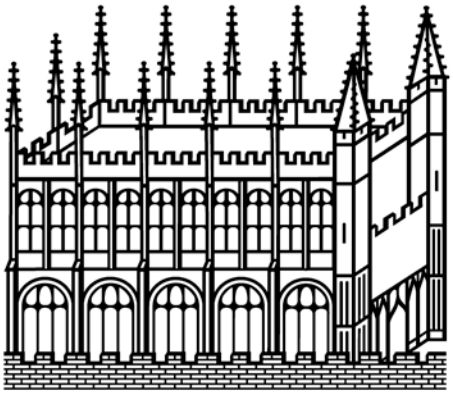


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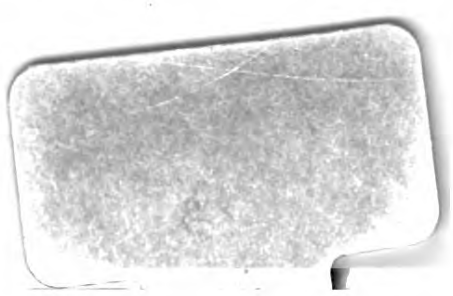
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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN.
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1857.



THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

ELIZABETH DAVIS,

A BALACLAVA NURSE,

DAUGHTER OF DAFYDD CADWALADYR.

EDITED BY

JANE WILLIAMS

(YSGAFELL),

AUTHOR OF "A MEMOIR OF THE REV. T. PRICE," &c.

"A brave woman! a woman who knows how to act in difficulties, how to endure in suffering, how to be faithful to a trust, and can speak the truth without fear and without disguise."—MRS. JAMESON'S "SISTERS OF CHARITY ABROAD AND AT HOME."

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CHARLES BEVAN AND SON, PRINTERS, CHAPEL STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE.

PREFACE.

THE writer first became acquainted with the heroine and narrator of these adventures in the year 1851. In the year 1856, they met again, under circumstances which led the writer to appreciate more fully the extraordinary character and history of Elizabeth Davis. Though worn by time, and oppressed by illness, her indomitable energy still shone in her eyes, and bore her fine form erect; still manifested itself in industrious activity, and in buoyant cheerfulness of spirit.

She possessed no written records of her life, no memoranda, no letters, no tangible and visible helps to memory. In a desultory and digressive manner, she gave, to the best of her recollection, an account of the principal facts of her own remarkable history. She knew that lapse of time and

intermediate events had cast their shadows over some scenes; she was aware that here and there a link in the chain was bent or broken; but she trusted in her vivid impressions of the past, and in her own sincerity of purpose.

Discrepancies and mistakes may be detected in the details, errors in chronology, errors in geography, and errors in the orthography of names, and in the designation of persons; but the writer believes that for all thorough students of human nature, the narrative, as a whole, bears internal evidence of its truth. With the guidance of its heroine, and the light of analogy, the incidents have been arranged in consecutive order.

It has been the writer's object justly to apprehend the meaning of the narrator, and faithfully to express it.

It is well known that a free translation often renders the sense of an original with more truth than a literal one.

It was impossible in all parts to give the exact language spoken. The writer has therefore aimed at conveying a true reflex of her exact meaning, preferring the genuine sense to literal precision.

Wherever the very words of the heroine were apt and striking, they are retained.

Foot-notes have been added in order to identify persons, to verify facts, to correct exaggerations, and to show the probability of some extraordinary statements.

The important matter contained in the Appendix tends both to place the public services of Mrs. Davis in a just light, and to prove the worth and weight of her opinion upon a great public question.

The narrative of a pure-minded woman, of thorough integrity and of dauntless resolution, and one to whom the Bible formed the chart of life, cannot be altogether useless to society; although, like every other record of real experience, it affords matter for warning as well as for example.

A cursory reader may suppose that the writer had merely to listen and to record, but the task of preparing the narrative has really involved much care and labour. To seize the first floating end of each subject that chanced to present itself, to draw it out, to disentangle it, to piece it, to set the warp straight and firmly in the loom, and to cast the woof aright, so as to produce the true and

original pattern of such tapestry, has required sedulous application. The winding of silkworms' cocoons without a reel, is scarccly a task of more difficult manipulation.

The reader who supposes the text of the narrative to have cost the writer little trouble, may probably expect that all its most remarkable passages should be illustrated or explained by notes. Extensive inquiries have been instituted for this purpose, and some valuable results have been obtained, but the circulation of a whole edition can alone be expected to bring in the contributions of diffused and personal information necessary for the full execution of this desirable object.

It may be necessary here to call attention to the peculiar character of the heroine—a character as different from the ordinary type as are the events of her history.

The extraordinary combination in her of the spirit of enterprize, self-dependence, and mental alacrity, with great bodily strength and activity, a commanding figure, noble aspect, and perfect self-possession of manner, never failed to exercise a powerful influence upon her associates; and its

uniform effect upon her employers, in levelling the usual barriers which divide the classes, is shown throughout this work. To those who are unacquainted with her, the fact may seem incredible. To those who have experienced the power of her blended dignity and deference, no further evidence is necessary.

In her autobiography, the absence of sentiment and air of unsympathizing indifference, must not be mistaken for the want of kindness and humanity.

Her nature was undoubtedly peculiar, imaginative, impulsive and adventurous; but the mountain region which produced her, and the state of society which surrounded her in early life, moulded and impressed upon the native metal the form and stamp which it has never lost.



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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

ELIZABETH DAVIS.

INTRODUCTION.

"A story, fruitful of events, attend!"
POPE'S "ODYSSEY," XV. 423.

THE Welsh have been in all ages a religious people.

They were so in Druidic days, and, with the joy of sincere and earnest hearts, they welcomed Christianity as soon as it reached their shores. Its ministers succeeded promptly to the charge of districts which Druids had held before.

Church history records that Wales was one of the last countries in Europe which yielded to Romanism, and among the first to cast it off.

From the Reformation until the beginning of the eighteenth century, a series of devout and diligent native bishops succeeded in dispelling superstition, in arousing its recent victims from moral torpor, in giving the people good Welsh translations of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, in enforcing the use of the native language; also in preaching, and in the administration of all religious ordinances. By these wise and simple means they gained all hearts, and won the whole population to become good and zealous members of the Established Church. The exceptions were few and insignificant; Welsh dissenters bearing much the same proportion, perhaps, in those days to Welsh churchmen, as the churchmen now do to the dissenters.

After more than one hundred and fifty

years of Protestant life and prosperity, a deadly change was wrought in the Welsh Church.

Bishops foreign to the Principality, ignorant of the language, the cast of thought, the habits and the feelings of the people, were appointed to the Welsh sees; not casually or occasionally, but systematically and in succession. This is no place for detailing the process by which they wrought the ruin of the Welsh Church. They reproved the active zeal of apostolic men, and rewarded their faithful labours with deprivation and expulsion. They bestowed the best Welsh livings upon strangers to the country, who often held them in plurality; hiring Welsh curates at miserable stipends to visit parishes far distant from each other, to christen, and marry, and bury, and to perform divine service here and there, now and then.

It is touching to observe, in the midst of

this withering change, how constantly the people resorted to every means of grace which the Established Church still afforded.

In 1768, the Hon. Daines Barrington estimated, from statistical returns, which he obtained from the local clergy, that the proportion of communicants in the Principality, was as two-fifths to the congregations.

The piety of one or two generations sufficed to keep alive that national attachment to the establishment, which, in the course of time, flickered like a lamp unsupplied with its proper oil.

The earnest, imaginative, and social qualities of the Welsh people, required mental interests and active occupation. The scanty ministrations of the clergy, and their dry ethical dissertations, dropped upon the hearts of the hearers like the chill waters of petrifying springs. Deprived of the advantages of religious occupation and instruction, the people fell back upon the wayward exercise of their national talents, and upon the traditionary lore

of their land, accumulated through revolving centuries.

Sundays, being holidays from manual labour, were more especially appropriated to amusement. Then were held the Chwarau gamp, sports for the trial of strength and activity among the young men, to which spectators thronged from distant parishes.

The old town-hall of Bala often—and especially on the seventh day—was used for reverberating tennis-balls.

Dramatic performances, called Coeg Chwarau or Interludes, composed for special occasions by local Welsh poets, were acted on Sundays, in summer time, by the country squires, yeomen and peasants together. Singing to the harp, was a favourite amusement; and dancing parties were frequent; the harp, on such occasions, being usually accompanied by the violin, which is the modern representative of the ancient Welsh 'crwth.' Not only on Sundays, but after working hours on week-days, the

nimble Cymry used to delight themselves by going through country-dances, some of which had no less than four-and-twenty variations.

There were quiet households too, where the sounds of the harp and voice were enjoyed without dissipation, and the old national tunes, the old traditionary tales of wonder, and the poems of the ancient Welsh bards, proved alternate sources of intellectual pleasure to the little circle formed around the hearth.

The revival of religion in Wales was wrought by native preachers, previous to the occurrence of a similar event in England, under the influence of Whitfield and Wesley.

Gruffydd Jones, rector of Llanddowror, William Williams, curate of Pantycelyn, &c.; Daniel Rowlands, curate of Llangeitho, &c.; and Peter Williams, curate of Swansea, &c.; with other men of kindred spirit, would have retained the whole nation in the unity of the church, had they not been prevented by the infatuated dignitaries.

Even Howel Harris, the originator of Welsh Methodism, shrunk from the appellation of "Dissenter," and regularly led his whole "family of love" from Trefecca, to attend public worship, and to receive the sacraments in the parish church of Talgarth.

Discipline was in those days the episcopal idol, and to it were ruthlessly sacrificed all the most zealous members of the Welsh Church, and with them expired its glory.

The eagerness with which the Welsh people of all ranks and ages seized the opportunities of instruction, as soon as they were offered in their native language, is attested by their teachers. The old and the blind came, the vigorous wrestler, and the skilful musician; servants paid other servants for doing their work, in order to gain time to attend the Welsh Circulating Schools, which were originated by the Rev. Gruffydd Jones, rector of Llanddowror, and afterwards revived in North Wales, by the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala.

"The Circulating Day-Schools," said Mr. Charles, "have been the principal means of erecting Sunday-schools; for, without the former, the state of the country was such that we could not obtain teachers to carry on the latter; besides, Sunday-schools were set up in every place where the Day-schools had been.'"

The distribution of religious books in the native language, personal exhortation, district visiting, and public ordinances, administered with zealous piety, soon changed the social state of Bala, and of the whole Principality.

The 'avidity' for learning, which John Wesley afterwards remarked as a characteristic of the Welsh people, was strong, from infancy until death, in Dafydd Cadwaladyr.

His parents kept a farm in the parish of Llangwm, Denbighshire, and he was born there in the year 1752.

[1] *Vide* the Rev. Thomas Charles's "Letters to the Secretary of the Gaelic Society," 1811.

When he was a little child of four or five years old, he was awakened from sleep one night, in the midst of a violent thunder-storm, by his mother, who came into the room in an agony of terror, and, falling upon her knees at his bedside, began to pray aloud to God for mercy. In answer to his questions, she told him that she believed the Day of Judgment was come, and God would punish sinners.

This was the first time he had ever witnessed prayer, or heard of religion. With the ready sympathy in strong feeling which is natural to children, he listened to her repetition of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and petitions from the Litany, and joined with her in saying them over and over again, while the long and dreadful storm lasted.

The mother's devotion ceased with her terror; but the mind of the child was indelibly impressed with the fear of God; and day after day, and night after night, he continually uttered in Welsh—

"Oh, God the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon us miserable sinners!

"Oh, God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy upon us miserable sinners!

"Oh, God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son, have mercy upon us miserable sinners!" repeating also the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed.

His father, weary and irritated, silenced the poor boy at last with a whipping.

His parents attended morning service at the parish church once a month, or as often as service was performed.

Their children had no other stated means of instruction, either religious or secular.

Eagerness for knowledge overcoming all obstacles, Dafydd, at six years old, while watching with an elder brother their father's sheep upon the mountain, learned a great part of the alphabet from the initial letters marked with tar upon the sheep's sides to distinguish the flocks of the several owners.

He afterwards was accidentally led, while idly turning over the leaves of the Llyfr Gweddi Gyffredin (Book of Common Prayer), to recognize there the same letters, and finding out their sounds in combination, he taught himself to read in the course of two months by this extraordinary method.

It is a custom among Welsh farmers to give their eldest child the first ewe lamb that is yeaned after his birth, and all the produce of that one lamb when it grows into a sheep; so that in a few years the child becomes the owner of a little flock. Dafydd Cadwaladyr's eldest brother was named Robert, and this was marked at full length upon his sheep. It was consequently the first word which Dafydd learned to spell.

At eleven years of age he became a farm-servant boy to Mr. Wynn, of Garthmeilio. There he soon met with the celebrated Welsh poem, 'Bardd Cwsg,' and subsequently with John Bunyan's 'Taith y Pererin,' and other

valuable books. He hoarded every shilling he could save to purchase more, and found himself in two years the happy possessor of a Welsh Bible, and of several religious works.

A pseudo-prophetic rumour reached him soon afterwards, that the papal power would some day be re-established, and that Bibles would be burnt. Alarmed at the thought, he determined to make sure of the contents, and set to work with indefatigable diligence at the task of committing them to memory. He learned the whole of the New Testament, and a great part of the Old Testament. Meanwhile, he never relaxed in his daily labour; and his mistress, pleased with his industry, allowed him, in the winter evenings, as a reward, to attend the social meetings in neighbouring houses, where men and women alike, plying their knitting-pins in the twilight, used to sing Welsh songs and tell legendary tales.

Dafydd distinguished himself at these parties, by repeating select passages from the

'Bardd Cwsg,' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress;' working up the feelings of his hearers to terror, softening them to sadness, or soothing them to peace.

Garthmeilio was a favourite resort of the ball-players on Sunday evenings. One evening they accidentally broke a window, and Dafydd, on his way to Bala the next morning, to fetch the glazier, fell in with a person who told him that there were preachers about to hold a religious meeting in the neighbourhood. His curiosity was strongly excited, and he went to hear them. He was afraid that his master would be angry with him, for the value of instruction was at that time little known, and the feeling of the people was strongly against dissent. He felt tempted to tell a falsehood to account for his prolonged absence. Conscience, however, gained the victory, and he spoke the plain truth. The struggle strengthened his principles, and confirmed him in the habit of sin-

cerity, which was his characteristic through life. His master did not punish him, but respected his straightforwardness; and thenceforth attendance at such meetings constituted the greatest enjoyment of his life.

He pondered much on serious subjects, and, like all thoughtful and earnest men, his faith was sometimes overcast. He chanced just then to read the 'Life of Mahomet.' It awoke in his mind sceptical doubts. Perplexed and distressed, he listened, prayed, and read, in agonizing anxiety, to find out whether the New Testament or the Koran was the true revelation, whether Jesus Christ or Mahomet was the true prophet. At last, the patient study of the Bible brought before him Hebrews vii.—26, which dispelled his doubts for ever.

He lived six years at Garthmeilio, and being then afflicted with the small-pox, went home to his parents to be nursed. While recovering from the disorder, he made so much use of

his eyes in reading, that he was in danger of blindness. When he got well, the Wynns wished him to return to them; but his heart was set upon gaining more frequent opportunities of religious instruction.

His next place was at Nant y Cyrtiau, where he lived two years. His six days' labour, heartily done, was rewarded by liberty to go where he chose on the seventh, on the condition that he did not come home to take his usual meals. He gladly accepted the privilege, at the cost of the privation.

At nineteen years of age, he became farm-servant to William Evans, of Bedwarian, the first preacher—except the drowsy clergyman of Llangwm—whom Dafydd Cadwaladyr had ever heard. It appears probable, that at this period Dafydd acquired the art of penmanship, in which he was entirely self-taught.

Like many of his countrymen, he had a fine poetic mind, and a turn for epigrammatic satire. Fearing to become uncharitable by the

exercise of this power, he afterwards confined himself solely to elegiac compositions.

While living at Bedwarian, he appears to have made great progress in the life-long work of self-improvement. He read a great deal; and, having deliberately chosen his lot, became a member of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Connection.

In words much resembling the shorter of the two forms given in that invaluable book—Dr. Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress'—he also wrote and signed a private deed of self-dedication to God's service.

Being attacked by severe illness, he obstinately refused all medicine, and drank great quantities of water to allay his parching thirst. He soon got well, and ever afterwards entertained so high an opinion of the healthful and curative properties of water, that he used it as a daily beverage, and recommended it to others as the most efficacious of all remedies.

When Dafydd was twenty-five years of age,

he married an excellent young woman, and took the little farm of Pen Rhiw, near Bala.

His great talents, his consistent piety, his genial temper, and strong, enthusiastic character, had now won for him a high position among his former teachers and masters. At their solicitation he entered upon the ministry, and for fifty-two years he laboriously, zealously, and successfully fulfilled its functions. He continued, meanwhile, carefully to cultivate his farm; giving the most sedulous attention to the guidance of his own house; maintaining his large family in frugal sufficiency of all things; and showing, both at home and abroad, the edifying example of a blameless life, and of unremitting industry. His body was as strong as his mind, and he needed and took no other rest but a short allowance of sleep, and frequent change of occupation. He was the last to leave his scythe on a Saturday night, during the hay-harvest; and, after walking thirty miles on

Sunday, and preaching three times, he was the first at his out-door work on Monday morning.

He always walked his journeys, and, in the course of years, he traversed the Principality through and through, and visited the Welsh marches, and many parts of England; preaching three times a day, and going several miles on foot between the services. His walking staff was a cane, given to him by Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. It had a watch in a silver case under the knob at the top of it.

His sermons were eloquent, earnest, and useful. His prayers were the simple outpouring of deep personal devotion and hearty goodwill; and they are said to have won more converts than even his preaching.

Instead of reading the chapters of Scripture, as usual, in the meeting-house worship, he used to say them from memory. By the exercise of indomitable energy, he found time for everything. He never broke or infringed

upon a promise, and was always strictly punctual. To avoid breaking an engagement, he would, in an emergency, walk all night long, and cross the high and dangerous mountain passes of Merionethshire, through all weathers, snow and storm.

He appears to have assisted Mr. Charles in collating various editions of the Welsh Bible.

From one particular copy, Dafydd Cadwaladyr read for many years to his family, and marked his progress, from the beginning to the end of it, twenty-five times.

We have not space for a tenth part of the anecdotes which are on record of his quaintness, his courage, his home virtues, and his ministerial usefulness. He was ready to become all things to all men, as far as his conscience would permit, and would leave higher offices for school-teaching, or to visit the most ignorant and unkind, in order to do real good.

He was consequently beloved by all his neighbours; and by many who disliked reli-

gion and all its dissenting professors, he was tolerated and esteemed.

His power of encountering fatigue was marvellous. One day, after having walked from Penrhiw, through Dolgellau, a steep and tedious way, to Abermaw (Barmouth), he climbed the mountain-side, where cottages peep down the chimneys of other cottages, and, entering the kitchen of an old acquaintance, sat down to talk with her.

She asked him how he did. He replied that he knew not what was the matter, but he felt a sensation of weariness and sinking which was altogether new to him.

With true Welsh acuteness, she inquired—

"Why, Dafydd, how old are you?"

"Well, I am turned seventy."

"And how far have you walked to-day?"

"Only twenty-eight miles. I used to think nothing of such a distance as that; but, I suppose, it is no wonder that I am tired with it now!"

He lived in health and vigour far beyond the usual three score years and ten; continuing to walk long distances, and to preach energetically until the last; so that his Welsh biographer declares his loss was felt as heavily at the age of eighty-two, as if he had passed away in the fulness of manly strength.

Not long before the close of his earthly life and labours, he took a walk one day to Bedwarian, and went round once more the fields which, in days gone by, he had mown and tilled, and sown and reaped, to look at his 'hên allorau' (old altars) places, where, in his youthful fervour of spirit, he had frequently offered up the sacrifice of prayer—places where he had planned and forecast the life of duty which he had subsequently led. The old man felt hurt at finding overthrown several of these little stone piles, which he had raised in imitation of patriarchal monuments of gratitude. The regret was human, but needless, for many hearts bore the impress of

his piety, and his own soul, in its probationary course, had received those divine inscriptions which will glorify God for ever (Heb. x.—15, 17).

Perhaps the soft sorrow, which the Welsh generally experience at the death of friends, may take that mitigated form, not only from the steadfast hope of immortality, but also, in some degree, from the tranquil beauty of their churchyards, where growing flowers are planted and cherished by survivors, as perpetual remembrancers of resurrection.

Dafydd Cadwaladyr's daughter Elizabeth arose upon the yet unsmoothed surges of two periods, before the efflux of the one had subsided into the flowing course of the other, and neutralized its strong contrast of colour.

Such eras ever tend to produce determined characters, as the necessity for resistance to opposing power follows the choice of party, and stimulates the exercise of strength.

Impelled by the conviction of conscience to

regard the world as the property of God, Dafydd Cadwaladyr, her father, made it the chief object of his life to win men back to their rightful allegiance, by preaching and teaching the great truths of salvation through Jesus Christ, and the renewal of the human will to holiness by the Divine Spirit. He joined himself with other reformers of his day, living like himself for immortality; and dreading for their converts the social sins from which they had themselves escaped, they surrounded their ground with fences, so high and closely set, as to exclude also many harmless and healthful social practices.

Within these strait boundaries, his daughter Elizabeth was trained; but with her, as with Rasselas in the happy valley, the monotonous safety of captivity provoked an irrepressible longing for dangerous adventure. Still anxious to find something new, she broke her boundaries; and, at last, leaving home and friends, moved from place to place, until she had re-

peatedly compassed the globe, and seen almost every land, and sailed on almost every sea of the south, the east, and the west. Yet, wherever she went, she never forgot that she was Dafydd Cadwaladyr's daughter.

Good-will, sterling integrity, and perfect rectitude, were evinced in her whole course of conduct. In principle, in moral excellence, and in religious orthodoxy, she was always steadfast. The influence of her home-training was manifested amidst a thousand inconsistencies, and many apparent contrarieties. She always sought her countrymen and her fellow sectarians, with true and faithful affection, wherever she went; and she found in India, in Africa, and in Australasia, that the name of her father was a passport to recognition, hospitality, and kindness.

The people of Bala have, from generation to generation, been famous for their industry. In a single year they have been known to sell no less than 32,000 dozen pairs of stockings,

10,000 dozen pairs of socks, and 5500 dozen pairs of gloves, besides unnumbered Welsh wigs, muffetees, and other articles of hosiery, all knit by their own pins, from yarn spun on their own wheels, from the wool of their mountain sheep.

Few persons who have chanced to travel through any part of the Principality can forget the pleasant sight of Welshwomen knitting with unremitting industry while walking along the roads carrying burdens upon their heads. On summer evenings, before the husband returned from his work, while the children, released from school, played together out of doors, the Bala housewife would often take her baby and her knitting to enjoy an hour or two of social converse at a neighbour's cottage; or a group of matrons and maidens would assemble together in some pleasant nook where sunshine and shade softly mingled,—

'And whilst the nimble Cambrian rills
Danced hy-day-gies amongst the hills'[1]

[1] 'Drayton's Polyolbion.' Argument to the fifth Song.

around them, ply their work with busy fingers, and sing together the sweet national airs of their country, pausing at times to relate to each other some wild legendary tale, connected by tradition either with the place, or with the tune.

On such occasions Cadwaladyr's daughter was often a listener, though forbidden to attend their regular parties. Her habit of incessant useful occupation may be traced to such early examples. She excels, like a true Bala woman, in the use of her knitting-pins. It is still customary in many parts of the Principality—and in her younger days it was general—that all the materials of clothing for the family, and all the woven fabrics used in the house should be prepared at home.

The sound of spinning-wheels was heard in every cottage—yea, in every dwelling—and busy housewives and their daughters spun the wool of the native sheep into yarn. Reserving what they required for knitting, they

dyed some of it bright red for children's socks, blue or grey for their husband's stockings, and black for their own.

The chief part of the yarn they took to the village weavers, who, like the Welsh housewives, were skilful in the preparation of vegetable dyes from native plants. At their looms it was woven into cloth, for coats, and cloaks, and riding-skirts; into flannels of various sorts and patterns, for under-clothing and gowns; into blankets, and bed-rugs, and counterpanes.

Flax and hemp, being purchased at the nearest town, were also spun at home, and taken to the village weaver to be made into different sorts of strong linen cloth for all family uses.

Then, also, as now, the village tailor took his seat on the kitchen-table of every household in its turn, to shape the home-made materials into clothes for the master and his boys, or to patch their old suits. In Elizabeth

Cadwaladyr's days, he also cut out the petticoats and bobtails, and bedgowns, for the mother and her girls.

Dwellers in mountain lands often notice heavy masses of cloud pausing and settling over the the summits, and shaping themselves to imitative forms. They are not equally observant in tracing the effects of those mountains upon their own minds.

Besides the effect wrought by geographical position upon the inhabitants of certain districts, there are peculiar influences of situation and scenery which affect only individuals—as the lightning from the skies finds not an answering flash from every soil.

One of the highest mountains in Wales, Arran Benllyn, so called from its situation at the head of Bala Lake, overshadows the source of 'ancient, hallowed Dee,' to which river many marvellous tales are attached, well remembered by the peasantry. The lake itself, and many places around, have also their

romantic legends of heroic deeds and preternatural beings Ghosts, goblins, fairies, and witches were not extinct in the days of Elizabeth Cadwaladyr's childhood.

The fire-eyed 'dogs of the sky' (Cwn Wybir), the 'corpse candle' (Canwyll Corph), the doleful 'death-warning voice' (Cyhîraeth), the 'knockers,' and other gloomy and terrific things were still dreaded and spoken of, though not often perceived.

Her strong imagination, once touched by such wonders, became for ever endowed with a sort of Archimago faculty of transforming creatures of unusual shape into monsters. Interludes, which were often performed in the open air to celebrate a rustic wedding, awakened her dramatic faculty.

The Welsh know few sorrows apart from sickness, and with them the terms are almost interchangeable. It is thought no vast effort of self-denial, but a natural and general duty, that the good Welshwoman, whose home is

still healthy and happy, should go forth after her daily work and spend the weary night in in watching and waiting upon her sick neighbour, expecting no other recompense than similar help when her time of need arrives.

Elizabeth Cadwaladyr, therefore, without a notion of meritorious self-sacrifice, was early prepared for the performance of deeds which the world calls beneficent. Both use and temperament led her to think so lightly of fatigue, hardship, and danger, that only when they became extreme, did she deem them worth mentioning. Her surprise was great when she found that an up-hill walk of about forty yards, from the hospital at Balaclava to the huts, was complained of by any one, and that the descent could be deemed dangerous when covered with snow.

Accustomed from infancy to traverse the mountain wastes alone, and to cross the deep-channelled brooks, without hand-rail or help, upon a tapering fir-pole, which rocked to the

tread, her well-balanced frame and exact step, rendered all ascents, and descents, and horizontal movements easy. She would—if ever woman could—have trod securely the bridges of St. Patrick's purgatory.

Her character may appear to resemble rather the strength, the sternness, and the varied aspects of the mountains, than the soft sunshine of the Lake of Bala. Yet she was eminently social, and had the most engaging qualities as a companion.

The kindliness of her nature was manifested in daily acts of spontaneous service. She was the ever ready friend of the forlorn, the helpless, and the afflicted.

Persons whom she has nursed in sickness, speak with warm gratitude of her never-failing assiduity, her noiseless movement, her gentle touch, her hope-inspiring words, her encouraging smile, her true compassion, her great humanity, and her elevating piety. She thought so little of laborious exercise, of

spending successive nights in watching, of striving cheerfully against personal illness—in order to alleviate the sufferings of others by her attentions—of undergoing privations, and of sacrificing her own comfort in every way for their sake, that some selfish beings may have been led to infer, that benefits thus rendered, not only without complaint, but with cheerful looks and indefatigable hands, cost her no effort, and resulted merely from the exuberance of bodily strength and mental alacrity. The writer of these pages has experienced her care and kindness, and can, therefore, appreciate her self-denying character.

There is an ancient Welsh triad, which declares that the blessing of God follows upon three things: these have already descended upon the head of Elizabeth Cadwaladyr—"The blessing of father and mother, the blessing of the sick and infirm, and the blessing of the necessitous stranger."

It may be well to offer here a few particulars of the present state of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, frequent reference being made to their 'Association' in the following autobiography.

The ministers of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists are itinerant. They are chosen by local societies, approved at monthly meetings; and, after a probation of five years, some among them are authorized at the Quarterly Associations to administer the sacraments. They are severally appointed to particular counties; but each minister makes annually a missionary tour to distant parts of the Principality—thus giving their respective congregations the much-valued excitement of variety; no minister, on such occasions, preaching more than two sermons, both delivered in the same day, in any one chapel.

They are remunerated for their services by small sums, paid to them after each sermon

out of a fund formed by the collection of monthly pence from the congregations. The Quarterly Association is considered to embody the whole connexion, either personally, or by means of representatives.

At the last census, the number of chapels was 828, containing upwards of 211,951 seats. The attendance on the Census Sunday, 1851, was, in the morning, 79,728; in the afternoon, 59,140; and in the evening, 125,244.

The Calvinistic Methodists of Wales support various Home and Foreign Missions. Among the latter may be mentioned their stations in Brittany, and at Cassay and Sylhet in Bengal.

In the year 1837, a college for the education of ministers was established at Bala; and in the year 1842, another at Trefecca; the latter under the presidency of the Rev. David Charles, a grandson of the great North Wales Reformer.

The number of Sunday-schools belonging to



the Calvinistic Methodists, is, according to Mr. Horace Mann's 'Table Q,' 962; and the number of scholars on the books, 112,740.

CHAPTER I.

"He who loves the young must love also their sports."
TRANSLATION OF A WELSH PROVERB.

BALA.

Birth—Ancestral Localities—Dafydd Cadwaladyr—The Rev. Thomas Charles—Riots at Bala—Domestic Habits—Death of Judith Cadwaladyr — Schoolfellows — Early Indications of Peculiar Character—Dancing—Obsolete Superstitions—Plâs yn Drêf.

I DO not exactly know the year in which I was born. Some children of the family tore the spare leaves out of the old Bible in which my father had entered his marriage with my mother, the birthdays of the children, and the dates when several of them died. There was one of their daughters before me who was

christened Elizabeth, and she died long before I was born. I believe that I am now about sixty-one years of age—reckoning by the times spent in various places, my known age at the occurrence of certain events, and putting my life together in this way; and I know that the twenty-fourth of May is my birthday.

The history of a Welshman, and of a Welshwoman too, must always begin with the pedigree, so I may as well state at once, that I am descended by the father's side from the royal race of Tewdyr, from which our most gracious Queen also traces her lineage.

My paternal grandfather bore the name of Cadwaladyr Dafydd. He rented a farm called Erwd Dymel at Cerrig y Druiddion, in the county of Denbigh.

My grandfather's farm had been held by his family from generation to generation, for several hundred years; part of the time as owners, and the rest as tenants.

In this long course of time, his family and

the other inhabitants of Cerrig y Druiddion had intermarried so frequently with the parishioners of Llangwm and Llanfihangel in the same district, that every individual in the three parishes was a cousin in blood to the rest. The eldest son of my grandfather succeeded him as tenant of the hereditary farm.

Surnames were at that time so unsettled in Wales, that each of his five sons bore a different one.

My father, Dafydd Cadwaladyr, was the second of them. He removed into Merionethshire, and took a farm called Pen Rhiw, in the parish of Llanycil, near the lake of Bala.

He was a godly man, and a great preacher among the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. In his person he was thought to be very like the Tewdyr race. He was tall and handsome, of a fair complexion, and had rather light-coloured sandy hair.

He lived to be eighty-two years of age, was active in mind and body to the last, and

continued to preach until three days before his death. He never lost a tooth, but kept the whole set of thirty-two in his head as white as ivory. He did not see the use of dentists and tooth powder, and never used anything but salt and water. He had no faith in a coach, or a crazy boat; and, therefore, made most of his long journeys on foot. In the course of his life he walked twice from Bala to London and back again; and he used to reckon towards the close of his life that he had walked altogether as far as twice round the world.

My father, in his youth, married Judith Erasmus. Her father was Humphrey Erasmus, whose house stood on the point of ground where four counties meet, and four gates opened near it, into four fields of his farm; one in the county of Denbigh; one in the county of Montgomery; one in the county of Radnor; and one in Shropshire. My grandfather, Humphrey Erasmus, was a very godly man, and his daugther Judith—my mother—was a very godly woman.

I was born at Pen Rhiw, within sight of Aran Benllyn, and Llyn Tegid; and in the midst of the fine scenery which tourists admire so much, among the highest mountains, and near the largest lake in the Principality.

The Rev. Thomas Charles[1] was then living

[1] The Rev. Thomas Charles, well known to the, world as one of the originators of the Bible Society, was born in the year 1755, in the parish of Llanfihangel, Caermarthenshire. He was educated at the Welsh schools of Llanddowror and Caermarthen, and at Jesus College, Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. He was ordained to a curacy in Somersetshire, and afterwards became curate of Llanymowddwy, in Merionethshire. An injudicious rector caused him to quit the Church, and he subsequently devoted himself as a Dissenting Minister to the energetic promotion of works of piety and charity. He preached extensively himself, and assisted in organizing the Welsh Calvinistic Ministry. He established Circulating and Sunday Schools throughout the Principality; he edited two editions of the Welsh Bible; he wrote and compiled several excellent religious tracts and books, and set on foot the first periodical magazine ever published in Wales. Previous to his death, in 1814, no less than 320,000 copies of his works were in circulation.

at Bala, and doing all the good he could by establishing schools, and preaching in that neighbourhood; he was at the head of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, and a most particular friend of my parents.

When I was two or three years old, my father accidentally left his license at home while he went into Caernarvonshire to preach. He was, in consequence, taken before Justice Humphreys, and committed by him, as a rogue and a vagabond, to some prison near Capel Curig. Mr. Humphreys sent to Pen Rhiw for my father's Bible, and my mother, thinking that my father wanted it, and not knowing of his arrest, sent it immediately. Mr. Humphreys ordered my father to be again brought before him, showed the book and said that he intended to burn it. Welsh Bibles were scarce in those days, and perhaps he thought that by destroying this one he should put a stop to my father's preaching. However, David Cadwaladyr told him, he

might indeed burn the paper and print, but that he could not burn his Bible, as it was not only written in his heart, but in his head; for he had learned it off book from beginning to end. The Justice then altered his manner, and said—"Well, you are a brave old fellow! Take your book and this five-pound note in it."

While my father was thus imprisoned, riots took place for some cause or other—I am sure I don't know what[1]—at Bala; and I have been told that the mob burnt the Bull inn, the old palace of the Welsh princes, I think, also Mr. Price's house at Rhiwlas, and the books, registers, and papers belonging to the magistrates' office.

The night it happened, my mother, fearing for her children's safety, took us out into the

[1] These riots were led by some young men who had vainly appealed to the magistrates against the ballot for the Militia.

A very old man now living at Bala was one of the ringleaders, and has certified the fact.

woods, and hid us in a sort of summer-house, where there were stumps of trees placed for seats. The place belonged to a neighbour. We were afterwards told the history, and used often to go and play there. We called it the temple.

My parents had sixteen children. I knew only by hearsay about my eldest brothers, for they went away from home before I could remember anything. One of them, who had enlisted as a soldier, rose to be a captain in the army; and when he was taken prisoner with the rest at Flushing, he broke his heart with indignation. He said—"I could have borne to die in battle, but not in this way;" and he was dead in a moment.

My eldest sister left home so early that I, as a child, could scarcely remember her. She married a man named Nelson, and went out to India.

I was my mother's favourite, and I remember her advice and her exhortations to this day.

I loved her with all my soul; her words have always lived in my heart, and helped to direct my conduct through life. I was very fond of a brother eleven months younger than myself, and had a liking for my younger sisters, who looked up to me for protection.

My elder sister always disliked me; and I returned the feeling very cordially. I had no particular concern about the other members of the family. When any of them affronted me, I used to steal away to a neglected corner of the yard, and sit down to think resentful thoughts, careless of food and of everything, until I crept back in time for bed. My mother found out my sulking corner, and whipped me for my frowardness. After that, I discovered a more secret hiding-place, within a cavernous hole of a neighbouring rock, in a field on my father's farm. Here I regularly resorted for several years, to brood over my occasional causes of displeasure, and to think of all sorts of things. Often and often, while

sitting there in utter solitude, strange visionary scenes and beings flitted before me. I had never known of any other country than my own, or of any other people, excepting those I sometimes heard my father read of in the Bible. Yet in my cleft of the rock I used to imagine beings which I believed to have no other existence than my own thoughts gave them. I saw black people, and brown people, and yellow people, with strange-looking and various dwelling places; and trees and flowers, such as I had never seen or heard of. Especially I remember to have been very much struck with the look of one tall tree, with all the leaves at the top, and bearing numbers of big nuts.

My mother became very ill, and one of her parting charges to my father was, not to bend Elizabeth's spirit. No one could comfort me when she died; and it was my eager desire to die too. I always thought I should have done so, had not Mr. Charles, of Bala, by the ex-

ercise of some mysterious power prevented me.

I was then a little more than five years of age. When I found that she was dead, I could not bear to stay in the house with her corpse; I stole away to my hiding-place to weep and cry over her loss, and to indulge my angry feelings against Mr. Charles, of Bala. I did not think of killing myself, but I believed that I could have died by willing it, if he had not overpowered me. After a long search, my uncle found me and carried me home, famishing and faint, but still resisting his intention, from dread of being in the same house as my dead mother. I was not naturally a gloomy child, although I had these odd fits of anger and melancholy. I was indeed a very merry one, and I have loved a bit of fun all my life, as many odd freaks and adventures will show.

As soon as we came out of chapel on a Sunday morning, my father used to lead all

his family to church. He did not approve of separation, and used to take the sacrament at church, or from a clergyman.

My mother was buried in the churchyard of Llanycil, and many years afterwards, he was laid in the same grave.

My father was an excellent, and very fast knitter, and he always composed his sermons as he sat in the chimney-corner over his knitting-pins. We knew what was going on by his not talking to us, and by his saying at intervals in Welsh, "One, one, one," until he reached the clock of the stocking; and "Two, two, two," until he finished the foot. He never wrote them down.

I was sent to school at Bala with the neighbours' children. The two sons of Mr. Charles, were among my school-fellows, although they were older than myself. Tegid, the poet, (afterwards the Rev. John Jones, of Nevern,)[1]

[1] This eminent scholar and admirable poet, was

and his two pretty sisters were also with us. I was always quarrelling with him and fighting, but I would not hear any one else speak uncivilly to him, nor suffer any one to strike him without bestowing a blow in return. He was even then much respected among the children, for his character and abilities. He used to make beautiful verses, and I was always very fond of poetry. I never read any that I liked better than his verses called "My Native Land." Our constant squabbles caused a shrewd old lady to say that we two should be sure to come together in after life; but she was mistaken.

I was quick and sharp, and liked to learn to read and write, but the writing-master himself spoiled my progress. It seemed that he was not pleased that I got on so fast. He

best known among his countrymen by the bardic name of "Tegid." He derived it from the lake of Bala, which is called Llyn Tegid, in traditionary memory of Prince Tegid, a Welsh sovereign who was drowned therein many centuries ago.

was always finding fault with me; and one day he provoked me so much, by striking me on the face, that I blotted my copy-book on purpose. He got very angry, and threw his cane at me. I threw it back again at him. He took it then, and stuck it in my pinafore, placed a fool's-cap on my head, and stood me up upon a form, where I amused myself by doing the soldier's exercise. He was really cruel to me; and one day he shut me up in the black-hole—a coal-cellar below the school-room. I was not penitent or submissive; and so I was left there. That evening, a large religious meeting was held in the school-room, and when the people began to sing I heard them; and, being very fond of music, I tried to sing also as loud as I could. These odd sounds coming up disturbed the meeting. The writing-master divulged the cause of the interruption; one of the elders then came to fetch me out of my prison, but I refused to accompany him, and said that Watkins had put me

there, and that Watkins must come and release me, or else I would stay where I was. So at last he was obliged to come. Mrs. Jones, the girls' schoolmistress, taught us wholly in Welsh, and all the English I knew in those days was the name for a horse, a cow, or some such words which we learned, now and then, from old Jones, who called this short, general lesson, 'a pennyworth of English,' and made each of us pay a penny for it.

I used to invent games to divert myself and my school-fellows in play hours. My favourite amusement was playing at funerals. On such occasions I always officiated as the parson, and the others were bearers, mourners, spectators, and sextons. To get something to bury often exercised my ingenuity. The butcher had, one day, killed a bacon-pig for my father. I was bent upon having the snout; so I went with a knife alone and secretly to the place where the huge pig was hanging to cool before cutting up. I was very little, and the scaf-

folding which I had reared to reach it, gave way under me while I was haggling to get the head off; so that the pig and all were very near falling and crushing me. However, I got the snout, and ran off with it. An aunt of mine, my father's sister, was staying at our house. She had company to tea one evening, and on looking for her caddy, in which she kept a pound of the best tea, which had been sent to her from Chester by her sister, she failed to find this caddy. It was searched for in vain. At last I was asked if I knew what had become of it.

"Oh, yes," said I, "I buried it a fortnight ago, under the sycamore tree, and there it is.'

The caddy was of china, in a mahogany case; the ground was very dry, so it took no harm there, and they found it safe enough.

I was always a good walker; and I learned to ride when I was very young, on the ponies that used to be about my father's house and farm. I was very active, and used to climb

the trees with the boys, and to run races on foot with the swiftest. I learned among them many tricks of skill and strength, such as passing through a stick held behind the left foot, threading a needle while sitting on a rolling bottle, balancing a ruler on the chin, putting my heel to the nape of my neck, and the like. A gentleman once gave me a five-pound-note for my activity, and my father bought a cow with the money.

In those days there lived at Bala an old man who used to be called Shôn Fideldee. He was in the habit of going about the roads and everywhere, playing Welsh tunes. He often went round the farm-houses, to see whether anybody wished to bespeak a jig; he never called at my father's, but he used to pass along the footpath below the garden, in going elsewhere. Whenever he came in sight of our house, my sister would send me up-stairs out of the way, for fear I should run after him. Coming from school, through the

town of Bala, I often peeped into his cottage, and joyful I was if I found him at home ; if not, I used to ask the old woman which way he was gone, and then ran to meet him, as I was ever on the watch to get a tune from his fiddle. Wherever I chanced to find him, whether on the roads or in the fields, or anywhere, he would play for me. Seeing how nimbly I frisked about to his music, he taught me the positions and steps, and would dance with me and play his fiddle going along the lanes or highroads. He taught me to dance the jig, the minuet, the hornpipe, and all sorts of things, at different opportunities, whereever I chanced to meet him.

Mr. Simpson, the supervisor at Bala, was a very handsome man. His wife was an Englishwoman; it was reported that she had been born and brought up a gentlewoman, and had ran away with him against her friends' consent. A ball, for the benefit of the County Infirmary, was given in the commercial room

at the Lion inn, and people attended it from all parts of the country. A gentleman who was passing through the town, making a tour of pleasure and sketching through North Wales, stayed a day or two at the Lion, and he opened the ball with Mrs. Simpson. The four windows of the room were very low and faced the street, and a crowd of people and children assembled outside to look on. The ball began at five o'clock in the afternoon. The people kept early hours in those days. Coming out of school, I stood with the rest of my school-fellows, and my interest in the scene was so lively that I pressed forward close to one of the windows, through which I saw Mrs. Simpson—the fine English lady—at fault in the steps and figure. Instantly I cried—"Stop, stop! Mrs. Simpson, that's wrong. I'll show you the way." As quick as thought I sprang in at the window, and did the right steps on the floor.

The dancers were very much amused, and

the strange gentleman spoke with Mrs. Ellis, the landlady, and then led me by the hand to a shop kept by Kitty Jones, Ioan Tegid's mother. She kept eight workwomen, and speedily dressed me up, by his direction, in a white book-muslin frock, a white satin sash, white stockings, red morocco shoes, and a white necklace. She lent me a white petticoat belonging to her daughter Helen, to make my frock look well, as my own was of dark Welsh woollen. The gentleman left me for a while in Kitty's hands, and then fetched me back again to the ball-room, where I danced with him and with many other persons, until Mr. Charles came to fetch me. He led me out, and said—"My dear child, I did not think you were so naughty." He then desired me to go straight home as I was. I did so, and felt very proud of my fine clothes. I had nothing on my head but my long, thick, and curly black hair. People used often to give me sixpence for letting it fall down for them

to look at. I was rosy,[1] and in high spirits, when I arrived at Pen Rhiw, for I fancied that even Gwenllian would be glad to see me so smart. I soon discovered, however, that I was sadly mistaken; for she looked fiercely at me, stripped me of all my finery, even my white stockings, and sent everything back to Kitty Jones. I never saw or heard of my ball-dress again, but I grieved for a long time over the loss of my pretty necklace. My sister was not content with inflicting this mortification—she took a stick and beat me with it severely, so that I was sore as well as sad. When my father came home, he expressed much displeasure at her having beaten me, scolded her, and told her she would ruin me. He talked to me very seriously, said that I ought not to have gone into the ball-room, and asked—"What made you go?"

I replied—"I could not help going, for the telynau (harps) were there." He wanted me

[1] This fact was probably ascertained either in a pool by the way, or in a pewter plate on arriving.

to say that I would never do so again, but I only answered, thoughtfully—"I do not know"—feeling that very likely I should, under a similar temptation, do the same thing.

The strange gentleman made inquiries about my family, and offered to bring me up and provide for me, but my father would not consent to part from me.

Not very long afterwards, I got into trouble again by my dancing.

A neighbouring farmer's daughter called at our house one evening and asked my sister's leave, as my courage was well known, that I should walk as far as the town with her, because she was afraid of a ghost which haunted that part of the way. My sister consented, understanding that Margaret was merely going to buy some thread and other trivial things, and would return with me directly. Margaret had a bundle, which she carefully left outside when she came to our house. She took it up again when we set out, and carried it to the cottage of an old woman

at Bala ; the bundle contained fine clothes, in which Margaret dressed herself. She at first intended that I should do her small errands and return home, while she went to a dance, which was to take place that evening to celebrate a wedding; but she forgot everything when we met some young men, who were of her acquaintance, in the street, and took me with her to the public house, where, seeing people dancing and hearing the harps, I could not help dancing myself. Gwenllian became very uneasy when nine o'clock came and I had not reached home. About half-past nine my father returned from preaching in the chapel at Bala, little thinking what I was about at the time, close at hand there. He ate his supper, prayed, and was retiring to bed, when Gwenllian told him that I had gone out with Margaret, and she knew not what had become of me. He immediately set out for Bala, and seeing the old woman, who was watching at her cottage-door for Margaret's return, learned from her where it was likely I should be found.

It was past ten o'clock, and I was going merrily down a country dance, when, suddenly, I beheld the awful apparition of my father, Dafydd Cadwaldyr, standing in the door-way. I made a rush to get out, but there was no space to pass, so I dived, and escaped through his legs, and ran as fast as my feet could carry me to Pen Rhiw.

My sister kept me up until he came in. As he entered, he exclaimed, "Dear me, how the devil does help this girl along, and enable her to use her feet!"

He talked to me very gravely, and asked me how he could go into the pulpit and speak of the wickedness of the world, while his own child did such things. He remarked that his other children did not want to go to dances, and he could not think why I did.

I said, "I can't help it—when I hear music, something tickles my feet, and I can't keep them quiet."

When I was about eight years old, I was

taken on a visit into Denbighshire to the house of my father's eldest brother. They used to play interludes there. The people were ungodly, and used to do also some very strange things.

One night the dairy-maid put me to bed, but told me not to go to sleep, as she should want me to go out with her after my uncle and aunt had gone to bed. She came between eleven and twelve o'clock, and took me up and dressed me. At the outside of the house-door, she had put ready for me a pail of water, a beetle,[1] and a pair of stockings without feet; and she had another set of such things for herself. We carried them off, and she sent me into a field with directions to dip the old stockings into the pail, and to beat them on a stone with the beetle, saying certain charming

[1] Golchbren—washing-stick. A wooden instrument used in the process of *beetling*—that is, washing and beating house linen and clothes in running water, after they have been *bucked*—steeped and soaked in lye, made of fern ashes.

words in Welsh. They began, ‘ Come and live with me, come and work with me,’ &c. The dairy-maid went into the next field. I called out now and then to ask her if I had beaten enough; but I heard no answer. I beat so hard that I broke the beetle. There was a little rivulet at a good distance from me in the field, and at last I saw a tall man coming from thence towards me. He wore a buff waistcoat, and had bright buttons on his coat. I was very much startled, and ran away back to the house, leaving all the things behind me in my fright.

At other times the servants would go in a party of five to the church, taking me with them, and put me to sit in the porch by myself, while they passed backwards—saying the Lord's Prayer backwards—round and round the church; always turning so as never to cross the porch.

They placed me there, they said, to keep Satan away. One night I contrived to pull

a sheet off my bed, and to take it with me under my pinafore to the porch. While they were going backwards round the church, I put it on, and went to meet them jumping along like a frog, having the sheet over my head and trailing around me. They all took fright, ran away, and never stopped until they came to the village. There they stood and called loudly for me I took off the sheet, rolled it up again, and followed them. They questioned me whether I had seen something terrible in white, but I said "No," and did not tell what I had done. That night it struck me that such tricks were very wicked, and I steadfastly determined never to go out at night with the servants again.

Soon afterwards, my father came to see me, and I told him all these things. He was much troubled, and very angry. He rebuked my uncle and aunt for suffering their servants to practise such wickedness, and

took me home with him, giving me good advice not to be a partaker in other people's sins. I had high spirits, but meant no evil.

One day, at Pen Rhiw, my father was out in his ground planting trees, and I was with him. There was a very steep heap of stones hard by, and I amused myself with climbing to the top of it and jumping down. My father called to me and said, "Betsy, don't do that, you will hurt yourself." I said, "I will only do it once more." I did so, fell, and broke my left arm. An old woman set it for me; it was soon well, and as straight and as strong as if it had never been hurt.

My second sister had the care of my father's house after my mother's death. She did not understand my disposition, which might have been led to anything by kindness. She worried me into obstinacy, and then beat me, and often she used me very harshly. My favourite brother died, I became very un-

happy, and desired very much some change of circumstances. I would not humble myself to her, and she would not treat me with kindness.

Finding my sister's tyranny intolerable, and longing to be a woman and to provide for myself, I ran away from my father's house, when I was about nine years of age, and sought refuge at Plâs yn Drêf, the residence of the Rev. Mr. Lloyd,[1] a gentleman of large fortune at Bala, and my father's landlord. Mrs. Lloyd questioned me closely and kindly as to my purpose, and said that I might remain in her household, and learn to be useful.

She had me instructed in all sorts of housework and needlework, in cooking and baking, in brewing, washing and ironing. It was here that I first learned to speak English. She was an invalid, and kept me much about her person,

[1] This gentleman was intimate with the Rev. Thomas Charles, and the means of bringing him first into the neighbourhood of Bala.

not suffering me to live among the servants. I was taught, besides, to read and write; and, as I delighted in music—always having felt that the sound lifted me off my feet—Mrs. Lloyd allowed me to take lessons upon the Welsh triple-stringed harp; and I have often sat to play her to sleep when she was ailing and wakeful.

One day, Bishop Luxmore said to Mr. Lloyd —"If you suffer your wife and family to attend the Methodist meetings, sir, I shall strip off your gown."

"Very well, my lord," he replied, "then from this time I shall go with them there."

CHAPTER II.

"Things will have their first or second agitation. If they be not tossed upon the arguments of counsel, they will be tossed upon the waves of fortune."

LORD BACON'S "SENTENCES."

LIVERPOOL.

Flight from Plâs yn Drêf—Liverpool—Burglars—Hardships—New Friends—Burglars again—Lancaster Assizes—Mr. Canning's Election—Welsh Preachers.

I HAD been at Plâs yn Drêf for about five years, when I agreed with Mrs. Lloyd one Saturday, to live there another twelve months. In the course of the following Sunday night, a sudden thought occurred to me that I was

not to stay there any longer, and that I must see something more of the world. I instantly got up and tied a few clothes in a bundle.

Before Monday morning dawned, I had thrown my bundle out of my bed-room window, and jumped out after it. I immediately set off for Chester. I ran the first part of my journey, fearing to be pursued and taken back; then by walking and getting a lift now and then in a passing cart or waggon, I arrived at Chester at last, and went to the house of my aunt.

She received me with astonishment; the very same afternoon she gave me two pounds ten shillings, and sent me off to go by the coach from Chester to my father's house. Instead of obeying her directions, I went straight to the quay, and took my passage for Liverpool.

When the packet boat arrived at Liverpool, the passengers stood upon deck, and the

captain in the midst of them. I held myself aloof throughout the voyage, from every one on board; and now I felt more upon my guard than ever, lest I should be led into some sort of trap. A gentleman asked me many questions, and seemed to pity me because I was so young and all alone there. I answered him very shortly, and not very civilly. When we had been landed upon the pier, he renewed his inquiries, offering to take me with him and to give me lodging for the night. I answered that I had relations in Brisbane Street. He said that was three miles off. I replied—

"Never mind—what's that to you?" and rushed away.

It was about four or five o'clock in the morning when I thus found myself alone in the streets of Liverpool. I wandered for a long time, and, chancing to look back, I saw the same gentleman following; this sadly frightened me, and I turned suddenly into a dirty court, which was ancle deep in mud.

All was still in the town, every house was shut up, and not a creature visible in the streets. Passing along the alley, I saw a door open : a woman came out and threw some water on the ground out of a bason ; I recognized her directly.

My father was in Lady Huntingdon's connection. He often made long journeys to preach at different places, and took a leading part in the large religious assemblies held in those days at Bala. He was consequently well known to all the Welsh people in Great Britain. I thus became acquainted with numbers who came from far and near to hear him preach ; among them not a few were kinsfolk of our own, for we own cousins to the ninth degree in Wales. The woman I had seen was not my cousin, but her husband and herself were well known to my father, and I instantly called her by her name, as my countrywoman and acquaintance. She had risen before day to get breakfast for her son, who was to sail

that morning from Liverpool on a distant voyage. She hospitably took me in, fed me, and gave me a bed, and the next day accompanied me to the house of my cousin in Brisbane Street. He was at the time in the West Indies, and his wife was much surprised at seeing me. She, however, received me very kindly, and while I remained at their house I found that the person who had shown so much concern for me on my landing, was a respectable sea-captain, and their lodger.

My cousin's wife took so great a liking to me, that she wished me to live with her as a companion, feeling often lonely when her husband was away. I did not like her fidgetty habits, and resolved on going to service. This made her angry, and hurt her pride. While I stayed with her, a Mrs. Edwards, a friend of hers, asked her as a favour to allow me to go and take care of a house in Church Street while she and her brothers went to a party. Mrs. Edwards had given her own

servant a holiday; so, when she and her brothers went out, I was left alone in their house. The front part of it was a woollen-draper's shop, which they kept. As I sat quietly in the kitchen, learning by heart the Book of the Prophet Isaiah, out of my Welsh Bible, I suddenly heard a noise of breaking glass. I took the candle in my hand, and walked into the parlour. There I saw a hand and arm stretched through the broken window, trying to catch hold of the key, which stood in the lock of the door close by. I never thought of thieves, and called out—"Stop, stop, I'll help you!" The hand and arm were quickly drawn back out of sight, and everything was still. I went back to the kitchen, not thinking anything was amiss; and after ten minutes had elapsed, went to see whether the man was coming to be let in. I then found that he had removed a whole panel shutter, glass and all, out of the shop-window, and I saw him taking a piece of waistcoat-

cloth through the window. He put his hand through again, and seized a piece of corduroy. Then I knew he was a thief. I took up a great stick, which Captain Edwards had brought from the West Indies, opened the front door, and rushed out. He ran away, and I ran after him down the street, calling "Stop thief, stop thief!" as loud as I could bawl. He turned down St. Peter's Alley. I flew after him, caught hold of his heel, threw him down on his face, and jumped upon his back. Two watchmen came up, and I told them what was the matter, where the robbery occurred, and where I lived. They took the thief to the French prison—there being no other at that time. I returned to the house in Church Street, where I had left the door wide open, and stayed there without fear until after three in the morning, when Mrs. Edwards and her brothers came home. I told them all the history, and Mr. Hugh Jones sat up afterwards until sunrise to watch the premises.

The next day, a watchman came to take

me before the magistrates; and Mr. Hugh Jones, Mrs. Edwards's brother, went with me. Soon after I had got into the court, a magistrate said—"Swear her." I said—"Oh, no! I won't swear; that would be wicked." He then explained the nature of an oath. I said

"I will tell the truth without kissing the book."

I took the oath, and was examined. The prisoner was present, and I was asked several questions concerning him. I told the gentlemen exactly what had happened, and what I had said and done. The thief was committed to take his trial at the next Lancaster assizes, and I was bound over to appear as a witness against him.

"Ah!" said I to the thief, "you are a wicked man; you have broken the commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

At this the magistrates and lawyers laughed.

I was always known in Merionethshire as Betsy Pen Rhiw. On coming first to Liver-

pool, I called myself by my proper name, Elizabeth Cadwaladyr; but on finding that the English people could not pronounce that surname, I afterwards adopted my father's Christian name instead, and signed myself Elizabeth Davis; my elder brothers and sisters having done the like, in changing Cadwaladyr for Davis.

My cousin's wife refused to assist in getting a place for me; but an acquaintance, whom I had met at her house, made inquiries, and recommended me, as a servant of all-work, to an elderly gentlewoman. I went there accordingly, and found it a very hard place; for my mistress had a daughter, and her daughter had two young children. My mistress had also a son, and two gentlemen as lodgers, all living in the house. She was of a very bad temper, and often scolded and beat me. One day, she provoked me so greatly that I gave her a good beating in return. However, she found me so hard-working and useful that,

even after this, she begged of me not to away. I replied that I would go. She reproached me, and said that she knew I had no place to go to, as my cousin would not receive me.

I had not been there many weeks, when, on the Wednesday preceding the Friday on which it was settled that I should leave my place, I knelt down in a very disconsolate state to wash the outer door-steps. I felt how forlorn and desolate I was, and I cried very bitterly. I thought of my mother, and afresh upbraided Mr. Charles, of Bala, in my thoughts, as the cause of all my wretchedness, because he had prevented me from dying with her. In the midst of my distress, two ladies, coming along the pavement, stopped to ask me the cause of my weeping. I told them all my troubles and all my history. One of them remarked to the other—"Poor thing! she is quite a child of Nature." The elder lady spoke most to me, but the younger looked at

me very kindly. They asked me the work I had to do, and the hours at which I went to bed, and got up. I said I did all the work of the house, and went on the errands for five grown persons, and two children; and that I lay down at one o'clock every morning, and rose at five. They concluded the interview by telling me, that after I had fetched the muffins and crumpets, as usual, at eight o'clock that evening for my mistress, I was to call at the house by itself, at the corner of ——— Street, and ask to see Mrs. Jackson.

I did as they had bidden me. It was a large mansion. I was shown into the housekeeper's room, and received by a person who asked me many questions as to my capabilities for service. I was disappointed, and asked to see the pretty lady; but Mrs. Jackson said she was commissioned to engage with me, and she promised to send a man to fetch me and my box on Friday evening. This was done, and I found myself a member of a very large

household, in the service of Sir George and Lady ———. She was the young and pretty lady who had first noticed me in the street; and the elder lady was a friend on a visit to her. Mrs. Jackson was the housekeeper.

Lady ———'s favour soon promoted me to the place of head-housemaid; I formed a close friendship with her own maid, Sarah Owen, and had a very happy life there.

I have heard that Sir George was born at ——— Hall, near Preston, in Lancashire; and I believe he had property about there. His lady was a native of the East Indies —I believe that she was born a princess. Her brother—the prince—was staying at Sir George's house when I first went there, and for some months afterwards. He took such a fancy to me, that he proposed to Lady ——— to make me his wife according to the English law; but I was afraid of the very look of him, and would not hear of it.

His lands were, I believe, in the presidency

of Madras. I cannot remember his names. He had about four dozen of them. His servants were not Mahometans. They told me that the people of their tribe lived to a great age, and were not subject to epidemic diseases.

The prince was very rich, and Lady ——— was his next heir.

During the first month of November that I spent in Sir George's service, I went very early one morning, with the housekeeper's permission, to assist the servants of Mr. Roddy in preparing their master's house in Williamson Square, for the return of the family. The cook had gone out to buy some rolls for our breakfast, and the housemaid and I were on our way upstairs, when, resting on the landing-place of the second flight, I looked out at the leads, and remarked to the housemaid how easily thieves might come in by that way.

The housemaid was timid, and begged of me not to talk of thieves. While we were speak-

ing, we heard from below a sort of cracking sound, which caused us to wonder whether the cook could have returned so very soon from her errand. I said—

"Suppose it should be thieves!"

The housemaid replied—

"Oh! I hope cook hasn't ——" left the door open, she would have said; but, dropping all her cans, and pots, and pans, in her fright, she fell, speechless.

I set down my load, and ran downstairs. I found the front-door wide open, and I ran into the square, hallooing—"Stop thief!" It was so foggy that I could scarcely see my hand; and whether there were thieves in the house or not, I did not really know, but I believed them to be there, and ran towards Pitt Street, calling out "Stop thief!" as I went along.

In that street I met two watchman, guarding a man, who had been running, unseen, before me in the fog. They heard my cries,

and stopped him; and, on approaching me, they inquired whether that was the one I meant. I said I did not know, and told the circumstances. They came back with me to Mr. Roddy's house, bringing the prisoner with them. They discovered that the counting-house had been broken open, and found three crowbars and a bunch of skeleton keys behind the door. The large desk had been forced, one of its hinges was wrenched off, and a draft for a large sum of money was hanging partly out of it. I picked up a knife on the floor. It had a metal plate on the handle, marked with the initials 'J. F. H.' The prisoner tried to snatch it from me, saying—"That's mine."

"You commit yourself, my man," said the watchman.

They took him away, and the next day I was obliged to appear before the magistrates again. Twenty houses had been broken into on the previous night. I was questioned

concerning the prisoner. I said I did not see him in the house.

"Did not see him?" said another magistrate, scornfully. "Let her go on," exclaimed the first. I related the facts of the case; and he observed—"I knew I could get the truth from that girl."

They bound me over to appear at Lancaster. I said—"Oh! I am going there already at that time."

In the beginning of March, accordingly, I was taken by Mr. Roddy to the assizes at Lancaster. Many other people from Liverpool went at the same time. The Church-Street trial was brought on the first day. I was not asked many questions. The thief was sentenced to fifteen years' transportation. He had been for many years a Liverpool watchman, and was said to have been the chief of a gang of house-breakers. He was an old offender, and had been several times convicted.

On the second day, the Williamson-Square trial came on. Many questions were put to me The counsel for the prosecution having said—"Brother Watson, have you any questions to ask this witness?"—

Mr. Watson said to me, "You opened the door for him?"

I exclaimed, "Oh! what a lie. If you say such things you will go to hell; my mother told me that everybody that told lies would go there."

He continued, "You showed him where the desk was, and you helped him to open it, didn't you?"

I burst out crying violently, and the judge told me I might go down, adding kindly, "Keep to the truth, my girl, through life;" and remarking to the court, "I would rather believe that child's evidence than that of many grown people. I should like to know who her parents are." It was Judge Barrow.

The thief was sentenced to be hanged. He

had robbed Dr. Solomon's house in the course of the night, before he broke into Mr. Roddy's.

Sir George ——— took Mr. Canning's part in the contested election for Liverpool. Sir George's brother, Captain John James ———, was then at the house; and Mr. Canning with his family, and his mother came and stayed there at the time of the election. Mr. Canning was very fond of his mother, and would not be separated from her at any time if he could help it. She was a nice woman, and I liked her better than any of them. Mr. Canning and General Gasgoigne were returned together for Liverpool, (1812.) There was a great dinner afterwards, and the merchants and principal people sent their servants to wait on the company; all Sir George's footmen went—he kept four—and the men out of livery were sent also.

All through my childhood and early youth, I cherished a very high opinion of my own goodness, and I was more especially proud of

my honesty and truth. While I lived at Bala, no one could persuade me to receive the Lord's Supper; but during my first year's residence at Sir George's, I heard the famous John Elias preach a sermon in the Welsh chapel at Liverpool, which wrought a great change in my principles. The text was from Lam. iii., v. 27. In English, the words are, "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." That sermon convinced me of my sin, and showed me my Saviour.

I still distinctly remember many of the remarks which John Elias made in it. The one that struck me most, as more especially applicable to my case, was his comparison of unholy people enjoying the pleasures of this world, to oxen that were fattening and rejoicing in their pasture, not knowing that they were preparing for the slaughter. After that I became a communicant, and learned to attend sermons so intently, that I could repeat long passages.

The ——— family were good, religious people, and belonged to the Church of England.

The house-steward used to read prayers for the servants, every morning and evening.

A Sunday or two after having heard John Elias, I was very much impressed by a sermon on the subject of the "Sword of the Lord," preached at our Welsh chapel by David Rhys, of Llanfynydd; especially that part of it which described people young and old doing the ways of the world, and practising all sorts of iniquity; never thinking that all the while the Sword of the Lord was hanging over them. This often recurred to my mind, and checked me in my freaks and frolics.

CHAPTER III.

"I rather would intreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness."
SHAKSPEARE'S
"TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA," Act i. s. 1.

FOREIGN TRAVELS.

Scotland—Mrs. Siddons—Ireland—Captain Harris—Calais—Spain—The O'Rourkes—Paris—St. Cloud—Continental Travels—Brussels—Waterloo—Mysterious Fellow-traveller—Italy—English Homeward Tour.

I WENT to Sir George's house in June, and stopped there until the following March: I then went with the family to Scotland, and stayed there until the November of that year. —Sir George had a cottage on the Clyde,

about three miles from Glasgow—and from thence visited Argyle Castle,[1] where we spent a fortnight; we then went to G—— Castle.

The duke was a very old man; he used to wear a little short wig every day; on state occasions he wore a long wig, like the Lord Chancellor's—all curls and powder. He had large buckles in his shoes.

One day, while we were at G—— Castle, there was a great hunting-party. I stood to look at the gentlemen when they were mounting. After they were gone, I said to one of the grooms—

"I wish I had a horse to go too."

He answered—

"There is a horse, if you would really like to go."

I told him that I would go and put my things on by the time he had the horse ready. I ran upstairs to Lady ———'s room, and found there a riding-habit of Indian nankin: the

[1] *Query*—Inverary.

maid helped me on with it. I got a Scotch hat somewhere or other, put it on, and hastened down to the court-yard, where a beautiful little horse was waiting for me. The groom helped me to mount, and showed me the way by which the hounds and hunters had gone off.

I rode a long way without seeing or hearing anything of them. At last, my horse made a dead stand, cocked up his ears, became very much agitated, and, before I was aware, jumped a little rivulet which ran down through some craggy rocks just by: however, I still found myself safe on his back. He became unmanageable, or, at least, I could not guide him; for he rushed among the woods and through the bushes, and I was obliged to lay the reins on his neck, and try, with both hands, to save the habit from being torn to pieces. He went flying along, up the mountains and down again, and over all sorts of steep and dangerous places. My hat was

knocked off; my long, black hair streamed behind me, and my habit hung in a hundred shreds about me. In this wild way, I rode across the country from eleven o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon—chasing the hunters, I suppose, for we only caught sight of their backs just as they were returning to the castle. I tried to hold back the horse, but I could not stop him, and he rushed with me into the courtyard where all the gentlemen were alighting. Much merriment was caused by my odd figure, and some of the gentlemen laughed until they could hardly stand. I went to Lady ——— afterwards, and told her about her habit; she did not blame me, but laughed, and said—

"Oh, never mind the habit. I only wish that I had seen you come back."

The horse was a regular hunter, and not a bit the worse for the run.

One evening at ——— Castle, while playing at hide-and-seek in the gallery, with

Martha, the handsome housemaid, we ran out at the part which opened upon the rocks, and I saw there what I thought must be a white cat. I caught at it, seized it, and carried it into the house to look at. It was a short white wig. I stuck it on a stick and carried it out into the gallery. The housemaid said,

"Oh! it belongs to the duke—he has been watching us."

The duke's valet saw us with the wig, and came and asked me for it. I refused to give it up. He tried to take it from me, and I ran away, and he ran after me; in taking a turn of the gallery he very nearly overtook me, I rushed against a door, and ran in, carrying the wig on the stick. It was a drawing-room, in which the company were assembled. They received me with shouts of laughter; I was surprised and frightened, but afterwards, finding they took my rude entry so well, I walked round the room showing the wig. The duke was not there, he had gone to his dressing-room.

A young gentleman of the party asked me where I got the wig. I said—

"On the bush. I will go and see if I can find some more."

The young gentleman at last took the wig; I think he was the duke's son, I then made an apology to the company for intruding, and Sir George, who was among them, laughed, and said—

"My servant is a real child of nature!"

Between our visits we went back to the cottage on the Clyde.

We stayed a week at Stirling Castle, and then went to a castle by the sea-side—waiting there a fortnight for fine weather to cross over to Ireland. The lady of the castle was one of the biggest women I ever saw; fine-looking, but tremendously stout—a regular Scotch giantess.

At Edinburgh, I was taken for the first time in my life to a theatre; I saw there, Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse, and wished very

much that I conld look as handsome and noble as she did. At Glasgow I saw her again on the stage, in the character of Queen Catherine.

At chapel at Glasgow, I met with Charles Mackenzie. He was a partner with his father and brother in a wholesale Scotch warehouse and factory. They were respectable people, and our house-keeper at the cottage tried hard to persuade me to marry him. He afterwards followed me to Liverpool on the same errand; but I could not like him.

When we reached Ireland, Sir George and his family travelled about visiting at noblemen and gentlemen's houses.

In Wicklow we went to see a famous well, near the mountain where the gold is. All the people in that neighbourhood, masters and servants alike went to that well. They took fern with them, and each person threw one sprig into the charming well, and then howled. They could not explain why they did so, but they expected some good to happen as a con-

sequence. We crossed from Kingston to Holyhead, and went to Plâs Newydd to visit Lord and Lady Uxbridge. From thence we went to Sir William Bulkeley's house at Baron Hill.

We crossed the Menai Strait into Caernarvonshire, and travelled straight home to Sir George's house, in Liverpool. We remained there quietly until March, 1814.

The second summer after I returned from Ireland, I went one Sunday as usual to the Welsh Chapel in Pall Mall, at Liverpool, and there met my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, of Gee Street. He was a retired tradesman. They had no children. They invited me to go home with them to tea: I agreed, and went on with Mrs. Jones.

I was sitting by their fire-side, reading a discourse on the subject of the first chapter of the gospel according to St. John, when Mr. Jones—who had stopped behind—came in and told his wife, that he had brought their friend, Captain Harris, to tea.

Captain Harris followed him into the parlour. I did not look up wheu he came in, but continued reading and bending my head down over the book. I felt very odd, and trembled all over. Mr. Jones said to Captain Harris—

"I have got here a daughter of a friend of yours."

The captain inquired who I was. Mr. Jones said—"Look at her and see whether you know her."

The captain replied—"Then she must raise her head for me to see."

Captain Harris wore a buff waistcoat and a blue coat, with bright buttons. He was a fine-looking man. He sat and gazed very intently upon me; and, afterwards, took a chair beside me at tea. That night we went to chapel together. I liked him, and would not allow another person to sit next to him there. After service was over, he asked whether I intended to stop for the society's meeting. I

said—"Yes." He told me that he could not stay, as he must go to the docks; and he wished me good-night.

I had three miles to go from the chapel to Sir George ———'s house, and was running quite by myself down Pall Mall, when, there he stood waiting for me. I took no notice of him; but hastened on to pass through the Exchange before it was closed.

He overtook me; and talked, as we went along, about the sermon, and other matters; but did not say a word about love.

He saw me to my home, and asked leave to come and see me again; so I invited him to come the next day to tea.

Accordingly, he came about five o'clock. He was a friend of my father's; and I introduced him into the housekeeper's room as my father's friend, Captain Harris.

Mrs. Jackson had wished me to marry James Smith, a rich upholsterer's son; she told Harris about that affair, complained

to him of my obstinacy, and bade him try to persuade me to accept of Smith. I went to chapel that evening with Harris, who brought me back, and we settled to walk together the next day to the Old Swan. On Tuesday he came, and I went out to walk with him. He had never spoken a word about love before; but then he told me that seven years before, when he was in Russia, he had dreamed of me, and that he had been looking for me ever since. He mentioned the exact time, and I knew that it was the very night on which I had seen his figure in the field, when I was a child, in Denbighshire. He asked me to promise to marry him—I made no answer, not knowing what to say. He came constantly to visit me, and whenever I displeased the housekeeper, she used to threaten she would tell my father's friend; and she often did so.

In January, he sailed for the West Indies, on board his own ship. When we parted, he

said to me "Have nothing to do with Smith." Harris was a very godly man, and my father had a great friendship for him and his family. While I had so much of his company, I did not care a great deal for him; when he was gone, I liked him better. He used often to write to me.

In March, 1814, I went abroad with Sir George and Lady ———. We crossed from Dover to Calais. A number of French porters, with leather caps on their heads, and plates on their arms, came down to take the luggage. Among them was a man without these badges. He was pointed out to me, and I saw him in the act of walking off with a trunk which contained Lady ———'s jewel-casket, and with a hat-box of Sir George's. I pursued him swiftly up the hill, came up with him, caught hold of his leg, and pulled him to the ground, fought and struggled with him, and took the trunk and box from him. Setting them aside, and forgetting them for a

moment in my rage, I beat him, and pushed him rolling down the hill, crying with anger while I did it, and all the people laughing.

The next morning we went to Paris, and, finding the king was not yet come, we proceeded by way of Bayonne into Spain. We travelled chiefly by night, on account of the great heat, and therefore I did not see all the places; but the sea was in sight during a part of our journey.

I remember, Vigo, Saragossa, Salamanca, Cuidad Rodrigo, Seville, and Granada.

We visited the queen's palace—the biggest they have in that country. There is no upstairs to it, and it stands upon several acres of land. We stopped longest at Madrid, where we put up at a hotel adjoining the King of Spain's palace.

One day, Sir George and Lady——— attended a court drawing-room. He wore a uniform, and she was most beautifully and richly dressed in green velvet and gold, with a train.

General O'Rourke and his wife had lodgings in the same hotel, and the room occupied by Lady———'s maid and myself adjoined their apartments. Lady O'Rourke used often to call us in to come and sit with her. She asked Owen to dress her for the court drawing-room, and I went to assist. She wore a white-muslin dress and pink flowers; upon her head a very high muslin cap, with fifteen red bows in it; and had on a Brussels' lace tippet, a red scarf, and red slippers. She had no train—only a little bit of muslin hanging down behind—and her dress was shortened by her figure in front. She was about thirty years of age, had red hair, and a very red face. General O'Rourke was about thirty years older than his wife—a handsome man, and a perfect gentleman.

He came into the dressing-room, and, looking at her, said—"Have you not a better dress than this to put on?"

She answered, disdainfully—"If you don't like it—"

I did not hear the rest of her speech. They went along a gallery to the palace, and we heard her calling out to the guards and people, with her loud, iron voice—"Make way for Lady O'Rourke!" She looked like a sack of wool tied in the middle. After the drawing-room was over, she went out to drive in the same dress.

When Owen and I went to her room, we generally found her sitting alone, with a bottle and glass beside her; and she was very liberal in offering us what she had, but we did not take it. She was fond of talking of herself and her money; we learned from her that General O'Rourke was an Irishman, and had been from his youth an officer in the Spanish service, where he had won great estimation.

She told us that she was half tipsy at an inn in London one day, when General O'Rourke, who was returning to Spain, had

not money to pay for his reckoning, and offered a fine ring to the landlord. She said to the general, "If you will marry me, I will pay the money, and you shall never want money any more, and you may keep your pretty ring, for it is a pity to part with it." He took her at her word. They were married immediately and she embarked with him on board the next packet for Spain.

From Madrid, Sir George ——— took us back to Paris. The day afterwards, May 3, 1814, I was on the bridge of St. Denis, and saw Louis the XVIII, come into the city. One night the king gave a grand entertainment at St. Cloud, to celebrate his restoration. Sir George and Lady ——— were invited and went to it.

After their carriage was gone, the lady's-maid expressed to me her eager desire to go too, adding that nothing should prevent it, if she had but a proper man to accompany her.

"If that is all," said I, "you shall soon have one, for I will myself be your beau, and we will both go."

We held ourselves much too high on all occasions to associate with the men-servants. The valet had gone out. I knew where our master's things were kept, went to his dressing-room, took out his Spanish uniform, put it on, and also his moustache and whiskers, took his hat, and sword, and cane, and set off with Owen to St. Cloud. We gained admission without difficulty, and I made my way through the crowd with an air of authority. We walked about among the company, enjoying ourselves extremely. I amused myself by flirting with some young ladies, who were evidently gratified by my attentions. We went to the saloon for refreshments, and passed so close to Sir George and Lady ———, that we were very much frightened, but fortunately escaped their notice. They got home before us, however, for our cab did not go so fast as their carriage.

The lady's-maid was missed, and did not dare to meet her master and mistress. I took courage, and went to show myself just as I was, so that they laughed so much, that they could not be angry with either of us.

We were four days in Paris on this second visit; and we went to see the Tuileries and other fine places.

We then went to Brussels, and from thence we travelled about to various places, which, at this distance of time, I do not exactly recall to mind in due order. We passed two months at the house of Sir George's friend, Mr. Elliott, at Töplitz: it was the only place where we did not reside at an inn, through the whole course of our continental travels.

We spent a long time at Trieste; we visited Messina, we were at Naples, and we saw Vesuvius. I am sure of the facts, but not of the times of their occurrence. We came a second time, after several months had elapsed, back to Brussels, and arrived there about two

o'clock in the morning: we were delayed for a draw-bridge to be let down before we could get to the Queen's Hotel. On the night of that day there was a ball, and Sir George and Lady ——— had tickets, and attended. Their servants, also, had tickets for the gallery, to view the scene. The room was the largest I ever saw in my life. About midnight, orders came for the 10th Hussar officers to march. At that moment, the dancers were forming all hands round. There was much confusion, and the party broke up.

We returned to the Queen's Hotel, and were very dull and anxious until we heard of the battle of Waterloo. Five days after it had been fought, we left Brussels on an excursion to visit the field. It was thickly strewn with dead bodies. Soldiers were carrying them into corners, and laying them together. Many persons were there searching among the killed for their friends. Broken bayonets, and other things, were scattered about.

From Brussels we went up the Rhine, to Berlin, and then to Vienna, where we saw young Napoleon. He was a fine, delicate-looking boy. We obtained permission to see him from his preceptor, Mr. Hill, an Englishman.

A French gentleman, whom I fancied to be Monsieur Talleyrand, had joined Sir George's family at Brussels after the battle of Waterlooo, and he travelled with us, in disguise, for many months afterwards. Folks used to say that he had pigs' eyes, and could discern what people wanted of him before they spoke. An evil spirit seemed to be in him, he was so very clever; but he was full of jokes, and very pleasant.

We went to Milan, and there Sarah Owen and I made two young students of the University provide us with fine clothes and a carriage for the opera. They were much disappointed when they found that we were setting out the next day for Venice. We had

a cottage, for five weeks, at a little distance from that city.

A large nunnery stood near; the grounds belonging to it were very beautiful, but they were surrounded with high walls. At night we used to watch a light, which moved from a high tower down to a lower building, and passed along a row of little narrow windows; for, after seeing it, we always heard the music of a lute or guitar, and songs sung by a very sweet voice in the convent grounds. It began about nine o'clock at night, and lasted for two hours at a time; and then Sarah Owen and I used to watch the light passing back again along the little windows, to the tower where the poor young lady's prison was.

There were sentries at the doors of the convent, and one day, in passing towards Venice, we noticed that they were doubled, and saw a gentleman lurking near the wall, as if he wished to conceal himself. He had attendants, but we did not see them. That night

he set fire to the convent (it was a terrific sight from our cottage), and, in the confusion which ensued, he got in and rescued the lady who sang those mournful and beautiful songs. She was an Austrian, only sixteen years of age, and her father had imprisoned her there to keep her out of the way of her French lover, and because she had refused to marry one whose suit he favoured.

St. Mark's, at Venice, is the prettiest place I ever saw. We went there every day. From Venice we returned to Milan; thence we went to Berne, and visited a hermit on the top of a mountain. We reached Rome in carnival time. There I first saw ladies riding astride on horseback: they were English women—the Marchioness of Salisbury and her daughter. We met them on the bridge that crosses the Tiber. I was disappointed in Rome. I dare say the Campagna must have been a fine place, and looked well in its glory; but, excepting St. Peter's, the new city is nothing worth

mentioning. The most curious thing I saw there was the ceremony of the Pope himself making a nun, who belonged to some great family. I pitied that poor young lady. She was only sixteen years of age. It was said she was unwilling to renounce the world, but her father forced her. We visited Bologna, and other places, Aix la Chapelle, the Hague, and Ostend, where we left the pretended Talleyrand.

We crossed the Channel to Plymouth, and visited Cheltenham, Warwick, Worcester, and Birmingham, spending a fortnight on the way to Liverpool, and seeing everything that was worth seeing as we travelled along. This was in the month of November, 1815.

CHAPTER IV.

"Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit hurled,
Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from Heaven
To wean me from the world,
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die."

KIRKE WHITE.

LIVERPOOL AGAIN.

A new Lover—Prospect of going to India—Intended Marriage—Wreck of the Perseverance—David Cadwaladyr's Visit to Liverpool.

ON returning to Liverpool, I heard Lloyd of Beaumaris preach at the Welsh Chapel, from the text, 'Go and sin no more.' I spoke to

him when it was over, telling him I did not see how what he said could be done. He replied that, indeed, it could not, if we strove only with every separate act; for sin was like the blood in our body, and we could not pull the bad away; but that the whole body of sin might be controlled and subdued, if we constantly prayed to God for the help of his Holy Spirit, through the merits of our Saviour.

I found Captain Harris just returned from the last of two voyages, which he had made to the West Indies during my absence. He wanted me to promise to marry him in March. I would not do that; but I did promise to marry him in May. He took a house in New James Street, and furnished it, and had his portrait and mine taken in oils, and hung them up there.

After having made these preparations, he tried to persuade me to go into Pembrokeshire to see his parents; but I excused myself, and he took his ship off to Bristol, and to Solva Porth Glâs, to visit his friends.

On Easter Sunday I took it into my head to go to the Quaker's Chapel in Hunter's Street. I was soon weary of the silent meeting, and went out. I set off running, and the street was so very steep that I could not stop myself. A young man stood across my way with outspread arms, and caught me as I came, calling out, "I have caught my wife!" I burst away from him, answering, indignantly, "No, you have not." His name was James B———. He was a house-painter, in good business at Chester. He was then working at Dr. Solomons', Gilead House, at Liverpool. From that day, he used to come every Saturday night, when work was over, to Sir George's house, where he stood about the door to look after me; and on Sundays he used to watch me as I went to the Welsh Chapel, and walk by my side; but I would not notice him; and several times I made a round on purpose to avoid him.

While Captain Harris was away, Sir George

received information of the death of Lady ———'s brother in India, and immediately took measures preparatory to going out with all his family to spend the remainder of his life upon his new possessions. He sold his English estates, and engaged several of his servants to accompany him, Sarah Owen, myself, five nurses, one for each of his five children; the house-maid, Jane, four footmen, the secretary, the house-steward and some others. He gave us three weeks' holidays, which began the first week in May, that we might see our friends, and get ready for the voyage. He owned many ships, and had one of them fitted up for the conveyance of his family.

I had not told any one at Sir George ———'s of my engagement with Harris, and I cannot account for the fact, that under these circumstances, I hired myself to go to India, excepting by a sort of presentiment, which told me that something would come between him and me. Mrs. Jackson and my fellow-servants

supposed that I was going to my aunt at Chester, and from thence, to Bala, when I quitted Sir George's house that Friday night, but I went to my cousin's house in Brisbane Street, and told her that I was going out to India with Lady ———, and the family. My cousin's wife knew nothing of my engagement with Harris, and was not even aware of my attachment to him. She invited me to spend a few days with her before I went to Chester, and to return to her house after my visit to Bala. On Friday night, the 12th, I wished very much to tell her that I was going to be married on Tuesday, the 16th; but I could not speak the words.

I had received a letter from Harris telling me to expect him to arrive either on Saturday night or Sunday morning. I wished on Sunday morning to tell my cousin, but I could not; and I determined to defer so doing until night, when I thonght I could do it more easily in the dusk. I went to chapel, but he

was not there, and I did not hear one word the preacher said. I felt more agitated and miserable than I can tell. In the evening I could not speak of Harris to my cousin, and I felt very anxious and unhappy.

On Monday morning I put my things on to go out, and as I was leaving the house, my cousin asked me if I chanced to pass by Jones's shop, to buy a pound of tea for her there. I went straight to the Old Docks, and inquired after the ship "Perseverance." The dock-master said he had not heard of her coming in, but directed me to go to the pier-head and look out. I went instead to the churchyard, which commanded an extensive view. I turned away heavy-hearted, and walked to James Street, and went into Jones the grocer's shop. He was a friend of my family, and used to call me Morddrwg, because I was so full of fun. However, I was sad enough that morning. I asked for the pound of tea for my cousin, and while

Mr. Jones put it up, I looked at the Liverpool newspaper, which had been just brought in, and was lying on the counter.

The first thing I set my eyes on was an account of the wreck of the "Perseverance" on the Black Rock in the fog, on Sunday morning, the 14th, between two and three o'clock; all hands lost, excepting one boy, who was washed upon the rock, and clung to it. I knew nothing more for a long time. When I became conscious, I saw three doctors standing over me. I could not utter a word. I was carried in a sedan chair to my cousin's house. Nobody could think what was the matter with me. All that day I lay speechless. About seven o'clock in the evening, a shopman came from Mr. Jones's, and said that a person had arrived there who wanted to see me. My cousin answered,—"She cannot possibly go. She is very ill."

I heard what they said, and I cried out, "I will go." She was so glad to hear me speak

again, that she ordered a sedan chair and walked by the side of me to Jones the grocer's. I fancied that Harris had been saved, and running to the stranger, I threw my arms round his neck, exclaiming, "Oh, Tom, you are come!" Then, in an instant, I saw that it was not him.

Old Dr. Morse, who had attended me in the morning, not knowing that I was removed to my cousin's house, called in at this time to see me. He said, "Let her cry, it will save her mind."

The stranger was James Harris, brother to my lover, and he had come at his invitation to be best man at the wedding.

James Harris had not heard of Thomas Harris's death until that moment, when I told it in my passionate grief; and my Liverpool friends never heard of my intended marriage until he informed them of it. He staid a week in Liverpool trying to comfort me, and arranging his deadbrothers affairs. He wanted

me to go back with him to his parents' home, and to be their daughter and live with them. He took his brother's portrait and mine away with him. I had afterwards many kind letters from the old people, pressing me to come to them, but I was fully determined then to go to India.

Mrs. Jackson, the old housekeeper, had been dreaming that I was in trouble, and she came to see what was become of me on Saturday; she was very much surprised to learn what had happened, but very sorry for me.

On Monday evening, Lady ——— herself came in her carriage, and fetched me back to her house. She blamed me for not having informed her of my engagement with Harris, but showed me very great compassion and kindness. I knew it was foolish to grieve for him, as it could not bring him back. I could not bear the thought of remaining in Liverpool, and was very glad to have the prospect of going with such good friends to India.

Jones, the grocer, did not approve of my going, and he wrote to my father, and told him of my intention. Sir George could not get things ready for the voyage so soon as he hoped to do. Meanwhile, my father, Dafydd Cadwaladyr, arrived, upon a Saturday, in the third week in June.[1] He had an interview with Sir George, and told him that he could not consent to my going to India, as he had already one daughter there, of whom he seldom heard anything, and that he did not want to lose another. In consequence of this conversation, Sir George told me that he was sincerely sorry, but he could not take me with him against my father's will; that he was a father himself, and should think it hard to have his children enticed away from him. I entreated Lady ——— to let me go, but she answered me as Sir George had done. I stayed

[1] His antipathy to all navigable water was so strong, that in coming to Liverpool he always went twenty-four miles round, through Warrington, on foot, to avoid it.

at their house, and my father stayed at my cousin's house, until the ——— family went away.

They embarked in the beginning of July, 1816. I saw them all on board, and I almost broke my heart. My father was vexed, and thought that I loved Sir George and my lady better than I loved him.

I was from infancy so spirited, that my father and my pious friends used often to fear I should get into mischief. He was always more anxious for me, than for his other children, who had quieter dispositions, and therefore gave me more frequent cautions and advice. I became much more thoughtful and steady after Harris died, and the ——— family went away. These were great griefs; but, in the midst of my gayest pranks, I had long had the root of right-doing within me.

CHAPTER V.

"———London, opulent, enlarged, and still
Increasing London. Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth than she,
A more accomplished world's chief glory now."
COWPER'S "TASK"—THE SOFA.

LONDON.

A new Engagement—Flight from Chester to London—Mr. David Charles—Mr. Bellingham—Miss O'Neill—Rebellious Conduct in a Second London Service.

My father took me with him to the house of my aunt at Chester, and we remained there for a month—my father being occupied with preaching, and a ministerial charge there.

James B—— availed himself of the opportunity of following up his courtship. He was

a good and pious man, as well as a prosperous tradesman; my aunt had so high an opinion of him, that she pressed me to marry him, and promised if I did so, that she would give us five hundred pounds. I had no inclination for him, but he would not let me alone, and I was thus prevailed upon to allow him to fix a day for our marriage. He spoke of our engagement to some of his friends, but I kept it a secret from mine, and even from my aunt, who had influenced me to make it.

I accompanied my father to Bala, where my second sister was still keeping house for him. Mrs. Lloyd was very glad to see me again, and treated me in a very friendly manner. She wanted me to re-enter her service, but I declined it. I left home again in August, 1816, and returned to Chester. I did not go to my aunt's house, but I hired lodgings at Mrs. Robinson's, in John Street. B—— called on me, and asked me to go out and take a walk with him in the groves. We went

there and the place was full of company—all walking about for their pleasure. B—— wanted to talk to me about household arrangements, and asked me to come into another path where our conversation would not be overheard. I refused; he urged it, and said, jestingly—"I shall be your master in eight-and-forty hours," at the same time drawing me towards the way he wished to go. The ground was very steep—I was very angry—and I gave him so violent a push, that he tumbled headlong down the bank. I instantly ran away, jumped over the wall into the church-yard, and out of it over the tall railings into John's Street. I went to Mrs. Robinson's, rushed upstairs to my own room, locked the door, and sat on the bed all that evening and all that night. He followed me to the house, and inquired after me; but I refused to see him, and he left word that he would be there again very early in the morning. I resented indig-

nantly his having said that he would be my master, and, resolving to avoid him, at about four o'clock in the morning, I left the house, and walked over the canal-bridge to Park Gate,[1] the seaport. I was hungry when I got there, and found that I had left my money behind me. I would have gone to Flint, but the ferryman demanded twopence for my passage, and I had only one penny to offer him. I therefore turned back and walked towards Chester.

About four miles from thence, I met Mr. Lloyd, the minister, who told me that all Chester was up in arms for me. I told him that I was very hungry, and he took me with him to the farm-house where he was going to preach, and there I had plenty to eat and drink.

As soon as I was thus refreshed, without waiting to hear the sermon, I set off again for Chester. As I passed along Water-gate Street, I saw several ministers and others,

[1] Twenty miles from Chester.

who were friends of mine, standing talking together. Among them was Mr. Parry, the publisher, whom I knew that B——— had asked to give me away. It was past nine o'clock at night, and another Mr. Lloyd took us home to sup with him at his house, in Deansgate Street, where his niece lived with him, and headed his table. Mr. Parry mentioned my intended marriage. This was Tuesday, and it was fixed for Thursday.

Mr. Parry and Mr. Lloyd spoke very highly of B——— as a good Christian, and a man who was doing well in the world.

When the party separated, and as soon as I had said 'Good night,' the thought struck me that I would go to London, and get effectually out of B———'s way. I went at once and booked my place by the mail, and then returned to Mrs. Robinson's for my boxes. I was told that B——— had been watching and searching about for me all day long. I took a person to carry my luggage, went to

the inn, and seated myself upon the top of the coach.

I know that I used B——— very ill, and that I had no just cause for thus breaking my promise to one who truly and faithfully loved me. I cannot even now quite account for my conduct, and cannot excuse it, yet I believe we can love but once; often, after having been in B———'s company by day, Harris would come back to my mind at night, and, comparing the two men, I used to think that I never could like B——— well enough to be happy through life with him. This made me the more readily take offence at him. Before I had got very far on my journey, I repented of what I had done, and watched every coach that I saw, in the hope of finding one that would take me back again. However I met with none until it was too late.

Between five and six o'clock on the second morning, I reached the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, weary, and wet through with heavy

rain, having remained with the coach until it stopped at its last inn, because I knew not where to go.

The landlady received me with real hospitality, and took me to the bar-parlour to dry my dripping clothes. She gave me a good breakfast, and pressed me much to go to bed, inquiring very anxiously what friends I had in London, and where I wished to go. I named a cousin of mine, who was a shoe-maker in Maiden Lane. She told me he was her own shoe-maker, and that she thought him a very worthy man, adding, that she could not say as much for his wife.

As I could not be persuaded to take a bed at the Golden Cross, the landlady sent a man with me to guide me to my cousin's house, and to carry my boxes thither. It was then between seven and eight o'clock in the morning. There was a man in the shop, and I was shown into the parlour. My cousin soon came down—recognized me, and welcomed me,

and said that Jane would be down shortly, and we should have our breakfast. In the course of ten minutes she came in, and he introduced me to her as his cousin from Bala.

"Yes," she said, tossing her head, "one of your friends. They are all cousins!"

I declined taking any breakfast, and said that I would rather go and lie down to rest.

She sent a maid to conduct me to a garret, in which there was no other article of furniture than an old mattress with a rug spread upon the floor. The girl locked me in. I laid down and cried myself to sleep. I slept, and awoke, and tried the door. I found it was still fast locked, and I lay down again. I could hear the workmen busy at their trade in the adjoining room. It was past ten o'clock on Saturday night, when I tried the door again, and found that it had been unlocked. I went down the three flights of stairs to the kitchen where I saw one of the maids,

aud told her that I had not eaten anything since Friday morning, and that I was cold and famishing. She replied that she must not give me either victuals or drink. However, she lent me a pint jug, and I went out and bought some bread and cheese and beer close by. At my entreaty she permitted me to warm the beer over the kitchen fire, expressing much fear lest her mistress should know that she had thus disobeyed her orders. I took these provisions up stairs to the garret, and being afraid that I should again be made a prisoner, I dragged the wretched mattress partly through the doorway before I again lay down upon it, and slept with my head out of the room where my feet and body were. At four o'clock, on Sunday morning, while all were asleep, I arose and left the house. I walked by Charing Cross, and St. James's Street, and on further and further, until I got into Sloane Street, without meeting with any human creature excepting the watchmen. There I met a grave-

looking young man, whom I judged by his dress to be a Wesleyan going to teach in a Sunday school. I inquired of him where the chapel of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists was. He said he did not know of any Welsh chapel nearer than the Borough, four or five miles off. At his request, I turned back, and walked with him until we had passed through Temple Bar, and turned into Chancery Lane. There we met another Wesleyan teacher, who was on his way to Bow. My first acquaintance asked the second about the Welsh chapel. He answered that there was a chapel of the Welsh Independents in Guildford Street. I explained to him the one I was in search of, and he recollected that it stood in Wilderness Row. I accompanied him as far as the Old Bailey, and from thence he directed me across Smithfield to the place. Attending to his directions, I readily found it, but the gate was shut. I walked up and down until the people assembled,

and I went in among them; but saw not a creature that I knew. When the service was over, I came out and walked about again until two o'clock. I was very melancholy, weary, and hungry, for I had not eaten since the night before. Shops were open, and I had money in my pocket, but I never even thought of the possibility of buying anything on a Sunday. I went into the chapel again with the afternoon congregation, and presently I observed my old school-fellow, David Charles, the doctor, in the opposite gallery. He recognized me, and came, after service was over, to speak to me. I told him that I was desolate and hungry, and he took me with him to the King's Head, where the landlord, John Jones, gave me plenty of everything. He was a noted man, and a great poet. He first established the Cymreigyddion in London. His bardic name was 'Glangors.' He was a distant kinsman of mine. Dr. Charles went to visit some patients, and left me with him, telling me

to go again to chapel in the evening, and that his housekeeper would be there, and should afterwards bring me to stay at his house, No. 11, Camberwell Grove. I did so, and met his housekeeper. I had known her before at Bala. She grumbled and was much displeased about my going to her master's house. We walked together to the Elephant and Castle, and there she purposely lost me in the crowd.

I was in sad trouble, not knowing my way, nor what to do. A coachman asked me where I wanted to go, and I stepped into his coach and he took me there. The housekeeper had arrived before me. Dr. Charles gave me a most hospitable reception, took me to sit in the parlour, and ordered that I should have the best of everything. He desired me to consider that house my home as long as it suited my convenience.

I stayed there that night, and the next day until about two o'clock, when the Doctor being out, the jealous housekeeper informed

me that she was going into the city, and that I had better accompany her part of the way to look out for a situation as a servant.

When we came to the Bricklayers' Arms, she directed me to Bermondsey, and told me to go into shops and inquire. Instead of so doing, I went to Mr. Jones, of the Waterman's Arms, and asked after my brother John, who was captain of a ship; and I learned there that he had not yet returned from India. Having no alternative left, I then entered a shop in Tooley Street, and saw two men there, and asked if they knew of any family in want of a servant. They said "No," but told me if I called again, they would let me know should they hear of anything. Before I had got as far as London Bridge, one of them came running after me without his hat to say that his master wanted to speak with me. I went back and found Mr. Tyler and his family at their tea. He talked with me, and asked whether I had a relation at sea. I said

that my brother, John Davis, commanded the *Susanna.* Mr. Tyler knew him well, and was accustomed to do business with him. He had remarked the likeness, and conjectured the relationship.

Mr. Tyler and his wife agreed that I was likely to suit her sister, Mrs. Bellingham, and he sent the porter for a coach, and paid three shillings for my fare to Russell Square, sending by me a note of recommendation. Mrs. Bellingham hired me in the capacity of plain cook, and I agreed to enter upon my duties the next day. I went back that night to sleep at Camberwell Grove.

Mr. Bellingham was a tailor in great business, and had a country house at Highgate. The day after the Princess Charlotte died, there were forty-eight carriages at his door in London, besides orders by letters and messages.

I sent a porter from Mr. Bellingham's to fetch my boxes from Maiden Lane; on the following Sunday, my cousin and his wife

had the impudence to call on me, and I shut the door in their faces.

Miss O'Neill, the great tragic actress, lived on the opposite side of our street; and, as she employed my master, she would sometimes call to me and send me to him on business. She had a very fine, graceful figure; but was not pretty in the face, and had light hair.

She often spoke to me, and always kindly; and several times she gave me a ticket for Drury-Lane Theatre. Once, when she had done so, I gave the ticket to my master's eldest daughter, who wished so much to go, that her father bought another ticket for me to go with her.

This happened on the very night that Cook had pawned himself for the sum of thirteen pounds, knowing that Mr. C. Kemble, the manager, must pay the money or stop the play, as Cook was to perform one of his best parts. I think it was *Shylock*. I never cared for comedies; but I liked the grave and

noble acting in tragedies, though my father would not have suffered me to attend either the one or the other.

I think there is much to be learned from a good play.

Mr. Bellingham made some of Miss O'Neill's wedding clothes when she married Sir Wrixon Becher. I remember especially one white cashmere pelisse, trimmed with lavender-coloured satin.[1]

I lived three years with Mrs. Bellingham, and I might have been there much longer but for the jealousy of an old nurse who used to scold and beat the children. They would come to me to complain of her and be comforted. I used, when my work was done, to dress myself and go with them when she took them out to walk; I liked to carry them, and to do anything for them, but I never went to the nursery. The old nurse told our mistress that she felt herself to be of no use,

[1] According to Burke, Miss ONeill's marriage took place December 18, 1819.

as the children were so much with me. Mrs. Bellingham assured me that she would send her away and pension her, but I preferred going myself to being the cause of her going. I had also at that time an intention of marrying H———, the draper, of the firm of H——— and H———, in Bishopsgate Street; I therefore left my place and took lodgings with Mrs. James, in the Barbican.

He took a house for our residence in Shepherd's Walk.

One day I read in the *Times* newspaper an advertisement for a laundry-maid, and I went at the day and hour appointed to offer myself, at the house of Mr. R——, in Pullings Row, Islington. There were sixty or more young women crowding the two parlours on the same business. I was the tallest, and Mrs. R—— asked me several questions over the heads of those who stood in front of me, and hired me at the rate of eighteen pounds a year.

She was a Wiltshire lady, daughter of Sir

Thomas T——, and second wife of Mr. Samuel R——, the cowkeeper. He always kept nine hundred and ninety-nine cows—he never could keep a thousand, for one always died directly he made up that number. My place was a hard one, for I had to wash, iron and mangle for five gentlemen and seven ladies, besides the house linen, and only the housemaid to help me every Monday. My master had two brothers: Thomas a cowkeeper in the Edgeware and Hampstead Roads, and William, a brickmaker. They were all wealthy people. My master's eldest daughter married a son of Winston, the great auctioneer. All my master's children were by his first marriage. I did not like my mistress; she knew nothing of domestic management, and I thought her very silly. She came to the laundry one day, and expressed her wish to learn how to iron the fine things. She took her first lesson with a pair of old, greasy kid gloves on her hands, and

dirtied at least two dozen articles that day. Afterwards, she came again several times, and did no better. I had to wash and iron all she touched, for they were unfit for use; and thus my work, which was too heavy before, was greatly increased. One day in particular, she came in new tan gloves, and made a worse mess than ever. I grew desperate, and resolved to put a stop to such folly, at the risk of being turned away from my place. The next time, in she came, as she always used to do, jumping along as if she were hung on a string. I had contrived to summon her only a few minutes before two o'clock, the parlour-dinner hour; and as soon as she had set to work, I left her, and went to the room where all the children and the French governess were assembled, and, to their great amazement, I seated myself at the head of the table. Miss R—— said—

"You won't stay there until papa comes?"

I said—"You shall see that I will."

The dishes were brought in by the footman, and the old gentleman came with his spectacles on. He looked extremely surprised, and said, good-naturedly—

"Elizabeth, what are you doing here?"

I replied—

"I am not Elizabeth to-day; I am Mrs. R——. As she has taken my place in the laundry, I am come to take hers in the dining-room."

He went immediately, and fetched Mrs. R——, who came and stood, laughing, behind the chair on which I was seated. I expected to have been discharged forthwith, but I was not even scolded; every time that I gave warning to quit, Mrs. R—— entreated me to stay, and raised my wages at the rate of two pounds a time. She never again troubled me in the laundry. It was a liberal house, but the mistress trusted to the cook; her domestic arrangements were so bad, that on two successive Sundays no dinner was provided for

the servants, and we were obliged to send out and get something to eat from a cook's shop.

One day, after I had given one of my many notices to quit, Mrs. Sharrick, an old midwife, who had often heard me say that I should like to go abroad, came and told me of a sudden opportunity of gratifying that wish. She had two daughters, and one of them had bound herself under a forfeiture of one hundred pounds to go to the West Indies. She changed her mind, and would not fulfil her engagement; and the mother requested me to go instead. If this had not occurred, I should probably have stayed on again with Mrs. R———, who at last consented to have a man to turn the mangle, and objected strongly to my leaving her.

As to my proposed marriage, it ended as my former engagement had done.

One day, H—— asked me whether I had told my sister Bridget that I had consented to marry him. She was then living in London,

in a place which I had procured for her. I answered, 'No.' We had a dispute about it, and quarrelled, and broke off the match.

He wrote to me afterwards, and sent a friend to me to try and make it up again; but I refused to have anything more to say to him.

I left Mrs. R—— on a Thursday, and went that same evening to Queen's Terrace, Brompton; and there, at the house of a French count, I agreed with his sister-in-law, Mrs. S——, to enter her service, and to wait upon her and her child to the West Indies and back again.

On Friday, Mrs. R—— sent after me; and, although my rate of wages had reached thirty pounds a year, she said she would not hesitate to give as much more as I chose to ask, if I would only return to her.

This it was no longer in my power to do.

In November, 1820, I sailed for the West Indies, on board the merchant ship *Iris*, my master, Captain S——, being her commander and joint owner.

CHAPTER VI.

"Where first his drooping sail Columbus furled,
And sweetly rested in another world,
Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean, smiles
A constellation of Elysian isles;
Fair as Orion, when he mounts on high
Sparkling with midnight splendour from the sky;
They bask beneath the sun's meridian rays,
When not a shadow breaks the boundless blaze;
The breath of ocean wanders through their vales
In morning breezes and in evening gales;
Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours,
Ambrosial fruits and amaranthine flowers;
O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns."

MONTGOMERY'S "WEST INDIES," Part i.

THE WEST INDIES.

The Captain of the Iris and his Family—Realization of Early Visions—St. Vincent's—Sins carried to Trinidad for Absolution—Visits to various Islands and to the Mainland—Return to England—Engagement with Captain and Mrs. Foreman—Visit to Dafydd Cadwaladyr at Bala.

CAPTAIN S——— was a very fine-looking man,

with a fair complexion, large blue eyes and light curling hair. He was a native of the West Indies, and second son of old Dr. S——— of St. Vincent's, and of his Creole wife. Captain S——— had served as a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, under his kinsman and namesake, the celebrated Sir Sydney Smith. He married a sister of Mr. ———, of Norfolk Street, the well-known law-stationer. They had one child, a boy of a few months old, and his name was Orlando Furioso Stanislaus Francescal Sydney ——. One of the first orders the Captain ever gave me was never to leave the child with its mother. He was very fond of it and of her; but he never seemed to have any confidence in her. She was a pretty little woman, but quite a dumpling in figure. He was a good man, and a Protestant, as all his family were. My mistress was a Roman Catholic, and very superstitious. The child was very handsome, and of a good disposition. He soon showed a strong affection

for his father, and for his nurse; but he never was fond of his mother.

We reached the West Indies after a voyage of five weeks. Sailing from Barbadoes to St. Vincent's, we touched on our way at the little island, or peninsula, of Calique, and went ashore there. Words cannot tell my surprise, my amazement and horror, at beholding there for the first time in my life, cocoa nut trees bearing fruit—the very trees, the very same big nuts, which I had imagined to myself as strange impossibilities of my own invention, when I used to sit alone in the hole of the rock at Pen Rhiw. The sight of these trees, and of the negroes, caused me to think that the wicked spirit, who had power to show all the kingdoms of the world and their glory, had previously made an exhibition of these wonders to me.

At St. Vincent's, my master and his wife made their home at his father's house, while I was sent every night to sleep on board the *Iris*.

When first we arrived, there was hard work to get a bedstead for them to sleep on. There was only one in the house; it was a huge four-post bedstead, and ten people slept in it. At last, a tent-bedstead was procured, and put up in the breakfast-room, for my master and mistress.

One of the windows, which looked into the garden, used to be left open at night because of the heat; and, for the first three weeks, a large snake used to come in every night, and lie coiled up on the bed at the captain's feet. In the morning, when I went to the room to fetch the child out of the little crib by the bed-side, I used to see the snake. The first time I caught sight of it, I was just going to call out, but my master raised his finger to silence me, lest his wife should be frightened. She never knew of it, I believe. My entering disturbed the snake, and it used to lift up its head, and gape, and slowly unwind itself, and crawl away out at the window. It had a nest

under the sour-sop tree [1] in the yard. It was rather a light-coloured snake, of a harmless sort. Such visits were put an end to by its being killed.

These creatures were very numerous in the West Indies. For the bite of venomous snakes the negroes used to make a plaster, composed of a native oil spread on the bark of the soap-wood tree. [2] One negro was bitten by a black snake, which he killed before it had torn the flesh out. He applied to the wound the

[1] *Annona Muricata*, a species of custard apple, indigenous to the West Indies. The taste and smell of the fruit, and of the whole sour-sop tree, resemble the black currant. The properties of the natural order are strongly aromatic.

[2] *Sapindus Saponaria*, the soap-berry tree, is also indigenous to the West Indies. The pulp of its fruit, being a strong abstergent, is used for washing linen, and is said to be more efficacious than sixty times its weight of common soap. The embryo of the soap-worts is generally either twisted spirally or curved. A remarkable instance of this formation has obtained for a Demerara species the name of snake-nut. The properties of the order are poisonous.

bark and leaves of the sour-sop, which soon cured him. That fruit is the favourite food of the black snake.

Captain S—— had freighted the ship for a voyage of mercantile speculation, and when he took her round to the islands, the child and I used to go with him, as well as some friends of his, while Mrs. S—— remained with his father's family at St. Vincent's.

The people in the West Indies had no life and cheerfulness in them. They were a languid, slothful race, both men and women; and in proportion to the population, I never saw so many bad persons in my life, of both sexes. Husbands thought nothing of keeping a harem in the home of the lawful wife, and mere children, boys and girls, were dissipated and profligate. The habits and manners even of the innocent were so strange and bold, that at first, I really thought there were only wicked women at St. Vincent's.

My mistress sent me once to Martinique,

to buy finery for a ball at Kingstown, St. Vincent's—white satin with green leaves and roses, to trim her lace dress. Captain S—— and his mother and sisters went with her to the ball. They returned home about eleven o'clock at night; after I had put my mistress to bed, I went down to the beach and stood waiting for the boat to come and fetch me on board to sleep, when I heard the sound of groaning and sobbing, and discovered Lady C———'s maid sitting forlorn, without shawl or bonnet, upon a piece of timber. She explained her sad condition by telling me that having unfortunately forgotten to place Lady C———'s night clothes on the usual chair, her ladyship had beaten her, dragged her by the hair of her head, and turned her out of doors at midnight.

This maid was a particular acquaintance of mine, as we had often met in our morning walks with the children of our respective mistresses. I made her accompany me on

board the ship, and left her there, when I went on shore to my business early the next morning. Many gentlemen were clustering together in the town as I passed through, and talking very earnestly together. Mr. Cox, a merchant, came from among them and spoke to me, remarking upon the great care I took of the child which I had in my arms. He told me that Lady C———'s maid was lost, and it was feared that she had drowned herself. The Governor, Sir Thomas Brisbane, and his sons were walking towards the other gentlemen. I went into a shop to buy some tobacco, as I had promised for a sailor, and the tradesman, mentioning that the maid was lost, I hinted that I knew where she was. This information was quickly conveyed to the gentlemen, among whom was Lady C——'s husband, Mr. C——. I related the cruel treatment which the maid had received from her mistress, and declared that this being the third time of her having been turned out of

doors, she would never re-appear until she was set free from her engagement. I also demanded that her three years' wages, and twenty guineas for her passage home to England should be paid into the hands of her friend the Wesleyan minister. After some contention, Sir Thomas took up the matter, insisting on all this being done, and Mr. C—— submitted to release her from her contract, and to pay the money.

The S—— family being Protestants, my mistress had some difficulty in managing her diet for fast days; when there chanced to be beef or fowl for dinner on Friday, she would take her portion and pass it through water, and, after this process, would declare it to have become fish. Sometimes she ventured to ask me if I did not perceive the change, and on my answering "No," she would shake her head, and say—"Oh! you have no faith."

One evening she put into my hands an un-

sealed paper and ten doubloons,[1] and ordered me to leave the baby at home, and embark immediately on board a draager[2] for Trinidad, to deliver the paper to the bishop, to pay whatever he might require, and return on board the draager as soon as the business was settled. There was no bed for me on board, so I sat all night in the cabin, and amused myself with reading the paper of which I was the bearer. I found it to be a catalogue of my mistress's sins for the last seven weeks, which she was sending for absolution to the 'holy father,' as she called him.

It was a terrible night, and the wind blew a hurricane. The captain of the draager came in and out of the cabin, looking at his charts, and seeming very uneasy. He told me he

[1] The American doubloon is worth £3—5s. in English money; the Spanish doubloon, £3—6s.

[2] A sort of 'clipper' used for traffic between the islands. The local term for such a vessel is 'drogher,' or 'draager,' a carrier, from the Dutch verb 'draagen,' to carry.

had been employed for ten years in carrying sugar between the islands, and never was out in such a night before; that he had reefed all the sails, and done his best. He seemed very gloomy, and to cheer him up I said—"You never before had so heavy a cargo."

He looked surprised, and replied—"I have none at all. What do you mean?"

"Well, you have got me on board, and all my sins; and, as that is not enough, I have another person's sins of some weeks in my pocket."

"This is no time for jesting," he said, "don't joke."

He was a Spanish Creole. I asked him if he believed in Almighty God. He assented, and I inquired whether he remembered who said to the sea—"Thus far shalt thou go and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," and who declared that he holdeth "the sea in the hollow of his hand?"

He said—"In such a night it is almost im-

possible to believe it." He then spoke more about the heavy load I carried to the Bishop of Trinidad, and said that had he known of it before, he would not have brought me.

"Never mind," I replied, "no harm will come of it. The wind will go down at day-break." It did so, and we arrived in safety. I took my breakfast on board, and then went on shore and called at the bishop's house. A black servant told me that the bishop was gone to give the viaticum to a dying man, and conducted me to a room to await his return. About ten o'clock he came, shook hands with me, and called me Daughter. He took down three books from a shelf and laid them before him. Having asked if I was from Europe, and some other questions, he then said—

"Well, daughter, are thy sins great, or middling, or small? If great, lay a doubloon on this book; if middling, lay half a doubloon on this book; if small, lay two bits (8d.) on this book. Come near, kneel down and confess."

"Toot!" I exclaimed, "I am not a Roman Catholic. I am no such fool!" He put his hand on the bell to have me shown out, but I stopped him from ringing it, and pulling out my mistress's list, laid it before him, saying—"Please to look at that before you send me away."

On seeing the paper his countenance cleared and brightened; he read it slowly, and crossed himself now and then—I suppose when he came to the rump-steak and the chicken. He next began to write. I told him that I knew my mistress had not set down her greatest sin—that of burning her husband's Bible. He intimated that he did not regard that action as a sin. He summoned the black man, who now moved about the room burning incense, and six boys walked in the thick smoke round the table, bearing candles, and tinkling little bells and singing, while the bishop knelt and prayed aloud in Latin to some images, which he handled and turned about, and then set again

upon the table. When he arose, the boys chaunted and left the room. The bishop then produced three little tapers of different colours, folded and sealed them up in the paper on which he had written, and directed it to my mistress. He put the packet into my hand, and asked whether my mistress had entrusted me with money to place upon the book. I said that she had not known what it would cost, and had sent ten doubloons. He ordered me to place seven (£23 : 2 : 0.) on the big book. I did so, and asked why he would not himself receive the money. He answered,

"It does not belong to me, but to the saints."

I said "I am surprised that an old gentleman like you can believe such foolery."

He observed, "You call yourself a Protestant. You have no faith."

I retorted, "You don't believe the Gospel and the Bible."

"We are the Gospel," he replied, and crossed himself.

I said, "I can tell you what the Gospel is. The sum and substance of the Gospel lie in two things—an empty sinner and a full Saviour. We don't want so much mummery and mockery."

He replied, "You have been brought up a Protestant. I have been brought up a Catholic. I know there are many things in our church which are not founded on the word of God. As long as we are in the church of Rome, we must obey her laws. I approve of many of Luther's doings." He then mentioned several passages of Scripture on which individual Roman Catholics put different constructions.

I said, "If you wanted to do me any good, why did you not pray so that I might understand you?"

"Well," he rejoined, "we cannot convince one another. I ought by rights to turn you out."

He did not shake hands with me at parting, I

suppose because I was a heretic; he, however, sent the black man to request me to come back and have some dinner, but I refused the invitation. I walked about and saw the town, and found my way to a plantation belonging to Mr. Shum, of Liverpool, where I made acquaintance with the manager, a young man named Charles Griffith, from Brecknockshire. I stayed that night at his house, and went the next morning to the town, to make inquiries about my passage back to St. Vincent's. I met the captain of the draager, who had brought me, and said to him:—"Well, captain, will you take me back? I am not near so heavy now, having delivered the load of sins to the bishop."

I settled to embark with him at five o'clock that afternoon. I amused myself until that hour, went accordingly, and reached St. Vincent's between three and four the next morning. I duly delivered the bishop's packet, and returned the three spare doubloons to my mistress.

Though I never was sent again to Trinidad, this was not the first nor the last errand of the kind with which my mistress entrusted me.

One day, at St. Vincent's, I took the little boy, Orlando Furioso, for a walk, and two black girls went with me. We meant to go up to the flag-staff, on the top of the hill just above Kingstown. As we passed on our way behind Dr. French's plantation, we heard a noise like the baying of hounds, and, looking towards Calique, beheld horsemen and dogs in full chase.

As we stood watching them, one of the negresses suddenly cried out—"Oh! Missy Betsy, Missy Betsy, lie down flat!" I could see nothing to be afraid of, until I looked about and perceived in the hollow space between the two hills, a huge serpent. We all lay down flat on our faces, until this strange creature with all the horsemen and dogs after it had gone past us; and then we got up and went on to the top of the hill where the flag-staff stood.

The monster went towards the Botanic Gardens. Several gentlemen were walking in those gardens at the time. A row of six-pounders was set in the niches of the garden-wall; and, when the serpent approached, old Mr. Rogers—a Welshman from Montgomery-shire, who had the care of them—drew out one of these guns, and shot the creature twice—one ball passed through its open mouth, and the other through its heart. [1]

The next day all the people of the town, and people from Martinique and Dominique, and other places, both far and near, came to see the creature. I was there, and saw it too. This serpent had a head like a shark, with holes for ears, six wings, and twelve feet, besides a row of feet across the widest part below. The colour was green, mixed with

[1] "Can this be true?" an arch observer cries.
"Yes," (rather moved) "I saw it with these eyes."
"Sir, I believe you on that ground alone,
I could not, had I seen it with my own."
COWPER'S 'CONVERSATION.'

white above, and the colour of oyster-shells beneath. The front part looked like feathers, and the hinder parts shelly.

It was thought by the best informed persons to have escaped from some passing ship, as foreign birds, and monkeys, and other strange creatures often did. [1]

My master sailed with the child and me and two young ladies from St. Vincent's to Kingston, in Jamaica, and round to all the ports of that island. Wherever I was, I attended church or chapel; and I used to go and teach in the Sunday-school at Port Royal.

From Jamaica we went to St. George's, in Demerara, and there Mr. Porland, a cousin of Captain S——'s, received us at his house. Mrs. Porland was a mulatto—a very nice lady. They made the captain send for his

[1] It is not easy to determine the true species, or even the genus of the reptile thus described; but most probably it was a python, observed under the influence of astonishment, and remembered with supernumerary attributes.

wife and sisters, they came, and we all stayed three months in that house—Captain S—— going about the while with his ship on short trading voyages.

Mr. Porland had 1450 slaves on his plantation. I did not think their state was slavery at all, excepting in two particulars:—1. They were not treated as if they had immortal souls. 2. They were subject to be sold. These things were horrible; but all the rest appeared very well. They were not over-worked. From half-past six to nine, from half-past nine to eleven, and from three to five, were the hours of labour; and they had Saturday and Sunday wholly to themselves. Ground was assigned them to cultivate for their own profit, and they sold the surplus produce at the Sunday market. I was at Demerara during the commotion about Smith the Missionary; but I left before it was finished. I used to go every Sunday from Mr. Porland's house to Joseph's Town to teach the black children in the Mis-

sion school. There was a little pious black boy there, who wanted much to go home with me to England, because, he said, there was a bigger door from thence to Heaven than from those islands. He died not long afterwards very happily.

The captain, with the child and me, went from Demerara, leaving Mrs. and the Miss S—— there while we made a five weeks' voyage to the Havannah, Martinique, and Trinidad. Having sold all his merchandize, we returned to St. Vincent's, and sugar was brought from his own and his father's plantations in several islands on board the draagers to load the *Iris* for England.

After our return to Dr. S——'s house at St. Vincent's, I used to take the child out very early every morning for a walk. On returning one day, my mistress asked me where I had been. I answered that we had been to Mr. Fraser's plantation, that he had wished to detain us to breakfast, but I would

not stay, as I had not her permission to do so. She said—

"It is a pity you did not stay. You may stay any morning."

I thanked her, and replied that I would stay some cloudy morning, when the heat of the sun was not too great. Accordingly, soon afterwards I did so, and, in consequence, was a little later than usual in arriving at home; though I had set out so early that the difference was not much. As soon as I came in sight, there stood outside the door my mistress, her mother-in-law, and her two sisters-in-law. They all exclaimed against me; and my mistress, snatching the child from my arms, cried out—

"You good-for-nothing wretch! you want to kill my child. I will make George" (a slave) "tie you to a tree, and give you a good horse-whipping."

The old lady and the young ladies reproached me with having stopped out too late

in the heat. I explained that my mistress had given me leave to stay to breakfast at Mr. Fraser's plantation. The child screamed at being kept from me, and they passed him from one to the other to try and comfort him. He lisped out that he wanted to go to Sissy, and would not be pacified. They took him away, and I went to the gallery. I got home at a quarter past nine, and the child cried incessantly until two o'clock, when my mistress brought him in her arms to me, and said—

"Take this little wretch!"

I refused, and told her to have me flogged, as she had threatened. She took the child away again, but none of them could pacify him. My master was out, spending the day at Dominique. Miss Eliza S—— entreated me to take the child, declaring that it would break her brother's heart to see the little boy in that state. I could not bear the sight of his distress myself, and kept out of the way in the gallery. He could not be soothed to

sleep; he would not eat, and about four o'clock he fell into a fit. My mistress rushed into the gallery, and fell on her knees at my feet, sobbing out—

"For God's sake, come and take my child!"

Without a word, I ran to the baby, who was lying, insensible, across his grandfather's knees. The old doctor thought that he would die. I asked how long he had been in the fit. At the sound of my voice he opened his eyes, and threw his arms around my neck, saying, "My Sissy." I took him, and soothed him, fed him, washed him, and put him to bed, and he was fast asleep before his father came home—though he sobbed in his sleep all through that evening.

I did not like to make mischief between husband and wife, so I never told my master of my mistress's unjust conduct and cruel threat.

In a few weeks from that occurrence, the

Iris being loaded, we embarked for England. One night at sea, my master called me up to my mistress. None of the family had expected her confinement, and she had not made any sort of preparation for it. I found her very ill, and having tried hot flannels, hot salt, and other things in vain, I began to recollect that I had formerly seen a person in that state before. I also thought over what I had read in Dr. Buchan's book, and became quite certain about the case. I gave her a cup of green tea, which had wonderful effects, and about two in the morning, a fine boy was born—I being the sole attendant upon her and the infant.

I wrapped it in some of the elder child's clothes, and soon stitched up some little shirts and flannels, as there were abundant materials on board. This was my first experience in such matters. Captain S—— christened the child Alexander Crichton Archibald Johnston S——. He was a beautiful baby, and likely

to live and thrive, but his mother was the death of him. Nothing would persuade her to allow the new-born infant to be placed in the same bed with her. By day I made up a little bed on the top of a box, and put all the warm things I could around him, but I could not put many for fear of crushing him. At night, I took him and his brother to my own bed. The captain took the little one in his arms to his wife, and entreated her with tears to let him lay it beside her; but she would not. She used to say, when I begged and prayed her to do so, "Take the little wretch away. It will give me the fever." On the fifth day at noon the child died. The mother declared it was a good thing the poor little wretch was gone. The father wept bitterly. He had three coffins made, two of wood, and one of lead. He wrote the name of the child, and the date, and the name and position of the ship on a piece of parchment, enclosed

it in a phial, which he placed in the shell with the corpse.

At midnight, twelve hours after the death, the ship's muffled bell was rung, and the captain and his crew, with four ladies, who were passengers, and myself, assembled on the deck. It was very solemn. The captain read the service for the burial of the dead, and the mate made the responses as clerk. All was so silent, that a pin might have been heard to fall. The coffin was lowered very softly, as if into a grave. There was no splash until the men drew away the ropes.

The mother knew nothing of the funeral—she was lying fast asleep in her cabin. Next morning she gave me a sealed phial and twopence, and told me to put them into the child's coffin, supposing that he would be buried that day. She was well and on deck in a fortnight after the birth.

We got safe to the port of London. They took lodgings in Poplar, and I stayed a fort-

night with them there. Mr. Elliott, the captain's partner, came, and the *Iris* was immediately unloaded, and freighted directly with mercantile goods.

One day the captain appointed me to meet him on some business in the city; on my way thither, I called upon a friend of mine, Captain Horshaw's wife, and she asked me to leave a parcel for Malta in the London Docks. I went there, and inquired of the gatekeeper where the *Albion* lay. As we talked he remarked to me, "You are a West Indian." I said, "No, I am a Welshwoman." I was as yellow as a tawney, and my black eyes made me look as if I was not a European. "I am just come from the West Indies, and I want to go to the East." "You do?" he said. "Yes," I answered, firmly; but the thought had only just come into my head. He told me that he knew a lady who wanted a maid to go with her to Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales, and perhaps to the

East Indies, directing me to call that evening, about six o'clock, at No. 4, Broad Street, and inquire for Mrs. Foreman. After having done my master's business, I called at the place, and found that the gatekeeper had already mentioned me to Mrs. Foreman. She engaged with me at once to go to her on the following Tuesday.

The engagement with Mrs. S—— terminated on my return to England. The captain and my mistress wanted me to go again with them to the West Indies; and my fondness for the sweet child, whom I had nursed so long, would have led me to do so, had I not still remembered the threatened flogging with resentment. On Saturday, I informed Mrs. S—— that I had hired myself to Captain and Mrs. Foreman. That day the S—— family went to Brompton on a visit, and I had a holiday during my short remaining sojourn at their lodgings in Poplar. On Sunday I was to dine by invitation with Mrs. Foote, for

whom I hnd brought a parcel from Jamaica. She lived in Queen Anne's old house, Church Street, Spitalfields. Her husband was a prosperous manufacturer there. The daughter of the lodging-housekeeper at Poplar, assisted to dress me up in a white gown, which I used to wear in the West Indies, and, being proud of her skill as a tire-woman, she led me to a glass that I might see how well I looked. I believe that I had not seen my face since I sailed for the West Indies. I could not believe I saw myself—I was shocked at such an ugly thing—but the good-natured young woman, who had not known me before, persisted in declaring that I looked very handsome.

As I went along the streets, men, women, and children stared at me, and flocked after me. Some said, "What a beautiful foreigner!" Others said, "What a fine-looking woman!" In the Commercial Road, a gentleman came up to me, and said, in French—"You are a stranger here? Can I be of

any service to you?" I had picked up a little of that language in the West Indies, therefore understood his words very readily; but I was afraid of him, and made no answer. He walked by my side, and addressed me a second time, speaking Italian, and offering to show me the way to any place where I might wish to go. Still I did not utter a word. At last he said aloud to himself in English—"Poor soul! I can make nothing of her. I can be of no use to her. She cannot understand me." He then walked away. Soon afterwards I met the mate of the *Iris*, who had promised to come and show me the way to Mrs. Foote's. He took me there, and left me on his own affairs. I remained with Mrs. Foote all day, and as pouring rain came on, I stayed all night.

On Tuesday, I entered upon my new duties with Captain, and Mrs. Foreman. Their ship was not ready to sail as soon as they had expected, and they allowed me to go into Wales

on a visit to my father. I was very glad to see him again, and I desired no better company when he was at home, but when he was absent on his ministerial duties, I found Pen Rhiw rather dull, and spent a great deal of my time at Plâs yn drêf with my old and kind friends, the Lloyds.

At their house, I had the pleasure of seeing again, and of shaking hands with Judge Barrow, who was in the habit of making his home there at the time of the assizes. He had become quite blind, and I had some difficulty in making him recollect me. He lived in Bedford Row, and was succeeded on the North Wales' Circuit, by Baron Richards.

I related the circumstances of the two Liverpool robberies, and reminded him of his wish to be acquainted with my parents, which was now as far as possible fulfilled, my father being there, and my mother being dead. Mr. Lloyd kindly told him that I had lived four or five years in his house when I was a child, and that he had never known me tell a falsehood.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd pressed me very much to stay and live altogether with them in any capacity I chose, and on my own terms; but I was bent on seeing more of the world. At the end of three weeks came my summons to rejoin Captain, and Mrs. Foreman. In travelling into Wales, I had carefully avoided Chester, and in leaving Wales, I likewise chose the Shrewsbury road, and spent three days in that town at the house of Mr. Colley, the banker. I got safe to London, and was soon busily employed in preparing for the voyage.

CHAPTER VII.

"Bards tell of many women valorous,
Which have full many feats adventurous
Performed in paragon of proudest men."

SPENSER'S "FAIRY QUEEN,"
Book iii., Canto 3, Stanza 54.

LONDON TO HOBART TOWN.

Captain and Mrs. Foreman, and the Denmark Hill—Mrs. Fitzherbert—Storm at Sea—The Thetis—Isle of Marsevan—Dishonest Steward—Van Dieman's Land.

CAPTAIN FOREMAN was sole owner of the ship—he called her the *Denmark Hill*, after the name of a house which belonged to him, and in which he allowed his mother-in-law to live.

He had commanded the ship for many years, was an aged man, and very skilful in navigation; being also very careful, he was considered by good judges to be one of the safest commanders in the merchant service. He was, upon the whole, a good man, and would suffer no evil doings and no bad language among his crew. He was a very kind husband, and his concern for his wife, who always accompanied him, seemed to add to his watchful attention to the management of the ship. He was rich, but anxious to acquire more and more; and he did not scruple to enforce his orders by very rough and abusive language.

He did not employ any London agents, and being particular in the choice of sailors, was long in getting a crew. I had the charge of letting the berths, and of making arrangements for the passengers, and also of taking in stores. The *Denmark Hill* lay in the London Docks. I lived on board, but went on shore daily to cook for my master and

mistress at their lodgings; and he used to come three or four times a day to see what passengers had engaged with me. Mrs. Foreman's brother was for many years foreman to Mr. Apsley Pellatt, the great porcelain manufacturer.

We embarked one hundred and eighty passengers, of whom forty-eight were children. Sir George M———, who was going out to fill a high post in the Colony, was on board, with Lady M———, their five children, and whole establishment — forty persons in all. He paid two thousand pounds to Captain Foreman for the five months' passage: that sum included wine and all other necessaries; and the confinement of Lady M——— took place on board. After the ship had been taken out, contrary winds drove us into Brighton. Mr. Malcolm—who was going out with us, to take an official appointment in Van Diemen's Land—was acquainted with Mrs. Fitzherbert, the reputed

wife of King George the Fourth, then Prince Regent. She was at Brighton; and to please Mr. Malcolm, she had given him leave to bring Mrs. Foreman and the lady passengers to see the Pavilion. He took me with them, where we found luncheon prepared for us, and Mrs. Fitzherbert herself sat at the head of the table. Mr. Malcolm used to be very ill at sea; and, to secure my good nursing, he took the opportunity of showing me this great civility, and treating me as if I had been a lady instead of a servant.

From Brighton we went to Portsmouth, where the last of the passengers joined us. We set sail from Portsmouth, and got down the channel, but the wind turned us back from the Scilly Islands, and we put into Plymouth harbour, and took in fresh provisions and water, our stock having been diminished by the long delay. We got there ten slaughtered oxen, about a score of sheep, and two calves, and hung them all up in the rigging, which is a ship's larder in cold countries.

The meat becomes salt there without any trouble; to take off the incrustation and make it fit for cooking, we used to put pieces into a net, and dip them into the sea, over the ship's side.

We had stormy weather in crossing the Bay of Biscay, and afterwards, when we came to the place where the four seas meet, the waves, and wind, and thunder, and lightning, were awful. It was the dead of night, and dreadfully dark, the glaring blue lightning flashed incessantly across the ship; she was going at a rapid rate, all sails set, when she was taken aback and went under water as far as the mainmast. The surgeon rushed down the cabin stairs, crying out, "We are sinking." The people, men, women, and children, rushed from their berths with horrible shrieks, and crowded the quarter-deck in their night-clothes. Mr. Pringle, a passenger, took the helm, in his shirt. The screaming still rings in my ears of those two hundred people in

despair. The captain stood upon the cuddy, until the water washed him off. He bade me take the passengers from the quarter-deck. They were standing half naked in the water. The hatches had been opened, and the sea poured in; there was no leak, the waves came over the ship. We got the passengers into the cuddy, crowding one over the other in the utmost confusion.

The foremast and foresail were set on fire by the lightning. The captain had ordered all hands aloft to take in the sails; there was great difficulty in doing it, and several of the sailors were struck blind by the lightning. One man called from aloft in a desperate manner for a certain rope to be let go; I did not know one rope from another, but rushed about the deck, up to my neck in water in some places, and let go every rope that I could get hold of. Down came rushing heavily, all the sails at once, bringing many sailors with them like lead upon the deck,

while the crush of the canvas and the violent rain put out the flames.

The ship righted instantly, and Captain Foreman exclaimed, "Thank God! the *Denmark Hill* is saved!"

The ship was laid to, one little sail was stuck up, and the rudder tied; she rocked a little, but lay very still. The captain then summoned everybody to the quarter deck, just as they were—all fell upon their knees, and all wept, even the hardest sailor, while the old man read with fervent thankfulness the whole of the thanksgiving service, from the book of Common Prayer, for deliverance from a storm at sea. The psalms and prayers went to our very hearts. He concluded with Farmer's prayer, and said as the sailors rose to disperse, "Now, my boys, never forget the mercies of this night."

This duty being done, we applied ourselves to comfort the passengers, who were all mixed together shaking like aspen leaves with chill

and terror. We took them below, got dry clothes for them, put them to bed and gave them warm brandy and water. The steward's wife, Maria, had charge of the children. My mistress lay fainting in the state cabin; the seamen were lading the water out of the lower cabins; the passenger's servants were worse than useless, and could only cry and shriek; the attendance therefore fell chiefly upon me. When, at last, all were served, I took something myself, and heard meanwhile the captain asking the mate, "Marshall, who slackened the ropes? It was a quick thing, and saved the ship."

Marshall said, "I do not know. The sails took me with them into the long-boat." Pringle interposed a remark, that he believed Elizabeth had done it.

"Hu!" said the captain, "old faggot! God bless you, Betsy, you saved my old ship!"

After daybreak the weather improved—the thunder ceased—and the wind and sea went down.

We touched at Madeira for wine; and at Teneriffe for wine and Canary birds. We also took on board at St. Jago twelve birds of paradise, some macaws, and a great many more canary birds. All these were used to be kept in cages; and I had upwards of two hundred birds, of all sorts, under my care. This bird speculation was Mrs. Foreman's venture; and it answered well, as she intended that it should, by supplying Van Diemen's Land with breeding cages. Only three of the birds of paradise lived through the voyage. Seven of those that died were stuffed by a sailor on board. They felt small in the hand, though they looked large in their feathers.

We afterwards stood out to sea, and made for the Cape of Good Hope. Fourteen women were confined during the voyage, and I assisted the surgeon in attending them.

Within the tropics, and especially near the equinoctial line, I used to catch a sort of fish

which the sailors called sun's eyes. They came into the pails which I let down for sea-water. This creature had a head like a lion, with long, green, silky hair spreading round it—no body—and nothing below the head but bubble.

When we were very near to the Cape, a dreadful tempest of wind and rain came on, and the sea rose tremendously. The three masts, with a man and a boy, were carried overboard. The captain had a jury mast set up; but we were in a miserable state, expecting every instant that the ship would go down.

About three or four miles off we could see a ship on fire. She was in a storm of thunder and lightning, without high wind or rain. The lightning set her on fire, and she burned to the water's edge. That ship was the *Thetis*, East Indiaman, homeward bound. Between six and seven o'clock in the morning, the boats of the *Thetis*, crowded with people, and

the captain among them, came alongside of the *Denmark Hill,* begging to be taken on board. Captain Foreman answered, "You see the state we are in. I cannot answer for your safety, nor for my own either. If you choose to risk sharing our fate, come on board." There were about four hundred and thirty persons; and, having no better chance of escape, they all came on board, for the boats were in danger of being swamped.

A sailor of the *Thetis* had saved an infant from the wreck, not knowing to whom it belonged, he put it into my arms, saying:— "You can take better care of it than I can." I took it to the state cabin, where Mrs. Foreman was lying ill in bed, and placed it beside her, and she welcomed the innocent baby as gladly as if it brought a promise of deliverance from danger. When I returned to the deck I saw a lady, who had come on board in another boat from the *Thetis.* She was running distracted about the deck, raving about

her lost baby, and tearing her hair, believing it to have perished. She proved to be the mother of the child whom the sailor had brought to me.

At Cape Town, the whole population was out of doors watching the ship; but the sea ran so high, that a crew could not be got to man a boat to tow her into the harbour. At last, Mr. Cook the missionary, jumped into the life-boat, saying, that come what might, he would try to save the ship, for he could not bear to see so many of his fellow-creatures perish before his eyes. Encouraged by his example, the seamen belonging to the life-boat, followed, and put out. With extreme difficulty, it was brought within reach of the ship, received a rope, and took the *Denmark Hill* in tow; but the surf ran so high, that it caught the boat when returning towards the shore, hurled it over the pier, and dashed it against a ware-house, killing one man and breaking the arm of another. Everybody wondered that the ship

had stood the storm. She was a narrow-bottomed ship, and rode the sea so well that the waves could not get hold of her. We immediately landed all the people from the *Thetis*, and went ashore ourselves, that the masts might be replaced. A subscription was raised for the sufferers of the *Thetis*, who were without clothes to their backs—nothing having been saved from the burning wreck, but one small box, which the seamen who rescued it mistook for the captain's desk. It proved to belong to the lady who had lost and found her infant, and contained its clothes and some money. The ship's papers had been destroyed, and everything else besides. The grateful mother gave ten pounds to the man who had saved her child, and five pounds to me for having preserved it. She also gave a card to him, and one to me, bearing her name and address. I lost mine, and forget the name; but I think her place of residence was Hendon. She was an officer's wife, had stayed in India

for her confinement, and was following him back to England. She gave also one hundred pounds among her fellow passengers, and fifty among the crew of the *Thetis*.

Many persons at the Cape proposed to give Captain Foreman a testimonial, but he made them give the money to the Thetis people.

On leaving the Cape of Good Hope, we had fair weather, but the sea rose so high that we were obliged to put in at the little island of Marsevan to take water for our use, from the hold—not being able to open the hatches without taking the ship into shelter in the bay. There were three waterfalls which came into the bay, from three islets which formed a group. I went on shore to look about me, with the carpenter and a sailor. Thinking the place to be desert, they cautioned me not to go far inland, lest I might meet with some danger.

I walked along the sand and having caught sight of cultivated land, called to my com-

panions saying, "Come, here is a field of Welsh wheat." I went on, and they followed me. Having seen the wheat, I expected to meet with a human habitation, to which I soon found an approach through a bowered avenue of trained vines about forty yards in length. Passing through a little gate, I came to a dwelling-place composed partly of a cave in a rock, enlarged by a wattled structure covered over with goat skins. It was the home of two Scotchmen, who received us very kindly, and told us their history.

They had been shipwrecked in that bay, twenty-eight years before, the only survivors of their crew, and they had saved nothing from their ship but a few pieces of timber, the carpenter's box of tools, and a few handfuls of wheat and oats. The island abounded with goats, which supplied them with milk and meat. They made clothes of the goat-skins, sowed their grain, and in due time reaped it; built themselves a house, and

lived without seeing another human being for twenty-five years. At the end of that time the produce of their ground had so greatly increased that they thought it would be well to barter it for some other commodities. They, therefore, set up a signal which soon attracted the notice of passing ships, and for the last three years they had been in the habit of supplying such with corn and fresh meat, and of receiving, in exchange, agricultural and other implements, clothes, and various articles.

They gave us three slaughtered goats, and we gave them potatoes for seed, clothing, salt, and rum. They begged for an old flag, and Captain Foreman presented them with a new union-jack to hoist as a signal. They were very contented, and did not seem to have a wish to leave the island, or to have the number of settlers increased.

We touched next at another island, for the same purpose as we had visited Marsevan.

One day, while at sea, I unfortunately scalded my hand, and was forced to allow Maria, the steward's wife, to attend upon some of the ladies whom I had been accustomed to dress and undress. The first evening on which she performed this part of my duty, I was in the ship's pantry with her husband, the carpenter, and the steward's mate, and when she returned, she sat down with us, and began to slander the character of one of the ladies. Crib, the steward, confirmed what she said, and added several infamous fabrications, as if from his own knowledge. I contradicted their assertions, vindicated the lady's fame, and related her real history, which was a very simple and guiltless one.

After this conversation, I found, to my great surprise, and sorrow, that Mrs. Foreman was completely and suddenly estranged from me; and for several following weeks I felt that I was shunned by the passengers. At last a hint was given me of the true state of affairs,

and I came to an explanation with my mistress, who informed me that I was charged with having defamed the lady whom I had, in reality vindicated; and, moreover, with being myself a wicked woman, and behaving shamefully ill. I declared that I would have justice. The captain came in, and Mrs. Foreman said to him—

"I do not think Betsy is guilty."

He replied—

"I have watched her everywhere, and I never saw anything wrong."

The captain mentioned this subject to some of the passengers, and Mr. Malcolm came to me, and promised to investigate the matter. He did so that very evening, and held a sort of court of justice, swearing in a jury, and sitting as judge. I was put upon my oath, and I related the facts of the case, and my conversation in the pantry with the Cribs. The carpenter and the cabin-boy bore witness to the truth; the passengers, against whom I

was said to have offended, completely freed me from the charge, and gave the strongest possible testimony to my upright and proper conduct. Crib and Maria refused to give evidence upon oath, and Mr. Malcolm refused to take it without an oath. I was most honourably acquitted; and all the passengers and crew, excepting Crib and Maria, rejoiced to acknowledge that they had not been disappointed in me.

I subsequently returned good for evil, by nursing Maria in her confinement on board. There was an attempt at destroying the child, in order to conceal its birth; but I insisted on seeing it; and the child lived and throve, until we came, many weeks afterwards, to land. On the second day afterwards it died, under its mother's care.

She was a very wicked woman, and had no scruples of conscience; and her husband was as bad. He pretended, while at sea, that provisions had been consumed by the passengers,

which I knew could not fairly have disappeared in the given time. He wanted me to supply him with more, and I would not do it, and proved to the captain by my account book that there must be foul play. One day, by accident, I saw the inside of the steward's cabin, and noticed there a locker partly open, and sea-weed hanging out. My suspicion was excited, and I pushed back the slide, removed a board, and found a secret hiding-place, in which were stowed away bladders full of lard, rein-deer's tongues, bacon hams, flour, butter, wine, and spirits, besides quantities of china and glass, which were patterns sent from the London warehouses for choice, entrusted to the steward, to be returned, and fraudulently detained by him on starting. I spread these things out upon the floor, and immediately fetched Captain and Mrs. Foreman to look at them, and they sent for Crib and Maria, and told them their dishonest practices were detected.

Those people had thirty corded boxes on board, which proved, on examination, to be all empty; and were, doubtless, intended to contain the stolen articles.

When our ship reached Van Diemen's Land, I admired the scenery very much, and more especially in going up the Derwent to Hobart Town—the Derwent being ten miles across, with a tiny island in the midst of it, parting the stream.

CHAPTER VIII.

"There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold."

SHAKSPEARE'S "MEASURE FOR MEASURE,"
Act i. s. 1.

LANDS AND SEAS OF THE SOUTH AND THE EAST.

Hobart Town—The Poison Bush— Quarrel with Mrs. Foreman—Singapore—Calcutta—Mrs. Nelson—Hunting the Kangaroo—Jericho—William Taylor.

LISTS of the passengers were sent to the Colonial Office at Hobart Town, and they were not allowed to land until their names had been three times published in the local gazette.

One day I was sent on shore to buy bread

from a baker's shop in Liverpool Street. I had not been made acquainted with the habits of the place, and was very much astonished at being seized hold of by two constables, who said to me, "Free or bond?" I did not know what they meant, and they threatened to lock me up in the cage, for not answering the question. At last, they took me before Captain Waddy. He had been on board the *Denmark Hill*, remembered that he had seen me there, and ordered the men to let me go about my business.

As soon as I was released, I set out once more for the baker's; but, before I could get back to the ship, I was again arrested. Happily, the high constable, who knew me, was at hand, and immediately desired the under constables to let me go.

While the greater number of the passengers still continued on board the *Denmark Hill*, three weddings took place there. Mr. White, the clergyman, performed the ceremony. The

brides had come out with us under engagements to the bridegrooms, who were settlers at Hobart Town; and the ladies would not land until they were married. We had a very merry day on the occasion. Within a week afterwards, three ladies'-maids were married to settlers, who each paid one hundred pounds to the mistress of his wife, as forfeit money for the breach of their contract of service for five years.

My courage being known to those who had come out with me, and robberies being frequent at Hobart Town, I used, soon after our arrival, to sleep often at the house of Mr. and Mrs. East, who had come out in the *Denmark Hill*. Mrs. East's maid soon found a husband, who thought that he also must pay the hundred pounds penalty. On reading her agreement, however, I discovered that it did not contain any clause forbidding marriage. A lawyer was consulted who confirmed my opinion that the penalty could not be exacted.

The maids who had previously been married, regretted very sincerely that they had not also consulted me, and thus saved their husbands' money.

I had several offers myself about that time, but I did not wish to marry. Among my suitors were two tailors, Batty and Smith, and Mr. Malcolm, the surveyor. He was a very nice gentleman and a godly man, but I preferred seeing more of the world, to going with him into the bush.

Captain Foreman did not bring the Cribs to trial for their crimes, but as soon as we were allowed to set any one on shore at Hobart Town, he dismissed them without giving them any wages. They asked the passengers to give them something for their services on board, and they being chiefly rich and generous persons, marked their opinion of Crib and Maria by subscribing between them all the sum of twopence. However, they did not leave the ship

without money, for the purse of a lady passenger disappeared the very morning that the Cribs left the ship, and that purse contained forty-five pounds.

After their dismissal, Captain Foreman had several stewards one after another on board the *Denmark Hill*; but he did not replace Maria, and I was henceforth the only woman, excepting Mrs. Foreman, who belonged to the ship's company.

There was then at Hobart Town, a very disagreeable and decrepid old man about ninety years of age, who used to hobble about on two sticks. He was called Paddy Millar. He and his first wife were among the earliest convicts ever sent to that colony. He had gained immense riches under some government regulations which were afterwards altered, but he could not legally be deprived of the profits they had brought to him. He had married seven wives in succession, portioning off one to make room for another;

and the women thus enriched by him had readily found new husbands.

One day as I was passing his door he entered into conversation with me, and proposed to marry me; I did not for a moment think the poor old creature could be in earnest, and was foolish enough to joke with him on what I should require, naming a brown-bodied coach with two grey horses, several thousand pounds a-year, two houses, and other extravagancies. To my great surprise, the next day, he sent Mr. Murray, a lawyer, to me on board the *Denmark Hill.* Mr. Murray who once lived at Brecon, had been transported for bigamy; his business with me was to draw my marriage settlements with the old convict, on the terms which I had jestingly made. I told him that he either must be mad, or suppose me to be so. Mrs. Foreman was as much surprised by this proceeding as myself; and we endeavoured to make him ashamed of his errand.

From Hobart Town, the ship took us to

Sydney, where any woman might marry that wished so to do, for the proportion of men to women was less than one to thirty. Mrs. Foreman took me with her from Sydney on a visit to Paramatta, and from thence to Liverpool, to visit Mr. Cartwright, the magistrate, and Mr. Bell, his assistant.

One day, three maid-servants and I went out to bathe in the lake below Mr. Bell's house. When we came out of the water, being full of life and spirits, we ran about to dry the bathing-gowns upon our backs, chasing each other among the brushwood. Mary cautioned me against going near some bushes which she said were poisonous, but when Harriet was pursuing me, I thought only of avoiding being caught, and heedlessly jumped into a poison bush. A large leaf instantly struck me with a smart, flat stroke upon the leg, and before I could retreat, the whole limb swelled frightfully. Mary ran to look for help, and found Mr. Edward Bell, the assistant's son,

not far off. He had his gig with him, and being aware of the necessity for prompt surgical aid, he at once took me up, just as I was, with bare head and feet, and no clothes but the bathing gown, and drove off at full speed. Without stopping at his father's house, or at Paramatta, or anywhere else, he made a short cut, along a bad road, and never drew bridle until he reached the door of Dr. Bland's surgery at Sydney. I was in dreadful agony. Dr. Bland cut a hole in my leg, and poured in a liquid which, I believe, was spirits of wine. It burned like fire; a quantity of blackish green fluid ran out, and the swelling sunk as it flowed. He then put an issue where he had made the incision. I soon recovered, but ever since have found a peculiar insensibility to pressure or pricking in the part affected, which was a few inches above the instep. I never heard any other name for the shrub which had hurt me, excepting that of the poison-bush. The leaf was flat

and wide, and the stalks had bunches which looked white, and curled something like endive.[1] I spent one day at the doctor's house, and the next I went on board the *Denmark Hill.*

Mr. Edward Bell had saved my life, but I had no inclination to reward him, as he wished, by becoming his wife.

A few weeks afterwards, the *Denmark Hill* removed to Piper's Point. I was on shore there, one day, taking a walk to see the country, when I met with a convict, servant to Captain Piper, who asked me to walk with him to a neighbouring wood. I feared the man, and refused; on which he tried to persuade me, saying it was a very pretty place. Finding he could not prevail, he seized hold of my arm to make me go. I caught up a

[1] This shrub appears to have belonged to Lindley's natural order, 'Loganiaceæ,' of which a few species are found in Australia. "It would be difficult," says that distinguished botanist, "to name a more venomous order."

broken bough of a tree, knocked him down, beat him severely about his legs and arms, left him on the ground, and ran away. I met Mrs. Foreman and Captain Piper and his wife, and told what had happened.

The convict, after this occurrence, threatened to waylay and murder me; and Captain and Mrs. Foreman, fearing the villain might keep his word, went back with me to the ship at Sydney harbour.

The vessel was soon chartered for China, by Mr. Jones, a tea-broker; and, while she was loading, Mrs. Foreman took it into her head to invite a lady to dinner one day, and to make a plum-pudding for her, with her own hands. I saw that she had not put sufficient flour to bind the fruit and other rich things together, and warned her that, when turned out of the shape, the pudding would fall to pieces. She scorned my caution, and, when it was brought to table in fragments, flew into a passion with me, and bade me go over

the ship's side, and never show my unlucky face to her again. I took her at her word, and went on shore directly. I chanced to meet with a gentleman whom I knew. He was about to commence housekeeping, and invited me to enter at once into his service, and to prepare that day's late dinner in his new abode. He had already one servant there, so I went and set to work.

Meantime, Captain and Mrs. Foreman, wanting their tea, had discovered that I was gone. They had not supposed that I should so readily have left them in a place where all was strange to me. The Captain came to look for me, and finding me employed at Mr. James Cobb's, gave me a volley of angry words, and ugly names. I explained the matter. He urged me to return with him to the ship, reminded me that my clothes were on board, and threatened not to pay me my wages unless I came back; and then he went away without me. Mrs. Foreman next sent several ladies

and gentlemen to persuade me, and they stayed talking in vain until after midnight. About one o'clock she came herself, and trying to carry things with a high hand, addressed me with, "How foolish you were, Betsy, to run away!"

This provoked me to the utmost, and I declared that I would never return to the ship until Mrs. Foreman had begged my pardon, on her knees. Some of the ladies expressed much indignation at my pride, and exclaimed—

"The idea!"

However, they all quitted the room together; and when they came in again, Mrs. Foreman approached me very quietly, and said in a low voice—

"Come, Betsy, it *was* my fault," slightly bending her knee upon a chair, as she spoke.

I was pacified by this submission, and returned with her on board the *Denmark Hill*.

We took a cargo of wool, bark, and mercantile goods, and cedar wood for ballast. We

had also many passengers on board when we sailed from Sydney to Whampoa, and Macao. After having unloaded the ship between these ports, we loaded her from them with tea, fancy goods, silk and crapes, and went to the Custom House at Singapore. The Foremans had many friends there, and especially Mr. Thomson, the missionary, and they went often on shore, and took me with them. I got many a ride on the elephants and camels, and enjoyed the new exercise, vastly. One day I mounted a camel, set out, and trotted about all day long, for I could not guide him, nor get him to turn homeward. At last, night came on, I met some Indians, and let them know my distress as well as I could by signs and gestures. They soon understood me, and turned the camel, who took me back to the place from whence I had started in the morning.

From Singapore, we took the ship to Bombay, and from thence returned with passengers

to Hobart Town and Sydney, having rather a stormy voyage.

When we reached Sydney, Captain Bunster spoke to Captain Foreman about chartering the *Denmark Hill* for Calcutta and back again. We, therefore, unloaded her as quickly as possible, and took her to Hobart Town, where we loaded her with potatoes, wheat, bark, staves, and mercantile goods for Calcutta. Captain Foreman also took many passengers. At Calcutta we unloaded, and reloaded the ship with sugar, rice, coffee, and other things.

While this business was going on, I went about to see the place. One day I went to Mr. Ferguson's counting-house, to inquire for Mr. Henry Fleming, who had told me to call there, if ever I should visit the East Indies. He was not at home; but Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson gave me a kind reception, remembering that he had often mentioned my name, related the services I had done, and the good

advice I had given him, when he was a wild school-boy, and used to spend his holidays with his school-fellow, young Henry Bellingham.

Another day I went to see the view from Fort William: it is one of the most beautiful my eyes ever beheld. As I passed through the fort with Major Marley, an officer and lady were walking together there, and the major remarked to me, that he should not care how soon he was married, if he were sure of being as happy as Captain Nelson and his wife. He then talked with them, and asked after their four little boys, and introduced me as a person who had been attentive to him when he was sea-sick on the voyage. Mrs. Nelson was rather a little woman, and had a pleasant look.

I did not observe her particularly, nor did I feel any interest in her; yet, many years afterwards, I learned that she was my eldest sister. Captain Nelson was in the East India

Company's service; and some years before, when recruiting in Wales, he came to Bala to look after his party. Standing at the window of the Lion Inn, he saw my sister Mary pass by. She was then about fifteen years of age. He watched for her; and as she was going after her father to chapel, he caught her up, thrust her into a post-chaise, and ran away with her to Dolgellau. He had seen her only once before, and, until then, had never spoken with her. That same night, about eleven o'clock, he brought her home again to Pen Rhiw, and sent her into the house while he waited outside. She came with her marriage certificate in her hand to take leave of the family, as she was on the point of setting out at one the next morning, with her husband and the soldiers, to make a journey, and to embark for India.

Years after this accidental meeting at Calcutta, I saw her again at Pen Rhiw, when we recognised each other.

From Calcutta I returned with the ship to Hobart Town.

While the *Denmark Hill* lay at Hobart Town, a gentleman named Cheritree made a large party of his friends—among whom were Captain and Mrs. Foreman—to go to a farm of his, called 'Nonsuch Cordon,' which was kept by his bailiff or steward—Mr. Bennett. There were altogether about a hundred guests, and the object of our visit was to hunt the kangaroo. It rained so hard that first night, that the party could not go out, and sleeping accommodation being scarce, I had only a kitchen for a bed-room, where a good fire of four trees was burning on the hearth, and I lay in front of it with a carpet and comfortable bedding. I had taken my first nap, and was lying awake staring at the log-fire and the wide chimney, when I saw a foot and leg coming down. I jumped from my bed, and calling out "Stop, stop, I'll help you!" I seized hold of the leg, which,

being hastily taken up out of my reach, left a piece of the corduroy trowsers in my grasp. I was not frightened, and thought the man must belong to the house, and have a right to come into it. I therefore lay down again and watched the chimney. Down came the leg again, with the same shoe and blue stocking, and torn corduroy. I called out "Stop!" and in a moment the leg was out of sight again.

There were many dogs about the house, and just then I heard them bark furiously; I went to the door, opened it, and stood looking out. I saw a man leading a horse, which had a sack across its back, and I heard the dogs raving as if they would burst their chains. I said to the nearest of them—"Foolish dog! to bark at a man going to the mill." I shut the door and went back to the kitchen, and distinctly heard the step of a man, and the fresh burst of rage among the dogs; then I was convinced that thieves were about the premises, and I went to the passage and bed-room doors and called

"Murder" to arouse all the sleepers. Ladies answered in faint, puny voices, and at last Mr. Bennett awoke, reached his gun, and came out. He had slept in the store-room, that visitors might occupy his usual chamber; and as the goods had a strong smell, he left the window open when he went to bed. He soon discovered that thieves had been in and out at it, and carried off large quantities of convicts' clothes, provisions, wheat, barley, and other stores. He gave the alarm through the house, which was all on one floor, and all the gentlemen in their shirts, rushed out armed with swords, and guns, and sticks, and went round the different farm buildings. All the servants were convicts, and they slept in a hut by themselves, quite apart from the master's dwelling-house. When morning came, Mr. Bennett missed his pony from the field where he had left it the night before. Suspecting the servants, Mr. Bennett took the whole band that day before the magistrates at Jericho,

which was fifteen miles from Nonsuch Cordon, but nothing could be proved against any of them.

That night was fine, and we all went out to hunt the kangaroo. This hunting was a dangerous sport, for brush-wood and moss covered swamps and precipices, and many of our party got some very bad falls; I had a terrible tumble myself, but happily escaped without broken limbs. We had sixty dogs out, and yet, such is the fleetness of the kangaroo, that only one was killed—a noble fellow, and a heavy burden for the three men who carried him. His tail was an enormous weight. I wish we had it here to make soup of—there is none better anywhere.

Getting an opportunity of talking with me concerning the robbery, seeing the piece of corduroy, and hearing my description of the dress of the man who led the horse, Mr. Bennett consulted with Mr. Cheritree, and the Jericho magistrates, who thought it right to

examine the servants a second time, and to send me a summons to appear as a witness. I had returned to Hobart Town on the morning after the kangaroo hunt, and had therefore a long and hasty journey to make in order to attend this trial. I rode on horseback forty miles from Hobart Town to Nonsuch Cordon, and walked from thence with Mr. Bennett, and his forty or fifty convict servants, fifteen miles through the bush, to Jericho. We had to wait there in court while several other trials went on, and I noticed a man who appeared desirous of avoiding my eyes. He was brought up and accused of various offences, which were proved against him. At last, our cause came on, and I was desired to pick out such a man as I had seen, from among Mr. Bennett's servants. I answered that he was not one of them; but taller than either. I was then desired to point him out, if I could see him anywhere in the court, and I immediately said that I believed the tall man with a broad hat

on, who had been found guilty upon other charges, was the person I had seen leading away the horse with a sack from Nonsuch Cordon. The rogue instantly owned the fact, saying to the magistrates—

"Yes, I did it. You have given me a sentence of eighty lashes already, and what more can you do to me?"

After this business was over, I had to set out on my journey again, for I knew the *Denmark Hill* was to set sail the next day but one. Mr. Bennett was obliged to go off somewhere on horseback. I was afraid to go without him with his servants through the bush, so I waited until they had set out, and then I followed them alone through the bush to Nonsuch Cordon. I expected to be murdered by some of them for the evidence which I had given against the tall man, with whom I thought it likely they might have been accomplices. It was night, and I had a dreary walk of fifteen miles, starting at every sudden noise, and

almost scared to death in passing through a wood by the screams of thousands of cockatoos.

At last, I reached Mr. Bennett's house, where I had something to eat and drink, and started without more delay in the dead of the night, in a bullock cart, which was guided by a convict servant, whom Mr. Bennett considered to be the most trustworthy person in his set. We had forty miles to go, and three rivers to cross. There was straw in the cart, I was very tired, and fell fast asleep. I was awakened by the driver jumping into the cart.

"What do you want?" I cried out.

"Come, we'll have a comfortable snooze together," he said.

I was very much frightened, and the more so as the oxen suddenly stopped.

"Why do they stand still?" I inquired.

"To drink," he replied.

I never thought of the river, nor of anything else in the world, but of escaping from my companion; and I jumped clear over the

front of the cart into the stream. I did not care at the moment whether I got drowned or not; but, somehow or other, I scrambled out.

There was a blacksmith's forge on the bank, but I feared the people there might be as bad as the man I fled from, and I plunged along through the bushes and briars, until I was almost flayed alive. The driver followed me with the bullock-cart, declaring that he meant no harm, that he only intended to ride through the water and to rest a little, and promising that he would not again attempt to get in, if I would but take my place in the cart again.

He talked for a long time in vain; but, after I had walked a considerable distance my strength failed, and I was obliged to yield. I got into the cart—he sat on the shaft—we entered into conversation, and he told me his history. He seemed to be so sorry for having frightened me, and so willing to do all he could to make amends for it, that I thought he must deserve his master's good opinion, and I listened

with interest to what he told me of his misfortunes—I really believe that he spoke the truth. He was a Cornish man, of the name of William Taylor, and had once been a groom in the service of Lord Carew.[1] There was a servants' ball in the neighbourhood, which he attended in company with several other men of his lordship's household. The ball was kept up until after midnight, and Taylor attended to her home a young housemaid, with whom he was in love. In entering her master's premises, they passed through a shrubbery in front of the dwelling-house; and, the gentleman hearing footsteps, threw up a window, pointed a gun at him, and bade him surrender. A few hours afterwards, he was taken before the magistrates, and the housemaid swearing that she knew nothing of him, and had never seen him before, his account of himself was discredited, and he was committed to Exeter Gaol to take his trial as a burglar.

Meanwhile Lord Carew and his family

[1] Query, Mr. Pole Carew?

thought he was lost, and could not in any way account for his disappearance, until some weeks afterwards, when the butler accidentally read in a newspaper an account of William Taylor's trial and condemnation to fourteen years' transportation. The butler, and some of the other servants who had been at the ball, set off directly for Exeter, to tell what they knew of him; but it was too late, and the poor man was shipped off to Van Diemen's Land.

Our tedious journey ended between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon; and I reached Hobart Town, soaking wet, scratched, and torn.

Sometime afterwards, I had the pleasure of hearing that Lord Carew had succeeded in obtaining William Taylor's liberty; and two years and a half after his arrival in Van Diemen's Land, he returned a free man to England.

The housemaid died mad, and spoke of him in her ravings.

CHAPTER IX.

"Bear me through regions where gay fancy dwells,
But mould to truth's fair form what memory tells."
BLOOMFIELD'S "FARMER'S BOY,"—Spring.

AUSTRALIA, THE MAURITIUS, INDIA, AND CHINA.

Port Phillip—India—Suttees—Bishop Heber—Juggernaut—Mauritius—Canton.

THE next day the *Denmark Hill* removed to Port Phillip. The captain always would set sail on a Sunday, often repeating the adage—'Sunday sailing never failing.' He had only one eye, and was certainly a little crazy in the weak time of the moon.

We spent two days at Port Phillip; and I

went on shore to see the place, Mr. Peel—Sir Robert Peel's kinsman—was there, having obtained a government grant of 100,000 acres of land; and he had brought out two hundred emigrants to cultivate it; among them I found some Welshmen from Cardiganshire. Returning from Port Phillip, we went to see Botany Bay village—a very beautiful place, as far as the country goes. We then went to Sydney. Mr. Parker, a sail-maker, took the ship to carry sail-cloth to India. We went from Sydney to Bombay, and thence to Madras, where I called at the register-office to ask for Sir George ——— and his family. Unluckily, I could not recollect the name of the place where his property lay, so I could not learn anything about them.

I had friends at Madras among the missionaries; and I went one day in company with Mr. Elliott, Mr. Cook, and Mr. Benini, to see a suttee. The widow was only eighteen years of age. The pile of wood and everything was

ready, and a multitude of people came to look on.

The widow, in the midst of her numerous relations, was walking towards the pile, when Mr. Cook and Mr. Elliott met her, and asked her quietly whether it was her own will to be burned. She answered, "No." They next asked whether she would escape, if the opportunity were given her; and she answered, "Yes." The missionaries contrived to free a path for her, and she got off; but the English sentries stopped her. To avoid their bayonets, she threw herself into the river. The missionaries rescued her, and made an application to the governor; so that she was saved at last.

From Madras we took the remainder of our cargo of sails to Calcutta. As the ship went up the Ganges, I was surprised and enraged to see the bodies of infants floating round her. I wanted the captain to stop the ship that she might not touch them, but he would not.

I counted thirty-two little corpses, and I saw five mothers throw in their babies. The women knelt down at the water's edge, and each took her child by a leg and arm, and uttering a horrible howl, threw it in and left the place. One poor little thing, being older and stronger than the others, struggled so long that I begged hard to have the boat put out to save it, but it was not done. I saw those little drowning babies in my thoughts for many nights afterwards. I never saw anything more dreadful, nor anything that troubled me more. I witnessed at Calcutta another suttee, where an old widow insisted on being burned with her dead husband, in spite of good Dr. Carey's expostulations.

Dr. Carey[1] was then staying for a while at Calcutta, and one Sunday he took me to church to hear Bishop Heber preach.[2]

[1] Dr. William Carey, the eminent Baptist missionary and linguist, arrived in Bengal in the year 1794, settled at Serampore in 1799, and died in 1834.

[2] Reginald Heber was born at Malpas, in Cheshire,

The text was—"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me np."

He spoke very well, and among other things which struck me very much was the remark, that when the thoughtless children of pious parents strayed away like the prodigal son into far countries, even there the prayer of a godly father might overtake them in blessings from our God, who is always ready to pardon. After the service was over, Dr. Carey introduced me to the bishop, as the daughter of Dafydd Cadwaladyr, and his lordship asked me to come and dine with him the next day, as he wished to talk with me about North Wales. He also invited Mrs. Foreman, who was with me at church. We went accordingly about two o'clock, and dined at the same table with two or three Indian gentlemen, Mrs.

April 2, 1783. When travelling abroad in the year 1805, he visited the Crimea. In 1822 he was appointed Bishop of Calcutta. He left England for India, June the 16th, 1823, and died at Trichinopoly on the 3rd of April, 1826.

Heber, and the Bishop, and their two little girls; the youngest was dressed as an Indian boy, and I mistook her for a boy. Mrs. Heber had not the look of a godly woman.

Dinner being over, the bishop took us to his museum, and showed us a great many curious things, which he had collected in his travels through the country.[1] There were writings upon stone, upon shells, and upon leaves of trees; and there were all sorts of idols worshipped in different parts of his diocese.

Among these idols was a tiny bit of a fly's wing. The bishop held it up before me, and said, "Can you learn a lesson from this?"

I answered—"I think I can, my lord. Everything in God's creation keeps its place excepting man, and nothing goes so low as he does."

[1] Bishop Heber having visited the upper provinces of his vast diocese in the year 1824; it appears that Elizabeth Cadwaladyr must have seen him at Calcutta between that time and 1826, when he resumed his visitation.

"How do you account for that?" said the bishop.

I told him that I supposed it was because of the fall. He assented.

He talked to me about Dolgellau, and Llyn Tegid and Bala, and other places in my native country; asked me if I knew Rowland Hill, and what I thought of him; adding, that all the Hills were old acquaintances of his. He asked what I called the Holy Spirit in Welsh, and I said Yspryd Glân; and he remarked that Rowland Hill had taught him that—and that the expression was very beautiful. He was then studying the Welsh language. He told me that the Chaldaic and the Syriac were branches of the Welsh, and that Abraham was a Welshman before he went to Canaan, and afterwards the languages got mixed. He told me he had heard that there was a Welsh tribe among the Indian mountains, and that he intended to go there and ascertain whether the report was true. He

inquired whether I had known Charles of Bala? I said that he was my old neighbour at home. He inquired whether 1 knew Griffith of Nevern? I said he was my cousin. He repeated a monody,[1] in Welsh, on the death of Charles of Bala, and asked if I knew that pious and heavenly-minded brother of his, who was the author of those beautiful and very original verses? I said—"He is my father."

"Give us your hand!" he cried out, quite delighted.

He told me there was one of the finest ideas in that monody of any he had met with in poetry.

The bishop had a fine, heavenly-looking countenance, and was fit to be a missionary—making friends with everybody, and associating with Christians of all denominations.

The verses in my father's poem, which he particularly admired, and read to me, were the following:—

[1] Marwnad y Parch Thomas Charles, A.B, o'r Bala, gan Dafydd Cadwaladyr.

'Nawr'r wy'n colli'm golwg arnat,
'Dwy'n nabod dim o honot fry;
Nid wyt ti swm yr un o'r tywod,
Nid wyt ti bwysau'r un o'r plu;
Nid tebyg wyt i un creadur,
A welwyd mewn daearol fyd,
Does arnat liw, na dull, na mesur,
Er hyny sylwedd wyt i gyd.

A wyt ti'n gweled peth yr awrhon,
O ddwfyn ddirgelion Tri yn Un?
Pa fath olwg sy 'n y nefoedd,
Ar a gym'rodd natur dyn?
A ydyw rhyfeddodau 'r Duwdod.
Yndod i'th olwg heb ddim rhi'
Neu ynte wyt yn gwel'd efengyl,
Yn llenwi conglau'n daear ni?'

TRANSLATION. BY G. G.

'Now is thy sight lost to me!
No knowledge have I of thee in higher spheres;
Thou art not the size of a grain of sand,
Thou art not the weight of a feather,
Thou art not like to any creature,
That has been beheld in this earthly world;
Thou hast neither colour, form, or measure,
Yet thou art altogether reality.

Art thou now beholding
The profound mysteries of the Three in One?

What sight is there in Heaven
Of Him who took once the nature of man?
Do the wonders of the Godhead
Come unnumbered to thy sight,
Or dost thou see the Gospel
Filling every corner of our earth?'

While the ship remained at Calcutta, I went, with Dr. Carey and his son, and some of the other missionaries, to see the procession of Juggernaut. Bishop Heber and many clergymen went also. We had a carriage part of the way, and alighted on a common, when we met the procession several miles from the city.

I never in my life, before or since, saw such thronging multitudes of people. Three hundred, or more, little gods were carried first, and about fifty little gods were carried after the great idol. The car was drawn by several hundred men. The procession went straight on. There was a terrible rush among the people, and many threw themselves on the road just in front of the wheels, and were crushed to death. Hundreds of men and

women, uttering joyful shouts, sacrificed themselves in this way as the car rolled heavily along. They must have died instantly, for I heard no screams or groans. When the car reached the outskirts of Calcutta, there was a platform set up, and priests, or some such persons, mounted upon it in bands of twenty-four, or more, at a time, who prayed and figured about with weapons like large carving knives in their hands, with which they pricked the great idol, and then made a show of throwing blessings from him among the people who crowded round. There was a *tommen* (mound) of fine white dust, which had been brought and put down close by the platform; and as each band left the platform, the priests rolled themselves in that dust, and threw handfuls of it among the people.

I climbed on the steps of the platform, and got a good view of the beautiful dresses.

For whole weeks after this dreadful sight, I lost my sleep, and lay awake at night, thinking how low man had fallen.

At Calcutta, a Portuguese merchant took the ship for three years and a half. His name was Andrea Antonio Benjamin Barbosa, and he was principal of the firm of Barbosa, Martin, and Burke, general merchants of Macao, Sydney, Lima, Rio de Janeiro, and Calcutta.

His father was brother to King John the Eighth of Portugal. Barbosa was sent when a youth to study at the University of Oxford. He there became a Protestant, and, on returniug to his own country, was disinherited on account of the change in his religion. Being thus cast out by his family, he took the surname of his mother, and became a merchant, although he was first cousin to Don Pedro, Emperor of the Brazils.

Mr. Barbosa loaded the *Denmark Hill* with tea and other things, came on board to act as his own supercargo, and sailed with us from Calcutta to Ceylon. On entering the harbour of Trincomalee, we came at once upon the city. It seemed to be a fair day, or a

market day, for great numbers of people were assembled together with all sorts of things for sale. But what surprised and amused me above all was a row of some hundreds of elephants, quite even and dressed as the soldiers would say, in a line, all having their trunks turned up, and a black man seated on the back of each. They stood as still as if they had grown there under the hill, and the sun shone bright upon them. I quite forgot my business, and stared at them with admiration, until Captain Foreman raved at me, and reminded me of the cabin passengers. I was only once on shore during our stay of twenty-one days there.

We discharged our cargo, reloaded the ship, and sailed back to Calcutta. The good Bishop Heber had died since my last visit to that place. We loaded the ship from thence with calico, and a general cargo for China.

We had the monsoons and very bad weather.

We touched at Macao, and stayed several days there. The wind, being contrary, prevented us from getting up the river to Canton, so we anchored about a mile from the city, between the English factory, and Cock Lane, which is inhabited by Jews. The cargo was soon sold, and we moved to the English factory, and there loaded the ship with tea and silk fabrics, for Port Elliot, in Bengal.

There I had a holiday allowed me, to go and see the country. I spent the day in roving about by myself, and was so well amused, that I never thought how fast the time was passing. I was very busy picking leaves and little flowers which I had never seen before; and pushing my way among the tall grass and reeds, I found some little shells upon the ground. The sun had set, and I was reminded of it by hearing wild beasts begin to roar. Suddenly I came upon two panthers lying together. Happily they did not see me; and being then really frightened,

I made the best of my way back to the ship. From Port Elliot we sailed to the Mauritius.

At Port Louis, in the Mauritius, I saw the two missionaries, Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Jones, and the Christian converts from Madagascar. I was much with these good people, and found nothing besides in the island half so interesting.

The missionaries showed me the tomb of Paul and Virginia. It had a long inscription, and the effigies of a man with a rope round his waist, and of a young woman. The tomb was arched, like a camel's back, and had four busts on the four columns. Across the end of that tomb at the foot, there was a grave with two busts of a negroman and woman. I never read their history. Mr. Jones had owned it once; but it was lost before I met him there.

I saw in the Mauritius two Welshmen from Pembrokeshire. The name of one of them was Philips. I forget the name of the other.

From the Mauritius we sailed to Siam, and loaded there with goods for Madras and

F———. There we loaded a general cargo, with fine woods and ivory for Canton. On reaching that city, we anchored in Cock Lane to discharge the cargo, and then went up to the East India Company's Factory, and loaded the ship with tea. The foreman there was an old Chinaman, who had been thirty years in the factory. He used often to come on board the *Denmark Hill* for a meal of beef, and biscuit, and grog; and I made a joke of asking him to take me to see the city. One day I told him that I would give him no more beef and grog until he did take me. I thought the thing impossible, and only said it to teaze him. The old man looked very hard at me, as much as to say, "Are you in earnest?" He went on shore, and I thought no more about it. He spoke English very well.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, I was very much surprised to see a grand native boat come alongside our ship. This great boat was of all the colours of the rainbow,

with the union-jack and the Company's flag flying together at the stern. The rowers were ten Chinamen, dressed all in white, with green sashes. The boatswain wore a pink robe, with a red sash, and had a white and green cap on his head with a very large green and red feather. They all wore satin slippers, with wooden soles to them, and very narrow, turned-up toes.

At the same time the old foreman, Fa Pooh, came on board the *Denmark Hill* from the factory, bringing a passport in his hand for my mistress and me to see the city. She was afraid, and would not go; but I would not lose such a chance, so I dressed myself up in a pink gingham dress, and went alone in the barge in the care of the little boatswain. Neither he, nor any of the crew could speak English, and when I talked English to them, they stared foolishly at me; but when I spoke Welsh to them, they pointed out the different places that came in sight as we went along the

river, and I never will believe but they knew what I said.

They took me as near as the barge could go to the gates of Canton, and I landed and had to take care afterwards of myself. Fa Pooh had taught me what I was to do. I gave in my passport, expecting that it would be looked at, and returned to me, but instead of that, I was kept waiting so long that I grew very uneasy, for the Tartar sentinels were staring fiercely at me all the time. The gatekeeper at last, gave me a new passport, which he had been writing out while I stood there. The same thing was done at all the other gates which I passed through that day.

I think that I had twelve in going through the city.

Being let in, I wandered about and saw a great many craftsmen at all sorts of works. Some were weaving; and others making cabinets; others turning with a lathe. Every one was busy that I saw, and they were all

gentle and civil in their manner towards me; but they eyed me, I thought, as if they misdoubted me: there was not a woman among them. I felt uneasy, and was sorry that I had come. None of them uttered a word to me, nor did I speak to them. Not knowing where I went, I got at length into the Royal Square, where I found a great number of women all very industrious and working in sets at all kind of things: some were at embroidery; some were weaving silk or camels' hair textures; some were turning ivory; and others making fans, and pretty toys. I was very much pleased to see them. I should think there were five hundred there. They all seemed by their manners to be ladies. They were beautiful creatures, very fair and had a delicate pink colour on their cheeks. I do not know whether it was paint or not. Their eyes were some dark and some light in colour; but too small to have life enough in them. They were very silent, but looked pleased at me.

I was told afterwards that this was the Emperor's harem.

I began to talk Welsh to them; and the leader of them, who seemed to act as foreman in their works, took me round, up-stairs and down-stairs, and showed me everything. I think she understood what I said. I am sure there is some connection between the Welsh and Chinese languages.

This old princess looked at my dress, and smiled, and patted my face, and stroked me down, and we were very good friends. I stayed some hours with these kind ladies; and, when I was coming away, the old princess fetched a small parcel, folded up in a China silk-gauze handkerchief. I did not examine what was in it; but I felt very thankful for her kindness, and I offered to shake hands with her, saying "Diolch yn fawr i chwi," and making a curtsey. She kissed my hand, and I went away.

I did not know where I was going; and

got into a gallery, and passed along it for some distance. It skirted the Royal Square, but all ways seeming the same to me, I stopped short at a door, which I saw in it, and passed into the longest room I ever beheld in my life. The walls were bare, and there was no furniture, excepting two images, with a great deal of Chinese writing about them. In the further end of the room several men were sitting together in a group upon the ground.

I had scarcely time to notice these particulars, when a gentleman came rushing after me, saying—

"For God's sake, don't go there! It's as much as your life is worth."

I was frightened, and asked—"What have I done?"

He answered—

"Do you know where you are? Down on your knees! and stop so until I tell you."

I sat down on the floor; and he fell on his knees, and raised his joined hands, as if he had been praying.

One of the men from the other end of the room now got up. He wore a long robe, glittering with precious stones, and had in his hand a sceptre, about three yards long, with a sort of crown on the top of it. With that he came towards us, and measured from the spot where Mr. Cruikshanks knelt, thrice its length along the ground; Mr. Cruikshanks then walked that distance on his knees, with his hands lifted up as they were. The man measured a second distance, and Mr. Cruikshanks passed it in the same way. When he reached the party, they made him sit down cross-legged, and gave him a pipe to smoke, and talked with him. By and by, he was brought back again with the same ceremonies to the spot where I was sitting on my heels. He told me to do everything as he had done; and that he had explained about me. The way was then measured for me, as it had been for him, but I found great difficulty in getting along, for my petticoats hindered me, and I

was obliged to tuck the princess's parcel across the back of my legs, to have both my hands free for holding up. When I got to the group of gentlemen, I sat down cross-legged, as Mr. Cruikshanks had done. They all looked at me and laughed; the youngest and most plainly dressed of them handed me a pipe. I never thought that they could intend me to smoke it, but supposed they wished me to see how pretty it was, so I took it all to pieces, and looked at it bit by bit, and gave the biggest branch back again to the young emperor who had passed it to me. At this they were more amused than ever, and laughed very heartily.

Thinking it was time to go, I arose and stood upon my feet, but in an instant the chamberlain who had measured the ground, and was sitting cross-legged with the rest, planted his fingers so firmly in the palm of my hand that he pulled me down again. My hand was black and blue for days after that pinching gripe. He measured the ground again, and I

tried to imitate the way in which Mr. Cruikshanks had walked backwards on his knees with his hands lifted up together. I scrambled and crawled some how or other along the first distance, but when the chamberlain measured the next I lost all patience, for the party all shrieked out, and the old man shook me with angry looks for not going in the right posture, so I suddenly started to my feet and ran out of the room face foremost, and down a flight of many hundred marble steps, and into a fine chapel, and through it to the river's bank. I could go no further in that direction, so I recrossed the chapel—it was inlaid with dazzling stones, and there were no idols in it. In going up the marble steps, I met Mr. Cruikshanks coming towards me. He said it was a mercy he had seen me, or I never should have come out of that room alive. The young emperor had only arrived at Canton the day before, and was sitting in council when I went in upon him.

Mr. Cruikshanks was a Scotch merchant, who had lived twenty-eight years at Canton. He took me to his house in the square, and there I saw his wife, who was a Scotch woman, and their children. They were very much surprised to see me there. I took tea with them, and that being over, Mr. Cruikshanks walked with me through the city to the last gate, where the boat was waiting for me.

About eight o'clock in the evening I got safe back to the ship. My friends there feared I was lost for ever, and Fa Pooh had been several times on board showing great anxiety for my safety.

The next morning I opened the princess's parcel, and found in it a fine camel's-hair dress, of a yellow and white striped pattern—the white being like open needlework. It had hanging sleeves, and strings with tassels to draw it into shape. I thought it was too short for me, so I gave it to Mrs. Foreman, who

asked me for it. I heard afterwards that she was offered eighty pounds for it.

Many years afterwards I met and talked with Mr. Cruikshank in London

CHAPTER X.

"Wanderer, whither dost thou roam?"

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

EXCURSIONS FROM SINGAPORE

The Burmese Ladies—Visit to an Old Friend—Hindoo Convert.

WE sailed from Canton to Singapore, and were detained there six weeks by the Custom House. We brought a cargo of tea from Canton, and a great number of passengers: among them were three Burmese ladies, who landed at Singapore. They did not understand a word of English, and Mr. Norwood, a merchant on board, who spoke their language, acted as interpreter, and transacted

business for them with Captain and Mrs. Foreman. They were going to the interior of the country, and they proposed to Mrs. Foreman, that I should attend them on their journey home, and then return to the ship. I had no objection to this plan, and embarked with them in a passage-boat on a sort of canal, which took us, I suppose, one hundred and sixty miles to F———.[1]

We there took leave of the boat, and went to an inn, and I walked about to see the place. Not seeing the ladies, I went in search of them, and found them in a pagoda sacrificing to their fire-idol—which was a sort of golden grate, like two faces, between which the fire was burning. I stood to look on among a crowd of people.

[1] The heroine's uncertainty concerning the names of the places which she visited in this expedition, and her want of sufficient geographical knowledge to distinguish between straits, canals, and rivers, have hitherto baffled the writer's efforts to identify the scenes of the adventures related in the present chapter.

The three ladies stood on one side of the altar, and six priests on the other side. Each of the ladies had a golden cup in her hand, with which she took up certain things, and threw them into the fire. At one time they threw perfumes into the fire, which made a very sweet smell; and they threw a great deal of rice and Indian corn, not only into the fire, but all over the floor. While the ladies did this, the priests were praying; then the three ladies took each other by the hand, and made a kind of jumping dance together round the fire-idol, which was set in the middle of the floor; and as they danced, they kept saying something. When they had done this, the priests began all to join hands together, and they danced round the idol as the ladies had done. One of them climbed upon the altar, and threw something into the very top of the idol's open head. At last the ladies took three china bowls, and put a great number of rupees into them, and held them up as

offerings to the fire-idol, and knelt down and laid them down before him. This being done, they arose, and made bows towards the fire-idol, and clasped their hands, and moved backwards out of the temple — all the priests and the people chanting, and making loud and doleful noises with gongs and other instruments, sounding altogether like the roar of a bull with a squeak in it. The clamour must have been heard for miles and miles around.

I had no one to explain these things to me, for I could neither understand nor be understood there by a single creature: but I fancied that the ladies went through all these expensive ceremonies to regain their caste; for when they were on board the ship, they used to eat of our food, and to receive my help in dressing and undressing, which, after this visit to the pagoda, they never did. I never was allowed to touch them again. We could not talk to each other, but they used to look pleasantly

at me. On returning to the inn, we had a plentiful dinner of coffee, rice, and fish. As soon as it was over, two elephants were led by two Indians to the mounting block. They had no howdahs or furniture of any sort upon their backs. The three Burmese ladies placed themselves upon one elephant, and I was directed by signs to seat myself upon the other. This being done, the Indians whispered some words into the ears of the elephants,[1] and off they set

[1] In Sir John Bowring's "Kingdom and People of Siam," there is a curious account of the manner in which elephants are honoured and trusted.

"When the king of Siam sent three elephants to Louis XIV—animals, let it be said, treated in Siam as reasonable beings—he whispered in their ears: 'Go, depart cheerfully. You will indeed be slaves, but slaves to the greatest monarch in the world, whose sway is as gentle as it is glorious.'" *Athenæum*. No. 1533., p. 335, March 14th, 1857.

Those persons who have known the habits of elephants at Moulmein and other places, where their sagacity has been heightened by human notice, without the counteracting depression of ungenial climate, can believe much more than is here related of their wonderful performances.

side by side, going over the ground very fast and very steadily. We had no driver, or guide, or attendant; the three ladies and I were quite alone with the elephants. I felt as if perched on a crow's nest on the top of a tree. The elephants trotted on without slackening their pace, or changing their step, or stopping, through all the rest of the day, and all night long. It was bright star-light, and I saw that we were passing over a fine level country. At daybreak we crossed a hill, and came into another plain, and travelled across it, until, about twenty-four hours after we had set out, we came to an indigo plantation, and saw a good many huts and a comfortable-looking dwelling house. The elephants, of their own accord, stood still at the door. A number of people came out to welcome the ladies, and four men brought a palanquin and lifted it up to assist them to alight. The ladies went into the house, and the men took me down also with the palanquin. I saw no women and only one

girl. The Burmese people showed me into an outer room; one of them brought me some raw rice in a metal cup, another brought me a calabash full of water, and a third brought a calabash of some sour liquid. I knew by their signs that they meant me to prepare the rice for cooking. I did so, and they carried the things away, and by and by they came back again with boiled rice in a china bowl with sugar and sour sauce, and a china spoon for me to eat with. They brought me afterwards a mess of green stuff with black spots in it, which I was afraid to touch; and some cakes, like cheesecake or custard, of which there were four or five on a china dish. I was in the act of taking one of them, when the man who stood watching me cried out—"Woo, woo, woo!" and made me take them all at once. I was supplied with a calabash full of a clear white, cordial liquor, which had a fresh sharp taste and yet was sweet. I found it very pleasant and refreshing after my long

fast day. When I had finished eating and drinking, a door was set open, and a man, after pointing towards it, moved his fingers about on the floor at my feet. This I took to be an invitation to go out and look about me, and he seemed much pleased when I did so. The house was of one story, well finished and ornamented, and a pagoda stood near it. There were many men about the place; and I caught sight of two little girls, who were peeping at me.

On returning into the eating-room, I saw the chief-waiter again. He gabbled something at me, opened an inner door, and repeated his sign for me to walk.

I followed him into a hall, and noticed that he made an obeisance in passing an image. He led me on through many vacant rooms, into a little chamber, pointed to a bed, walked away, and shut the door.

There was no lock or fastening upon any of the doors, which were made of fine wood, and

inlaid with mother-of-pearl. All the tables, ottomans, and ornaments, were of china; and the mattresses and cushions were of silk. The windows were like the horn used in lanterns, with a whiter and more silky look. I was very tired, and glad to lie down and sleep.

At daybreak, I was awakened by the same man, who was standing beside my bed and babbling something to me. He went away as soon as I opened my eyes; and, supposing that he meant me to get up, I did so at once, for I had not undressed, and there was no water in the room for me to wash with. I found my way back to the eating-room, and two men immediately set about preparing for my breakfast. They laid a skin upon the table instead of a cloth, and set a china bason and spoon upon it. They brought me coffee and bowls full of rice, of stuff like lobster sauce, and of green and red vegetables, mixed in stripes. I ate up everything, not knowing

how long it might be before I should have a chance of eating again. Presently, came the chief waiter, making many bows, and showing me to the door, where I found the three Burmese ladies mounted upon one elephant, and another elephant waiting for me. Four men raised me in a palanquin to my seat on his bare back. Men whispered in their ears, and off they trotted, side by side.

The little Burmese ladies grinned at me sometimes in a friendly manner; but we did not, and could not, exchange a word; and the only sound that broke the stillness of my journey, was a snort now and then from an elephant.

We travelled, as before, across the country, without going through any towns or villages. We saw several at a distance, and one stood near, under a high mountain at our left.

That evening, about six o'clock, we reached a large plantation, with upwards of two hundred huts, a large handsome dwelling-house,

and two pagodas. The elephants went opposite to the house door and stood still. This was the end of our journey, and the home of the three Burmese ladies.

A whole fleet of people, old and young, men and women, boys and girls, came out to receive the ladies, and to help us with a palanquin to alight from the elephants. Immediately on arriving, the three ladies went into the great pagoda to worship. I have often felt shame and guilt as a Christian, at being convicted of my slow thankfulness by the zeal of the heathen.

I went at once into the house, and was served with plenty of dishes, and very good food. I had two men to wait upon me, and one of them was a Lascar, who could speak a few words of English. When I had eaten enough, he took me out to see the place. We went into the great pagoda, and he threw about rice and Indian corn there. The outside of it was very showy with gold and

coloured ornaments. The other pagoda was smaller and plainer. I suppose it was meant for the use of the servants. The Lascar went back with me to the house, and took me to a spacious sleeping-room. As soon as he had shut the door behind him and was gone, I undressed myself and lay down to sleep on the fine silk mattresses with a fur coverlet over me. The next morning, at daybreak, I was called up, and found a good breakfast of coffee, rice, and fruits provided for me in the eating-room. The Lascar told me that the elephants were ready. I never saw the ladies after our arrival. I asked the Lascar's leave to pick a flower; and, with that in my hand, was hoisted again upon an elephant. A man was placed upon the other, words were whispered in the elephants' ears, and off we trotted.

The man who was my fellow-traveller spoke not one word to me, nor I to him all the way to the Parsee-house, where I had halted with the ladies. I was treated there with the same

civility and attention as before; and I occupied the same little chamber that night which I had previously slept in. At daybreak, the head-waiter aroused me, and I found my breakfast ready. I saw the man, who had come thus far with me, set out with two elephants to return to the home of the Burmese ladies. Two other elephants were brought to the door for me. Four men brought the palanquin, and lifted me into my perch. The second elephant had nothing on his back. Words were whispered in their ears, the elephants said "Pha!" and off they trotted, one under me and one by my side. Not a creature in either of the two Parsee-houses had touched even my fingers' ends or the hem of my garment, and none but the Lascar had spoken a word to me; but I did not feel quite so lonely there, or in the former stages of this journey, as in the last, when, all day and all night long, I travelled quite alone with two elephants.

At five o'clock in the morning, the elephants

stood still at the block beside the boat-house inn, from which I had started a few days before. The passage-boat did not go from thence that day. The people of the inn spoke English. I talked over my strange journey with them, slept at their house that night, and embarked the next day on board the passage-boat. Many loaded boats carried on a brisk traffic up and down that canal.

On reaching Singapore, my friends welcomed me with great joy, having had many fears for my safety.

The sailing of the *Denmark Hill* was still delayed, and I found Mrs. Foreman on a visit to a friend on shore. She told me that she wished she had not sent me with the Burmese ladies, because a missionary was going from Singapore to B——, and his wife was in such delicate health, that he was anxious to obtain a European attendant for her on the journey, which he meant to begin the next day. I said to my mistress that she need not

regret my having gone with the Burmese ladies, as I felt both willing and able to set off with Mr. and Mrs. Winckworth. Indeed, that I should take it as a favour, her giving me such a holiday, as I had an old friend at B—— whom I wished very much to visit. She was a Miss Dale, daughter of Captain Dale, of the merchant service. She had inherited a large fortune from him; had come out to India for the purpose of establishing schools among the natives, and was married to a missionary named Sands.

I left Singapore, with Mr. and Mrs. Winckworth, by a passage-boat, on the same canal which I had passed along with the Burmese ladies; but now we stopped, and disembarked at a much shorter distance from Singapore, and we travelled the remainder of our journey upon camels. Mrs. Winckworth was in very ill health, and needed great care and attention to enable her to get through her fatigue. I sat behind her on her camel, and supported her.

The place we went to was near a very high mountain, which was called Mount Ararat.

Mr. and Mrs. Sands received me into their house at B——, and were very kind to me. They had four children; and a Welsh clergyman, named Hughes, whom I had known at Liverpool, was their inmate at that time, on a visit from his own station at Malacca. Mrs. Sands had the charge of sixty schools, which were distributed round that neighbourhood. She was a very godly woman, and had always a placid, heavenly look. Her husband told me that he had then been married nine years to her, and had never seen either a frown or a smile upon her face—not even with the children. They took me about to see the people and the schools, and, in seeing them, I saw the country. Mrs. Sands used to ride a dromedary, and I had another to go with her, and Mr. Sands walked after us with Mr. Winckworth and Mr. Hughes.

One day, we left our dromedaries at a

school-house, and joined the missionaries to go on foot along the slope of the mountains, to visit another school about three miles distant. We soon perceived a wild elephant walking slowly up a steep place which lay out of our track. The gentlemen thought that he was going to a shady place for water.

As he stepped quietly up, a lion came running down, and, as soon as he caught sight of the elephant, he rushed at him furiously. We all stood still to watch the wild beasts fighting, wondering which of them would gain the victory. The lion attacked the elephant's legs. The elephant, after a struggle, released his foot.

Mr. Winckworth said—"The lion is called the 'king of the forest;' he ought to beat the elephant."

Mr. Sands answered—"I think the elephant will gain the battle, this time."

The elephant lifted the lion on his trunk, and tossed him in the air; then, before the

lion could recover himself, the elephant set his foot upon him as he lay, and beat him with his trunk. We could hear their snorting, and could see the lion's tail and haunches struggling and writhing. At length, the lion lay still, and the elephant stood awhile with his foot upon his neck, looking at him; then lifted the carcase on his trunk, tossed it down the cliff, and walked quietly away up the steep, just as if nothing had happened. Mr. Sands sent an Indian to flay the lion, and he brought the large skin and showed it to us.

I spent a fortnight at B——, and liked the country and my friends and their way of life there so much, that, if I had had my box of clothes with me, I believe I should have stayed there altogether. However, the time came for me to return, and Mr. Sands lent me a dromedary to ride upon, and sent an Indian servant with me to the house of a clergyman named White, where I rested for

the night. Mr. White told me that he had business at Calcutta, and that, if I would spend that day with his family, he would, on the next, accompany me as far as Singapore on his way. This I did, but he was unable to fulfil his promise; for his eldest child, a fine boy, was taken ill that second night of my stay, and died early the following morning. I was, therefore, forced to set out alone with the dromedary: and, after travelling all day, I stopped for the night, by Mr. White's direction, at the house of a converted Hindoo.

This man had, I think, been a priest, and he seemed to me to be, when I was there, the Christian pastor of the people around. He showed me quantities of gods, which he had collected from converted natives, and was packing up to send to England: these were ugly dolls, and stones, and snakes, and insects, and all sorts of contemptible things. He and his family were very kind to me. Speaking of England, he said to me—"No

bad people at home!" This I thought was a proof of the good conduct of the missionaries, which had given him such a notion of their countrymen. I embarked in the canal passage-boat, and got safe back to Singapore.[1]

[1] Endeavouring to trace the persons mentioned as missionaries in the course of this narrative, the writer has applied to several societies for copies of their reports, and lists of stations and labourers, for the ten years which would include the most important references. To the secretary of the London Missionary Society the writer is indebted for his prompt and exact compliance with the request. The secretary of the Church Missionary Society did not even reply to the letter of inquiry.

CHAPTER XI.

"The immense Pacific smiles
Round ten thousand little isles,
Haunts of violence and wiles:

But the powers of darkness yield,
For the Cross is in the field,
And the Light of Life revealed."

JAMES MONTGOMERY'S
"VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD."

THE SOUTH SEA.

Mr. Mills of Bathurst—A Comet—New Zealand—Otaheite—Owhyhee—The Pamperos—Lima—Valparaiso—Beunos Ayres.

SOON after my return to Singapore, we sailed for Sydney; on arriving there we unloaded the *Denmark Hill*, and she was sent to the cove to be examined and cleaned, and to have

a new keel and new lining, thorough repair and fresh painting. This was the first time of her being turned up and re-fitted since we left England. While she was in dock we lived thirteen months at our leisure, visiting our friends, and going about from one place to another, making Sydney our head-quarters, as the captain was obliged to be often there to see after the ship.

In company with some of the missionaries from the South Sea Islands, my mistress took me to Bathurst, where we were received at the house of Mr. Mills, the builder, and principal proprietor of the town. He and his wife were very much respected there. I went with Mr. and Mrs. Mills and some other persons into the country, and passed a month very agreeably in their company.

Mills had once been a journeyman tailor in London, and with six of his companions was thrown out of work for eighteen months; having spent their all and being in much dis-

tress, they took to robbery for a maintenance. They used to fill a carpet-bag with stones, order a dinner at a tavern, eat it, and if they found no opportunity of slipping away unseen, they would even pay the bill, but they made a practice of carrying away all the spoons, forks, and other silver articles.

In this way they went on for a long time, until at last Mills grew tired of this wicked course of life, and resolved to put an end to it. Dining one day at the London Tavern, he sent his gang away with the bag full of plate, and put a fish-slice into his own pocket in such a manner that the waiter could not help seeing it. Mills being apprehended, his accomplices were soon discovered, and they were all tried and convicted at the Old Bailey. Two-hundred-and-fifty pawnbrokers' tickets were found upon them; for Mills told me, that although they took the plate, they never had it melted down, always consoling themselves with the thought that some day they should

get into honest employment again, and be able to redeem it, and to restore the various articles to the tavern-keepers whom they had robbed. Mills was sentenced to transportation for life; and by skill and industry during nearly twenty years, had become a very prosperous man.

On returning with my mistress to Sydney, I used to go every Sunday with Mr. Hill, the chaplain, to teach the adult school held on board the convict hulk, Delaford, an old East Indiaman. The convicts there were all such desperate ruffians, that when they attended Divine service in the ship's chapel, each man had an iron collar put round his neck.

After the *Denmark Hill* left the cove and went to the harbour, I taught a Sunday School under Mr. Thomas at Windmill Hill. About this time, I had offers of marriage from several settlers,[1] and from Mr. Richards of the

[1] It is well known that Australian settlers are pre-eminently considered as increasing their goods by the acquisition of a wife, to work harder and more faith-

Observatory; but I cared for none of them. It was I who first mentioned to Mr. Richards the comet which I had seen for several nights from the deck of the *Denmark Hill.* I told him it was just over the governor's house, and he found it as soon he sought it. He said it was not visible in Europe, and had not been seen in Asia for three hundred years.

This comet looked like a lion, having bright fiery eyes, and a light feathery crown, and the tail of a fish.[1]

We loaded the ship at Sydney, for Rio de Janeiro, taking two hundred and twenty passengers and their goods, and a dead weight of cedar wood to ballast the ship. We called at Hobart Town, where Mr. Nott and Mr.

fully than could be expected from a hired servant. Cadwaladyr's superior strength, activity and sagacity must therefore have rendered her a prize well worth contending for, to say nothing of her other attractions.

[1] This description would astonish Alexander Von Humboldt, who holds that the nucleus of comets has generally "no definite outline." Vide "Cosmos." vol. 1.

Platt, missionaries to the South Sea Islands came on board, two chiefs of the Sandwich Islands returning home; the Rev. Samuel Marsden[1] and his wife for New Zealand; and some ticket-of-leave convicts. In the South Sea, we met with a great many whales and sea-calves.

Arriving at New Zealand, we put into Port Elliot; I think it is now called Auckland.

There we set Mr. and Mrs. Marsden on shore. The natives came flocking to welcome him, and received him as if they worshipped him.

He was a good and godly man.

We took in water and potatoes; and in clearing the island met with a water-spout, which caused us to stand out to sea to avoid it.

We touched at several of the Society Islands, and landed Harris, the mission school-

[1] The well known clergyman of Paramatta, near Sydney, and first missionary to the New Zealanders—a most excellent and devoted man.

master, at Aramanqua, and Mr. Platt at Borabora.

We then sailed for the Georgian Islands; and, arriving at Otaheite, touched at Haweis Town, where Mr. Smith and Miss Davis were to land; but, very early in the morning, before their friends in the island knew of the arrival of the *Denmark Hill*, I got the carpenter and Ted, a sailor, to put me on shore. I felt very glad to see hay-fields and Welsh wheat-fields there. I know there are plenty of wheat-fields in England; but I always thought of my own country when I met with wheat-fields beyond the seas.

As I was walking along, I saw no hedges. A group of houses stood a little way off, and people were coming down the hill towards one which stood apart, and was a chapel. A native woman came crouching to me, and stroked my knees, and pointed to the hill, and led me towards the chapel. I should think there were as many as six or seven hundred natives assembled for worship.

The old woman placed a bamboo stool for me, close to the chapel door, outside. A native young man gave out a hymn, and the people sung it so beautifully, that I looked about me to see whether I was in Heaven or on earth.

When the singing was over, the same young man read a chapter from St. Matthew's Gospel, and prayed, and the people cried. After that, a tall, thin man went up into the pulpit, and lectured from the seventh chapter of St. Matthew. He prayed; and then the young native gave out another hymn, and the people sung again.

The voices of negroes are very sweet, but not to be compared to those of these islanders. I never heard such heavenly singing. The hymns, chapters, prayers, and lectures, were all in the native language. I learned the subjects afterwards.

After the service was over, the tall, thin minister came to meet me as I went into the chapel, where a school was being held in

classes. Rice and coffee were provided there, and I partook of them. When the minister was speaking with me, I said to him,

"Are you a native here?'

He answered, "No."

"Are you an Englishman?"

"No."

"You are a Welshman then!"

He was a Welshman, and I had often heard and seen his letters to his friend, the Rev. John Hughes, of Pont Robert.

We had spoken English to begin, but after we knew that we were of the same country, we talked Welsh together. He asked many questions about the people and ministers of Bala, and when he named Dafydd Cadwaladyr, and I said that he was my father, he seemed very much pleased. His name was John Davis, and he had, in his youth, served an apprenticeship to a grocer in the town of Bala.

He said in English to the young native who

had read, "This is a daughter of an old friend of mine;" and to me, "Now I will introduce you to a king."

That young man then shook hands with me. He was King Pomaré,[1] the ward and pupil of Mr. Davis, the missionary. King Pomaré took me aside and spoke to me. He said that when he was of age, Mr. Davis would take him *home* to England, and he wanted to know whether I thought him good enough to talk with his brother George. I did not then know that he meant the King of England, but thought he had a real brother there, and so I said, "Yes, to be sure."

Mr. Davis came with me to the ship, to meet his daughter, and the young king came also. Mrs. Foreman scolded me very much for having stayed out so long.

[1] It is difficult to identify this "King." He was probably Terouru, Chief of the island of Taravai, who was brought to Haweis' Town by Captain Ebrill, in the year 1832, and received by Mr. Davis, as a pupil.—*See the 39th Report of the London Missionary Society; and Ellis's Polynesian Researches*, 1830.

We went from Otaheite to Eimeo to land a gentleman belonging to the government. From thence we sailed to the Sandwich Islands, to take home the two chiefs. They made Mrs. Foreman a present of two human heads, tattooed and dried, with grinning teeth. She presented them afterwards to the British Museum. I went on shore at Owhyhee, and stood upon the spot where Captain Cook was killed.

We had very bad weather on this voyage, for we met with the pamperos, which are the monsoons of the South Sea. They came on very suddenly, the sky being clear and bright one minute, and dark as pitch the next. On the evening of Sunday the 13th of March, I was getting my mistress's supper when I noticed clouds such as my father used to say betokened a bad storm. I told the captain so, and he answered in his rudest way—

"Your father was a fool."

He did not, however, neglect the caution, for I heard him give orders to reef the sails.

About an hour before midnight the sea rose tremendously with a violent gale of wind, so that for twenty minutes or more, the ship was caught and driven along at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour. I was undressed for bed and had only my dressing-gown around me, when a sailor came to the cabin to fetch the captain's speaking-trumpet, pea-jacket, and south-wester hat. I ran upon deck: there was a horrible shock, and a heavy surge knocked in the dead lights and half of the ship's stern.

I heard and felt the strong roaring waves under me in the vessel, and rushed down-stairs to try to save the passengers from drowning. The cabins were flooded—there was dreadful confusion—people shrieking, wading, and struggling, and ladies floating about on their beds in the water. Sailors and gentlemen were striving to thrust beds, bedding, and everything they could put their hands upon, to stop the gaping leak; they

laded the water out in buckets, and carried it on deck and threw it overboard. The sails were all reefed, and the ship laid to. No hope was left; and the captain told the people so. They uttered a great cry; and then, by prayer, prepared themselves for death. All the passengers were on deck. The captain went to his cabin, that he might go down with his wife whenever the ship might sink.

I said to the old boatswain—

"The ship lies very still."

He said—"It will lie stiller soon. I have been sixty years at sea, and I never thought till now the sea would be my grave."

A sailor, named Frank, was praying to images with a book. I told him to throw them overboard, and pray to God. All the sailors were praying. At dawn the sea sunk, and the waters whirled, leaving no current of waves to uphold the ship. I entreated the men to put her about. I thought I felt her going down under me. They made a last effort—got into

safe water—and rescued the ship from the sucking well that was drawing her down.[1]

Anderson, the boatswain, said afterwards, that he never saw such a look as I had when I brought the people up from the flooded cabin—that I was like a wild Ethiopian, with my hands raised together, my fierce eyes flashing, and my black hair streaming in the wind.

We lay to in still water to repair the ship Besides the stern being half stove in, the rudder was shifted from its place and partly broken. That ship was so well built that she never sprung a leak in her timbers.

We sailed for Peru, and drew near to Lima, where we had to land Mrs. Martin, and her young family.

A pilot-boat came off to us with the government mails ; for the new ship, the *Prince Regent,* which had set out with them, had run aground, and was taken into dock at Valpa-

[1] A sailor, who has been exposed to similar danger vouches for the exact truth of this description.

raiso. Captain Foreman was not at liberty to refuse, so he took charge of the mails, with an understanding that he was either to carry them on board the *Denmark Hill*, or to forward them by any ship he might meet with that might be going quicker to England.

Mrs. Foreman and I went ashore at Lima with Mr. and Mrs. Martin and their eleven children, and made a visit of several days at their house, in one of the squares. There was war at that time between the Patriots and the Spaniards. One day when I was taking a walk with the children, I found all the thoroughfares blocked up. Mr. Martin was on board the ship unloading his goods, and could not get back to his own house for seven days. I saw the Patriot army going to meet the Spaniards, and I fancied the men were about to have some games of sport, they went so merrily to battle. The Patriots beat the Spaniards. The second day after the fight, an earthquake took place between the city and

the mountains. Forty thousand houses were destroyed. We felt the awful shock at Mr. Martin's house, and watched the falling buildings.

From Lima we went to Valparaiso, in Chili, where we landed Mr. and Mrs. Law. I went on shore there one day, and visited their daughter's house, where they were staying. I saw nothing remarkable in Chili, excepting rattle-snakes. I was just going into a wood, when a rattle-snake came whistling along the ground towards me. I took to my heels, and escaped from him. I had been warned of the danger; but I did not believe such dreadful creatures were there until I saw one.

We had a stormy voyage along the south-western coast of America, and were obliged to stand out to sea to avoid the icebergs before we rounded Cape Horn. Passing up along the south-western coast, we touched at the port of Beunos Ayres, and left Mr. Reid there. I did not go on shore, but it seemed a pretty place.

CHAPTER XII.

"In Memory's land waves never a leaf,
There never a summer breeze blows,
But some long smothered thought of joy or grief
Starts up from its long repose;
And forms are living and visible there,
Which vanished long since from our earthly sphere."

HOLFORD.

RIO DE JANEIRO.

The Old Count—Mr. Stone—The Royal Chapel—An enforced Excursion.

OUR next port was Rio de Janeiro; it was tedious work to get there, for it was guarded by ten forts, and we were obliged to drop anchor at each, one after another. Boats

came out to meet us, in which were people calling in broken English to the sailors.

In one boat, rowed by negroes, there was an old Portuguese count, who said—"Anybody want a cook?" I laughed at him, and talked to him. Mr. Barbosa was uneasy, and begged of me not to joke with his countrymen, as their tempers would not bear it.

The sailors were very busy warping the ship. The old count came on board to speak with us, and hindered our work. He was asked to go away, and refused to do so unless I went with him. When he saw that I was only making fun of him, he drew his dagger, and swore that he would either have me or my heart's blood. Finding him to be in such a rage, and not knowing how else to get rid of him, I threw a noose of rope over him, and made the sailors put him in a chair, hoist him to the yard-arm, and dip him three times in the sea. This they did very heartily, and then dropped him into his own boat. He

looked furiously mad with rage when the negroes rowed him away.

We had a great deal of trouble with the government officers, who came on board to seal up everything that was in the ship—only allowing us to keep what was necessary for immediate use, and for a day or two's subsistence. At last we cast anchor in the harbour. Mr. Barbosa warned me of the danger of going on shore, as he thought that the old count would surely seek to be revenged upon me. Nevertheless, I had no fear. My mistress sent me to market, and I went one morning ashore, and crossed the royal square to the place where such things as I wanted were sold. Coming back through a narrow street, which led from the square towards the harbour, I chanced to turn round, and saw the old count pursuing me with a drawn sword in his hand. I ran as fast as my feet could carry me, and he ran after me. I gained the boat, and hurried headlong into it,

tossing my basket before me. The meat flew out of it hither and thither, and one piece went into the sea. The sailors were in the act of pushing off when I rushed into the boat, and the old count was so close behind me, that he struck and cut the heel of my shoe and stocking as I got away. When at a safe distance, I could see him raving foaming, and flourishing his sword, and I was even so daring as to mock at him. On several mornings, afterwards, he followed me with a dagger; but I always contrived to escape from him. My chief fear was that he would get a pistol.

One Sunday, Captain White, R.N., who commanded the British frigate, which was then upon that station, asked me to go on shore to see the old monastery. The captain went first on shore, and I followed with his friend, Lieutenant Stone, R.N., who had once been in the naval service of the Brazils. As Lieutenant Stone and I were walking toge-

ther past the Emperor Don Pedro's palace, he suddenly started and changed colour at the sight of a Portuguese officer who was coming to meet us. Mr. Stone remarked to me that the Portuguese officer had been a shipmate of his, and that they were not good friends when they last parted. He had not time to relate particulars, for the Portuguese officer came quickly forward looking glad to see him. I stood still, staring at some ladies who were smoking cigars in a balcony, while the officers met and shook hands, and after the fashion of the country, the Portuguese at the same moment patted Mr. Stone on the side of the chest with his other hand. There was a dagger in it, and turning, I saw Mr. Stone falling dead at my feet. I got away instantly, and took refuge in another street, at the house of Mr. Briscoe, an English merchant. He advised me not to speak of the murder, but to keep quietly on board the ship, as the murderer would certainly be

brought to justice, and the powerful relations and friends of the murderer would undoubtedly assassinate me. I returned to the ship, and according to his advice did not again come on shore until the trial was over.

I heard that the Portuguese officer was apprehended on the spot. The British Admiral demanded that justice should be done. The deed having been perpetrated in the open street had many witnesses, although the woman who was with Lieutenant Stone, had disappeared.

He was brought to a speedy trial, and publicly executed upon the rack three days after the murder had been committed. The court of execution was in the square of the White Sisters at the top of the town.

The rack was a machine like a brewer's dray, but with two wheels working round it. The criminal was stretched upon his back and made fast by strong nails driven through his

hands and feet. The surface of the dray was set with spikes, and the wheels being put in motion, the wretched man was whirled round and round, and torn to pieces.

The sailors who saw the execution, said he soon died. I attempted to witness it myself, but could not bear it.

The cause of this horrid business was stated by the murderer to have been simply this. Being on board the same ship with Lieutenant Stone, it was his duty as an inferior officer, to report the events of his watch to him. Instead of taking him apart to receive this report, Lieutenant Stone, without the slightest ill-will, or ill-humour, asked him for it on the quarter-deck in the presence of other officers. This was deemed by the Portuguese to be a deadly affront, and from the moment when it took place, he watched for an opportunity of revenge.

After this dreadful incident, the Portuguese Count ceased to pursue me, being probably,

frightened by the example of the awful punishment set before him.

On Good Friday, I went on shore with Mr. Barbosa, and Dr. Ersby, to see the royal chapel.

Friars held gold and silver salvers at the doors. On the gold salvers were silver cups, and on the silver salvers were gold cups, all containing holy water. One aisle of the chapel was covered, floor and all, with white satin. Large images very finely dressed, stood in a row below the altar, and everything was decked out to look showy.

The empress came first into the chapel—as soon as she got within the door, she threw herself down upon the ground, made a noise like a dying dog, and crawled along. All the court ladies followed her, and did the same. When the empress reached the front of the high altar, she kissed the hem of the garments of those tall images of saints; then stood upon her feet, and made bows and curtsies to them, and subsequently

went into her pew. All her ladies came after, and did all that she had done. Mr. Barbosa had taken Dr. Ersby and me to his brother's seat, which was beside, and a little back from the high altar. I stood up and had a perfect view of all that passed in the chapel. By and bye came the emperor —he fell down and made a noise, and crawled and kissed the saints' garments, and made respectful bows just as the empress had done; all his court gentlemen followed him in the same way; then the emperor went to the royal pew where the empress sat, and his attendants took their places. All the two parties had white satin shoes on. Then there was beautiful music—twelve priests and twenty-four boys chanting very low, and carrying candles, passed round the altar, and as they moved there was a sound of the ringing of little bells, which must, I think, have been sown to their surplices. Then an old friar got a thing like the head of

an eight day clock, and played bo peep with it on all sides at the altar: the chanting and music going on and the congregation standing the while, moving their elbows and striking their breasts with clenched hands. Then the cross was held up by a priest, and there was prayer, and all the people shrieked out as if they really saw the Saviour pierced, and the boys went tinkling round the altar. Then a Capuchin preached a short sermon; when it ended, music struck up, the empress came out of the royal pew, made obeisances to the saints at the altar, and walked backwards from it out of the chapel; and her court ladies did the same. Then the emperor came out of the royal pew, and made obeisances to the saints at the altar, and walked backwards out of the chapel, and his court gentlemen did the same.

They were all going to the play, and all the congregation, and the priests. My friends went also; they wished me to accompany them, but as Mr. Barbosa told me that the

funeral of a friar would afterwards be performed in the chapel, I chose rather to wait there. Being left alone, I walked about the chapel, and looked at the various things in the box upon the altar—thinking how Christianity and Heathenism were mixed together in such ceremonies as I had just witnessed; the largest part belonging to Heathenism.

In walking across the raised platform in front of the altar, I chanced to put my foot upon a secret spring; it opened a trap-door, which, flying up, struck me on the forehead, and knocked me down backwards. On getting up again, and, recovering from my surprise, I heard the gurgling of a plentiful stream of water. I peeped down, but it was all darkness there; so I fetched one of the big candles from the altar to light me. Leaning over the opening in the floor, I saw the water flowing, and beheld a sort of stage, like a shelf, on which images were set in a row; but the candle tipped over out of the candlestick which

I was holding in my hand, and fell plump into the water. I took the candlestick back to its place on the altar, and was afraid to reach another, lest I should again have an accident; so I peeped down in the dark, and caught an image by the robe, meaning to bring it to the light, and to have a better look at it; the thing slipped out of my hand, and fell down into the water. I was frightened at the mischief I had done; I shut the trap-door, and went to another part of the chapel. I found that although the images were dressed so richly to the eye, and had silk and satin fronts to their clothes, the parts out of sight were only of cotton.

I went into the pew where the emperor and empress had sat; it was lined with white satin, and ornamented with curious little lamps, of very fine wire, interwoven to make one great light. I unhooked this lamp-holder, and took it down to examine how it was managed, but I failed to hang it up again

properly ; and during the rest of my stay in the chapel, I felt continual fear that I should hear it fall down, and see some mischief done by it.

Having done all these clumsy things, I was dreadfully afraid of being found out, and punished for my meddlesome irreverence, and thinking it would be best to get out of sight, I went back to the seat of Mr. Barbosa's brother, and lay along the cushions there, until all the people came back from the play to see the friar's funeral. The emperor and empress acted as chief mourners. The coffin was set down in the choir. It was covered with a pall of pink silk, embroidered with precious stones. It was wrapped close round the coffin, and did not hang loose from it. Mr. Barbosa told me that it was worth five thousand pounds.

An old man, with a black cowl over his head, stood saying prayers with his face to the altar, and his back towards the people, and then

preached a very short sermon. There were many other ceremonies, and there was a great deal of bowing and kneeling, and crossing, and making postures. Very solemn music was performed; one piece I thought to be the Dead March in Saul. At length, four friars moved a sliding panel near the high altar, and set the coffin upright on its end in the cupboard, and drew the sliding panel to its place again. Then there was loud howling through all the congregation; after which, everybody sat down as still as possible, while friars went round to all the seats with collecting plates. This ended the service, and the people immediately afterwards dispersed.

I was on the point of returning to the ship, when Mr. Barbosa and Dr. Ersby told me that Europeans were not allowed to walk through the streets after a certain hour in the evening, and that hour being past, I must be content to spend the night at the hotel, where many of our ship's

passengers, both ladies and gentlemen, were staying. I had some coffee, aud went up stairs to my bed-room, desiring the chamber-maid to call me very early, that I might lose no time in getting back to the *Denmark Hill.* I drew the chest of drawers across the door, piled up the chairs for a barricade, and then, being full of the thought of rising soon, lay down in my clothes on the bed, and slept and dreamed very uneasily.

About five o'clock in the morning I heard a tapping at my door. I said, "Who's there?" and Barbosa's voice said, very gently:

"Betsy, it is time to get up."

I was surprised that he should come to call me, instead of the chamber-maid, and I answered roughly, that I would be down stairs presently.

He went away, and by-and-bye, I got up, cleared away the furniture, opened the door, and went down stairs to the coffee-room. There I saw two or three Portuguese slumbering on

benches with their pipes beside them, and there I found, Mr. Barbosa, Dr. Ersby, and Mr. Martin—one of Mr. Barbosa's partners in business, an elderly man, who was married and had a family. I knew by their clothes and by their looks, that they had been up all night. They had coffee ready for me. I said, I was very anxious to go back at once to the ship, and the three gentlemen came with me to the house door. There, to my astonishment, I saw a carriage and four standing. Mr. Martin said that Europeans were not allowed to walk through the streets so early in the morning, and therefore the carriage was to take me to the quay.

I said it would be nonsense to get into it for so short a distance, but he urged me so much, that I did get in, and Mr. Martin and Mr. Barbosa came in after me. I soon perceived that the carriage did not take the road to the quay, and began to be very uneasy; but I thought it was most prudent to

conceal my fears. We went on and on, until, having passed out of the city, we were travelling rapidly along a high road between two hedges. I asked over, and over again, where they were going, but I could get no answer. I became very much frightened; but I still tried to conceal my fears. At length, Mr. Martin answered, that they were taking me to see Mr. Edward Lord, whom we had brought on board the *Denmark Hill* from New South Wales. I said, "He only went into the country last Wednesday, I don't want to see him again so soon." In asking Barbosa about it, I chanced to touch him, and I felt that he trembled very much. This made me tremble too, for I thought that he must have some wicked purpose towards me, and I resolved inwardly upon the instant, that I would escape, if I killed them both in getting away from them. Having thus made up my mind, I tried to joke with them, and said to Barbosa:

'What do you mean to do with me? Do

you mean to marry me? I won't marry you unless you make me Duchess of Braganza."

He burst out then with great feeling and answered,

"That is what I mean to do. I knew you would not think it a lawful marriage unless a Protestant clergyman performed it. There is not one at Rio, but Mr. Lord is now staying with one who will marry us."

I said that I was not a fit person for him, and that he ought to marry a lady.

He answered—

"No. I never saw one that I could trust. I love you, and will marry you. I can trust you. I have kept my eye upon you ever since I came on board the ship. I have seen you in the midst of many temptations, and I have seen you resist them all. I know that I can trust you in absence as well as in my presence. I am of a very jealous disposition, and could kill any woman who was unfaithful. I might have married ladies, but I would not; I will only marry you."

Mr. Martin said, that I need not have any anxiety about my dress, as Mr. Barbosa had provided everything that was necessary.

The carriage stopped at last at an inn belonging to a village, in which there was a Protestant church. We alighted, and had our breakfast at the inn, and found that Mr. Lord had been sent here a few days before on purpose to arrange about the marriage, with Mr. Rees, the clergyman, who was to perform the ceremony. Mrs. Rees was to attend instead of a bridesmaid, and Mr. Lord was to give me away. As soon as breakfast was over, Mr. Barbosa and Mr. Martin went and sat under the verandah, and smoked their cigars, while they waited for Mr. Lord and Mr. and Mrs. Rees to arrive. I saw a nursemaid with some children in a field just below, and I said to the gentlemen that I would go and talk with them. Mr. Martin said, "Do, and we will keep you in sight."

In the field I had the pleasure of meeting

with a Welsh nurse-maid and Welsh children. I soon made their acquaintance, and we talked Welsh together. The nurse-maid said to me—

"There is to be a grand wedding here to-day, and my mistress, Mrs. Rees, is now dressing herself to go to it."

At a little distance off, I saw two gentlemen walking together, and I crossed to join them. One of them I soon saw was Mr. Lord —the other I found to be a Protestant clergyman, and a countryman of mine. Mr. Lord introduced me to the Rev. Mr. Rees as the intended bride, and began to joke, saying— "Is she not a fine Briton?" I begged that they would inform me which was the nearest way back to Rio, and told them that I would not be married. They laughed at me at first; and then Mr. Lord tried to reason with me, reminding me of my old acquaintance with Barbosa, and the advantage of having a worthy and wealthy gentleman for a husband.

I told them all about my coming, and that I was resolute to die rather than be married.

Mr. Rees was much surprised at this, yielded, and took my part against Mr. Lord, who said I was a great fool. Mr. Rees walked a few steps with me, and pointed out a way across the country to Rio Grande. As soon as he had done so, I started, without taking time to say 'good-morning,' and ran off as fast as my feet would carry me. When my breath failed, I stood for a moment to draw it, and then ran off again at full speed; and this I did all the way to Rio Grande

At Rio Grande I began to feel safe and abated my speed; there I met a man, the first creature I had noticed in my flight; I pointed to a road and asked him whether it led to Rio de Janeiro, he signified that it did, and off I went walking along it. The ground had not felt much of me before, I not having found time to walk so long, as I thought that I might be pursued and overtaken. Avoiding

the city, I went to the quay, where I found the boat of the *Porcupine* just pushing off. I got into it and was taken safe to the *Denmark Hill.* My mistress was on a visit at Rio Grande, but as soon as she came back I told her all that had happened. Before that time Mr. Barbosa had always treated me with great consideration and kindness, noticing when I looked worn with over work, offering me a glass of his mother's old wine, cautioning me against running into danger, and acting as a friend, without professing or showing any particular attachment to me. Mrs. Foreman was very much surprised at Mr. Barbosa having carried me off, and much displeased at his wanting to marry me, for I was a useful servant to her, and it would have been inconvenient to part with me; and besides she did not approve of my marrying a gentleman.

Just before this business, Mr. Barbosa's term of holding the *Denmark Hill* having expired, he had made an agreement with Captain

Foreman to renew it. In a few days after the run away business, Mr. Barbosa returned to the ship, looking in very bad spirits. When I saw him he was quite cast down, and said to me, "Oh, you cruel girl!" He accused me of liking the ship's carpenter better than him. This I denied, and declared that I respected him as a religious young man, but otherwise cared no more for him than for others. Mr. Barbosa regretted that he had taken the ship again, and said he would not have done it, had he thought how I should behave towards him. He spoke to Mrs. Foreman, and tried to make her take his part, but she told him that I, being a servant, was not a proper match for him, and that he ought to marry a lady.

The passengers were so well satisfied with Captain Foreman's attention to their comfort on board his own ship, and with his arrangements for their passage on board other ships from Rio de Janeiro to England, that they clubbed together to purchase a handsome

present for Mrs. Foreman, knowing that such an attention to his wife would be the most gratifying way of showing their esteem for the captain. They gave her two silver tankards, one holding a quart, and the other a pint. At the same time, Mr. Lord delivered a parcel to me, directed in the following words—

"From the Passengers on board the *Denmark Hill*, to their kind Betsy."

I opened it, and found that it contained a diamond necklace, a pair of diamond bracelets, a diamond girdle, and two little bunches of diamonds with little chains to hang over the ears. The clasps of the girdle had little pictures of the emperor and empress, and the clasps of the necklace and bracelets had little pictures of their children. I showed these jewels to Mrs. Foreman, and said that such things were useless and unfit for me. She said—"Give them to me." This I refused. I packed them up, and sent them back by the mate, saying that I could do nothing with

them, and would much rather have received a watch, or something useful.

Soon afterwards another parcel was delivered to me. It contained a gold watch, with a chain, locket, seal, and key, worth altogether fifty guineas.

While I was at Rio, a miniature picture of me was taken by a Portuguese artist. I suppose, Barbosa has it now.

END OF VOL. I.

CHARLES BEVAN AND SON, PRINTERS, CHAPEL STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE.

