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THE  
LIFE AND ADVENTURES  
OF  
ARTHUR CLENNING.

Clent, Timothy

THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

ARTHUR CLENNING.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF TEN YEARS IN THE  
VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI," "FRANCIS BERRIAN," &C.



VOL. I.

CHAS. TOWAR & CO.

PRINTERS

PHILADELPHIA :

TOWAR & HOGAN, No. 255, MARKET STREET.

1828.

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**EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, to wit :**

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the thirtieth day of June, in the fifty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1828, TOWAR & HOGAN, of the said District, have deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, to wit :

“The Life and Adventures of Arthur Clenning. In Two Volumes. By the Author of ‘Recollections of Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi,’ ‘Francis Berrian,’ &c.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;” and also to the Act entitled “An act supplementary to an act entitled “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned,” and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching Historical and other Prints.”

D. CALDWELL,  
*Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.*



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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HAVING obtained the ensuing adventures for publication, as the reader will see, a circumstance, which I am about to relate, gave me serious alarm, lest this volume should be classed with the common novels and made up stories of the day. It would give me pain to have it lose the little interest which might appertain to it, as a recital of plain and simple matters of fact. My apprehension that such might be its fate, was excited by hearing, the very evening after I had completed this compilation from the notes of Mr. Clenning, a critical dialogue between two old, spectacled, female, novel-reading, tea-drinking cronies, as they discussed the merits of a recently published novel over their evening tea. I seemed to them to be absorbed in reading the newspapers; but in truth my ears drank every word. The incidents of the story upon which they sat in judgment, were as nearly like this biography of mine as fiction may approach to fact. I considered their opinions a kind of forestalling of my doom. The sprites of the lower country did not pitchfork

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the fictitious Don Quixotte with more hearty good will to the burning depths, as the real Don Quixotte related their management, than did these excellent old ladies dispose of this book. "The wretch!" said the first; "he has removed the landmarks between history and fable." "The fool!" said the other; "he does not know how to keep up the appearance of probability." "My husband inquired on the spot," said the first, "and the people had never even heard of such a man." "The block-head!" said the second; "he should have laid the scene just four hundred years back." "He caricatures nature horribly," said the first. "He is wholly deficient in art and polish," said the second. "It is a poor affair from the beginning," said the first. "The author is only fit to write for the newspapers," said the second. "He has been an exact and humble copyist of Sir Walter Scott, though he is just a thousand leagues behind him," said the first. "He is nine hundred miles behind Mr. Cooper, dear man," said the second.

I could proceed to give a chapter of criticism of this sort, as kind, as discriminating, and as wise and considerate, as most of the similar discussions in which poor authors are dished. As I walked moodily home from this edifying descant, I could not help reflecting, that this was a fair sample of what I might expect from nine-tenths of my readers, should I have the fortune to be read; and the chances of even this, I could not but consider fearfully against me. I felt, in reference to the madness



of a rash writer in venturing before the public, as the Roman poet did of him who first trusted himself in a frail ship to the winds and the waves. Then again a change came over my thoughts, and I took courage as I repeated the old saw, *magna est veritas, &c.* The plant, thought I, is always strong where nature works at the root. There is the appearance of truth in these adventures, which no art can pattern. Let them say of me what they choose, as a writer, so that they allow me fidelity as a biographer. Let me assert, too, that there are a thousand stranger histories than this hidden among our forests. Let our readers see, as we see daily, men that have distinguished themselves in every quarter of the world and in every way, *brought up* at last here in the West; let them hear incidents so marvellous, that I have finally come to consider nothing strange, or incredible; let them meet with such personages as I encounter every day, and they would finally cast off their incredulous temper, and adopt a more docile and believing frame of mind. I could relate whole volumes of strange narratives of marshals, and mariners, and warriors, and poets, and authors, and actors, from La Salle and Hennepin to Tecumthe and Thoroughgrabb.

If the reader still inquire, why adventures, like these of Mr. Clenning, have not found their way to the Atlantic country before, I answer, that many of these personages, who have encountered so many moving accidents by flood and field, have come to the stillness and repose of our woods, in many



instances, to avoid the annoyance of scribblers, and newspapers, and biographers, in the hope that they might here live unnoticed, and die in peace, without caricature, puff, or eulogy. There they will be disappointed. We of the quill mean to *have at them*, and bring them all forth to the light and the air. We could find occupation in this business for a hundred pens, and a life of the length of Methuselah's.

If the reader knows any thing about the western country, he cannot but have heard of the "Marine Settlement," and of the celebrated Mr. Birkbeck. Here, on one of the most beautiful prairies in the world, are congregated a number of thriving farmers, who can milk fifty cows, and set forth half a dozen stout teams of oxen to turn up the green sward of their meadows. These men have visited every shore on the globe; and from ploughing the pathless brine, have come here to turn up the peaceful furrow. If the reader doubt for a moment whether Arthur Clenning be a Juan Fernandez, an Alexander Selkirk, or a mere man of straw, he owes to my reputation, as a biographer, to visit that settlement, and ask, in the proper west country phrase, *might there be in your settlement a Mr. Arthur Clenning*, who had strange adventures on an island in the south seas? If he thinks this too heavy a tax, let him make the same inquiry, post paid, by mail; and my reputation for fidelity shall be decided by the response. Not doubting that this point will be settled to the reader's satisfaction and conviction, I

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proceed forthwith to account for the manner in which I became possessed of the materials of this biography.

I had perceived in all parts of the western country how universally, and with what prodigious interest the adventures of Captain Riley were read. Being of that unhappy class of men, a writer by profession, and having been for a long time beating the field, in hopes to start some kind of game worth pursuing, it occurred to me, that I might visit that gentleman, and obtain materials for a second edition of his life and adventures. The thought came upon me in all the freshness of a first conception. The next morning I was on horseback, and crossing the Mississippi, for I then lived west of that river, to journey to lake Erie, near which, I had understood, that gentleman lived.

Being in feeble health, I journeyed across the beautiful prairies east of the Mississippi, admiring the grand and flowering nature before me at my leisure. It was delightful weather in the season of early autumn. On the evening of my second day's journey on one verge of the vast and fertile plain to which I have referred, I passed a number of fine farm houses, and saw others of the same aspect before me. In the centre, just beside me, and on the margin of a magnificent wood, was an establishment with appendages indicating not only comfort, but opulence. The house was of brick, painted white, with pillars supporting piazzas, that ran round it. Every thing was rural and in good taste. The



whole scene breathed an air of tranquillity, repose, and abundance. The eye, the imagination, and the heart rested upon it in a moment. It was one of those places, where we read by a glance the taste, thoughts, and character of the inmates. I said to myself, if a contented and retired mind were to search the whole earth for a local habitation, here would it select a resting place.

As I rode, musing and slowly, by this habitation, I remarked, that murky clouds hung round the western horizon, and thunder was heard in the distance. It was nearly nightfall, and as I had ascertained, it was some miles to the next inn. I inquired of a passing traveller, to whom this establishment belonged? "I reckon you are a stranger here," he replied. "Every body knows the rich Clennings. All these houses, before and behind you, belong to them; and the owner of this white house is here called 'King of the Clennings.' He has been over the seas, and has a story to tell, that beats Robinson Crusoe hollow. He has lately had a fortune fall to him over the seas. There is not a handsomer lady than his wife in all Kentucky, which is saying a great deal." I made some inquiries, whether he was in the habit of receiving strangers? "I reckon so," was the answer. "All the rich people love to go there, instead of staying at the tavern."

Putting these circumstances along with the calculations of an invalid, in respect to the greater promise of comfort in such a place than in a public house, and adding to them the necessity of a speedy



shelter from the approaching storm, I dismounted, knocked, told my story, and was so welcomed, as to leave no doubt on my mind respecting the hospitable intent of the owner of the establishment. Powerful and continued rains detained me there two days. He who can say that he has had two happy days in succession, relates something worthy of recording in his tablets. I so put it down in mine. I had breathed, the while, such an atmosphere of cheerfulness, contentment and benevolence, that when the clouds began to disperse, and the blue of the firmament once more to show itself in the zenith, I almost regretted this admonition of nature, that I had no longer a plausible pretext to prolong my stay.

I will attempt no portraiture of the head of this establishment in this place; for the reader will see it in the following pages. I do not dare attempt the thing in reference to his lady. She was, in truth, so sweet a woman, so beautiful, so good, so hospitable without ostentation, so dignified, and yet so simple in her manners, that if I were to go on with the painting and colouring that rise to my memory and my thought, it would only seem as if I were, in good truth, commencing a novel. Besides, it might give pain to a certain *lang syne* friend; and raise the impression, that I indulge my thoughts and my pen in language not befitting various circumstances that appertain to my case. In sober truth I avow, that although I feel tempted to avail myself of terms of the age of twenty-one, I believe

my impressions are only the abstract homage of due sensibility to beauty, loveliness and goodness united. One salutary result certainly remained—the conviction, that there can be a really contented, affectionate, and happy family. I always feel an emotion of thankfulness to Providence, when I see a sensible proof, that the idea of happiness on the earth is not an illusive and empty mockery.

I might undertake a portrait of the sweet Augusta, the eldest daughter, a girl apparently of twelve years, of whom something, also, will appear in these pages. This was, indeed, one of the loveliest girls that I had ever seen. This loveliness was compounded quite as much of intelligence and amiability as of beauty. There was mingled with these charming qualities a certain archness, and pretty sauciness, smacking considerably of the *fille gatée*, and petted favourite, that threw a touch of earth on the picture, and reminded one, that she was not entirely of another order of beings.

Circumstances called the father and mother away, part of the afternoon previous to my departure, and Augusta was charged to entertain me in their absence. I believe I had the fortune to be particularly acceptable to her; for she showed me her compositions, her drawings, her collections of flowers and insects. She played, and sung for me; and the whole derived a charm from being apparently done, as with a view to minister forgetfulness to the sufferings of an invalid. My manner declared what I thought of this little, kind, and



ministering beauty. Her perfect frankness won mine. In remarking upon her letters, and those of her correspondents, she discovered that I had the tone and conversation of one, to whom criticism upon such subjects was familiar. In short, I inadvertently disclosed the object of my journey. Her eye sparkled with pleasure. "Why, sir," said she, with a little ironical archness in her eye, "you need not continue this weary journey in search of a Tadmor in the desert, when there is here a Babylon ready built to your hands, as I read in a speech the other day. If you want to make a book out of a voyage, and a shipwreck, my father can furnish you undisputed adventures, much more striking than those of Captain Riley. He has written the whole story on purpose to print it. Sir, I hope you will say, that there are no books now going half so pretty. He wrote it before he became rich, in hopes to make money by printing it. When we were in the cities, he used to carry his manuscript to the booksellers. I always pitied my poor dear father when he came home from seeing those strange and hard hearted people. I finally teased him to tell me what the wicked folks said to him; and he told me that they informed him he had no name; that the world was full of books, and language of that sort. My dear father became rich, and I thanked God that he would have nothing more to do with booksellers. Since that, the manuscript has been allowed to sleep. I sometimes see my name in it, and I should be so proud to read

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myself in print! If you will take it and print it, I will answer that my father puts it at your disposal. You are just such a man as I wanted to see—for you deal with booksellers. I have teased my father incessantly to publish it. You cannot tell how delighted I should be to see myself in a book.”

“My dear little maiden,” said I, “do you think your father would allow you thus to dispose of a manuscript which, I dare say, is valuable?” She answered me by handing the manuscript. “Take it,” said she, “if you will, as the gift of Providence, and ask no questions. The rude people have a way of calling my father king; and mamma says, ‘that Augusta is empress over the king.’ How proud I should be to see this made into a book! You will find it a pretty, and a well written history, all but one place in it about me, and you must scratch all that idle nonsense out. I can promise you, that if you like it, you can do with the rest as you please.” So saying, she put into my hands the ponderous manuscript, and skipped out of the room.

After retiring to my bed-chamber, I surveyed the manuscript, here and there, by candle-light. It struck me, that it would make an interesting book. My vanity indeed whispered me, that I could have written many parts of it much better myself. But then, here was a book of real adventures; and if the reader could only have seen the living actors in this manuscript as I saw them, I answer, that nothing

more would have been necessary to have engaged his undivided interest. Many passages, too, seemed to me to be written with great spirit and eloquence. It was no trifling consideration, that the work was finished to my hands, and would save me a prodigious amount of mental labour, of arrangement and preparation. The more I thought of it, the more it seemed a reasonable and hopeful speculation; and I ended by indulging considerable solicitude, lest I might find more difficulty with the father in obtaining the manuscript, than with the daughter.

At any rate, I had pleasant and golden visions that night. My mind floated in Elysian dreams, wandering from the island of the manuscript, to the content, affection and enjoyment of this charming family. I dreamed of angels, and digging up immense sums of money from the earth. When I awoke in the morning, I deemed these dreams of good omen, and prophetic of the money which I should make from the book.

When I descended to breakfast in the morning, I found that the father and daughter had talked the matter of the manuscript over. I assured him, that I thought the manuscript one of great promise. Nevertheless, said I, there is no certainty; for the public is as capricious as a spoiled beauty; and I added something about compensation. He smiled, and said, that I must take it as the gift of his daughter, if at all. I was soon confirmed in the justice of Augusta's impression, that she was



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empress over the king. In short, an unconditional transfer of the manuscript was made to me. I gave up the thought of proceeding on my journey to lake Erie, and Captain Riley's, delighted to have taken game in such a short hunt, and to recross the Mississippi, and return to my family. I was as impatient to give the manuscript to the reader, as, I dare say, he is to obtain it; and I only add, that he will find very little of the professed author in the work, as I have only in a very few instances departed a little from the original. I ought also to advertise the reader, that the complimentary views of Mr. Clenning's character are found to be in the hand writing of another person, supposed to be that of Mrs. Clenning.

# ARTHUR CLENNING.

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## CHAPTER I.

Ye country lads of yankee land,  
Who live at home at ease,  
Ye little know,  
What we, poor sailors, undergo  
Upon the stormy seas.

*Sailor's Song.*

WELL say the ministers, *that the heart is deceitful.* It may be unconscious vanity that impels me to wish to relate my history among the rest. The reader must settle that as he may. He will see, that I have put myself in earnest to relate the passages and adventures of my life. In point of extent and number, he will find, that my deeds and wanderings make no mean figure in comparison with most that have been told. I think, if the reader has a sound understanding and a charitable heart, he will admit, that reading my story on the whole will have a good moral effect. It is true, the



world has as yet heard nothing of my fame as a writer; but that is no good reason why it never should hear of it. I have never written, I admit, a treatise upon philosophy, or morals: the community will have so much the more ground of confidence in a plain, straight forward story, related by a man who could not fabricate and deceive, if he would.

If I am not a profound scholar, I have seen and suffered much; and travelling, experience and misfortunes, as I flatter myself, have stood me, in some measure, instead of the discipline of the schools. Since I have become rich—for I may as well let the reader into that secret from the beginning—it has been insinuated to me by some friends, who wanted an endorser, that I have become a better, as well as a wiser man, for what I have endured. Great part of what I have to relate, is little more than lonely records of the feelings of the human heart in a desert island, penned fresh, as they sprung up in my bosom. I would have consigned this manuscript to the flames, if I had not thought that the moral on the whole would be a good one. If it be of any use to disclose the movements of the human heart with the simplicity of a child, without concealment or disguise, my story will not be without its utility. I am at least confident in my conscience, that I intend no harm. For the rest, it is modesty and humility, I am sure, which have prompted me to speak of myself in the third person, and no disposition to copy the example of

Cæsar in his Commentaries. I wholly disavow, too, the authorship of any thing in these annals complimentary to myself.

Arthur Clenning was born the twelfth day of July, 1790, on the New York side of lake Champlain. His father, Arthur Clenning, was of Scotch origin, and both he and his mother were often heard to say over the winter evening fire, of a highly respectable and remotely ancient family. They were among the first settlers in the north east corner of New York, then a deep and dreary wilderness. Arthur was the second generation in descent born in the country. That he ever improved his slender advantages for scholarship was, probably, owing to a feeling of pride of ancestry, hereditary, or inculcated, or, perhaps, both. Having it constantly taught at home, as a standing article of the domestic catechism, that he was of a good and an ancient family, he learned from infancy to think a great deal of himself. The constant teaching of father and mother was, "Remember, Arthur, you are not a common boy." Or, "think what your forefathers would have said or done in a like case." Or, "remember that you are descended from the Clennings on the father's side, and the M'Allisters on the mother's." In this way, though sometimes poorly clad, and often hungry, Arthur was taught to draw himself up, stand on his base like a pyramid, and respect himself.

In actual condition, his father was a common farmer with a hundred and fifty acres of land, and



a numerous family of children, with appetites always sharp from labour, high health, and a brisk and Canadian atmosphere. He lived at one extremity of a considerable village, with a white meeting house, a spire, and a settled minister. The village was built of such materials, and arranged in such a way, as is calculated to call into action all the elements of emulation and pride, and all those inward aspirings, of which such a kind of village, the free school in it, and the common union of all the people every Sabbath, on a footing of perfect equality, are well known by experience to be the fostering nurse. Many were the early shifts between poverty and pride, which native genius, sharpened by necessity, and nurtured by family ambition and example, taught him to make. The praise was early conceded to his family, as a thing out of question in the village, that no other family there, and it might have been added, in the world, could keep up such a respectable, or as the phrase was, "*tidy*" outside, with such small means. In fact, the village was an assemblage of New England people, and was no more than a slice of New England transferred to New York, with all the native habits, good and bad, more firmly fixed by comparison with the foreign manners of the Dutch, settled in the vicinity. No where on our globe can there be found better nurseries of liberty and equality, emulation of every sort, and incitement to sharpen the intellect, than in such a free school as that of this village. It often enclosed in its narrow walls more

than a hundred scholars, of all ages, conditions and sizes, from twenty-one to five, and from the children of the minister, the justice of the peace, aristocrats by prescription, down to the chubby sprouts of the blacksmith and the tinker ; and from Susan, the pretty daughter of the patron of the village, whose blond curls fell on her neck, to two yellow children and three black ones, that sat at a bench by themselves in one corner of the school. It is well known, that in those schools every thing is managed on the code of "rough and tumble," and yet an admirable principle of general justice, and a fine influence of moral reaction runs through these nurseries of genuine republicanism, good sense, and self-respect.

Arthur sometimes made his appearance in this school clad in ill assorted finery from his crown to his middle, and thence downwards in ragged pantaloons, without stockings or shoes. Nothing was so sure to render the scholar a speckled bird, an object of united ridicule and warfare, as any attempt at finery, any manifestation of feelings above the common level. The first miseries written upon his memory as lessons, were occasioned by assumptions of this sort, and by feelings which had been cherished even from the mother's breast. He had often experienced the bitter feelings, inflicted by the ridicule of the school, elicited by poor attempts at making a show in dress, or in some other way dictated by self-importance. Thus



were early taught habits of self watchfulness and concealment of the feelings.

A single instance will show what was the mode and measure of retribution inflicted upon these inward aspirings, whenever they became manifest. Arthur had reached the head of a class of thirty, by spelling, and had displaced from that proud pre-eminence the butcher's son, who generally held that place. He happened to be unusually fine that day. The comfortable swelling, nurtured in his bosom, would not be repressed. His eyes looked, and his manner showed exultation. As the school was dismissed, amidst the rush of a hundred children, squeezing from the narrow precincts, he was making his way among the rest. The displaced captain of the class elbowed him as they came in contact. The matter was too palpable to be passed over in that hour of triumph; and a war of menace ensued. As soon as they were fairly clear of the door, the butcher's son repeated some of the proud sayings of Arthur, cautioning all present not to think of meddling with the fine young gentleman, descended from the Clennings and M'Allisters. The envy of twenty boys was roused at once. As the dogs of a village assail a stranger cur, all fell upon Arthur in a moment. He was rolled in the mud, and beaten without ceremony.

This was but one lesson of a hundred, painful at the time, but full of moral effect. It is thus that the independence, self-scrutiny, self-respect, and

the sturdy, unshrinking self-reliance of the northern character are formed. In this kind of discipline is formed that sort of mind, that penetrates motive and investigates character, and creates the yankee shrewdness, that inspires moral pride and self-estimation, and forms the intrepid soldier and the unshrinking mariner, whose characteristic hardihood is so well understood over all the globe.

At ten, Arthur began to manifest uncommon fondness for his book, devouring every thing in the form of reading that the village could furnish. Books of geography, voyages and travels, were his favourite reading. This appetite, originally instinctive, received farther incitement from the praises of the minister and the schoolmaster. To hear himself called a "young book worm" by the one, and distinctly pointed out by the other as the best scholar in the school, was enough to exalt his head to the stars. Many and serious were the talks and counsels of those who wished to please the family, that such a genius ought to be encouraged, and that he ought by all means to have, as the phrase was, a liberal education. The Clennings were neither loath to hear, nor slow to believe every word; but their means absolutely forbade. When the thing was discussed for a moment, other members of the family pointed out the partiality and injustice of doing for one member of the family what could not be done for the rest, in colours so striking, that the proposal never underwent a serious examination.



To atone for the grand deficiency of a liberal education as well as he might, Arthur made himself a favourite with the minister, by a docility which was foreign to his nature, and by reading to him fair and rather complimentary notes, which he had taken of some of his best sermons, as he heard them in the church. The minister was amiable, modest and exemplary. But what minister can resist such a compliment? Arthur had the satisfaction to see, that he was at once an adopted favourite. This obtained him the whole range of the minister's library, and much kind and gratuitous instruction beside. He had a maiden aunt, too, the proudest part of the Clenning establishment, who fostered her virgin pride and honours at a very low board in the family. Having a pittance of an annuity, she affected the independent lady, and was equally dreaded and disliked at home and abroad. To her, besides her small income, had descended by heritage a wonderfully miscellaneous collection of books. An apartment was fitted up for these books, in which the old lady used to knit, and take snuff, seldom opening a volume herself, except when some one knocked at her door, in which case she was found reading in due decorum. Over this treasure she brooded, like the animal in the manger; for few would suffer the humiliation of her ill will to get at her books.

To have free admission to this intellectual treasure, Arthur studied her humours, discovered her ruling propensity, and put himself so wisely and

cautiously on the track of gaining her good graces, that he alone was allowed entré, to read as much, and as often as he pleased.

From these circumstances, as may be readily imagined, his education was wonderfully desultory, and without plan. But this absorbing propensity for reading, consumed so many of the hours in which he was expected to have been engaged in the same labours with the rest of the family, that he suffered much from chiding and complaints of indolence. As he grew towards maturity, these complaints became so frequent, and so wearying, that he began early to turn his thoughts towards escape from them, by setting forth into the world, and becoming the chooser and maker of his own fortunes. At nineteen, he could talk fluently from Josephus and Rollin's Ancient History. Often had he described Plato's beard, and the pyramids, to the chance guest, or inmate of the family. He had drawn the genealogical tree of the house, and produced a treatise upon the heraldic bearings of the M'Allisters for his maiden aunt. He had written a fair copy of verses upon the flaxen curls of the aforesaid Susan, his school-mate. He had delighted the very core of the heart of the minister, by publishing a most extravagantly complimentary critique of a thanksgiving sermon of his in the village newspaper. Besides all these extra capabilities, he was well grounded in the rudiments of a good plain English education, was reasonably versed in mathematics, knew the use of the globes,

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and, notwithstanding he had understood it was a bad omen for a scholar, he wrote an uncommonly fine and fair hand.

Although he sometimes manifested a little of that finesse and cleverness, that are supposed to be natural to the yankee character, in making his approaches towards those whose good will he wished to gain, he was on the whole well principled, and trained with a fund of moral and religious feeling and purpose, and a deep and noble internal determination never to disgrace the name and blood of the Clennings and M<sup>r</sup>Allisters. Add to this, he had an excellent constitution, and when the snow whistled over the Green Mountains in his vicinity, he could eat beef and pudding with any lad of his size in America. But in the same family there were eight children, most of whom involuntarily adopted the admirable maxim for an invalid, of rising from table with as keen an appetite as they had at setting down. Of course, dyspepsia was not in fashion in that family.

At this time, chidden as he was every day for indolence, often hearing the mournful questionings of the parents, how they should support so many hungry children? and his mind and imagination expatiating in the distant regions about which he read, he began to feel his purposes ripen to go abroad, where he could see, and eat more, and be more entirely master of his own time and thoughts. His request to be permitted to go to sea, was at first resisted alike by his parents and the minister.

The motives of the former were mixed. The latter, probably, felt pain at the idea of losing so gifted a hearer, and so partial a critic. But he finally brought the maiden aunt to his side; and she, from spending her annuity in the family, had a preponderating influence. Yet with her appliances in his favour, it was nearly a year before he obtained unequivocal permission to go to sea.

It ought to be recorded, as a due tribute to the rest of the family, that when this consent was gained, and this purpose announced, the parents, the brothers and sisters, felt regret and sorrow at the thought of the parting that approached. Perhaps they even repented the severe and complaining remarks which they had made, concerning his indolence. But it was a numerous family. Seven children still remained. Anxieties for the food and clothing of so large a family in rather straightened circumstances, and the tranquillizing effect of daily toil, prevented these sensations from rising to a painful excess. His father went to New York, with other objects indeed, but chiefly to obtain a place for his son on board of some ship. By great good fortune, he obtained the birth of steward on board the packet ship Powhatan, bound from New York to Liverpool. An uncommon concurrence of circumstances only, could have brought about this success. The Captain was a native of Plattsburg, had known Mr. Clenning, and, on a particular occasion, had received favours from him, which he had never forgotten. Mr. Clenning learned, that



there were at least a dozen applications for this single birth of steward, all accompanied by certificates and recommendations of uncles and cousins, with testimonials of uncommon cleverness and education. It may be supposed, that this was most gratifying intelligence to Arthur on the return of his father, and the more so, as he heard with delight of the wonderful apparatus for cookery, and the rich abundance of stores on board the ship. Intellectual as he was, it went joyfully to the heart of the lad to believe, that, having charge of the stores of the ship, he should never again be obliged to stint his appetite; and resolutely did he determine, that neither passengers nor crew should ever eat the detestable salt meat broth, which had made such an essential part of the Spartan provisions at home.

When the day of parting came, the minister blessed him. Susan looked melancholy. The villagers shook hands with him, wished him a good voyage, and forgot him in their own thought-dispelling occupations. The maiden aunt bade him bear her remembrances to father-land, and not forget that he was descended from the M'Allisters. His brothers and sisters appeared to feel more than could have been expected. His parents would have been inconsolable, had they not had seven more to love and feed, after he should be gone. In short, just as much feeling and regret was manifested in this case, as is generally shown in like circumstances any where but in books. For Arthur him-

self, when he left the humble roof, the quiet home, the generally affectionate and pious parents, and, more than all, when about to make a turn in his path which would hide the house, the village, the spire, the lake, and the scenes of his infancy, and his daily walks and inspection from view, and perhaps for ever, all the feelings natural to an unsophisticated heart, rushed upon him. The perils of the ocean, the sense of distance and loneliness came over his mind, and he began to contemplate the rashness and folly of foregoing the homely, but sure care of such a mother as his, for the indifference of strangers. The first half hour after his native village was hidden from his view, brought with it misgiving and shrinking from the hazards of his purpose, and almost a half formed wish to return. Inexpressible feelings of shrinking and gloom had the master sway over his mind for some time. But the propensity to rove was engrafted on his mind. He was naturally of a buoyant and cheerful disposition, inclined to see things on the bright side. He began to count up his capabilities. He remembered how often he had defeated the village lawyer in his argument, and put the minister to the extent of his powers, to answer his objections. He had heard an hundred times, and in as many ways, that he was an uncommonly likely young man. He was going to seek his fortune, and he felt a proud consciousness, that descended, and educated, and trained as he was, he could and would do nothing that should disgrace his name



and character. The world, upon which he was entering, received from his sanguine temperament, the gay colouring of youthful vision. He was going to England, from the land of woods and nature to the land of splendour, luxury, and art. He was going to see his great relatives in Scotland; for he was charged to visit the ancestral stem, as soon as he should arrive in the old world. A presentiment, that he should return with riches and honours, to make a figure in the eye of the fair-haired Susan, and those of the village who had manifested feelings of envy towards him, was not without its influence in soothing his feelings of loneliness at quitting the paternal home.

Alternating between views, at one time of this cast, and at another of discouragement and homesickness, he arrived at his new and strange position on shipboard. He put himself resolutely to learn the duties of his office, and in a few days was at ease in them. The voyage was short, pleasant and prosperous. A steady breeze propelled the ship so smoothly on her course, that he did not even experience sea sickness. The stern despotism on shipboard at first militated strongly with his republican habits and feelings. Once or twice, the tone in which certain duties were enjoined upon him, caused thoughts of resistance to arise in his bosom. But a specimen or two of the manner in which the captain managed insubordination, had a wonderful effect to inspire a docile and faithful execution of all the orders with which he was charged.

In twenty-eight days from the time in which he left his native village, on foot and alone, he was in Liverpool, as though dropped from the clouds. The Powhatan was to stay some time at that port, and then return direct to America. To return in her was no part of his purpose. He remembered his promise, and the charge of his parents, and determined immediately to set out on a visit to his relatives in Scotland. He received the pittance of his wages, put his effects into a bandanna handkerchief, received the good wishes of the crew, and a hearty shake of the hand from the captain, and whistled off for Scotland with as much gaiety as he could assume. There is no accounting for the impulses of our feelings at different times, and under different circumstances. No parting had ever affected him so painfully as when, at the head of the street, he turned round to take a last look of the *stars and stripes* of the good ship Powhatan. At that parting he seemed to lose parents, friends, country, home, and every thing, and to be about to identify his existence and thoughts with a world entirely new. As he waved his hand, and said, "farewell stars and stripes of my country," an effort was necessary to repel the moisture from forming in his eye. The distant prospect of the blue hills of Scotland, too, rolled up with so much freshness the remembrance of the beautiful and interminable line of the Green Mountains, in view of which he had been reared, gave him a distinct perception of the horrible feeling of home sickness.



On the third day of his journey, the frowning mountains that he had been constantly nearing, had begun to assume that distinctness of outline, and that visible dimension of the objects on their summits, as convinced him, he must be near that point of the Highlands where his relatives resided. He began to inquire of the passengers that he accidentally met on the road, if they could direct him to the Clennings and the M'Allisters. A grin in his face, and some quizzical remark in broad Scotch, which he hardly comprehended, was generally the response that he obtained. Ridicule is not apt to sit easy on any mind, but to the young mind it is particularly annoying. Arthur had not learned to curse; but he offered a trial of his yankee sinew and muscle to some of these passengers, who carried their jokes, as he thought, a little too far. At length, when he almost desponded of finding any one who could or chose to give him any direction to these much sought relatives, he chanced upon a considerate resident in the vicinity, who put him on his way.

The Clennings lived on the first ascents of the hills, and the M'Allisters still deeper in the glens of the mountains. It is natural for us to measure the cordiality of the greeting, which we expect from friends, not only from having heard affectionate and frequent mention of them, but by the trouble we have taken to find them out, and arrive at their residence. Many a winter's evening had Arthur heard beguiled with stories of the antiquity and

importance of these people, whom he had travelled one hundred and fifty miles on foot to visit. He had heard much, too, about the eagerness and warmth with which the Scotch feel and recognize the ties of relationship to the third and fourth generation. For the first time in his life he had been cast wholly upon strangers, and treated with the careless indifference which nature's commoners bestow upon each other; and his heart now craved the kindness of friendship and consanguinity, rather with the earnestness of appetite, than calculation.

Judge, then, his disappointment, when, after crossing the threshold of a large stone farm-house, he was harshly asked in broad Scotch what he wished of the Clennings. He was manifestly received by the head of the family, a tall, lean, and hard favoured farmer, as if he was supposed to have come to help devour them. Never was more mortifying scrutiny, than that which he was compelled to undergo in order to prove his identity. It was not without the most diligent and severe sifting into all the circumstances appended to his connection with them, that he was allowed to be a scion of the genuine wood. It was clear to him, that they considered the American branches as alien and degenerate parts of the tree. Often, while encountering the circumstances of this harsh and unkind reception, so different from that which his fancy had sketched, did he reproach himself in the bitterness of his spirit, for the reckless folly which had tempted him away from the sure welcome of home, to



try the hospitality of strangers. It is only in such places, that we learn the value of the sacred hearth, and that dear spot, our home. But he was at length grudgingly admitted, as it seemed to him, upon the single ground of his being a Clenning. A most repulsive comparison of this reception with the common hospitality proffered even to strangers at his own home, instantly and painfully suggested itself. He soon realized, too, that the evils from which he had wished to fly at home, for instance poverty and pride, might exist elsewhere. He found that these evils were appended to the condition of the Clennings of the old world still more forcibly than to that of the new. He saw, that the bard had reason, who said, that we go beyond the seas, and shift our sky and climate, without changing our mind or circumstances. Indeed, apart from all the partialities of a son, Arthur could not help thinking the American branch of the family as not only the most easy and abundant in their circumstances, but least ridiculous in their assumption, and intrinsically the most amiable and respectable.

Evidently to the joy of the Scotch Clennings, Arthur soon took his *départure*, to scramble up the hills to visit the M'Allisters. Here he found something more of cordiality in his reception. But the ill star of the race seemed to have the ascendant here also, for the M'Allisters, however disposed to be kind, were still poorer than the Clennings. Between these kindred races, he contented himself, as he might, a number of weeks, occasionally lending

his aid to the prosecution of their rural labours, that he might not be burdensome. In the progress of this acquaintance, he made full proof of his comparative scholarship with the numerous race of the Clennings and M'Allisters; and convinced them, as well as himself, that the American was by far the better disciplined and instructed member of that ancient race. This and various other circumstances subjected him to painful manifestations of pride, jealousy and envy, which required all his prudence and forbearance so to manage, as not to evince either poverty of spirit, or disposition to quarrel with his relatives and his host.

By a steady perseverance in such a course, he was gradually trampling over these mean, but natural feelings on the part of the young men of the establishments, and was evidently making rapid advances in the good graces of the female members, one or two of whom were very beautiful. On the part of one of these fair third cousins he was given with sufficient clearness to understand, that she had no fears of the wide Atlantic, nor objections to a residence in the American woods. This partiality soon became manifest to the two families. They evidently recoiled from the thought of such a *misalliance* on the side of their beauty, and betrayed sufficient marks of a disposition to get rid of him. His wages had all been spent in articles of dress, that he might not shame his relatives by his appearance. The youth was in the interior of Scotland, a stranger in a strange land, without money or con-



nexions. His prospects on the whole were sufficiently gloomy. He wrote a letter, rather desponding in its tone, to his parents, and made known to his ancient relatives his purpose to return to Liverpool, and try the seas again. The pride of the family, and perhaps more worthy and generous feelings were aroused in his favour, and the rather, as they said, that he gave no countenance to the partiality of his fair relative.

A large armed ship, "The Australasia," in the service of the East India Company, was fitting up to carry out passengers to New Holland. The commander, Captain Clenning, was a connection of the family, and was supposed to have an affection for the beautiful Miss Clenning that had manifested such evident partiality for Arthur. The family made interest with Captain Clenning to obtain a place for him on board his ship. The birth of steward on board this ship was offered him, and never came proposal more opportunely. Weary of his dependent and disagreeable condition, he would have preferred a condition still more menial, to have got rid of dependence upon his ancient relatives. With all his ambition, and high purposes, rather would he have returned to America, and have gone into the fields as a day labourer for life, than have seen himself exposed from day to day to internal feelings of dislike and contempt, poorly disguised by his host under the semblance of countenance, graciousness and protection.

Thankful was Arthur to Providence for this

chance, which, bring what humiliation it might, was preferable to his condition there. With much more cheerfulness of heart than he left Liverpool to visit his ancient blooded kinsfolk, did he once more bundle up his whole baggage in his bandanna handkerchief, and prepare to make his way back to Liverpool on foot. The parting from the M'Allisters and Clennings was an affair poorly got up. Gladness on the part of all the concern but one, was thinly disguised by the appearance of sorrow, and the famed tenderness of Scotch relationship.

For this time, Arthur left the house of relatives and acquaintances with pleasure, and felt himself a free man when his foot once more pressed the plains, and he saw no faces but those of strangers. The sight of the "stars and stripes" in Liverpool once more kindled the deep affections, and painfully called up the thoughts of sacred home and the Green Mountains. It was hard to resist the united movements of the love of country, of friends and home, and the deep craving of the heart for the countenance and the voice of acquaintances, and pass by these ships that bore the emblem of his country. But the offer of the place on board the Australasia, seemed to him as the call of Providence; and besides, he reflected, that even on board the American ships he would be as entirely a stranger, and as completely unknown, as in that foreign ship. He passed over the cable of one of his country's ships, adding hastily, "not now, nor never, unless I can return to thee with reputation and wealth. But

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*when I forget thee, my country, may my right hand forget her cunning."*

Amidst a moving crowd of passengers and their friends, making their way on board the Australasia for embarkation, he descended to the cabin of this large and noble ship. More than a hundred passengers were to embark with him. They were taking in great numbers of sheep and other animals, to carry to the distant regions of the south seas. A hundred convicts were also to be transported in the same bottom. To one who has not seen the hurry and bustle of such a scene of preparation, to remove so many human beings to the opposite extremity of the globe, and most of them, doubtless, for ever, it would be useless to attempt to describe it. Had he felt less personal interest in this note of preparation, the whole, as calling into operation all the movements of the human heart, and all the actings of the human passions, would have furnished a spectacle of intense interest. In one quarter, closely confined and guarded, were the outcast malefactors, with the mark of contempt and reprobation fixed upon them. Some of them were clad in tattered finery. More than half were females, some having countenances that were once evidently beautiful. One or two faces were still exquisitely so. All were haggard, sin-worn, and with the marks of guilt and shame on their brow. On the other hand were the hardy tars, hurrying to and fro in their appropriate dresses, and busily engaged in the preparations for departure. There were the passengers,

with mixed views and motives, preparing to fix themselves in another hemisphere, all concealing in their bosoms expectations of more wealth, importance, or enjoyment, in thus shifting their position to a new quarter of the globe. He could not fail to remark, that one of the passengers was a stout and portly man, nobly dressed, with a look of importance, a step of dignity, and an air of authority and self-importance on his countenance and his whole deportment. He seemed—to compare great things to little—like the king bee of the hive. Deference and homage were marked in the manner of every one on board, as he stepped on deck. On his arm hung a young girl of exquisite beauty and loveliness of person; nor, distant as were the condition and hopes of the friendless American steward from any prospect that he could ever approach these people on a footing of equality, did he fail to have his pulses quickened by knowing, that a lady of so much loveliness of person was destined to share the same dangers of the ocean with himself, and be cooped within such narrow limits, from which there was no escape during a voyage of months.

In due time all the parting embraces were given and taken. This moving colony of men and animals was bestowed on board the precincts of the ship. The convicts were crowded forward to their prison. The fasts were cast off. The cry of *Yo, heave!* arose from the mariners, and the mass of life moved slowly away from the wharf. In casting his eye over this crowd of people, with whom his lot



was now identified for so long a voyage, the first obvious thought of Arthur was, that among all on board there was not a single associate for him. The captain, though a Clenning, had a cool and stern haughtiness of manner towards him, which said sufficiently plainly, that he must keep his distance, and not expect to be recognised as a relation. The sailors whispered the odious appellation *yankee*, as they passed him. The passengers of wealth, with their families, were, as too often happens, more insolent, inversely, as their real rank and consequence were less; and if they thought of him at all, would only consider him as intermediate between menial and companion, and of course interdicted from any intercourse in either relation. His duties would often bring him in contact with the convicts, with whom any intimacy was out of the question. The idea of being in a perfect solitude in the midst of four hundred human beings, all to be included for months in the narrow precincts of a ship, making her way over the trackless waters, was sufficiently painful, as well as humiliating.

To show that Arthur was a practical philosopher, young and undisciplined as he may be supposed to have been; to prove that he acted as every one ought, with a mark, an aim, and by system, and that he did not float along the current of time as most young men do, without plan or object, it will only be necessary to record his rules of conduct reduced to writing, and upon which he appears to have acted, as steady and invariable principles.

1. My place is an humble one. I have therefore so much the more need of caution in my deportment, to render it respectable.

2. I will always measure back a little, and not much more civility than I receive.

3. I will always be strictly temperate; command my temper, my thoughts and words; and in my deportment, balance rather towards the grave than the gay.

The vessel set sail with a fair wind, and was soon beyond the view of the white cliffs of England, leaving no mark on which the eye could rest, but the sky and the sea. It would be useless to make many observations upon a voyage that almost includes the circuit of the globe. If much nautical remark were given, if an accurate journal were detailed, and if every thing appertaining to the weather, the ship, her course and progress on the voyage, were noted in the full and accurate terms of sea technics, but few would understand the language, and still fewer would be interested in it. Every thing that relates to nautical science and seamanship, will therefore be omitted, and such terms, and such language only will be used, as may be supposed to be familiar to landsmen, and within the comprehension of every reader.

For the first and second month, the ship had a pleasant and steady breeze with little intermission of light and baffling winds. Arthur made it a point to understand his duty and to discharge it most punctiliously, and to the letter. Having, as has



been remarked, an uncommonly fine person and figure, in the tediousness and ennui of a sea voyage, and in the want of other objects of observation, a person so often in the view of every one as the ship's steward, could not fail to have been the theme of that kind of interest and discussion, that every character on shipboard undergoes in such circumstance. Various and wavering estimates of him appeared to have been formed at different times. His common denomination with the passengers was, the handsome yankee. The sailors designated him by a coarser epithet. An attention to his duty at once civil, stern and undeviating, could not but win him a certain degree of respect. Such deportment always counts, and has an undefinable influence. Some pronounced him a quaker, some a methodist, and some a conceited and impertinent republican. It must have been particularly soothing to the feelings of a young man to perceive, that he always received a due observance from the ladies on board.

No part of his duty was more trying, than his necessary intercourse with the female convicts. Challenges, curses, derision, immodest looks, gestures and words, soon forced him to a hasty retreat, which never failed to produce such a shout of ridicule at his expense, as scarce even the *firm philosopher*, much less a fine looking young man, can bear. This was the more trying, as among them there was one girl, scarcely past eighteen in appearance, not only of extreme beauty, but of the most modest

and graceful manners. Katharine Olney, for so she was called, always attempted to repress this manner in her abandoned associates, always spoke gently to the steward. This of course identified her with him in the coarse ridicule of the rest, and many were the rude jests of the inmates of their quarters upon the modest and sentimental lovers, as they were termed. So often had such language occurred in this intercourse, so often had he seen this girl distressed and in tears, in her attempts to repress the abandoned deportment of the rest, that a deep feeling of shame, pity, and sorrow always came upon him, as he entered the quarters of the convicts. It will readily be supposed, that it required no small degree of philosophy and forbearance in him, not to be moved with this distress of the beautiful Katharine Olney. The temptation was increased, when this forlorn and abandoned girl, whose hopes had been blighted in the bud, told him her tale of sorrow and ruin, and implored his pity and confidence, while she spoke of her hopeless prospects in the country to which she was going. Natural and unaffected grace was in all she said or did. She sung most charmingly. She always seemed modest, and wore that touching aspect of sorrow, humiliation, and resignation to her forlorn condition, which are so peculiarly calculated to touch the sympathy, and engage the still deeper interest of such a mind as his.

Every one knows that a sea voyage, especially one of such length as that from England to New



Holland, is the most tedious and monotonous business in nature. The continued recurrence of the same objects and scenes, and the weariness and disgust which they excite, especially in minds not amply stored with the materials of thinking, abundantly prove, that we were made to range amidst that variety of objects that nature has every where placed around us. Every mode and form of amusement were put in requisition. Music, cards, conversation, promenading, every thing had been tried, until in turn it had become wearisome. This ennui seemed to manifest itself most painfully among the ladies.

Among the number on whom it shed its baneful influence, was the young lady of whom mention has already been made. Augusta Wellman was the only child of a proud and disappointed courtier, whose self-importance was measured by his wealth, which was immense, and concentrated by having obtained a high office at the close of a falling ministry, with whom he fell. He retired to his estates in the country, carrying with him this single and lovely daughter, as proud as himself. His scheming mind in the country preyed upon itself. He finally took the whim of becoming a patron and a leader in practical farming. He had made his speech—had distributed premiums, and been the Mécænas of agriculture. He became infected with the prevalent propensity of the time, to increase the stock of merino sheep. A wealthy acquaintance had already emigrated to New Holland, and had

entered largely into the business of raising merinos in that country. He had written back to his friend such flattering accounts of the country, and its prospects and capabilities, especially for that branch of farming, and had presented such favourable estimates of the climate, as delicious and salubrious, and tending to prolong life for such kind of worn down epicures as he was, that he had finally come to the determination to transport himself to the other extremity of the globe; and as he could not be a great man in England, to render himself decidedly the greatest, as he would be the richest man in New Holland. A flock of merinos was transported with him. An ulterior object, it was whispered on board, was to marry his proud and beautiful daughter, to the only son of his rich friend, already settled in New Holland.

Augusta Wellman was aged eighteen, gay, carressed, and spoiled at once by indulgence and denial, if such an enigma may be uttered. She appeared beautiful and capricious; and to be a strange combination of sensibility and pride. Such a voyage is sure to call forth all the strong points and propensities of every shade of character. Even the common sailors on board could have made shrewd conjectures touching her mind and disposition, and the still more palpable traits of her haughty, cold, stern, avaricious and unfeeling father, who knew no other qualification than wealth, was wrapped up in immeasurable estimates of his own importance, and who loved his beautiful daughter, only



as she was identified with his possessions, and the perpetuation of his name and estates.

For a few days, this proud beauty was under a most guarded and vigilant watch. The father, in the plenitude of confidence in his own sagacity and foresight, had calculated, and surveyed every person on shipboard, from whom danger might be apprehended, as having designs upon his daughter as an object of fortune hunting. He had settled down to the conviction, that there was not the slightest danger from any individual on board. An indulgence and a license of range was, in consequence, allowed to his daughter, such as she had never experienced before. For a while, the novelty of this extended range delighted her. She was as gay as a lamb, bounding in the first sunny days of spring. Even Mr. Wellman, insensible and austere as he was, felt the cheering influence of her gaiety. The gay, the beautiful Miss Wellman, was the delight of every body on board. Wherever she moved, the most assiduous attention followed her, much to the annoyance and envy of the ladies on board, that were less favoured by beauty and fortune.

But in a few days, the tiresome monotony of every thing on board wore out this flow of spirits. Every variety of amusement had been tried to weariness. The grand scenery of the Cape of Good Hope and Table Bay had been passed. The ship was almost becalmed in the bland and sultry atmosphere of the tropics. Augusta had ceased to take any interest in her promenade, her harp and

piano, her conversation and the gallantry of her admirers. She had received all the homage that could be levied from every gentleman on board, in all the combinations that their wits could devise, and served up with every spice that could render it piquant, until the whole had become perfectly cloying and insipid.

One of the most wearing duties of the steward in these cases of ennui, and the thirst of the sultry weather, was to furnish lemonade and sherbet for the passengers. The skill and assiduity of Arthur in making these drinks, won many compliments from the ladies for the handsome yankee. For some days the frequent calls of the fair heiress for lemonade, passed unnoticed by him as matters of course, and growing out of the thirst inspired by the heat. It was at length discovered by him, that in her caprice of taste, and wearied with her empire over the gentlemen passengers, she had made a study of him for the sake of variety. The proud humility of his deportment, the erectness of manner, with which, like another Mordecai, he met the condescending badinage of this Vashti, piqued her, by interesting her vanity and her curiosity. Here was a man of fine form and person in humble life, whose eye flashed, and who seemed to want neither understanding, feeling, nor spirit, who did not appear to acknowledge in his manner, that he was disposed to show her any of that homage and admiration that was paid her, even by the sailors as she passed them. This circumstance became



more piquant, when she learned that he was an American, a variety of the species which she had been taught to consider as a kind of half tamed savages. When she travelled into his precincts, ostensibly for the purpose of drinking lemonade, he could not but discover, that her real object was to play off upon him a kind of badinage, half playful, half in ridicule; and to treat him with a sort of condescending and yet degrading equality. She soon discovered, with equal astonishment and interest, that he expressed himself with grace and fluency, that he had read and reflected much more than herself, and she was made sensible of intellectual inferiority in the case of a person, whom she had supposed as much her inferior in mind and cultivation, as in fortune and condition. This discovery contributed to give edge to her curiosity; and the entire absence of all suspicion, touching this intercourse on the part of her father, gave her all latitude and every desired opportunity for the indulgence of it.

He on his part, piqued also with a condescension which was evidently composed chiefly of pride and scorn, made it a point to be very respectful, and yet erect. He measured out to her with guarded observance, all the deference due to her condition, but always resolutely avoided paying her the least particle of that kind of homage that she seemed alone to prize, and which was so constantly paid her by every other person on board, the homage bestowed on a young, proud, and conscious beauty.

He was pleased to find, that she had tact to discriminate this deficiency and to feel it acutely. There is no condition in life so humble as to be beyond the range of the ambition of conquest, in such a mind as hers; and to suppose that he, however different in condition, did not enjoy the consciousness that he piqued her vanity and wounded her pride, would be to suppose him more or less than man.

The united influence of pique and curiosity, and desire to humble even the ship's steward under the influence of her charms, a new study of human nature opened before her, in this unbending American, equally handsome and insensible, an object of interest and distraction from the tiresomeness of the voyage, which so increased the frequency of her visits, as to render them perplexing, and at times almost annoying. They became more questionable and unpleasant to his balanced and correct views of propriety, by being evidently sought as free from inspection as the case would admit. At one time, she affected to enter into conversation with him on the equality of a young lady with a young gentleman, whose society she sought for the mere pleasure of it. At the next call, she adopted the tone of speaking to a servant, whose character was a kind of monstrous and unnatural rarity, from knowing more and looking higher, than might be expected from his place. She was probably sometimes in doubt, whether the sturdy insensibility to her charms which he seemed to manifest, resulted

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from ignorance and obtuseness of feeling, or from plan and design. Whatever view she took of the subject, manifestly gave excitement to her curiosity, and frequency to her visits.

One day, as she came for her usual conversation and lemonade, she appeared to be suffering alike from the extreme heat and from ennui. She yawned repeatedly while her lemonade was preparing, and showed in her countenance traces of real suffering from lassitude and debility. "Steward," said she, "I shall tire to death on board this weary ship. Never was such a stupid collection of mortals found in one place. Nothing but sky, and sea, and heat, and dull people. You will have to answer for my death. To make the affair worse, you give us nothing fit to eat or to drink. It is absolute starvation both of body and mind. Your lemonade is as mawkish as the ship's water. Yet you seem to be a very learned and knowing sort of a personage. Fie on you, Mr. Steward! Are all your American people such a tall, grim, tasteless race of beings?" He answered, that she must be aware, that they could command neither the varieties of a market, nor ice, nor fresh lemons, on so long a voyage; that he hoped she would understand the difficulties of the case, and be indulgent to make allowances, and to believe, that he tasked his best powers to make the passengers comfortable. He added, that if his means equalled his wishes, she should not want nectar and ambrosia, nor the luxuries and delights of the Houri.

It was the first compliment which the steward had ever attempted to pay her. She held up her hands in ironical and well dissembled astonishment. "Nectar and ambrosia!" said she, in a tone of amazement. "Nectar and ambrosia indeed! Why are you not a yankee, steward? Do you ever meet Houri in your woods, steward? I had heard that your people drank whiskey. Have you ever tasted ambrosia?" "Not at all," replied Arthur. "But every one in my country reads novels, and we not only know that there are such personages as Houri, but are exceedingly prone to worship them." "Indeed, you have!" said she. "I dare say, you have often perpetrated the wit of comparing your rustic beauties to these same Houri before." He replied, "that although there were few in his country to compare in beauty with Miss Wellman, what they wanted in that point, they more than compensated in humility, amiable manners, and modesty, and that they sought rather to conquer by gentleness, than the mere blaze and display of personal charms."

She evidently felt, and most keenly, the import of what the steward had wished to say. Her father happened to come up as this dialogue passed, and while she was still holding up her hands in counterfeited astonishment. "My dear father," said she, "you have little imagined what a knowing man we have to make our beverage for us. I wish to apprise you, that you may henceforward treat him with more respect. Would you believe him, that they



have Houri in his country, and drink nectar instead of whiskey?" Saying this, she walked away with her father, manifesting obvious pique in her countenance, as she went.

After an absence of a day or two, these visits were renewed, and became more frequent; and she continued to accord the steward so much notice and regard, and so protracted her conversations with him, that she began to excite the notice and remark of the passengers. By a steady and unalterable adherence to his maxims and principles, Arthur found, that he had travelled through every degree of estimation in the minds of the passengers, from dislike to confidence, and from that to regard. He often received ironical and left handed compliments, on having been the only person on board that seemed to have won any degree of favourable notice from the proud heiress. But he never for a moment forgot his principles, or the kind of deportment prescribed alike by duty and self-respect. When Miss Wellman saw him evidently hold back from applying her marked attentions in his favour, the conduct seemed to her perfectly inexplicable. She attempted to expound the enigma in vain. Sometimes pride and disdain came to her aid, and she abstained a whole day from a visit. Then pique, curiosity, and a disposition to solve the riddle, caused her visits to become more frequent than ever.

All this license had resulted from the circumstance, that her arrogant father had never dreamed

that merit, and talent, and interest, are sometimes disguised in a humble condition; that an intelligent girl, whose thoughts had never been disciplined, might very naturally make comparisons between insipid men in the dress of gentlemen, and a gifted and fine young man, whose talents and accomplishments even counted beyond their value, from being discovered in a condition where they were so little to have been expected. But some person on board, either a gossip or envious, finally opened his eyes to the state of the case. He came one day upon his daughter, when she was chattering away in her accustomed style with the steward, about the nectar, ambrosia, and Houri of his country. He darted a glance of inexpressible contempt upon him. His daughter's countenance quailed under his angry and flashing eye, and became as pale as death. Whatever language he used in the case, or what measures he took, was not known. The effect was, that she came for lemonade no more, nor spoke to him again, during the voyage, except in the tone of the most distant and measured civility.

It may not be said that he felt no pain at this deprivation. Guarded and distant as he had been in his manner of receiving her courtesies and conversations, to have the intercourse thus rudely broken off, and with such palpable contempt on the part of the father, was a bitter humiliation. About the same time, another disagreeable incident occurred to interrupt the tranquil order of his duties.



A petty officer, whose command allowed him occasional visits among the convicts, had been smitten with Katharine Olney, and had availed himself of every opportunity of access to the convicts' quarters, to pursue his suit, as much to the annoyance and terror of the penitent and unhappy girl, as to the malignant envy of most of the other wretched women. From the first day, she had manifested towards Arthur, not the partiality of affection, but of sisterly confidence. This feeling had been strengthening with the intercourse of every day. She had finally come to regard him with the frank and confiding trust of that relation. Nor, with such a character and heart as he possessed, could he be supposed to be indifferent to the pleading confidence of such a fair penitent, so young, so humble, and, apparently, reformed, and whose ruin common report traced to the basest treachery and a combination of circumstances that few could be imagined capable of resisting. From the persecutions of the young officer of the commissary, she appealed for the protection of Arthur, and he would have denied the blood of his father and his country to have refused it.

The consequence was, a most violent quarrel with the young officer. He rushed upon the steward, when on deck, with his dirk. Fortunately, he averted the blow, wrested the weapon from the assailant, and, in the heat of the affray, handled him so roughly, that he was severely bruised. The steward was arrested and confined, and a general

prejudice against him, as an insolent and quarrelsome foreigner, pervaded the whole ship's company. The affair, however, underwent a severe, but a fair investigation. Katharine Olney gave evidence that strongly tended to remove the general impression against him. It was long afterwards before he learned that more effectual intercession was made in his favour from another quarter. He was not only honourably acquitted, but the result of the trial, so different from the first impressions against him, manifestly raised his character with the passengers. He was no longer estimated a stiff and ignorant rustic, a methodist, or a quaker. But a romantic tale of his being a young man of ancient Scotch descent and fallen fortunes, and the most chivalrous courage, and generous and noble bearing, circulated in lieu of the reports that had gone against him the day before. Henceforward he was treated, not only with kindness, but marked attention; and the discharge of his duties was so peaceful and pleasant, that he began to look forward to the termination of the voyage, and to his being turned loose upon the strange and distant world of New Holland with apprehension and solicitude.

The pleasantness of the voyage continued until after the ship had passed not far from Sumatra, and was supposed to be nearing New Holland. The weather at last began to change; not suddenly, but an almost imperceptible and leaden-coloured gloom grew upon the sky. The season of the monsoon seemed to be anticipated. First, a thick



mist arose from the sea with drizzling rain, and winds that shifted to every point of the compass in the course of a single hour. The sky was continually accumulating gloom, and the wind freshening until it blew a gale. Arthur now saw, for the first time, the terrific spectacle of a high and heavy sea. A chill went to his unpractised heart, as he looked abroad upon the illimitable expanse of dark blue mountains, with their curling, whitened, and rolling summits. Mountain dashed against mountain, and the ship, which looked so stately and swan-like upon a smooth sea, seemed like some little frail speck of matter, ready to be plunged for ever beneath the foaming abyss. Nothing but the long experience of practised seamen, could inspire any other persuasion, than that at every plunge down the declivity of the billow, the ship would be merged in the yawning gulf below. The debilitating and unnerving effect of sea-sickness added its physical influence to the awfulness of the spectacle, in impressing his mind. Words lose their power, when we wish to convey an adequate idea of the aspect of the sea in such a storm, or the feeling of weakness and desolation, as the beholder views himself, far removed from all succour, on the trackless and angry waste, and can only look up to that invisible and awful Manager of the elements, who seems to manifest his purpose in the increasing terrors of the tempest, the deafening roar of the winds and commotion of the waves, and whose response, thus manifested, indicates, that

application, even to him, is either not heard, or not regarded.

Much, and often, as he saw the increasing horrors of the tempest, and dismay of his companions in danger, did he think of the security and tranquillity of his quiet home under the sleeping Green Mountains; of the calm and noiseless course of events under the nursing eye of his mother, from year to year. He meditated, that comparison was too late, and in witnessing the distracting terror, which was becoming general on board, with the disinterested feeling of a mind naturally noble, he lost his own. Not but he viewed the sea, as it seemed to others, an angry and devouring power, ready to execute its gigantic and brute vengeance upon them. Not but his imagination, like the rest, could descend to the sea-green caves of poetry, on the bottom of the depths, a thousand fathoms below. Not but he could imagine the bleaching and swollen corpses, and the hollows of the eyes in the skulls, filled with pearls. But he consoled himself, that drowning had been said to be the easiest mode of that death, which, in some form, was inevitable. He thought, from how many sorrows an early death would free him. He whispered the earnest prayers of confidence and affection to his heavenly Father, and moral courage, calmness, and resignation, came over his mind. He became thus more capable of inculcating calmness and self-possession upon the rest.



What with the increasing uproar of the storm, the sea-sickness, and the growing apprehensions and despair, no words could adequately describe the scene on board. Here was seen, how quick community of extreme danger, and the immediate and threatening terrors of death, level the adventitious barriers of pride, and the self-consequence of rank and distinction. Sense of the subordination necessary for self preservation kept up the requisite authority of command. But in other respects, every person on board seemed to be of one standing. Some of the convicts were pale, in silent horror. Others, reckless and intoxicated, sang snatches of obscene songs, or uttered horrid ejaculations of joy, that the happy, and the rich, and the fair, and the undefiled in reputation, had to share the same fate, and be drowned with them. In another place, lips which had never uttered prayers before, moved in the earnestness of petitions for the divine mercy. In another place, the passengers, male and female, crowded round the captain, and other officers of the ship, imploring them to inform them what were the prospects, and if they had ever encountered such a storm before, or if there were any hopes of weathering the gale; and their countenances brightened with hope, or they betook themselves to prayer, as the answers were encouraging or otherwise. There were two mothers on board, with infants at their breasts. There was something affecting, and of the moral sublime, in the calm

and impassive fortitude with which they clasped the dear babes to their bosoms, and moved their lips, as they looked upwards.

Of all the passengers, no one manifested more calmness than the beautiful Katharine Olney. The convicts, no longer guarded, mingled on deck with the rest. Arthur saw her leaning over the tafrail of the ship, as it took its prodigious leaps up and down the mountain surges, or as the waves burst on the deck. Her countenance was pale. Her disbevelled hair streamed in the winds, and she was drenched with the spray. But she alone seemed at home in the commotion, and to view the whole scene with the calmness of one who had nothing to fear nor to lose. In the momentary intervals of the roar of the winds, and the cries of the sailors, and the shrieks of terror, her sweet voice was heard singing the beautiful song,

“Farewell, ye green fields.”

She beckoned Arthur to her side, and sung to a rich and delightful melody the following charming verses from Mrs. Hemans.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells ?  
Thou hollow-sounding, and mysterious main !  
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,  
Bright things, which gleam unreck'd of, and in vain !  
—Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea !  
We ask not such from thee.



Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,  
 Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!  
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,  
 Won from ten thousand royal Argosies!  
 —Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!  
 Earth claims not these again.

Yet more, the depths have more! thy waves have roll'd  
 Above the cities of a world gone by!  
 Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,  
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.  
 —Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play!  
 Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!  
 High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!  
 They hear not now the booming waters roar,  
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest.  
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!  
 Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom  
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long,  
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,  
 And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!  
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—  
 But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,  
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,  
 O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown,  
 —Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!  
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!  
 —Restore the dead, thou sea!

To hear this beautiful and desolate girl raising her  
 rich voice amidst the uproar of the storm, sounded

on the ear of Arthur, as the dirge of lament over the ship and the crew. He asked her how it happened, that she alone was calm in the midst of such threatening prospects, and such general terror and consternation. She paused from her song to answer, and her eyes filled with tears. "Time was," said she, "my friend Arthur, when I, too, should have trembled, and when I should have recoiled from making my last bed in this tumultuous sea. But that day has past. Love, and fame, and hope, and all for which mortals hope or desire life, are alike extinct. There is not a ray of light for me below the sun. What should I have done, how should I have lived at Botany Bay? I had begun to cherish for you, especially since you so kindly interposed for me, the affectionate feelings of a sister. But my regard for you was too sincere, even to wish to have been recognized by you at Botany Bay. How dreadful is the doom of infamy! It carries its own contamination even to those that would wipe it away. There is a chance that you may survive this storm, and escape in the boats, or on the wreck. There is none for me. Should you ever return to England, present this little package to my mother, according to the direction. When she shall see it, it will be all that will remain of her only and ill fated child. You ask me why I am calm? I look to these waves as an asylum. When the water shall rush into my ears, nature may recoil for a moment. To embrace the cold and barren billow, in the tranquil sleep of death, is all that now remains for Katharine Olney."

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Saying this, she put into his hands a small package, addressed to her mother, and walked calmly away, resuming her song, "Farewell, ye green fields."

The storm, meanwhile, increased in fury. The captain continued to answer, that all was well, and that there was little danger, though his countenance, and that of the most experienced mariners, told a very different tale. The whole ship's company were mixed in indiscriminate confusion. Every wave that broke upon the deck, began to penetrate to the cabin, and every thing on board was drenched with the spray. The ship laboured, and the seams began to open. When the mountain billow burst, a thrilling shriek would ensue. Some counselled this, and some that, project of safety. Some were for lightening the ship, and some for laying her out of her course, to let her move more directly before the wind; others were discussing the chances of taking, in the final extremity, to the long boat; and as the boats could not possibly live with all the company on board, some were ineffectually proposing to determine by lot, who, in the last emergency, should have the chance of the long boat. It was an impressive view of the earnestness of invention, and the instinctive keenness of anxiety for self-preservation, suggested by the dread of death.

Arthur once more came in contact with Miss Wellman. Her haughty and avaricious father, now absorbed with a deeper sentiment than concern for his daughter, while he held fast to the rigging, and watched, with apprehension and horror, the

terrible commotion abroad, forgot his anxiety for her, in still deeper concern for himself. It was not without extreme difficulty, and being often thrown down, that she reached Arthur, who was holding to the mainmast. She calmly asked him what he thought of the prospect, and the chances of the storm subsiding, or the ship surviving it. He spoke with all the assurance that the case would possibly admit, confessing that he was little qualified to judge. She complimented him, on his seeming to be almost alone in preserving self-possession, adding, that it was no more than what she had expected of him. She remarked, that the chances seemed to be slender, and against them. As a proof of her good opinion of him, she continued, she requested him, in the last extremity, to give any chance that might be allowed of escape, to her father, who was feeble and infirm, and would be utterly incapable of making any exertion for himself. "For me," she said, with a sad smile, "so that you can preserve him, leave me to my fate." She apologised for making these requests to him, that she was but too well aware that most of the passengers, however capable of compliments and professions in the hour of security, would think only of themselves in the period of scramble, danger, and death.

Waves now at intervals began to sweep the whole length of the ship. When such a wave was shipped, the crash, the uproar, the cries of the sailors, the creaking and shivering of the ship, the sweeping of the upper works, the consternation and despair,



visible in every face, the drenching floods of rain that came pouring from the sky, as well as the dashing of the spray from the sea, seemed to leave little room for additional shading to the horrors of the scene. But when the night came on, thick, dark, and dreary; when water, notwithstanding the plying of all the pumps, had gained the cabin from below as well as above; when every ray of light was extinct, except occasional gleams of lightning, that only passed across the ship to render darkness visible for a moment; it was then perceived, how many successive shades of horror our progress towards the last hour can assume. All description would fail, in depicting the gloom of so many countenances, as the pitchy darkness of that night settled over them. Thunder, lightning, rain in torrents, the howling of the wind, the vessel plunging along among the mountain billows, the gradual sinking of the shrieks under deck from mere terror and exhaustion; these were among the prominent and striking features of that awful scene.

The ship, however, survived all the horrors of that long night of Egyptian darkness; and the people once more saw the dim and misty light of the morning. But it only served to show to the forlorn inmates of the ship, that her power of sustaining the waves was gradually sinking; only to convince them, by her quivering and reeling as the wave struck her, that she must soon, and inevitably be wrecked. At ten there was the cry of a new leak. Every person, who was able to stand at the

pump, was put in requisition. To the other distresses, was now added that of wearying and exhausting labour. Notwithstanding the exertions even of desperation, the water rapidly gained upon the ship, and the cry of three, and four feet water, was succeeded only by short intervals. Another night was coming on; and on every brow was written the conviction, that the ship could not survive another night. All subordination, except between the captain and crew, was at an end. They still kept their places, and performed their duty, under all these circumstances of despair. In them was seen the effect of years of training, of stern discipline, and implicit obedience. The exertions of these intrepid men, under such circumstances, added a sublime moral interest to the scene. The boatswain's whistle, and the shrill and clear cries of the captain, were still heard from interval to interval, and the seamen still managed their cordage, and clung to their ropes, after all hope of being saved had been relinquished.

At nine in the evening, a tremendous wave burst upon the Australasia, that seemed to open the seams of the ship from the bows to the stern. Amidst the pitchy darkness, and the deafening uproar, it was instantly manifest to all on board, that some new disaster had happened. Instantly every person below, that was able to mount, was on deck. It was then discovered, that the greater portion of the people on board, were gone with all the boats. The ship was left to her fate. She wore and cap-



sized. The few who remained, soon cleared the masts from the ship. Arthur remembered the charge of Miss Wellman ; but neither father nor daughter could be seen in the confusion and darkness. By a flash of lightning, he discovered a detached mast, which still floated near the ship which was evidently sinking. He plunged into the sea, and held fast to the mast.

From that moment, he was unconscious of the fate of all on board, but himself. He was so often plunged beneath the waves, and swallowed so much water, that he soon became exhausted; and so lost to all that passed, as to retain very imperfect recollections of a scene, in which some hours must have elapsed. He clung with the grasping hold of instinct to his mast. At length, at no great distance, appeared before him immense piles, apparently of flame. Enough of thought and reason remained to convince him, that it was the phosphoric aspect of the waves, dashing upon rocks. The view, by inspiring the hope that the shore was near, restored him to consciousness and exertion. He perceived that he was drifting upon land, and that the surf was bursting upon rocks just before him. Providence guided the mast to which he clung between two jutting cliffs, to appearance only far enough apart to permit it to float between them. Between them it did float; and, in a moment afterwards, struck upon the beach. He had not sufficient strength to hold to the earth, though he felt it with his feet. He was once more swept back into the

deep by the recoil of the surf, and was again buried under the wave. He awakened to hope and consciousness for a moment, only to feel this renewed plunge in the waves with aggravated bitterness. He remembered the rushing noise of water in his ears, and the flashing of a thousand flecks of glaring light from his strained eyes, and a kind of convulsive and sinking horror was his last recollection.

His next sensation was as of recovering from exhausting sickness, and a faint sensation of light opening upon his eyes, and a painful but unavailing attempt to comprehend where he was. The ripple of the wave, just dashing upon his feet, began, by degrees, to impress that truth upon him. He extended his hands and feet, and felt the soft and wet sand upon which he lay. Faint gleams of morning twilight enlightened the sky; but without light enough to render objects distinctly visible through a thick mist. He began to comprehend distinctly, that the surf still rippled but a step from him; and he still felt the chill of the waters occasionally dashing upon his feet. He found a violent exertion necessary to drag himself a little distance from the surge. This effort was sufficient to exhaust him. He drew his feet under him, to remove the chill, and recover the vital warmth. A full sense of his condition came over him. He thought of his dear home, of his affectionate parents, the sweet spot where he had drawn his first breath, the blue line of his native mountains, and all the tender remembrances that are the last images to crowd on the mind of the



stranger, who sinks in a foreign land. He felt a sinking and careless tranquillity. Objects swam before his eyes, as in fainting. He considered himself sinking in his last sleep, whispered his last prayers, and resigned himself to die.

He evidently slept some hours; for, when he opened his eyes, it was in the full glare of the meridian sun, which shone intensely on his head. The beautiful and flying clouds that *come after the rain*, flitted occasionally across his glaring disk, and tempered the dazzling radiance of the sky. He looked round him, as one awakening from a painful and feverish dream. The dreariness of his forlorn and desolate condition rushed upon him, along with the grateful sentiment, that he was almost miraculously delivered from the waves. He found himself lying on a clean white sand beach. Two paces only from his feet dashed the subsiding waves of the late storm. On each side of him towered gigantic cliffs of black and volcanic stone, whose bases resounded with the hoarse and incessant lashing of the surge. Through the opening in the cliffs was seen the "*broad, flat sea*," still whitened with the foaming of the late storm. Beyond, a belt of clean white sand rose, like a glacis, from the beach; a kind of smooth lawn, carpeted with grass, and enamelled with flowers. It was sparsely studded with trees of a new and foreign aspect; their tall, straight stems rising, like columns, to an astonishing height, without a branch. They were surmounted at the summit with interlaced branches,

spreading, like an immense umbrella, with foliage of prodigious size and most brilliant verdure.

Oppressed with the heat and the glare of the sun, he dragged his weary limbs to the shade of one of these trees; and half raising himself, looked round upon a prospect at once inexpressibly lovely and desolate. With the weakness and exhaustion, he felt a new and strange sensation, at once of sinking and of pain, which he judged to be the effect of extreme hunger. Though in other respects tranquil and free from pain, he was aware, that unless he could soon find food, he must perish of hunger, after escaping the perils of shipwreck. At the same time, such was his extreme weakness, that had food been placed visibly before him, at any considerable distance, he was sensible that he could not have commanded the effort necessary to reach it. He felt that no time was to be lost in making his best efforts for food, while any strength yet remained to him. By repeated and painful efforts he reached the beach. Who can imagine his joy on discovering a cask of bread lying on the margin of the river, bearing the brand of the Australasia? True, it was bilged; and the hard bread was swelled and drenched with the salt water. But, tasteless as it was, it was the staff of life. As he appeased his hunger his strength returned, and with it the usual keenness of perception.

With his recovered strength, he rolled the cask up the beach, calculating that it contained the means of subsistence, at least for a time. He looked



up to that universal and affectionate Father in heaven, who spreads the common feast for all that live; and tears of gratitude and joy filled his eyes, and the voiceless eloquence of a grateful heart ascended, in prayer and thanksgiving, to the eternal throne. Somewhat refreshed, and now able to walk, he once more directed his steps to the shade. The sun sank in dazzling splendour behind the trees, and cast his crimson colouring far off on the waves. Birds of brilliant plumage and foreign song commenced their preludes of the evening hymn of nature. At a distance in the forest, he heard the melancholy cry continually sinking away, and renewed, in strains half human, and yet of such mild and feeble plaintiveness, as to raise no impressions of ferocity and danger. He looked a moment in the direction of the cry. But objects again swam before his vision. Streams of variegated light flashed again in his eyes. He felt that he was sinking to sleep. For one moment he was conscious to the danger of passing the night exposed to serpents, to be devoured by wild beasts, or slain by savages, and to be wet with the dews of the night. But there was no other alternative, than to take whatever dangers might present. A house, seen at the distance of half a mile, might as well, for his strength, have been removed a hundred leagues.

## CHAPTER II.

I shall visit dear Lochaber no more.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial endearing report,  
Of a land I shall visit no more.

COWPER.

HE awoke the next morning, as the sun was raising his broad and purple forehead from the ocean, pouring his oblique rays through the trees, and awakening a thousand songs from the tenants of their shade. The balmy freshness of morning, mingling the aroma of the tropical verdure and flowers with the evaporating dew, filled the atmosphere. The gently-rippling bosom of the ocean was purpled with the waxing splendours of the sun. The youthful solitary arose, refreshed and thankful for the boon of such an existence, though alone to enjoy it. He looked up to Him, who, for some kind and wise purpose had saved him, while so many others had perished. The beauty and freshness of the renovated nature, in which he stood alone, spoke to his heart, that, though far removed from the companionship of man, God was there. His first act was that of devout and heartfelt thanks-



givings to the preserver of his life, and the author of this glorious nature. He earnestly invoked the Divine benedictions on his parents and friends, and thought keenly and with bitter self-reproach upon his indifference to the society of his brothers, sisters, and friends, while he was yet with them; and alone as he was with his conscience and God, he felt what a blessing the companionship of friends is, and how differently he would act his part in it, could he but share it again.

Having finished his devotions, he walked to the beach. He trembled, lest some wild animal should have found and preyed upon his priceless stock of bread. But it was still unharmed. A few shell-fish, found on the beach, satisfied his craving for animal food, and along with bread, bitter and salt with sea water, made him a breakfast, that hunger and a sense of the mercy of the Almighty, in granting even this resource from dying with famine, rendered palatable. To secure this supply of bread from future danger was his first effort.

He dared not trust it exposed on the naked beach, until he should have explored the region on which he was cast. He rolled it, with great labour and toil, to the cliff on the shore, and by strong exertion, raised it to such a height on the table surface of a perpendicular elevation of the cliff, as would secure it from becoming the prey of beasts, and the cask preserved it from the ravages of the birds of prey, that were hovering in great numbers on the shore.

At ease upon a point so vital to his subsistence, so many thoughts and meditations crowded upon him, that it was long before he could command sufficient singleness of calculation to view his new position, or come to any definite conclusion what was next to be done. He paced slowly, back and forward, with his hand upon his brow, and engaged in intense and painful thought. There was a splendour and beauty in the solitary scene before him, which filled his eye. But society alone cheers, and satisfies the heart; and the first thought, from the view of every thing before him, untouched by the axe, unmarked by the hand, unimpressed by the footstep of man, was, that he was the only human being that existed in this charming solitude. Such a beautiful nature only speaks to the heart, when we feel that others enjoy it with us; that other eyes sympathize with ours in the pleasures of vision, and that other hearts commune with us in our joys. Well say the Scriptures, *that it is not good for man to be alone.*

Still, as a lover of nature, the vividness and freshness of the landscape made its way to his heart; and he paused, as he slowly sauntered among the trees, in admiration of the novelty and splendour of the new creation round him. He admired the trees, that reared their straight columns so high in the air, their trunks enwrapped with the tender and beautifully formed foliage of vines, and their cone-shaped tops spreading an alcove of verdure; birds chiding and singing on their summits, of a plumage

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of indescribable richness, and forms entirely new; sea fowls, with their necks stretched out in advance of their bodies like an arrow, screaming and sailing between the trees and the cliffs; animals of a size and colour, wholly foreign to his eye, frolicking on the trees; a clear brook winding from the cliffs, and its waters dancing along in the sunbeams. Such was the prospect upon which he gazed. In the distance, a single animal of uncouth appearance, nearly of the height of man, and moving on, by bounding in leaps of a dozen feet at a spring, was known to him, from the resemblance to engravings which he had seen, as a kangaroo. This animal he well knew to be harmless: nor had he yet seen an object to inspire fear, or a sense of danger.

Not far before him, a prodigious cliff towered on the shore of the sea, overlooking every object but the mountains, which rose at the distance of a mile from the shore. To think of climbing them for a survey of the country, was a project too arduous for his present strength. He walked slowly to the cliff. In the direction of the sea, nothing was visible but the boundless and heaving billow; on the immediate skirt of the sea, nothing but continued ranges of these black cliffs, continually lashed by the foam of the surge, that tumbled upon their bases. Through the interior, at the distance of one and two miles, and in some places a league, there sprang from the smooth grass turf a barrier, almost as regular as a wall, to an immense height,

and composed of the same black and volcanic rock with the cliffs on the shore. At an elevation of, perhaps, three hundred feet, there was a narrow grass terrace, enamelled with the most brilliant flowers, hanging from flexile stems, and contrasting delightfully with the black and shining masses of rock, which they covered. From this terrace mounted another wall to another terrace. By these regular gradations, sloping back like the sides of a pyramid, the black walls rose into mountains above the region of the clouds. The aspect of the beauty of the trees, received almost a terrific contrast from the frowning, gigantic, and savage grandeur of these mountains, upon whose summits, smoking with volcanic fires that were never quenched, the clouds rested, and the thunders burst. The regular belt of open woods between their vases, carpeted with grass, formed a beautiful and equable stripe of verdure, contrasting in its amenity and softness, with the awful mountains that bounded it on one side; and the white and sterile sands, and the blue and boundless billow, that skirted it on the other.

It was the labour of half an hour to gain the summit of the cliff before him. The rounding of the shore indicated an island. No contiguous islands or rocks, rose from the bosom of the wave. The sky, shining in cloudless and tropical brightness; the illimitable sea, undotted by a sail; the repelling loneliness and immensity of sterile nature stretched in front; and volcanic mountains, that arrested the clouds behind, were the grand features

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of the scene, which spread above, around, and below the young solitary. From the cliff, he descended to wander in the woods along the smooth carpet of grass, preserving a parallel distance between the mountains and the sea. He cast a surveying eye around him, as he made his way along the grassy and flowering sward, often crossing rills of pure water that wound from the base of the mountains, through the grass and flowers. He came upon rivulets, and beautiful little streams; but still seeing the same birds, the same animals, barren trees, and gaudy and unknown flowers, the same screaming flights of sea fowls, and the same monotonous beauty of animal and vegetable nature. To his view, there was something in this sterile and useless exuberance and gaudiness of nature, these beautiful flowers that shed their perfumes upon the desert air, and this soothing amenity of the landscape, that almost had the aspect of mocking his solitude. "It may be," said he to himself, as his heart thrilled with the momentary suggestion, "it may be, that the same Providence which brought me to land, has cast some of my companions on this same solitude, and that at this moment, like me, they are wandering in search of the same objects, society, food, and shelter." The impulse to make known his presence by calling upon them, was too powerful to be resisted. "Companion! Companion!" he cried, "I, too, am alone!" He waited a moment almost in terror, as a thousand magnified voices answered from the mountains,

"Alone! alone!" The deafening sounds seemed the reply of a thousand giants, that inhabited the caves of the mountains. He waited in breathless anxiety, till the remote reverberations, Alone! alone! died away, and his calmer reason convinced him, that these cries were no more than the responses of echo. He sat him down in the shade, and his eyes filled with involuntary tears. "The birds on the trees," said he, "have their families and their loves. The animals play in groups, and each one at night retires to kindred shelter and society. But thou, who hast left a father's house, unconscious of the value of home, and unthankful for the comforts and joys of society, wilt fall unpitied, unrelieved and alone, in the desert, and probably, human eye will never see thy bleached bones. Oh! here, at such a time and place, is the response of the heart to all that the impious and unbelieving have said against religion." In this extreme desertion, his heart betook itself to the ever present Divinity. "Father in heaven," said he, "Thy spirit hovers over the deep. Thou dwellest above these mountains. They who pray to Thee in my father's house in company, and I who pray to Thee in this solitude, both speak to the same ever present, ever gracious Being. Blessed be thy name, that I can commune with Thee, if with none beside. Pity, sustain, and shelter me, forlorn and lonely as I am, with a sense of thy presence. Thou hast planted in my bosom this earnest craving for the society of my kind. Either in thy good time



and way, restore me to my kind, or be Thou to me society, consolation and hope, so long as Thou shalt see fit to continue me in life. Whenever Thou shalt see fit to remove me from this solitary communion with Thee below, may it be to the multitudes which no man can number, who exult in thy presence above."

Thus tranquillized, composed, and fortified with prayer, he looked to the coming night without distressing anxiety. He had charged himself on *Him*, who heareth the young ravens when they cry; and he saw the sun descending almost with a feeling of cheerfulness. There was an inexplicable feeling, that inclined him to consider the spot, where he first awoke to consciousness on the shore, as his home. He marked it out on the sand. In the temperature of that climate, it was the place most cool and grateful to his feelings for sleep, and gladly would he have stretched himself there for the night. But on the naked beach, he would be exposed not only to be devoured by wild beasts, but to the still more certain danger of sickness from the evening dews. His first object was to find a shelter for the night. The next point of interest was, to search for some regular dependence for food and subsistence, when his bread should be exhausted. His third grand object was, to explore the country, and ascertain whether it was an island upon which he was cast, or a part of the shore of New Holland, or New Britain.

His own inference, from the evidence before him

was, that he had been wrecked near one of the volcanic islands, that rise in such numbers from the depths of the South Sea. He remembered, that during the storm, they had been driven rapidly to the south; and that he had supposed, that they had drifted into the vicinity of New Holland, or New Britain. He remembered to have read, that these volcanic islands had been but partially explored; that some of them were scarcely known, except by a casual notice in the journal of a ship's course; and that most of them were considered uninhabited. They were also situated remote from the track of any but exploring ships, and his prospect, on the face of it, was, that he was the only one of the ship's company that survived, and that he was destined to spend his days, and perish alone on the island.

How bitterly he remembered the truth of the common adage, that we know the value of nothing, until we want it. As the sun began to decline, and the gloom of evening advanced from the east, he remembered, how often he had slighted the advances of others to his intimacy; how often he had indulged notions of superiority; how much importance he had been taught to attach to the point, of not associating with persons below him. He had now at his leisure, an opportunity to consider the moral character of that pride, that had made such calculations, and to understand the true value of a companion. The most despised being in his native village would have here been sought,



as the highest earthly boon. His feelings would have been consulted with the most careful delicacy. Could he have had even his father's house dog for a companion, he would have felt comparatively happy.

He had wandered, perhaps, two leagues from the point where he was cast ashore. He had seen in all the distance, no animals of any size, but kangaroos; and the timid manner in which they avoided him, evidenced that he had nothing to apprehend from them. But he was not sufficiently acquainted with the natural history of this region to judge, whether there might not still be beasts of prey. His fears would naturally suggest, that there were. He had seen serpents, but they seemed rather of the harmless class, than those deadly ones, that generally inhabit tropical regions. The place might be inhabited, though he no where saw the trace of human footstep. The dews of the night were like rains; and he well understood, how adverse they were to life in such climates. He made his way to the foot of the mountains, and employed the fading twilight in searching along their bases for some cavern of retirement and shelter. But he sought in vain. The first bench of ascent was, for the most part, a smooth, shining and perpendicular wall of three hundred feet in height, without fissure, or interstice. He found a somewhat thicker shade where a number of small trees interlaced their branches, and wove together a thickness of foliage, which looked as if it would exclude the dew, and

partially even the rain. He pulled up, and spread a bed of dry grass, and laid himself down under the dark canopy, to find such repose as he might, in communion with his heart and with God. His repose was that of innocence, and his sleep as that of the grave. The stars rolled their courses, and the night birds and beasts cried unheeded. No dreams even of home mocked him, and when he sprang up from his grass couch in the morning, wakened by the chattering and the songs of birds in the branches over his head, the last moment of remembrance at night, and the first consciousness of morning, were only two successive moments without an interval.

When he went forth from his covert, the cheerfulness of nature and morning was in his heart, and he joined the birds, and the joyous morning cry of every living thing, in a hymn of praise to the Divinity, as the sun was springing up from the depths of the sea. His devotions finished, he travelled with the speed excited by a keen appetite, to the point where he had secured his cask of bread. He saw no place, that promised so good and safe a shelter, as that which he had occupied that night. Thither he determined to remove his stock of bread. He found, to his terror, that the bread, damaged by the sea water, would soon be so completely spoiled by the heat, as to become incapable of serving him for food. This was another reason why this all-important treasure should be removed, separated, spread, and parched in the sun. To have



spread it on the cliff, would have been to have exposed it to be devoured by the hundred birds of prey.

Little as he had been used to dainties, or to consult his appetite, this bread, mouldy and salt, was but an unsavoury repast. Not an oyster, not even a shrimp, or the smallest shell-fish, was to be found on the shore. Not the slightest indication of any thing, that looked like fruit, or that promised to serve for sustenance, had been seen in his long walk of the preceding day. The thought of the terrible death of hunger, struck upon his heart, like an ice-bolt. He remembered the precious words, that *not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our heavenly Father*, and the thought dispelled his fears, and renewed his courage. He examined the shore anew, in search of oysters. From a large flat surface of rocks beyond the cliff, that bounded one extremity of the cove, he observed that the wave retired at times, and left it bare. When the wave returned, it was again covered deep with water. As he contemplated the surface, when bare, it seemed rough, as if with the slightly jagged surface of an oyster-bed. In the hope of making such an invaluable discovery, he hastily undressed, and plunged into the water. He had learned to be an expert swimmer in the waters of his native lake. The coolness and purity of the sea waters refreshed him. Watching the proper moment of the receding wave, he sprang past the point of the cliff, and stood erect on the ooze of the naked,

table-surface. His joy may be imagined, when his conjectures were fully realized. For a great distance along the base of the cliff, and as far under the water as he could see, all was a rich and extensive oyster-bed. He took as many as he could hold in his hands; and found that he could conveniently throw them on shore. He watched the return of the reflux wave, and by a dexterous dive, rose upon its surface, suspending himself until it receded again. In this way, he had soon thrown on shore an ample supply, and found them of the finest kind. He returned to complete his morning meal, thankfully looking up to the Giver of all good for a supply of food at once nutritive, and apparently inexhaustible. Henceforward to have distrusted Providence, would have seemed to him as a crime.

How easily, and rapidly the mind passes from despondence to joy. Abundantly refreshed with food, and braced by sea bathing, he ascended the verdant lawn with an alert step, and a heart filled with tranquillity, if not with joy. He almost forgot his loneliness, as he walked amidst a nature, as fresh and brilliant as the creation on its first morning. The birds, large and small, with their gaudy plumage, and their wild and chattering songs, seemed so tame, and so little aware that man was their natural enemy, that they scarcely cleared away from his path. In the yearning of his heart for society, he meditated, as he passed on, that he would imprison some of these beautiful birds, and



domesticate them, in whatever place he should select as his residence. To find that place, was now his first object of pursuit. There were various objections to the place where he had passed the last night. Though it might exclude the dew, he could not promise himself, that it would afford a perfect shelter from the rain. Besides, he could not spread his bread to dry there, unless he watched it continually, to drive away the birds. A spring was near, over which, as is invariably the case in such circumstances, rose a thicket of trees, filled with these gay tenants of the woods, as though it were an aviary. The open covert of trees could afford no security from these plunderers, from wild beasts, from savages, or the more certain assaults of the elements. Another day elapsed in unavailing researches after a place of shelter; and the youthful solitary returned once more to his bed of grass in the shade.

This night was passed in wearying dreams of imagining himself at home, and seeing the dear faces, and hearing the loved accents of his parents. So vivid and distinct were these images of his sleep, that he awoke in the effort to embrace these illusions. He arose, and went abroad. He heard the dismal cries of the kangaroo, and the hooting of a hundred owls, in a language as different from those of his own country, as that place was distant from home. Flashes of lightning glared in the direction of the sea. The deep murmur of the waves indicated, that the sea felt the premonition of an

approaching storm. The forest blazed in every direction with countless myriads of fire flies. He returned to his bed of grass, and slept quietly until morning.

When he arose, he found himself stiff and feverish from the damp of the night dews, and clearly instructed by his feelings, that a repetition of such exposure, must soon subject him to sickness. He had hitherto confined his surveys of the country to the region east of the point where he had been cast ashore. He determined this morning, to take a western range. Accordingly, he repaired to the shore, and enjoyed sea-bathing at the same time that he gathered his morning sustenance from the treasures *hid in the sand*. He was painfully aware, from inspecting his bread, that in a short time it would be entirely spoiled. The loss of this invaluable possession was an apprehended disaster, the nature of which can be fully comprehended only by a person placed precisely in his situation. With the leaves of a low and shrubby tree, at once of immense size and exceedingly tough and stringy, and fastened with filaments of bark, the whole wrought with a pen-knife, the only implement of civilization that remained in his possession, he made a coarse but convenient kind of verdant sack, which, by the same filaments, he suspended from his shoulders. He took as much of the bread as he could conveniently carry, in order to commence the process of endeavouring to save it, by separating and drying it, and enough oysters to serve as animal food, and

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commenced an early morning survey of the country to the west.

He reached the perpendicular and volcanic wall at the base of the mountains, without making any new discoveries. He walked leisurely at the base, carefully scrutinizing the smooth and shining surface, to discover if there could be found in no part a ragged and retreating face, or chasms in the rock, which might serve as flights of steps, by which to ascend to the second terrace. He proceeded more than a mile in this direction, finding the side of the wall every where alike smooth, lofty, and inaccessible. At length, to his inexpressible joy, appeared a huge chasm in the wall, to which there was an ascent by a flight of natural steps. The chasm seemed to retreat from a small grass-covered terrace, dotted with shrubs, herbage, and long wreaths of creeping vines, tufted with flowers. The terrace was elevated from the base, about fifty feet. He mounted the steps, his heart throbbing with the anxiety of suspense. Ten paces from the front of the terrace, was a circular opening to a cave, which his eye could easily penetrate, but scarcely of sufficient size to admit his body. Beneath the cavity, fissures in the rock evidenced, that with the aid of a crowbar and his single strength, he could have disengaged these pieces, and have created a chasm sufficiently large to give an entrance into a chamber, which seemed to promise to his eye all that he could desire. Immediately he spread his bread to dry on the surface of the terrace, and de-

scended to search for something in the form of a lever, which might serve him in lieu of an instrument of iron, to enable him to detach the fragments from the orifice of the cavern, so as to enlarge it for entrance. After a long and ineffectual search, in which the advantages of civilization, and the necessity of its means, union and strength, were painfully forced upon his mind by his present forlorn and feeble condition, he came at length upon a tree which had been splintered by lightning. A fragment of the solid trunk had been disengaged. It was of a convenient length, form, and size, to answer as a substitute for an iron crowbar. It was heavy, firm, and inflexible. He eagerly ascended to the entrance of the cave. It was a work of hours to make the enlargement, and disengage the fragments of the rock that impeded the entrance. But the work was a length performed. The fragments were reduced to such a size, as that they might be rolled away. Too eager to allow himself rest from his exhausting toil, and drenched as he was with perspiration, he entered through the chasm created by his own labour, a grotto, which might have served as a retreat for Calypso and her nymphs. An immense vaulted chamber, whose roof towered a hundred feet aloft, spread before him; huge pillars supported it in various points. Here were projections, and there were recesses. As the external surface was black, the feeble light admitted to this chamber showed columns of basalt, some of purple, some green, and some compounded



of all the colours. The floor was of living stone. Blocks of basalt, strewed around in various directions, might have served as seats for multitudes of visitants. This apartment received its chief light from the aperture by which he had entered. Beyond it spread another, and another. On one side of the last, a chasm of an hundred feet in length obliquely opened to the west, showing a kind of beautiful skylight, which admitted only the oblique rays of the setting sun, the air, and sufficient light to shed a dim and pleasing lustre upon the sides of an apartment of immense extent, and whose pillars, recesses, and seats, exhibited a variety of striking and brilliant aspects. The air within was dry. It was safe. It admitted light and air, excluded the heat and the elements, and a little labour of defence at the entrance would barricade it impregably against a host of savages. The skylight was of a slope too steep and smooth for admittance of an enemy, even had not the elevation, to which it opened, been inaccessible. A small spring of pure water, yet sufficient for all purposes of supply, slowly trickled along the stone floor, fell into a natural fountain at the angle of the apartment, overflowed it, and disappeared through a fissure of the rock.

The joy of the heart of the youthful solitary may be imagined. Here was not only a retreat, but a spacious and a splendid one. It was a place in which nymphs might have resorted for residence. Its solitary splendour and magnificence would have been agreeable circumstances, had there been a

single human being to share it with him. As it was, to look round upon this kind of subterranean palace, and see, that with its commodiousness it possessed beauty and grandeur, could not but add to the pleasure of finding such a desirable shelter. Here, where the evening sun fell on the floor, he could spread, dry, and preserve his bread. Here, in another place, should he ever obtain fire, he could arrange his apparatus for cooking. In another point he could spread his bed of grass. From the terrace he could survey the first rays of morning purpling the ocean, the beautiful belt of grass and shade, and an immeasurable extent of sea. He could make his bed where the last sunbeams rested. He could drink unmolested, even in case of a siege by savages, from a pure fountain, which his own apartment commanded. When his cask of bread, could it be preserved, was stored there, he would have a supply of food for any length of time, which it might be calculated that savages would besiege him. There was there every thing that a solitary could desire but society. In this respect there was still an aching void. For a young man, in the earnest vigour of youthful impulses and sentiments, to lie down alone in a vast, vaulted, volcanic cave, with a superincumbent mountain above his head; to consider himself in this strange place, in an uninhabited island, in the wastes of the South Sea, were, after all, circumstances sufficiently chilling. "Courage," said he to himself, as he looked round the strange and splendid grotto palace, "Courage ;



for deprived of all other friends, thou wilt have none but God with whom to commune, and thou wilt have no alternative, but intercourse with the greatest and best of beings." He fell on his knees, and consecrated his future life with earnest prayers, and with eyes streaming with tears, as he implored God for cheerfulness, patience, and hope, to sustain him in his lonely sojourn.

The distance from his grotto to the cove where he was cast ashore, where was his bread, and where was the only chasm in the iron-bound shore, through the rampart of cliffs, for a considerable extent to the right and left, was something more than half a league. It was a morning and evening walk only of sufficient extent for exercise. His first business was to bring all his bread to his grotto. This he brought in four trips, which occupied the day. Before night, all his bread, broken into small fragments, was thoroughly dried in the sun, and so hardened as to be in a state of preservation, to receive no further injury from keeping. At his last trip, he bathed as usual, took his evening repast from the treasures hid in the sand, and returned to his grotto for sleep, which the great and exhausting labours of the day now rendered so pressing a want, that he could hardly keep his eyelids from closing, until he had carried to his resting place a sufficiency of grass to shield his body from the hardness of his couch of stone. He threw himself at his length, at a point of the grotto whence the skylight admitted a view of a portion of the western

hemisphere. The moon was distinctly visible, as she sloped amidst her throne of clouds, towards the western sea. He prayed on his bended knees, laid himself down, thought of his lonely position, and his eyes swam, as he contemplated the queen of night, now stooping through clouds, and now wending along the blue. The hoarse murmur of the sea died on his ear; and his slumbers were as profound, as those of the monarch sleeping on purple and down, and surrounded by battalions and guards.

After his morning thanksgivings for shelter, and sound and refreshing sleep, and his customary resort to the cove, which contained his magazine of food, whence he took enough not only for his morning repast, but to serve him, along with his bread, through the day; he determined to devote the day to discovery, with a purpose, meanwhile, not to stray so far, as not to be able to return to his grotto to spend the night. It might happen, that he might discover that he was already on the continent of New Holland, or an island that was inhabited, and that by the aid of the natives he might escape to some civilized settlements. Having taken a hearty breakfast, therefore, he commenced his morning journey, cheered, as he proceeded, with the beauty of nature, the verdure and the music of the groves, through which he passed.

He traversed the belt of grass nearly a league to the west, without seeing any thing worthy of remark. Here he came to the margin of a brook of considerable size, which carried much more water

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than any he had yet seen. Its waters were pure and transparent, and skirted with a compact margin of shrubbery and trees, containing varieties and kinds which he had not yet seen. Some were loaded with berries, which promised, that they might serve as fruit, or food. The fear that they might be poisonous, prevented his tasting them. The stream meandered from the mountains to the sea. He followed its windings at a distance; for the tangle of shrubs and vines prevented his proceeding on the banks. At no great distance towards the mountains, he came upon a most beautiful lake, or pond, with a margin of white sand, without tree or shrub on its borders. The eye looked down its pellucid depths—for it seemed bottomless—with delight. Myriads of fishes of every form and size were sporting in the waters, slumbering in the sunbeams, or darting to the surface to catch the insect, or fly, as they fell exhausted in the water. He sat down to admire the beauty of one of the loveliest landscapes that imagination can conceive. Near this beautiful lake were congregated innumerable birds, some singing among the branches, some pursuing their rival loves, some building their nests, and some resting with matronly patience on their nests. The most whimsical and splendid variety of water fowls swam in the lake. Pidgeons of a splendour of plumage, unlike any thing he had yet seen, rested on the branches in flocks. A number of kangaroos seemed to have been allured to contemplate the beauty of the spec-

tacle. They stood erect on the shore at no great distance, almost mocking his eyes for a moment with the aspect of his fellow beings. As he walked towards them, they slowly retired from his path, occasionally taking one of their prodigious leaps, and then turning to contemplate the new and strange guest, that had thus intruded upon their solitude.

He rested a moment in the shade on the shore, beholding with delight this solitary scene of beauty, this congregated bustle, this movement and joy of animal life. With a gun and a hook and line, what supplies of food might not this place furnish? But he wanted not food. He had no implement for ensnaring and destruction. Who could meditate such a purpose in such a place? The lake was formed by the stream, and that appeared to issue from the mountains. He followed it to the bases. It came rushing down in a sheet, leaping from cliff to cliff; and here, to his surprise and joy, he discovered a break in the continuous regularity of the wall that fronted the mountains. It seemed as though nature had rent a passage between them, to furnish a channel for this little stream. The ascent here was steep, but easily accessible. He paused, and took food and a draught of water from the mountain stream, and began to ascend.

It required both labour and danger to mount the cliffs. Sometimes he crawled on his hands and knees along sharp declivities of stones, not daring to look down the dizzying eminence which he had gained. At other times, he held fast to small bushes,



rooted in a tender soil, threatening to yield from their roots, and precipitate him down the sides of the mountain. As he ascended, the prospect opened before him. Distances diminished. The chasm in the cliffs at the cove, seemed directly at the foot of the mountain, and it appeared as if, by a few paces, one could step from the foot of the mountains to the sea. The rounding of the shore now more distinctly indicated, that he was cast on an island, and that of no great extent. On every side, in the direction of the sea, nothing could be seen, but the quivering, blue surface, wave beyond wave, scintillating with the splendours of a sun, now almost culminating from the zenith. At a distance, which seemed reduced to nothing, but which by comparison, he judged might be four or five miles from the cove where he was cast ashore, was another chasm in the cliffs, which gave promise of being a larger and better harbour, than the former.

At an elevation, as he judged, of two thousand feet, he sat down under the shade of some stunted shrubs, which were rooted in a little area, covered with a thin surface of soil. From this soil oozed a small spring of water, deliciously cool. He took food, quenched his thirst, and looked round him. The mountain air was pure, fresh, and exhilarating. The grandeur and loneliness of his position thrilled him with a feeling of inexpressible sublimity. He felt as though he were alone in the universe, and engaged in an attempt almost impious, to ascend in the flesh to the empyrean regions. Grandeur, im-

ments, and solitude were spread upon every side of him. The fleecy clouds, as they sailed through the air, hovered but just above his head. New wonders opened upon him at every ascending step. He continued to clamber from height to height, until he reached a table eminence. His eye glanced over the summit almost fearfully. On the side of the mountain, opposite that which he had ascended, was the smoking crater of a volcano, from which rose vast bursts of ruddy smoke in spiral columns. The conical and bottomless crater seemed to open a passage to the central depths; and the crater surmounted a distinct, cone-shaped eminence, that rose from a basis a thousand feet below him. The island was elliptical in shape, and in its remotest diameter the eye could just catch the indistinct blue beyond the termination of land. The prospect, as he looked off in that direction, was enchanting: a beautiful and basin-shaped vale opened in the interior of the island, accurately and strangely defined on three sides by the black and undulating summits of these mountains. On the fourth side was a narrow chasm cut through these hills, as it appeared, by the hand of nature for the escape of the waters of the valley. Beyond that opening, a dim, blue mixture of the horizon with the level surface indicated, that there commenced the same trackless waste of waters, as on the opposite side of the mountains.

All doubt was thus removed. His eye traced the whole outline of an island, and without a har-



bour, as was probable; a mere volcanic shell, which had arisen, in the ages of the past, from the depths of the ocean, with a narrow sloping belt round its edge, and inscribed with an elliptical line of mountains. It was not only an island—but a mere unsheltered rock in the sea, detached, unexplored, unvisited, affording scarce a gleam of probability of escape, and leaving him the sad prospect of having here to finish his journey alone. Such were the sad convictions, that rushed upon his mind at the moment that his eye traced an entire outline of sea on every side. He called in aid all his fortitude. He cast his eye from summit to summit, along the line of mountains, many of which threw up immense columns of smoke towards the sky. He looked towards the point of the sky, where he supposed his native country was situated; and exerted an effort to stretch his thoughts over the immeasurable wastes of sea, between it and himself. All was dreary, vast, and out of relation with him and his thoughts. There was something terrific in the eternal fires, that steamed up their columns of smoke into the upper regions of the air, showing him the nature of the power that was operating these irresistible energies of nature in her great work-shop in the depths beneath. “Lonely, feeble insect,” said he, “even nature herself is too vast, too infinite, too intent upon her own grand works to commune with thee. It is one of thy kind, an insect, like thyself, speaking thine own words, and sharing thy little joys, wants and sorrows, that would be infinitely

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more to thee, than all this grandeur and vastness. With God and with man art thou formed to commune; and far from man thou must here finish thy solitary pilgrimage."

He raised his eye from the smokes, the mountains, and the sea, to the Invisible, whose throne and whose habitation are on high, and a sense of his feebleness, littleness, desertion, and an earnest longing for society, filled his eyes with tears.

The sun was now declining, and cast a radiance of inexpressible softness and beauty upon the sloping declivities of the mountains, on the side opposite that which he had ascended. Unlike that side, it descended in shelving benches, covered with trees of every form and size, height and shade of foliage. The configuration of their tops, and the bluntness of their stems, gave promise that they were fruit-bearing trees. At intervals there were small, open grass plains, of the most charming smoothness, amenity and verdure, as seen from his elevation. It was, indeed, impossible for him to form precise ideas of the landscape; for enough only was manifest to the eye, to give impulse to the imagination. It seemed the land of fairies and nymphs. There was such an infinite variety of slopes; such diversified beauty in the general configuration of the descending shelves; such tufted splendour in the circular eminences, that bore on their summits parterres of verdure; there was such freshness and vividness in the colouring, indicating the effect of copious irrigation, purifying mountain air, a rich

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soil, and a tropical sun ; as caused the beauty of the scenery almost to be felt on the eye.

The thought of his grotto and his grassy couch, so far below him, came upon him with something of the feeling of home; and there was a chill in the idea of spending the night on this sublime elevation, in the midst of these smoking mountain summits. He felt himself weary and exhausted. His food was spent. There was no water. The mind, that had been looking abroad upon this elevating spectacle, felt that it was in a frail and feeble tenement, that required the sight of its kind, and food and rest. He began to descend, contemplating from time to time the effect of the shadows of evening falling upon the mountains. It was already dark when he passed the beautiful lake, so animated with life the preceding morning. Owls now hooted from their hollow trees. Amphibious reptiles screamed and crooked with discordant and appalling cries. The dismal and plaintive lament of the kangaroo rung through the woods, and echoed from the mountains. Fire flies of every size, from a brilliant electric point, to the size of a shooting star, kindled an ever-varying blaze upon the trees and shrubs. The young solitary held on his course, warned of his direction by keeping near the base of the mountains, bewildered with the strange spectacle before him. Well might his imagination present to his thoughts—in the midst of these forests, these strange fires, these thousand cries of reptiles and unknown animals—beasts ready

to devour, serpents hissing under his feet to sting, and unknown and terrific beings peopling the darkness. His heart throbbed, as he passed fearfully along amidst a darkness illumined only by a few faint stars, and the glaring brilliance of the fire flies. His heart arose to Him *who maketh darkness his pavilion*, and he reached his grotto in safety. But there was no friend, no human being, no candle, or torch, no ray of light, not even a dog to find his master by his instinct of smell, and to fondle on him in the darkness. But he felt his way to his grassy couch, threw himself on it, repeated the cheering and affectionate words, which he had so often uttered after his mother as she had stood over his nocturnal couch, "Our Father, who art in heaven,"—and his sleep was sweet, and dreamless.

When he went forth from his grotto the next morning, the sun was high in the heavens, and the matin song of nature had been sung while he slept. He gazed round him for a moment; and although the irrational tribes had finished their morning devotions, he determined to sing his hymn of praise, though unaccompanied. He sang to his favourite air the beautiful words, "When all thy mercies, O my God," &c. Who can tell the feelings of his heart, as the closing words of these sweet stanzas came back in the plaintive note of echo, again and again, melting away in the distance. It seemed as if these black and frowning mountains sympathized with him in his loneliness, devotion and songs. Two lines of a well remembered sacramental hymn



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sounded more sweetly in the voice of echo, than any other.

“For strangers into life we come,  
And dying is but going home.”

It was thenceforward his practice, invariably to close his morning and evening devotions with these words; and they soon became so familiar to his ear, as they came back softened from the woods and the cliffs, Going home! Going home! that he took comfort in the idea of personifying echo, until he thought at least of one shadowy but sympathizing being, that pitied and answered, and encouraged him to wait patiently for that last home.

His first want was fire. Siliceous stones were nowhere seen. He remembered the expedients of Juan Fernandez. He rubbed sticks, but his strength failed before he could even produce smoke. A thousand and a thousand projects were examined, and rejected. He understood the principle of kindling fire by percussion. The thought gave him courage. “I can surely find,” said he, “somewhere a reed, a rod and a sponge, and I can kindle fire by percussion. I will watch the thunder cloud, and where the lightning falls I will find fire from heaven.” An association brought to his thoughts the volcanic fires, from one of which, long columns of ruddy smoke, as if mixed with fires, streamed off in horizontal pillars over the sea. “I will ascend,” said he, “to their summits. I will kindle a fire to cheer my solitary nights, from the central

fires." Such thoughts animated him, as he walked to his sea-bathing and to his treasures "hid in the sand."

Having bathed, and breakfasted, and recovered from the fatigues of the former day, a feeling like cheerfulness and joy sprung up in his bosom. "I will imprison some of these beautiful birds," said he. "I will learn them to love me, and to be my companions from choice." Hares, of a large size, and variegated and beautiful colours, playing in the grass, scarcely seemed disposed to get out of his way as he passed along. Flamingos, and purple pigeons, and gray parrots, and parroquets of green and gold, and cardinals with their high crimson tufts, and an astonishing kind of bustards, almost of the size of a sheep, with hair instead of feathers, and wings not unlike those of a bat, were visible on all sides in his walks; water fowls, of exquisite form and beauty, sailed in the little fresh water lake that he had discovered. Kangaroos, though not so common as the other animals, were often seen. He never wearied, in viewing their singular forms, intermediate between the baboon race and man. They walked erect. Their strange cry was almost human. Their prodigious activity in leaping, surpassed his conceptions. "I will take of each a pair," said he, "I will learn them to love me, and to be satisfied with my grotto, and basin within it, and the little area in front of it."

But he found in the experiment, how much easier it was to form a picture in the imagination, than to



consummate his project. The birds and the animals had appeared so tame, that by their chattering and congregating about him, he deemed it only necessary to make an effort, to imprison as many of them as he would. The rabbits would skip away a half a dozen paces from him, stop, and prick up their ears, and gaze at him, until his hand was within a few feet of them, when they would lightly trip away, and sit at the same distance again. The birds fluttered at a fathom's distance, chattered, and nodded their heads, and still kept the same distance from his hand. The kangaroos allowed him even to touch them—but his touch, as an electric shock caused them to bound away almost a rood at a single spring. He repaired to the lake, undressed, and plunged in, thinking to take some of the beautiful varieties of the water fowls, that had seemed tamer than even the other animals. But they pattered their broad bills in the water, plied their webbed feet once or twice in the yielding element, and just preserved their customary distance from him. When he was still, so also were they; and they rested in the water, nodded their heads, and gazed upon him. They seemed to be discussing the point, with most annoying volubility, what new and strange monster of nature had intruded himself into their society; and he could not forbear thinking, that their chattering and strange movements were their modes of ridiculing the uncouth animal who manifested dispositions to make too free with them.

Wearied, and discouraged with the useless effort to take even a single bird, or quadruped, he was returning in disappointment towards his grotto, when a pair of those huge birds, with hair for feathers, stalked past him in the grass with a flock of their young between. Monsters as they were, he determined to seize some of the young. He sprang into the midst of the flock, and seized one of the young in either hand. The dams raised a loud and appalling whistle, and flew upon him with their bat wings extended, dealing him such blows as almost stunned him; at the same time they pounced their beaks into his forehead. Glad to escape from this warfare with his eyes, he released his prey, and the parents of the young moved slowly away, croaking defiance as they went, and leaving him scratched and bleeding. Such was the issue of his first half days experiment at making companions of these free tenants of the solitude.

“ Ah !” said he, as he returned in the sorrow of disappointment, and in the bitterness of his spirit, “ they know by instinct, that man is a cruel tyrant to their kind. He has always found the necessity of fraud, and snares, and traps, and gins.” The idea of their distrust and hostility removed the pain of the thought of depriving them of their liberty. “ I will take time,” he reflected, “ and attain my end by more certain means. I will make snares, and pit-falls, and I will imprison them without compunction, since they fear and fly me.”

Three or four successive days passed without any



particular incidents, to vary them. Every moment, except when he slept, was spent in preparing such implements as could be furnished by sea shells, the ligaments of the shrubs, or plants, the arrangement of his couch, and a chimney, in which to cook, when he should obtain fire from the volcano. His arrangements had a particular reference to the journey, which he meditated for that purpose. His knapsack of palm leaves and filaments from the tall hemp-grass, was neatly prepared. Nooses and springs for the taking of animals and birds were prepared. With a scollop-shell, firmly fixed to a strong reed, he made a convenient spade, with which he purposed to dig a pit-fall, in which he hoped to take a pair of kangaroos. He had prepared oysters and bread for his intended journey of the following morning, when he intended, before the rising of the sun, to be on his way over the mountains to the volcano.

But at midnight he awoke in a burning fever. He arose from his couch, and it was the extent of his strength, to be able to reach his grotto fountain and quench his raging thirst. He crawled back to his couch, feebly articulating a line of his favourite stanza, "And dying is but going home." That mystery in our nature is inexplicable, which causes, that the death which, perhaps, in health we courted, brings dismay and horror when it comes in the form of sickness and gradual approach to dissolution. To die in unalleviated sickness, and to lie in this strange sepulchre, was at first an abhorrent

and afflicting thought, from which his heart recoiled. But he said to himself, "*Thy will, O God, be done;*" and the agitation of his thoughts subsided and he laid himself calmly down, to live, or die, as God should ordain. It were useless to trace his thoughts or feelings through his three days of fever, in which his weakness was so great, that, although he agonized with thirst, and could hear the cool spring falling into the fountain basin near him, he could not rise and reach it. On the fourth day, his apprehensions, pains, and thirst, were alike quietted in utter insensibility.

From this long sleep he at length awoke, calm, feeble and perfectly free from sickness and pain. He felt that God had other trials for him yet to endure; and he humbly blessed *Him that had ransomed his life from destruction.* Having refreshed his thirst, and taking a little of his unsavory bread to relieve the exhaustion of hunger and disease, he retired to his couch, and passed the day in self-examination, prayer, and communion with God.

The next day, before the sun arose from the sea, he dragged his feeble steps to the cove, and took his customary sea-bathing and repast. He felt himself not yet sufficiently strong to scale the mountains to obtain the volcanic fire. He determined, therefore, to make a circuit of the shore, as far as he thought his strength would allow, in order to enable him to reach his grotto again that night. He passed the small stream below the lake, and at the distance of half a mile from the shore. The



sun came up in his glory from the ocean. The dew drops glittered on the trees. Every thing that had life hailed the glad morning. Never had a more beautiful day dawned upon the earth. Never were verdure, and flowers more fresh and ambrosial. The solitary, just restored from a violent paroxysm of fever, felt the calm, elevated, and delightful consciousness of renovated existence, so natural, and so joyous a feeling in similar cases. The creation smiled upon him in a freshness and novelty, as though he had now seen it for the first time. He went slowly on his way rejoicing. "These are thy works," said he, "Parent of good." Devotion cheered his thoughts; and gave him the presentiment of happy discoveries.

In crossing the stream which has been described, he was compelled to make his way with difficulty through the tangle of shrubs, and vines, and briars, that fringed its borders. A considerable tree before him bent its branches over the stream, and he remarked, that they were charged with a fruit of the most inviting appearance and of great size. He remembered to have read, that birds never prey upon poisonous fruits. He remarked, that this tree was covered with birds, the larger classes driving away the smaller with incessant chattering, as they preyed upon it themselves. Some of the lower branches were within his reach. He gathered two or three of the fruits. He remarked with joy and triumph, that they exactly resembled the engravings of the bread fruit. With this double ground of

assurance in its favour, he brought it to the test of his taste. It had the luscious flavour of the fresh fig, and created the satisfying sensation from eating bread. What a treasure to a man, whose appetite had returned with devouring force after sickness, and whose only food had hitherto been uncooked shellfish, and bread that had been moulded by heat, and wet with sea water! Never had epicure such a repast. He feasted thankfully, and blessed the Giver with eyes moistened with tears of gratitude. He looked round on all sides to see if there was no other tree of the kind in sight. This was all that appeared; and it seemed as if the birds would soon rob this of all it bore. The birds were driven off only to return to the charge, and settle on the fruits again. He had satisfied his morbid appetite with the delicious food. But he felt the pangs of a miser, at being robbed of his gold, in seeing the birds plunder his future treasures. There was no resource, except to remain constantly under the tree; and even then, it was only by unremitted exertion that he could drive away the flights of plunderers. At length he reflected, that though he had seen but this single tree, in a climate congenial to the fruit there must certainly be more, and that time and future search must discover them. Cheering himself with this thought, he took two or three fruits to serve him on his way, and he continued his journey of discovery.

He determined to visit the cove, which he had discovered from the top of the mountains. He



reached it by ten in the morning. The first object that struck him, was a large box, lying partly in the water and partly on the sand. It required the exertion of all his strength, to give it two or three turns, so as to raise it above the danger of being carried away by the waves. As he was searching for the fragment of a rock, with which to beat it open and examine its contents, he discovered on the beach detached planks, and shivered timbers, which left not a doubt that here were the shattered remnants of the skeleton of the Australasia. He stumbled a moment after upon another box, smaller than the former, which he also removed up the beach. He still advanced with eager curiosity, until his senses informed him, that he was near still more melancholy marks of the wreck. He sickened at the thought of seeing the bodies of his ill fated companions. The next step, he started back with horror; for by the form and dress, rather than by the horribly disfigured countenance, he recognized the body of the lately beautiful Katharine Olney, the victim of lawless passions. Could it be, that this object of loathing and horror could have been the pursuit of illicit love, so beautiful, so interesting, even after her fall! Could it be, that what was now before him, had trilled the song, "Farewell, ye green fields," but a few days before, with such exquisite melody and effect? He hastened away, faint and recoiling, only to encounter another, and another spectacle of the same kind. He sickened, and retreated from the beach, and traversed the

curve of the cove, at a distance from the shore, to avoid the chances of these appalling spectacles. At the upper extremity of the beach, he ascended a cliff, which surmounted it fifty feet above the level of the sea. Here he saw a considerable section of the hulk of the ship, wedged between two projecting rocks, and raised so high above the waves, as to be barely dashed by the brine. His senses warned him, that here was the mass of the bodies of his shipwrecked companions.

The whole scene created such a faintness, that he hurried from the cliff to a grove at no great distance from the shore. The burning thirst of his fever came upon him; and as he dragged his steps to the shade, he envied the repose of those, whose toils and sorrows were thus ended. The shade was surrounded by a clean white sand, in which the slightest mark would be distinctly visible. Every nerve of his frame thrilled, as he saw the manifest impress of a human footstep in the sand. It was a small, and apparently a female footmark. His agitation was such, that the alternate shivers and throbbings threatened to renew his fever. The person had evidently walked backward and forward, and the footsteps were fresh and recent. He raised his voice to its utmost pitch, and cried, Friend! friend! He held in his breath, until the distant echoes from the mountains had died away, and repeated the cry, and again waited for the response of echo.

The next thought, was to trace the direction of

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the footsteps. They soon failed on the firm green sward. No savage of the American forest, ever more eagerly applied all his powers to discern, if possible, the slightest trace of the imprint of human foot on the grass, than he did on this occasion. More than once he entirely lost the clue, and returned with a sinking despondence, to retrace the direction again. After the search of an hour, he found the same footstep beyond the open glade, marked in the soft black ooze, which indicated the vicinity of a spring. Through this ooze the person had evidently passed and repassed frequently. Here he again raised his cries, in hopes that this forlorn being might hear and answer, and in breathless suspense awaited a reply. The footsteps were searched again, and traced to a spring. From the spring the trace was marked towards the mountains. It then traversed a patch of sward again. Beyond that, it was again recognised in a spot of wet and black earth, destitute of herbage. Every moment added to the eagerness of his search, and the frequency of his cries, and the terror of his apprehensions, lest the desolate and unprotected being, who had passed there, had perished in utter destitution and misery. His anxiety at times almost amounted to distraction. The sun was at the zenith, and he was still ineffectually striving to find among the trees and grass, the ultimate course which the wanderer had taken.

At length he came on the footsteps again, and they appeared to lead towards a single detached

tree with a huge trunk, and but a moderate height, and which, in the distance, exactly resembled an American live oak, except that the immense size of the foliage made it more like the palm in that respect. This tree stood alone in an open area. Its branches curved downwards, in the form of an open umbrella, and in creating an impervious shade, seemed almost to have formed a roof, that promised to shed the rain. An involuntary tremor seized him, as he approached this tree. Near it was high grass, through which such a course had been trampled, as by a body that had been dragged through it, to the shelter of this tree. The limbs formed a curve so near the ground, that he was obliged to lift them up, and then to stoop, in order to enter. The reader may imagine his sensations, when the first object which he discovered by the dim light of the dark brown shade was a female figure, apparently lifeless, lying at the trunk of the tree, and who seemed to have sought this covert, that maidenly modesty might here find the nearest covering to the decency of the sepulchre that could be found above the soil.

Terrified and trembling, he approached the figure, and instantly recognised the once proud and beautiful Augusta Wellman. It would be folly to attempt to depict his sensations. Her countenance wore the paleness of death. Her eyes were sunken and hollow. Her form was emaciated to a skeleton; but there was no mistaking the dress, the countenance, and contour. He grasped her chill hand,



which had not at least the coldness of death; and as he felt her wrist, a slight tremulousness of the artery gave him unquestionable evidence, that, however near the vital spark was to extinction, she still lived. As he bent over her, he gently pronounced her name. The sounds awaked consciousness, and she half opened her eyes. The tumultuous throbbings of his own heart may be imagined, as he ejaculated, "Thank God, she lives! she lives!" She gave a kind of convulsive sob, and raised her hand to her face, but neither opened her eyes, nor appeared to have the least distinct consciousness; though she murmured some low and incoherent words, the purport of which seemed to be, to ask for drink. She moved her lips, as if between sleeping and waking, or in the low insanity that precedes death in the last stage of fever. From the dryness of her parched lips, and from her frequent mention of water, it was manifest that she suffered extreme thirst. Various circumstances obviously showed, that, until recently, she had made her way to the adjacent spring for water; and that she had recently become incapable of that effort, either from sickness or inanition.

He sprang to the spring, scooped up water in his hands, and kneeling over her, opened her parched lips, to enable her to swallow the water. As soon as she was conscious of the presence of the needed element, nature asserted her rights. She manifested extreme thirst, and repeatedly swallowed all that he could bring in his hands. He was aware of the

danger of allowing her too much at once; and when he withheld the supply, she called distinctly, in a low and complaining murmur, for more water. She appeared to have considered herself addressing her maid. He bent over her, and in a gentle and affectionate tone of voice, told her that she was not well, and that the physician forbade her having more water. She turned her face, and murmured inaudibly in reply, and seemed disposed to sleep. In a moment he had gathered soft and dry grass and leaves, and made a comparatively comfortable couch. He raised her in his arms from her uncomfortable position on the damp hard earth, and placed her on the bed of grass.

At this emergency, what would he have given for wine, or the proper nutriment for such a person, apparently reduced to this forlorn condition by exhaustion! He had bread, but it was wretchedly unpalatable. He had bread-fruit, and the pulp, he judged, would be at once nutritive and proper for her case. The thought flashed upon him, who knows what may be in those boxes? He left her, and ran to the boxes on the shore, distant from the tree less than half a mile. It may be imagined he did not count his steps. He eagerly knocked open the first and largest one with the first stone he could find. It was chiefly filled with clothes, and other multifarious contents, but nothing to meet the present emergency. He flew to the smaller box, and knocked off the upper cover. It contained wine and cordials, the very articles he would have



selected from a million! He blessed God in his heart, and received it as an omen that the poor sufferer would be raised. Marine shells, of convenient and beautiful forms, were easily found on the shore, for vessels. He was soon beside his patient, his heart palpitating at once from haste and anxiety, lest she might have expired in his absence.

To his gentle calls she now opened her eyes; but her thoughts evidently wandered, as to her place and condition. He bruised the pulp of a bread-fruit, poured wine upon it, and macerated the pulp, until the wine had imbibed the juice and the nutrition. He applied the liquid to her lips, and, as before, she eagerly swallowed it, apparently as considering it water. He felt that his duties of nurse and physician in the case were responsible, and no motive can be imagined, which did not operate in all its force, to inspire him with the utmost caution, and to excite him to call up all his recollections of nursing and medicine.

He ventured to administer, in the first instance, nearly a glass of wine so prepared. Although she complainingly ordered more, he paused to witness the effect of what he had already administered. He had the satisfaction to perceive, directly, that the wine and nutriment had taken effect. An evanescent hue of the rose revisited her pallid cheek. She became more energetic in her remonstrances as she called for more water. After an interval of a few minutes, he mixed some of the pulp of the breadfruit with some of his bread, and

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mixed the paste with wine. He administered this, and she swallowed it readily. In this way he gave her as much food and wine as he dared administer in the case, and then felt, that, as a judicious nurse, though a thousand other expedients to hasten her restoration forced themselves upon his thoughts, it was necessary to wait a while, and leave nature to her course; he meanwhile diligently watched her indications.

He made the most sage and judicious determinations; but, as happens in cases of such anxious suspense, with no measure of time but the extreme earnestness of hope and the bitter alternations of fear, he probably measured a quarter of an hour for an hour. Her eager calls for drink increased his impatience. He gave her wine so much and so frequently, that he began to perceive a feverish flush in her cheek, and to feel it in her hand. Taxing himself bitterly with childish impatience and inconsideration, he came to a resolute pause. The mother, who is sitting at midnight and alone over her sick first-born, suspended between life and death, may enter into the agony of his suspense during this interval.

At this anxious moment, a new cause of terror manifested itself. It was drawing towards evening. The patient could not be removed. The weather, which had been calm, and the sky cloudless, since he had been on the island, now began to change. The murky atmosphere promised a stormy night. The lightning flashed from all quarters of the sky,



and thunder rumbled among the mountains. In the present state of the patient, whatever had been the cause of her present debility, there could be no doubt, that a drenching rain would completely extinguish the almost expiring lamp of life. It was obviously necessary, that he should use prompt and energetic measures to shelter her, if possible, from the rain. He recollected, that the first package which he had opened on the shore contained pieces of linen, laces, and female dresses, enveloped in canvass. He brought the canvass and linen, broke down small bamboos, and in less than an hour, had raised over her a tent impervious to the rain.

Scarcely had he completed these important arrangements, and sheltered his patient under a tent of sufficient dimensions, also, to cover himself, before the lightning glared through the trees, and the thunder burst in deafening echoes in the mountains. The winds roared. The trees bent their heads. The ocean-surges lashed the rock-bound shore. The hollow sounds of torrents, formed in the mountains, rushed precipitously down the perpendicular sides, and the rain continued to come down in torrents. The thick foliage of the tree completely excluded the fury of the wind, and almost formed a roof against the rain. The drops that sifted through the leaves were completely arrested by the tent, and no other result followed, but a delicious coolness in the atmosphere. As the thunder burst, and the rain poured, how humbly did he thank the Almighty, that he had been enabled thus to shelter his forlorn

patient. It seemed, as if Providence had thus given warrant, that the gracious Being, who had thus marvellously interposed for her, would complete the begun graciousness, and would restore her to health. How did he long for fire and light, that he might watch the variations of her countenance? But this might not be. The darkness, except when the lightning glared through the gloom, was total. Who can tell the colour of his thoughts, as he contemplated her countenance by the gleams of lightning? He held her burning hand in his, and was painfully aware, that whatever were the original causes of her feebleness, she was now labouring under distinctly formed fever. It had, probably, failed to manifest its symptoms, in consequence of her extreme weakness, and of having no aliment, on which to feed. Sustenance and wine had called it into external action. She murmured continually, in that half intelligible strain, which indicated low but fixed insanity.

Scarcely had he indulged the hope that her complaint was no more than that of exhaustion, when this new source of terror, apprehension that she would die of fever, opened upon him. During this long night of thunder, tempest, and darkness, that passed over these desolate beings, alone, as it were, in the universe, the human heart can be supposed capable of few emotions of hope, fear, anxiety, and suspense, that did not successively agitate his bosom. The red and dismal glare of lightning, shed upon her pallid and deathlike countenance all



the light by which to confirm the one emotion or the other. Often, when her quick and laborious respiration no longer caught his ear, did he give himself up to the agonizing thought, that she had ceased to breathe.

But even this night, which seemed an age, at length wore away. The clouds vanished. The mountain-tops were rolled in mist. The broad disk of the sun was seen rising from the sea. A thousand animals uttered their morning cry of joy. The birds sang, and the rain-drops pattered from the leaves. The air was pure, bland, and balsamic; and the steaming fragrance of every tropical leaf, plant, and flower, was mingled with the atmosphere. But the light of this beautiful day confirmed his worst apprehensions touching his patient. The paleness of death sat on her countenance. Her strength was sunk to such infantine weakness, that she was scarcely able to move her hand. She lay still and motionless, and from her low and short respiration alone, it was manifest that she yet lived. But every symptom and every appearance indicated, that this could be the case but a little longer. It was in vain, that every moment he applied wine to her lips. She no longer swallowed, or appeared conscious that it was there.

He felt that nothing remained for him, but to watch by her side in such submission and patience as he might obtain, until the fearful suspense was terminated. The idea of seeing this fair and frail flower cut down under his eye, and from such

expectations as finding her alive had raised, to be left thus doubly desolate and alone, was indeed a terrible one. His only resource was to besiege the throne of the divine mercy, in earnest and importunate prayer. The day passed without bringing change or hope. The dark and dreary night closed over them again, and again his spirits sank with the light, and he gave himself up to complete despondency. But HE WHO NEVER SLUMBERS watched over her sleep. She slept deep, tranquil, and motionless. The short and feeble respiration of an infant alone manifested that she still held to life.

In the morning, hope dawned again in his breast; for although from her countenance it might have been supposed that she slept the sleep of innocence and the tomb, an occasional smile passed over her lovely face, which did not seem the precursor of death. But the day passed, like the former, without bringing one visible change. All that long day he watched beside her in the same agonizing suspense, every moment expecting to see her suffer a short spasm, and yield her last breath. The sun was descending, and his oblique beams penetrated beneath the deep verdure, and threw a religious light upon the scene; and he was on his knees wrestling with Him who only could help, that sparing mercy might be extended to his patient. As he raised from his posture of prayer, she opened her eyes and awoke. In a voice feeble but articulate, she asked, "How came I here?"



With a face almost as pale as her own, he bent over her, and answered gently, that if she would be calm, he would soon explain all the circumstances of her case to her ; but that she was now too weak to hear them ; and he begged her to compose herself, and be perfectly still. " Only tell me," she feebly rejoined, " where I am, and call my maid, and I will be quiet." To this he answered, that she was safe, and under the care of a friend, and he begged her again to compose herself, with a voice so earnest and affectionate, as appeared to inspire her with confidence and submission. She drew her hand across her forehead, and tears filled her eyes. " I understand it all," said she ; " I have not been used to the attendance of men in sickness. But I remember your countenance, and I feel safe in your care. I begin to comprehend my situation, and will endeavour to submit to it." As if exhausted with this feeble effort, she turned and slept again. Through this night she was feverish and delirious, but manifested increasing strength.

The morning dawned, and with its light all his hopes revived. She awoke, and spoke calmly. She asked him if he were not the ship's steward. " I am," was the reply. She held her hand to her forehead, and the distress of her countenance evidenced that she was retracing the most afflicting recollections. The tears trickled down her cheeks, as she said, " Dear, dear father ! why should I mourn thee ? How gladly would I have shared thy lot ! We are alone, steward, in this desolate place,

are we not? I have been sick. I was perishing with hunger and terror, and you found me, and have saved me. Is it not so?" He answered her, that some of her conjectures were right; but that many of the ship's company had escaped in the boats; that her father, in all probability, was among them; that when she was more able to hear the ground of his hopes, he should be able to convince her of the probability that he had been saved. He implored her to be tranquil, assuring her that she was yet in extreme weakness and danger; and that the slightest agitation would bring back her fever and danger. He assured her, that there was no sacrifice that he would not make to serve her, and that if she would be composed, and allow him to use means for her complete restoration, he would find some way in which to convey her to New Holland, or perish in the attempt. In reply, she thanked him for the kindness of his efforts already, and for his generous offers for the future. "Oh! steward," she added, clasping her hands, "is not this what I used to hear from the pulpit? Is not this terrible reverse and humiliation a just punishment imposed upon my pride! Oh, how art thou fallen! Was ever condition so forlorn! But I remember you well. I am sure of your principles and your honour. How kind you must have been! and what exertions you must have made to save me! I remember being tossed about upon the sea. I remember holding to a plank as the waves rolled over me. I remember seeing dead bodies on the

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shore. I remember the dreary feelings at my heart as I saw myself wholly alone, and dead bodies around me on the shore. I remember being faint and hungry, as I wandered about in search of water. I remember calling for help; but there was none to answer." A suffocating burst of tears here came to her relief.

He was alarmed, lest this paroxysm should bring back her disease; and earnestly begged her to compose herself. When she had regained her strength, he assured her, that he should then request her to relate all. She replied, "Allow me to tell you what a dreadful feeling it was, when I found myself thus desolate and alone. I wished earnestly to die. I wandered about seeking for death: But it fled from me; and I continued to live against my will. In what a condition you must have found me! and how kindly you must have nursed me through my long and painful dream, and my longer state of insensibility! I feel that I am again returning to life. You are right. My head feels confused and swimming. Be kind enough to tell me about my condition, after I was insensible, and how you found and relieved me."

Seeing her painful and eager curiosity, he deemed that it would be most likely to tranquillize her mind, to relate to her plainly, all that he knew about her case. He gave her a clear and succinct account of the wreck, of his own escape, of his finding food and a place of residence, and in what manner he afterwards discovered her. He dwelt

upon his own anxiety and her extremity. He enlarged upon the probability of her father's escape, particularly dwelling on the circumstance, that his body was not among those cast on the shore. He mentioned, that a part of the wreck was still near, and the chance that offered from that circumstance, that he would yet be able to construct a boat, by which he might convey her to New Holland, and enable her to rejoin her friends.

Her tears flowed freely at the recital, and they seemed tears of relief. "Dear father," she said, "thou art happy, even if buried in the ocean; a thousand times happier to have been buried in the abysses of the ocean, than to be thus thrown upon this desert shore, and placed in a situation like mine." The agony of her thoughts and recollections here became so intense, that an access of fever and delirium returned upon her, and continued for the greater portion of the day. Towards evening a distinct remission of the fever ensued again. She was again exhausted. He persuaded her to take wine and food, in the best form in which he was able to prepare it; and she slept soundly until morning. During this period of her sleep, he performed all his necessary duties, such as preparing food, examining the contents of the boxes, and spreading the damp articles to dry, procuring shell-fish and bread-fruit, and making all the arrangements requisite to enable him to be constantly ready to attend her, when she awoke.

It was nearly meridian before she awoke; but



she was calm, collected, free from fever, and complained of hunger. He immediately placed before her bread, bread-fruit, and wine, regretting that he had not fire, and that his means of affording nourishment, proper for her case, were so limited. "What is your name, steward?" asked she. He informed her. "Shall I then constantly call you Arthur?" said she. "Call me Arthur, or by what name you choose," he replied; "or why not by the more affectionate name of brother? Providence has levelled the barriers between us, only to enable me to offer the devoted and affectionate services of a humble brother, who will be ready to serve you, even unto death." She smiled at his energetic proffers, and held out her hand to him. "I will always, then," said she, "call you Arthur, or brother; and I will believe you kind and considerate; and I will trust implicitly in your honour." Saying this, she eagerly partook of the bread-fruit, which was indeed delicious. He was obliged to caution her against the immoderate indulgence of her appetite, which was ravenous. She drank claret mixed with water. The flush of convalescence suffused her pale cheek, and began to beam again in her languid eye.

No words will be necessary, to explain the mutual embarrassment of the novel position in which these young people, so different in condition, but so alike in the nobleness of their natures, were thrown thus together, and their destinies, at least for a time, so identified by the mysterious decree of Providence. Each was reluctant to commence

the explanations that were so indispensably necessary. One day and another elapsed; and still, while she slept, he made all the necessary arrangements, touching their mutual wants. She, meanwhile, convalesced rapidly. The blood revisited her cheek, and strength and agility her frame. Nor could the assiduous and tender attentions, and the considerate and guarded delicacy of her nurse, fail to excite her gratitude; nor to call up strongly the associated feelings.

The extreme inconveniences of their mutual position under the covert of a tree, and confined to a narrow awning, hastily and rudely constructed, was apparent to both. The air was damp; and nothing but the continuance of a clear sky, and pleasant weather, could have ensured her convalescence in that place at all. The aspect of the sky became threatening. An explanation was necessary. It began with the young lady. It was long and confidential. Gratitude, pride of birth, maidenly modesty, and the union and opposition of various feelings, that may be much more easily conceived than explained, were freely avowed in her case. Her preserver was instructed, that he must never for a moment forget, that the barriers, which had formerly interposed between them, still existed. He was to believe, that she viewed him with sentiments of inexpressible gratitude; that she had an entire reliance upon his honour and good principles; that she felt herself charged upon him, as a helpless being, who would increase his burdens,



without being able to share his labours ; who must be under daily and hourly obligations, in addition to the preservation of her life, and yet who saw no prospect of ever being able to make any adequate return ; who must cling to him, as she smilingly said, like an evil conscience, through helplessness and timidity ; through not only the grounded terrors of savages and wild beasts, but even the ideal terrors of loneliness and darkness, and a defective education ; and yet, as a young man, he was never, with the reasoning appropriate to vanity as such, to view this unwillingness to be left alone, this desire to share even his walks and his labours, with any other interpretation, than that she was a useless, timid, proud, and spoiled woman. Moreover, he was to precede her, and fit up the inner apartment of the grotto for her residence ; and he was charged and pledged, by whatever is sacred or honourable, to keep guard in the exterior apartment.

Such were the injunctions of this beautiful young girl, who felt all the delicacy and difficulty of imposing such severe laws upon one, to whom she felt, that she had been already indebted for life, and whose whole future residence there, whether longer or shorter, must be a continual and hourly recurrence of obligations. The contract on the other part was prompt, explicit, and complete. He assured her, that she should be convinced, that the most scrupulous and gentlemanly honour could exist in conditions, where she had not dreamed that it was ever found. He begged her to measure

the respectable young men, in the middle conditions, in his country, by his honour, tact, and delicacy in fulfilling all the stipulations which she had imposed; and to think better of the middle walks of life, and of human nature, as he proved himself intelligent to comprehend, and faithful to discharge, all the duties of this relation so strangely imposed.

It was engaged, then, that on the fourth day of her convalescence, that is to say, the morning subsequent to this conversation, he should start immediately after their morning meal, to prepare the grotto for her reception. The distance was nearly five miles. He was to return in season to enable her, in the cool of the declining afternoon, to accompany him to her new habitation. The morning came. The breakfast was prepared before the rising of the sun. Her eye filled with tears, and the paleness of apprehension was on her countenance, as she held out her hand to him and wished him a pleasant day, and above all, to return early in the afternoon to his lonely charge.

It may be imagined that, to a timid and helpless maiden, her prospects were sufficiently sad, in reference to spending this day thus by herself. He, on his part, hurried away to duties, which, he felt, required a week, instead of a part of a single day. From the larger box, he carried linen and other articles, as much as his strength would enable him to bear. He came a second time, for a second load of the same articles. He gathered long moss from trees, near the grotto. He spread a couch,



not only comfortable, but, remembering the occupant, it was even splendid; for the moss was covered with linen of the whiteness of snow, and the whole was overspread with damask, intended for the furniture of a mansion at New Holland. Palm branches, in all the freshness and splendour of their verdure, were hung round the variegated and lofty walls of the grotto; and wreaths of flowers were suspended, wherever the eye could turn. The floor was strown with flowers; and even the basalt pillars, of living stone, that were to serve as chairs and tables, were covered and cushioned with flowers. There are few, who cannot readily enter into the motive, which caused him thus to task his invention, and apply all his industry and powers, to render this magnificent grotto a pleasing abode to the ill fated maiden, whose pride had been so strangely humbled, and who had so little ground to hope, in that desert island, to find an abode, not only commodious, but fitted up with reference even to magnificence and beauty.

At the assigned hour he returned to his charge, who appeared to make efforts to disguise the manifest pleasure which overspread her countenance at his return. The day had been sultry, and it was obvious, from his countenance, that he had laboured severely. While she complimented him for his punctuality in the observance of the hour, she found occasion to blame him for his appearance of being fatigued, and having evidently tasked his exertions too far. They partook of their rustic fare together.

She praised the delicious flavour of the bread-fruit, while he spoke cheerily of the comforts of their table, and of their evenings, when fire should add the varieties of flesh, fish, and fowl to their food, and light to their grotto. She spake, in turn, with admiration of the charming tropical landscape spread around, and her heart manifestly opened to joy, with the feelings natural to the sanguine character of youth, the elastic freshness of a happy consciousness of existence, and the increased susceptibility of pleasure, which ordinarily accompanies the first day of convalescence from acute disease.

He admonished her that it was time they were on their way. While he struck the tent, and laid the canvass, and all the articles which he did not now take to the grotto, carefully by for future use, she had wandered to the spring, and all those well remembered places, where, in the first desolation of her being cast on shore, she had travelled about in faintness, terror, and despair. When she returned, her glistening eyes had evidently been filled with the tears of remembrance and thankfulness.

Her guide carefully led her away from the shore, where she could only encounter sights of horror. The day had been sultry; but fleecy clouds now tempered the glow of the declining sun, and a fresh and balmy breeze whispered from the east. Birds, and animals, and refreshed nature, all gave sign that they felt the change and the deliciousness of the hour. Hares of variegated colours every moment moved from their path. Scarlet pigeons



fluttered on the trees. Paroquets flew from palm to palm, in the splendour of their green and gold. Flamingos sailed away through the air, leaving the appearance of a long gleam of flame behind them. The prodigious hairy bustards were conducting their flocks of young through the grass. Squirrels of surprising beauty and variety sported among the branches. Here and there a solitary kangaroo, stalking erect, and uttering its plaintive cry, at first alarmed her, until she was apprised of its timid and harmless character, when its prodigious springs and its uncouth form afforded sufficient scope to her curiosity. She was in admiration at the freshness and grandeur of the scene. Never had she conceived before the richness and magnificence of nature in these regions of the south. She had hitherto lived amidst factitious luxury, and the forced and unnatural creations of art. Pride, plied with indulgence, and pampered by wealth, had perverted, but not destroyed, the feelings of a rich and noble mind. All the peculiar circumstances of her case contributed to develope a new nature; and amidst this creation of genuine natural grandeur and beauty, to place her in the very bowers of imagination and poesy. Her delight was pictured on her countenance. Her admiration was too deep and genuine to waste itself in words.

From the box he loaded himself with such articles as were yet requisite to complete the new establishment. Wine was deemed necessary for the convalescent. She, on her part, seeing him overloading

himself, and already fatigued, gaily insisted upon sharing the burdens. To all his anxiety lest the walk should fatigue her and renew her sickness, and to all his remonstrances against her charging herself with carrying any part, she answered, that she never felt herself in more perfect health, and that she hoped ere long to prove to him, preposterously as she had been reared for such expectations, that she did not intend to be entirely a useless burden on his hands.

They passed the bread-fruit tree. He explained to her its value. Both saw, with regret, that the supply was almost exhausted; and, as usual, that birds were preying upon the remainder. As much of this fruit as they could carry was added to their burden, and to alleviate the pain of seeing the failure of this supply so near, he reminded her of the inexhaustible store of food in their treasures "hid in the sand." He assured her that he would soon have fire, and then that their future fare would be various and abundant, and that, in probability, more trees of the same kind would be discovered.

The little lake, as usual, teemed with water-fowls, of a number, variety, and gaudiness of plumage, to mock all description. All the customary varieties of animals played round its margin, as if admiring its pellucid waters, and the freshness of its shore. Both gazed with unsated delight upon the myriads of fishes, of all sizes, forms, and tinges of brilliant colouring, that were sporting in its transparent depths. Every succeeding step opened



new views of freshness and beauty, and the fair convalescent felt and expressed the admiration of a poet amidst these primeval scenes of novelty and enchantment. "Oh!" said she, "one thing is yet wanting. Were my dear father here, and could he content himself with this bland air, and this beautiful nature, I should want nothing more to spend the remainder of my days in this charming retreat.

When they reached the grotto, the sun had almost disappeared behind the trees. She was fatigued, and rejoiced to have reached the end of her walk by the light of the sun. Her guide aided her up the steps, to the flowering terrace. She paused a moment, in admiration of the mixed views of mountains, woods, verdure, sky and sea, and entered the magnificent grotto, holding to the hand of her guide. Here was new cause for admiration and astonishment. It needed, she said, but torch light, to be a magnificent saloon, and she gaily chided him for having selected the most beautiful apartment for himself, being convinced, as she said, that he could not show her another division of the grotto, equally commodious and magnificent. But when she followed him through the narrow division, removing from the passage palm branches wreathed with flowers composing a door of fragrance and verdure, into the interior compartment, now gilded with the last rays of the sun, pouring their oblique effulgence from the summits of the trees; when she looked round upon the polished sides of the grotto, hung with beautiful branches

and flowers; upon the huge green and purple basalt columns, springing up to the arched roof; when she saw a couch spread for her, covered with damask; when she saw the basin of cool waters, and heard the gentle murmur of the fall of their overflow in a corner; when she sat down upon a seat, spread over a prostrate pillar with moss and flowers, and saw her evening repast spread before her on a basalt table, whose shining surface and peach-blow hue were gilded with the last rays of the sun, she held up her hands in astonishment. "My brother," said she, "you have indeed brought me to the halls of the genii. Why, kings have no grandeur like this! All this looks like magic, and the effect of supernatural aid." And, while she thanked him for his kindness, and his care of her, and congratulated him on his good fortune in finding this astonishing retreat, and his labour and taste in fitting it up, she assured him, that she was not the insensible, or ungrateful character, not to wish to aid him, not to strive to be cheerful, and to enliven the solitude with all the patience, and resignation to her lot, which her stinted discipline and philosophy would allow her to command.

They took their repast together. The eyes of both were heavy with weariness. With a look that reminded her of his remembrance of their pledged covenant, he wished her a good night, removed the palm branches, and retired to the exterior division of the grotto.

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### CHAPTER III.

This had she learn'd in cots, where poor men lie ;  
Her constant teachers had been woods and rills ;  
The silence, that is in the starry sky ;  
The sleep, that is among the lonely hills.

WHOEVER has read the delightful romance of Robinson Crusoe, can more readily imagine the thoughts, and occupations, and pursuits of this young and solitary pair, a kind of Adam and Eve, in these charming solitudes. What was so delightfully imagined in that book, was here carried into practical operation. Innumerable arrangements for comfort and convenience were dictated by their daily wants. To get home every thing of value from the boxes, was the work of three or four days. This was deemed an employment of more importance, than even the journey over the mountains for fire. The dead cast on the shore, he felt to be a solemn, though a painful duty, to sink in the water. The clothes, necessary for his own apparel, and for hers, hard necessity compelled him to lay by for emergency and for future use. Much, which the habits of his fair companion would have required in another society, and another order of things—such as laces, splendid dresses, and female ornaments—was found in the larger box, and delivered

over to her. It was a painful privation, when their bread-fruit entirely failed. Its delicious flavour and nutritive qualities, rendered it pleasant to the one, and almost necessary to the other. Actual necessity is a powerful teacher. To her this breakfast of uncooked oysters, and spoiled and pulverized bread, was hard and unsavoury fare. But, though her countenance evinced that she felt the unpleasantness of the necessity, this food would sustain life. After a few trials, it even became a matter of jesting between them, which should partake of this unpalatable bread with the least repugnance; the young man, always accustomed to plain and humble fare, or the spoiled beauty, used to all the luxuries and indulgences of wealth. But the more gaily she sustained these privations, the more anxious was he to obtain fire, and with it light for the evening in the grotto, and the means of using animal food. A thousand comforts could be had from that source, which could come from no other. Of course the journey over the mountains, with a view to obtain the volcanic fire, was a project set for the experiment of an early day.

Prior, however, in order of importance even to that project, he deemed the necessity of examining the hulk of the *Australasia*, which, when he left the tent where he found and saved his companion, was still remaining wedged in between the rocks. To swim through the breakers to the wreck, the only means of arriving there, was an arduous task, and not without danger. There were, probably, a



mass of bodies of the drowned ; and he thought it not unlikely, that of the father of his companion. But there were a thousand things, which he hoped to obtain, of prime and indispensable importance to his comfort and security. Then, he expected he might obtain guns and gunpowder, and the means of furnishing that fire, which was so much sought, and so necessary to their comfort and sustenance.

But his fair companion soon taught him, that we may change our climate and our sky, and experience the most complete reverses, and be placed in the most humiliating positions, without changing the mind, the habits, and dispositions. For a few of the first days of their residence together, the beauties of the scenery, the novelty of their situation, and the variety of their occupations filled her desires, and rendered her cheerful and happy. She accompanied him on his necessary excursions, chatted cheerfully of the past, related all that she had seen in the gay circles in which she had formerly acted so important a part, and evidently manifested chagrin, that her companion could relate her no corresponding narratives of interest in kind. The grandeur of the scenery soon palled upon her eye. She wearied of their unsavoury food, and repined most of all at the Egyptian darkness of their nights. Night had long been to her the scene of show, splendour, and all the artificial excitement of the high circles in which she had mixed. The enjoyment had passed, but the craving of habit remained. Though enjoined to leave her part of

the grotto, immediately upon the departure of the sun, she apparently felt not sufficiently thankful, that he was punctual to his part of the contract, to the very letter. She explained to him, not without blushing and tears, that she could not endure the hopeless and silent gloom of the long evenings, and that she saw no reason of decorum or duty, that forbade their passing the hours, until the time of their retirement, together. When he gaily remarked, that this was an evil of easy and certain remedy, she seemed to suffer, on the other hand, from the apprehension, that he would consider this complaint the result of rudeness, or undue condescension.

As the day after this conversation was assigned for the project of going on board the wreck, and as she had questioned him on the subject, until he had confessed, that he considered the effort not without hazard; with the authority of her former days, she positively forbade the attempt, and told him, that she would cheerfully accompany him on his expedition up the mountain for fire. To this he objected the extreme fatigue, and the difficulty which she would experience, in clambering up such steep and dangerous precipices, as composed the ascent of those precipitous elevations. In reply to this she objected to his frequent and long absences, under the name and pretence of business, declaring, that any conceivable danger and toil were preferable to the heart-wearing dreariness of her condition, when left alone. The conversation ended in chiding complaints and tears. She re-



quested him, in marked vexation—although the customary hour of his retirement had not come—to leave her division of the grotto.

The next morning he determined to make the experiment of a visit to the hulk of the ship. Accordingly, having left her breakfast in readiness, he departed by early dawn for the western cove. He judged the rocks, on which the wreck was cast, to be three hundred paces from the shore. He left his coat and hat on the shore, bound his head with a handkerchief, and committed himself fearlessly to the water. It was a calm morning, and the sea was as a mirror. He found no difficulty in reaching the wreck. He clambered up the rocks, upon which it was raised many feet above the level of the calm sea, and entered it with shuddering. The hulk of the ship was almost entire. After it had capsized, as has been related, appearances were, that it drifted on the mountainous sea to these rocks, near which it must have been, when that event took place. It must have been borne on the mountain-billows between the two rocks, which held it fast. The storm subsided soon afterwards, and left it raised high above the ordinary level of the sea. When the surface of the sea became calm, the water drained from the ship, leaving it perfectly dry. It seemed to have been washed a second time by the spray on the night of the thunder storm, which has been described. A few bodies only were found in the hulk. The cattle and sheep, he remembered, had been cast adrift at the commence-

ment of the storm. Most of the people, that had not taken to the boats, appeared to have perished in the surf, in attempting to reach the shore. The spectacle, as it was, affected him with sickness and horror. Every thing, that had not been washed away by the waves, remained, as it had been left. There was every thing on board, that he could have desired,—furniture, beds, clothing; articles of show and luxury for the opulent colonists, among which articles were the whole of the very expensive preparations of Mr. Wellman, for a residence in New Holland. There was merchandize for the merchants at Port Jackson; and there were implements of every sort, for commencing farming establishments, which he valued highest of all. Most of these articles were packed in water-proof enclosures. The bulk had so soon parted with its water, through the fissures, made when the ship struck on the rocks, that none of the articles were much damaged by the sea.

The first reflection was an obvious one. How valueless was all this wealth and luxury to those unfortunates, whose bodies were stretched before him! How invaluable would they be to him, if he were destined to spend his days on the island! The unpleasant reflection immediately followed, that the hulk was distant five miles from his grotto—that between it and the shore was a surf, in times of the slightest commotion of the sea, impassable—and even were the articles all landed, it would be the work of a year, to convey such of them as he



needed, by hand to his grotto. Another unpleasant reflection, naturally associated with this, and it was, that the first severe storm would probably carry away the hulk, and bury all these invaluable treasures in the deep.

His first duty was, to commit all the bodies to the waves. His next, to imagine some expedient, by which he could convey to the shore two or three muskets, a quantity of gun powder, flints and steels, and all the necessary apparatus for kindling, and renewing fire. To construct a skiff, would be a work of time. To remain on board over night, would be to inflict the most cruel apprehensions upon the companion of his solitude. A raft, large, strong and convenient, such as he could manage with a sail, and of materials to live upon the water by their own buoyancy, this was his first and most obvious thought. No time was to be lost. He was strong, active, and expert in the use of tools. There was every thing at hand, requisite for the construction which he meditated. He let down by levers four spare spars, spiked them strongly together, and overlaid them with plank. This was accomplished by noon. A number of muskets, a small but complete assortment of farmer's tools, a set of carpenter's implements, two boxes of clothing, cloths, and articles of luxury, intended for his companion; a box of books and stationary, a barrel of gunpowder, and two or three barrels of the ship's stores, let down on to the platform by a tackle, formed the first load. A thousand things were suggested

to his memory, as necessary or useful. But he reflected, that the more he loaded his raft, the deeper it would sink, and the more unmanageable it would become, and the less probability there would be of his reaching the eastern cove, distant five miles, by the light of the sun. The whole was ready by two in the afternoon. He erected a sail in the centre, and prepared a sweep, in the form of a rudder, behind; took advantage of a whispering western breeze; looked up to the sky for success; unloosed the fast, by which his raft was connected to the hulk; and sped away before the wind. He was at once assured, that his rudder commanded the direction of his frail craft; but to him, whose anxiety for her whom he had left behind, caused him to wish for the wings of the wind, the progress was vexatiously slow. He was well aware, too, that the slightest storm would instantly shake his raft in sunder. It may be supposed, therefore, that he watched the clouds with trembling apprehension, and that an hour seemed to him, in the measure of time, as a day. Providence had destined him a safe arrival. The sun, indeed, was behind the western mountains, just as he neared the two projecting cliffs, between which was the cove. The wind and the current were both in his favour. He happily calculated the medial distance, and entered safely; and in a few minutes, with a heart palpitating with joy and triumph, completed his hazardous experiment, by laying his raft beside the shore. To fasten his raft, and to place all his trea-



tures on the shore, were but labours of a moment. Such was his impatience to reach the grotto, that, fatigued as he was, by such great exertions through the day, he sprang away with only implements for kindling fire, and food of the ship's stores, together with coffee and sugar, to prepare a supper of such a comparatively sumptuous kind, as his new resources allowed; and with quick step, he eagerly pressed on with his load for the grotto.

The dusk of twilight, enabled him to discover his companion standing on the terrace. "Courage," he cried, "my sister. I have brought you fire, food, comforts, light for your evenings, and books for your solitude." It was with difficulty, that he laboured up the steps with his heavy load. She held out her hand to him, and said, "I suppose I must welcome you, though you have manifested the cruelty to leave me unwarned, and with only grounds to suppose, that you had found means to escape from the island, and leave me to perish alone." As she said this, the resentment which she seemed to have striven to keep up, in aid of pride and firmness, failed her, and she burst into an agony of tears.

This, it is true, was a damping reception after an absence of so much hazard, and an adventure of such complete success. He felt, that he had been in fault, for allowing a momentary resentment of the preceding evening to sway him to venture on this absence, without forewarning her of his purpose. He confessed his fault, and asked

her pardon, assuring her at the same time, that one inducement to attempt the adventure without forewarning her, was, that she had absolutely forbidden it; and that he was reluctant to enter on a project, however indispensable, which she not only disavowed, but forbade. "But I have accomplished it," said he, "and with the most complete success. Hence forward," he continued, "my sister, if you will allow your humble friend to use that affectionate title, you can have all the comforts of civilization. You can concentrate your thoughts in reading and study, and have every thing but society. The Almighty is my witness, that you shall never be reminded by me, that you are not screened by the sanctity of a mother's protection. All I ask of you is, to trust me. I have convinced myself, that your father is not among those who perished. When the boats were taken in the last extremity, the shore was near. It is possible, it is even probable, that your father may be on this island. Or, more probably, they landed here, waited until the storm abated, and then departed in the long boat for New Holland, which cannot be far distant. Courage, then, my fair and unhappy sister. I have been reared both modestly and religiously. You shall find me a chevalier Bayard, without reproach at least, if not without fear. All I desire, is your entire confidence. That I can hope to win only by time; and I will so conduct, with such scrupulous regard to honour and duty, that I will compel you to grant me that in the end."



To this speech, if such it may be called, the first he had made, and which was now extorted from him in the joy of his success in the hazardous adventure of the day, she replied by drawing herself up, and assuming the indignant air of a proud and injured belle. "This is fine, Mr. Steward," said she, "very fine. You have been among the Houri to-day, I should suppose, and possibly you have made free with nectar on ship board. I have no fears on the score, to which you have with so much gallantry, alluded. I have already given you full credit, either for honour or insensibility. But, I put it to your humanity, sir, to inform me, how, with all your capacity for making such a speech as you have just done me the honour of addressing to me, and proffering such a show of exceeding sentimentality, I ask, how you could reconcile it to your humanity, to go off this morning, without giving me notice of your intended purpose? What, think you, must have been the colour of my thoughts, through this long day? I do not doubt, sir, that you carry courage to the point of rashness. You are the first person, whom I have ever known before, uniting courage with cruelty. You found me, you will say, and saved my life. I grant you so. But a thousand times would I rather have perished with you on your raft, than have been left in this great and splendid sepulchre, to die a long and living death. I have only one more remark, sir. If you mean to leave me alone again, unwarned, kill me, sir, before you depart. I can but

add the homely, but strong adage, 'poor company is better than none.'"

He could not fail to remark, amidst this apparent irony, anger, and seeming grief and resentment, that kind feelings, forgiveness, and even triumph and joy, were in her countenance. Such language, too, it must be admitted, came with a better grace from a young and beautiful woman, in the conscious charms of loveliness of form and countenance, and graceful indignation, and in the grief and helplessness of her peculiar condition, than it would have had in different circumstances. He received it with apparent complacence; and gaily replied, that he would hope that happier hours would bring happier dispositions, and that he was exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and must prepare supper for himself. He hoped, however, that she would manifest her magnanimity and forgiveness, by sharing it with him.

So saying, he descended, and soon returned with fuel, which he placed in his hearth. Next candles and candlesticks were produced. The fire flickered and blazed brightly on the hearth. Candles were lighted, and placed in both divisions of the grotto. The gorgeousness and splendour of these grand basaltic apartments, when thus brilliantly illuminated, creating in a moment an enchanted palace, may be imagined, but cannot be described. The brilliance, the inspiring cheerfulness, the imposing effect of the spectacle, was irresistible. It reminded her of the fetes of London.

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Nothing but the society and the music were wanting. The revulsion, the transition, in inspiring joy and cheerfulness, banished gloom, and chagrin, and ill-feeling, if any remained. She held out her hand. "You have behaved badly, my brother," she said; "but I must forgive you, in consequence of the benefits you have procured us. Promise me only that you will never undertake another enterprise without forewarning me, and allowing me to share it with you, if I choose, and I will immediately show you that I am not altogether a useless being in existence. I am not much used, you must suppose, to the duties of the kitchen; but I will be your housekeeper. You shall see how comfortably I will arrange every thing that belongs to the interior of your establishment. Indeed," she added, looking up to the lofty vaulted summit of the grotto, which was kindled with all the colours of the bow, "we want nothing but two or three fine young ladies and gentlemen to have a party."

Rejoiced to see her more cheerful than he had yet seen her, and glad to remark the departure of gloom and resentment from her countenance, he admonished her, that provisions and coffee might be prepared, and that it was only necessary to bring the requisite vessels from the shore. They descended together to the shore. The necessary vessels were selected and carried to the grotto. He was amused and delighted with the grace and promptness with which, for the first time probably in her life, she put herself to the duties of the kitchen.

It was cause for mutual jest and mirth between them, to compare their comparative cleverness in this new occupation to both.

But cheerfulness and mutual emulation were successful. The coffee was parched and ground. Pickled tongues and fresh oysters were produced. Sweet and undamaged bread and butter were found among the stores. Claret and water were at hand. They were seated at a table, which would have been comfortable under any circumstances; and it needed little effect of imagination and contrast to render it delicious here. He remarked, that he had now the means of taking and domesticating whatsoever animals or birds they should choose, either for use or beauty; and that with a musquet, and with hooks and lines, there could be henceforward no want of food. She added, in a tone of cheerful sincerity, that it would now be delightful to explore the charming country about them for the delicious bread-fruit. She concluded by saying, that all she required, in reference to future visits to the wreck was, that she might be allowed to accompany him on the raft. This, she remarked, would hinder him from attempting the voyage when the weather was not safe; or, if danger occurred, would expose them, as she earnestly desired it might be, to perish together. Assured on this point, they conversed long and cheerfully together, on a thousand points of discussion, as interesting and pleasant to them as they would be useless and tedious in the detail to any but them.



A couple of days ensued, in which the wind was adverse to sailing the raft to the wreck, and in these days they made excursions in the beautiful solitudes that surrounded the grotto. Nature every where speaks one language to the young, innocent, and happy. She forgot her pride in the midst of these flowering lawns, and gave up her heart to the joy of health, and the beauty of nature and the animal creation about her. It was evident, indeed, that the pride which had been fostered by long habits of luxury and indulgence, was only humbled, not crushed nor subdued. It was evident, that amidst these solitudes, feelings and thoughts natural in the regions where they were inspired, but preposterous here, arose every moment in her bosom. But, during these days, in the first indulgence of comfortable food, books, and the cheerfulness of fire, and lighted apartments in the long tropical evenings, she was all animation, gaiety, kindness, and good will. She tripped by his side, with the fresh vivacity, and in the splendour of beauty of the gay birds that flitted about her. She gathered the flowers, and admired their novelty, hues, and fragrance. She never tired, in watching the beauty of the skipping animals, that frolicked in their view. She admired the verdure and prodigious foliage of the grand palms. Every new tree, bush, or flowering shrub, was an object either of curiosity or pleasure. Her eye kindle with the genuine poetic fire, in view of the black mountains, pouring their columns of volcanic smoke from their cloud-enveloped summits,

in spiral columns. The lovely lake, which they visited, drew from her again exclamations of delight; and she remarked, that its shores must be the home of dryads and nymphs. While she was thus happy, nature took the form and colouring of her own thoughts and feelings; and every thing was seen invested with the hues of the rainbow, and showed as good and fair as she felt joyful.

It was not the least of his trials, to be thus placed in relation to a woman so lovely, so graceful, so highly educated, so capable of all that interests the susceptible heart, or fills the youthful eye. The peculiar duties of a relation, so without parallel, was neither misunderstood or forgotten for a moment. But to observe those duties scrupulously, in thought, in word, in look, in action, and never for an instant to overlook them, was not rendered less difficult or trying, by remarking, what even humility itself could not overlook, that consideration, deference, and almost attentive kindness, marked her deportment towards him, during the happy rambles of these two days. The groves of Eden, before sin had saddened them, were scarcely more fresh. The softness of the air, and the aspect of the delightful scenery, were inspiring. The young solitary felt, that these delicious hours might end in disappointment. On the second day, they had wandered so far, that she complained of fatigue, and expressed a desire to repose in the shade. It appeared that they were nearly opposite the chief volcanic crater; for prodigious masses of smoke,



like the burst from a whole park of artillery, fired at once, arose from the summit. From the shade where they sat, they mutually admired the magnificence and sublimity of the prospect that was spread before them, which commanded extensive portions of the lawn upon either hand, fine views of the peaks of the mountains, and a boundless prospect of the broad sea, in some points of view rippling in blue, and in others purpled with the richness of the radiance of the declining sun. Here they reposed, in silent admiration, for half an hour. They then resumed their way home. In approaching it, by a new route, they walked near the margin of one of those prodigious basins, known by the name "sink holes." It appeared to include an extent of a couple of acres, was as regular in its concavity as a basin, with a depth, perhaps, of eighty feet. At the bottom, as generally happens in these singular cavities, gurgled a spring, which was encircled with palmettos, and the tropical shrubs that delight in a wet soil. His companion admired it from above, and fancied that she discerned bread-fruit. He instantly scrambled down its steep declivity, and to his unspeakable satisfaction, discovered not only one, but a cluster of bread-fruit trees, loaded with fruit, and in a situation so peculiar and secluded, or looking so suspicious to the birds that prey on it, that not a fruit seemed to have been touched. The supply was ample, and it was situated but a moderate distance from the grotto.

As he came up with his hands loaded, and gave

her the fruit, and related the chances of an easy and constant supply, it seemed a circumstance of peculiar gratification to her, that she had made the discovery, and had proved that she was not wholly useless, and that she sometimes brought good fortune. Feeding upon this fruit had raised her from her sickness. Her fondness for it, was probably increased by association. "My dear brother," said she, "this is fortunate indeed. You know not how much I admire this delicious fruit. What a delightful abode would this island be, if my father were only here!" This naturally led him to renewed assurances of the means that he should now possess, to build a boat that might carry them from the island, and that he purposed to make that one of his earliest efforts, in which he would either succeed, or perish.

They returned, refreshed and delighted, to the grotto. The cheerful fire blazed. The coffee was prepared, and she seemed to manifest no offence, when he compared her bustling round, in preparing the arrangements for supper, to Eucharis in the cave of Calypso. After this supper, prepared by themselves, and for themselves, and which circumstances rendered so exhilarating, a long and interesting conversation ensued. The full and unrestrained disclosure of the powers of her mind, showed it to be of great vigour, compass, and richness; with dispositions naturally good and amiable, and a heart formed to admire, and practise excellence; but spoiled by mismanagement, pride, and indulgence.



This she confessed, and lamented with great frankness. She entered into the history of her past life, and ran through the names, as of a muster-roll, of those who had composed the splendid circles, where she had so recently shone preeminent. The want of keeping of such remembrances, with all that now belonged to her condition, struck her in its proper light. At the same time, she confessed, that she constantly resisted the inclination to converse about these gone by scenes. She lamented the influence of the views and habits of her former career; admitted that she had been reared without energy, or capacity for any useful pursuit or employment; and that she had been trained only to dazzle others, and gratify her own pride and vanity. She continued, "in a healthy, and virtuous, and educated woman of your own condition, and your own country, you would have, Oh! what a treasure! What have you," she added, blushing deeply, "what have you in me? A proud, spoiled, useless, vain, capricious, and flattered thing, once called a beauty. But, indeed," she continued, "I will attempt to reform. I will remember, that I am here in the furnace. Aid me, my dear brother; for in whatever condition you have been born, I well understand, that you are both wiser and better than myself; aid me, that I may come forth, as gold." To suppose, that after such a conversation, held under such circumstances, he would not reply in a manner somewhat corresponding, would be to suppose him more or less than man. Indeed, he was

proceeding in a strain, which reason and conscience, and his rules, so rigidly prescribed by and for himself, interdicted. He felt his danger and came to a firm pause.

While they were engaged in this conversation, which he felt ought not to be continued, they were interrupted by the alarming and terrible phenomenon of a volcanic eruption. The craters, as has been remarked, were on the other side of the mountains; and they could see the volume of ignited and flaming lava, projected with the inconceivable omnipotence of that Power, that we absurdly denominate nature, into the higher regions. Feeble efforts to paint the awfulness and sublimity of this scene by words, would be thrown away. The island rocked to its centre. Vivid lightning, followed by tremendous peals of thunder, darted from the dark crimson column of ascending lava. The island, and the illimitable extent of the surrounding sea, and the dark bosom of night received a lurid and portentous crimson colouring, from the immense mass of flaming matter, thrown up by this incalculable force. The crimson column produced an awful shadowing in the sea, as the scorching volume rolled into its depths, the effect of which, no pencil or words could reach. They both fled to the open area in front of the grotto; and she, with the paleness of death in her countenance, held fast to his arm. In a few minutes the eruption ceased; but the hollow roar of the ocean, continued to evince, that the action of these central fires



deeply agitated its heaving bosom. It was not until the eruption had ceased for half an hour, that she became assured, that the final catastrophe of nature had not come.

The solemn train of thoughts, that ensued on their return to the grotto, naturally introduced a conversation upon the subject of religion. Her heart was manifestly softened and penitent. It was deep and affecting on both sides. Each expressed the hope, that the peculiar discipline, trials, and burdens, which Providence had imposed on them, might prove salutary; and that, isolated, and lonely, as they were, they might hold communion with God, and endure all that was before them, as they ought. The Bible was produced, from which he read the beautiful hundred and fourth psalm; and from the Episcopal service, which was that in which she had been reared, he read a prayer and a collect, suitable to the occasion. She joined her sweet voice to his in an evening hymn; and whenever the day terminated happily, and in good and cheerful feelings on her part, this was his invariable custom, before he retired to rest. The night passed without any renewal of the terrific phenomena of renewed eruption, though she shrieked at midnight from ideal terrors in a dream, that the eruption was renewed. Her cries instantly brought him to her side. She became calm and assured, as she realized, that she had only been dreaming.

In the morning, the wind was fair to sail again to the wreck. Much that was there, would be

essential to their mutual comfort on the island. To save the planks, the iron, the cordage, the tools and implements, would be necessary for the construction of the boat, which he contemplated. The beds were important for their mutual necessities. The cloth would be required for a thousand uses, that time would develop. A dispute ensued, managed on her part not without bitterness. She insisted, that they had already all that was necessary for comfort and subsistence; that life, as it was, had too many enjoyments to put at hazard, on such a dangerous voyage; that if he had had the fortune to perform it once in safety, there was no sure ground to calculate thence, that it would always be so, and that at any rate, existence there alone, would be absolutely insupportable; and she concluded by insisting upon sharing the voyage, if he persisted in attempting it. When the question bade fair to become too animated, at least on one part, it was finally terminated by his postponing the attempt, until he had built a skiff of the planks already brought to land. He thought it scarcely probable, that so sudden a gale could arise, as that he might not be able to detach a skiff from the raft, and row safely through the little distance that interposed between the course of the raft and the shore.

The next morning, then, saw him on the shore, employed as a ship carpenter, and her under a contiguous shade, with her paper and writing materials spread before her, on a plank, which he had pre-



pared as a table. She occupied herself in reading, or writing, or embroidering; and he was earnestly and intently engaged in building a firm and safe skiff. On the third day the skiff was completed. The wind was still favourable; and, according to the compact, they both took passage together in the skiff, attached to the raft, which moved slowly out of the little cove, and was soon speeding to the wreck before the breeze. They reached it in safety. It was of course a melancholy spectacle to her to revisit the scene of her misfortunes. But, having overcome the first shock, she was not only cheerful, but useful; for while he was intently engaged in labours, she was occupied in judging and selecting the most important articles for removal. Enough planks for the contemplated boat was by him considered as lading of the most essential importance, and he determined that the half of that and each succeeding cargo should be planks. The loading was completed. Beds, clothing, books, and articles of use for his purposes, or of convenience or ornament for her, were selected. The wind, which blew from the west in the morning, regularly shifted to the east in the evening. When this breeze had risen, they hoisted their sail, the parties occupying the attending skiff, and sailed pleasantly and safely into the cove. The cargo was landed as before. It would require the succeeding day to bestow the cargo of that day in the grotto. They had now the comfort of beds, and tables, and chairs, and ottomans, and sofas, and various articles of the kind;

which often drew sighs from their fair present possessor, as she meditated for what different places and uses they were intended. With propensities, which circumstances may modify, but not obliterate from the female mind, her apartment, as it may be called, was fitted up in a style of luxury and splendour, in keeping with her former habits and tastes, and its natural magnificence. He aided her with delight in suspending her crimson curtains, in looping her festoons, and arranging the splendid drapery of her bed; for the costly hanging ornaments and furniture which were intended for a number of the most opulent families in New Holland, had all been ordered and freighted in this ill-fated ship; and the parties remarked, that their apartments were of a size to require furniture and fittings sufficient for the supply of a colony.

When it came his turn to have his apartment furnished, her taste was to bestow upon it a magnificence similar to her own. He smiled, and resisted so firmly, that it received no other additions than the plain and simple arrangements required by comfort, and in keeping with the light of the place, and his condition and circumstances. But when by the light of evening he contemplated the taste, the splendour, and drapery of hers, he could not but experience the dazzling and imposing effect. To render it still more striking, she presided at their supper in a dress of taste and richness. While she sat in this huge apartment, brilliantly lighted, in all the pride of youthful beauty, heightened in

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its effect by one of those rich dresses which had been intended to grace her first entrance into society in Port Jackson, she seemed to have felt the illusion of her own contrivance, and to be looking round for the entrance of the numerous circle and the brilliant party that was to grace her saloon.

But a single companion sat with her at a table. He was modest and humble; but he was in the pride of high principles, of manly beauty, of guarded decorum and respect, where all laws but those of honour and principle were unavailing. He had saved her life. On all occasions, she saw him constraining his will, sacrificing his wishes, and lavish of exertions, and of every exposure, for her sake. It will not be strange to suppose, that the arbitrary distinctions and modes of thinking in society may have given place, for a time, to kinder and more natural emotions towards him, than she had yet avowed to him, or to herself.

All that need be added to the history of their successive voyages to the wreck is, that the uniform land and sea breeze favoured the morning and the return trip; that they continued to repeat them, until every thing of the wreck was brought to the landing of the grotto, that the remotest prospective views of their future wants could indicate, as necessary for any of his projected purposes. Most of the plank, and articles of value or use, that were within his power to remove, had been brought safely to the landing, when, as they were making their customary entrance to the harbour, a sudden storm arose, which

immediately separated the raft, merged its contents in the deep, and compelled them to detach themselves from it, and to reach the shore, as they might, in their skiff. The succeeding night they heard the storm pour, and the torrents roll from the mountains, and the thunders burst, and the winds howl, and the seas dash upon the shore, while their cheerful fire gleamed within, and their coffee issued its grateful fragrance; and they contrasted the security and shelter of their mountain with their own chances, had that storm arrested them by day; and their sympathy was excited, as they thought of the poor desponding mariners struggling with the brute and terrific force of that devouring and uncontrolled element.

When the morning sun again shone upon the ocean, the trees, and the sky, the storm had past, and nothing remained of it but the balmy freshness of the air, and the countless pearls that glittered on the foliage and the grass. They travelled together to the region of the wreck, and, as they had supposed, it was all swept away. He could only congratulate himself, that he had made the most diligent use of his time, and had saved from it all that present appearances indicated could ever come in use.

Henceforward he determined to allot his time, and to bend his efforts to three distinct purposes. First, to build a boat of sufficient size to authorize an attempt to navigate the distance between this island and New Holland, and thus enter upon his pledged purpose, to convey her, if possible, to the British settlements in those regions; and in the



second place, to prepare his residence for the utmost degree of defence and resistance, in case they should be assailed by savages, either inhabitants of the island, or such as might casually land there; to domesticate animals and birds, at once for use and convenience, and to add the cheerfulness of domesticated life around their habitation; and lastly, to explore the island by crossing the mountains, as he would have preferred, but aiding her to scale them, if she would not consent to his making the expedition without her company.

The first, as the most important, occupied the first place in their plans. A canopy was prepared under a tent, pitched beneath a spacious palm, near the proposed ship yard. Her writing desk, and table, and chair were placed there. And she occupied herself, as she might, in reading, in writing, in walking under the palms, in dreaming upon the past, or possibly in thinking about new ornaments of dress; for she seemed to be as studious upon those points, and as particular in that respect as she had been in the days of her triumph in London. Occasionally she observed her companion in solitude, busily employed, from hour to hour, and from day to day, in his wearying and protracted employment. More than once, when she remarked him perplexed and embarrassed, or weary, and covered with perspiration, would she repair to him, wipe away the sweat from his brow, and request him to desist from his toil, assuring him that she was content and happy as she was, and was not at all sure that she

should ever consent to allow the voyage to be undertaken, even should he succeed in the vexatious business. When she saw no other way of detaching him from a labour that evidently wore upon him, she would take him away, by insisting that he should join her in a walk in the shade.

For variety and amusement, they sometimes angled in the beautiful little lake, or took short excursions on the water in their skiff, and drew up the different species of fish from the sea. The varieties that were found to be of the highest flavour only were selected, and the rest returned to their native element. With the advantage of traps and cordage, and with pit-falls, and in other methods, they soon had, as prisoners on the terrace, pairs of all the animals and birds, that either for beauty, or utility, or singularity of form, or habit, they desired to domesticate. It was a study, equally pleasant to both, to observe their various instincts and habits, to hear their different songs and cries, to remark the effects of kindness and gentle treatment upon each, according to its nature. It was an instructive spectacle, to mark the effect of training and example, and the tendency, which so many birds and animals together felt, to wear off the strong points of their characters, and to assimilate to each other. Every animal and bird manifested something of the propensities of the mocking bird, to lay some part of its own habits aside, and assume something of what appertained to the rest. It was equally amusing and interesting to mark, that pride



and vanity has a place in the irrational creation, as well as in man. Another important axiom was drawn from this interesting study, and that was, that there is nothing that has life and sensation, so wild and brutal, as not to be susceptible of the influence of kindly treatment. It was a menagerie and an aviary, that for variety of form, and splendour of plumage, and wildness of note, and amusing singularity of habit and action, could hardly find a parallel in the collections of wealth and power.

The fair Augusta was almoner to these prisoners, and the spectacle was equally amusing and ludicrous, to see how soon they recognised her power, and felt her kindness, and manifested a visible and marked partiality for her over him. As soon as she came forth, they croaked, or flapped their wings, or nodded, or bounded, or in some way uttered their peculiar demonstrations of affection and joy. She, too, began to designate her favourites, among which were a pair of kangaroos, remarkable for their docility, a pair of scarlet pigeons, and a hare distinguished for its brilliant mottled spots. One inconvenience attended this collection of animals. Their various notes and cries, commencing after midnight, were at first exceedingly annoying to the parties, and often disturbed their morning slumbers.

These various pursuits, most of them of a cheerful character, completely occupied their time, and left them not to the endurance of ennui and a bur-

densome existence. The hours flew in their appropriate duties, and the day seemed only too short for their labours.

In the meantime, Augusta Wellman had not only recovered completely from the effects of her sickness, but pure air, healthful and nutritive food, constant exercise, and the continual view of nature in her repose and beauty, had given her a health, and elasticity, and freshness, that she had never felt before. No midnight vigils, and jealousies, and revelries, and heart-burnings at the ball, or masquerade, or opera, among the proud, and the opulent, and the licentious, planted feelings in the heart, that soon, or late, notwithstanding all that art, and dress, and decoration can cover, or prevent, mark the brow with ill temper, wrinkles, and care. The re-action of returning health, a tranquillity and repose of heart, corresponding to that of nature, imparted to her a buoyancy and cheerfulness that she had never known before. In such, the heart every where speaks one language. The same inspiration of nature, which makes the lamb skip among the first flowers of spring, and the wild fawn bound on the green slopes of its sylvan domains, filled her young heart not only with joy, but unhappily with those vague desires after more, with those remembrances of the past, with those incompatible and illimitable expectations and desires, that, manifested in a thousand ways, began to be a never ending source of vexation to the better regulated mind of her companion. Calm, laborious, disciplined in his



thoughts and tempers, and satisfied with a little, their abundance, and range, and opulence, and repose were to him all that he wished or desired. To him this residence was not only peace and repose, but it was happiness. He had thoughts and trials, indeed, peculiarly his own, and which he hardly dared to pass in review before his own mind. But he was too generous, too much above the selfish meanness of personal gratification, to wish enjoyments purchased at the expense of the happiness of another. He was not only aware that the companion of his solitude was formed to grace, adorn, and enjoy society, but that she belonged to it. He felt, too, the strong teachings of reason and conscience, that life was given to him for other purposes, than to dream away existence in those charming solitudes, though they were shared of necessity by a woman, every way so fascinating and attractive. Hence his invariable language to himself, whenever his imagination tempted his thoughts and purposes astray, was, Thou owest escape from this island to her, to thyself, to duty, and to God. Thou must persevere in thy purpose, or lose the applause of conscience.

To have looked upon this singular pair, as an invisible spectator, one would have thought, that nothing could have been wanting to the happiness of either. There was shelter, and comfort, and beauty, and all that the imagination or the heart could ask, save the single gratification of calling other and foreign eyes to contemplate their enjoy-

ments with them. Yet that eternal ingredient of bitterness, that in the same way mingles in every human cup, was there.

Months had elapsed in this tranquil order of things. Every day added to their stock of comforts or conveniences. The climate was generally mild, and delightfully refreshed with the alternations of the land and sea breeze. When the terrors of a tropical storm came, the awful change in the sky, and in the elements, only gave them a deeper and more home-felt sense of the security of their shelter under the strength and unchangeable munition of the superincumbent hills over their heads, whence they contemplated the fury of the passing storm. A volcanic eruption only added sublimity to the monotonous amenity and repose of the ordinary state of things. Added to this, he was making rapid progress in completing a decked boat, which promised to be able to be managed by one person, and yet to be capable of sustaining the ordinary chances of the sea. To finish this great work was his first and most earnest purpose, and he laboured incessantly towards that point. He had motives to stimulate him to exertion, which he disclosed only to his conscience.

His companion, meanwhile, to his astonishment, instead of manifesting the pleasure so naturally to have been expected in her case, at the prospect of a speedy chance of escape from the island, appeared rather to view the progress of the work with an eye of dissatisfaction and chagrin. When he was most



intent upon the adjustment and completion of some difficult constituent part, she would come to him with a command, sometimes sportive, sometimes apparently in chagrin, to call him away to walk with her, to visit some favourite grove, to angle in the lake, or to share in some of their customary amusements. She seemed to have a system of studied arrangements, to prevent the progress of the work. When they spake of the proposed voyage, she magnified the dangers, and diminished the chances of escape in the estimation. Sometimes she denied consent that the voyage should be undertaken, and that she would accompany him. Sometimes she sportively talked of remaining behind, as a hermitess, to live and die alone. Always she treated the project as rash and chimerical, and founded upon too little knowledge of their position, and the course they ought to take for the chances of reaching New Holland.

Sometimes she manifested wishes to be alone, and an inclination to avoid his society. He often discovered her to have been shedding tears. Her spirits fluctuated from the extreme of vivacity to that of silence, dejection and gloom. Sometimes her deportment towards him was of manifest and delicate kindness. At other times, had he been sufficiently acquainted with the modes of acting in her walk of life, he would have phrased her conduct coquetry; but more generally, it seemed a disposition to rally and ridicule him; the simplicity and rustic manners of his country; and his

misfortune in wanting the tastes and habits, only to be learned in the walks of distinction and fashion. All this opened upon him a series of petty trials, of daily and hourly vexations, the more harassing from his inexperience in the modes, fashions, and aspects of female manners. He had heard one of the Latin saws in the school of his native village, *semper varium et mutabile*, and bitterly he reflected upon the meaning and truth of the adage. He reasoned, and he sighed within himself. The more he attempted to penetrate the mystery, and the secret motives of this conduct, the more perplexing and inexplicable it seemed. At one moment he felt sure, that he had seized upon the thread of the clue. A new aspect of the deportment of his beautiful companion, scattered his profound theory to the winds. There were even times, when his patience was exhausted; and he had come to the internal resolution, to break with her, and to give her clearly to understand, that he would be the victim of her caprices and changeable temper no longer. When this purpose had ripened, and honour and manhood had been invoked to hold him to firmness in his purpose, she would come upon him in all the splendour of studied dress, her fair hair bound with wreaths of flowers, and her lovely face adorned with smiles; her scarlet favourites fluttering upon one arm, and holding him the other, while she invited him to a walk in the groves. It was impossible, that his angry purposes should not melt away at the sight. What was most inexplicable of all



was, that she seemed intuitively to comprehend these mental storms, to know the secret of their origin, and to understand exactly the hour, in which to arrest their progress and developement. She had lectured in the midst of her domesticated family more than once, when she perceived these thoughts burning within him. She manifested peculiar pleasure and exultation in showing her complete ascendancy over the instincts of her animals and birds. She called, and they came. She commanded, and they showed a docile obedience. "See," she said, "I can tame and civilize a kangaroo. I can learn docility and graces to a water fowl of the south seas. Man is a monster, that nothing can tame, and Americans most monstrous of all. Indeed, you are of all my subjects most hopeless." The final result of his cogitations upon the motive and origin of this fluctuation of temper and caprice of deportment in his fair companion, was resolved by him into her disappointment and chagrin in the loss of society, and all operated only to redouble his exertions to finish his boat, and his deep purpose to succeed or perish in the attempt to convey her from the prison of the island.

An incident occurred at this time, which, while it served to vary the monotony of his thoughts, added largely to his anxieties and apprehensions. It was one of her days of gloom and seeming dissatisfaction and purpose to be alone. She kept her apartment, apparently occupied intently in reading. He was pursuing his customary labours upon his

boat. His horror may be imagined, when he saw two large proas or periogues full of the most ugly and inhuman looking savages, rowing past the cove. He dropped behind the shelving covert of the rocks, rejoicing that he was at the same time undiscovered, and could mark all their movements. A chill perspiration started upon him, at the apprehension that they purposed to land in the cove. They seemed stout, athletic people, and apparently warriors, as they were armed with spears and slings. A few women on board appeared to manage the sails and oars. They were woolly headed, with broad faces, high cheek bones, and seemingly of the most disgusting and ferocious character. They paused upon their oars in the midway distance between the points of the cove, as it seemed, to remark upon the novel aspect of the hulk of his boat. More than once, they seemed disposed to turn their proas in, and to land. A consultation was evidently held; at the close of which they flourished their spears over their heads, gave a terrible shout, as if in defiance of their enemies, and turned their boats in the direction to pass the cove. A few strokes of their oars carried them behind the cliffs, and he once more breathed at ease. When he deemed them at such a distance, as not to discover him, he mounted the cliff, and had the satisfaction of seeing their boats gliding away in the distance.

It may readily be supposed, that this discovery, and all the thoughts and reasonings consequent upon it, were carefully concealed from his com-

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panion. He instantly perceived the necessity of putting the grotto in the best possible state of defence. Some of the requisite precautions could not be taken, without exciting her curiosity and questioning. Her sagacity and penetration easily apprehended, as she saw him working a swivel by tackles and ropes, from tree to tree, to the foot of the cliff, and thence raising it with infinite labour to the terrace, that this new kind of precaution was not without some new cause of apprehension. She discovered, that his magazines of gunpowder were carefully dried, that cartridge boxes, with well prepared cartridges, were distributed, and suspended, as if for use, in his apartment; that many muskets were carefully cleaned, and loaded, as if for action. It was in vain that he assured her, that these were precautions which common prudence dictated. The question incessantly recurred—why not before? The very secrecy and concealment, dictated by the most benevolent regard to her happiness, became, in consequence, a renewed cause for chagrin, dissatisfaction, and complaint. She regarded this as the unkindest cut of all, as she declared; and to show her marked sense of the injustice of this apparent want of confidence, she affected loneliness more than ever. She not only declined her customary occupancy of her tent near the boat, where she used to stay while he was occupied in his labours, but she strolled away at a distance in the groves, and was sometimes absent the greater portion of the day. The more he remonstrated, the

more frequently she took these long absences. He trembled with the apprehension, that the savages might come upon her, seize her and carry her away, or perhaps sacrifice her to their horrible appetites.

This dreadful supposition fixed his purpose, to inform her what he had seen. "Augusta," said he, "I am sorry to see, that you regard me with aversion and distrust. I was reluctant to mar the little tranquillity and comfort you might find in this dull prison, by filling your mind with apprehensions. I have seen savages, horrible savages, in great numbers, and cannibals, I doubt not. Why will you stray away so far from the protection of your only friend, who, it is no profession, nor idle compliment to say, would sacrifice a thousand lives in succession, if he could possess them, to serve you? This is the secret, and the sole one, for fortifying the grotto. You may now conjecture, why I did not divulge it before. But I had rather terrify, and afflict you, than have you fall into the hands of these horrible savages, by straying so far away from my protection."

He expected to see her become pale with apprehension at this intelligence. But he was not prepared for the great agitation, which it appeared to produce in her. Her countenance rapidly fluctuated between a feverish flush, and the paleness of death. But kindness and good feeling towards him, seemed to preponderate. She held out her hand to him. "I confess my faults," she said; "I have been per-



verse and froward. You need not remind me of what you have done, by proffering what you are ready to do. I know, and understand it all. I feel all the kindness of your motives. I will follow you as closely as your shadow; and, if the savages come, I have the spirit of noble ancestors in me. I will aid you to repel them. But, my dear brother," she continued, looking him steadily in the face, "this is genuine gallantry. This proffering a thousand lives, is the language of Hyde Park. I shall train you, too, my dear brother, in time, to be as docile as a kangaroo."

Her manner and countenance on this occasion, presented her in a new light. This voice and tone, thought he, is more inexplicable than all I have yet seen. I shall be able, it may be, in the end, to sound these depths of female nature. He found the renewed witchery of her smiles, and the returning countenance of unrestrained benignity, and unbounded confidence bringing a still severer trial, than any he had yet experienced. To withhold admiration from her, who, in all the loveliness of her beauty, was the constant companion of his solitude, was impossible. He felt, too, what sages, and men who were no sages, have felt, that such a form and such a countenance as hers, informed by such a mind, was a dangerous object of contemplation any where; and much more in the strange position, in which he was constantly placed with her. If he was obliged, against himself, to see her lovely in her caprices, in her unreasonable sullenness and ill-

humour, he much more strongly felt, that she would be irresistible in her confidence and her kind feelings. Then he communed with honour, with conscience, and a high sense of duty. "She may escape," said he, to himself. "I would not win her kind thoughts, even if I might. The only remedy is for us both to fly."

The remainder of the day in which this conversation occurred, was passed in preparing a barricade, in front of the entrance to the grotto, and other defences, to be guarded by the swivel. He felt assured, on a review of the whole ground, that there could be no danger in a place, rendered almost impregnable by nature against a host of unarmed savages; and after an evening passed in unwonted mutual tenderness of manner, it was agreed, that the next day should be devoted to a journey over the mountains, to satisfy themselves, if they might, whether the island was inhabited or not. She insisted so earnestly to accompany him, that he felt it would be cruel to think of leaving her behind. She had, indeed, made him more than once aware, that in point of agility, and power to travel and sustain fatigue, she had by practice and perfect health, become no mean competitor with him.

Accordingly, having provided every requisite refreshment for passing the night from home, if necessary, he clad with a soldier's knapsack, and stored with wine, and a musket slung over his shoulder, and she, dressed like Diana in the en-



gravings, started together at the early dawn. An ample supply of food was left for her numerous domesticated animals, most of which no longer required confinement to retain them at the grotto. Before the sun began to burnish the boundless wastes of sea, and the dark sides of the mountains they commenced their attempt to scale them. The song of a thousand birds, and the balmy freshness of morning, cheered their first efforts of ascent. His fair companion seemed to have imbibed the general hilarity of nature; and she bounded gaily from cliff to cliff, with an alacrity which bade fair to outstrip his efforts, burdened as he was with a considerable weight. She mounted the table-rocks before him, saying, "this is the way the ladies climb in England," and held down her hand, to help her wearied brother, as she called him, advance to her level. The glow of this exercise, the inspiring scenery, every moment beautifying and broadening in their eye, the mountain air, and all the united circumstances of the excursion, kindled in her cheek a radiance of beauty, which he had never seen before. Her spirits were exuberant, and her delight in gazing at the grand scene below, above, and around them, unsated. They still clambered on, mounting hill above hill, and still contemplating the black and frowning precipices, towering still higher above them, until they seemed to prop the sky. When they had reached half the elevation of the mountain, they came upon a small table-plain, where was a shade and a spring, and

where he had rested on his first ascent. They there topped for shade and repose; and he, with a look which possibly said more than he intended, and more than the strictness of his mental determinations allowed, reminded her, how differently he had felt on a former ascent, when he had supposed himself the only human being on the island. He was repaid by unalloyed kindness.

It was nearly mid-day, before they sat down on a seat of stone on the most elevated pinnacle of the ridge. It is difficult to imagine, and still more difficult to describe, the feeblest outline of that view, which opened in its immensity under their eye. In front, and all around, was the boundless sea. At the foot, the forest showed only as slight inequalities on a ground of verdure. Just below them, on the other side, was the smoking and bottomless crater of the volcano. They could look down its dark and pitchy depths, as though it were down the funnel of some immense chimney. Beyond the base of the volcano was the beautiful vale, which had the appearance of an enchanted garden under their feet. Little meadows dotted with wood, cascades, whose falling sheets seemed white ribbands suspended from the rocks, and all the varieties of light and shade, as clouds flitted over the sun were interspersed on its surface. The chasm through the elliptical lines of mountains, by which the vale discharged its waters to the sea, was distinctly visible. The atmosphere was still more transparent than when he had contemplated the scene before,



and the blue outline of ocean beyond the island was still more clearly perceptible.

It was natural for them to reflect, in this strange spot, upon the cast of fortune which had there seated a young man from the shores of lake Champlaine, and a lady from the highest circles of London, on the pinnacle of volcanic mountains, in a lonely and undescribed isle, in the depths of the south seas. They were, probably, the first mortals that had contemplated this grand and impressive scenery, since its creation. His inward respect for his fair companion was not diminished by discovering, that their position, and what they saw, produced sensations and thoughts in her, corresponding to his own. He saw, that she entered with her whole heart into the sublime of the scene. He noted her entranced look, as her eye kindled. It was not expressed in the voluble phrase and the hackneyed technics of the tourist, nor in the common exclamations of an ordinary mind; but in silence, and an expression of thrilling awe and rapt admiration. Her eye occasionally turned towards the soft and delicious blue of the sky, canopied here and there, with fleecy clouds, which seemed almost floating within touch of their heads. After a long and expressive silence, she inquired, if he had ever read Gessner's Deucalion and Pyrrha? "Are we not," she asked, "Deucalion and Pyrrha?"

To break off the dangerous train of feeling, inspired by this singular question, he proposed leaving her there, while he descended to a lower

point of another eminence, not far distant, where he judged a more perfect view of the vale might be had. But she declared herself not at all fatigued, and insisted on sharing all the fatigues and dangers, as well as honours and pleasures of the journey of discovery. When they reached that point, as he had apprehended, a panorama of the vale was spread before them; and the great point of investigation, for which the journey had been chiefly undertaken, was settled in a moment. The island was inhabited! An exclamation, arising from a variety of feelings, burst from each at the same moment. We are not alone! Smokes arose from human habitations in various points. The vale seemed even populous. "God be thanked," said he! "This opens surer prospects of escape for us. I have now a double chance. We will first take a voyage of discovery, cruising the island, and still keeping in view the chances of return to it. If such a voyage open no prospect of escape, I will fortify our castle, and leave you there, and sojourn among these islanders, and conciliate them, and learn the position of adjacent islands, or procure them to transport us to New Holland in their proas." "My brother," she replied, "you never thaw from your wanted stoicism, and say a thing that seems like the language of others, but you immediately spoil all, by propositions like these. Who seems so constantly anxious to escape from this island? Is it I? Do I complain of solitude? It is true, we have not the attractions of a London



circle. But we have many good things even here; a charming residence, an abundance of all that our wants require; beautiful birds, a fine country and climate, docile kangaroos, and who knows to what accomplishments my brother may yet be trained, under my forming hands?"

Having discovered, that the island was actually inhabited, and having laid a sure foundation for all the reasonings and calculations, that could be based upon that discovery, they commenced their return. The descent was accomplished without incident, and they reached the grotto, just as the sun left the sky. Every thing was, as when they departed in the morning. No savages, as they feared, had visited it. Their animals and birds crowded about them, and received them with so many demonstrations of joy and welcome, that they might almost imagine themselves returning to the bosom of a family.

## CHAPTER IV.

“If haply from their guarded breast  
Should steal the unsuspecting sigh,  
And memory, an unbidden guest,  
Bid former passions fill their eye ;  
Then pious hope and duty prais'd  
The wisdom of the unerring sway ;  
And, while their eye to heaven they rais'd,  
Its silent waters sank away.”

THE human heart is an unfathomable fountain ; and though but few of its deeper secrets have ever been understood by any but the Omniscient, yet the history of its more visible movements, is one of exhaustless interest. A volume would not explain the motives, thoughts, and purposes, that passed beneath their bosoms every day. But, as mortals are able to narrate history, a whole year of this sort of existence, passed unmarked by any of those incidents, which make up the ordinary details of narratives of this kind. The days came, and went in noiseless tranquillity. The calmness of nature, and the whispers of the breeze, were sometimes alternated with the terrible tropical storms ; and sometimes a volcanic explosion, bleached for a few moments the fair face of Augusta. The number of the entire domestication of their family of birds



and animals, had become a spectacle of unfailing interest, to minds that could be pleased with the simple pleasures of nature. Their table was regularly spread with eggs, and fish, and flesh, and fruit, and was not only abundant, but luxurious.

The fair solitary was for the most part cheerful, and sometimes even gay; and had in some measure worn off the evidently painful influence, of taking her share in the duties of the kitchen. However she felt this burden, she always took it in good part; and so far from complaining, often regretted that she could not aid her brother more. But there were times, and they recurred with a heart-wearing frequency for the companion of her solitude, when the remembrance of the past, and the society from which she was banished, seemed to come over her mind with an insupportable gloom. Still, in the manifestation of these feelings, and in her general deportment, there often appeared a caprice, a kind of sullenness, and occasional humours of shutting herself up in her apartment, which always involved her motives in a mystery, which he attempted in vain to solve. Often, where he saw no cause for it, she received him with a frankness of kindness, that went direct to his heart; and at another time, when by earnest assiduity of attention, and by unusual efforts to anticipate her desires, he felt as if kindness would have been the only return, she was cold, reserved, and distant. He always said to himself, "I shall learn, as I live. I shall finally reach the mystery."

The unhappy young man began to be painfully convinced, that gracious or gloomy, consistently kind or capricious, in all her aspects and movements, she had become all the world to him. It was a humiliating discovery to him, that she had equally bound him in her chains, when she was morally unlovely, as when she had shown herself all that he could have asked. He struggled long and manfully with himself, when, by his gloom and incapacity for enjoyment in her absence, and the strange palpitations in his bosom, when she returned to him, he found how necessary she was to his happiness. "I will shake off this unmanly bondage," said he; "I have determined to restore her to society. Conscience and honour call me to do it; and what do I propose to myself from allowing such feelings to gain the ascendancy over me?" In the midst of resolutely formed purposes to imitate her caprice, and her coldness and distance, and to make her feel the value of his society, by withholding it, she came upon him in her loveliness and her smiles, adorned in all the graces of youth and beauty, and like men before him, as wise as himself, his purposes of resentment all melted away, and the chains were retained from choice. Sometimes, when all the sternness of his thoughts had not vanished, she would gaily observe, "American, remark, I know what has been passing within you. You are a bad subject. But remember, I have not understood to no purpose, how to tame the wild animals on our terrace." This, too, thought he,

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is mysterious. Is she then gifted to be a discerner of thoughts?

But though such feelings against himself had found a place in his bosom, the strength of his original purpose was still unsubdued. He felt, even were it in his power, how unworthy it would be to blight her prospects, by thinking to unite his fate finally to hers, because Providence, by bringing them so strangely together, had given him chances to meditate such thoughts. He still determined, if possible, to restore her to her friends, leaving her prospects for the future as he had found them. A chance to test the sincerity of his purposes occurred. A ship, with all her sails spread to the breeze, passed near the island. He kindled fires. He fired his swivel, and his small arms, and hoisted a flag high above the grotto on the precipices. Every moment he expected to see the ship lay to, and put out her boat. The excruciating agony of his thoughts and feelings, convinced him how dear she was to him, and that the happiness of his life was involved in the issue. But his resolution was confirmed by remarking, that she watched the movements of the ship with an intensesness of solicitude, still greater than his own. Nothing could have so fully opened his eyes to the fact, that his society, and the pure and simple pleasures of nature in that island, were utterly insufficient to her happiness. When the ship had finally passed on, without noticing their signals, he remarked this to his companion, and uttered all the cheering and

consoling words that came to his thoughts, to encourage her, that they would soon be able to leave the island in their own boat, which was now well nigh completed. To his amazement, he saw her countenance gradually brightening, and regaining its cheerfulness. It is true, she was silent; but the succeeding evening was one, in which she displayed uncommon kindness and gaiety.

When he had slept upon the dreams inspired by this manner in the evening, the next day all was reversed. Her countenance had never worn such a deep and unalterable gloom. It was natural for him to interpret the kindness of the evening to a benevolent effort over herself, to soften the disappointment of not being noticed by the ship. Her present feeling was the irresistible influence of her own chagrin and sorrow, returned upon her, notwithstanding all her efforts. They walked together, as usual, and he offered her his arm. She refused it, as if he were infected with some malignant disease, which she wished to avoid. At another time, she put him to a laborious task of enclosing her menagerie. It took him a couple of days from his labour on the boat. When at length it was completed with great toil, she laughed heartily at the whole, and told him, that she had put him to the work as the test of his obedience. The only method of reasoning by which he preserved self-respect was, that no other eye saw the extent and caprice of her tyranny, on the one hand, and of the folly of his docility and submission on the other.



But for this time the firmness of his purpose served him. He preserved a stern silence and distance of two days, in which he wrought with redoubled assiduity on the boat. The manifest impress of overplied exertion on his countenance vanquished her. Towards evening of the second day, arrayed in her most studied dress, she walked down to the shore. "Throw away those wretched tools," said she, "I command you. You seem fatigued to death. My dear brother, you must refresh yourself. Why should you kill yourself to finish that vile boat, in order to get away from this sweet place? It is a hundred to one that I refuse to accompany you when it is finished. Come with me. Every grove is green. The birds sing. Nature is in good temper, and so am I." He resisted the fascination, and ceased not to ply the saw and the axe, and sternly answered, that his business pressed him, and he must deny himself the pleasure of walking with her. She came still closer to him, smiling through the tears that started into her eyes at this unwonted severity of manner. "My dear brother," said she, "this will never do. I have neither beast nor bird so refractory as this American." Saying this, she compelled him to suspend his blows by coming in the way of his axe, and taking him by the hand, and leading him away. Let them who would smile at him for the too easy good nature of yielding in the case, have seen her, as she was at times, too, manifesting a heart of the tenderest sensibility and of the most considerate

kindness; let them imagine the pity always arising in his mind at the view of this fascinating woman, obliged by the severity of her fate to pine in this solitude; let them remember, that with the earnest tenderness of a mother over a sick infant, he had nursed her up from the borders of the grave; let them contemplate him, considering her with the feelings of father, and brother, and protector, and friend, and lover; for that tie bound him with the rest, and so constituting his only society in the world, and possibly they, in the trial, would have been no more inflexible than he proved in the issue.

At this point of the annals of their sojourn in the island, would be the place to make extracts from a daily journal of the incidents of nearly a year, which he kept, and in which he marked, with minuteness, the events of their solitary lives. It was found too uniform and monotonous to be transcribed. They who are hourly cast in the hard and selfish scramble, and encountering the heartless conflicts of the busy world, would turn away from these records of the movements of the heart, elicited by this singular kind of companionship. Besides, a journal of the incidents of a day would serve, with little variation, as a sample of those of a year. It will be sufficient to relate, that it sometimes records kindness, and sometimes caprice, on the part of his companion; sometimes courage, and sometimes dejection, on his own part. It notes the failure or success of his plans and projects. It marks the unequivocal progress of



affection for the companion of his solitude, notwithstanding all that he suffered from the ever-varying tone of her conduct towards him.

In other places it notes the severe mental struggles of conscience; remarks that he felt himself exposed to numberless and continual trials to depart from that settled plan of deportment towards her, which he had prescribed to himself, as the measure of honour and duty. Sometimes a purpose to abandon all thoughts of leaving the island, and to win her, if he might, to unite her destiny indissolubly with his, seems almost to have gained the ascendancy. At those points are manifested the deep feelings of piety; and that he had often, in the solitude of midnight or of retirement in the groves, communed with his own heart and with God, and had earnestly invoked divine strength, and aid from on high, that his honour and integrity might not be found wanting in this extreme temptation. It every where notes the most entire devotion to all the wishes and desires of his companion, and that the sunshine of his thoughts and his mind never ceased to vary with the prevalent mood of her feelings and behaviour.

In one place he has recorded earnest wishes, that she had been born in his condition in life, that no impediment might have existed in the way of their union. Beside this wish, is recorded an eloquent rhapsody upon the folly and absurdity of human distinctions. He finds himself her equal in nature and character, and perhaps, with the customary

leaning of self pride, her superior in good temper and self control; and then he declaims upon the emptiness of the sounds, *distinction and birth*, as repeated from the echo of the mountains of a savage island in the south seas.

It sometimes appears, that with the usual propensity to see things as they are wished to appear, he half satisfies himself, that her caprices did in fact result from tenderness towards him. While under this conviction, his thoughts are altogether too sanguine and soaring to be transcribed. At other times he is in the depths, and finds the only key to unlock the mystery of her conduct, in being persuaded, that all her seeming kindness is a benevolent effort over herself, for his peace; and that all her caprice and gloom are the real manifestation of her chagrin and suffering in a state of hopeless solitude. Again and again, he takes to himself the flattering unctiousness, that he never had yet disclosed, and that he never would disclose the secret of his heart in word or action.

In one place it records their mutual alarm and horror, as they were walking together, at seeing a troop of savages landed at the cove from two proas lying on the shore. They were at too great a distance to be distinctly observed. But their loud cries were heard, as they observed them, in trembling apprehension, from the concealment of a copse. The great point of terror was, lest the savages should trace their path to the grotto, and take possession of it in their absence. They seemed to be



holding some horrid jubilee, as they danced round a fire. The two concealed spectators witnessed this spectacle in agonizing suspense of more than an hour. They then rose, and raised a long and terrible shout, which echoed to the remotest depths of the woods and mountains, and took to their boats, and departed. The journal notes their horror, after the savages were gone, in examining the place where they had held their orgies. No remains of a human victim were left, as they feared, to prove that the savages had here partaken of the feast of cannibals.

The journal records, that in the months of November and December, continual tempests of rain, thunder, and lightning occurred. It was the rainy season of the country. Torrents were continually pouring from the hills. Bread-fruit entirely failed. The bread and stores from the wreck had ceased long since. An ample supply of coffee, sugar and wines still remained. But it proved a bitter privation to be obliged to subsist on oysters, and animal food alone. In obtaining even that, he was invariably drenched in rain, before he had succeeded. The kangaroos raised their dismal cries, and ranged far away in the forests for food. Their beautiful hares fled, and some of them never returned. On the death of a favourite bird, that perished with others at this time, his companion poured a long lament in verse. From his extravagant praises on reading it, the judgment, and taste, and partiality of love, seem to have been passed upon it, and the

verses were found so much resembling a thousand others, written on similar occasions, that they were not deemed worthy of being transcribed into these pages.

They were now compelled to pass their time together, and the pages of his journal, record stronger, and more frequent manifestations of trials, from the same sources which have been so often mentioned. Sometimes he almost flatters himself, that he is beloved; and then he is not only convinced to the contrary, but that he is an object of positive dislike and aversion; and he records, as the result of all his efforts to sound the mystery of her sentiments, that the heart and conduct of a young and beautiful woman, are the most inscrutable of all the wonders of the creation. Many long conversations between them are recorded, sometimes affectionate, and even tender, and sometimes cheerful. But it should seem, that their thoughts had caught something of the gloom of nature and the sky; for much oftener these dialogues of the long day and evening of confinement together, were of that racy and spiced character, which are known in the ordinary annals of domestic life, by the name of *curtain lectures*.

On the last day of the year an incident occurred, which gave an agreeable diversity to the gloomy current of events for some time past. He had retreated from a conversation unusually annoying to his feelings, from the temper in which she had sustained her part in it. The rain intermitted for a



moment, and he walked abroad. The sky was gloomy. Thunder muttered in the distance. The hills smoked, and the sea was involved in a thick mist. The earth was wet and plashy. Not a note of song, or animal life was heard. Even the trees were almost bared of their foliage by a succession of storms. His mind partook of the gloom of nature. He happened to wander in a new direction. Near the margin of a small water course, he observed a thick mat of vines, which arrested his attention. He examined them, and found, to his joy, a supply, and it seemed a copious one, of sweet potatoes. Both he and his companion found their health suffering from the constant use of animal food. What a discovery, in this rich and nutritious vegetable, the best substitute, not only for all other vegetables, but even bread. He marked the spot, and hurried home with his discovered treasure.

The supper of that evening was delicious. They heard the thunder burst, and the tempest pour again, in cheerfulness and joy. Never had he seen his companion show such undeniable tokens of kindness. For that night his dreams were all of happiness.

The customary narrative commences with the first day of January of the new year. The rainy season ceased, and fleecy clouds again sailed over the clear azure of the sky. The rainy season had been the winter of that climate. A poet only, and one of the highest powers, would be adequate to paint the delightfulness of the transition. They

walked far from their confinement, hand in hand. They felt the change of nature in their own bosoms. They spoke of the strong and affecting picture of Noah coming out of the ark, as that memorable event is recorded in the few striking words of the Bible. The earth sent up the same smell of fragrance. The diminishing sound of the falling torrents in the mountains showed that the waters from heaven were stayed. A thousand trees in blossom charged the fresh breeze with fragrance. There was a delightful freshness in the verdure of the springing grass and shrubs. The birds sang the renovation of nature in their sweetest songs. They, too, as they once more walked on the flowering turf, and breathed the fragrance of the air, uttered silent hymns of thanksgiving in their hearts.

While in the fulness of his joy he wished her a *happy new year*, the glistening of her eye, and the kindness of her countenance, seemed to be incapable of more than one interpretation. She appeared to declare, that she reciprocated the wish, rather in manner than in words, and regretted the impediments that arose from unchangeable circumstances. There was that in her manner which could not be mistaken, which seemed to declare, that all the happiness which she could bestow should be his. He even thought, that she expected him to go farther in the expression of his feelings. His heart palpitated. Words, which he had vowed before God never to whisper in her ear, were upon his tongue, and ready to be uttered. His higher purpose triumphed, and the



day that commenced so joyfully, terminated in sorrow and gloom. As they returned from their evening walk, she refused his arm, as formerly, and shrunk from his offered aid as they crossed a mountain torrent. The kindness of the morning seemed changed to aversion ; and he saw, with the keenest regret, that her eye was often filled with tears. As the day closed, they seated themselves in silence on the terrace at the entrance of the grotto. The sun, throned in the pillary clouds that came after the rain, was setting in his glory. The prolonged and foreign notes of the evening songsters of the groves, trilled out their parting salutation. The surface of the sea rippled in gold and purple. The fire flies darted their mimic lightning among the trees. The rolling mists formed a sublime canopy on the summits of the mountains, through which streamed into mid air the smokes of the volcanos. The deep murmurs of the mountain streams formed a grand accompaniment to the gentle dashing of the waves on the shore. It was an evening to inspire *solemn thought* and *heavenly musing*. Both had commenced a new year in this strange association of solitude. It must be naturally a period for retrospection, anticipation, and resolve. That the colouring of her thoughts was dark was evident ; for she sat in silence and sadness, and frequent tears rolled down her cheeks.

For the first time, he took her hand, as he drew his chair near to hers. She started at this unwonted freedom, and the paleness of her cheek glowed.

"My sister," he said, "I cannot endure the sight of your sadness. It is the bitterest part of my lot to see you in sorrow, and to know that I have no means of relief. I have laboured for months in the completion of the boat. The return of the pleasant season will enable me to resume the work. In one week it will be finished; and then we will depart, and I will weary heaven with prayers to bind up every wind, but such as will waft us to your friends. How gladly would I resign my life to serve you, and render you happy!" Her tears flowed again, and she answered nothing; but they were clearly no longer tears of sorrow. Another conversation ensued, of a character which may be imagined, but which it were useless to relate. It is sufficient to say, that his thoughts and hopes assumed a new form, and presented her in a new light for investigation. When he retired to his bed, it was not to begin the first night of the year with refreshing slumbers, but to shift from side to side, and to agitate a thousand views of his condition. Oh! he thought, could I be sure that she could love me, and be willing to share this solitude, it would become to me as paradise to the first pair. Why not unfold to her all that is passing in my heart? Why have reserves for her whose life I have saved, whose days and months are passed by my side? Who could have been with her, as I have, and not have loved? What are the differences of wealth, birth, and condition in these solitudes? Shall I fear to declare it to the echoes, that I am the son of an

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independent farmer of America, and that she is high born, and an heiress? Have we not all that nature and the heart require? Who can ever love her as I love her? Who can ever serve her as I have served her? Who can render her happy beside me? Suppose I restore her to society. From that moment the artificial barriers of society raise an adamant wall, an impassable gulf between us. All hope of ever meeting her again, as an equal, will be extinguished for ever. All that I have done will be put to the common impulses of humanity, and perhaps my guarded decorum will be estimated no more than the result of insensibility.

Then again other views of the subject presented. His purposes had been formed in a state of comparative coolness of calculation. That was no longer the case; and these were the prejudiced colourings of passion. Would he forego all his boasted promises to restore her to society, or perish? Suppose one of them should die. What would be the lot of the miserable survivor? Providence had cast them together on a desert island. What then? Would he basely take advantage of her misfortune, to bind her to a state of inglorious and useless voluptuousness, in a desert isle? Suppose she were to consent to unite her destinies with his, and they were to escape from the island, would not society mourn over her, as one degraded and humbled? Would it not pity her and execrate him for basely availing himself of the advantages of his condition? Such were some of the views that passed over his

troubled thoughts that night. The result of his resolves was, that he would immediately resume the work of his boat, complete it, and embark with the pleasant season for New Holland.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, the tent was replaced, and the writing desk, as formerly, and his companion awaited in tranquil silence the completion of the boat. The succeeding day was devoted to arrangements and preparations. Bread-fruit was not yet ripe. But a cask of sweet potatoes, and dried flesh, and fishing tackle, and two muskets, and powder, and oysters suspended under the boat, to be preserved in their freshness, and meats, fresh and salted, were placed in the boat over night. It was launched, and made fast to the shore. The mast was erected. The sail was clewed, and every arrangement made for the voyage of the succeeding day. The charts, and a compass brought from the wreck, were put on board.

They took their supper in profound silence. "Have you," he asked, "made your selection of the birds and animals, that you would choose to take with you? They will be affecting memorials of your residence here, when you shall once more be in the bosom of society. Yonder lies New Holland. The morning breeze, will put us within the reach of the steady western winds, that cannot fail to waft us to the shores of that country. I will restore you to your country, to your father—and I will——" "And what will you? my dear brother,"



said she, as tears started in her eyes. "All this is sufficiently gallant and complimentary, and might be urged with better show of reason, if there were any chance of success. You are a brave man, and rather uncommonly a philosopher for your years. But pardon me, my brother, if I say, that you seem to me little more of a mariner than I am. No. You know nothing, whether New Holland is to the east, or the west. We shall be blown out to sea. We shall encounter the waste and angry billows, that swallowed up my father. The thought makes me shudder. You reason in vain, to persuade me that my father lives. Besides," she continued, with a countenance alternately flashing, and as pale as death, "there is another element in the calculation, that you seem wholly to have omitted. I have hitherto foreborne to speak. But it would be guilt in me, to omit on this solemn occasion to declare all. Must I say it? Who will believe the romance of our existence here? Who will understand and believe you and me, such as we are? No. This solitude shields me from reproach. It furnishes all that nature wants. These humble animals have learned to love me. I can be no where so happy as here. Should fate first call for you, I will go with you. Should I depart first, I am sure that you will give tears to the only human companion of your solitude. And if my brother sheds tears on my grave, it will not want the tribute of a brave and high minded man. I have showed ennuï, you will say—I will show it no more. I

have shed tears of chagrin—I will be a perpetual smiler for the days to come. I have talked of the society which I once enjoyed—I will henceforward speak of no joys, but those of peace, privacy, and friendship with a dear brother, in a solitary island. Let us burn this miserable boat, that has so wearied and vexed you, and grow old in the midst of these affectionate animals. Be your resolves what they may, I will not go to-morrow. But if you still persist, I will make a pilgrimage alone to the place where you found me. I will bid farewell to all my happy walks in these groves; and then if you continue to cling to this strange purpose, to fly away from me and this charming place, where we are so happy, I will go with you on the following day; and if you choose a death in the trackless brine, I will share it with you." Saying this, she took her candle, bade him good night, and retired.

The young man retired too, but it may be readily supposed not to sleep. I have heard, he said to himself, I have heard of the mysteries of science, and the mysteries of philosophy, and nature, and religion; but here is an undescribed mystery, deeper than all the rest. One hour, she seems ready to expire with the loneliness of this place, and her desire for society; and then in turn her eye shows tenderness for me, or she cruelly mocks me with the semblance of it. The affection of irrational animals is reciprocated: But she has seen me labour, and suffer, to sustain the life which I have saved, and yet I occupy less space in her



thoughts than a vile kangaroo, or a purple cardinal. I am weary of conjectures. The voyage shall end them.

Next day he remonstrated with her, touching the hazard from savages on the lonely excursion, which she proposed. She persisted in her purpose, and he had so often found her inflexible, that he ceased to remonstrate. Dressed in a style of simple negligence, she departed after an early breakfast, taking food with her to spend the day as she proposed, by herself, leaving him to divine her manner of passing it, and the colour of her thoughts.

For him, he renewed his arrangements, and tasked his thoughts to recollect every thing that ought to be carried on board. Various preparations, forgotten on the former day, were now remembered, and having put every thing in readiness, he awaited her return, as he cast his eyes anxiously in the direction of her departure. Just as the sun faded, her form was seen advancing from among the trees, and her white robe fluttered in the breeze. His heart, no longer filled with apprehensions, bounded for joy. She walked slowly, and as one taking a solemn farewell of nature, and of scenes dear to her. In a moment he was by her side. Her countenance was calm, but sorrowful, and she had evidently passed a day of deep and painful feeling. She put her arm within his, and looking intently and kindly in his face, asked him, "Have you not yet given up the thought of this rash and mad voyage?" Other views of the question of the

former day ensued, and the former reply of his part was repeated. To the objection, which seemed to have most force, that her reputation and standing in society were unchangeably committed, even were she restored to it, he answered: "Yes, my dear sister; we shall visit a society that will separate me from you, and no longer allow me to call you by that endearing name. I shall no longer dare—but I will not explain farther. There is one proof of devotion, that I can yet show you. Let him that dares, in society, whisper the suspicion of stain upon your good name, and he shall know that there is one heart, and one arm to chastise and avenge. But no miscreant will dare it. I implore you, my sister, no longer to gainsay. Heaven and earth call upon you to depart. Should you refuse, you will learn me to hate and despise myself. The call of Providence is plain. It is your duty to go, and mine to conduct you."

In a moment her countenance changed to a calm, but firm and complacent look of settled sorrow. All pride and caprice were banished. "You are right," said she. "It must be so. Say no more. I will go. Let every thing be ready." She bowed, and retired as under the influence of emotions too deep for utterance.

The morning dawned, and a more beautiful one never dawned. But few words passed between them. The breakfast remained before them, untasted. Every thing was in readiness. He barricaded the entrance of the grotto, as they came



out, purposing, if they should reach New Holland, to have a vessel despatched to bring away the valuable things that were stored there. If they should not return to that place again, he expressed a wish that some one, whose lot should be happier than theirs, might enjoy that commodious retreat after them.

There could be no mistaking the feelings of either, as they looked round upon this tranquil, pleasant, and secure residence. "Farewell," said she, in a voice almost inaudible. She could not refrain from tears, as her hundred animals and birds thronged round, uttering their morning notes and cries of affection and joy. A pair of kangaroos, and another of scarlet pigeons followed them, the one fluttering from tree to tree, and the other bounding behind, as was their daily wont, when they left the grotto. He took her favourite hare under one arm, and a Bible under the other. She looked round, and upwards, and bade him proceed. The beautiful nature around them never had seemed so smiling, as at the moment, when they were leaving it. A moment brought them to the boat. She turned deadly pale, as they reached it, and as the animals and birds followed him into it. He held out his hand to her. "Courage," said he, "my dear sister. One effort more, and the struggle is over." Before she entered, she said, "Remember, sir, I remonstrated against this proceeding. It is no project of mine. It is useless to say, that I had rather remain. I do not the less

feel, and appreciate the disinterestedness and heroism of your conduct, and I can, and will imitate it. Suppose this ill advised voyage should restore us to society; man is neither so good, or true, as these kind animals that I leave, nor can any thing of art equal this grand and lonely nature. You are right. Go forward. I follow you. You mistake my wishes, and probably my interests. You wholly misunderstand my heart and character. But it is too late to explain." Saying this, she entered, and sat down on a seat which he had prepared for her.

He, in turn, urged anew all his motives, and stated again all his arguments. His words were at once solemn and soothing; and the deep feelings of his heart inspired him with eloquence. He talked of the present, and the future, and of the life to come; and read to her, from the Scriptures, of them who see the mighty works of God upon the great waters. He read prayers from the service of her church, and they sang an hymn together. He then took the fast on board, called the animals that were bounding upon the sand. The scarlet pigeons perched upon her arm. The hare nibbled upon sweet potatoes, thrown to it to retain it on board, and they slowly moved from the shore.

The morning breeze, as usual, whispered gently from the land. His calculation was, that this breeze, which generally lasted until eleven in the morning, would serve them until they could reach a distance, where they might come in view of some other land; and that from that point, with a slight effort of oars,



with which the boat was provided, he could row it beyond the influence of the land breeze; and that if the land should appear, as he trusted it would, in the direction of the tropical gale, they might sail directly before it. The boat more than answered his expectations. It sailed well and steadily, and he might hope it would prove secure in the common chances of calm weather. He had taken the precaution to spread an awning over her seat, which sheltered her from the rays of the sun, which arose from the waves as they had advanced half a league from the shore. She sat with her face toward the shore, contemplating it with a countenance pale but firm. The lofty trees gradually lessened to the size of shrubs. Soon there was nothing visible on the shore but the white line of foam that burst on the rocks, and nothing audible but the faint and low murmurs of the surge, as it burst along the shore. The green summits of the trees, surmounted by the blue line of mountains, began to have the aspect of clouds in the sky. By ten in the morning, nothing was visible, but these dim clouds. As yet, not a word had been uttered by either. His heart palpitated for a moment, when the pale but fixed countenance of his companion turned upon his, as if to scrutinize his inmost thoughts. "Is there land in sight?" she asked, "for I can see nothing but the sky and the sea. He stood erect, and strained his vision in every direction; but he also saw nothing but the sky and the sea. The boundless waste was every where gently curved with calm rolling billows.

The pair of kangaroos were very clearly dissatisfied with their novel position, which they manifested by shifting their places, and raising a most piteous cry. The hare nibbled its food unmoved. The pigeons perched on the arm of his companion, nodded repeatedly in the direction of the land, and, before she was aware, they clapped their brilliant wings, and soared away for the green retreats which they had left. This unexpected desertion by her favourite birds, and the dismal whinings of the kangaroos, overcame the firmness of her purpose for a moment. But she soon wiped away the silent tears from her eyes, and became calm again. Both felt that it was neither the time nor place for words, and preserved profound silence.

He continued to look anxiously in the direction in which they were sailing, without discovering any trace of land, until noon. He then felt it a duty to lay the boat about, as the land breeze had lulled, and wait for the sea breeze to waft them back again. He so notified his companion; and it was the first word that had been spoken. "My sister," said he, "the Almighty has determined that we should return for this time. But though I dare not venture to sea at present, we have proved that our boat is good, and sails well. We will cruise the island another day, and sail round it to the opposite shore. Let us submit with cheerfulness to this disappointment, and hope better fortune another time." To his surprise, this intelligence was received, not only without the appearance of regret,



but with undisguised delight and triumph. "Thank God!" said she, clasping her hands, with exultation in her eye, "this mad voyage is like to terminate as I wished. You have had your wish, and I am happy." At the word she roused her favourite hare, that was sleeping unconscious on the grass. "Poor puss!" she said, smoothing down its glossy back, "you shall see your mates, and your green island, and the dear grotto again."

The sun shone with dazzling brightness, and not a breath of air fanned their faces. He sat to the oars, and commenced pulling them in the direction of the shore. The boat was too large to be moved readily, not only without the aid of sail, but against a slight current which set from the shore. The perspiration fell in drops from his forehead, and yet the boat scarcely moved towards the land. He observed, too, with terror, that a few light clouds flew across the disk of the sun, although a feather would not have trembled on the mast.

At half past twelve, a slight breeze began to spring up, but it was from the shore; alas! he saw but too clearly, what it portended. In five minutes the breeze was a gale. He comprehended in a moment the utter inefficacy of his oars, and unfurled his sail, and with hands, trembling with apprehension, began to practise all his scanty stock of seamanship; that if he could not beat towards the land, at least he might make as little direct way from it as possible. In a few moments the increasing commotion of the waves instructed him, that at-

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tempts to oblique them or encounter them, were alike dangerous and ineffectual. He looked in the pale, but composed face of his companion, from which silent tears were falling. Thy will, O God, be done, said he aloud; and he laid the boat before the waves and wind. Then indeed, by the foam at the bow, they easily saw that the boat cleft the waves, and ploughed rapidly over the increasing swells. The waves soon became ragged, white, foaming, and irregular. It seemed impossible that such a small and slender craft could resist them for a moment. To struggle with oars, would have been the madness of an infant contending with a giant. She sat calmly at the stern, with an eye occasionally looking up towards the fearful sky, either in prayer, or in looking upward for some harbinger of hope. He stood firmly at the helm. Observing that some part of the lading was not stowed rightly to balance the boat, he was compelled for a moment to desert the helm, so to remove the burden as to trim the boat. The boat lost its direction, exposed its side to the wave, and received a mass of spray on the deck. But a part of the boat was decked, and a portion of the wave poured into the bottom. The kangaroos, covered with water, uttered a long and dismal cry of terror. They both thought that the boat was lost. But she righted, and obeyed the helm, and again moved before the wind, though heavy with the water which she had received. His companion, though with the immediate apprehension of death on her countenance, moved through

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the water, and placed herself by his side, near the helm. "My brother," she said, "we will sink together. Oh, wicked pride of heart! Had I told you all, this dreadful voyage had never been undertaken. We die, because I was too proud to reveal the secret of my heart." "Wretch that I am, Augusta Wellman," he replied; "you are innocent, and I am the guilty destroyer; and yet God is my witness, that love, pure and disinterested as that of the angels, was my motive. Forgive me, my dear sister!" The disclosures of that awful moment, when all hearts speak aloud, revealed the ruling motives of each to the other. On his part, pure and heroic affection, hopeless of a return, sought the good of its object by an effort of self denial, such as strong and good minds only can make. On her part, it was affection equally strong and sincere, which had wholly misinterpreted the character and motive of its object. Pride had charged him with insensibility and indifference; and she had determined that sooner than be the first in the humiliating avowal, her heart should break. Alas for human nature! that such miserable reasonings should have brought two such beings to quench mutual love, so innocent and pure, in the abyss.

The expected approach of death extorted the secret. They said, We understand each other, and at least in death we will not be divided. What words could be used to convey the feeblest impression of the sensations that thrilled through his frame! Oh God! he prayed, as he looked towards

the angry elements, hear me for thy mercy's sake. Hear me, and still thy winds, and let this cup pass from us! But the Ruler of the tempests seemed not to hear; for the winds continued to roar, and thunders began to dart their explosions into the sea, and all around was horror and darkness. But his prayer, denied in one form, was answered in another. He felt as if endowed with new powers. New confidence sprung up in his mind. At the same time, his companion, as if catching his spirit and his confidence, began with energy and effect to throw out the water, which the boat had taken in. As if heaven had compassion on their hard lot, the breeze lulled for a moment to a dead calm; though the sky still looked fearfully black, and the thunder continued to burst. "Courage," he cried, "my dear sister; God has heard us, and we shall be saved." In this moment of the suspended fury of the tempest, by incredible efforts she had already cleared the boat of its water.

Their hopes gave way to renewed despair: for the unrelenting storm, with gathered fury from its momentary slumber, howled again. The sun, occasionally visible between the chasms of masses of clouds of terrible aspect, was descending with his disk broadened, and as if of blood, and the lurid and darkening sky indicated the approach of a night of horror. The darkness soon closed over them. Nothing was heard but the roar of wind, and the crash of thunder; nothing visible but an illimitable prospect of mountain-billows, illumined



for a moment by the glare of lightning. It was, indeed, a night and a scene to sink the proudest heart. "Dear solitary island!" cried she; "green shades, peaceful grotto, dear brother, farewell! We will explore the mysteries of the deep, and of the unknown world together. Proud, cruel woman, thou hast undone thyself and him." "My dear sister," he replied, "cease, I implore you, these self-reproaches. You have opened before me visions, which have inspired me with thoughts and hopes, which are a presage that we shall escape. I have a cheering presentiment, that we shall see our green island again. Providence will sit at the helm, and guide us through this fearful darkness." She answered, "I receive the omen as a voice from heaven. Oh save us, merciful Providence! and never shall love and gratitude be like mine."

The boat continued to plunge along over the billows through the Egyptian darkness. The lightning glared for a moment, to give them a view of the waves, and of each other, and instantly the darkness closed over them. Meanwhile every moment was wafting them farther to sea, and rendering the chances of return more hopeless. Man knows not the extent of his powers, except in emergencies like these. He felt as if endowed with gigantic vigour, and a feeling of the effect of the waves upon the boat was to him as sight. He still held the course of the boat, directly before the wind. She was equally diligent to clear the water from the boat, whenever it received the spray. The

evidence of their senses alone, could have assured them, that their frail boat could have survived the dangers of darkness, and the perpetual concussion, reeling and pitching, on the mountain billows. While they were thus balanced between hope and despair, the wind again lulled to a dead calm. The lightning flashed ahead, and discovered piles of clouds like mountains of brass, heaped together in the direction of the sky towards which they had been sailing. He instantly spread the sail, and laid the boat about in the direction of the island. The sail began to swell. At first, as the storm commenced, it was a breeze which soon swelled to a gale. Shortly the storm was renewed in all its fury; but unhappily, though they now flew towards the island, the waves, torn in sunder by the counter gale, became broken, irregular, and far more dangerous than before. The rain poured in torrents, which were sufficient alone to fill the boat in a little time. The dizzying agitation created seasickness. The boat often shipped water. The repeated explosions of thunder were as bursts of cannon. She was by no means able to throw the water out as fast as it came in from the sky and the sea. Inevitable and immediate destruction now looked them in the face.

But at the moment when all hope was again renounced, the moon sailed forth from under the clouds, and threw her pale and portentous radiance upon the confusion of the sky and the sea. The gale gradually sunk away, and hope again sprung



up in their bosoms. Once more the boat was cleared of its water, and made a steady progress before the wind. An hour elapsed, in which each almost suspended their breath, through fear that they should hear the gale burst again. Sometimes the moon disappeared, and left them in darkness ; and sometimes the gale lulled to a calm, and then breezed again. In this way elapsed the anxious hours, until the approach of morning dawn. By its dim and uncertain light, they began to discover the phosphoric blaze of the mountain-surf upon the rock-bound shore, and they saw themselves hastening from one species of danger to another. They were nearing the breakers with fearful rapidity. To reach them was inevitable destruction. He dropped the sail, and laid the boat about, under extreme peril from upsetting it. He seized the oars, and struggled with the energy which was inspired by hope and the near view of land. The exertion of a moment convinced him that he made headway from the rocks. The moon came forth, clear, full, and cheering. The boat glided along near the outer margin of the surf. The trees could now be distinctly seen, with their green summits above, and glittering in the pale lustre of twilight and the moon. Providence had ordained, that they should survive all the horrors of that dreadful night. They began to discover the points of the cliffs that formed the cove. A few strokes of the oar propelled the boat from the swells to the gentle rippling of the harbour. The kangaroos, weary of the partner-

ship and the voyage, bounded into the water, and swam ashore. The next moment the boat struck the shore, and he, springing out, made it fast to its former hold. He lifted her, drenched with water, in his arms on shore. Gratitude to the Almighty claimed their first thoughts. The rest may be imagined.

He bore her, faint and exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and contending emotions, to the grotto. Unheeding the hundred cries of joy of their animals, he laid her on her bed. The fire soon blazed. Refreshments were prepared. She drank claret and water, and while he prepared breakfast, changed her dress. The blood revisited her pale cheek, and they breakfasted in thankfulness and love. The joy of that hour became a consecrated era in the after remembrances of each. Before they mutually retired to rest, of which each had such pressing need, she exacted from him a promise that he would never attempt that kind of navigation again. "How I wish," she said, "that the winds would bury that boat for ever in the waves!" The promise was as cheerfully made on his part. "I will never take the voyage again, my dear sister, unless you precede me in the request. With opening before me new views of duty, you have also inspired me with other wishes and desires. Henceforward you shall be the first to propose the abandonment of this dear solitude." They understood each other, and their sleep was that which is won by fatigue,



and the assurance of the sweetest hopes for the future.

Towards evening they both arose, refreshed by sleep, and recovered from their fatigue. It was one of those evenings of that delicious climate, which succeed such a storm as had passed over it. The air, and the earth, and the vegetable creation, and even the irrational tribes seemed to enjoy a renovated existence, and to feel the contrast of that repose of nature, with that fury of the tempest which preceded it. They walked, accompanied by a full cortége of their irrational subjects, among the groves. That enjoyment was too full and home-felt to clothe itself in words.

Here is purposely omitted a minute lover's account of the appearance of Augusta Wellman on this occasion. It is known that they were declared lovers. The splendour of this full length picture was given by a partial painter, and, perhaps, with something of the natural partiality of such a pencil. The sentimentality of the conversations of this occasion were, no doubt, delicious to the parties immediately concerned. Enough of this sort of description may be found in any modern novel. To transcribe this would take from these annals that aspect of verity which they ought to wear. Besides, delightful though it may have been to the parties, it admits of question if it would be to persons less deeply interested.

It is sufficient to say, in sum, that this was the

halcyon period of two youthful hearts ; that hour, to which the affections naturally run out from the time they distinctly kindle in the bosom ; that hour, clad in all the colours of remembrance, to which the heart always delights to recur, and look back ; that hour, which, like the periods of birth and death, is passed through but once ; and which constitutes the brightest era of memory in our transient existence below ; the hour of youthful confiding love, and mutual, frank, and undisguised confession. All the past was confessed and explained. The one had forborne to declare what he felt, through scruples of honour and conscience, and disinterested regard ; and because, with the true humility, and the modest sensitiveness of real love, he had utterly despoued of return ; and had supposed it impossible, that any thing but a return to society, could render her happy ; and because, inscrutable as the general motive to her conduct had seemed, his prevalent view of it was, that it arose from weariness, ennui, and the pining desire of society. She, on her part, explained, that from every view of his conduct that she had taken, she had supposed him good, amiable, disinterested, heroic, and insensible, and incapable of warm affection to any one, and particularly so to her. Sometimes she had deemed that he had penetrated her secret. She had dreaded his project of the voyage in this hope. She had almost purposed to make an explicit avowal of her wishes and feelings. But a high sense of the obligations of female decorum and maidenly honour



had finally triumphed. She had resolved to accompany him, and if they escaped and made land in New Holland, that as soon as she should have returned to society, she would then avow her partiality, evincing that he had won a free affection, uninfluenced by their peculiar relations together. Much, if not all, that had seemed mysterious in the deportment of each toward the other was thus explained. He did not, however, with the humility and apprehensiveness natural to love, flatter himself that he had yet sounded all the depths in the heart of his fair and beloved companion.

The journal proceeds to narrate, how by insensible gradation the conversation had slidden to the point of speaking of the where, the when, and the how touching the bridal day. There were plenty of birds blling within view, and both remembered among their juvenile reading, the fortunate marriage of Cock Robin to Jenny Wren, by parson Rook. Each admitted the insurmountable difficulties in the way of solemnizing a more formal union. But when two persons so situated, are wholly of one mind, it is surprising to see how many difficulties of that sort may be surmounted. They mutually agreed to keep a fortnight of courtship, as there seemed little chance of rivalry or jealousy. The happy day after that period of mutual probation, was designated. Until that time, he was enjoined the most scrupulous observance. Even then, the only evidences would be kangaroos, the only bride-maids cardinals and purple pigeons. The tem-

ple was to be the open area in front of the mountains, in the midst of palms, and in the rear of the widest sea on the globe. He was to read the Episcopal service, as priest, and obey his own injunctions, as bridegroom. He was to vow aloud, and on his bended knee, that should they ever be restored to society again, he would immediately, and publicly, and after the rites of her church, re-solemnize the marriage, and renew his vows.

These were important preliminaries to settle, and when the ice was once broken, and these delicate points had once found discussion in words, it became a theme of frequent review. It would be difficult for disinterested persons to imagine how many things remained to be said; and how little tiresome the subject became by repetition. The theme was renewed at morning and evening with unsated interest. In short, these were the charming hours, where the duty of the biographer is suspended, and of which the historian has nothing to say, save that they were peaceful and happy. The grand point of study with each, seemed to be in some way to diversify this happy expected period, with some circumstances of fete and surprise.

As the happy hour, to which it may be presumed either party looked with equal impatience, drew near, an event occurred, which, as it formed a new era in their history, and materially changed the character of their relations, it is necessary to relate. It happened, that he had walked alone to the shore of the sea, in the morning. He was passing along



the shore, in the hope of finding sea-turtle, for the wedding supper. What was his astonishment and horror, to observe three large proas drawn up on the shore, and at a little distance a crowd of fifty savages sitting round a fire. He trembled for himself, and still more for his affianced bride, now the single object of his thoughts and affections. A feeling, like the supposed fascination of a charmed bird, or, probably, the natural spell of a morbid curiosity, the feeling that causes the person, frightened by imagined ghosts, to shut the eyes and rush on the spectre, induced him, in a moment, to determine to inspect this horrid group, and their business, more closely. It was an imprudent, and had well nigh proved a fatal curiosity. There was a thick-tufted mat of shrubbery and low trees, the trunks of which were concealed by the compact tangle of bushes and palmettos. He dropped on his knees, and crawled in a direction to place this copse between him and the savages. Under the luxuriance of this verdure, he was completely skreened from observation, until he was within thirty paces of a young savage woman, lying on the ground, bound hand and foot, as many paces from the group of savages, and equidistant between them and himself. She seemed of gigantic size, with a countenance of dark olive, on which sat the paleness of death. The savages, with black matted hair, and their war clubs lying beside them, had just those horrid and ferocious countenances, which the imagination has assigned to Satan. They were

sitting round the fire, intently occupied, as it seemed, in picking the bones of a victim; and that it was a human victim, circumstances left little doubt. After long and reiterated bursts of frenzied laughter, and yells of frantic joy, that echoed from the mountains in tones to chill the blood, they pointed to the poor victim, lying between him and them. It was easy for him to remark the spasmodic struggles, and the shrinking horror of this forlorn being, indicating most palpably her dread of death, and the conviction, that she was soon to furnish a renewal of the horrid banquet. Her look of terror and despair thrilled to his heart. His blood rushed to his head, and he felt a purpose that he could not control. His dear Augusta, his approaching nuptials, and every selfish feeling, were absorbed in the generous impulses of compassion. His determination was formed in a moment. He watched the moment when the whole circle had their heads bent towards their abominable repast. He crept undiscovered to the verge of the palmettos, and within three paces of the victim, before he was discovered either by her or them. His appearance, as he raised himself erect over her, was equally as supernatural to the whole party, as though he had dropped from the clouds. He was aware how deeply all savages are infected with superstition, and calculated upon the effect of his sudden and strange appearance upon this part of their natures. For the first moment of his appearance, as he expected, they regarded him with stupid astonishment;

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and while they were gazing aghast upon him, he cut the cords of the victim, and she was free. He then held out his musket, and shouted with the utmost power of his voice. The first result of all this, was precisely what he had hoped. They sprang from their posture by a simultaneous impulse, and with yells of affright, fled in the direction of their canoes. He made a signal for his delivered prisoner to fly in the opposite direction of the thicket. She comprehended him in a moment, and evinced vigorous powers both of mind and limbs. She even gained the thicket before him, although he escaped with the utmost celerity. He overtook her there, paused a moment for breath, and then made signs, that she must follow him. They then renewed their course for the grotto. The terrible apprehension occurred to him, as he ran, that he would in this way, draw the attention of the savages in the direction of the grotto. The thought of exposing his beloved and affianced bride, to the dangers of an assault from them, was worse than death. But his steps and hers, in every point, led to the grotto. They would find it if they pursued, at any rate. It was still more terrible to leave her to these dread chances alone. He reflected, too, that in such a place, and so armed, three persons contending for life, might have hopes of beating off fifty savages in an open assault. It happened as he feared. As soon as the savages recovered from the first amazement and consternation of his appearance, they became aware, that in cutting the

bands of their prisoner, he had manifested that he was of their own race, and had human propensities; and they determined to regain their prize, and avenge the injury. He soon heard the infuriated yell of the whole body, evidently approaching upon the grotto. His steps were hurried by love and terror. He trembled at the temerity, which had brought this unnecessary attack upon his beloved. When they were near enough to observe him and their victim in their flight, he thought more than once, of scaling the mountains in a direction opposite that of the grotto, and of adopting the stratagem of the bird, upon whose young some enemy is advancing, which flies away in a direction opposite that of its young, to put the pursuer on a wrong track. But he discovered, that they would be able to intercept him, before he could reach the only point of the mountains, which could be ascended. He had no alternative. No time was to be lost, for their horrid yells admonished him, that they were advancing upon him with fearful celerity, and with the fury of demons at unequal distances. When the two reached the base of the mountain, the captive seemed to hesitate a moment, either through terror, that she had avoided one danger only to run into another; or, more probably, not exactly comprehending his wishes. He pushed her on before him, with the energy of command, and she sprang up the steps, like a coney of the rocks. He followed her.

Augusta had seen a part, and had heard more.



The paleness of death was replaced with the flush of confidence and hope, the moment she saw her future husband, and was instructed in a word, what was the present aspect of things. The swivel was fortunately charged. He instantly brought forth all the charged muskets, and Augusta, with the firm look of a heroine, grasped one. The tall and muscular captive savage comprehended the signs that were made to her, and she also took her musket, flourished it over her head, squared herself, and took the attitude of a determined soldier. These were the preparations of an instant, and the savages were already at the foot of the rocks. They paused a moment there, as if in doubt about the mode of attack, and reconnoitering the position. The moment after, with assured fury, they began to scramble up the ascent. A discharge of the swivel cleared away the first savages that gained the area. They were now clearly excited to infuriated and reckless revenge; for, although three or four were slain, the survivors pushed on behind them, and numbers had gained the area, before the swivel could be reloaded. Three muskets discharged at the distance of a few yards, destroyed as many persons. The besieged continued to fire loaded muskets upon them, with certain effect from every shot. The numbers that fell about them, produced a momentary recoil, and a retreat. But, before the muskets could be reloaded, twenty had gained the area. The besieged were obliged to retreat with their muskets to the narrow passage

by which the grotto was entered. Happily the muskets were armed with bayonets. These were plied with so much effect, as that all who advanced to enter the passage, were slain. Their bodies clogged the passage. Another and another fell, as they attempted to leap over the bodies of their fallen companions. The commander and his new ally fought with desperation; but Augusta, at this crisis was observed to disappear. She had returned, however, in a moment. The boiling contents of a caldron were discharged on their naked backs. If any thing could have given this dreadful tragedy any of the features of a farce, it would have been, to have seen this fair and unpractised combatant, discharging her new missiles with such hearty good will to the cause, and to have remarked the consequent yelling, and involuntary dancing of these infuriated beings. This agony seemed to be better understood by them, than the death of steel, or lead; and they fled in howling confusion and dismay, some of them pushing others down the steps. At the foot of the cliffs, now reduced to half their numbers, they appeared to pause over the dead bodies of their companions. One huge and fierce savage appeared to be haranguing them, and urging them to renew the contest. Three well aimed shots from above, settled their irresolution. They slowly retreated towards their boats, carrying off two or three wounded, and often turning round, shaking their clubs, and raising a long and dismal



howl of defiance. They took to their proas, raised their sails, and were soon out of sight.

When the savages were ascertained to be entirely gone, he made motions to his new subject, to aid him in clearing the dead from the area in front. The bodies were thrown down the rocks. In a small sink-hole near at hand, they were all promiscuously buried; and while this service was performing, two that still breathed after the battle, expired. Between twenty and thirty of these terrible and misguided beings were slain, and the recollection of the sad necessity of his case, was a painful one to him. They then proceeded to wash away from the turf of the area, all traces of the blood. Augusta, during the emergency of peril, had deported herself with Spartan heroism and self-possession. But the moment the danger and excitement of the battle was passed, she had retired, faint and sickened with the sight of blood, slaughter, and death. She received him on his return from these necessary offices, with an effusion of tears, tenderness, and joy. While the pledged pair embraced each other, in the mutual congratulations of deliverance and triumph, the tall and powerful young savage woman, whom he had saved, contemplated the beautiful Augusta in tears, and all this new scene, with an amazing degree of admiration and astonishment. Augusta was apparently the first white woman she had ever seen, and in proof that there is in all countries a common standard and

estimate of beauty, it was impossible to mistake her expressions of ecstasy in view of so fair a being. She readily comprehended, that there was no danger from the countenances of the two persons before her. The mirrors, the carpets, the hangings, the splendid curtains and coverings of the bed, every thing in the grand vault of the grotto, so commodiously and splendidly fitted up, struck her with an infantine admiration, which they so frequently saw her afterwards express by somersets of capering, snapping her fingers, and often repeating the exclamation, Eh! Eh! But she seemed perfectly docile, and regarded the two persons before her, of countenances and appearance so different from herself, as superior beings. They were both equally surprised and delighted, to find their new subject so ready of comprehension, and so susceptible of instruction. In the compass of that day, she already so far comprehended their wishes and gestures, and her own obligations, that she had begun her apprenticeship at the duties of the kitchen, by being already useful. She was quick, laborious, and desirous of being useful—smiled at her own ignorance and awkwardness, and evinced, that she would soon prove an invaluable acquisition, as a helper in the burdens of their duties.

What an evening succeeded such a day of eventful incident, hazard, and blood! He reproached himself for the rashness, with which he had committed the safety of one so dear to him. She assured him, with the most gratifying and affectionate compliments



on his bravery and conduct in the case, that she should never have loved him, had she not, from the first, discovered in him that forgetfulness of self, which she was aware, would at any time inspire in him the impulse to hazard life and every thing, to perform such an act as the rescuing the delivered victim before them.

It is in moments like this, when high happiness is anticipated, and when some signal deliverance has been wrought, or some grand point obtained, that the affections of the heart rush from their deep beds. Never had he seen his fair companion evince the same degree of intelligence and feeling. All reserve and all the cold restraints of the habits of society were laid aside, and caresses, and tears of joy were often intermingled in the delightful conversations of the evening. The new guest looked on with a pleased and infantine kind of consciousness; and when they exchanged caresses, rose from her posture, as she sat viewing them, to take her joyful capers and snap her fingers. They motioned her, after she had afforded them such aid as she was able, in preparing their supper, to sit by the table, while they took it. It was to them a treat of no moderate zest, to see with what delighted curiosity she watched their movements, occasionally laughing as she looked in their faces. The provisions, prepared after their fashion, for the most part appeared acceptable to her taste, particularly sweetened coffee; and she made a supper no ways stinted by recollections of the dreadful

death from which she had escaped, or by awkward bashfulness, in view of her new position. When they surveyed her at more leisure, she was a tall, athletic, finely formed savagess, of a dark olive complexion, a person of admirable proportions, and her countenance was not destitute of a pleasing kind of interest. She wore a cincture of cloth of the South Sea islands, ornamented with feathers about the waist, and was in other respects, except the delicacy of complexion and beauty of face, much as Milton has so charmingly painted our common mother, before sin and shame dictated the invention of fig leaves.

There was something inexpressibly ludicrous in the appearance and deportment of this new subject, as she stalked about the apartment. The smallness of the number of spectators, and the approaching prospects of the parties rendered the decorum of the show less questionable, than it would have been in other circumstances. But with the natural and first feeling of female instinct and decorum, Augusta took her apart, that she might assist in the first dressing of her woman, as it was agreed she should be called. He only requested that her dress might be loose, and light, as befitting the climate, and one that had never yet been accustomed to its restraints. In an hour, Augusta returned with her new subject, from her first toilette. Imagine a savagess, six feet and two inches in height, and Herculean in make and moulding, as simple as a babe, dressed for the first time in the cast finery of



Augusta. It was a dress of crape, such, it is believed, as is called a loose or morning dress, and it was festooned and looped up in a most curious manner. Nothing could be imagined more ludicrously awkward, than her gait and deportment in her new and unwieldy costume. Conceive of Goliath, imprisoned in petticoats, or Hercules at his distaff, or any other outré image, and the conception will probably fall entirely short of her laughable management in this dress. Both the parties laughed heartily; and she, though seemingly conscious of her part in furnishing the mirth, laughed as heartily as either. But a perplexing doubt, that had caused him no small research when a beardless philosopher in his native village, was settled on this occasion in a moment. His opinions had sometimes wandered on the question, whether such different races as were found in different parts of the world, could all have originated from one common mother. He here saw at a glance, that had there been an Eve for the races of the south seas, she must have been as like the other of the Scriptures, as one thing can be to another. No peacock ever enjoyed the spreading display of his plumage in the morning sunbeams, more fully and more proudly, than did this uncouth being in her own eyes, constituted a belle for the first time in her life.

The amusement furnished by this new guest, the plans for educating her, and training her to become a good servant, and different views of the best way

in which to teach her English, afforded themes for discussion, in which there was only difference enough of opinion to give zest to the investigation. When they finally settled upon one plan, they both expressed the hope, that after years of residence together, as husband and wife, they might come to the affectionate union of sentiment upon those little points of family discussion, which generally create bitterness in the inverse ratio of their importance, and create an asperity as keen as the differences are trifling. They remarked, that she was theirs by the most indissoluble ties, rescued by the exposure of their own lives, from a terrible death. She was strong, healthful, used to the climate, seemingly intelligent, and sweet tempered. They would so train her, as that she should so feel the difference between her comforts in her new condition and her former one, as that she should prefer to remain with them, if the alternative were in her power to return to her former way of life. They agreed, that every precaution should be adopted to inspire this preference, and prevent the wish to escape from them. They questioned her by signs that she comprehended, from whence she came. They were only able to make out from her gestures in the way of reply, that she was profoundly ignorant of her relative position at present to the place whence she came. He doubted not, that she was an inhabitant of the other side of the mountains. There was no probability, that she had ever scaled this lofty range, or had any idea of her vicinity to that



valley. They took proper precautions, touching the place of her sleeping the first night, that she might not be able to escape without awakening them. In a tone of cheerful confidence in Providence, they also discussed the chances of the return of the defeated savages, in greater numbers, to attack them. In view of all the deliverances that Providence had wrought for them, they agreed that it would argue guilty distrust and ingratitude in them, to give way to gloomy and apprehensive forebodings in these joyous hours. Never had stronger sentiments of confidence and unlimited submission been seen on human countenance, than on that of this untaught savagess. The prospect of enjoyment for them, in the new relation before them, was brightened in his view, as he reflected, that now his fair bride might relinquish the burden of duties, which, however pleasantly she had hitherto seemed to discharge them, could not but be tiresome and painful to one reared as she had been. She might now taste the Arcadian life in all its pleasantness. She might read, or walk, or write, or converse, as pleased her best. Her chief duties would be those, which seemed in prospect delightful, and furnishing pleasant occupation for her hours of leisure; those of instructing her new subject in the duties of civilized life, to read, and write, and to know and practise the duties of the Christian religion.

It was peculiarly pleasant to her, in view of decorum, to have a female companion, who would

soon learn the proprieties of her relation, and who would be the constant companion of her walks and of her retirement, when he should be necessarily absent. She, too, would be companion, witness, and bridemaids, at the approaching solemnity of the marriage; and though not exactly all that could have been wished, was certainly a long step above their domestic animals. It was delightful to consider how Providence had prepared, step by step, for their increase of comforts and enjoyments. Anticipation of evil is a bitter evil in itself, and imparts not the slightest strength or fortitude to sustain it, when it comes. In the delighted and endearing conversations of this evening, they cast fears and apprehensions to the winds. They dwelt on the conviction, that they should be as near the innocence and enjoyment of the first pair, before sin had entered the groves of Paradise, as any thing that earth had seen, since that period. Nor did they fail, before they separated, to scan with the eye of sober moral courage, the evening of those days, which they hoped to spend together, nor that last solemn hour, when love, even like theirs, must be sundered. They cheered each other with the sure and certain hope of the renewal of virtuous wedded love beyond the grave, and on the *everlasting hills*.

Next day, with due solemnity, Augusta was installed professor, and her new and delighted pupil introduced to the duties of her noviciate. The instructress and the pupil managed their



respective parts to a charm; and the mock gravity on the one part, and the arch curiosity and the inquisitive ignorance on the other, afforded a happy variety to the uniform tenor of her former modes of spending her time. In grateful commemoration of the manner in which their new subject came into their possession, they agreed to give her the name *Rescue*, which they repeated to her with great solemnity of manner. It was difficult to preserve it through this ceremonial; for, comprehending their intent in a moment, she laughed, sprang into her dancing attitudes, snapped her fingers, repeated her former name, which, as it sounded in their ears, had been *Mahutai*, and attempted to pronounce her new name with such whimsical tone and emphasis, as absolutely disconcerted the gravity of her sponsors in this kind of domestic baptism. They gave her to understand, that they wished to question her, if she was willing to stay with them for ever. She replied by flourishing both hands in repeated circles, to imply days, or courses of the sun, and then crossed and joined her hands, to denote the continual recurrence of her days of obedience. They then inquired of her, if she had no wish to escape from them. She replied by moving her finger slowly in the direction of the sun from east to west, and then pointing to the cavity in which the dead bodies of her captors had been deposited, implying that she would stay with them until her body should be added to the number.

They dined this day in their usual manner, but

with a gaiety and cheerfulness of heart that no words can reach, and which can only be imagined. Rescue had already become an efficient servant. What she wanted in adroitness and practice, she more than compensated in her eager anxiety to understand and anticipate their wants, in her good humoured efforts to correct her errors of ignorance and want of comprehension. When it came her turn to dine after them, to hearts that enjoyed their own pleasures anew in seeing them shared by another, it was a still higher treat than their own had been, to remark with what zest of devouring appetite Rescue attacked the remainder of the dinner. Nor did they fail to remark upon the comfortable circumstance in their condition, that the abundance of the waters and the island left them no fear of famine. They admitted, that it would have required no large colony of such servants to have inspired that fear with show of reason.

Augusta had often spoken, with a look of regret, of the want of any human eye to witness their approaching assumption of their mutual vows. He discoursed with her on this subject as they walked to the lake after dinner, attended by Rescue. He promised that he would devote some time this evening, in attempts to explain to Rescue's understanding, the nature of the relation which they contemplated, and to learn her to pronounce in English, that she understood, and was witness to the ceremony. Of course, after their return from a



charming promenade, in which the afternoon had passed most pleasantly, he commenced with his subject this evening after supper; and while Augusta was retired to her own apartment, attempted to make Rescue comprehend the great transactions which were expected to take place on the morrow. He was perplexed to find, that some of the signs and gestures, by which he wished to explain to Rescue his love for her mistress, the tall savagess interpreted as a fair attempt to make love to herself, which she, as a docile servant, showed no disposition to frown upon. When she discovered that she had misinterpreted him in that point, with great shrewdness she disguised her disappointment, and made signs to him to proceed in his explanation. Precisely at the moment, in the approaching ceremony, when, taking each other's hand, they should pronounce their vows, he wished her to say, "I witness." It seemed an easy word to pronounce. But it appeared to be a shibboleth to Rescue; nor could her master forbear thinking that she affected more ignorance than she felt in the case. He repeated the favourite word a hundred times, and she as often repeated it after him, and always with the same imperfect pronunciation as at first. Despairing of rendering her more perfect in her part, he repeated it a last time with emphasis, inquiring by gesture, if she knew the proper point of the ceremony, at which she was to pronounce the assigned word, "I witness." She nodded assent,

and after he left her to go to her rest, he heard her still laughing, and pronouncing her word as though it were *E wheetnee*.

The light of the following day would have seemed charming to this happy pair, had it been a day of clouds and storms. But it dawned in unusual loveliness, even for that delicious climate. The ocean, the air, the trees, the mountains, the island, and all nature smiled, and gave signs of gratulation. Their birds and animals seemed to be forewarned of the happiness reserved for the day; or, rather, the imagination of the parties invested nature, physical and animal, with the aspect of participation in their happiness. They wandered, hand in hand, through the groves. They visited the place where he had found her; the tree under which she had laid herself down to die, and where, with such gentleness and tenderness of nursing, he had raised her up. There was enough in their views of the past to fill her eye with tears, compounded of the pleasant and painful remembrance, and enough of darkness in the dim prospects of the future, to blend trembling with their joy. They discussed the history of the past, and soberly looked forward to the chances of the future, even to that solemn day, when they should sink in social sleep, under the palms that had witnessed their innocent loves, until the day when their spirits should fly together to scenes,

“Where love and bliss immortal reign.”



Their walks were plundered of the most beautiful flowers. Wild roses and the splendid tropical wreaths, the branches of the palm, branches of the bread-fruit tree loaded with their fruits, and the verdure of the most fragrant and graceful shrubs, ornamented every part of the interior apartment. Rescue moved briskly in this business of preparation. She seemed not only to comprehend it, and enter into it with her whole heart, but to manifest the usual increase in stature and importance, natural to the female assistants on those important occasions. That she did comprehend the object of these preparations was obvious from various parts of her deportment; and once, when her mistress, in the bloom of beauty, and in all the splendour of bridal preparation, passed her, she gently put her arm round the neck of her mistress, and kissed her glowing cheek, laughing the while, and displaying her somersets with more than ordinary demonstrations of elasticity.

All the varieties of fruit, flesh, fish, and fowl, were put in requisition for the bridal supper, upon which all the skill of the parties in cookery had been exhausted. The wine cup was graced with the most brilliant and fragrant flowers; and they sat down to their repast, embowered in a vegetable splendour, to which all the glory of Solomon was not to be compared. The altar was a pillar of rose-coloured basalt. Cardinals, with their purple-tufted heads, were in cages upon one side, and pairs of purple pigeons on the other. The favourites

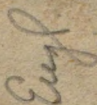
among the trained animals of the bride were allowed to make their way to the altar. The sun had descended. The queen of the night raised her broad pale torch from the ocean, and threw her radiance upon the scene. The interior apartment was brilliantly illuminated. The English Episcopal bridal service was open on the altar. Augusta, arrayed in all the splendour of her own taste, and the range which her ample wardrobe allowed, placed herself on one side of the altar, and he on the other. Rescue sat at a little distance, her face resting upon her hands as she sat, and her black eyes glistening with an eagerness of intense curiosity which can only be imagined.

He, from a paper which he had prepared for the occasion, read a short formula of the circumstances under which Providence had brought them together, and of the reasons which, in his view, justified them in the sight of honour and conscience, and the laws of heaven and earth, to unite in marriage. He invoked God to witness, that he intended to hold himself bound by all the strongest ties, human and divine, to consider himself a lawful wedded husband. He called upon the all-seeing God to witness, that if they should ever leave that island, and be again joined to society, he would renew the marriage covenant, and render it legal by the rites of the law, and the church, in the most public and solemn manner; and he called upon heaven to reward or punish him, according to his sincerity in making those vows, and his



religious fidelity in fulfilling their obligations. He then, in a voice trembling with emotion, read the service. They mutually joined their hands. The bridal ring was placed on her finger. They mutually repeated their vows, and looked to Rescue to utter her trained response, "I witness." But, whether she really did not understand her part, or whether a little envy and perverseness mingled with her thoughts on the occasion, she stretched her neck, and exhibited either the most real, or the best feigned ignorance, astonishment, and want of comprehension; staring the while, and saying nothing. Judging from her gaping and constrained silence, that no ratification of the contract was to be expected from any words of hers, he fell on his knees before his bride, folded her in his arms, and said, You are now my own wedded wife. Saying this, he kissed away the tears of excitement and joy, that sprung in the eyes of his bride. That ceremony, no doubt performed with energy and earnestness, seemed to have been uttered in a kind of general language, well understood even by Rescue. It was a key, that unlocked the whole mystery she had been witnessing. She danced, and snapped her fingers, kissed her mistress, and laughed, uttering with ready fluency, "*Me stand that—Me wheetnee :*" intimating, that all the ceremony, up to that time, had been heathen Greek to her.

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 V O P O N S T A S H I C A

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