, and that the young mother was doing well, after unusual sufferings. Ah! I have often since thought my Lucy was ordained to have a taste of anguish, that the memory of it in the contrast might enhance her sense of everlasting ease. A few days of hope were given us, and even for such glimpses of light, between the paroxysms of earthly darkness and woe, we should be deeply thankful; but the blow at length was struck, and though I staggered under it, yet was I upheld.

And now, for the fifth time, I mourn a child, my Lucy dear. And though all earthly hope is swallowed up in the grave of my beloved one, yet that which is Divine is bright for my precious child; ay, and it was bright, too, even in the hour of death, and it becomes brighter and still more bright, through Divine mercy. As days, and months, and years roll on, the period of our re-union becomes nearer in proportion as our separation recedes further into the background of time.

It was thought advisable that the infant should be immediately baptized, and her uncle, the Rev. Henry Bagnall, performed the rite. The mother had wished her to be called Emily; but the father said, "Let Lucy be the first name." Too well I read his thoughts when he expressed this. But a few hours more, and my own Lucy entered into glory. I, though bereaved, am consoled; yes, consoled through Christ our Ransomer.

I must just add that a young and fair girl was in the house, preparing caps to be worn by my Lucy, had she recovered. This young creature wept most bitterly when she found that she was

making preparations in vain. So blessed was the lesson to her, that, when within that very year she herself departed, she died in a most happy frame, attributing her change of heart to a work wrought at that solemn period, in which she had been made to see that there is no consolation in death but that derived from and through the Saviour.

It may not, at first, be seen how this last heavy blow at once and decidedly changed the tenor of my existence on this earth, causing the past order of things to retire wholly into the background, and to produce another set totally different. Our house at Wick had been a gathering-place for young people ever since we had returned from the Continent, not only of our own family and connexions, but of those also who had been as dear pupils under my care. The death of my lovely Emily had shaken, but not annihilated, this order of things; but I never returned to Wick after I lost my Lucy. The cares of a young and numerous family kept my eldest daughter at her own parsonage-house in Staffordshire; my son and his wife were travelling in Wales, previous to his taking orders; and I was left now solely with my youngest child, whose delicate state of health not a little alarmed her bereaved parents, threatening them with the idea that her sister's early fate would be hers also; for, like them, her constitution had been affected by our residence in India. We therefore took a house close to Worcester, in a square called Britannia Square. Here we resided some time, during which few are the incidents I shall have to record. The most important event which here happened to me, was the marriage of the last and youngest living of my children, and the receiving her and her husband, Dr Streeten, to our house; for it was the warmest wish of my heart to have them always to myself. After the marriage of our Sophia, things settled down, events gradually became fewer and further between. As the weakness of age approached her parents, the Almighty bestowed upon us a peace, and reliance, and full confidence in Him and our Saviour's atoning goodness, which removed

all fears of what must befall us—the common lot of the children of Adam. To us was given that peace, which is the gift of God, which passeth all understanding. Oh then, my God—

“ Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But, oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.”

But to go back a little. Oh, how joyfully did I welcome back my child to our home, to feel that, through the Divine tenderness, I have the constant sweet consciousness that I am not alone ; that I have a living daughter near me, perhaps in the next room, or only gone to take the air. I generally find this consciousness that I have my Sophia enough for my happiness. Then occasionally we spend a day at our son's, at first in his rural parsonage of Rushock, near Kidderminster, and afterwards at White Ladies, Aston, near Worcester, where he now is. We interest ourselves in his school, his church, and all the elegant pleasures of the country clergyman's lot on earth. My eldest daughter, too, and her young children—for I have lived to pray for blessings to descend upon nine young creatures who call me grandmother—we see often, and the one or the other is with us perpetually. And I must not forget also, amongst other gifts bestowed upon me, my once motherless grandchild, *my Lucy Emily*, now blest with the very tenderest of stepmothers, a lady to whom I must ever feel indebted for her kindness to my own Lucy's Lucy. Then I have my two favourite orphans also settled near me, and they each have families who love me. I have the kindest and dearest of friends and connexions in Dr Streeten's widowed mother and aunt, and his brothers and sisters. Thus my lines are placed in pleasant pastures, and days and months pass, and old age steals on so gently, that now, in my seventy-fourth year, I can read the smallest print, write four or five hours a-day, sleep with unbroken rest at night, and declare myself, with grateful heart, one of the very happiest old women that ever cumbered this earth.

Oh, how often, in India, has dear Mr Martyn made me sing to him the praises of our God. I had then a most powerful, and I may say it now, sweet voice, and I never had any other instructor than him. Now, as I walk about my room, for my daughter laughingly accuses me of being only still when I am asleep or writing, I cannot help often singing the sweet tunes I learned in India, from very thankfulness of heart to Him who has done so much for me. So, henceforth, instead of taking half a quire of paper or more for a month, to describe my life, I shall hardly, I anticipate, find events enough to fill a sheet.

I believe that it does not often answer for two families to be so completely thrown together as we are. I can, however, say that I have found increasing comfort in it ; but, no doubt, we owe much of our domestic happiness, first, under God, to our religious feelings, and, secondly, to our bookish turns ; for Dr Streeten is the editor of a medical publication, well known amongst a certain class as "THE PROVINCIAL MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL," which at one time was published weekly, and afterwards fortnightly, in our own little town of Worcester.

How swiftly and how noiselessly has the wheel of time rolled on during those few years. How few are the traces it has left in its course ; so that, without the aid of written memorandums, I could give almost as small account of what has passed as I could of the dreams which have presented themselves on my bed during that period.

But to proceed to such facts as my diary records ; the principal one of which, for it added much to our cheerfulness, is, that after my daughter's marriage, in the middle of the following April, Mrs Streeten and her sister-in-law, Miss Streeten, with the youthful members of their family, took the house next door to us ; so that when we met, which was very often—two or three times a-week—we made a large and cheerful party.

Thus, again, the domestic charities were warming and cheering us by their sweetest influences.

It was whilst we were living in Britannia Square, Worcester, a very large parcel arrived from America, containing many splendidly-bound volumes, as a present to me. The books were from a numerous party in America, called the "Universalists," from which I disclaim all connexion, as I believe their doctrines, as far as I know them, are a denial of the Holy Scriptures, as they say that the mercy of God is bestowed upon man without the ransom being obtained by Christ. These persons, in their journals, have declared me, and also my daughter Sophia, members of their body; but we wrote at once to disclaim it, though I have reason to think our letters were never published. The works sent, though finely got up, were hateful to us from their sentiments; and Dr Streeten closed the parcel up again, and forwarded them to a gentleman in Bristol who had dealings in America, who promised to return them from whence they came; and so it was done. It was for the purpose of declaring that my whole trust and confidence are on the righteousness of my Divine Saviour that I then set to work to write a statement of my belief, which I did in the story of Evelyn, in the second volume of "THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY," page 275.

My son-in-law, Dr Streeten, and his wife, and my beloved husband, all studied together with me the original languages of the Scriptures, and sweet, most sweet, were the beautiful promises that were daily unfolded to one or the other of us, from the exquisite metaphors or types, of which the Eastern languages are such rich wells of holiness and love—living waters which never fail.

I find that every year, as it passes, after a certain age, impairs the strength and weakens the mind; though, at the age of seventy-four, I have every reason to praise my God in that, when left to my own quiet way, I feel no infirmity of mind or body whatever.

I have reason to account myself, too, as one of the highly favoured amongst the daughters of the human race, for I see the companion of many past years still keeping on his way by my side,

with the same bright object extended and opening before his eyes, and surely this is a source of added joy indeed. I am still capable of writing; and I am spared much of the drudgery by the assistance of Dr Streeten, who corrects the proof sheets of my works, and by my daughter writing with me. As my natural strength slowly falls off, this last is of vast comfort to me; so that, as in other matters of my previous life, there is enough, and more than enough, to prove to me the unbounded love of my Heavenly Father. Although what we write together may, or may not, be acceptable to the little public to whom we address ourselves—though, by-the-by, we have no cause to distress ourselves on this point—yet assuredly we have received much delight, and I may add, improvement, I trust, from the efforts which by these exercises we have been led to make in arranging our thoughts, and, with the Divine grace, endeavouring to set forth the truths of religion in the clearest, most inviting forms. But these are the sweetest hours which I have spent with my child, and I can truly say with Cowper,

“How sweet their memory still.”

And now what more have I to add, but that,

“In the sweet hope, my Saviour dear,
That my poor ways are bless'd,
Why need I shed one anxious tear,
Or sink with care oppress'd?”

No; for as I advance onward, and still onward, with these memoirs, which commenced in the hazy and indistinct views of early childhood and comparatively blameless infancy, and approach by long steps to the end of my mortal career, I have been taught to feel and say, in the words of the pilgrims in “THE THEOPHILUS” of my brother,

“Distinct, and more distinct, and clear,
Canaan's purple hills appear,
And Zion's everlasting light
Bursts more glorious on my sight.”

Thus am I arrived at the end of the period which terminated less than a month since. But am I here to close these memorandums? Shall I ever add another year? The question is a solemn, and would be an alarming one, if it had not pleased the Divine Spirit, the Comforter, to assure me that, whether I linger yet some years in this lower world, or enter speedily on another state of being, living or dying, I am in Christ my blessed Saviour, and he in me.

Written on the 23d of January 1847.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.

CONCLUSION.

And now the first part of my mournful and heart-rending task is ended, and the still more painful duty is to be entered upon, the solemn conclusion. Does it often fall to the lot of a sorrowing child to record the last moments of a beloved mother's life, to open, as it were, the wounds afresh, even before the outward garb of mourning is laid aside? My tears too often stop my work, and, alas, how can I even attempt to impart to others, by word, the train of thoughts inspired by the breaking off of my mother's journal, as is shewn in the last chapter.

When my mother made that stop, did she suppose, as she seems to hint, that she should never be permitted to add another volume to her little narrative? Did she foresee that chord after chord was to be snapped asunder, till the spirit was freed, and life, eternal life, was gained? The thorn was poignant to those left behind; but to her the message was her Father's will, and faith has taught us that the Father's will is good; for He who gave the best will give us all beside. Oh, that one had strength to look beyond the present moment, holding fast this comforting truth, that if God has made this world so fair, so full of blessings, surely more beautiful

than aught we can conceive are the mansions of bliss He has prepared, where those e'en now may be found whom sin can no more taint.

Oh, my God, how dost Thou honour us, whilst we only dishonour ourselves before Thee.

But I must to my task ; for I am growing sadder and more sad as I writa. Every memory is become painful, every past scene bringing forward the beloved dead, or marking the decay of strength in the living.

At the time when my mother concluded that volume of her life, there was not, I should imagine, in all England, a happier and more contented spirit than hers. The storm of active life was over with her, she had nothing more to expect, nothing to desire here below ; for she knew that all earthly pleasures are ever mixed with pain, and, through faith, she looked forward with joy to reaching the shore of that land which is very far off, though ever near. There no sorrows mingle with the happiness of home—there no feelings of anxiety ruffle the breast, not even for the friends who are left behind ; for there we shall have strength to behold that from the foundation of the world the child of God has been folded in the bosom of infinite love.

As I said, my mother was happy and contented, and would often say, "that she had cause to bless God daily and hourly for His mercies." Innumerable are the sweet and touching anecdotes I could record, if space were allowed me, especially of her great kindness to the two orphans she had brought to England, and to their respective families. One short fact I must relate to shew that what she had begun in India she failed not to carry on in England.

Miss Streeten, the aunt of Dr Streeten, whom I have mentioned as living next door to us in Worcester, had for years been engaged in a work peculiarly her own, forming landscapes and animals by simple patchwork, something after, though really unlike worsted-work. This lady, whose death we mourned about a year previously,

had left behind her a large collection of what looked like nothing better than the pieces of chintz given to children wherewith to learn sewing at a village dame's school. This collection being put in a bag together, all that were accounted valuable being used, the bag became a receptacle for rubbish, or, in fact, what is termed in every-day language a simple rag-bag.

It so happened that my dear mother, being one day not very well—for she had lately completed the third volume of the “Fair-child Family,” at which she had worked a little too hard—she was strictly forbidden by Dr Streeten from doing any writing for some time, and her pen and ink were removed by me. She was somewhat distressed at this, and remarked, How should she occupy herself, as reading was interdicted also? In this emergency I bethought myself of Miss Streeten's bag of rubbish; and having obtained it from her niece Ellen, we went together and gave it to my mother. How well now do I remember her delight as she turned out what to us appeared its very useless contents, and how busily did she select and arrange the pieces on the floor with the utmost care and attention; and before the week had passed away how many little articles did she shew us that she had made from them with her own hands for the children of her orphans; neither had she forgotten the little daughter of our man-servant, and other young ones. Some of these articles were useful, some were of the doll or toy kind; but two large housewives still remain of the regular old-fashioned description, whose value to those who now possess them is, I believe, of countless price.

Once in a year, and sometimes oftener, my mother spent an evening with her orphans and their families, finishing with reading a chapter from the Bible, and singing with them the hymns they had learned originally in India from Annum Mussech, Henry Martyn, and Daniel Corrie.

But at home especially, what was she to me—what was she to my father, to us all! If that love which makes the individual forget self for others is an evidence of the Divine life in whom

among the mere children of Adam did it ever burn brighter than in my mother? And though an earthly vessel must ever be imperfect, yet the Divine light is pure and cannot be contaminated by that in which it condescends to place itself. Ah, why do the recollections of the memories of small joys in the past histories of our families cause the tears to gush, when we can recall deeper griefs without a moistened eye? But he who looked upon his mother from the cross, and beheld her sorrow with Divine compassion, surely then remembered many a token of her love to him from infancy, and was touched by tender memories. In all things he has suffered like unto us. "Lord, what is man," that he should be capable of feelings of such exquisite refinement as one often experiences? Is he not made for eternity? and hast Thou not, oh Divine Father, secured to Thy chosen ones the perfect enjoyment of that eternity?

But I hasten over this part of my sad task; my heart is paralyzed when I think on thee, my mother. I must press forward in the holy way, to where with the eye of faith I now behold thee.

A few words shall sum up the story. In the year 1847, as my mother wrote, we were a happy family party in our house, consisting of my father and mother, Dr Streeten, and his sister, Miss Ellen Streeten, who had come to reside with her brother, and myself. We had had months and months without sorrow. Life was bright, and—strange fondness of the human heart—the magic power of this world, that costs us so much pain, hung over us, and we were contented; nay, coveted length of days for all of us. Man is always anxious to be longer spared. He ever recoils from life's best hour, the celestial life above, which he cannot realise whilst a tenant pent up in mortal clay. And yet what beauty should command our love as the beauties of our heavenly home?

But to go back awhile. My father, in one of the summer months of 1846, had intended to accompany my mother in a drive to Abberly, where she was to pay a visit to an old friend, while he stopped at the house of a tenant to arrange some little matter of

business, arranging that she should look out for him on her return. Whether the tenant was from home or not I cannot exactly say, but it so happened that my father, who was then a good walker, without thinking that accident might detain my mother, set off to walk to Worcester, a distance of eight or ten miles. It was a very hot day, and my father, who was then in his sixty-ninth year, soon got very weary; but he was too warm to think it advisable to rest by the roadside. The carriage not overtaking him, he walked the whole distance, arriving at home flushed and fainting. He lay down for an hour or two; but as he was always in the habit of taking a great deal of exercise, we thought, on his joining the family party at dinner a few hours after, all was right. That was on a Wednesday, and on the Thursday night following, about twelve or one at midnight, he had his first attack of illness, so that it was considered almost a miracle that he survived the night. We were all up with him, expecting every moment would be his last; and whilst Dr Streeten and Dr Hastings, who was called in instantly, were attending to their patient, I did my best to console, as I thought, my mother, and prepare her for the worst.

Strange and most wonderful to relate, my mother, who was the tenderest of wives, appeared perfectly calm and composed. My father was gasping fearfully and awfully for breath. It was the gloomy midnight hour, and the two medical gentlemen could not, or did not, think it right to disguise the imminent danger. Yet, as I said, my mother was as calm and composed as if there was nothing going on, although perhaps the next moment might make her a widow and her children fatherless. The next day all bad symptoms passed away, and it was not till two years had gone over, that he had a second attack, on the night of the 28th of April 1848. The disease had not taken, even on this second attack, a decided form. But oh, my mother, what was it that made her seem, when all around were in the deepest alarm, apparently so insensible to all our fears? What was it made her appear so

unmoved, as it were, when I pointed out to her tremblingly, with the deep feelings of a child, but carefully, our cause of sorrow? My mother was older than my father. She was then in her seventy-first year, an age beyond the allotted time of man on earth. I have myself no doubt now that she felt too deeply for utterance, and that those two nights of suffering were too much for her; and, though, thank God, I knew it not, then it was that first the axe was laid to the root of the tree that had been one of the fairest of its kind.

But my father was spared for a while, and we saw him once again amongst us, and once again he was to be met with in his usual haunts at the Worcester Library, at the reading-rooms, and in our beautiful cathedral.

Here, then, was a calm, but it was a false calm, a little breathing space for strength to be given us, and prepare our minds for that which was to follow. During this interval my mother and myself commenced our last work together, a book entitled "THE MIRROR OF MAIDENS;" but ah, none knew but myself how altered had become the manner of our writing together. At first the principal ideas were all her own, and the most important composition, also the revising and the correcting. Little by little this had become reversed, as age came on with her, and maturity of mind with me; in this, our last great work together, our relative positions were altogether changed. What words can describe the sadness even of such reflections? But those were sweet times, when I had my mother still; yet are not our sorrowful times often the sweetest, not only in the present, but to memory? and shall we not account them often most precious when, in ages to come, this present state of being exists only in memory? But adversity can only be sweet when it is sanctified by the Divine influence.

After this second attack my father allowed himself to be considered somewhat of an invalid; and as Dr Streeten bestowed much care and attention upon him, we fondly hoped that his days might

even be prolonged by his second illness, instead of shortened, as it was of a milder kind than the former. Gradually, yet peacefully, does one door close after another, shutting out one scene of busy life after its fellow, and thus was it with us ; but to the Christian, closing his pilgrimage, other doors are opening, revealing the glories of that realm of love where sorrow is unknown. For one of our party, though we knew it not, the path had been cleared. The messenger was on his way, bearing the heavenly summons to depart to that land which no mortal may know. For the aged of threescore-years-and-ten we trembled ; we saw not that the fiat had gone forth for another ; but so it was. In the month of November 1848, Dr Streeten was attacked by the influenza, from which he never really recovered, though he appeared to rally for a time just about Christmas.

It was but a cold, we thought—a cold that would pass away with the winter months ; for he was still in the prime of life, only forty-eight, and we were told to hope. But the winter passed, and the month of April came, and as with the spring he did not gain strength, we were recommended to try the air of Devonshire, and thither we went to the house of his brother, the Rev. Edmund Streeten, then residing at Torquay. It was in vain that all care and attention was bestowed upon him there ; he only seemed to get worse, and after a fortnight's stay, on the 16th of April we returned to Worcester. He was pleased at once again being at home. His medical friends, who often kindly visited him, told us not to fear, but still to hope, and so they said at nine o'clock on the evening of the 10th of May, for they could not detect any disease. It was about that hour he walked up without assistance to his bed-room, turning back on the head of the stairs to request me to fetch his Bible and lay it on the dressing-table. I did so, but he expressed no desire to read it, or for me to read it to him. He took a light supper, sitting by the fire in his chamber, which he said was more agreeable to him than usual, and rising, he stood

before the fire to warm himself, saying, "I think I shall get well now; I feel a change for the better." The next moment he was seized with cramp, and, uttering but one exclamation, "Oh, hold me!" he fell a lifeless corpse upon the ground.

There was but one momentary contraction of the mouth, the eyes closed, and all was over.

We had been alone, but my mother came rushing in, and my poor father, who was in bed in the next apartment, hearing and guessing the cause of that heavy fall, tried with his aged trembling hands to hurry on his clothes, to go for help; but a medical friend, who lived opposite, was with us in an instant. He could not help the patient for whom he had been summoned. He made no attempt, it was too evident that death reigned there. But once again came on one of those fearful attacks of want of breath upon my afflicted and sympathising parent; and the sad hours of that night were spent in watching beside his couch. There are times in which the shadow of death is so heavy that we cannot discern the deliverance beyond. What floods of bitter memories roll over the depressed mind! Oh, day of misery! Oh, paths of utter gloom, which lead to scenes of dazzling light!

I must hurry over weeks. It would be impossible to enter into particulars, but whilst memory lasts, kindnesses of friends at such times can never, never be forgotten.

It became necessary to leave the large house we inhabited, to part with some of our numerous servants—to retrench, in fact; for now we were again but one family, and my invalid father the head. The stay, the support of the household was no more.

Once again, instead of the wife of the ruler of the family, I was the widowed child in my father's home. When that beloved parent, under the illusion of illness, forgot that it had been ever otherwise with me, then I know were the moments that my mother most felt her trials, then were her tears shed in agony for her widowed and shortly to be fatherless child. These, and such feel-

ings as these, made me, alas! motherless, but removed her to where she could realise the promise, "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." I said that it became necessary to look about us for a smaller house, more suited to my father's retired habits, and we looked about us in the city of Worcester in vain; and my mother and myself were not sorry that such was the case, for we felt that the place was but too full of painful associations. Two of Dr Streeten's brothers were settled in town, and matters of business calling me there, from circumstances that arose, it was eventually settled that we should take a house in Twickenham, close to Richmond, in Surrey, for three years.

The air of Richmond is considered good for cases like my father's, but I now believe it was an error of judgment to remove him, at his advanced age, from the neighbourhood where he had resided for years. Could we have got a comfortable place in Worcester he never would have been so moved; but we had no choice of residences there. It was necessary we should leave the house in which we were, and he himself preferred Richmond to any of the houses we could procure in Worcester; so in the end we moved, and he bore the journey well, and continued in comparatively good health for two months after his arrival. The first three weeks of his stay in the neighbourhood of Richmond was at Isleworth, in the residence of our friends the Miss Coxons, who, whilst they were abroad, kindly left their comfortable house at our disposal, that the moving should be rendered as easy as possible to my parents. From his fearful attack on the night of our loss, my poor father was liable to occasional fits of illness of more or less intensity; but he took to his bed on the 20th of October 1849, and never left his room again alive.

From that time to his death, December the 6th, all was suffering—intense suffering. Occasionally he had spasmodic attacks, and his efforts to breathe could be heard all over the house. He could no

more lie down, and he hardly ever slept; for one of the most distressing symptoms of his complaint was a constant wakefulness. He required to be perpetually moved from his bed to an easy chair and back again, for in no position could he find ease. At night as well as day were we with him, for he was constantly calling for us to pray beside him, to read to him, or to soothe him after one manner or another. His voice became changed; he never finished his words, though he talked incessantly. Then it was, by a merciful arrangement of Providence, my mother, whose hearing was slightly defective, was unable to comprehend my father's wishes. We were enabled to keep her much from the room, as she felt her own deficiency in hearing rendered her very inefficient as a nurse. Disease had weakened my father's intellect in some few things, but in others he was perfectly rational. Days passed with only a variety of woes. My poor father grew more incoherent in his delirious ramblings. All efforts were made to compose and soothe him by his medical attendant, Dr Barry, who was devoted in his efforts to give him ease; but as he was no more the same to my mother, as at times he scarcely knew her, we persuaded her occasionally to stay with our friends at Isleworth; for it was very evident, that if the illness of my father was much prolonged, she would be the first whose death we should have to mourn. Her heart seemed, as it were, to die within her, and yet her thankfulness and composure of manner might have led some who did not know her intimately to suppose she was scarcely conscious of her trouble. To me she would say, "I can bear my affliction calmly at any hour but the dusk of evening." But expressions that fell from her at intervals, and little attacks of illness, shewed me what she really felt. Once she said, "Your dear father has no fear of death, but rather hopes and prays for it; but I am dark, and sad, and confused, and stupid, groaning within the prison of the flesh."

At last a change came over my beloved father. To those who have not gone through scenes of misery such as we then endured

—for, for my mother's sake, we had to hide our grief with cheerful countenances—no language is sufficient to describe the soothing comfort, the blessedness of beholding our beloved parent in the possession of a calm and quiet ease. This change was, that as death approached he was allowed in mercy to breathe with less difficulty. Again, after an interval of three years, his head rested low on a pillow, and he reclined upon his couch. A week, a week of comparative repose, followed, in which, if he did not sleep, he was in a state of unconsciousness. Then came the end, and those who stood beside the couch of death knew not the precise moment when all was over. One upraised look of exceeding beauty, and he lay so still that all who were gathered round him knew only he was at rest by the entire ceasing of that fearful breathing—a breathing which seemed but a mockery of life. And now, my mother, thou sad survivor;—the sweet companion, the partner of forty-seven years, the husband, the friend, the father of thy children, is no more;—and all that is left to those children is to soothe, to comfort, to make easy the last days of a life which have so long been devoted to all others but thyself.

Once again, then, was she removed to Isleworth, to the friends she loved with a mother's affection, and there all was done that human power could do to make her forget her widowed state. And when the remains of my beloved father were committed to the grave, my kind aunt came to our house, my mother's own dear and only sister. She was ready to receive her back, to hold holy converse with her, and, by our gentle and deep affection, we tried to shew her that many were the blessings still left to her on earth. And, truly, she was not unmindful of our wishes. She was grateful for our consolation, happy in our attentions; and when my beloved aunt was called home, we had the gratification of knowing that my mother's mind was happier and more at rest. She could now sing to herself my father's favourite hymns, and read in his Bible from the very place where she had left off reading to him aloud.

Generally, I may say, she was cheerful, but, alas! at other times, she was very often depressed and timid, and we used to find it almost impossible to bring her back to a tranquil state of mind. I remember well one night when I slept with her in town she was very restless; she had been the day before to Doctors' Commons, to prove my father's will, and no doubt had been much distressed by it. And in the night she told me that she was happy and content about her departed friends, whom she was assured she should find again in Him who is all in all; that she rejoiced even in her widowed state, and could thank God to think that her beloved husband had gone first, and that he had not been the left one, as she was. Even for her elder children she was satisfied; but she had one heavy care she could not endure—the thought of leaving me, her youngest child, to mourn her loss, and but for this she was ready to depart and be with Christ. She said that whilst grieving, as it were, in her dreams—for she felt it shewed a want of faith in her God—she bethought herself of a little rosebud, which begged its life-giver, the parent tree, not to put any thorns about it, and the parent tree was but too ready to hear its plaint.

She could not finish her allegory: it needs it not. Poets have ever made the rose's thorns its protection. And is it not our heavenly Father who puts thorns around us? And, though bruised and smarting from their wounds, He can teach His child to say, "Thy will, O my Lord, be done."

"I know it is a Father's will,
And therefore it is good;
Nor would I venture on a wish
To change it if I could."

My mother, as was her wont, lived at Twickenham very much by rule. She breakfasted early, and then retired to her study, where she occupied herself with her examinations of the Types of Scripture till twelve o'clock, or half an hour after. Then she usually sang a hymn, for her voice was sweet to the last, read a

little in her Bible, and occupied herself in anything that did not require close thinking. She dined at two, and lay down with an amusing book till five, when, if it was in the summer, she went out in her Bath-chair. In the winter she read aloud after tea to Miss Streeten and myself till a little before nine o'clock, when the servants came in to family worship, which she conducted. She usually went to bed a little after nine, and seldom was the day that these rules were broken, though many were the friends who sought her out and visited her.

Thus passed the winter of 1849-50. The spring, which was a lovely one, made us hope that its fine bright days would give my beloved mother health and strength—the strength again which she had lost from trouble.

Our days were quiet, but somewhat sad. My mother's mind was quite itself. It was the month of April when we were planning to go to spend a few days with Lady M'Caskell, at Westbourne Terrace; for Lady M'Caskell was a dear friend of my mother's, and Sir John and my father had been strongly attached. We were to go on the Wednesday, but on the Tuesday we received a letter to say that a fire had broke out in Lady M'Caskell's house, and that in her fearful attempts to save one of her young grandchildren, who had called upon her for help, she and the child had fallen down a flight of stairs of some height; and, though the little one was uninjured, my mother's friend had since then been confined to her bed. We were shocked at the information; but my mother determined that she would still go up to town to see dear Lady M'Caskell, meaning to return the same evening. She was more urged to this as her very dear friend, Mrs Mawby, was living within a short drive of Lady M'Caskell's, and she longed much to see her and the General. We had a fly to the Richmond station, where we met the Miss Coxons, who had kindly promised to accompany us to London, as I had some little anxiety, but, I acknowledge, very little, on account of the

fatigue of my mother. All seemed well; I perceived no cause of fear, and we took our places in the railway carriage; but scarcely had we started, when I thought she fainted. Oh, the agony of such a sight! I have witnessed sudden death and lingering death; but assistance and aid could at those times be procured, and some one could move and do what was necessary, and to whom one's fears could be expressed. But to think you see death in a beloved face, and feel that the rapid motion of the train is perhaps stifling the faint exertions for breath—to have no means of stopping to give information of what is needed—to feel that everything is wanted, and that nothing can be procured, is distress beyond description. Never can I forget that moment; but, thank God, it was only for a moment. She soon revived; and a young gentleman in the train most kindly sprang out at the first station, and procured her a glass of water. She was too ill to be taken out hurriedly; and we thought that, as we should shortly reach London, more comforts could be obtained for her at the London station than at the smaller ones on the line. And thus she was conveyed to London, where some hot wine and water so far recovered her that we were able to remove her in a carriage to Mrs Darton's at Hatton Garden, who had her laid upon a couch, and nursed her with the kindness and tenderness of a daughter.

It was a sad and difficult task to remove her home, but we did it that night; and from the 14th of April till the 20th of June, though she was with us even down stairs for a while, she was no more herself, as it were, amongst us. For full four weeks at that time I had no hope but that we should be called upon to resign her. Oh, memory! memory! But I can have no doubt of the Divine goodness, nor can I believe that our reconciled God would give us one pang which is not needful. But the dark cloud which then hung over us is broken now. The rent is made, and the Son of Righteousness will reveal himself in all his glory, when the rain-drops have done their needful work upon this earthly matter. Ah,

my Saviour, thy sweetest title is "THE SAVIOUR" of those one loves.

From that period my beloved mother often experienced a great lassitude of mind and body, with a nervous anxiety which perhaps is attendant on age, or perhaps is the breaking up of health and strength; but as she struggled against this physical depression, and as her faith was beautifully bright and clear to the last, perhaps none but myself even perceived the occasional sadness of her mind. She would sometimes say, "How can I leave you, my child, without me in this world? Who has love like a mother's?" And then she would add, "But perhaps I am only a trouble to you, and a care; you might do even better without me. Ah, I am very weak, very helpless. Oh, God, be Thou our guide, my widowed child's father, husband, friend. Ah, Lord God, I thank Thee that I can say as David did, 'In Thy hands I have no fear.' I shrink only at the thorns of this wilderness; not for myself, but for those I love. The death of a beloved infant in the cradle is not a mother's worst sorrow."

Thus, with a certain depression of spirits and threatening attacks of sickness of more or less severity, passed the one full year of my mother's widowhood; and thus I find it recorded in her own handwriting:—"Friday, December 6, 1850. I hoped no one remembered this day, and that no one would speak of it; neither did they, though they most kindly managed not to leave me all day, and to amuse me and divert my thoughts to the last. But, oh, my beloved one! not lost, but gone before, I have been parted from you one year, one whole year, and I even miss you more than I ever did. Alas! alas! my heart sinks within me in thinking of the days which are gone. With how much pain do I begin another year, the revolving season reminding me so forcibly of that which has been, and that which was only this time two years, that I have attempted to go on with my diary more than once, and have left it from very sickness of heart."

To relieve this weariness of feeling—the weariness of the spirit—this longing to flee away and be at rest, my mother worked for hours at the Scriptural emblems, or as she termed it, her “Type Dictionary,” hoping it would please God to let her life be spared sufficiently long to work out the first rough sketch; and that indulgence was granted to her.

In a letter to her kind friend, Lady John Somerset, she thus writes upon this subject at this time:—

“I thank God that I am able once again to return to my old and favourite ‘TYPICAL DICTIONARY.’ When I am sad, I find such lovely things concealed under figures of natural things, that I am ready to weep for very joy; they are like violets hidden under dark leaves, or precious stones buried in the rock. These Divine mysteries, when opened out, shew more of the fragrance and splendour of the beloved Lord, than aught which Scripture presents to the outward observation even of the most attentive, yet it is only as through a glass very, very darkly that the most humble and persevering student can discern any of these mysteries. Of one thing, however, I am more and more assured, that the deeper we are enabled to look into Scripture, the more we discern of the love of the Saviour, and the more readily and cheerfully to commit the interests connected with our departed ones to his gentle hand. All those we lament had their weaknesses and infirmities when on earth, but he who redeemed them never changes; with him is no spot or stain of sin. He has said, ‘I come not to condemn, but to save the world.’ Very sweet thoughts are sometimes vouchsafed to me, and when I take a pen in hand, perhaps I sometimes become tedious in recording them.”

On Thursday, the 27th March 1851, my mother finished the *first* writing of her “TYPE DICTIONARY.” We were sitting together in her study alone at the time when she pronounced that her task—a task of full thirty years’ labour—was actually finished. “When I began this study,” she said, “many years ago, I was in a

far-off place in India; and now that I have finished it, I could weep very sore at the associations awakened. Ah me! ah me! what is life? But, God helping me, I will go all over again, and you, my child, shall assist me. Bless us, oh God, in the task! ennoble and purify our minds for and in these studies!"

On the 3d of April this revision began, but was never concluded. It was in June that my mother had a slight attack in one of her eyes, which was getting dim. She said she felt herself weaned from the world, and desirous to depart, but for those dependent upon her. It was the very next month that her tender anxieties for me were put to rest, by my engagement to Dr Kelly; and then, as she said, she had no more to desire but to see me married before her death. Again and again did she thank God for this. Her spirits, which had been low for some time, now became very cheerful and easy, and she looked forward with great pleasure to the time of her removal to our new home at Pinner. She was to have a private sitting-room there, and a pony carriage to go out in, a luxury she had lately much desired, as she did not like her Bath-chair. She spoke much of the furniture of her rooms, and where her books should stand, and what arrangements could be made for the speedy removal of her manuscripts, that she might not be many days without her writings. To please her, too, I promised her she should be at Pinner the day before ourselves, to welcome us home. Her Cruden, the Cruden given her by Mr Thomason, now sadly worn, was put aside to be bound, also a little collection of her choice works upon Bible subjects; and for this purpose they were to be transferred to the bookbinders during the removal of the furniture from Twickenham to Pinner. Her work-table—her own especial work-table—my father's last present, was also to be repaired.

By one of those curious and merciful arrangements of Providence it was so ordered that my second niece, Sarah, who had come to see us in rather a delicate state of health, became somewhat worse, and we sent for her mother to be with her, as my time

and attention were wholly devoted to my aged parent. Sarah, however, was soon better, though she required nursing and care. But as my sister, who herself had only lately recovered from an attack of illness, did not wish to leave home immediately, it was agreed that, as we found that my niece's delicate state distressed her grandmother, she should return at once to her own family. This was arranged somewhat hastily, and it so fell out that, owing to the delay of a letter, or something of apparently as slight importance, my sister and her daughter absolutely passed each other on the road, though in these days of railway travelling it will not be an astonishment to any one that they were unconscious that they had done so. Thus, as I said, through the goodness and mercy of God, my sister, by an apparently slight accident, was allowed to be with my mother during the last few weeks of her life, and to be with her alone, her inseparable, hourly companion, an indulgence which, owing to circumstances, I believe she hardly ever enjoyed equally before. This has been gratefully felt by her, and as long as life lasts she will thank God for His mercy; for sweet and precious are

“The last words of parents dear.”

It was feared for my beloved mother that the excitement arising on the day of my marriage might be too much for her. As she was dearly beloved, even as a mother, by all the members of the Streeten family (and myself ever regarded as a sister, not a sister-in-law), the elder surviving brother of the family, Mr Friend Streeten, most kindly consented to my being married from his house near Hampstead Heath. By this arrangement every possible excitement to my beloved parent was averted. It so fell out then that I, who of late years had very rarely left my mother, was then separated from her for some days, for it was necessary that one of us should remain a given time in the parish in which we were to be married. It was a great comfort to me that my sister was then at Twickenham. My sister felt it so herself, and my mother often

expressed to me the pleasure it gave her (for I saw her constantly), saying, that owing to my sister's time and attention being called upon for years for her young family, it had been long, very long, since they had been so quietly together, enjoying together the holy intercourse of mother and child.

It was on the 3d of September I left her for town, happy and cheerful. Her great work of "TYPES" being concluded in its first rough state, she had put off its revision on account of my engagement; so she now had a little leisure to see how the world would like the subject. In this interval she had got from Mr Darton some little prints of horses, sheep, goats, &c., twelve in number, and each day she amused herself by writing a penny book on one subject, which manuscripts she sent to me in town for my perusal, preparatory to their publication. A subject took her a morning, and it was her great pleasure to read each aloud to Mrs Dawes as she finished it.

Thinking that she should shortly remove to Pinner, my beloved mother determined, with mournful heart, to pay one visit to the tomb of my father in the cemetery at Twickenham. When I next saw her she told me of this visit, and she said, "that there, in all probability, her own mortal remains would be laid—that she had thought so when she stood beside the grave." But she expressed no wish upon the point, though she also spoke of her removal to Pinner; for often and often has she said, "What matters it where the poor dead body lies? We rise in Christ one with him, and where he is there shall we be also."

It was on the 14th of September that I saw her last in health. She appeared cheerful and well; quite as well as usual. She spoke happily of the future before us, and asked me again and again to describe our future home, which I had seen, but she had not. She wished it even sketched upon paper, that she might comprehend it better. She came with me to my room to talk to me alone, as was her wont daily; and when I was putting on my

bonnet for our return to town, she urged me, in a manner I wholly disregarded then, to hurry on my marriage. "My dear Sophia," she said, "you know not, you cannot comprehend the strange feelings I have about it. What matter arrangements respecting this or that? do let the ceremony be performed this week." I replied, somewhat carelessly, I now fear, "that I wished my brother's presence, and that this hasty affair would prevent it, as he could not leave his parish so hurriedly."

"What does that matter?" she replied. "If you would but listen to my entreaties"——

I was called away, the train would be starting shortly to town. I left her, soothing her as well as I could. I thought her anxiety on this affair attributable to the timidity of age. I anticipated nothing. I feared nothing, and I went. To say I was thoughtless would not be true; for I never parted from my mother, even for a few hours, in later years, without a feeling of uneasiness that the occasion often did not warrant. But, thank God, I always felt the privilege of owning such a mother, and rejoiced with humble joy, that the Father of all has said, "The generation of the righteous shall be blessed."—Psalm cxii. 2.

But I was to return to her in four days more. Alas! what a return was that! I cannot enter into it. I cannot enlarge long upon it; for it would be but sorrow upon sorrow I should have to recite. Owing to circumstances we could not control, it was nearly four o'clock on the Friday afternoon when Miss Streeten and myself reached our home at Twickenham, as we came from Mr Streeten's house at Hampstead. I had left my mother well. Alas! I had no fear, no apprehension of what was to befall us. It was her usual hour for sleep I knew, and we trod the stairs lightly not to disturb her. Ah, mother dear! you were lying on that couch as usual, but, though I knew it not, that sleep was not the refreshing sleep of health.

My sister met me; her countenance expressed distress. "I am

glad you are come," she said; "mamma does not seem well, and I do not know what to do; for Dr Barry, her medical attendant, is gone to Ireland. But now you are come you will know how to manage her, and what should be done; she herself, too, will be more easy."

I found her, as I said, lying on the couch in her own study. She knew me well when I kissed her, and expressed pleasure and satisfaction at my return. She made no complaint of pain; and thinking to please her, we agreed to have our tea beside her couch in her sitting-room—a thing we had never had occasion to do before. We began to tell her of those from whom we had come, of Mr and Mrs Friend Streeten and their little ones, a subject which of old times always interested her. I believe now, though I did not think so then, that she did not hear one word of our conversation, but, as she lay still and made no complaint, we in our blindness feared not. However, at an early hour, I proposed that we should remove her to bed, and, not liking her appearance, it was agreed that, as my sister's room was nearest, she should be taken there, and my sister would be her companion for the night. It was then we first saw that the attack she was labouring under was of no slight kind. She had been undressed without being moved, just as she lay on the couch; and when I said to her, as she knew my voice best, "Mamma, will you let us help you to the next room?" we saw that, in her attempt to rise, she was seized with fainting or apparent unconsciousness. We urged her, as she revived, to let us move her to bed, but, suddenly pointing to the end of the room in which we were, she said, in a most distressing way, "Is it there you want to lay me?" Ah! what were her thoughts then? She alluded to my father; it was in that spot he died, it was there he lay when this life was known to him no more.

I said her usual able physician, Dr Barry, was in Ireland, and that had caused us, not fearing any danger, to hesitate to send for advice; but now, seeing the case urgent, we sent off at once to

Richmond for medical assistance. In the meanwhile we removed her to bed, where she fell into a sleep, so apparently calm and easy, her countenance looking so like itself, that a night of comparative rest was permitted us, and the Saturday morning dawned upon us, and we hoped, alas, how falsely !

Saturday passed, I must think, in tranquillity to her. I cannot recollect one expression that would lead us to believe she was in pain. On the contrary, she spoke much to me, most cheerfully, respecting my marriage, which was to have taken place the next week, and even expressed her regret that some little things I had purchased in town had not been brought for her to see. "I am getting like a little child again," she said, "I like to see all you are doing. I like to see parcels opened, and people doing their work, and I like to watch the progress to its completion. I could not have believed, in the palmy days of my strength, I could have so enjoyed these little pleasures." So Saturday passed, and her mind was clear, and as she lay in her bed, contented and cheerful, we went on in our ignorance. Once she said to me, "I wish I could see Dr Kelly. I very much wish to see him ; when will he come ?"

I replied that he had a patient whom he had promised to see twice on the Saturday, which would prevent his driving over, but I believed that he would be with us after the morning service on the Sunday. She then said, "I wish he would come sooner," but on my informing her that there was no direct post from Richmond to Pinner, so that no letter could reach him, she was content, and did not desire an express messenger to be sent to him.

She had become much attached to him, and I believe the desire expressed was a natural one that might have arisen at any time, and I think so from this reason, that she never uttered any wish for my brother to be written to ; and I am sure, had she thought herself in danger, she would have much desired the presence of this only and beloved son. The nurse who attended her in the

night informed us, however, on the Sunday morning, that my beloved mother once, when alone with her, spoke of her late visit to my father's grave, and asked the kind woman, for she was a very kind woman, if she would sometimes visit that grave when she was laid within it? But it must be understood that my mother often spoke of death and subjects that are too often shunned by those who do not love the Saviour as she did.

It was about three o'clock on the Sunday when Dr Kelly arrived, and my mother sent for him at once. He saw her, and we were no longer in ignorance of her danger, though we did not then deem it so very urgent as to send by electric telegraph to summon my brother; for we considered that the day being Sunday, he had two services to perform, and he might be actually engaged in performing one when the messenger would reach him. Thus we lingered till four o'clock on the Monday morning; but had we sent at first, it would have been equally unavailable; for had my brother started from White Ladies, Aston, immediately on receipt of the communication, he would not have arrived in time to have been recognised by his departing parent.

Dr Kelly, however, determined to stay all the night at Twickenham, to watch beside her, and bestow every aid that human power can give at such times.

A most careful nurse was with her, and a most faithful attendant, one who has been with us for twelve years, and is still residing at Pinner. As my mother was inclined for sleep, Dr Kelly would not allow either my sister or myself to sit up, promising he would call us if anything was needed. As I was preparing to leave the room, Dr Kelly gave her a little draught (chiefly of port wine) to take, which having drank, she returned the glass, kissing his hand as she did so, and then turning to me, she asked his Christian name. On my replying, she took both our hands together in hers. "Hubert," she said, "you will be my son, my dear son; you will be very kind to my child; you will

be her protector, and you will be very tender to her, for she has been used to tenderness. You will love me, too, and I shall be very happy with you at Pinner. God is very good." And then she added solemnly and clearly, as she bent more over his hand than mine, "Remember this, my children, that God is love. He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

These were the last intelligible words I heard her utter; for when I saw her again, at four in the morning, death had begun its work, though she called me by name, for she knew me.

I am told by those who could observe the scene that her sufferings were not severe, but though present I can remember nothing of it but that its sorrows made me motherless.

In the far-off East, in long years past, my beloved mother had fondly hoped her dying hour would be soothed and tended by her Indian daughters, her two fair girls, Lucy and Emily. There was a delicacy about these young sisters, probably betokening their early deaths, that made my mother think that such an office would be their appropriate portion.

Such was my mother's wish, I know, and may we with due humility inquire, was it an improper one, and if not, how far was it gratified?

Two daughters did indeed stand beside that couch of death. But what availed it? They could not aid her. Alas! they, in deep grief themselves, could but witness her dying struggles. To the mortal eye, all mortal sight was dead; but who shall dare say that the Divine light had not already begun to dawn upon the spirit in that apparent hour of agony? For the corruptible was putting on incorruption, and the mortal was taking on immortality. Oh, may we have an eye of faith sufficient to see that hope had not deceived her; that hope, which seemed to droop when her lovely ones were gone, was changed to a brighter, more beautiful, more

enduring certainty ! Surely we can think they were with her then, not as dying creatures still in the flesh, but as sanctified spirits, to welcome her into the glorious futurity opened and opening to her ; a futurity in which she should find again all those who were once lost, but now restored for ever, to be hers through Christ her ransom and glorifier. But to her the storm is past, and we know that our beloved one has entered into calm waters, bright and beautiful seas, where the eyes are gladdened with fair views of that glorious land into which sin and death can never enter. But for her children ; ah ! what have we left of our mother now but those lively representations which memory supplies ? How sweet is the recollection that memory treasures, for the love of a mother is the purest and most blessed affection man has on earth ! Oh, then, let us commit her image, her pure image, with others of our nearest and dearest friends, to the keeping of that memory which from day to day becomes more rich, and which shall hold its treasures until the shadows of the present existence shall have given way to the realities of the next !

THE END.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"Writers who, like Mrs Sherwood, have dedicated their time, thoughts, and sympathies to the highest interests of the young, deserve a distinguished place among the real benefactors of mankind. We have pleasure in again bringing her familiar name before our readers, many of whom, we doubt not, will feel no common interest in tracing the footsteps of her varied and somewhat peculiar history. It is not often that one who has written so much, has also passed through scenes and changes so approaching to the character of romance."—*The Christian Observer*.

"This volume, the tribute of a daughter's love to the memory of an accomplished Christian lady, whose fascinating pen delighted our childhood, and instructed our riper years, is a valuable addition to the best order of female biography."—*Evangelical Christendom*.

"The story of her life is written by herself, and is a most interesting piece of autobiography; for although some may at first be disappointed at not finding in Mrs Sherwood's early years that evangelical piety that gilds every page of her after-history, yet none can fail to be interested with the facts recorded in it, depicting, as they do, domestic scenes, and the inner circle of English life, towards the close of the last century. With even a livelier interest will many read the account of her experience in India, and of the friends she there became acquainted with—such men as Henry Martyn, Corrie, and others."—*Christian Times*.

"No one has occupied a position similar to the one she filled, as a writer for the young. Her unaffected style; her genuine, heart-breathed piety, interwoven with the story, and not clumsily stuck into it, as in some religious tales; her thorough acquaintance with the world, and, at the same time, her intimate knowledge of the sweetest scenes of domestic life; and her charming vividness of description, forcing upon the reader a conviction of truthfulness;—these are features of a line of authorship in which she has been unsurpassed, and, I think, unequalled. A memoir of such an authoress, especially one chiefly autobiographical, will be read with avidity by every one who has been charmed by her numerous works."—*Youth's Magazine*.

"The book has much to recommend it. To those familiar with the author's writings it has an especial interest, as shewing how completely she reproduced herself in her books, and as pointing out the originals of numerous scenes and characters which fix themselves in the memory."—*The Guardian*.

"Dear is the name of Mrs Sherwood to all juveniles, and to many of their seniors too; for what man or woman on the sunny side of thirty has not read the pretty tale of 'Henry and his Bearer?' Mrs Kelly has performed her editorial task admirably."—*The Atlas*.

"In our younger days the gifted works of Mrs Sherwood were as familiar as 'Household Words.' We were therefore pleased to have put into our hands for notice the life of that gifted, and, we might add, sainted woman. The perusal of the work itself has been a treat of the richest nature."—*Morning Advertiser*.

