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AN ORPHAN
OF
THE OLD DOMINION.

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HER TRIALS AND TRAVELS.

EMBRACING A HISTORY OF HER LIFE,

Taken principally from her Journals and Letters.

BY
LUMINA SILVERVALE.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps
are not known."

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TO
MY MOTHER,
MY KIND STEPFATHER,
MY BROTHERS,
AND
ALL THE ORPHANS IN THE LAND,

A Testimonial

OF THE RESPECT AND AFFECTION OF

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE only apology for putting forth this work is a desire to be useful. The author wishes to encourage the friendly, and cheer with hope even the helpless orphan. She also desires to impart useful and important information to any who may be possessed of a missionary spirit. This information relates to the manners, language, modes of living, and in fine everything that is peculiar to that great and wonderful nation who claim an origin far anterior to the recognized father of our race, Adam himself. The Chinese are certainly a remarkable people, and the reader of the following biography and travels will, it is hoped, find a faithful picture of a nation who may perhaps play an important part in the future history of our own great and growing country. The greatest study of mankind is man, but to know one nation only is not to understand this subject in half its breadth. Nothing so enlarges our ideas as foreign travel. To understand the peculiarities of the various nations and tribes of this babbling earth; to know what they eat and drink and how they sleep, for what they live and toil, and what are their hopes beyond the bounds of this transient scene; to know all this, and to know it by *seeing it*, has been with the author a passion. What gives pleasure to us we naturally think will be interesting to others, and as but few can travel ex-

tensively, the author hopes to give to the reader such a life-like view of the people with whom she lived and labored, that both profit and pleasure may result. The work lays no peculiar claims to literary excellence, and asks not for criticism; whilst it has at least one merit, the author has in nowise willfully deviated from the intent of true description, and the endeavor "to do good."

L. S.

AN

ORPHAN OF THE OLD DOMINION.

CHAPTER I.

DURING the summer vacation of the last year that the beautiful Mary Sterling spent at school she became acquainted with Mr. Samuel Hobyn, a handsome, accomplished, and generous-hearted young gentleman, owning an estate in her father's neighborhood, who had been engaged in business in a distant country, and having obtained his majority, had returned home to enjoy his patrimony. He sought to entangle Miss Sterling's heart in the silken meshes of love, but was for a time unsuccessful, as she was "too young to marry any one." Mr. Hobyn's home was beautiful, supplied with servants and many of the luxuries of life. Then he was "so noble and handsome," and his heart the home of so many "good moral qualities."

Many young ladies set their caps, but without success, as Miss Sterling alone had made an indelible impression upon his heart. He knew that the school of which she was a member would close on the first of December for their winter's vacation, which she would spend at home. How often did he sigh for this wished-for period to arrive!

Many gay parties were given in the large circle of his acquaintances, to which he was always invited, and which he frequently attended; but his attentions were so general to the young ladies that no one felt that she was slighted, yet none could feel that he paid her special attention.

But in these festive times he felt that the angel of his

happiness was far away at a boarding-school, poring over books, or might be "alone with memory," her bright blue eyes fixed with a vacant stare on the floor of her room; sometimes raising her round, white arm, finished with a very pretty hand, with delicate, tapering fingers, to push aside the dark curl as it fell from her beautiful neck and intercepted her gaze for a moment; or perhaps she might be sitting busily engaged with her slate and pencil in making calculations down to the second of the time when she would return home, and finished by drawing a landscape picture of Mr. Hobyn's residence. Although he did not appear in the pencil sketch, yet he was portrayed in loving colors as large as life in the foreground of the intangible picture sketched in her imagination.

Mr. Hobyn had never told her that he would wait until she had finished her course of studies; but she hoped that he would, and then her father could not possibly object to her being united to "a gentleman with so many flattering prospects."

Too brilliant or too sombre lines are often employed in painting pictures of the imagination, but in this Miss Sterling was true to life. She returned home at the time anticipated when she left in the summer, and as soon as an opportunity offered she inquired of her servant-maid whether Mr. Hobyn was married, and to her girlhood's joy she found that he was still single, and that he asked "Uncle Phil," who had often been there to get some of the fine peaches and apples that grew in his large orchard, when his young mistress was coming home.

The mirthful season of the Christmas holidays being over, and when all had entered upon the duties of the new year with a cheerful spirit and bright prospects for the future, Mr. Sterling informed his daughter that, as he then wished to enlarge the circle of her opportunities, in an educational point of view, he had concluded to send her to one of the first female schools in the city of Richmond as soon as she could get her wardrobe prepared. This she expedited in order to carry out her father's wishes.

Mr. Hobyn, hearing that Miss Sterling would leave for her school in a short time, became fearful that his opportunities for renewing his suit were rapidly passing away;

in consequence of which he pressed his overtures more zealously than ever, and ere her young heart was aware she pledged herself to become the plighted partner of his sorrows and his joys, for she loved him with unsophisticated devotion, and in accepting his heart she had given her own in return.

In order to put an end to her going to school again, Mr. Hobyn, with the consent of his affianced bride, asked Mr. Sterling for his beautiful daughter in marriage. To this he very reluctantly consented, on account of her being so young and inexperienced,—she had scarcely emerged from childhood, not having completed her fifteenth year,—and that both were too young to realize the great responsibility of the step they were about to take; and so it proved in after-years, for after all life is a thing of solid realities, and not of bright visions, whose brilliant pictures grow sombre and repulsive as we approach them, or burst as beadlike bubbles on the receding wave.

For weeks Summerset Cottage (the name of Miss Sterling's home) was a scene of preparation in some department or other for the approaching festival, as the marriage ceremony was always, in those days, celebrated at the house of the bride, and it would seem with great propriety. A wedding was something that attracted the attention of the whole round of acquaintances, both old and young, as all expected to join in the dance, which usually continued for several successive days.

At last the appointed day arrived for young Hobyn to lead his bride before the hymeneal altar. He appeared leading forward with graceful and manly air his young and lovely bride, who shone as bright and beauteous as a spring morning, and it was evident that she could not have proceeded had she not been supported by the arm of her tender lover. All arose as they entered the room, and (as there were just enough for an agreeable company) formed a circle, and heard them exchange vows of love before the man of God, after which many congratulations were offered by the relatives and friends of the newly-wedded pair.

It was a bright and joyous time to all but the widowed father of the young bride of scarcely fifteen summers, the

charm of whose beauty was heightened by her childlike simplicity and frankness. The tears which she saw standing on her loved father's cheek caused a passing shadow over her joyous spirit.

In the rear portico all the servants had collected to "wish much joy to the bride and bridegroom," their "young mistress and master Hobyn," which being over, the young couple returned to the parlor to join in the dance.

On the evening of the second day after the marriage Mr. Hobyn took his bride home, accompanied by a number of invited guests. It was a handsome, large brick house with Venetian blinds, which was reached by passing through an avenue of poplar- and locust-trees. In front of the building was a flower-garden laid out with much taste.

The rosebushes were not in bloom, but the bright tulips and gay honeysuckles presented a brilliant appearance, while the hyacinths, blue-bottles, and the lily of the valley were drooping their modest heads and perfuming the air with their delicious fragrance.

In the rear of the house was a number of fruit-trees of different kinds in full bloom, among which the peach-trees, with bright pink blossoms, shone in conspicuous and eclipsing beauty.

In front, without, and in the large quadrangular courtyard, grew many lovely trees, around which were clinging creepers of rich and luxuriant foliage adorned with crimson flowers and coral-like berries. In the centre of the circular grass-plot was a beautiful summer-house, embowered in the dense foliage of white and yellow jasmine and woodbine in flower. Birds of variegated and lovely plumage were caroling sweet music from their leafy bowers, as if in keeping with the gala scene at the "home," for it seemed that the very genius of mirth had taken possession of it for the time; but even the season of mirth must have an end, and give place to the more sober, practical duties of life.

In the domestic department of the "home" Mrs. Hobyn had the assistance and advice of two of Mr. Hobyn's sisters, who had been some time making preparations for the reception of the lovely bride of their youngest brother.

And no one had a higher claim on their time and attention than their brother and his young wife, who was ever ready and anxious to practice her newly-acquired lessons. Her rosy, smiling, dimpled face was seen in the culinary department, as well as in the more refined and congenial circle of the parlor.

Often in the flower-garden were her tiny white hands busy in twining and interweaving the truant vines around their latticed home, or pruning the flowers of their exuberant growth (which would hasten premature decay) to effect a greater development of their natural beauty.

Mr. Hobyn looked with pride on his lovely wife when engaged in her domestic duties; but while in the flower-garden, her rosy, bright eyes appearing among the vines and flowers, he thought that they rivaled them in beauty.

Roses and flowers do not bloom incessantly, so earthly happiness must come to an end. Mrs. Hobyn buried her eldest child in the family graveyard. Thus did one dark messenger of affliction flit across their pathway of life, so recently tinged with golden-hued promises of continued happiness; but promises, like sunshine, are often succeeded by shadows.

This season of gloom was soon followed by others, until a dark cloud arose above the horizon of their domestic bliss, ere long to overcast the sky of their earthly prospects and burst in a merciless storm on the frail bark in which, with swelling sails, and wafted by sweet, balmy breezes athwart the silvery expanse, they had so lately entered upon the sea of life, spanned by rainbow hopes. Friends ashore—not seeing the storm, shoals, and breakers ahead—cheer them on until words are exhausted in wishing them a prosperous voyage and a safe and happy arrival in their destined port.

In a few short months Mrs. Hobyn is clad in deep mourning for her devoted and much-loved and only parent. Her father, though apparently in perfect health, did not live long to give happiness to her auspicious commencement of life. To be deprived of his paternal love and counsels for awhile overwhelmed the natural gayety of her spirits.

Almost as soon as the funeral obsequies were over, the young, brave, and generous Mr. Hobyn was called to the

battle-field to fight for his country. He hesitated not, but joined a large company of volunteers then waiting to perform the line of march to the camp near the town of Hampton.

On account of the depressing influence the sight of so many soldiers might have on the spirits of his young wife, Mr. Hobyn sent a request to the captain of the company to pass by his house as quietly as possible, under the cover and silence of the night, politely stating his reason for so doing, and that he would meet them at seven o'clock next morning in the grove in front of Colonel Callum's residence.

Clad in his gay regimentals, with his warlike, caparisoned steed before the gate of the paternal mansion, Mr. Hobyn, with a firm step, but heaving bosom, and many big, burning tears crossing his youthful, but manly, cheeks, took leave of his agonized, weeping wife. What volumes rushed through the thoughts of that moment I will not attempt to describe. This might be the last time those eyes, telegraphing with the illumined characters of love, might meet again on earth.

Ere an hour's ride, Mr. Hobyn joined the cavalcade of brave soldiers. Many were sitting with sad faces and down-cast eyes, from which the dewdrops of sorrow were falling in silent, but quick, succession. They had parted with all they held dear on earth for a term of hardship and toil in the service of their country.

Colonel Callum, who had been an officer in the Revolution, came with his two sons and son-in-law to join this youthful cavalcade, composed of the flower and first-ripe fruit of their country, wept when he saw them, and wished that *all* of that chivalrous band were his own sons, that he might send forth a full regiment to fight for his country.

Onward and onward they moved, with their gay plumes waving in the gentle morning breezes, whose low, faint moans seemed so dirgelike. Each carried his sorrows locked up in his own bosom, for they were too sacred to be imparted to stranger ears.

The day closed with a glorious sunset, and the cavalcade struck their tents for the night. Many hands were busy in penning, in black and white, the brilliant hopes of a speedy

termination of the war, and their return to loved ones at home. Loved forms and faces, which passed before them in their day-dreams, in their lonely, but not solitary, travel, were the last images that faded from consciousness, and appeared again as soon as their weary limbs, and still more weary minds, were composed on the couch which mother earth ever affords her toilworn children.

Nothing unusual occurred to relieve the dull monotony of their tedious journey over a long dusty road in hot weather.

Soon after reaching a station for soldiers, not far from Hampton, they heard the most welcome of all intelligence, from friend to friend, that all was well at home, save the vacuum produced by the absence of a husband, son, or brother.

At this camp they were not able to obtain food for themselves, or anything for their horses but dried grass, for three days. The weather was excessively hot, as no rain had fallen for some time, in consequence of which drinkable water, to allay their increasing thirst, was with difficulty obtained. Their sufferings were most intense, but on the evening of the third day's suffering a grateful and copious shower fell upon the parched and cracked earth, and rain fell successively for several days, reviving nature and causing the barren fields to wear a smiling and beautiful appearance. These privations and trials endured by the young volunteers rather enhanced than diminished their zeal in the defense of their country, and cheered them onward to the performance of new duties.

Their being ordered to stop at this camp was what they did not anticipate on leaving home. In time they were ordered to repair, with all possible speed, to Hampton; but before they had remained long at this place, peace was proclaimed,—the cannon's roar, the clash of arms, the din and cry of battle was hushed to silence, and the soldiers discharged.

With how much zeal did they return to enjoy the comforts and fireside pleasures of their own homes! How happy the return to those that were left! No doubt the incense of many a prayer was offered up from the altar of grateful hearts for the safe return of those whose faces they feared that they would see no more this side eternity.

During the absence of the stronger sex a portion of the colored population had begun to be very menacing in their manners to the unprotected and defenseless white families; and had it not been for their timely return, which put an end to the impending insurrection, all of their families would have been murdered. One of Mr. Hobyn's servants told Mrs. Hobyn that there were only three old white men in the county, and what could *they* do with so many to fight against them? And as for his own master, it would be a long time before he would be allowed to come home, if he did not get killed in the war. This naturally threw the whole defenseless community in a panic. What a propitious providence that their husbands, sons, and brothers were released from the duties which their country claimed from them, to repel the more sanguinary war, which threatened their loved and defenseless ones in their domestic circle, around their own hearthstones, to which the imminent one at South Hampton would scarcely have been a prelude!

It was afterwards ascertained that the idea of massacring all the defenseless white females did not originate with the negroes, but that they were instigated by fiends incarnate, clad in the livery of respectable citizens, to take this diabolical step as soon as an opportunity should offer; these promised the poor, deluded wretches a share of the spoils for the performance of the horrid deed, when *they* really intended to pillage the houses of all the money, jewels, and other valuables, leaving the poor, duped sables to reap the bitter fruits which credulity had sown, by losing their own lives. It is consoling to the Christian philosopher, that the "Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will."

CHAPTER II.

MR. HOBYN had been left, by his father-in-law, chief executor to his large estate, which required much time to settle up in the way demanded by the testator, whose somewhat unexpected death left his pecuniary matters in a rather unsettled condition.

Mr. Sterling hoped to the last few days of his life that he would recover, and be able to adjust squarely his own accounts with his debtors. In consequence of this procrastination much money was lost which was justly due to the estate.

The deceased was a man of temperate habits, just in all his dealings with his fellow-citizens. The genius of hospitality reigned in his domicile, at whose board the worthy poor always found themselves on an equality with the rich in participating of the bounties which were spread before them. So that he had universally the name of a kind neighbor and a good man; so regular in his attendance at church on the Sabbath, and upright in his walk through life, that by many, especially by his own servants, he was esteemed a Christian, though he never made an open profession of religion.

The Hobyns returned to the "home" until Mr. Hobyn was able to adjust the business to which he had been appointed by his late father-in-law, which was difficult to do without seeking legal advice. Mr. Sterling said, on his dying bed, that a gentleman in Richmond owed him several thousand dollars, for which he at the time took a bond without security, as the money was promised to be returned in a few days; and being taken sick the day after, he wrote the creditor to come and see him in order to arrange matters, but that he had never received a line from him. This money, with other important sums and landed property, after several years of perplexity and anxiety, Mr. Hobyn was not able to recover even by a legal process.

A little bright, rosy-cheeked, cherub boy completed the

trio of this afflicted family; his advent was like a ray of sunshine through the dark cloud which had so long hung over them at the "home." His infantile smiles and his cooings fell on Mrs. Hobyn's ear with softer than dovelike accents, and rivaled in sweetness the fragrance, which was wafted by the breezes, from the rich festoons of gay flowers as they hung in magnificence from their parent stems, or the warbling of the feathered songsters in the vine-clad bowers, the shrubbery, or the more densely foliated trees. She now felt less intensely the separation from her orphan sisters and brother, as the happy expression of her face was more than thrice reflected by that of her darling little boy, whose dimpled cheeks were like the sparkling ripples of a placid lake.

Mr. Hobyn thought he was a perfect prodigy; and he, with his wife, began to lay plans for his education, and heard, in the distant future, the thunder of his eloquence, as it burst from his lips in the halls of our national Congress, its fame filling the length and breadth of the land. Thus did young hope spread her balmy wings over the gayly-painted picture before them, but not the "hope which is anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast," and maketh not ashamed.

Both parents thought there never was a home so happy as theirs. Little Willie's intellect began to expand almost to precociousness as he grew in stature and physical strength. He could run without nurse's assistance to meet his papa at the yard gate, to get a ride around the lawn with him, and tell him, in his childish glee, about his pet kitten that Aunt Walton had given him, and his little dog Hido, and all the little ducks and chickens that mamma had said that he might have, and his little colt that was almost big enough for him to ride, and that *he* "was to ride a big horse when he was a man like papa."

When the little fellow entered his mother's chamber, he had to tell her all that papa had said to him and all that he had told papa; and then requested nurse to hang up his little red cap, like papa did his, in the hall. "Please, nurse! will, will you?" This he said so coaxingly that nurse could not help attending immediately to his request.

He often asked his papa who made the pretty candles

so high up in the sky, and what God made them for; and a number of such questions, which are "simple in their nature, but ill to solve," and many in which there was a mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous. But Willie's parents were like Gallio, in St. Paul's day, "cared for none of these things," though they labored for the riches "which perish in the using."

It was often remarked by Mr. Hobyn's pious acquaintances that it was a pity that a man of such noble qualities and lofty aspirations was not a Christian. There was so much practical magnanimity in his every-day life that, had he been a Christian, he would have been a demonstration of that charity (the climax of Christian virtues) which "suffereth long and is kind," and which "rendereth unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

Mrs. Hobyn frequently felt that this world often promises, but never satisfies, the soul which seeks its happiness in the brilliant display of the ball-room or the whist-party. But these feelings were like the "morning cloud and early dew,"—the "baseless fabric of a vision," which leaves "not a rack behind."

Though not entirely to his satisfaction, Mr. Hobyn had completed the settlement of his late father-in-law's estate and received his wife's patrimony. He also resigned the guardianship of the youngest daughter, and began to make arrangements for moving to Alabama.

The first step was to sell the "home,"—the place of so many pleasant and melancholy memories, where he was born and spent the early years of his childhood with his devoted parents and a large circle of affectionate brothers and sisters, and where his parents died and he had spent several happy years with his young, beautiful, and loving wife; where lay the mouldering remains of his infant daughter beside those of his lamented parents; where his little darling Willie first heard parental voices breathing into his ears their affectionate solicitude for the little stranger's comfort. These reflections, like dark shadows, passed through Mr. Hobyn's mind, and touched a thousand tender chords. He wept when he thought that many of those loved ones were either dead or far away, and that the scenes of his childhood, hallowed by a host of tender associations, could not

return. He thought it would be best for the pecuniary interest of his family, and that his servants would not have to work so hard, and he could succeed much better every way, in a new country.

Another light sprang up in their dwelling; a little daughter, though not so physically beautiful as her brother, was in every way his equal in mind and heart, and her history will stand in bold relief in the subsequent pages of this narrative.

The "home," being disposed of, was legally transferred to its newly-installed owner, a plain-looking man, who had acquired much money by hard labor, and wished to be in possession of a home that was showy in its exterior, that it might be apparent to the world that he was a rich man, and advance his tall, gawky-looking daughters (to his limited ideas the acme of elegance), through the golden charms of their father's large possessions, who looked upon mental cultivation as worse than nothing, as it brought no money to the possessors, but made them averse to work, and inclined them to talk about things that he neither knew nor cared about; and as to himself, he had made as pretty a fortune as any man need to want without learning, and his children could do the same. Such is the picture of those who succeeded the late refined and cultivated inmates of the "home." Those lovely walks and shades are trodden by unknown feet; and flowers, beauteous and rare, if reared at all, are reared by stranger hands.

To the neighbors there seemed a funeral-like gloom to hang over the whole premises, and they remarked while passing by, how sad it made them feel to think that they should see the loved family no more!

Mr. and Mrs. Hobyn had been very kind to the poor in their vicinity, and of course had friends among them as well as among the opulent.

They had now taken leave of their relatives, acquaintances, and familiar scenes of by-gone days, to seek a home and friends among those that were unknown and untried. Doubtless they had, notwithstanding the buoyancy of their youthful and hopeful minds, some misgivings about the untried future. They had passed the Rubicon, and had but to go forward, or, in the language of the ingenious

dreamer of Bedford jail, "address themselves to their journey." The whole land was before them, but they looked forward to a home on the Tennessee, somewhere in the State of Alabama, as a terminus of their wanderings. But the breath of disappointment often chills the heart, and they had not learned to trust "in the Lord with all their heart," and to be "careful for nothing."

CHAPTER III.

MR. HOBYN's family consisted of himself, Mrs. Hobyn, a little son and infant daughter, Willie and Almara, and a number of servants. As the houses of entertainment for travelers were few and far between, they had often to camp out by night, as they were well provided with tents and other requisites to their comfort; consequently it was not much of a hardship. Their camp-table, which was nothing more than a cloth spread upon the ground, was supplied, for a compensation, by the simple-hearted people with bread, milk, venison, bacon, or fowls, which were often eaten with more relish than the most sumptuous fare at the celebrated "St. Nicholas," on Broadway: while the horses received an abundant supply of corn or hay from the cribs and stacks of those who lived near the roadside.

Our travelers soon found themselves among the mountains of the "Old Dominion," and their journeyings necessarily became shorter daily. They toiled on, following the steep mountain road before them, surrounded by the most sublime, wild, and impressive scenery, for nature reigned there in all her glory. The air was pure, fresh, and bracing, and now and then a lovely stream meandered far down in the valley, there concealed by the dense foliage and flowers overhanging its bright waters, and appearing again, was quickly hid by the dark brow of the mountain, and still beyond it seemed lessened to a crystal thread. Before them arose a lofty mountain, clad in luxuriant

verdure, curving at places far into the valley, and at those points, and the summits, bathed in a sea of golden light; at others, retiring, cast into dark, sombre, and repulsive shades. Beyond, mountains on mountains seemed to rise, like a sea of terrestrial waves, until they were lost in the distant haze, and fancy painted them still farther on. Our travelers, having reached the summit of the mountains, nature's great observatories, they took a survey of the grand, wild, wonderful, and almost boundless panorama spread out before them; and far above, the mountain bird "sailed in majestic flight, with an air as wild and free as the genius of liberty." Everything seemed basking in the sunshine. Innumerable songsters warbled forth their sweetest music. Wild flowers, with the morning dew sparkling in crystal drops on their beautiful and virgin lips, turned their lovely cheeks to receive the first smiles from the "powerful king of day," as he came forth rejoicing in his chariot of gold from his chamber of orient splendor; and even the tiny, buzzing, sportive, fluttering insects, darting through the air, joined in the universal hallelujahs to God the Creator.

This lovely and sublime scenery fast receded from their view, as they had already entered a dark, waving forest, densely woven with an undergrowth of shrubbery and clinging vine, almost excluding the light of the sun. Sometimes the graceful deer would start from the copse, and bound away before them, over hillocks and through dark ravines, till lost from the sight. The streams were so clear, and the pebbled bottom appeared so near the surface, that Mr. Hobyn, who was unacquainted with its deceptive appearance, more than once found his horses swimming in a depth of twelve or eighteen feet of water.

Our travelers, being almost worn out by the fatigue incidental to crossing the mountainous portions of Virginia, stopped a few days (to rest themselves and their team) at Abington, the county seat of Washington, at that time the most flourishing and considerable town in South-western Virginia. Here they found many persons from Eastern Virginia, forming a society cultivated, refined, and hospitable.

After recovering from the fatigue of traveling over the

rough mountain roads, Mr. Hobyn continued his journey southwestward, until they came to a rural hotel, a point at which the States of Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky meet. Here again they met with many Virginians, and other persons also, emigrating to different portions of the Union.

The scenery in this section was wild and beautiful. Some of the travelers were almost unbounded in their admiration of it, and the pious heart looked in through nature up to nature's God, and mentally exclaimed, "My Father made them all."

Travelers, meeting under such circumstances, feel a kind of relationship. The inquiries always arise, From what place did you come? To what place going? What prospects before you? etc. While the genealogy of their families was gone over more than once, either from the first settlement of America, or from their great-grandparents back to that time, to find out if there was not a real relationship between the individuals themselves, that they might be related to a relation, or to some cousin of a relation.

This place, at that time, seemed to have been a sort of focus at which most persons moving simultaneously from Virginia to any of the Southern or Western States met with persons from other States moving in the same direction. There, in the emigrant's equipage, could be found every style of fashion, every phase of dress, every kind of animal of the domestic and useful kind indigenous to the country; teams of horses or mules drawing wagons and carts, containing feather beds, wooden chairs, tin-pails, festoons of old boots and shoes tied on behind the wagons, which contain various articles of housekeeping; gridirons, frying-pans, coffee-pots, iron skillets, and other little indispensables, which could not be so distinctly enumerated, were packed up with more bulky articles of household furniture; some wagons carrying the servants, others provender for the horses; children crying and others playing; some white and colored women preparing the meals for their respective families or their owners, some arriving in a cart with a white boy on the foremost horse as a driver, or to give him a rest from his long walk; per-

haps a group of negroes of all ages and sizes, with their shoes and knapsacks hung over their shoulders, a calash-topped gig, a carry-all, and ever and anon a carriage with a yellow body painted in wreaths of flowers; some persons on horseback, others walking and trying to keep up with the riders, who in their turn take the place of the walkers, while the faithful dogs were at liberty to walk, or were confined with cords to the wagons or carts.

The favorable reports from various persons, who had been there and were returning to settle up their estates, with a view of emigrating with their families the subsequent year, confirmed more than ever Mr. Hobyn's opinion that Alabama was the Eden of the Union. His heart glowed with anticipation of soon realizing a princely fortune for his children. The ascent of the Cumberland Mountains appeared less difficult than those in Virginia. So occupied was his mind with the brilliant future, that present difficulties seemed annihilated. They succeeded in reaching the summit of Spenser's Hill, which tradition says was so called from the circumstance of a man by the name of Spenser being killed by the lawless bandits who once infested that mountain pass.

In descending the mountain, a feeling of indescribable loneliness took possession of the minds which, a short time before, were almost in ecstasies from the extensive view of the Tennessee valley, as seen from the mountain-top. A dense forest of crab-trees cast its shadow over the roadside and a deathlike stillness was all around, save the gurgling of a stream as its waters flowed over the rocky bottom and wound around the base of the mountain. Even the feathered choristers in this lugubrious region seemed afraid to break the awful silence by singing in their wonted sonorous tones; but, in almost half-suppressed notes, sang in a minor scale a serenade to the queen of desolation who reigned supreme in her awful solitude, once the abode of wild and ferocious beasts, and lawless banditti still more savage, who caused the blood of the helpless traveler to flow and to cry aloud for vengeance to Him who saith that "vengeance is mine, I will repay."

Mr. Hobyn did not think it safe to camp out again

during the remainder of his journey, but stopped at private houses or such hotels as the country then afforded. These places of rest for the accommodation of weary travelers were often nothing more than log-cabins, a habitation for the keeper's family, and another built in the same style in the yard for the entertainment of those who put up for the night, which often had but one room. Sometimes the beds had curtains, and sometimes not. Though there were none of the luxuries of life to be found at these places, yet most of the necessities could be obtained, in the way of poultry, eggs, pork, bacon, bear's bacon, green and dried venison, and such were usually seen in the bill of fare which was spread out on a large, rough pine table before the guests, who had been sitting most comfortably before a glowing fire of huge logs, which had been cut from the contiguous forest. Each regaled himself, if he wished, by puffing from his mouth smoke inhaled from a corn-cob pipe, to which was attached a reed stem. The smoke arose in graceful curls as from a small furnace, until it filled the room with an aromatic fog. Some one of the guests, more anxious to entertain than to be entertained, detailed a long and frightful account of his own adventures, or some that he had heard his father tell about himself or some one that he knew. This was often done to the great amusement of his companions in the hotel of the backwoods.

The hostess and her daughters attended to the business of the culinary department, while the father did the service of footman to his table at the same time, his guests doing ample justice to what was spread before them, the most garrulous stopping occasionally to discuss the political aspect of the country, both pro and con the administration. Some were traveling for the sake of seeing the country, with a view to have what they saw published in a book for the improvement and entertainment of those who stay at home and have more leisure to read than money to furnish the means for traveling, or have not the courage to brave the dangers and endure the privations in almost every form, with no companion or weapon of defense but a knapsack and walking-stick. These noble pioneers will by-and-by give to the world the fruits of

their observation and experience in the tangible form of a volume, with travels through the length and breadth of the land, which will enlighten the ignorant and add much to the fund of those who hold the treasures of knowledge. Men of luxuriant imaginations, refined manners, and classic tastes were often met in these secluded, almost wilderness, houses of entertainment; and many lasting friendships were formed (for mind sympathizes with mind), and often were reflected through the mysterious lines of epistles from one end of the Union to the other, to the long-cherished objects of regard, for

"Fancy roves where ocean rolls,
And loves to dwell with absent friends."

At another turn of the road was seen the industrious plowman driving his team through the long furrows of his spacious fields of corn and cotton, the rattling of the wagons and cart-wheels, the noise of the busy woodman with his axe felling the trees for his future plantation or the site of a town. Perhaps the location had but two or three log-cabins in which the hardy pioneer had settled with his frugal and industrious wife and half-dozen sprightly children, his faithful dog, a cow or two, and a span of horses, which made the sum total of his earthly possessions, an immense fortune in the incipient State. The segment of these towns lay on the beautiful Tennessee River; the low grounds on the banks were rich and fertile, the climate salubrious and delightful, everywhere surrounded with beautiful prospects and sylvan scenes. The only candle known was the pine-knot, which gave a mellow, yet sufficiently bright, light, by which the mother and daughters did all the sewing for the family, as daylight was of too much value to be consumed in matters of secondary importance; at least the family thought that the grand desideratum, for which to spend their time and strength, was to make money. Did their raiment become torn? the thorn-bush furnished pins, by the means of which the rent could readily be repaired.

Our travelers sometimes, on stopping to get water for themselves and horses, would find many of the inmates of these slightly-built log-houses suffering sadly from the

visitations of fever and ague, without any of the comforts of which the sick stand so much in need, or the angel-like visits of a kind and attentive physician. What a miserable lot! Hardships innumerable they had to encounter! The sympathizing travelers bestowed a few kind words and looks on the cadaverous-looking and emaciated invalids. Mr. Hobyn, having considerable knowledge of pharmacy and the practice of medicine, prescribed and divided his medical stores with them. He often left with a feeling of mournful interest in his patients, some of whom had a burning fever, whom he never expected to see or hear from again, but wished much to know whether they had derived any material benefit from his prescriptions. Like the true philanthropist, he felt happy for having done a virtuous action. He was often struck with the incongruous and evasive answers of these sick persons to his questions as to the healthfulness of the country. "Oh, yes, it is very healthy here; but some distance from here, lower down on the river, it is very sickly." These answers might be made in a settlement in which there were scarcely enough of those who were well to wait on those that were sick.

Perhaps Mr. Hobyn thought that these things might be but a foreshadowing of what his own family might be called to endure in that scarcely settled country, as he was not more than a hundred miles from the place he intended to locate with his family. He grew thoughtful as doubts darkened his prospects for the future. Had he, in whose heart so many estimable qualities were concentrated, been a Christian, he would have committed his way unto the Great Fountain of all good, and with filial submission have said, "Father, *thy* will be done."

Onward from this little opening, like a bright islet in the dark forbidding ocean of forest, the road continued until another winding brought to view a clearing in which the women were picking up the grain after the men who were reaping, some plowing or working with the hoe. They were located in a more healthy region, and on account of their out-door exercise were hardy and vigorous. Though without that cultivated refinement which characterizes the daughters of the older States, they had kind hearts, which

you would soon realize by becoming a guest in their rough, coarsely-built houses of two rooms, with an opening sometimes in the middle, with a ground-floor for a passage and a piazza in front, where the tables are spread with animal flesh, bread, milk, and butter, and, being invited by the host, you have only to ascend a step-ladder to secure a resting-place for the night, while the openings in the roof allow the stars to give you a light to sleep by, and the winds through the crevices in the walls whisper a sweet lullaby, and, away in the balmy arms of Morpheus, you are speedily wafted and transported to the fairy-land of dreams.

The sun had just retired behind the lofty hills, leaving in his pathway streaks of golden light dancing on the mountain-top, over which it had just rode in a chariot of glory. The clouds were tinged with purple and crimson and yellow of all shades and hues; the clear sky varied from a blue to a fine green at the horizon; the evening had begun to throw her shadows in the distance,—the river before them to reflect the bright stars as they one by one peeped out half-timidly from their hiding-places; the moon was tipping the tops of the trees with her silvery light as she sailed in state over the ethereal and pathless pavement of the sky; the birds were seeking their homes for the night and shooting hither and thither across each other, bursting into short, gay notes, or singing their evening songs in their leafy hiding-places.

Mr. Hobyn and his family group had just arrived at the crossing-place of the river, but, finding the water too deep to be forded, it occurred to him that there was a ferry-boat on the opposite side,—so called aloud for the ferryman. A large manufacturing mill was near the base of the hill. On the top of another hill glimpses of a magnificent dwelling were seen through the slight openings of a well-wooded park, which reached down to the margin of the river, and which, by its windings, was soon hid behind the hills. An air of tranquillity and retirement reigned supreme, which impressed our traveler with images of domestic happiness. The river was all bordered with reeds, tall flowering shrubs, overrun and matted by beautiful creepers with green leaves and gay flowers.

By this time the ferrymen had come with their large ferry-boat to take the passengers over the river. The Hobyns asked the boatmen the name of their master, and if he would take in travelers for the night, to which they replied, "Humph! why, yes, sir. My massa, mistess, young massas and young misses, da is all good people, from old Virginny; da is mighty-rich gentlefolks, and sure enough quality; big family." The old boatman went on praising his master and family until encomiums seemed exhausted.

As they approached Mr. Smith's residence, tears involuntarily flowed from Mrs. Hobyn's eyes like April showers. Her mind went back to the beautiful and commodious home which she had left forever. Mr. Hobyn alighted from the carriage, went to the house, a servant met him and invited him to be seated in the parlor, into which Mr. Smith soon entered. After some preliminaries, Mr. Smith came out with Mr. Hobyn and invited Mrs. Hobyn to spend the night under their roof. It was with much effort that she restrained herself from sobbing as she entered the spacious hall, in which she was met by Mrs. Smith, a lady-like woman somewhat advanced in years, who conducted her to a retired room where she could lay off her hood and traveling-dress. She also gave some directions to the nurse about little Willie and the baby, which she held in her arms. Mrs. Smith asked Willie his own name and that of his sister's, as both seemed quite animated with the transition from a close carriage to a spacious house, and seemed disposed to make themselves agreeable to all the inmates of the place.

After Mrs. Hobyn had rested awhile and completed her toilet for the evening, she was invited to join her husband, Mr. Smith, and family, and was conducted by one of the daughters into an elegant and luxuriously-furnished parlor. Mr. Smith was a man of extensive reading, and one whose remarkably courtly address would entitle him to be styled a "Virginia gentleman," in whose company every person at once felt himself at home.

A delicious and bountiful tea was prepared for them, such as weary travelers, who had been accustomed to the best fare, could appreciate. The conversation again turned

on Old Virginia, as a matter of course, which was conducted with so much real intelligence by the guests, host, and hostess, as to give zest till late in the evening, to the no little gratification and edification of the young ladies and gentlemen. The latter had visited Virginia as they went and returned from Yale College. They remembered with much pleasure what they saw and the numerous acquaintances they had formed during their short but delightful sojourn in the "Old Dominion."

The young ladies had been educated at the Moravian Female Academy, in Salem, North Carolina. Their father had promised to take them and their mother to Virginia the ensuing spring, in order that they might visit the different watering-places during the summer, among the highlands of that State. Mr. Hobyn gave them letters of introduction to many of his friends who lived in different parts of the country.

Though they were much solicited to stay several days longer, as the weather was uncommonly fine, Mr. and Mrs. Hobyn thought it best to proceed on their journey. The team was already in harness, and ready to be hitched to the wagons and carriage at the slightest intimation from their master.

After partaking of the sumptuous breakfast before them, Mr. Hobyn took out his pocket-book to pay off his bill of entertainment; but Mr. Smith told him that so far from charging Mr. Hobyn, that the scale ought to be turned, and he, Mr. Smith, ought to pay Mr. and Mrs. Hobyn for the pleasant interview that they had afforded him and family.

A nice luncheon was put up for the travelers' noon repast by Mrs. Smith's own hands, and a bottle of tea, for baby Almara, was handed to the nurse. They left amidst the mutual expressions of good wishes for each other's continued prosperity.

Mr. Hobyn's servants seemed to have been as agreeably entertained by Mr. Smith's servants, in their way, as their sable guests could have desired, as many of them were from "Ole Virginny," and knew either their father and mother, "or their grandmammy or granddaddy." They had also a lunch put for them to eat on the way, before they halted for dinner.

As the party proceeded, the mountains in some places gradually depressed into well-cultivated farms; and handsome houses were seen in the beautiful and charming valleys, some with green lawns, interspersed with flowering shrubs and stately trees, in a manner that indicated the taste and judgment of the proprietors, and opened a smiling vista to the eye, and enlivened the grand highway to the Southern States. They were feasted with a continued succession of green meadows teeming with flocks and herds of cattle, until they began to give place to dark forests of oaks and sombre evergreens.

The bright scene of animation from which they had just emerged contrasted strongly with the deep solitude which they were entering. This region of country was rich in legendary lore. The scarcely civilized inhabitants told Mr. and Mrs. Hobyn many wonderful things about "the hounts" that often visited the woods around their cabins during the darkness of the night, and flew away as soon as it began to be daylight; that they and many other persons had heard them beating the tops of the trees with their broomsticks, and howling and stumbling as they entered the hollow rocks and gorges of the mountains, and sometimes they even came into their houses in the night, and held them so fast to their beds that they could not move hand or foot. And many times the ghosts of those that died would come to the houses in which they once had lived, and look at the family that they had left, and then quickly vanish through the chinks in the walls, or through the slabs on the roof. These and many kindred stories originated in the minds of those ignorant and superstitious people, which could be accounted for on philosophic principles by the intelligent. Many of these inhabitants had never heard a sermon, or seen a Bible, or if they had one were not able to read it. In their case it might be said, with much application, that "ignorance is the parent of credulity."

The travelers, with their little children and nurse, were compelled to lodge in a log-cabin more than one night in passing through this truly wilderness country, while their servants took shelter in the covered wagons, and slept more soundly than did their owners in a scarcely more

commodious resting-place. A few boiled eggs, bear's meat, and Indian bread were the only edibles that the host could supply, which was indeed a contrast with the princely fare at Mr. Smith's.

In these wilderness cabins the capacious fire-places were filled with wood, from the adjacent forest, above which were hung bear's meat and venison, for the purpose of being dried by the heat and smoke; so the chimney performed the threefold office,—smoke-house, cooking-range, and fire-place.

They halted one day, about noon, near what appeared to be the remains of an ancient fortification. A purling stream poured its crystal waters over a ledge of rocks at hand; many daggers of flint stone, with which the Indians pointed their arrows, and a few stone hatchets, were picked up. Here, no doubt, in olden time the red men of the forest held their war councils, and performed the feats of the savage war-dance around their doomed prisoners, who were tied to the stake and made to suffer all the horrors of a lingering death by a slow fire, which was kindled underneath them by the Indian women. Fancy could, at that moment, hear the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of the tortured, while the warriors smoked their pipes in sullen silence, ever and anon casting a wild and savage look, lighted up with fiendish triumph, at the victims of their diabolical pleasure, till death put an end to the scene and the bloody Moloch was appeased and the fire went out, leaving nothing of the animated forms but a few mouldering ashes, while the spirit had returned to the God who gave it. The poor Indian who once stood there and thought he heard the voice of Deity in the rustling of his native woods, and in the noise of the bright waters, will stand there no more, gazing on the face of the full-orbed moon with wonder until a spirit of devotion is kindled within him to the Great Spirit who rides on the white clouds above.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. AND MRS. HOBYN, after a long and tedious journey and many hair-breadth escapes, found themselves (apparently) permanently settled in a large house ceiled with cedar, on the Tennessee River, near the foot of a mountain. They obtained a home, more congenial to their tastes, and with much more facility, than they expected, and then the situation was also an improvable one. The great abundance of snakes was a cause of annoyance to Mrs. Hobyn: they were like the beasts that roamed over the plains of Juan Fernandez,—“their tameness was shocking to” her. Sometimes she would see them peeping down from the ceiling over her head, and once, during a day's indisposition, she woke up and found one partially suspended from the tester of her bed. There was no one in the house but her maid-servant, who, after making considerable effort to dispatch it, allowed it to escape through the roof of the house. In the afternoon Mr. Hobyn, who had been to the town near them, returned, and told Mrs. Hobyn that he had been thinking about purchasing a large landed estate adjoining his own, extending to and including many unimproved lots in the town, to which he would move his family as soon as a suitable house could be erected, after the negotiations were adjusted. She was much delighted at the idea of leaving the place that she then lived in, on account of those nuisances of which she was so nervously afraid, which made her so constantly unhappy about herself and children.

From the large trees in the woods vast quantities of wild honey were obtained. Mr. Hobyn, to experimentize a little, placed, accordingly, a flour barrel over a swarm of wild bees, and at the expiration of six weeks from that time found it filled and dripping with “golden nectar.”

Mr. Hobyn had taken much pains to beautify his home on the lovely Tennessee. Knowing that his resources were

ample, he wished to have his children accustomed to the style of living in which their parents had been brought up.

During the year, the purchase being completed, the Hobyns removed to the large two-story house, of commodious and airy rooms, which was just finished. At the suggestion of many persons, they concluded that the most lucrative business that could be engaged in would be to open a first-class boarding-house, as there was none in the place.

In this they succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. Having brought from their Virginia home many handsome and useful articles for housekeeping, and well-trained servants of their own, they were comparatively at but little expense, though Mr. Hobyn afterwards sent to Philadelphia and New York for supplies as he needed them. Money flowed in constantly.

The parents paid the utmost attention to the manners of their children—the practice of true gentlemanly politeness from Willie toward his sister in their social intercourse, while a dignified and lady-like deportment was required of the sister, though only two years old, toward her brother and her little associates. They consequently retained those polite and easy manners which are the result of practice and good breeding. They were held up by parents as models of imitation for their children,—so good, so obedient to their father and mother, so polite to every person; even the servants were spoken to politely and kindly when asked to do anything, so that Mr. Hobyn's family was a circle of urbanity around which the refined and cultivated gathered. He ever showed himself friendly, and had many friends even when riches had "made to themselves wings and flown away." His suave and gentlemanly manners ingratiated him into the good opinion of the business men of the town. A cashier of a bank, and owner of the largest mercantile firm in the place, after repeated solicitations, induced Mr. Hobyn to become a partner in the large concern, and at the same time borrowed money from him, and promised to refund it as soon as certain payments became due. Mr. Hobyn acceded to his request, and lent him thousands of dollars, believing him to be a man of wealth, of the strictest integrity of prin-

ciple, and placing most implicit confidence in all that he promised; but the sequel will show that in the practice of that beautiful virtue which makes man "the noblest work of God," he manifested an entire ignorance.

Dr. Campton and family, from Virginia, old acquaintances of the Hobyns, arrived at their house very unexpectedly; they of course met with a hearty reception. With Mr. Hobyn's assistance Dr. Campton soon found an eligible situation for a physician, and moved thither immediately, putting out his card for the practice of medicine.

Some days after finding themselves at home, Dr. Campton became seriously ill, and sent for Mr. Hobyn and Dr. Rusden, who boarded with Mr. Hobyn, to come with all possible haste, which they did, and found him suffering from what they feared premonitory symptoms of malignant fever. Mr. Hobyn watched over him unremittingly a day and night, as though he had been his brother, when Dr. Rusden pronounced it a case of measles, which, by the free use of hot teas, soon developed.

Mr. Hobyn, believing that he had had the malady in his early childhood, gave himself no anxiety about its being infectious, but remained with his sick friend until he was rapidly recovering.

He returned home to rest himself from the fatigue consequent on incessant watching, which he had performed with a brother's solicitude. His slight indisposition, so far from being relieved by rest, increased constantly. Dr. Rusden told him that he had strong symptoms of measles, notwithstanding his strongly maintaining that he had the disease in childhood, which he continued to do until the eruptions confirmed the opinion of the physician.

The family, servants, and other persons had been exposed more or less to the atmosphere of the patient's room. There was little doubt but that all would be down with it at the same time.

Mr. Hobyn was exceedingly ill; for a while his life was despaired of, the disease not being of the mildest form. Before he began to recover, little Almaria, who had been much fondled by her father, became so sick that very little hope was entertained by the attendant physicians of her recovery. Mrs. Hobyn watched over her cot with all the

anxiety of a devoted mother, at the same time that her husband was hourly expected to die, and she was anticipating an attack for herself, Willie, and her principal maid-servant. This debilitated her constitution very much, and made her less able to bear up under the disease that was insidiously lurking in her system. She was taken with inflammation of the lungs, succeeded by several hemorrhages, leaving her with but little more strength than an infant, and was thought to be in confirmed consumption; it was long ere she recovered sufficiently to ride out in a carriage. Their neighbors had been exceedingly kind and constant in their attentions during their distress.

Mr. Hobyn was but a shadow of what he had been in physical and mental energy before his late afflictions. He did not hasten to investigate his pecuniary matters, believing that his partner (Mr. Swindle) was doing so and managing his financial interests correctly; that it would be ostensibly a reflection on his honesty to inquire into what appeared to be going on so well. Mr. Hobyn, being a man of high sense of honor, little thought that the traitor and friend could be acted at one and the same time; that his guileless spirit was fostering a serpent of the most deadly venom, which was ready to dart the mortal fang in all that was beautiful and fair, and justly belonging to the Hobyn family, ready to behold the young invalid wife, and her husband not less an invalid, and their three helpless children crying for bread, whilst their parents were not able to supply them.

During Mr. Hobyn's protracted illness, he had given up all his private papers into Swindle's care, thinking that if he died his family would have a kind friend to look up to, who would manage his estate in the most judicious manner for them, as his pecuniary matters were not involved in intricacy. The papers with which this "wolf in sheep's clothing" was intrusted contained important receipts and bonds to a large amount. A large fortune seemed just within their owner's grasp, when the dark cloud of adversity which overshadowed them in by-gone days began to rise in another quarter of their temporal horizon.

After many and repeated requests, Swindle returned "all the papers" with which Mr. Hobyn, in his almost

overwhelming distress, had intrusted to his care. Upon examination, Mr. Hobyn found that many important receipts and all the bonds which involved Swindle were not to be found. He pretended that the papers had been stolen from him, while he had in his possession such papers as involved Mr. Hobyn as his partner in their large mercantile establishment.

About this time the bank failed of which Swindle was cashier, involving in its ruin the entire pecuniary fortunes of many. The large mercantile concern was found bankrupt, not able to meet more than three-fourths of its liabilities. This came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky on Mr. Hobyn's prospects. Swindle was entirely insolvent. But though Mr. Hobyn was injured in his financial prospects, he was not broken, and had something handsome left.

Swindle, after his failure, spent five or six months at the South. On his return from New Orleans, the place in which he said that he had figured mostly and made a large fortune, he had an almost palatial residence erected (many did not hesitate to say) "out of the embezzled funds of poor Hobyn:" all the exterior bricks of which were cast in oiled moulds; the interior being furnished with all that the genius of taste and elegance could wish; around the walls were suspended rare and costly pictures. The superbly gilt corniced bay-windows were draped with handsomely embroidered French lace curtains, with their ample and light folds lined with the richest flowered crimson damask, bordered with a wreath of interwoven leaves and flowers, edged with crimson and gold-colored fringe; soft Turkey carpets, comfortable chairs, massive tables and silver urns, velvet ottomans, rosewood and damask rocking-chairs. Everything in the house bespoke wealth and ease and even luxury, showing that there was no ordinary draw upon some well-filled coffer (even if unlawfully gained), to supply so magnificently the requisites of a creative imagination; and, from the pretended ashes of his former wealth, Swindle's fortune arose, phoenix-like, on more extended wings than those upon which soared the annihilated form of its parent.

Thus flourished the embezzling Swindle, who, some

years before, had been transplanted from the country of "wooden nutmegs" to a southern soil, where the "almighty dollar" ceases to be the "Alpha and Omega" of all that is good or great. But more will be said of him in a subsequent part of this volume.

CHAPTER V.

DRS. RUSDEN and Campton still urged Mr. Hobyn more strenuously than ever that he should take Mrs. Hobyn to a more southern climate, while there was a chance of her recovery. He settled up his pecuniary matters as expeditiously as his feeble health permitted, with the intention of removing as soon as he recovered strength to undertake the long journey. He had many friends in the place from whom it was a great trial to separate himself, besides tearing away from his comfortable home and its lovely scenery. He and Mrs. Hobyn, when in health, had often ascended the lofty mountain (which was near them) during their morning's ramble, the ascent of which was not difficult. Large, grey rocks, upon which grew lofty cedars, jutted over rude and frightful precipices; streamlets started and leaped from behind them, and sung in their sparkling, perennial flow, over sweeping walls of wild, caverned cliffs, covered with beautiful evergreens, all presented to them in their mountain walk. On reaching the sunlit summit, the view of the surrounding country is picturesque and sublime in a high degree:—the mussel-shoals, large cotton and corn fields, hamlets and villages, handsome dwellings of private citizens, the Tennessee River rolling exultingly at the foot of the mountains, and only lost to the gaze by intervening hills and curves of the mountain. The top, forming a beautiful table-land, was covered with tall, waving cedars, overshadowing three springs of different sizes, two of which are circular, and the other nearly twenty feet long, from which deer often quench their thirst, while wild ducks perform their aquatic

feats in the bosoms of those placid springs. It was on this height that Mr. Hobyn hived those wild bees which, in six weeks, made more honey than could be borne by two men. The springs referred to have no outlet. Some suppose them to be natural wells, and around them are found shells of various kinds, and beds of coal. There are springs on both sides of the mountain, in caves. The water was clear and cool as could be desired, milk and butter kept well in them. The one on Mr. Hobyn's side of the mountain was an intermittent spring, while that on the opposite was perpetual, to which some one went with a view to sweep it out, carrying a lighted candle: this was soon extinguished, and the broom left, and, floating in, was found in Mr. Hobyn's spring, showing that the stream extended through a subterranean passage, the entire mountain, near the base of which were four circular lakes, with fish in them. Silver perch, more than any other, were seen on a cool day sunning themselves on top of the lustrous waters, and were often caught with a hook and line. Some supposed that they came out of the river, but there was no visible outlet; the water, from the limestone, cool, clear, and pleasant. On the alluvial soil grew a grove of cedars of great height, and near were huge rocks, with two Indian characters on them.

On the opposite side of the Tennessee River was a wondrous burying-ground: the number of graves about five, the longest one placed in the centre, all having large trees growing on them, in the branches of which were many birds singing in wild and sweet notes. The skeletons, of different sizes, were larger than the present race of men, and in a standing position. The form of the grove was circular, and about forty-five feet in circumference; the height of the sand-colored granite slabs was seven feet or more, the width two and a half feet, and in thickness about two inches; the soil around them full of mussel-shell coarsely pulverized.

These places of curious interest formed a source of much pleasure to Mr. and Mrs. Hobyn and their little children, into whose minds they endeavored to instil the desire for information. Mr. Hobyn, in digging a well, at the depth of seventy-five feet below the surface of the ground, found a

great many bones. Dr. Rusden hoped that he would be able to get a sufficient number to form a skeleton, but they crumbled as soon as they were exposed to the air. A small earthen bowl, placed on ashes among which were those of coals, was also found, with shells of different kinds, but all fell like dust to the ground after a moment's exposure to the decomposing influence of the air.

Mr. Hobyn, with one-third of his former property, set out with his invalid family for Louisiana, in a flat-boat, passing through the "Boiling Pot," so called from its rotund shape and the violent ebullition of its waters, and soon after passed through a part of the river still more dangerous, called "the Suck;" the waves crested with white foam, very high, noisy, and exceedingly dangerous. While all were filled with awe, Almaria called out several times playfully, "My sheep!"* A pilot had to be obtained before venturing in. The river was hemmed on either side by high banks, and ere many hours they reached the mussel-shoals, so called from the great number of mussel-shells with which they abound. This part is twenty-three miles in length, abounding in islets, around which the current runs with the greatest velocity, almost producing a whirlpool. It has the appearance of counter currents, and every moment it seemed as though the boat would be engulfed by the tumultuous and contending waves. The banks of the river were low on one side and high on the other.

Having passed through these aquatic difficulties, they pursued their way down the river more leisurely. Passing near an Indian settlement, Mrs. Hobyn expressed a wish to give them a call at their own homes. The captain, who spoke the language of these people, proffered to act as interpreter. The Indians were friendly, and dressed in red calico. The hair of the women was parted in the middle, plaited, or hung loosely over their shoulders. One of the chiefs had a medal which had been given him by General Washington, when his tribe became friendly to the whites. Around their wigwams were small well-cultivated gardens of exceedingly rich soil. The captain said that some years

* From the fleecy appearance of the waves.

previously the settlement was very large, but the land being bought from them by the United States government, the greater part of them had gone to some place appointed for them by the President, and that he never heard such lamentations as they made over the graves of their ancestors some days before their departure, and that it made him shed tears profusely.

Mr. Hobyn reached a settlement on the Mississippi River, where he left his family until he could go to Louisiana and select for himself, and prepare a home for his family. Mr. Hobyn embarked in a steamboat which took him to New Orleans, where he obtained medical advice for himself and Mrs. Hobyn.

Three long months were spent by Mrs. Hobyn in anxious suspense about the safety of her husband, before she was gladdened by his happy and safe return. He appeared somewhat improved in health; but on the eve of his setting out for Louisiana he had an attack of fever, which, by many, it was thought, would prove fatal, yet he was again restored to his family. It is to be regretted of one with such unexceptionable deportment and uprightness, so finished a gentleman, that his principles had not been regulated in childhood by the influence of Christian instruction, and taught to feel the full force of the Scripture maxim that "godliness with contentment is great gain," so that while the waves of affliction in pecuniary disappointments and loss of health were rolling over him, he might have been able to "*commit his way unto the Lord.*"

Mr. Hobyn was not favorably impressed with the state of society where he expected to locate his family. This he much regretted, but hoped that it would improve by the constant ebb and flow of the tide of emigration. The land was very fertile, producing abundant crops. Orange groves, in full bloom, mingled their perfume with that of the chaste and queenly magnolias, which were in abundance over the rich and shady plains. Birds of variegated plumage, from the clear, bright, and sparkling, to the more dusky hues, sung in sweet notes their songs of sub-lunary bliss; delicious fruits, myriads of resplendent flowers, fleecy clouds of silvery light floating under a pure

sky, all seemed evidences of the acquisition of sumless riches in the future. As Mr. Hobyn's mind was more of a poetical than a reflective cast, and somewhat of a credulous order, he was allured by this paradisiacal scenery to pitch on that enchanting spot as the home of his family; as soon as he was able to bring them thither. But, as a serpent was found in the Eden of old, so were many found in this, in the form of disappointments, sickness, Indians, and wild beasts which left the magnificent forests that fringed the plains like a "garland of evergreens," and prowled about at night.

At the season of the year in which Mr. Hobyn returned, it was impossible to travel by water, as it was then at the lowest point; so they made their way by land, arriving during the healthy season, and settled in a prairie portion of the State. As the warm season approached, the air became very hot, oppressive, and damp. Sickness began to invade the newly-arrived family, who were strangers in a strange land, and entirely unable to procure medical advice. Mr. Hobyn had some knowledge of the science and practice of medicine, but was unacquainted with the mode of treating the diseases of this new climate. His physical constitution,—which had been debilitated by the long and tedious attack of measles, pecuniary troubles, his wife's poor health, subsequent spell of fever, and the toil and anxieties incident to travelling,—was far from being restored to its natural vigor, and the first to be prostrated by southern chills, which, vampire-like, prey upon the spirits and vitals of those who are the unfortunate subjects of their attacks. In a few weeks the family became sick, servants and all.

As Mr. Hobyn was recovering, he determined to go to New Orleans again, to seek medical aid for himself and his afflicted family. He speedily returned, bringing the medicines, and a little benefitted by the trip, but much depressed in mind at seeing his family so destitute of every comfort which their indisposition required, and to which they had been accustomed until a short time before.

A Methodist minister and his wife visited Mr. Hobyn and family in their sickness, to encourage them to remain; told them that the season was unparalleled in the history

of chills and fevers, and that they had never known so much general distress. How true it is that "true religion is ever kind!" The minister's wife gave Mr. Hobyn a letter of introduction to her father, who was a distinguished man in the State, and insisted on his taking his family to her father's parish, where they would receive every attention their situation required. But Mr. Hobyn thought that the best plan would be to leave the State altogether, for a more northerly, yet sufficiently warm climate, to suit the health of Mrs. Hobyn. He and his wife never forgot the interest which those Christian people manifested in their welfare, and long after Mr. Hobyn's death did Mrs. Hobyn speak of it. It was certainly like a "well of water in a thirsty land."

Mr. Hobyn's family becoming sick so recently after his reaching his supposed permanent home, he had been able to do but little in the way of making a settlement, any further than to finish a few log-cabins to answer their present purposes and to prepare to make a crop; but fever put an end to these operations forever. His humble dwelling was converted into a hospital. The puncheon floors were covered with dried moss to prevent the dampness and malaria from rising to the poor invalids, who were prostrated on luxurious feather beds, brought from home and placed on bedsteads of the most primitive style,—made by Mr. Hobyn for temporary use,—around which were hung rich curtains (relics of former times) to shield them from the sanguinary mosquitoes, and the damp, chilly atmosphere of night. A new trouble was added to their accumulated sufferings, the streamlets which had afforded them abundant water were rapidly dried up under the vaporizing effects of the hot sun; the rain water which fell in such copious showers soon became offensive and impregnated with insects, which our sufferers had no means of separating but by filtering the water through a cloth. The process was, of course, a very imperfect one; though the insects were strained out, the repulsive odor remained, and was so unendurable to the olfactories that even Willie and his little sister, who were continually begging for water,—so great was their thirst,—refused to drink it. Their mother, who was somewhat recovered, thought to

purify the water by boiling it and making a beverage of weak coffee, with which to moisten their burning lips and throats; but the stagnant smell was still there, and it could not be relished. The imploring look, and the little emaciated stretched-out hand, with the plaintive cry for water, as they lay almost paralyzed with fever, were too much for their devoted and sympathizing parents. Mrs. Hobyn found, to her great joy, that the rain water that fell in the cow and horse tracks under the shade of trees did not spoil or evaporate as soon as that in the sunshine. From these little reservoirs she was often enabled to get a grateful draught of water for her suffering children.

The Hobyns had formed many friendships in this part of the country, once fraught with so many bright images of the future and the gay dreams of anticipation. They left with much regret; but health was now the boon most coveted by these poor wanderers, emaciated by disease and disappointments. They turned their faces towards Missouri in pursuit of health and a rich soil, where they would once more feel that there was a resting place for them on earth.

As soon as they began to travel, their health began to improve. Mr. Hobyn procured a pilot to take his family by water, while he would pursue a nearer route by land, to procure lodging for the night at a place which they would reach in time; but the guide, who was a youth of the kindest heart, found that the bayou had been rendered impassable by the late hurricane. Large trees had been blown across it, and athwart them quantities of cane and broken boughs of trees had drifted. They had seen several parties of Indians on their way down the stream, and were afraid of them. It was too late to return, as they were within a few miles of the place at which they were to meet Mr. Hobyn. Mrs. Hobyn thought it best not to remain in the boat during the night, on account of the Indians in the neighborhood and the ferocious beasts that might attack them, and had their effects taken ashore and deposited in a deserted cabin at hand, to which there being no door, Mrs. Hobyn remedied the deficiency with her usual tact, by barricading the place with feather-beds, which rested against the casement of the door. Imagina-

tion was busy as to the fate of her husband. The perils of her own situation loomed up before her, surrounded by dangers on every hand, which the darkness of the night rendered more appalling. The deep forests echoed with hideous and chaotic noises: the shrieks of the panther, like a woman in great distress, howl after howl of the prowling wolf, followed by successive screams of the fierce wild-cat, mingled with the hoarse growl of the vociferous bear, pierced the Egyptian darkness with notes high and shrill, together with an underground monotone of murmurs. Her little children,—Willie, Almaria, and Alonzo,—in happy ignorance of the dangers by which they were surrounded, and the great anxiety of their parents, slept as sweetly as if on a bed of roses, and guarded by a regiment of soldiers. Why should they not? Their tender mother kept vigil for them, and the Eye that neither slumbers nor sleeps watched over and protected them from dangers which the curtains of darkness concealed.

As the morning dawned, the hopes of Mrs. Hobyn revived. Mr. Hobyn was so overwhelmed with anxiety that he had passed a sleepless night. He feared that his family had been cut off by a party of Indians, or fallen into the hands of ruthless robbers, who sometimes frequent those lonely forests to plunder and even kill the defenseless traveler. The distance was short, and might have been performed in a few hours, had they not met with anything to impede their progress down the stream. The pilot, preferring not to set out early on account of the heat of the sun, did not leave as early as Mr. Hobyn expected, who returned with two of his men-servants to see, if possible, what had become of his family. He soon found them in the dilemma above described. They could not proceed at all, unless the boat, which was a large light skiff, could be lifted ashore, and dragged some distance on the bank until water could be found free enough from impediments to float it. Mr. Hobyn's intense anxiety during the previous night was forgotten in the joy of seeing his family well and in safety, and inspired him with almost superhuman strength to accomplish the enterprise before him, in which he both directed and assisted at the same time, and then all hands returned for the movables

and children, which had been left, and placing all safely in the skiff, they were soon swiftly gliding down the bayou to the place at which they were to dismiss the pilot. They stopped to breakfast, and, being ready to proceed on their journey, Mr. Hobyn rewarded the kind and faithful pilot for his services. The little children had become much attached to him, and felt sad when he bid them farewell, continuing to gaze on him as he bounded away on the lonely shore, till lost in the forest, towards his prairie home. They talked much about "William Towns" long after this, "he was so good and kind," and would ask their mamma if they would not see him again. As he was a youth of only seventeen years he often engaged with them in their plays, and would tell them many stories about the people in that part of the country, which afforded them no little amusement.

Some miles before this bayou debouched into the river proper, it was infested at that season of the year with large alligators, which made it important that some of the party should be ever on the "look out" for them, as their attacks were insidious and sudden. Sometimes floating on the surface of the water, resembling a decayed log, or, rising slowly to the top, with one blow of his body would this rapacious monster strike his unsuspecting victim into the liquid element below, and, with one smack between his tremendous jaws, would sever the body in twain, or the limb with which he should first come in contact.

The whistling for a dog would cause them speedily to appear. The roar of the alligator resembles distant thunder. A gentleman told Mr. Hobyn that he saw a colored woman on the side of a river stooping at intervals to wash the bran from a bucket of hominy which she held in her hand, and at the same time looking at a couple of boatmen fastening their boat to a stake driven into the ground for that purpose; an alligator appeared, and, with an electric bound, the poor woman disappeared beneath the water. The boatmen quickly searched for her with their spikes, and brought up but one-half of her body, dripping with vital blood.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. HOBYN having done forever with the diseases which float on every breeze of the Opelousas prairie, and the perils of the Bayou Chefelier, found himself and cortege at the mouth of the Red River, a part of the journey being performed by land. After ascending the Mississippi some distance, they again landed on the Arkansas side of the river, with the intention of performing the remainder of the trip by their own conveyances to the Territory of Missouri. This side of the river was fast settling up by emigrants from every part of the world, under the pre-emptionary title. The country on the river was low and unhealthy; fevers prevailed; in some places all of the family would be sick at the same time.

It was not then known that the pre-emption right extended to the Mississippi side of the river, and those who knew it kept it a profound secret. This information Mr. Hobyn obtained by mere accident from an old huntsman, in whose house he stayed all night on his way from Louisiana. He was told that the land, at a certain place (without designating it) on the Mississippi side, was comparatively high, the growth of which indicated a healthy location. Mr. Hobyn was on the watch from the opposite side of the river for this high land, which at last loomed up to his great joy and long-strained vision. After scanning the coast for many miles, he found one place much higher than any that he had seen. He crossed over to examine it. The highland sumach, hickory, and mountain-ash were growing abundantly on the margin of the river. On landing, he concluded to penetrate a little way the supposed forest, but, to his great surprise, he found, instead of a continued wood, several small prairies, evidently indicating an old settlement, but when and by whom tradition did not inform him. It seemed that his home was in some degree prepared for him, after his long and perilous peregrinations, which had wasted his health

and nearly exhausted his pecuniary resources. So the Missouri idea was abandoned forever.

The first thing Mr. Hobyn did toward forming a settlement was to put up shanties of cypress pickets for his family, until a comfortable and commodious house could be built. The shanties being soon completed, Mrs. Hobyn, children, and servants immediately took shelter in them,—felt that they were once more *at home*,—"settled for life," as they hoped.

The hum of busy life now echoed in the surrounding cane-brakes and the forest, which had, for many centuries, ceased to be the haunts of men. Everything seemed to go on prosperously. Poor Mr. Hobyn's health appeared for a while at a stand, as the ague, which he had contracted in the Opelousas prairie, still gave him trouble. He began to read his Bible, and to think of preparing for the unseen world; nor did those serious feelings evaporate, even after his health had decidedly improved.

The larger and more comfortable house, being finished, consisted of two spacious rooms, with a wide passage between them, and a gallery entirely around the building, and a chimney at each end. The house was something above mediocrity for that country in those days. Commodious outhouses were also erected.

In a few months all Mr. Hobyn's handsome and very valuable horses died, in consequence of browsing on the green rushes and young cane. This was indeed a loss, as a supply could not possibly be obtained. Oxen had to be substituted for plowing and hauling purposes, and could be relied upon with more certainty, as the more healthy and hardy animal. A crop was soon springing up from the generous soil, and ere long rewarded with more than a hundred-fold the labors of its industrious proprietor, who possessed many cattle of the useful order. Poultry flourished with but little trouble; melons and pulse of different kinds grew too profusely to be stored.

Mrs. Hobyn's health became very good, or better than in any part of her former life. The children gamboled in the tall grass which grew on the river-bank. "Gay, guileless, sportive little things, playing around a den of sorrow, clad in smiles."

Mr. Hobyn hired men to get up timber for the market at New Orleans, as it was considered a lucrative business. The trees, after being felled, were hewn and fastened, forming a large raft, on the top of which a shanty was constructed, to afford a shelter for those who manned the floating logs; pigsties, full of swine; large coops of poultry, vegetables, etc.: indeed, everything saleable was sent on this island of timber.

On the first day of October, Mr. Hobyn, in fine spirits and better health, moved off from his home this floating platform, taking with him large supplies for the New Orleans market, which place they expected to reach in three weeks. The voyage down the river was propitious. All went on well until after they had reached the port of destination, and sold all their marketable articles, which they had taken with them, at an advanced price.

As the sickly season was unusually protracted, on account of the continuance of the warm weather, in a few days Mr. Hobyn was taken with fever. Delirium succeeded the chill with which he was first attacked. For days he knew nothing of what passed around him. As he had many acquaintances, they, with Dr. Flushing (whom Mr. Hobyn knew in the Old Dominion), watched over him in his distressing illness, until the disease took a favorable turn. When he came to himself, his first concern was about his wife and children, who had had no tidings from him for more than six weeks. Very opportunely, a gentleman, who was going up the river, called on him, and kindly offered to be the bearer of any dispatches to his family, on whom it would afford him pleasure to call, on his way up the river.

This offer, so unexpected, was gratefully received and cordially embraced by Mr. Hobyn, who was too much of an invalid to write; and in consequence of there being no post-office near his home, and the probability of his reaching there before his letter, he did not employ an amanuensis. He sent a message to Mrs. Hobyn that he would return in the steamer Expedition, the arrival of which was soon expected.

As soon as he was able to do so, he began to investigate his business, which his sudden illness had caused him

to leave in an unsettled condition, and he found that his agent had not dealt fairly in his money matters. He pointed out the mistakes which he had made (intentionally no doubt); but the money was never returned. Dr. Flushing made no charge for his medical attention.

Mr. Hobyn, after purchasing supplies for the wardrobe of Mrs. Hobyn, children, and servants, household and kitchen furniture, family stores, farming implements, blacksmith's tools, etc., boarded the Expedition for home.

For weeks Mrs. Hobyn was in constant suspense about her husband. She feared that he had fallen a victim to the yellow fever, as he expected to return home in less time than six weeks. Tears flowed constantly. Little Willie tried to comfort his mother, by telling her that "papa would come up on the Expedition, and that she would see that he did." This was the most magnificent steamer that plied the waters of the Mississippi between Florence and New Orleans, and was a great favorite with Willie. He was almost in raptures when it passed,—thought that there was no boat like it, and, of course, his papa would think so too, and take passage on it. Almaria was too young to express her sympathy in words, but her earnest and tender gaze on her mother's pale, tearful face, and the silent tear, spoke volumes of sympathy.

Previous to this time, Mrs. Hobyn had daily instructed her children, but then at times she was so overwhelmed with grief that she scarcely heeded the cries of her infant. But the "dark clouds of to-day may be bright to-morrow." One morning, as she sat weeping about the uncertain fate of her husband, Mr. Mills arrived unexpectedly with a stranger, and delivered the message with which he had been commissioned by Mr. Hobyn.

Joy took possession of the heart so recently occupied by gloomy pictures, shaded in the background with despair. Mrs. Hobyn began to make preparations to receive her husband, almost as from the grave. She had the servants called in, to tell them that their master would soon be at home—at "Ashland Bend," the name given to it by Mr. Hobyn. The servants were much delighted to hear that he was well, and that they would have the pleasure, in a short time, of seeing their "good master at home."

On Christmas-day a slight snow had thrown her white mantle on the bare trees, so lately clad in rich, verdant foliage, affording a cool and often-sought retreat from the scorching rays of a noonday sun; the vegetables were held fast in their beds by the frozen earth; the sky was overcast with gray clouds of all shapes and varying densities, rolling in different directions, auguring a fall of snow or rain. The lowing cattle turned their backs, as if to shield them from the impending storm. Willie, as if in pursuit of variety, often stood in the gallery gazing on the melancholy spectacle without, when his ear caught the sound of a distant steamboat. He bounded into his mother's chamber, exclaiming, with joy beaming from his radiant face, "O! mamma! mamma! the Expedition is coming with papa in it, and I must go to meet him!" This he had scarcely said, when, taking his little cap in his hand, he flew to the landing as the veritable Expedition hove in sight, and was soon slowing, turning her wheels, and letting off steam, to land opposite the house.

Willie distinguished his father's benevolent face as he stood among the crowd of passengers on the guard and deck of the boat. He smiled when he saw his little darling boy, who, in his exuberance of joy, was jumping, clapping his hands, and twirling his cap. The moment the boat was moored and a plank thrown out, Mr. Hobyn embraced his son again and again, who, throwing his arms around his neck, and with a trembling voice which showed the deep emotions of his heart, said: "Papa, I am so glad that you have come! Poor mamma cried so much!"

As it was not considered proper by Almaria's mamma that she should go to meet her papa in so heterogeneous a crowd of persons, she had to wait patiently until he could have all his baggage taken ashore. In her waiting, the time seemed to be lengthened to a day. She walked the floor jumping and laughing at everything she saw; her papa, stepping in at the chamber door at a moment when she did not expect him, called out, "My daughter!"

Mrs. Hobyn nearly fainted in the arms of her husband, and Almaria for the moment was forgotten. Little Alonzo and the baby laughed through sympathy, and seemed as happy as Willie and Almaria. All showed their papa how

much the baby had grown; that he could whistle for the dogs and cluck to the horses. These feats he performed when called upon by his brother and sister, and evidently felt himself the lion of the time.

Quite a number of passengers, with the captain, called on Mrs. Hobyn, and accepted her invitation to take dinner with her husband. Almaria thought none of the gentlemen as handsome as her papa; she soon formed many acquaintances, and was much petted by a lady passenger dressed in deep mourning, whose sad face showed traces of recent bereavement. This lady shared much of Mr. Hobyn's attention. She had been to New Orleans with her father, who fell a victim to fever, leaving her an orphan in that large city. She took passage in the Expedition alone and without an attendant, for her married sister's, who lived at Point Chicot. Mr. Hobyn said that this lady attracted his attention the second day after their leaving New Orleans; her being dressed in mourning, her sad face and constant weeping, impelled him to ask the cause of her great troubles, which seemed to overcome her. She then gave him her history, and that she had more than once been spoken to in language that could not for a moment be brooked by a high-minded, virtuous woman, pointing out to him the persons who had thus spoken to her. Though of dazzling exterior, Mr. Hobyn knew that their morals placed them in the lowest scale of society. The lady was young, apparently not more than sixteen, of genteel appearance, plain features, cultivated mind and manners, evidently showing that she had been accustomed to the best society. While at Mr. Hobyn's house, Mrs. Hobyn saw that several times when she spoke to her she seemed so choked with sorrow that she could scarcely speak, and while at tea she wiped away the silent tears as they flowed too frequently down her cheeks. Before she arose from the table she, in the softest and most unostentatious manner, offered to pay Mrs. Hobyn for her entertainment, which, of course, was refused.

At seven o'clock in the evening, the guests, after thanking the Hobyns for their hospitalities partaken of, bade them farewell, and returned to the Expedition, which, after blowing several blasts of steam, was under way.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. HOBYN had many things to relate to Mrs. Hobyn. First of all, he gave an account of his sudden and tedious illness which had caused her so much anxiety,—the character of the inhabitants, markets, churches,—the fashions of the ladies' dress, and their manners. Willie and Almaria listened until they became too sleepy to understand, and were inclining their heads a little forward, when nurse was called to take care of them.

Their papa told them that the next morning he would show them what he had brought for them from New Orleans. Night had scarcely begun to roll back her dark awning for the cheering beams of daylight, when the little brother and sister were up and calling out for their papa to let them see the pretty things in his large new trunk; but they were put off until breakfast was over, as the proper time for such an exhibition. They were patient under this unlooked-for disappointment, watching eagerly the motions of their parents, when at last Mrs. Hobyn said that she was ready for the articles to be overhauled. Almaria thought that she never had seen so many beautiful, bright things, and would not be satisfied until Celia (her nurse) was called in to look at everything; to whom, when any article was given, Almaria manifested even more pleasure than when anything was pointed out as her own. It was a happy day with the children. Little Alonzo, with his bright cap and red shoes, moved slowly about the room with all the fancied dignity of an officer, practicing his newly-acquired steps, and not unfrequently, with much chagrin, found his head, with a bump, placed horizontally with his little feet on the floor.

The exhibition of so many handsome articles at one time formed quite an episode in the short history of these children, and furnished matter for conversation for a month afterwards. They were allowed to make presents to their less fortunate playmates, regretting that they could not

give them as many things as they had themselves. Mrs. Hobyn gave her poor neighbors many articles of wearing apparel which her husband had purchased for herself, but with his entire approval.

As the season advanced, there was much sickness on the opposite side of the river, and Mr. Hobyn's advice was eagerly sought, as he was well supplied with medicines, and had acquired much practical knowledge of the diseases incidental to the climate. Day after day did he visit the sick, and, when he thought it necessary, remained during the night, notwithstanding his own feeble health and his expecting no compensation for his medicine and the trouble and fatigue of crossing the river so often.

He sometimes expressed his fears to Mrs. Hobyn that he could not survive the summer, unless his health decidedly improved. In the midst of so much sickness, the mother of the man whose family had suffered most from fever came with three children. She had been badly wounded in both arms, she said, by an Indian.

Mr. Hobyn, in turn, served the office of surgeon,—dressed her wounds daily until they were well. Her little daughter took the fever—and died about the same time—of Eliza Narman, her granddaughter. Both had just entered upon their seventh year.

Mr. Hobyn came home and had their coffins made by one of his men-servants, without any equivalent. The people were very poor whom he attended in sickness. His kind heart would not allow him to turn away from suffering poverty. An invalid youth came to his house as he was traveling through the country. Mr. Hobyn invited him to remain under his roof until he was more able to travel. He stayed three months, but his health not getting any better, Mr. Hobyn procured a passage for him to New Orleans, in order to obtain medical aid from the physicians of that place. He promised to write to the friends who had been so kind to him in his need, and that if he recovered he would reward them for what they had done for him. He was never heard from, and it was supposed that he died soon after reaching New Orleans, as his chills were accompanied with dropsical symptoms.

The death of those two little girls in Mr. Narman's

family made a serious impression on little Almaria. She would ask her nurse what was meant by being dead, and why her papa had those boxes made and took them away with him to Mr. Narman's, which nurse Celia explained to her as well as she could. She told her that she had a little sister in heaven who had died before she or Willie was born. She again begged her nurse to tell her what was meant by being in heaven, for as yet she was a perfect heathen in knowledge about the immortality of the soul and the future state.

Mrs. Hobyn must have thought that she was too young to be taught things so important, or thought them unimportant, as she was practically a woman of the world, and had had the facilities for its enjoyment. She carefully superintended the mental training of her children as far as books were concerned, being precise therein, and at the same time their manners and morals received proper attention; while their immortal interest was never referred to.

As soon as Almaria's lessons were got through, her first object was to find Celia (who had Alonzo), to ask her about her being a sinner, the future state, Jesus Christ, and God. These things were new and strange to her "untutored mind." Celia's knowledge of theology was too limited to illustrate in a very lucid manner the plan of salvation, but it was the emission of light in a dark place. The omniscience and omnipresence of God were principles that were very repulsive to the little student, who was always called a good child. She told her nurse that God should not know *every* thing that she did, and if she did wrong she would go in the thick cane-brake and hide herself. Thus she looked upon the kindest and best of beings as a terrible monster; but her nurse explained to her how God heard and answered prayers; that if she prayed to Him He would forgive her when she did wrong, and make her a good child. This news was like a "day-spring from on high." She then wished to seek that great and good Being, who was everywhere, "beholding the evil and the good," and to pray to Him every day. The nurse taught her the Lord's Prayer, it being the only form of prayer which she knew. Almaria would go

alone daily to repeat that prayer, and to think about God and how happy she would be when she got to heaven, where she would be an angel herself and see her little angel sister and all the angels, and never "have the headache or trouble, or be thirsty any more." This she believed implicitly, because her nurse told her so.

Mr. Hobyn noticed the serious expression of her countenance, and her being frequently alone, and spoke to Mrs. Hobyn about it, and that she must not be permitted to do so, as it was calculated to injure her mind.

Even had the cause been inquired into, she did not know how to explain it to them. To break her from a habit so unnatural, her mother often tied her to a chair and made her say an extra lesson, as she was too young to be put to any mechanical employment. But she still embraced every opportunity that offered to converse with her nurse on the subject that most interested her.

As soon as she heard of the death of any person she would go directly to her nurse and ask, with much concern, if she thought that the person had gone to heaven and was happy; and, if she prayed to God to take them out of the bad place, would He do it?

During the summer a little stranger was added to the family at Ashland Bend. The little brother was much caressed, and all tried to interest the little stranger and make him happy. In a few months he had an attack of chills and fever, which paled his cheeks and emaciated his form. His parents watched over his cradle unremittingly until the fever abated.

Mr. Hobyn's business prospered again, even beyond his most sanguine expectations. He felt, indeed, that he was rewarded for his multifarious disappointments. His own health had greatly improved, and his interest in the Bible also increased.

But these brightened prospects were like a meteoric blaze which flitted across the meridian of his hopes to leave it in darkness forever. He often spoke to Mrs. Hobyn about Narman,—that there was something so mystified and covered up in his history that he could not get at it, and that he was afraid that he was not a good man, for he often found his tracks in different parts of his plantation.

Narman always went barefoot, and one of his feet was deformed, and shaped something like a horse's hoof, which made his foot-prints easily recognized in a soft soil; sometimes he would find them in the rear of his yard, which added much to the mystery. Mr. Hobyn never knew where nor when Narman crossed the river, as he lived diametrically opposite; nor when he returned home. It was a problem he could not solve. If Narman owed him any ill-will he was not aware of it, and he was sure that he had given him no cause to have aught against him. He still appeared friendly when he met him, and continued to come to his house in the garb of friendship, and would ask favors as formerly, which were granted him. When he did this he could be seen as he crossed over, and would stop at Mr. Hobyn's landing and come immediately to the house. In those mysterious visits to Mr. Hobyn's plantation, his place of landing could not be discovered.

Mr. Hobyn was clearing a portion of his land from the large forest-trees in the background; and told his servants not to take their axes to the house every night, but to conceal them in a place to which he pointed. They did so. On the next morning the axes were nowhere to be found, but there was the impression of the deformed foot to and from the place of concealment. It was evident that the axes were stolen by Narman (that hyena in human clothing), who, no doubt, was concealed in the forest, and heard Mr. Hobyn give orders about the axes to his servants.

Mr. Hobyn, at first, thought of prosecuting him; but as he was too far from the seat of justice to do anything immediately, concluded to wait until an opportunity offered for him to do so.

These things perplexed Mr. Hobyn a great deal. He knew of nothing that he had done to make the man his enemy, but had done him repeated favors, for which he neither expected nor wished a compensation. Poor Hobyn was in the midst of land pirates and fugitives from justice without any knowledge of his situation. He was like a "lamb amidst wolves," who were watching for the first opportunity to attack and make depredations on his property. It was not then known that Narman was twice

guilty of homicide, and as often evaded the law by fleeing to some new and sparsely settled portion of the country and changing his name, and at last married a tolerably good woman.

Ashland Bend, by its improvement, had become one of the most beautiful places on the east side of the Mississippi River. It seemed that nature had partially prepared this lovely place for the reception of the occupants. Little Almaria, when not at her lessons or playing with the baby, was her father's constant companion to the most remote part of the plantation. When she was left behind she would run after him without her bonnet, which she did not take time to get; but her papa would take his large silk handkerchief, tie it over her head and shoulders, and then her mamma would not care if she did not have on her bonnet. He would gather pecans and muscadines for her, the latter of which hung in rich clusters from the pendent vines among the forest-trees; and catch butterflies as they flitted over the bright yellow flowers that grew on the margin of the woods.

One day, being left by her father, she called loudly after him, but could not make herself be heard. She resolved to follow him, which was impossible to do, unless she penetrated a field of corn in the roasting-ear state, with corn-field pea-vines in flower, forming an almost impenetrable undergrowth between the rows and around the lofty stalks of corn. Hesitating a moment, she commenced to force her way by parting the net-work of vines and long leaves of Indian corn with her hands. She was entranced with the numerous humming-birds displaying their bright plumage as they fluttered and buzzed around the gay blossoms. Suddenly something of (apparently) considerable weight struck her little shoulder; a large green checkered snake was resting on her, his head projecting a little way from her chest and looking up in her face, with his red eyes flaming with indignation, and his fiery tongue vibrating awfully,—his tail reaching to the top of the corn-stalk. He stopped, hissed, and dropping the whole weight on her shoulder, with one circle glided off. Not being deterred by this, she threaded her way as before, when another snake, striped

in various colors, rose up before her in a threatening attitude. She waited for some time, with perfect self-possession, until her foe disappeared in the mass of vegetation. When she reached the wished-for place, she found that her father, Willie, and the servants had returned to their dinners. She sobbed for a few moments at her disappointment, being perfectly nonplused as to what course to take. To return home through the dense mass of vegetation which she had just threaded she could not. There was but one alternative left; she must go around the woods until she nearly got home. The thought of bears and panthers, that carried away so often her father's hogs, passed, like lightning, through her imagination; she almost fancied that she could hear them coming after her. Onward she wended her little steps with all possible fleetness, ever and anon looking behind to see if a panther was not ready to place his claws upon her neck. She reached home almost as soon as her papa, without being missed by her mother on his return.

Mr. Hobyn had a pig-sty on the opposite side of a slew of water which ran into the land from the river, near his home. The children were anxious to see the pigs, and often asked their papa to take them over to look at them. One morning he told them that, if they would get ready very soon, he would take them with him. The two little boys, and the nurse with the baby, were quickly seated in the skiff; but Almaria could not find her bonnet, and her father, to inflict a punishment for her negligence, had the boat pushed off. Soon finding the ill-fated object of her search, she ran to the head of the slew, which was nearly a quarter of a mile distant, to cross on the dead logs, which had been left nearly dry by the receding water, that she might reach the sty from the opposite side and see all the "wee wee" pigs, and then come home with her father and brothers in the boat. She bounded to the log which seemed to be the longest, but had not proceeded far before the decayed sides, saturated with stagnant water, gave way, and precipitated her into a morass of mud. The falling off, and rotten portions of the log broke upon the home of several snakes; one, a rattlesnake of enormous size, thrust out his head a few inches and rattled

with great rapidity. The example was followed by others, accompanied with simultaneous hissings. Being afraid to venture on the log again, she went on through the mud till she reached the opposite side. It seemed that the place was alive with serpents of different sizes, for wherever there was a small portion of water, or the limb of a dead tree was left, it was a home for a snake, which fluttered or hissed at the sound of the little intruder's footsteps.

Her father, not knowing that his daughter was coming, had just landed on the homeward side as she reached the pig-sty. She trembled from sheer fright; turned and ran through the mud, not taking time to think of the venomous reptiles around her pathway. Her good nurse washed her face, changed her apparel and dried her shoes, and entirely concealed her thoughtless steps from her parents, lest her mother should not only inflict an extra lesson but make use of the rod. Willie gave a glowing description of the trip to his sister, and that his papa had told him and Alonzo that, if they were good children, he would make each, that afternoon, a steamboat of cottonwood bark, with cedar chimneys to them, and that Uncle Waller had just given them some nice thick bark for the purpose, and then he would also take them to the beach on the other side of the river, to get turtles' eggs; and he knew that they would have such a merry time, and would bring Almaria some eggs too. At hearing this she burst in tears, and entreated her father to let her go with them. He told her that it was not proper for little girls to go so far without their mother or nurse.

She stood on the shore and watched the skiff as it bounded over the receding waves, and was moored to the land on the other side of the river; saw Willie jump from the boat and run along the beach, not looking larger than a baby. Oh, how much did she wish that she could be with him! As soon as the jars (which had been taken for that purpose) were filled with the soft eggs, the boat put off for home. She ran into the house to tell her mother that they were coming back. Her mamma, to beguile the tediousness of her waiting for her father's return, persuaded her to play with her doll and to make a frock for it.

After many unsuccessful efforts to ply the needle, which did not discourage her, her brother Willie, with great glee, entered the room, calling out, "Oh, I have so many eggs!" But, seeing his sister trying to sew, he forgot the eggs for the time, took the needle from her, and soon sewed up the doll's skirt. Almaria was ashamed of her stupidity, and would not leave her seat, not even to see the much coveted eggs, until she had sewed several inches.

She went to her father, who was seated in the gallery, and asked him imploringly if he would not take her with him the next time they went for turtles' eggs. He took her on his lap; told her that in a few days he would take a hive of wild honey in a large cypress-tree several miles up the river, and then she might go with him.

The time of waiting seemed lengthened to an endless extent. Early one afternoon her father told her nurse to get ready to go with Almaria, and vessels were placed in the boat for bringing away the honey. The bee-tree was in a place belonging to Mr. Hobyn.

Having to row up against the strong current made the trip appear long and tedious to Almaria. She mentally wished that she was at home with her mamma. Suddenly they landed in a forest of cypress and other trees, in the branches of which were beevies of parroquets. Mr. Hobyn pointed to a large hollow cypress-tree, that had to be felled before the honey could be obtained. These birds, of gold and green plumage, remained in the topmost boughs of the tree, making it vocal with their songs, until it was felled by the strong hands of the sable wood-choppers. Many were killed in the falling, and others escaped by flying away. Willie and Almaria had been kept out of the way until their papa told the nurse to bring the children and let them see how honey was taken from one of nature's hives. The vessels brought were not large enough to hold the luscious treasure, so that much of it had to be left behind.

Almaria was very anxious to get one of the pretty green birds that concealed themselves in the tall grass around the branches of the fallen tree. Her father told her that it was growing too late to remain any longer in the dark woods, and that he was afraid that it would be night

before they reached home, and that her mamma would be anxious about their safety. The idea of making her mother unhappy caused her to acquiesce in a moment. The vessels of honey, and the rich harvest of dripping honey-comb, were safely deposited in the boat, and the nurse brought her charge and placed them beside her near the stern.

A few bold strokes from the oarsmen brought them in the middle of the swift current, which, with a pull of the oar now and then, carried them rapidly homewards. Almaria watched the motion of the current against the osiers which garnished the margin of the river. They moved up and down, now showing their fringe-like roots, now bowing gracefully their emerald coronets, as if keeping time with the fickle, restless waters. She scarcely spoke during their return homeward, as her mind was so occupied with images of her own creation, which her childish mind could not fashion into words. "Avoid the eddy," was pronounced by her father. This remark reminded her that she was nearly home.

The sun was setting behind the forest on the opposite shore, throwing long pencilings of fleecy, rosy light through the waving foliage, which reflected from the water in rays of burnished silver. Here and there a fish would leap above the surface, breaking the majesty of the scene depicted on the troubled bosom of the "father of waters." Mrs. Hobyn was waiting on the bank with little Alonzo to learn what success they met with in their enterprise. Mr. Hobyn indicated with his finger to what part of the skiff she should direct her eyes. The delicious booty was taken to the house, to be prepared for long keeping, as the supply was so abundant. A hogshead of metheglin was made (a cooling and agreeable beverage then much used in the Southern States, and answering, in some degree, as a substitute for the "ginger-pop" used in India and other countries of the East). This refreshing drink was common to the servants as well as the white family; indeed, nature was so bountiful in her productions that there was no need for stinting, and hoarding up would have been like the Israelites' double portion of manna. One of the first wishes of Mr. Hobyn in going to

a new country was to have his servants live not only with enough of everything, but to have it bountifully. His servants, by working in the morning, could have a portion of the day to spend as they chose when they were not busy about their crops. They would sometimes hunt, fish, or work for themselves. One day one of the men-servants went out, and in a few hours returned, bringing seven large opossums, which he kept for his own table, until he had eaten them up. These animals, with raccoons, were very destructive to Mrs. Hobyn's poultry, which she raised in great numbers, though the eggs were destroyed by the snakes at some season of the year while in a state of incubation, but as the cane-brakes were cleared up the trouble subsided.

The ague and fever symptoms had almost entirely disappeared in Willie and Almaria, and they had become bright and happy. When their daily lessons were finished they would play together. Sometimes he would help her to arrange her baby house and make her doll's frocks, and then she would play hide-and-seek with him, or the huntsman with their tiny pet dog. They had learned no unlovely traits of character, as they had but few associates or grown-up persons; their situation had been isolated as far as the society of bad children was concerned, and they were never happier than when with their much-loved parents. Almaria had a little garden in which she planted vegetables, like her mamma's. A lady visitor made her a present of some bachelor-button seed, which her nurse planted for her; they grew so rapidly that in two months she had a pretty bed of those gay flowers. She went into ecstasies about them, "they were so beautiful!" Her father had given her a small light hoe to work her garden, which she tried to do. Willie endeavored to cultivate some water-melons. Their father encouraged them to do these things that they might acquire habits of industry.

Almaria had a reticule made of white domestic cloth, with a hoop around the mouth, for the purpose of catching shrimps. Celia would put some salt dough, made of Indian-meal, in the bottom of it. She would then get some one to go with her to fasten the shrimp-bag to a

shrub in the slew. In the course of two or three hours a fine mess of shrimps would be caught, and as she was so fond of them her mother would have them dressed and cooked for her. One day she concluded that she would not trouble any one to go with her, feeling fully confident that she could manage the boat herself, with her brother Alonzo in it, and was about to set out for the shrimps. But a second thought struck her that it would be best to measure the depth of the water by her arm before setting out; then, finding no bottom, she fell in. Her father at that moment happened to see her, or she would have been drowned, and her little brother also, who was trying to hold her by the skirt of her frock.

Mrs. Hobyn wept very much at the idea of her child's so narrowly escaping a watery grave, and applied the rod, first as a talismanic influence, then as a punishment. She told Celia, when she was changing her clothes for dry ones, that she heard it thunder in her ears and saw the lightning as it flashed through the water in her face. This was doubtless the effects of suffocation at the moment her head went under the liquid element,—the rushing of the water into her ears and eyes, which she thought was thunder and lightning. An old gentleman who was at Mr. Hobyn's entreated that the "little thing" should not be punished; that he would guarantee that she would not repeat the offense. Mrs. Hobyn was firm in her decision to put a stop to the trouble at once. Almaria was artless, possessing a generous heart, and of an affectionate disposition, and was called by all who knew her a "good child." Though not so quick at repartee as Willie, her intellect was equally as good, and, in some things, seemed more mature, though she looked up to him as her superior and always let him direct their play. She could enjoy nothing unless she could divide with her brother, who was equally as kind to his sister. This must have been very gratifying to their parents, who endeavored to instill such principles into the minds of their children.

Provided a school could be made up, Mr. Hobyn had intended to send his little son and daughter the ensuing year. It was subsequently evident that the teacher was a man of no moral principles, and a "Murrell man" incognito.

Willie and Almaria talked a great deal about what they were to learn the next year at school. Almaria wished to learn to read about heaven, where God and the angels lived. Willie wished to learn to read about the big steamboats, and towns, and General Washington; and when he got large enough he intended to fight the Spanish, who were such thieves, for they were always robbing people.

One day a lady and her son called at Mr. Hobyn's to buy some chickens, milk, bread, or anything that he could conveniently spare. She appeared to be a woman of intelligence and genteel manners. Mrs. Hobyn supplied her with what she wished to purchase, and many other necessities, for which she refused the proffered pay. The lady and her son (a lad) were both apparently very thankful for the kindness shown them, and bid Mrs. Hobyn farewell. On reaching the boat, in which there was a bigger son and a little daughter, she wept so loud that she could be heard at the house. It was ascertained that she was fleeing from a cruel husband, whom she had left clandestinely two days before, and was afraid to take her babe lest it should cry and awake its inhuman father. Mrs. Hobyn said that the woman's piteous cries rung in her ears for some hours after, and the manner in which she hastened away made her feel sad for days.

CHAPTER VIII.

"O blindness to the future kindly given!"

THERE were many persons who made Mr. Hobyn's house their stopping-place. The appearance of some of these he did not admire, but he never turned any one away. There was a Mr. Bowen, an aged gentleman, whose white hair, venerable looks, and unobtrusive manners elicited Mr. Hobyn's sympathies. Though he often called, he was never seen to smile or heard to refer to his previous history, and ever wore an expression of fixed melancholy. Mr. Hobyn asked him why he seemed to have no settled home, and if he had no family. He

replied that when he came to Mississippi he was a wealthy man; had a wife and two daughters, who married, soon after he came there, men who were unworthy of them and who, before he was aware of their characters, involved him in a speculative scheme, in which a number of other kindred spirits with themselves were engaged. During this time both of his daughters died. The enterprise fell through, leaving him and his aged wife penniless among strangers. The loss of their lovely daughters, followed by their own fall from the summit of wealth to the depth of abject penury, was too much to be borne by her once independent spirit; she sank under the humiliating stroke, leaving him friendless and alone, in the deepest poverty; and he was then too much advanced in life to make more than a bare subsistence, and thus could claim no place as his home, which was hard to be borne by a man who was in advance of threescore-and-ten years. Mr. Hobyn told him to make his house his home whenever he wished to do so, and as long as he liked. He gratefully embraced the kind invitation, and did not go away. He told Mr. Hobyn that he thought that there were but few really honest men in all that country, and that the dishonest were so combined in their plans that they could not be detected, and so mystified and intangible in their concerted movements that it was not possible to point out anything which the law could take cognizance of, even were the officers of government and members of the bar persons of invincible integrity of character, instead of being in league with them (which he believed).

One lovely morning in September as they were seated at the breakfast table, Mr. Hobyn proposed to Mr. Bowen, as the weather was so cool and pleasant, that they should have a bear-hunt, which was readily acceded to; and Willie asked his father's consent to go with them, which was given.

Almaria thought that they were gone a long time, as her mamma delayed dinner until their return. She ran to meet the hunting-party as soon as they came in sight. Mr. Hobyn complained of fatigue and hunger when he reached home. He remarked, after eating his dinner, that he did not know when he enjoyed a meal so much, and sat awhile at the table, giving Mrs. Hobyn an amusing account

of the day's adventure in the woods, showing an unusual exuberance of spirits. He told her about their finding an old bear, with two cubs, robbing his corn-field (in which they had made considerable depredations), by first gathering the corn and then taking it in her fore paws to her cubs. They fired upon them; the mother bear ran up a tree immediately, as they were near a forest. They succeeded in killing the cubs, which he intended to have brought home. To these things Almaria and Alonzo were attentive listeners, and made many playful remarks, in their overflow of childish glee, as to what they would have done had they been along.

Mr. and Mrs. Hobyn afterwards took their seats in the passage, which was always cool, even in the hottest part of the day. All of the family were unusually cheerful as they were sitting together. One of the servants at the time told him that Mr. Narman and three others were coming, pointing to the rear of the yard. This was a strange way to come to the house, and must have arisen from his clandestine place of landing, as no one had seen him cross the river, though his house was directly in sight of Mr. Hobyn's. Yet the family thought nothing of this strange procedure at the time. Narman, without any ceremony, entered the place in which the family were sitting, accompanied by his reputed brother and a youthful nephew, and a son about the same age. All had guns, which they kept in their hands; but even this was not noticed by the family. The cheerful tone of Mr. Hobyn's spirits did not subside when those persons came, but continued for some time, when he referred to the loss of his axes, which had put a stop to his clearing his land, but without impeaching Narman, who immediately arose from his seat, pulled a double-barreled pistol from his bosom, and leveled the large gun which he held in his hand and shot Mr. Hobyn in his left side, the ball entering his heart, amid the screams of his delicate and defenseless wife and helpless children, there being no person to defend them from the hands of these ruthless marauders.

Poor Mrs. Hobyn did not know that her husband was mortally wounded until he exclaimed, in the deep anguish of murdered innocence, "Oh, I am a dead man! I'm a

dead man!" Turning his eyes to his wife, he said, in broken accents and with a voice faltering in death, "Mary, take my little children and go back to your friends in Virginia, for I see you cannot live here! Oh, will you? will you?" at the same time casting the imploring look of a murdered husband on his frantic wife in behalf of herself and his little orphan babes, now left strangers in a land of blood-guilty desperadoes. Oh, who can paint the deep anguish that must have wrung that dying father's heart, unable to dictate a farewell, or to give any advice which his young and inexperienced wife so much needed! Human nature would say, why slept the thunders of an avenging God at such a time? The language of inspiration declares that "vengeance is mine, I will repay;" and again, "Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not go unpunished!"

The men-servants had to be sent for to go for some person to attend to Mr. Hobyn in these his dying moments. About an hour after the sad event an acquaintance of Mr. Hobyn came, but he, at that time, seemed to be insensible. The neighbors on the opposite side of the river came as soon as they were sent for. Mr. Hobyn survived the wound only two hours and a half; he expired the moment his neighbors entered the house.

Almaria looked on her father's pale face as the cold sweat of death was standing like tear-drops on his noble brow, while the current of life was fast ebbing away. Her silent tears and trembling lips showed that the fountain of her heart was deeply moved. She saw the attendants raise his lifeless form, and his hands fall motionless at his side, as they placed on his inanimate remains the white drapery of death, and laid them on the couch on which he had so often reclined in life. The caverns of her heart seemed to burst asunder, as she exclaimed, in plaintive accents, "Oh, my papa! my dear papa!" Not knowing that she was adding to the deep anguish of her widowed mother, who was wringing her hands and walking backwards and forwards in the yard, she cried out, "Mamma, papa is dead!" but the deep wail of grief uttered by her mother at this recital almost paralyzed her with terror. She turned away and went and stood by the corpse of her father. His soft blue eyes were

closed, and his pale and beautifully chiseled Grecian features made an impression on her youthful mind which time never erased; she was startled at the unnatural coldness of his hands, which were always so warm when she played with him and put her hand in his to see which was the largest.

In the meantime the servants, who had gone down the river for persons to sit up at night, returned. The stars seemed to shine with a lustreless light over the mournful scene at Ashland Bend that night.

Mrs. Hobyn's grief had become too deep to be relieved by tears. She lay almost motionless, with her eyes fixed on the ceiling, heeding nothing around her.

Willie and his fatherless sister wept themselves to sleep. Their good nurse, who seemed greatly distressed on account of her master's death, put them to bed and tucked the curtains snugly around them, and they slept all night as though the angel of death had not been near them, and unconscious of the great and overwhelming sorrow of their mother.

The sun arose with unusual brightness the next morning, but the body of him who had begun the previous day in their midst with gladsome prospects lay before them in the cold arms of death. Preparations had to be made to get a coffin made and a grave dug for its interment, which could not possibly be done before the third day, late in the afternoon. A large procession came with the coffin. The day was sombre, and quite in keeping with the mournful scene then transpiring. Mrs. Hobyn called her fatherless babes around the inanimate form of their father (no more to heed their cries), and offered up a prayer, in the wildness of despair, to God to take care of her in her widowhood, and her children, now without a father, and to provide for them. She had to be borne away, and the coffin sealed before she could return to it, as decomposition had commenced. She followed as the procession slowly proceeded, with her four children, one still in the nurse's arms. At last they reached the narrow, cold, and gloomy resting-place for her husband's corpse. After the coffin was lowered, Mrs. Hobyn again collected her group of little ones around her over their father's grave, offering

another prayer to Almighty God for his protection of herself and her little orphans.

Many of the spectators wept. She was raised from her kneeling posture that the grave might be filled. She turned to go home, for the curtains of night were fast falling upon a spectacle so horrifying in its details. Two ladies remained with her during the night. How desolate the family at that home, recently so happy, and filled with so many bright anticipations for the future!

Almaria was much concerned about her mother's refusing to take food, and would often ask her what she must bring her from the table, and would take the plate on which something was placed for her own breakfast to her mother's bedside, and entreat her to taste it and see how good it was. Sometimes a vacant expression or look of desolation bordering on despair would be all that she would receive for her affectionate solicitude.

One morning Mrs. Hobyn arose and made her toilet, but, from sheer exhaustion, was compelled to lie down again. At this Almaria was much gratified, though she said nothing. The nurse told the children that breakfast was ready. Almaria, finding the cakes uncommonly nice, rose from the table with a plate full of nice brown ones and took them to her mother, who seemed to relish them, and asked for a cup of coffee. Almaria's eyes sparkled with delight when she saw her partaking of nourishment, and, in her ignorance how deep and lasting was the melancholy breach made in the domestic circle, she thought that this was an omen of good, and that the dark clouds of sorrow were rolling away from her mother's saddened heart.

Since the day of Mr. Hobyn's death a double guard had been on duty to search the woods, in order to catch the murderer Narman and his accomplices. These said that they crossed the river the same afternoon after Mr. Hobyn's death, and Narman the next day. A few days after this dreadful event Narman's brother was caught carrying his meals to him. He was imprisoned immediately. While incarcerated he acknowledged that, when he was discovered by the vigilance party, although he pretended to escape, he went in a direction directly opposite to the place in which Narman was concealed, and who

was then only a few steps from them, behind a large tree beneath which there was much undergrowth.

The younger brother was in the State prison in Jackson, to await his trial as soon as Narman could be apprehended. Several persons who could not come to see Mrs. Hobyn wrote to her, and advised her as soon as she had attended to the trial of her husband's murderers, to take her property and return to her friends in Virginia. Mrs. Hobyn was more than a hundred miles from the seat of justice, and her only way to reach the place was to take a steamboat to Warrington, and to go the remainder of the journey on horseback.

Mrs. Hobyn's youthful appearance and lady-like manners, and the sad fate of her amiable husband, gained her many friends in Warrington, as many had known him either personally or by reputation. She had left her children at home with the servants and a young lady whom she hired to stay with them during her absence.

Mrs. Hobyn found it difficult to obtain any mode of conveyance from thence to Jackson. A gentleman told her that a party of ladies were going with him to that town, and that he was going on business, and that she could ride a horse of his and thus save herself the expense of hiring an attendant. She remained while the suit was going on, and so did her pretended friend on business.

As the case was not decided upon, but put off for another court, Mrs. Hobyn returned with the party to Warrington to wait for the arrival of a steamer to take her to her family. A wine-toddy had been prepared by the lady at whose house she was sojourning, and handed to Mrs. Hobyn, who was at that time engaged in bathing the sore hand of her hostess's daughter with a solution of corrosive sublimate, which the family physician had made ready for that purpose. After binding up the ulcerated member, she reached out her hand for the supposed restorative and drank a portion of the poisonous medicine before she was aware of the mistake. To her mental were added the most intense physical sufferings. The physician, who had not left the house, was petrified with astonishment when she told him her mistake,—begging him, if possible, to save her life, that she might see her children

once more. More than twenty-four hours elapsed before any permanent relief could be afforded to the poor sufferer. Mrs. Tool (the lady with whom she boarded) manifested toward her the most sisterly attention, and made no charge for her board; neither did the physician, who kindly tendered her his medical skill in her illness, require any recompense for his services.

Mrs. Tool wept when the steamer arrived which was to bear away her guest. They parted, with mutual tears, to meet again at the next court session. Mrs. Hobyn reached home, to the great joy of her children, her little babe manifesting as much joy as any of the circle.

While at Warrington, the meeting with so many persons who sympathized with her cheered Mrs. Hobyn very much. An uncle of Mr. Hobyn's, who was treasurer of the Mississippi Bank, entertained her while she was in Jackson, and invited her to bring her children, and to make his house her home. But the dying request of her husband, to take his children and return to her friends in Virginia, influenced her not to accept the kind invitation. Could the veil of futurity have been removed, she would (humanly speaking) have seen that it would have been better for her to have remained where she was, and settled up her husband's estate, which was then an immense fortune in prospective. But she was overwhelmed by her recent affliction and the conflicting advice of persons who were, or might not be, true to her interest. Indeed, she had grounds for suspicion. Not long after the death of Mr. Hobyn she sent a servant on an errand to a neighbor a few miles down the river, to whom Mr. Hobyn owed the sum of six dollars, which Mrs. Hobyn intended to pay as soon as arrangements could be made for her to do so. The servant was gone all day, and at night he did not return. This alarmed her, as she feared that he was drowned, and she passed a sleepless night, anxious about the fate of her servant. The next morning he sent her word that the man to whom she had sent him had seized and confined him. The message was safely delivered to a gentleman and his wife, who told Mrs. Hobyn, and offered to go with her to release her servant. It was late before they could set off. In the meantime an old acquaintance of Mrs. Hobyn's

arrived; he was a Virginia gentleman, and a sterling Christian, and Mrs. Hobyn often remarked that he was the best tried friend that she had met with during her sojourn in the State of Mississippi. This gentleman often said that Mr. Hobyn was a man of too upright principles to suit the heterogeneous population of that country, and that he often sought his advice in matters of importance while they were strangers, and Mr. Hobyn was the only man from whom he was able to get the truth. The strong motive power of self-interest would cause others to make a false impression, and get a stranger involved before he had time to reflect. This gentleman also offered to accompany Mrs. Hobyn to recover her servant.

The party had not proceeded far before a squall of wind suddenly arose, as it often does on the Mississippi River. The gentlemen plied the oars, while the ladies bailed the boat with their shoes, the waves every moment threatening to swamp them. It was a struggle for life. To attempt to land was certain destruction, as there was so much drift-wood floating near the shore. Toward night, as the wind dropped, the skiff came very near being upset by a "sawyer." Mr. Rupes, the gentleman who informed Mrs. Hobyn about her servant, was thrown overboard, but near enough to grasp the "sawyer" in its rise. He went at the downward motion of the "sawyer" below the surface, and then several feet above it. It was with the greatest difficulty they could row back, and the peril of rescuing him was great, while it endangered the lives of all. The frequent dippings in the cold water had quite benumbed his system, and he was taken into the boat in a state of insensibility. His preservation seemed next to a miracle. Mr. Wilkinson thought that it was a direct interposition of a Divine Providence, but the fun-makers laughed heartily at the novel ride on the Mississippi "sawyer."

Mrs. Hobyn paid the amount due from her husband to Mr. Hartsman, and returned the next day, bringing her servant. Mrs. Hobyn doubted the justice of the claim which Hartsman brought against her husband's estate, as he had nothing to show for the debt, and it was doubtless done to take advantage of her defenseless situation.

Notwithstanding Mr. Hobyn's dying request, Mr. Wilkinson thought that she had better remain in Mississippi awhile, at least, and settle up the estate, which, in a few years, would be of immense value.

During the time Mrs. Hobyn was away at Jackson, one night a band of ruffians, armed with guns, surrounded Mrs. Hobyn's negroes, pointing their guns at them, and threatening to "blow their brains out" if they resisted, with oaths that the arch-fiend himself would be ashamed to use. Almaria ran to Celia, who had her little brother in her arms, and who was paralyzed by her fright. Very soon seven of these highwaymen entered the house with guns, and ordered the nurse to get ready to go with them; this command being also rounded off with horrid imprecations. She still held one arm around Almaria's neck, and the baby in the other arm, while Almaria held her fast with both hands locked firmly around her person. Celia entreated that *she* might remain to take care of the little children while her mistress was away; she was afraid that it would break her heart when she came home and found all her folks gone, and her poor master just killed for nothing at all. But the gun was pointed at her breast, and she ordered to stop her jaw and get ready to go with them, or they would shoot her down, which threat was garnished with an oath. These dreadful imprecations and menaces silenced the children, who remained as mute as frightened lambs, but watched everything that transpired, and knew that they had seen two of these desperadoes before when, by the names of Baily and Cornelius, they called at their house and pretended that they were too much fatigued to proceed on their journey. Willie and Almaria had often heard their father tell their mother that he did wish such suspicious-looking people would cease to make his house their stopping-place, for he believed that they were robbers in disguise, if the truth were known, and he was often afraid that they would decoy off some of his servants. These remarks the children remembered after the negroes were stolen, and many other things about the mysterious men that stopped pretendedly to "rest themselves, to get water, or a little milk to quench their thirst." The noble, generous Hobyn could treat no one

rudely in his house, coming under the plea of fatigue, hunger, or thirst.

Had he been spared a few years, he would, no doubt, have filled some important office,—perhaps occupied a seat in our national Congress, as he was well educated, and a man of fine judgment and talent. He was often solicited to move to the Arkansas side, and they would elect him to Congress; but the prospect on the Mississippi side was too flattering for him to relinquish it for the sake of filling an office which he might, ere many years, be elected to fill by his adopted State.

As soon as the pirates had secured the negroes, those who remained outside the house took them to the boats. Those who were in the house held a consultation about how much money they ought to give the children. It was decided that a quarter of a dollar was enough for them, because they stopped crying; and others thought that they ought not to have anything. One who thought that the baby ought to have more than the others placed fifty cents in his hand. When the children had received the pittance that was given them, the hearts of these cut-throats seemed to be touched, and they said, "Poor little orphans!" Their nurse cast a sorrowful look behind her as she left the house, but said nothing.

The good lady who stayed with them had concealed herself during the time those men remained in the house. She was very kind to the children, dressed them and washed the face of Alonzo, combed their hair, cooked their food, washed their clothes, and sympathized with them in all their troubles. Willie and Almaria had to nurse little Sammie, while Miss Macpeters cooked, milked the cows, and put the house in order.

CHAPTER IX.

THE news of this unparalleled affair soon reached Mrs. Hobyn, who at once started for her home, as it was important that she should take immediate steps for the recovery of her servants. After a great deal of trouble she succeeded in arresting quite a number of those lawless men, who were taken to prison.

Miss Macpeters, who had been so kind to Mrs. Hobyn's children, was compelled to return home to her aged parents, and Mrs. Hobyn was left alone until Providence directed some person to her house. Her little dimpled hands had then to do the drudgery of the lowest servant. The children did all they could to help their mother, who told Almaria that she must dress herself. The first attempt was very trying. In putting on her stockings the heels would run to the top of her foot; but, after many attempts, she succeeded, but did not know how to tie her shoes after she had got them on. Willie showed her how to tie a hard knot and then a single bow-knot; told her, as soon as she had learned to tie those knots well, he would show her how to tie a double bow-knot, such as Celia showed him when she was there.

Late one afternoon Mrs. Hobyn thought she saw in the sky the appearance of a storm, and heard the wild cry of the warloon, a sure precursor of one. It indeed might be styled the "stormy petrel" of the Southern waters. The wind was blowing in soft whispers from the south, strata of clouds seemed fast reaching to the zenith, till there was spread beneath the dome of heaven an awning of thick darkness, and all nature lay shrouded in dusky drapery. Mrs. Hobyn knew how dreadful were these storms, reaching often to hurricanes.

After she had finished her evening's toil, and had given the children their supper, she threw herself into a rocking-chair and buried her sad face in her hands. Almaria thinking that her mother was distressed about the appearance of the clouds, gently removed her mother's hands

and told her that there would be no hurricane, as the stars were shining, for she had just been out to look at the clouds and counted nine stars. These she saw through the faint openings of the flying clouds. The doors of the house being fastened, all retired to rest. Almaria, after repeating the Lord's Prayer and her evening hymn, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., quietly went to bed, confidently believing that God would take care of them. During the night they were aroused by successive rolls of heavy thunder, and flash after flash of vivid lightning, resembling a lurid glare of continued light. It seemed that Æolus himself had opened the door of his mighty cavern and given the winds liberty to hold their revels around the lonely and isolated dwelling of the grief-stricken widow and her helpless orphans.

Two gigantic-sized oaks around the premises, which had braved the storms of centuries, fell to the earth with a crashing roar, while the wind howled piteously over them as if singing their funeral dirge.

Willie, a brave boy of seven years, opened the door ajar to watch the course of the storm, and saw three men in the gallery. He closed the door, went to his mother's bedside, and opening her curtains, told her in a low tone what he had seen. At this, Mrs. Hobyn took all of her children in her own bed, with her frightened babe clasped in her arms. She offered up a prayer to the Judge of the widow and the Father of the fatherless, to protect them from the fury of the storm, and, what was worse, from vile and unprincipled men, who were prowling about her home when it would be impossible to obtain human protection for herself and her orphan babes. The darkest pictures loomed up before her imagination. She expected every moment that the doors would be broken open, and that the fiends incarnate, who lurked around her house, would enter. She thought of the remains of her buried love that lay so near her in the cold embrace of death, unconscious of her perils; her faithful servants stolen and carried she knew not where; her brothers and sisters far away, happy in their Virginia home, which she had so recently left, but now surrounded by a remorseless banditti, at whose mercy she might be at any moment.

During this time the wind, which was blowing, gathered to a tempest, and shook the house so violently that the children, who had been silent, now cried most piteously. They feared that the house would be blown to pieces and they killed by the falling timbers, as they had often heard of such things. Two other trees in the rear of the yard were torn up by the roots, and the waves beat against the river-banks with fury, as if angry at the opposition that they met with in submerging the land. At length, the rage of the storm being over, the thunder gradually subsided, and a bright day dawned once more upon the desolate widow and her family.

The rain had beaten through the house during the night and wetted almost everything. The fire was also put out, but how to relight it was hard to tell. There was spunk in the house, but it was saturated with rain-water, and the exhalations from the damp ground made the atmosphere too humid for several days to dry it sufficiently to take fire from the friction of a knife and flints, which method Willie's papa had showed him in order to amuse his little son.

In this emergency she tried to make herself heard on the opposite side of the river, to ask them to bring her some fire; but her voice was too feeble to reach such a distance.

Her family stores were entirely exhausted, except bacon and corn in the raw state. She had a domestic corn-mill, but it required strong hands to turn it while another fed it with grain. There seemed no relief. Alonzo was taken with fever from the damp house and beds, which it was impossible to dry; in fine, there was not a dry spot about the house. In a day or two the baby had a return of fever and ague, from which he suffered so much during the life of his tender father, who knew so well how to manage the disease. Alonzo slept constantly, while little Sammie showed, young as he was, that he, at times, was entirely delirious, moaning piteously, and would stretch out his dry, emaciated hands as if to protect himself from something that was trying to hurt him. While Mrs. Hobyn was away, Miss Macpeters, though she was very kind, had not been very economical in the use of the

household stores. Mrs. Hobyn had no kind of syrup or sugar to give her sick children medicine in, and they would not take it without.

In the afternoon of the second day after the storm, Willie informed his mother, as she sat with Sammie on her lap, that he had struck fire. She then tried to boil down the juice of a ripe watermelon to the consistency of molasses, in which to mix the medicine. Notwithstanding her utmost care, it would be of a bitter taste, and of course had to be abandoned. Willie was perfectly devoted to his little brothers, and did all he could to lighten his mother's cares. As soon as Sammie began to recover he would spread a beautiful fawn-skin on the floor and place him on it, and tell him to point out all the spots on it. A faint smile would play over his pale, wan features as he extended his bony finger to designate what his brother Willie told him. He was sometimes so debilitated from the effort that he would place his hands under his face, which was on the fawn-skin, and say, in plaintive tones, "Me tan't more, sick," which was followed by an ague, succeeded by burning fever. He would lie for hours, moaning in the lap of his agonized mother, who was not able to procure for her suffering child the necessities of life. Day after day she tried to obtain a supply of corn-meal or flour from passing boats, but without success. At last a boat laden with a cargo of corn-meal came along, but the article was sold at the enormous price of eight dollars per barrel. Mrs. Hobyn knew this to be extortion, but she was compelled to purchase it on account of her suffering family, though she had hundreds of barrels of corn on her plantation. She had, in her extremity, fallen upon the expedient of supplying her family with bread by soaking raw corn in boiling ley until the bran was removed, and then boiling it until it became soft enough to be used as hominy. The children were fond of it, and preferred it to anything else to eat with their milk. Thus is necessity the mother of invention the world over. Almira's pet cat often caught birds and brought them to her in her mouth; these Mrs. Hobyn, after boiling, divided between Alonzo and Sammie.

Narman's wife, after things were getting more quiet,

had the heartlessness and audacity to come to Mrs. Hobyn and demand of her Mr. Hobyn's elegant musket; said that Mr. Hobyn had told her husband that if he died first he (Hobyn) would leave the gun to Narman. This was her only claim to it, but she said that she "would have it." Mrs. Hobyn ordered her out of the house and off the premises.

Mr. Hobyn had also an elegant brace of horseman's pistols in a holster of superb bear-skin, which were a part of his equipage as cavalier in the late war. Another woman, who was a semi-Indian, brought a request from her husband that Mrs. Hobyn would give Mr. Hobyn's pistols to him, as he was dead and would have no further use for them; with which request Mrs. Hobyn refused to comply, telling her that nothing could induce her to part with them, as she wished her eldest sons to have their father's gun and pistols. At this she raved like a mad-woman. Another wished Mrs. Hobyn to give them Mr. Hobyn's handsome snuff-box which he used; and another wished her to give them a certain cow, as she gave so much milk, and they were not able to buy one as good. Indeed, the people around her tried to extort, by begging, everything valuable which Mrs. Hobyn had, even her clothing, and to take advantage of her overwhelming sorrow and defenseless situation to get what they wished. Some wanted her furniture, and others the blacksmith's tools and farming utensils.

Thousands upon thousands of pumpkins lay upon the ground without being appropriated to any use, and vegetables in large quantities were ungathered. These Mrs. Hobyn gave to any one who would gather them. Her home, though not an Eden of flowers, was one in which grew in great abundance the useful products of the earth. What a lovely place it would have been had Mr. Hobyn been spared to beautify it, as he was a man of cultivated and refined taste!

Mrs. Hobyn had a large number of fowls, which would bring her no contemptible sum of money could she have had them taken directly to the New Orleans market. She employed an honest wood-chopper, called "Irish John," who had often worked for Mr. Hobyn, to take them,

promising to reward him for his trouble on his return. On his way back he stayed a few days at Pointe Coupée to see some old acquaintances. He was taken with yellow fever and died in a short time, which was the last she heard of him. The money due to her, and the little stores for her family that he was to bring her, fell into other hands, who, perhaps, did not need them, whilst Mrs. Hobyn had neither sugar, tea, coffee, nor chocolate for family use.

Almaria often had fits of crying, which were as unaccountable as distressing to her mother; neither did she tell any one the cause of her sorrow, which arose from the fear that her father was unhappy in the eternal world; not knowing that "as a tree falleth so it shall lie," and that "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave" to which he had gone. She often prayed for him that God would make him happy, and not suffer the wicked one to have dominion over him. This she did many times during the day for a long time after her father's death, and would rise frequently in the night and pray for him, though in the unseen world. In her night visions she very often saw him, and would cling to him and entreat him not to go away, but to stay with her mother, who was so sad and wept so much; and in her dreams she would try to tell him all that had taken place since he was removed from them.

One morning very early a stranger arrived at Mrs. Hobyn's, and claimed to be a near relative of her deceased husband. She had often heard Mr. Hobyn speak of the young man's father. He wished to stay a few days at her house; but it would have been much better, in a pecuniary point of view, for herself and children, had she never met him. A few days before this she had secured the company of a kind young lady, and consequently felt less lonely.

Mr. Watkins, the relative in question, manifested much interest in her pecuniary matters; told her that he had heard of her misfortunes, and had come with the express purpose to aid her all he could without any remuneration. The unsuspecting Mrs. Hobyn often sought his advice, which he gave without hesitation, but always in a way to promote his own advantage should he ever be able to get

her property in his power. This she could plainly see when it was too late to correct the mishap.

She tried to sell her land, and partially succeeded, so far as to influence the pretended purchaser to settle on the place. Articles of agreement were drawn up and duly signed by both parties. The cattle, crop, two large rafts of timber, and a thousand cords of wood were reserved, to be sold privately.

Almaria heard several gentlemen say that only a part of the land belonged to Mrs. Hobyn; the property was her children's legally. This they did not tell her lest she should take other steps, and thus deprive them of an opportunity to monopolize a fortune already within their grasp. They also knew that the land had not been recorded in the land-office. Of the importance of this she did not know. Her legal adviser knew this, but did not tell her; but led her to believe that she had full power to act as self-appointed guardian for her children, until she had entirely carried out their mercenary wishes.

Narman was never apprehended, though his associate in crime had lain in prison for nearly six months. This was a most mysterious circumstance, which many pretended that they were unable to fathom; but that which is "done in secret shall be proclaimed on the housetop."

At this juncture Mrs. Hobyn had again to repair to Jackson, to attend to the trials of Spaulding (Narman's accomplice) and of those who had stolen her negroes. Her friends (particularly Mrs. Tool) in Warrington seemed as cordial and kind as they had ever been, which somewhat cheered the depressed state of her mind. From this place she proceeded to the capital to attend to the business which brought her there. The night previous to the commencement of the trials, the jailer and all the prisoners escaped. This unparalleled affair also will be made plain at the last day of account. Though there were good people in the place, the bad more than predominated.

When the pamphlet which contained a history of "Murrell, the Land Pirate," and the names of his numerous coadjutors, or those who composed his mystic council, was published in 1835, Mrs. Hobyn recognized the names

of the jailer, the accomplice of Narman, and several of those who stole her servants, with Watkins and others, furnishing some clue to the incomprehensible tragedy of her amiable husband's death, the lawless and clandestine capture of her servants, the great desire to get in possession of her husband's elegant fire-arms, the escape of the jailer and prisoners, and the failure to seize Narman.

Mrs. Hobyn thought, subsequently, that the court—lawyers, judge, indeed the whole country—were more or less under the influence of Murrell, but so completely clanned together as entirely to elude detection by the uninitiated. She now turned her sorrowful steps toward the home of her childhood; the home she left was soon to be occupied by strangers.

Daily did she repair to the grave of her husband, and bathe the green sod with her burning tears. Almaria was her only companion on those mournful visits, and mingled her tears with those of her mother, while she offered up a prayer for herself and children. Sometimes she would startle Almaria with the wildness of her grief when she exclaimed, "Oh, my husband, my dear Samuel, speak to your Mary once more!" But no voice responded to these grief-stricken invocations of the disconsolate widow.

Mrs. Hobyn often sung "Highland Mary" and "Mary's Dream," in plaintive strain, as also another, of which only a couplet is remembered:

"No hand to wipe my falling tears,
No friend to soothe or ease my cares."

Her voice was soft, musical, and touching, and the words, the airs and associations, were too pathetic for Almaria's tender heart. For some moments would her bosom heave with an emotion that was often too deep to find relief in tears, when a deep sob would be followed by an outpouring as plentiful as an April shower.

"Oh, pale, pale now those ruby lips
I oft have kissed so fondly;
And closed for e'er that sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me so kindly!"

and—

"Oh, Mary dear, cold is my clay,
* * * * *
How from thee in death I sleep,
So, Mary dear, weep no more for me."

"The moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from her evening summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree."

When her mother sung these words she would think of the moonlight shining over the lonely grave of her late devoted father, and the cry of the whip-poor-wills in the trees, the paleness of his face, how cold his noble brow was when she touched it with her hand as he lay a corpse, and the dark, damp place in which he was laid by sombre twilight when her mother cried so much.

At the distance of nearly twenty years from the period of Mr. Hobyn's death, and years after her mother's second marriage, she could not hear her sing those songs without bursting in tears, as it would cause the gloomy picture of those sad times to loom up before her with lifelike reality. Why did an ever-merciful God suffer her memory to keep its empire? Why was not all that passed at that time cast into the shades of oblivion? The answer to these inexplicable providences is, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," and that his own name might be glorified. Amen and amen.

Mrs. Hobyn continued to become daily more anxious to leave Mississippi as her husband had requested, and to return to her friends in Virginia. She did all she could to facilitate the settling up of his estates, and in her ignorance of how little the world is to be trusted, thought that all her matters were adjusted properly. The man who lent her his horse the first time she was in Warrington charged her four dollars per day while she kept it, and his fare at the hotel during the time she remained in Jackson, although he pretended to be attending to his own matters.

Mr. Watkins told Mrs. Hobyn that he had important business to attend to several hundred miles down the river, which would detain him several weeks, and if he could find a steamer that would take her to Alabama he

would engage her passage; that she must have her business settled in writing, and leave the papers with him, and he would collect the money for her land and other property, and forward it to her while she remained at his father's in Alabama. Mrs. Hobyn did as her relative advised her. Before leaving she continued to visit daily the grave of her husband with her little daughter, and had it inclosed as handsomely and as substantially as her circumstances would permit.

One night a loud rap at the door aroused all the family, and a voice which Mrs. Hobyn recognized as that of her relative told her that he had engaged a passage for her and children on the steamer Missouri, a boat with fine accommodations and gentlemanly officers, and that the captain had sent two yawls to take her family and effects to the opposite side of the river, where she had anchored, and to ascertain whether Mrs. Hobyn would be willing to give the fare required; that the captain was afraid of the snags that were in the river near her landing, and this was the cause of his not crossing to the Mississippi side to receive her directly on the steamer from her own house. After much bustle they departed, with scarcely time to think about aught but getting ready to go away, and Mrs. Hobyn's giving up many important papers into the hands of her *soi-disant* disinterested relative, with the large number of cattle and nearly all of her valuables.

CHAPTER X.

THE stars shone with unwonted brilliancy as Mrs. Hobyn and her children took their final departure from their Mississippi home, draped with so many tender and melancholy associations.

How often did the desolate and widowed mother strain her eyes to catch a glimpse of the spot in which was mouldering the noble form of her late devoted husband, the heart that once throbbed with conjugal and paternal

affection, now cold as the clay in which it was embosomed! She felt that every moment she was receding from his precious dust; her bosom heaved with the emotion that almost rent her heart-strings asunder, while silent and unseen to those around her the gushing tears of a mourner flowed down her pale and beautiful features.

After reaching the steamer, Mrs. Hoby was duly installed in the ladies' cabin, and nothing was heard but the measured tread of the watchman. The children slept soundly until the letting off steam, a short time before day, aroused them from their peaceful slumbers, as the boat fast steamed her way up against the swift-currented stream.

Mrs. Hoby did not leave her state-room to take her meals, but asked the maid to bring them to her, while the children went to the dining-saloon to partake of their refreshments. Their thoughtful mother had taken some milk along for them. The first morning, as Almaria raised her mug of milk to her lips, her eyes dimmed with tears and her lips trembled at the remembrance that the mug had been given her by her affectionate father, whose body she was fast leaving behind, and that she would see his loved face no more; and how tenderly he spoke to her by the endearing appellation of "My daughter, come to your father," when she would climb upon his knee and run her dimpled fingers through his dark curly locks, he joining her in her merry peals of laughter, while her brothers and mother enjoyed her frolics as much as she did. She felt that she missed something that was so dear; for days she could not enjoy the sports of Alonzo and Willie, who were quite at home on the steamboat. The officers petted them and remarked that they had never seen two brighter boys. Almaria's pensive face, for the first two or three days, failed to impress those around her as her more volatile brothers'. Ophelia, the maid, according to the captain's orders, took charge of little Sammie, who soon became very fond of her. Perhaps the remembrance of the sable countenances by which he was once surrounded had not entirely faded from his mind.

At noon of the first day's journey they stopped at Point Chicot to take in wood. Almaria did not think that there was much to interest about the scenery of the place: a few

poorly-built houses, dense cane-brake in the rear, and low bushes in front of the river, and not half so handsome as her papa's plantation at Ashland Bend. Here an old and intimate acquaintance of the late Mr. Hoby took passage. On hearing this Mrs. Hoby was much gratified; she felt less lonely, though she saw him only once during the passage up the river. She often remarked in subsequent years that she had never met officers more gentlemanly than those on the Missouri; the captain and clerk were both from the "Old Dominion."

She never left her state-room but two or three times, and then she walked in front of her cabin in the rear of the boat. The long confinement made the journey exceedingly monotonous. But Willie always went on shore when the boat landed to take on wood. Almaria did not go with him, but would often beg some one to bring her a twig with some green leaves on it, and her requests were always attended to, as she had now become a pet with all on board.

The Chickasaw Bluffs came in sight. Of these she had often heard her father speak. They were two peaks, rising abruptly, very barren, and of red clay color, with lofty forest trees growing around their base. She would look at the jay-birds and kingfishers as they would fly about the shore; the latter prefer the high banks, in which they nest and dwell. The names of these birds she remembered, because her father had told and explained their habits to her before he died.

Sometimes on both sides of the river there would be regions, extensive, low and swampy, indicating still the preponderance of unhealthy moisture, in which grew the willow and other small trees indigenous to marshy places. A bear or other wild beast would occasionally be startled from his lair by the noise of the steamer, and make good his escape to the forest, while the timid deer would remain standing as though petrified with terror, and then disappear in the copse in which he was browsing. Large birds of white plumage floated in company on the surface of the water, and seemed to regard but little the approach of the puffing vapor as the boat passed by them.

One night a storm arose, in consequence of which the captain thought that the boat with its cargo would be lost,

and sent to Mrs. Hobyn to let her know what imminent peril they were in, and that she must be prepared to come on deck at a moment's warning, as if the vessel should sink the water would rise in her cabin first. She had her children taken on deck, to be put in the life-boat if circumstances required that she should join them there at the specified time. The storm was not as violent as was anticipated, though the boat was so injured that they had to wait until some repairs could be made.

In endeavoring to land one noon to take in wood, owing to some cause which Almaria did not understand, Mr. Foster, the pilot, was thrown from the wheel; the boat turned suddenly and ran her bow directly under the stem of a tree which was divided at the roots. The part of the tree under which it ran broke a considerable hole in the side of the bow, and at the same time fell directly across the front of the boat, which began to sink. Some stuffed blankets in the opening that was made by her coming in contact with the tree, until it could be removed, when she righted, and raised herself above the water in which she had sunk so deeply. Almaria ran to her mother, who was sleeping at the time, and awoke her, giving her an account of what had occurred, she being entirely ignorant of the danger through which they had just passed.

The children were often much pleased at what they saw while passing up the river, and made many inquiries about every house that made any pretension to architectural style. They were particularly struck with the superb residence of a Mr. Montgomery.

After a very long sojourn on the steamer they arrived at a small town called Waterloo, which was saluted by firing off several large guns, the shock of which was so great that Mrs. Hobyn, who was at that time engaged at a small table, writing to her friends in Virginia, fainted and fell to the floor, pulling the writing-table over upon her. The maid assisted her to rise, after having used some restoratives. The explosions of the gun painfully brought to her mind the tragical death of her husband, or she would not have regarded it. The urbane captain sent her many apologies for his unintentionally causing her to be so much shocked.

Waterloo was then an insignificant place, at which they had to remain until the boat could discharge a portion of her cargo, to lighten her sufficiently to pass over the shoals. All the ladies of any position in the town called on Mrs. Hobyn and invited her to visit them; but she was too sad to return calls of ceremony, though she appreciated the attentions that were shown her.

After the cargo was discharged the Missouri soon reached Florence, her destined port. Mrs. Hobyn obtained board for herself and children in the town proper, and remained several weeks until she could hear from a nephew of Mr. Hobyn's, who lived in Tuscumbia, a flourishing town, four miles distant from Florence, and on the opposite side of the river. Her nephew responded promptly; but, being unmarried, Mrs. Hobyn remained where she was until something definite could be done.

She found, on examining her pocket-book, that a considerable sum of money had been taken from it; but she had no idea that her attendant maid had robbed her until Almaria told her that she had seen the maid take money several times from her pocket-book, who told her that her mamma had given it to her. She was a free colored woman that had been hired by the captain to wait on the lady passengers, and Mrs. Hobyn had rewarded her well for her services to herself and children.

While in Florence Mrs. Hobyn had calls from numerous persons of the first respectability, which she returned, as the gloom that hung over her mind had begun to dissipate in some degree. She found the inhabitants refined and hospitable, and felt sorry that she had to part with persons who had shown her such special attention. Here Mrs. Hobyn met with Messrs. Brown and Rose, old, tried friends of her late husband. The latter invited her to go to his father's and remain until she could return to Virginia, and wrote to his father, whom Mrs. Hobyn knew when she lived in Alabama, and esteemed as a man of sterling worth.

As soon as Mr. Pierly (Mr. Hobyn's nephew) could visit Florence he did so, for the purpose of seeing his aunt, and offered her any aid that it was in his power to bestow, and at the expiration of a few weeks he took her

to Tuscumbia, and boarded her and children at a boarding-house. At the close of the second week he heard from Mr. Rose, sen., who invited Mrs. Hobyn and her children to make his house their home as long as it was her pleasure to do so.

Mr. Pierly, after making his aunt and her children some handsome presents in the way of supplying their wardrobe, brought a carriage to convey them to Mr. Rose's, and he would then visit a near relative of his uncle's, and father of Watkins whom she had left in charge of her property in Mississippi, as he was to send or bring the money due her, while she remained at his father's in Alabama. On reaching Mr. Rose's she and her children were greeted with a hearty welcome, and were introduced to a second wife of his, whom Mrs. Hobyn had never seen, who was cold and reserved in her manners, very unlike the former Mrs. Rose, whom she loved so much. At the meeting with one of her husband's best friends, Mrs. Hobyn was so overwhelmed that it moved the old gentleman to tears.

Mr. Pierly left to seek for his relative, who, he learned, lived only ten miles distant. It was nearly a week before his return, with Mr. Joseph Watkins, to take Mrs. Hobyn and children to his house. She was glad to have the pleasure of meeting the excellent relative of whom she had heard her husband often speak so favorably.

Mrs. Rose spoke very unkindly to Mrs. Hobyn, who, for the first time, had to do her own washing and that of her children, as the recent robbery upon her purse had deprived her of the means of hiring some person to do it for her. With Willie's assistance she was able to get a tub to the spring to commence the day's work so entirely new to her. Willie kept up the fire in order to boil the clothes, and dipped up and brought the water from the spring for his delicate mother. Almaria had to take care of Alonzo and Sammie. She felt that she was not welcome, though she did not tell her mother that she had heard Mrs. Rose scold so much about the milk she wished for Sammie, who was far from well, and that she had also quarreled with her husband for inviting a parcel of strangers to his home that she knew nothing about. He

told her that he had known Mrs. Hobyn's excellent husband, and that she and her children should have the best that his house could afford; that her husband had been in every way a gentleman and she a perfect lady, and that he, with the first Mrs. Rose, had often visited them; that his son, George W. Rose, had boarded in their family for some time, and they always had been friends; and then asked her why she sent that little delicate woman off to the spring to do her own washing, when she could have had it done for her.

Almaria had always been a great pet with the younger Mr. Rose, who always called her sweetheart, and would tell her that he intended to wait for her. Mrs. Rose's daughter, by her first marriage, was of the same age as Almaria. They were very fond of each other. Peggy would assist her to take care of Sammie, who was, at times, more or less fretful, as he was frequently sick and very puny. The two little girls played together under a large peach-tree, and told each other many things that they had seen and heard, and particularly about the late visit to Tuscumbia. Peggy listened with much interest to what she was told, for she was as pleasant and gentle as a summer's breeze; the poison of envy was in no way blended with her disposition.

At Tuscumbia Mrs. Hobyn met with Dr. Campton and family, from whom her husband took the measles while watching with him, as we have seen in the former part of this book. The meeting was mutually pleasant and deeply melancholy to Mrs. Hobyn, as it recalled so many associations. Almaria took off her beads and divided them equally between herself and Eliza Campton, as these were the only things that she could present to her friend. These beads were rare and handsome, and they were the offering of a generous and overflowing heart to one whom she remembered to have loved very much.

Mrs. Hobyn again found that her trunk had been robbed of many articles of value, which it would be impossible to replace; but when and where this had been done she could not tell. Almaria then told her that while they were boarding at Mr. Farrel's, in Tuscumbia, Rose, the attendant maid, often took her keys and went to her large

trunk, as Celia did, and would look at her jewelry and all her handsome things, and show them to other maids that came into her mamma's room, and would then put them back. Almaria did not understand the meaning of the word stealing. She knew that Narman stole her father's axes, that her mother's negroes were stolen, and that the maid on the steamboat also stole her money; but did not know that the vice had or could have a more extensive application. This ignorance did not arise from a want of apprehension, but from her not being accustomed to hear the term used but in a limited sense.

Mrs. Hobyn and children returned with their relative (Mr. Watkins), and were received very cordially by his family. He was a man of an amiable disposition, but much hen-pecked by a wife who ruled everything on the plantation with her tongue and cowhide. She had two lovely daughters, and her sons were also very kind to Mrs. Hobyn and her family, who were soon reminded by the lady of the family that if they stayed there they would have to work. Mrs. Hobyn made up her mind to bear anything for a short time, with the hope of receiving the money due her from Mississippi, and getting away very soon, as she had made a partial arrangement to return to Virginia with Colonel Byers and family, who were then on a visit to some relatives in Alabama; but in this her expectations were not realized, as Colonel Byers called to let her know that it would be impossible to take her and family along with his own, but promised on his return to Virginia to do all he could to facilitate her return to her friends. At this recital, the fountain of her tears seemed to be dried up, while an agony wrung her heart which mocked at any consolation that mere words could give.

Almaria was delighted at the idea of going to church, although she had to walk the distance of three miles to reach the place. This was the first sermon that she had ever heard, as far as she remembered. The minister, after preaching, sung a hymn called the "Heavenly Union." At hearing this she wept very much, for Celia had sung it to her a great deal, in the same plaintive tune; but in walking home she stepped in a mud-hole, and entirely spoiled her beautiful yellow kid bootees that her cousin,

Hugh Pierly, had given her, and in which only could she go to church.

Mrs. Watkins became daily more disagreeable; water was very scarce, and to get any for washing purposes they had to walk three miles. She, with one of her daughters, would shoulder a basket of clothes, and walk the distance, wash and dry them, and return at night without seeming to mind it. They were ladies of Amazonian size and masculine strength, and had been accustomed to hard labor all their lives; Mrs. Watkins had been brought up in the backwoods of Kentucky.

Mrs. Hobyn had to do the same; but the fatigue of walking and carrying her burden almost overcame her, so unaccustomed was she to any exercise which taxed her strength to so great a degree. She had to stand upon the cold rocks and wash nearly all day, and with clothes half dried she set off to return with the others, who soon left her some distance behind. She was so much indisposed from sheer fatigue that she was unable to sit up for two days. Her children missed her very much. They had known but little from experience what it was to be stinted in food when surrounded with so many comforts. Mrs. Watkins's daughters would give the children food without letting their mother know it; for had it come under her cognizance they would not have fared well for their kindness to their orphan relatives.

Willie was old enough to thin cotton, and while he was thus engaged Almaria had to take care of Alonzo and Sammie. Alonzo had to stand by his sister and eat from the same plate with her, while she sat at the table and cut the food for both. This was Mrs. Watkins's arrangement, and they had to conform; she possessed abundantly the comforts of life, but would dispense them to suit her own notions, no matter who was deprived. Alonzo had suffered from chills, and often complained of being sick. One morning he swooned as he was standing to take his breakfast; he fell beside his sister, and did not return to consciousness for some time. Mrs. Hobyn felt as though her cup of sorrow was full and running over; she placed her little darling on her lap; bathed his cold brow with a liniment which she had with her, as he lay with eyes

half closed, and a ghastly distortion of his pale lips displayed in a frightful manner his pearly teeth. The color gradually returned to his lips, and the warmth to his hands and feet. He cast, at first, a wild stare at his mother; a smile played over his beautiful features, and then, raising his hands, he clasped them around her neck. This appeared to be a turning point in his illness, as he subsequently continued to improve until entirely recovered.

One day a green gourd was found lying on the ground. Mrs. Watkins tried to find out who had committed the awful misdeed of pulling one of her gourds. The offense was settled on Alonzo, as he had been seen playing around the place. Although the little fellow was still feeble, she gave him a whipping with a heavy cowhide.

Mrs. Hobyn was not able to bear this. She took her little children and went to the house of a lady who had paid her some attention, though she lived four miles distant. Almaria did not know what her mother intended to do, nor where she was going. On reaching Mr. Cooper's, the husband of the lady-acquaintance, they both invited her to remain with them until she could make up a school, as she had proposed, and promised that they would assist her in the enterprise. Mrs. Hobyn found that there were many that were anxious to patronize her undertaking.

In the course of a week, the neighbors conjointly put up a log-cabin near a meeting-house, which would answer for a school-house for the time, and if she remained another year promised that they would build her a comfortable dwelling and larger school-house.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE sultry Monday evening Mrs. Hobyn took her little children to her cabin home, near a large spring. The neighbors lent her a bed, a table, some chairs, cooking utensils, and provisions; of these she had a large supply in the warehouse at Florence, but that place was fifty miles off. Squire Hodges told her that when he sent his wagon with his produce in the fall, he would have her household goods brought to her.

When Mrs. Hobyn lay down the first night in her home, which had not been chinked or daubed with clay, she could count the stars as they shone through the spaces between the logs. She wept, but they were tears of gratitude that she was away from those that oppressed her fatherless children with words or deeds that lacerated her widowed heart. Persons in the neighborhood often had her washing done for her, which was the greatest trouble of all her household duties. Vegetables were also sent her without measure, and a good supply of milk; for one of her neighbors told her to send Willie or Almaria to her house daily, and she might have as much new milk as she wished.

A gentleman in Courtland, on learning that she was keeping house, sent her a coffee set, with groceries, domestic cloth, and hats for her sons, and other articles that were useful to her. This gentleman she did not remember to have seen. He was a wealthy man, and requested that if she remained in Alabama she would inform him, and he would lend her any pecuniary aid that might best promote her interests.

In this lowly home many of Mrs. Hobyn's old acquaintances called to see her when they came to that section of the State. When Almaria would go on errands to a certain lady for her mother, she always gave her a nice lunch of wheat bread and butter, but she always saved it for her mother, who often wished that she could procure some

wheat flour; but it was then too expensive an article, and none but the wealthy could afford to have it.

Mrs. Hobyn's lady-like manners and cultivated mind gave her a more than hearty reception among the wealthy class in the neighborhood. Parents wished their daughters to imitate so admirable a lady. She succeeded well in her school although it was late in the season when she commenced, and had the offer of a large number of scholars the subsequent year, provided she did not return to Virginia. Every day Willie or Almaria would have to take care of their little brother, who was just two and a half years old, and then one or the other would go home before recess to make a fire and get water for their mother to cook their dinner, and then they could run and play with their schoolmates until the hour arrived for them to resume their duties. They were much beloved by their associates, as they were so conciliatory in their deportment. Each morning the scholars would bring them a little present of potatoes, eggs, fruit, or anything that they thought would please them.

The little Hobyns had, from their earliest days, an abundance of everything that nature afforded in a southern climate, except during a few months after their father's death and the time of their sojourn in the Watkins family. Between the ladies in the neighborhood and Mrs. Hobyn, respect had increased to a sisterly regard. They were pious, good people, of position and wealth. They literally wept and rejoiced with her when she received affectionate letters from her brother and brothers-in-law, condoling with her in her afflictions, and promising that they would send for her during the succeeding winter, while her brother guaranteed to do all he could to make her comfortable, to educate and promote her children. Her neighbors entreated her not to go away, as she could be so useful and support herself and children so genteelly, while she would have it so much more in her power to attend to the settling up of her late husband's estate by remaining; but the dying injunction of her lamented husband to return to Virginia made her decided in the matter. Besides, her brother was a lawyer, and he would, without doubt, do everything necessary for her and her children.

She had also a valuable land estate and an interest in her paternal grandmother's property, which, with her own exertions, would support her family.

But, could she have turned over a few pages of the history of her life, she would have seen that it would have been immeasurably better, in every way, for her to have remained than to have thrown herself and helpless family on wealthy relatives.

A few days before she closed her school she was looking over some papers of her deceased husband's in the school-house, and accidentally dropped a bond of several thousand dollars on the floor; one of the little boys picked it up and tore it in several pieces, and made himself some thumb papers. When he came up to say his lesson she saw that he had torn her bond in pieces, one of which could not be found. She wept very much, as it was apparently irrecoverable, but one of the little girls told her that she had a piece of the same paper in her book that she left at home in play-time. Mrs. Hobyn bade her return to bring the paper to her. It was all that was required to repair the damage. Mrs. Hobyn then pasted the pieces together, so that it was not much defaced, at least not enough to make it useless. Almaria never forgot her mother's distress, nor the lecture she gave them all about tearing up papers without knowing their value.

About the first of December she gave up her school to make preparations for her long and tedious journey of nearly a thousand miles. Her kind neighbors afforded her needed assistance, and in a few days a youth arrived to take her to her friends in Virginia. He was sent by her brother. She had to dispose of her effects in the best way she could, some for cash and others on credit, and almost at a sacrifice.

A dear old Baptist lady came to bid Mrs. Hobyn farewell. She was often a great comfort to her when she was at the house of her husband's relative (Mr. Watkins), for she frequently visited her. She would tell Mrs. Hobyn of her own trials in the sudden death of her husband, she being left with a large family of children, but God had taken care of her and them. Though she had but little of the world's goods, He had converted her children, and

they were such a comfort to her; one had become a minister of the gospel. She said that she had known that son to pray for hours after dark in the lonely woods: at first she was very unhappy about his staying away, and concluded one night that she would look for him to see what was the reason of his not returning to the house; she heard him fervently engaged in prayer, before she saw him kneeling beside a tree. She felt that she was treading on holy ground, and that it would be almost sacrilege to disturb his devotions.

Every person who knew Mrs. Hobyn in that section came sometime or other to bid her adieu, and to express their good wishes for her future prospects. When she was ready to commence her journey she partially regretted that her brother had sent for her. It was hard to part with those who had shown the kindness of brothers and sisters to her, and she was more than half inclined to stay with them.

At last she commenced her journey towards Old Virginia. They traveled slowly at first, as the horses in the carriage seemed disposed to be tardy.

The fatigue of traveling made Almaria quite sick the first night. She could not eat anything, and very little the succeeding day. The lady at whose house she stayed was very kind to her. Her daughters, two lovely young ladies, tried to amuse her as long as she stayed with them. After traveling a few days she became well and cheerful. Willie was as cheery as a bird, having something to say about everything that he saw and every person that he met, and would tell what he intended to do when he became a rich man.

As yet Mrs. Hobyn was a stranger to that peace which the world can neither give nor take away, having in vain sought for it in the enjoyment of the things of time and sense. Mrs. Chyle's and Mr. Wilkinson's Christian counsels had not been lost. She had resolved to seek an interest in the Saviour, but had not done it with her whole heart. Though she was anxious, she did not know how to instruct her children in the "one thing needful," yet was very scrupulous about their repeating their prayers.

Almaria loved to go to preaching very much, listening

attentively to what the minister said, though there were a great many things that she did not comprehend. One minister sang a hymn commencing, "Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand," etc. She saw that her mother wept very much when he sang the line, "No troubles nor trials shall enter that place." She wept too, for she knew that her mother was thinking of her poor father.

Almaria took a blanket and made a pallet on the puncheon floor of their log-cabin, beside her mother, to go to sleep. She tried to compose herself for some time. Her mother, thinking that she had fallen asleep, said, in a touching tone, "*My poor little fatherless daughter!*" This was followed by a shower of tears. It was too much for Almaria to bear: her bosom heaved; she arose slowly, with her face turned from her mother to conceal her emotions, as she did not wish to add a pang of sorrow to her grief-stricken heart.

Mrs. Hobyn arrived in two weeks at the town in which Swindle lived, who had injured her husband so much. She took her children with her to his house, instead of going to a hotel, that she might tell him that she believed him to be indirectly the cause of her husband's death and the stealing of her negroes, after first injuring her husband so much, under the garb of friendship. But, unfortunately, Swindle was not at home. She had the best of reasons for supposing that he had hired Narman to kill her husband, and in this opinion there was a general concurrence. All the appendages of luxury were displayed to the best advantage. As Mrs. Hobyn was ushered into one of their large double parlors, the family were overhauling the contents of a huge trunk, which seemed to be filled with everything that the most fastidious taste for extravagance could desire,—silks of exquisite and costly patterns, sets of jewelry for each daughter, elegant thread laces, etc. Mrs. Hobyn did not hesitate to tell them that her husband's purse had indirectly contributed to purchasing their luxuries, which belonged by right to her orphan children. Mrs. Swindle, no doubt, knew what she said was true, though she could not help her in any way. Mrs. Hobyn told them that they could not expect to prosper

long while holding the property which so justly belonged to others ; and the pampered sons and son-in-law, indeed the whole family, might have felt the truth of the remarks of the desolate widow, who had the moral courage to tell them what others might have shrunk from. She knew that hers was the cause of right and justice.

The next day she left the house, so replete with the appliances of luxury procured by ill-gotten gains. She had bonds against that estate to the amount of thousands of dollars, which its head had refused to pay her ; and she was afraid to bring suit against so mean a man when she could not remain to attend to it.

She went to the hotel at which Mr. Quinn, her youthful attendant, had stopped ; but he was compelled to be absent several days on some important business for Mrs. Hobyn's brother.

The architect who built Mr. Hobyn's house when he lived in Alabama, hearing that his widow was in the town, with his wife called on Mrs. Hobyn, and insisted on her and her children making his house her home while she stayed in the place. She accepted, with many thanks, their opportune invitation ; for, though the proprietor and proprietress of the hotel were very attentive to her and her children, she preferred to be with old friends. One of her kind entertainer's sons had become a young minister of promise, and on hearing that Mrs. Hobyn was at his father's, came to see her.

To these good people she gave a detailed account of all her troubles, who were ready to sympathize with her and to listen to the recital of her sorrows. They had heard much about them, but the half had not been told them. Being pious persons, they bid her seek that faith which works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world.

They showed her a strange coin about the size of a quarter of a dollar. Mr. Ryan said that his little daughter picked it from the dirt that was thrown up while he was digging a cellar to his house. A gentleman who was standing by at the time offered her ten dollars for it, which she refused. It had been sent to the museums of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and New

Orleans, but none contained a coin that bore any resemblance to the one found in Tennessee. It had the likeness and the name of Cæsar in Latin on one side, and the devices on the other side had not been deciphered. It was kept by the young lady as a curiosity.

Mr. Quinn, having attended to the required business, returned to proceed on the way to the "Old Dominion." In this place Mrs. Hobyn had found many old friends, and formed new friendships, during her sojourn of three weeks.

The next night brought them to the cabin of a wood-chopper, on the north side of the Clinch River. He and his wife were hospitable, and spread before the travelers the plain but substantial food which he had in his house, and invited them to partake. The next morning he presented Mrs. Hobyn with a bottle of spirits of turpentine, which he had himself manufactured ; and he would accept of nothing as a remuneration for having entertained them in his house.

Nothing of note occurred until near the town of Mac-himville, when the horses broke gear and went in full speed through the town, but were duly caught. The cries of the children, who were more or less hurt, brought several gentlemen to the place. Mr. Quinn was thrown from his horse, but sustained no injury. Mrs. Hobyn lay apparently lifeless for some time, when it became evident that the vital spark was not extinct. She was placed on a feather-bed in a carriage and conveyed to a hotel in the town. A surgeon was immediately called in, who bled her and gave her a composing powder, which soon put her into a nice sleep.

The next morning she was able to move herself a little. This was joyful news to her children, as they were afraid that she never would recover, and then they would be entirely without any to love or to care for them. The surgeon, though he was doubtful at first about her recovery, pronounced that she would be well enough in the course of ten or twelve days to resume her journey. Many nice eatables, suitable for an invalid, were sent to Mrs. Hobyn, during her indisposition, by persons who, as soon as she was able to receive visits, called on her. Notwithstanding the children were boarding at a hotel, they

were also cared for. Some of the ladies took quite a fancy to Almaria; but they could not persuade her to go home with them while her mamma was sick, and then she wanted to go to "Old Virginia," for Celia used to tell her that it was a good place, and she had so many uncles, aunts, and cousins there, for her mamma had told her so.

It was something remarkable, so the citizens of the town said, that horses often got frightened at the same place that Mrs. Hobyn's did, sometimes breaking loose and running away. It was rather a gloomy-looking valley, on the side of a river that was perfectly fordable. Superstitious persons believed that the horses saw ghosts, as there was a grave-yard on the top of the hill, while the more educated thought that the horses might inhale the effluvia arising from the graves in that humid soil, and in consequence ran away. It was in contemplation to make the road in another place some distance from the burying-ground.

Mrs. Hobyn recognized many of the places that she and her husband stayed at when they went to the South a few years before. In the place of a few log-cabins, large, commodious, and handsomely painted houses had been built, resembling in appearance a country village.

It was hard work for the horses to pull up the Alleghany Mountains. The children had often to get out and walk a considerable way. Willie enjoyed the sport very much; but with Almaria it was a more serious business, as she was much younger and naturally less robust. Though she never murmured, she always had a cry, but soon forgot it when the trouble was over. Willie would sometimes beguile her, as they walked up the steep sides of the mountain, by telling her what happened when they lived in Mississippi. Perhaps a graceful deer would start from the low bushes in the roadside and walk quietly on before them several rods, and then lose itself in the dreary thicket of evergreens. This would afford subject for a pleasant conversation, which the brother and sister enjoyed, until Almaria became too much fatigued to proceed any farther. Willie would tantalize her by running before and challenging her to overtake him. When Mr. Quinn saw this, he always took her up, for he said that she was

a good girl, and should not walk when she was too tired to do so, and would say: "Mr. Willie, you may call her a baby as much as you please; she shall ride."

After eight weeks of tedious travel, Mrs. Hobyn and family reached Mr. Springle's, her brother-in-law's. The joy of the meeting of the two sisters can be imagined rather than described. Mrs. Springle, Mrs. Hobyn's sister, next oldest to herself, had expected her to arrive about Christmas, and, having made preparations for the reception of her sister and children, had saved a portion of the good things, thinking that they would surely arrive very soon.

Mrs. Hobyn, after a few weeks, when it was time to think about making arrangements for the future in regard to herself and children, found that it was very different to be rich and independent of relatives, from being dependent on them for every necessary of life, and being told, when she objected to anything, that "beggars must not be choosers." How often did she wish that she was back with her kind Alabama friends!

Her brother, an accomplished young lawyer, came to see her and to take her to his house until the future could be decided upon. Willie and Almaria had to be left behind, which grieved them very much. Almaria would cry until her little pocket-handkerchief would be soaked with tears. But no one heeded the orphan's tears, or thought that she had any right to wish to see her mother. She was poor, and it was very kind in her relatives to give her a home and board her for nothing; and so it was. But "home is where the heart is."

Her aunt's eldest daughter was then at a boarding-school, and would often return home. Though she was not unkind to her fatherless cousin, she was not cordial toward her, and always appeared as though she was an inferior, and would display her fine ribbons and nice new dresses, tell Almaria to look at them, and ask her if she did not wish that she had such nice things. The tears would fill her eyes, but from an entirely different cause from that which her cousin Jennie Springle supposed. It reminded her of the affectionate father that she had lost, who always taught her, when he gave her anything that others did not have, she must be sorry for them, and di-

vide with them when it was proper to do so. This generous trait in Almaria's disposition Mrs. Hobyn had to put a check upon, as she always gave away anything that a person would ask her for, or if she thought the individual desired to have it. Her mother often told her that she could not afford to make presents, since she had no father to supply her wants and was without an income, that everything she possessed was obtained through her mother's exertions. In after years she learned that many persons whom she did most to oblige appreciated her services the least. But more of this will be referred to in a future chapter.

Almaria's aunt Springle, who had premonitory symptoms of consumption, was confined to her couch for several weeks and suffered much. Her physicians advised her to travel as a means of restoring her health. She told Almaria that she might go with her as far as her maternal uncle's, which was nearly forty miles distant, and he would take her to where her mother was. Almaria had suffered much from an attack of rheumatism, at times not being able to walk, and was apparently destined to be an invalid for life. Her aunt was very kind to her in her affliction, having the affected parts rubbed with liniment, etc.

Mrs. Springle had been so unwell that she sent her infant son away, as his piteous cries were too much for her to bear. One morning the nurse came to inform the family that the babe died very unexpectedly the previous night in a fit.

All the children wished to go to see little James before he was buried. As there would be no conveyance until the horses returned that afternoon, the children asked their parents to let them walk with the nurse. The proposition was acceded to, and Almaria, fearing that she would be left behind, put in her plea to walk, cripple though she was. She was answered in the affirmative, and off she hopped, as well as she could, with the young party, with three long miles before them.

Mr. and Mrs. Springle were both startled when they found that they had given Almaria permission to walk, which they thought impossible. Mr. Springle had his

riding-horse hastily hitched to his curricule, and tried to overtake them, with the intention of taking Almaria to ride with them, but was not able to do so. She suffered a great deal of pain for the first mile, and then gradually became more comfortable; and before she reached the house of her uncle Springle's father, her stiff joint seemed nearly as well as the other, and was never afterward troubled with rheumatism.

CHAPTER XII.

A PLEASANT spring morning dawned upon glad nature, and the feathered tribes were singing a chorus of thanks to the Fountain of all good, as Almaria set out with her uncle and aunt for the home of her mother's brother, with whom she spent a week. He then took her to her great-grandmother's, as her own mother was there. Her uncle on his return home took Alonzo with him.

Her grandmother was in affluent circumstances, but was very aged and infirm physically, though intellectually one of the first women in her day, and a devoted Christian. She was fond of Almaria and little Sammie.

From her grandmother's Mrs. Hobyn visited her younger sister, with whom she remained two months, hoping to be able to do something for herself and children; but no prospect seemed to open to her anxious efforts. Here nearly all of her relatives, who were in affluence, visited her. From them she received many expressions of good wishes for herself and children.

Mr. Finley, who married Mrs. Hobyn's youngest sister, was a vain, self-conceited, narrow-minded man. Nearly all the property he possessed was brought him by his wife. He often spoke unkindly to Mrs. Hobyn and of the improvidence of her husband, and would boast about the great style in which he intended to live when his children grew older. She often went alone and poured out her sorrows and tears before her heavenly Father, and begged Him to enable her to bear her trials.

Mrs. Hobyn visited an aunt who had but one child, who had recently married an amiable young lady. From these relatives she received the utmost consideration, and they compensated her for the work which she would do with her needle for them. After a few months she returned to her paternal grandmother's.

In the intervening time her brother had put Willie and Alonzo as apprentices to a trade. The former had nearly completed his tenth year, and Alonzo had entered upon his sixth. Before this Mrs. Springle visited her youngest sister while Mrs. Hobyn was there, and remained until her husband returned from Richmond, to which place he had been to dispose of a large crop of tobacco. He bought a supply of everything needful for his family in the dry-goods line, and showed all to Mrs. Hobyn without making her or the children the smallest present. Mrs. Springle's health not being improved by travel, she returned home.

Willie had been sent to a plantation about ten miles distant by his uncle Springle, to assist a bachelor overseer in giving out corn and meal for the horses and servants, and shared no better than one of the latter, scarcely seeing the face of a white person. He had always been accustomed to good society, and was sent to school when only four years old. But Mr. Springle did not intend to be troubled with his wife's poor relatives. If they knew how to work that was sufficient, and "they had nothing to keep them from it." When Sabbath came, Willie spent his time in playing with the colored boys, as he had no books. His dignified bearing was for awhile eclipsed by the company that he was compelled to keep. Mrs. Hobyn thought that her little son had some comforts, and had no idea that he was so exposed to vice and entirely out of the reach of moral restraint. When the time came around for the negroes to have their summer clothing Willie had his sent also, which consisted of an osnaburg cotton shirt and a pair of tow pantaloons, out of which the hurdles had not been beaten, and fastened with leather buttons, and a coarse felt hat. This was for a nephew who had never worn anything but clothes of the handsomest texture and a beaver hat. Mrs. Springle did not even put pockets in Willie's pants. Mrs. Hobyn had been anxious

for her children to know how to work, and to do it; but this treatment she did not look for.

Her brother sent for Willie. He spent a few days at the house of his uncle, who thought that the shortest way to get rid of his dependent sister's children was to bind them to a trade,—i.e. Willie and Alonzo. Poor relations must be put out of sight, if possible, for aristocratic visitors will make inquiries about those that are seen about the house who do not seem to participate in the privileges of the family, but rather to stand aside. Aunt Peggie, an old family servant, would always take it upon herself to give the genealogy of Willie and Alonzo to the general visitors who made any inquiries about them. She would say: "If dey ain't got money dey is got blood. Deir mammy and daddy was as rich as anybody; Lor' yes, heap richer dan my massa dat dey is stayin' wid. Deir daddy was sich a gentleman. I knows he was a good massa, 'case I libed wid him arter de death of my old massa, in dat fine brick house; and den dey had so many black folk. Lor', he and my young missus was so putty. I loved my young missus same as my chile, because I nussed her when my own missus libed; but, Lor', poor thing! she died so young. Ebrybody thought dat it would break poor massa's heart, he kep' grievin' so. One day, jist before my missus died, she said, 'Peggie, you must be good to my chil'un when I'm ded an' gone.' My heart was almos' broke, but I sez, 'I hopes you will lib to see Peggie buried yit, so you mus' not think 'bout dyin'.' I warn't a Christian den, but my massa and missus sed dat I was a good sarvent. I seed my missus couldn't be long in de world, but I tried to make her think dat she would lib a long time, so I thought dat she wouldn't die so soon. If my ole massa and missus was libin', how much dey would think of dese chil'un! An' if dey ain't got money dey is got high blood. So, Missus Trent, dey ain't so bad, arter all, if dey ain't got money."

Their uncle took them to a carpenter, who was not proverbial for his leniency to his apprentices; "but no matter," their uncle said, "it was best for boys to be dealt strictly with, and they had nothing to keep them from hard work." Alonzo was a little white-headed fellow, with

beautiful features and dark eyes. The ladies would often bestow a kiss on his cheek, for he was so gentle, the expression of his countenance so benevolent, and always so polite to every person. Colonel Sterling, the uncle of Willie and Alonzo, when he took them to Mr. Fanshaw, the carpenter, congratulated him that he had brought two boys that would be able to work for him a number of years before they became free; that he would write the indentures, and see that they were duly signed by his sister, and he was "glad that the boys had a home."

As soon as Colonel Sterling left, Mr. Fanshaw called the boys to him, and told Willie that he must be his hostler; must take care of his riding-horse, Friday; take him to water night and morning; feed him well, and curry him down every night until he was as "sleek as a mole." Alonzo was to pick out a basket of cotton every morning before he ate his breakfast. While saying this he handed him a basket made of white-oak ribs and splits. He told them, also, that they were to sleep in the work-house with the other apprentices.

At night Willie took the horse Friday to water, which threw him over his head and hurt him very much. Mr. Fanshaw told him that apprentices should not mind such things; and what if he did get hurt, he was not the first one.

Alonzo kept with Willie, and asked him several times if it was not time for their supper. After Willie carried and fed Friday, he locked the stable door. They both went to the work-house, where a thin straw bed had been placed for their use. They had for their companions three boys, from the very refuse of society, and some years their seniors; but God, who takes care of the orphan, ordered that they should not remain with such at a time when they were so very susceptible of immoral influences.

From these companions they learned that Mr. Fanshaw's family ate supper, but the apprentices did not; that they had only two meals a day, and that Mr. Fanshaw said that they must earn their breakfast before they ate it. At four o'clock in the morning the boys arose for their morning's work, Willie to attend to Friday, and, as soon as he had done, to eat his breakfast, then saddle the

horse, bring him and tie him to the horse-rack before the yard gate, and then come to the master, and he would appoint him his day's work. Alonzo thought that it took him a long time to fill his basket with cotton. He became so hungry that he cried; but after completing his morning's task, went to the house to get his breakfast. The tears rolled down his face as he ate and chokingly swallowed his food. Mrs. Fanshaw was a very feeling woman, and gave him a cup of warm coffee to eat with his bread,—a luxury which their apprentices did not often enjoy. Alonzo's task before dinner was to pick out two basketfuls of cotton, and one after dinner, when he was allowed to retire, supperless, to bed. He scarcely ever had an opportunity to speak to any person, not even his own brother Willie, until night. As the evenings became longer, Mr. Fanshaw had the boys pull hay for the cattle. Sometimes Alonzo would go with them, and if not, he had to retire to his lonely bed in an outhouse.

The weather was turning cold, and Alonzo felt it very much, as he had nothing but summer clothing to protect his delicate frame from its searching effects. Every morning he was in the cotton-patch before he could see well to pick the bolls of cotton, standing in the high grass, stiff with frozen dew, which made his fingers and bare feet ache from the cold, so much so that he often cried while doing his morning's work. He had so little intercourse with the world that he did not know when the Sabbaths came, but often went to pick out his cotton as usual, and brought it to the house, until Mrs. Fanshaw found it out, to which she put a stop. But neither she nor her husband gave them any instruction on the Sabbath, and there were no Sabbath-schools convenient for them to go to.

As Alonzo was so small and delicate, Mrs. Fanshaw entreated her husband to send him to his uncle's until he was older. He thought the advice judicious, and sent the little boy away. At his uncle's he was put into a closet-room, a long way from the family. His little straw bed was placed on the floor, without pillow or bolster, and but little covering, which was seldom changed, and the room never ventilated except when the door was open for a few

minutes in the day. He had heard many ghost stories from Peggie, who nursed his aunt's children, and never having a candle to light him to bed at night, very often, as he entered his dark room, he would fancy a witch or a "raw head and bloody bones" would catch him. So as quickly as possible he would undress himself and lie down on his straw pallet, cover his head up, stop his ears with his fingers to prevent the little witches which danced about the room from finding him, or tying knots in his hair, or blowing in his ears. He felt sometimes a hag so large and heavy sitting on his breast that he could not breathe, and it seemed as though it would crush him to death. Doubtless these feelings were produced by the combined influence of fear, the bad state of the atmosphere of his room, and his having his head so closely covered that it produced a sense of suffocation. From Alonzo's own account of his suffering so much from fear and other things, it was next to a miracle that he did not become imbecile; and the habit of covering up his head in his bed-clothing became so strong that it was with difficulty he could break himself from it in many subsequent years.

A gentleman happened to spend a few days at Colonel Sterling's, and saw his eldest son, somewhat younger than Alonzo, sitting at the first table all muffled up in warm winter clothing and shod in boots. By-and-by the company adjourned to the parlor to enjoy themselves by smoking and conversation. From the parlor he saw a little ragged boy, with bare feet and hair uncombed, take his seat alone at the second table. He ate what was placed before him without speaking or being spoken to; and, having finished his meals, he retired to aunt Peggy, the cook, or played with his cousins in the back yard.

Though Mrs. Sterling neglected Alonzo, she never spoke unkindly to him, and he loved her very much; all the choice fruit he could gather during the fruit season he always brought to her.

Colonel Sterling had married a lady moderately prepossessing as to looks and of no possessions but her lovely qualities. She often said that having married a man of property, and having no patrimony of her own, made her act very differently from what her conscience

prompted her. Two of her sisters were often with her. One was very amiable and fond of Alonzo, while the other was always teasing or trying to play some trick on him, and often treated him so badly that it would make him cry.

As young as he was, he noticed that when she spoke of his mother, brothers, or sister, she called them "Colonel Sterling's poor kin." The old cook would often tell him not to mind what she said, as "she was poor and had no blood, nider. For da all got deir libin' off what my ole massa gived Marse James." She would tell him to hold up his head, and say, "I spec' you will be so rich by-and-by dat you will buy dem all out. For doe Marse James's wife be mighty good, I doesn't b'leve dat her sisters is anything but ded poor white folks, for da allus war missus's clothes what Marse James buyed for her wid de money what my ole massa gib him."

One day the teasing sister (Miss Gralinda) coaxed little Alonzo to go with her and Lizzie to the woods, as the latter would take the baby too. He agreed to go with them. When they had got sufficiently far from the house for their purpose, the young lady tied the little fellow fast to a sapling, and then ran off and left him crying. She had made him believe that she was in search of wild grapes, which grew plentifully in the forest. As Alonzo had the use of neither hand, he could only after many efforts bite the cord in two. This breach of confidence he could not forget, though he forgave her.

After awhile Miss Gralinda married a dissipated son of General Moony. For awhile they made a grand show, and did not speak to "Colonel Sterling's poor kin," were they so unfortunate as to meet with one of them. The mill of Providence is always grinding. God has promised to preserve the fatherless, and faithful is He that promiseth. But more of Miss Gralinda or Mrs. Moony by-and-by.

Willie did not complain of the hard work he had to do, for his mother had often told him that the greatest men in the world had been poor and fatherless, and had to work their way up in the world, as Columbus, Dr. Franklin, Henry Clay, and many others.

He suffered much from whooping-cough, which troubled

him more when he was exposed. One cold drizzly night, in November, Mr. Fanshaw told Willie and another apprentice to take care of some hogs which had been slaughtered during the day. They had nothing to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather, or anything by which they could keep themselves warm, but an out-door fire which they kindled themselves. Their clothes were sleeted over by the frozen rain. About four o'clock in the morning Willie was taken with a violent attack of pleurisy, and had to be taken into Mr. Fanshaw's house that Mrs. Fanshaw might attend to him promptly. The doctor was sent for, who remained at his bedside during the day and succeeding night. He requested Mr. Fanshaw to send for Willie's mother to nurse him while he lived, as there were ninety-nine chances to a hundred against his recovery. Mrs. Hobyn heard the screams of her child before she entered the house, so great was the constant pain in his side. He had so changed that she could scarcely recognize the noble features of her lovely boy. He was entirely delirious and raved like somebody beside himself. It was some time before he recognized his mother, and then seemed gratified that she was near him. The Fanshaws were as attentive and kind to Willie during his illness as though he had been their own child. The doctor continued to visit him daily for two weeks before he pronounced him out of danger. At the expiration of three weeks Mrs. Hobyn left him, to return to her other children, Almaria and Sammie. They were glad to see their dear mamma, who had been to take care of poor Willie when he was so ill, and to hear that he was well enough to walk about his room, and would come to see them at Christmas.

Almaria took good care of Sammie while her mother was away, and prayed to God every day to make her brother Willie well again. She put by her nicknacks for him when he should come at Christmas. The wished-for time soon rolled round, and with it Willie came. Instead of a sprightly, rosy-cheeked boy, a poor, nervous, emaciated, melancholy-looking figure presented itself. He complained very much of fatigue from having walked so far. He said that he was quite exhausted, and was sitting by

the roadside when he met uncle Archer (a colored man), who was going to his grandmamma's. He took him on his back and brought him nearly there, or he could not have walked to the house. It grieved Almaria to see her brother, who was always so full of life; look so sad. She brought out her little stores and presented them to him. At this he smiled and ate the cake which she told him that she baked herself that morning after the cook had made up the dough.

The doctor told Mr. Fanshaw that, if Willie's constitution was not permanently injured, it would be years before he entirely recovered from the effects of his severe illness, and that he was too young and delicate to do hard work of any kind. So Mr. Fanshaw wrote to Colonel Sterling that he did not wish Willie to return, and stated his reasons for so doing.

Willie's clothing was but scanty, for he had nearly worn out the few garments that he had when he went to Mr. Fanshaw, and they had not been replaced. This, with having no home for her son, placed Mrs. Hobyn in a dilemma. At last she pawned a set of handsome silver spoons to a lady, for a hat, a pair of shoes, and two suits of clothes for her destitute child. When she obtained the cloth she sat up nearly all night to make him a decent pair of pants.

She then engaged him to work six months for a man who would give him so much for his labor, as she hoped before the expiration of the time she would be able to secure an eligible situation for him. Willie worked hard for Mr. Merry, the gentleman who employed him, and who, whenever he met Mrs. Hobyn, would tell her what an industrious son she had. Mrs. Hobyn went to see her brother-in-law, Mr. Finley, to ascertain if he would not take Willie for awhile, as he would be so valuable an assistant in giving out his produce. He agreed to take him as soon as his time was out at Mr. Merry's.

Willie had not entirely recovered his natural strength, and was subject at times when he did a big task to pain in his side and palpitation at his heart. Light work would be of service to him. He was called an industrious, good boy by all but his wealthy relatives, who repulsed the

cordiality of his naturally warm heart, and called him forward and officious when he anticipated the wish of any of them. His lonely and isolated heart yearned for congenial society, some one to sympathize with him in his childhood's troubles, to speak kindly to him when he was sick, and not always scold him for sitting up when others thought that he ought to be lying down, and lying down when others thought he ought to be sitting up, and receiving a sharp reprimand for making a distorted face when he took a potion of nauseous medicine.

Mr. Finley had but one servant, whom he inherited by patrimony. This servant he placed over all those that Mrs. Finley had brought him when she was married. Indeed, out of the house Jack was not second to his master, though he was a thorough-paced rogue and cheat; none of the other servants dared to inform against him to his master, and outside the dwelling-house he truly held the keys to everything on the plantation.

Mrs. Finley was a lovely woman. Though she brought her husband a handsome estate, she was not allowed to control anything. If she gave away anything, which her benevolent heart often prompted her to do, she had to do it secretly. But in some things she became in time assimilated to her husband's way of thinking, that poor relatives ought not to have a mind of their own. Her nurse one day let her baby fall in the yard, near where Almaria was playing. It cried a great deal. Mrs. Finley ran out to see what was the matter with her infant. The nurse, in order to avoid a reprimand, told her mistress that Almaria struck the baby for nothing and made it cry. Almaria protested her innocence; but it was of no avail, her aunt gave her a box on the ear and ordered her not to go near her child again.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE succession of days brought nothing to cheer the desolate feelings of Mrs. Hobyn, whose untiring industry was but little considered. She sewed for her sister's family assiduously while with her, with scarcely any equivalent for her services. Almaria did what she could in the way of knitting for the family; her only reward was her board, which was poor, nay mean. At night their supper consisted of buttermilk and corn-mush. Mr. and Mrs. Finley often spoke to each other about Sammie's eating so much, in Almaria's presence, thinking that she was too small to comprehend what was said. But she did, and it made her feel very unhappy. She did not say anything to her mother about what she heard, as she knew that she was so much troubled and often wept; but thought that she would eat only enough to keep her from getting sick, and fully acted out her resolution.

Mr. Finley told Mrs. Hobyn one morning that she must get a home for herself and children; that she must leave that afternoon. She made all the haste she could to get ready, but it was nearly sunset when the horses were brought out, and she had ten miles to ride before she could reach her uncle Eems. A negro boy attended her on horseback, carrying a sack of clothes and Sammie on his lap. Mrs. Hobyn rode another horse, with Almaria behind her, who could not understand this strange movement, but was glad to go to see her uncle and aunt Eems, and cousins Richard and Martha, for they were always so kind.

Although Mrs. Hobyn had seen so much of the world, she knew little about it. Mrs. Finley wept when she parted with her sister, though she did not presume to expostulate with her husband, who was in some instances cruel to her. From being a girl of great vivacity and remarkably talkative, she became a dejected and taciturn wife, but universally popular with her neighbors, who sympathized with

her in her many disappointments, as she had been bred a lady.

Mrs. Hobyn performed the greater part of her journey by a dim moonlight, for it was cloudy. Almaria watched the half-orbed moon, as the clouds passed over it in quick succession, ever and anon obscuring entirely its silver face from her gaze. But she was happy at the idea of soon seeing her uncle, aunt, and cousins. Mrs. Hobyn's thoughts, arising from the ebullitions of the maelstrom of trouble, deep in the caverns of her heart, she did not talk of. But could they have been spoken they would have been eloquent with sorrow for the comforts and friends of other days, which came not to her. The gloom of the present hung so darkly around her naturally hopeful mind that no gleam from the future could penetrate it. The present and the future all dark! dark! where she could "neither peace nor comfort find, nor friend whereon to rest." How often did she in her lonely hours think of the sentiment of those immortal lines of Goldsmith,—

"Oh, what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep!"

When Mrs. Hobyn and her children reached her aunt Eems's, she found them glad to see her. "Gay, guileless, sportive little" Sammie had gone fast to sleep, ignorant and innocent of the storm of sorrow which held its revels in his devoted and widowed mother's heart. Although so young, he was remarkable for his repartee and good sense, which made persons like to have him with them; particularly his aunt Eems, although an old lady, would have a great deal of sport with him, who was so sprightly, amiable, and obliging. His soft blue eyes would dilate and sparkle with pleasure when he was able to do a favor for any one.

One of Mrs. Hobyn's uncles sent her a message requesting her to return to her grandmother, as she was ill and needed attention. Her aunt Eems wished her to leave Almaria with her, and she would send her to school if Mrs. Hobyn would pay for her tuition, which Mrs. Hobyn

thought that she could do by plying her needle for that purpose. Almaria's teacher thought that she would make a superior woman, if she had an opportunity to develop her faculties. She studied well, her teacher saying that she could not wish her to learn faster.

Between Almaria and a little fatherless girl was formed one of the most intimate friendships; they often said that they had no father to love them, that they would love each other. Almaria often went home with her friend Dorinda Stiddolph; her widowed mother was one of the best of women, so gentle and motherly that Almaria loved her dearly, and was happy when her aunt Taylor allowed her to be with Dorinda.

Dorinda had a cousin, who was nearly grown up, but did everything she could to break the friendship of the two little girls, without being able to do so. Almaria loved this selfish girl's parents very much. Her mother was pious, and often sent for Almaria to visit her family.

After a few months Mrs. Hobyn's grandmother died, and Almaria returned to her mother, who remained at the ancestral home until the estate could be settled up and the property divided; as there were a number of legatees, Mrs. Hobyn's portion of course would be small. When the division had taken place, she had an old family servant with a certain portion of the land and some money. The furniture that she bought she had to pay almost twice the worth of. Her brother bid for her, and he did not appear to care how much she gave for what she bought. Though the corn and pork sold very cheap, her brother did not buy any for her, although she had asked him to lay in a year's supply for her, and pay himself out of her interest in the estate, "as these things were at the door and would save her a great deal of trouble."

She was compelled to buy bread and meat on credit for her family, which cost her twice as much as the same articles sold for on the plantation, and were even hard to procure at that price, the weather being so cold. She had only one feather-bed and not the means of buying another. Her brother told her that he would send Alonzo to her in a few days, notwithstanding he knew that she did not have the wherewith to support those that she had with

her, and he held in his hands the little money due to her. A cousin of Mrs. Hobyn's sent her some meal and pork for temporary use, saying that he thought that her rich brother and brother-in-law had supplied her with what she needed. Mrs. Hobyn's aunt Eems, her son and wife, were very kind to her and her children; gave her feathers enough to make up another bed, and other articles for housekeeping in her very straitened circumstances. They came to see her and often wrote to her. Mrs. Eems was Mrs. Hobyn's god-mother.

Colonel Sterling never came to see his sister, though he often passed through the plantation. Yes, he, who could weep over a fictitious tale of sorrow and when his daughters sung the "Irish Emigrant's Lament," could let his widowed sister and her orphan children suffer for bread and pine in obscurity, for aught he seemed to care! But this was real life, and was too matter-of-fact to reach a mind that seeks for its aliment fictitious woes.

About this time Willie returned home from his uncle Finley's. An immediate opportunity offered for his mother to send him to his paternal relatives, who were in opulent circumstances. Willie gave his mother an account of his treatment at his uncle Finley's; said that he got on very well until he informed his uncle that his favorite servant Jack frequently stole his corn, wheat, and tobacco, and sold them to the boatmen as they passed down the river to Petersburg. The negro denied the charge, and falsehood was charged against Willie. He told his master that Willie "was put up to it by some of the servants that came from his grandfather's estate to get him whipped, for they were always calling him 'little master,' and trying to get him to tell his uncle something on him, and constantly finding fault because he came by his master and they didn't, and because he thought so much of him, and put confidence in him, and let him give out everything to the black folks, and that his master ought to whip that 'poor white boy' for telling that falsehood on him for nothing."

The hickory twigs were procured, and Willie's shoulders laid bare to receive the remorseless blows.

When Willie was thirty years old he said that he should bear until death the scars made by that flogging on his

shoulders, and that Jack would be ultimately the ruin of his uncle Finley in a pecuniary way, which will be referred to hereafter. He also said that all of his servants were faithful to him but his pet Jack, who could at any time make him "believe that black was white and white black."

When Willie was about to set out for his father's relatives, he wept very much at parting with his mother, sister, and brothers, though he played the stoic until the farewell was pronounced. The gentleman with whom Willie went away stopped to get his dinner with an old acquaintance of Mrs. Hobyn's; but Willie wept constantly and refused to take any nourishment. The kind lady tried to induce him to eat something specially nice, which she placed before him, but without any avail. His gloveless hands were aching from the intense cold, and he said afterwards that he never before felt so entirely friendless, as he was going to live among strangers; though they were his near relatives, they might be very unkind to him; this he knew from sad experience. On the evening of the second day he reached one of his uncles. While here he visited the "home" of his father and that of his maternal grandfather, both of which had passed into the hands of strangers.

From his uncle's, who resided in this part of the country, he went to live with a paternal aunt, who had brought his father up and was without children. Her husband was very glad to have Willie come to live with him, as they were in affluence.

Mrs. Burke, Willie's aunt, told him that she never had loved anything as much as she did his father, and of course Willie was a great pet with her. She sympathized with him in his troubles, taught him to be aspiring and not to think less of himself because he was fatherless and had not as many dollars as some others; that God had blessed him with a strong mind and energy of character, which could not be bought with money; that he ought to cultivate them, and aim to be something more than common. No one but Willie's own mother had ever encouraged him in this way. Willie gradually became dignified and easy in his manners, and he was with those who could appreciate

such things. His aunt would tell him how important it was to merit the approbation of the worthy. She would never suffer one of her wealthy relatives to refer to his not having as much wealth as any of them. From the way in which he had been treated he had come to the conclusion that he was poor and could never attain to anything. How could he, when rich men's sons, having every advantage that money could afford, did not attain to high things?

Mrs. Burke was a lady of prepossessing manners, unaffected piety, and good intellect, which was more cultivated than with the majority of persons in her day. Though Willie was heir-apparent to their handsome estate, she never made him think so, lest it should foster pride and inflate him with self-importance, and thus destroy his energies and paralyze his self-reliance. She was cheerful, gentle, and uncomplaining. After he came to maturer years, he said, as did his father before him, that he had never seen so many rare virtues centred in the mind and heart of any other woman. She was ever patient, and not a murmuring word escaped her lips, while laboring under a complication of painful diseases, which she bore with Christian resignation until her dissolution, which took place when Willie was nearly seventeen. He was deeply afflicted at his loss. Adopting the beautiful sentiment of Dr. Young's as his own, "He mourns the dead who lives as they desire," he determined to try to act as she wished him, and to do something for himself. In little more than a year his uncle Burke married again. Willie had to pay for board, for repairs in his hosiery, and the supply of his wardrobe. He kept all his troubles locked up in his own bosom, and after he had made money enough to do so went to a school of high grade to learn the higher branches of education. He then left his wealthy relatives and went far west, and after many disappointments he succeeded well in business.

Mrs. Hobyn, having three children to support, and getting no assistance from opulent relatives, commenced a school; though small, it enabled her with rigid economy to maintain them. She received the money due to her for the remainder of the furniture which she left unsold in the

hands of Mr. Hodges, in Alabama, whose letters were sent to Colonel Sterling's post-office. He opened them. As soon as Mrs. Hobyn heard, by mere chance, of these letters, she sent little Alonzo on foot for them, though ten miles distant. Her brother very carefully drew off the post-office account, and sent it to his sister by Alonzo. This was only a dollar; but he, with his income of thousands upon thousands yearly, wished to extract something from the pittance his widowed sister and her helpless children so much needed.

Aunt Chloe, Mrs. Hobyn's only servant, died of fever. Almara watched over her, and rubbed her aching limbs with liniment. Mrs. Hobyn did all she could for her, when out of the school-room, and when other imperious duties would permit her. Nothing serious was apprehended until the third day, when she suspended the duties of her school. She sent off for a physician, but Aunt Chloe died before he arrived. The family mourned for her as though she had been a relative. Her daughter was also sent for, but she reached her mother's after the angel of death had fulfilled his commission.

Mrs. Hobyn was again without domestic assistance, but her children acted their part nobly. No mother had more dutiful and affectionate children, who tried to lighten the cares of their mother. Alonzo hired himself to a man in the neighborhood, and gave all the money he could collect for the support of the family. Having only a verbal contract, the man never paid him a third that he had bargained for, so his year's labor was in a great degree lost. But neither the man nor his children long enjoyed it; they died off quickly, and the one that lived squandered his property, and no one respected him, he becoming a by-word for the neighborhood.

Mrs. Hobyn thought it best to break up housekeeping and put her boys to a trade, and thus secure to them the means of a future fortune. She had never suffered her children to associate with any but persons of the first respectability, who always appeared happy to see them. She had for some years openly professed her trust in her Saviour, but did not unite herself with any branch of Christians. Now she made up her mind to do so, and

not long after Almaria made a decided profession of conversion and publicly united with the church. Her associates were gay, and those older than herself laughed at her for uniting herself with such old persons, when she was only a child twelve years old, and asked her why she did not remain longer with the world that she might enjoy its pleasures. She would tell them that she believed that she experienced more real happiness in one day, as a child of God, than they did in all their lives.

Not having congenial associates of her own age, she spent all her spare time in reading and in the society of those of mature years. Her young associates esteemed her very much because she did not become offended at what they said to her. They would tell her, because she would not read novels and visit on the Sabbath, that they knew she would be an "old maid"; she would humorously reply that she expected so too, and that she did not care if she was an "old maid" if she could be a useful one.

Just before Almaria's conversion, a gentleman knowing that she was fond of serious reading sent her the "Life of Mrs. Ann H. Judson" for perusal. She had not read many pages before she experienced a change of heart, having been for some time previously concerned about her soul's salvation. She then commenced the book again, and reperused all the pages which gave an account of Mrs. Judson's conversion, to see how far that experience coincided with her own. She was struck with many things that had escaped her notice in her previous reading; and now felt that if God would open the way, she would become a missionary to a foreign land, and made it a subject of daily prayer, though her education she knew was not sufficient for a position so fraught with responsibility as to the immortal welfare of the perishing heathen.

She had God's word for it that He would be a father to the fatherless. She knew that if she had an earthly father, he would afford her every facility for mental cultivation; so concluded to do all she could for herself, praying to her heavenly Father to bless her efforts, and promising, should an opportunity occur, to dedicate her life to his service in a heathen land.

Not long after Mrs. Hobyn lost her servant, Sammie

had an attack of fever, from which he suffered greatly. His joints became swollen, inflamed, and contracted, and he required constant nursing. He was indeed an object of pity; and had none of the comforts, but a good nurse, which the sick so much need, and his mother was not able to supply him with what was prescribed by his physician. After several weeks he became well enough to play with Alonzo, and in one of their sports Sammie fell and broke his arm, which was not set for nearly a week afterward, as it was supposed to be only a sprain; for a long time he suffered much from the pain in the joint. His arm seemed wasting away, and was almost useless to him. It was so touching to see him, with it swinging by his side, showing his withered, pale, bony fingers, while with the other hand he tried to do all he could to assist his mother. Soon after Sammie's recovery Mrs. Hobyn left her children for a short visit to her sister Finley, at whose house she met with her accomplished and lady-like niece, Miss Mary Jane Springle. She had a short time before finished her education in one of the oldest and first female schools in North Carolina under the patronage of the Moravians, and was returning from Richmond, to which place she had been with her father to supply her already well-furnished wardrobe with the most fashionable articles of the season. She told her aunts about the nice things which she had bought for herself and younger sisters, who were still at school; but her father had sent the most of her purchases up by a bateau that would take them near to his house. She spoke of the money which she had spent in her nick-nacks; that she met some ladies at a confectioner's who treated her to some candies, and to show that she would not be outdone she continued to treat until she had spent five dollars. Her aunt Hobyn thought how very many real necessities that money would have supplied her poor little boy with in his illness, when he asked for articles of food which an invalid so much needed, but she had no means to procure for him. She at first thought that she would say nothing to her niece about her thoughtless and prodigal expenditure of money; but afterwards remarked, "Mary Jane, my dear, were you acquainted with the two ladies that you treated so magnificently?"

"No, aunt," was her answer.

"Do you suppose they thanked you for wasting your money for them?"

"I do not know, aunt. My father always supplies me with any amount of money I ask him for, and never requires me to tell him how I spend it, and tells me the principal part of his property came by my mother, and he wishes her children to enjoy it."

"No, Mary, no! It is more than probable that those very persons laughed at your extravagance. Believe me, my dear, you may at some future day need that money to buy the necessaries of life. And how many Bibles that same money would have supplied to the heathen, who are perishing for the bread of eternal life! We are responsible, dear girl, to God for the means with which He has blessed us to do good; it is a talent given us to improve, and will be held in requisition; and if neglected He will visit us for it."

"I did not think of these things before, aunt, and will be more economical in future. I am a member of a Christian church and ought to have known better."

After spending a few days at Mr. Finley's, she and her father set out for their home in a distant county. Although Mr. Springle had thousands of dollars on interest, and had just sold a very large crop of wheat and tobacco, he made no inquiries of Mrs. Hobyn, whether she was able to make a living for her helpless family.

Mrs. Hobyn seemed for some time to be in a decline, and her recovery was doubtful. But having judicious medical treatment she slowly recovered. After putting her two sons to a trade, she went to live with her sister Finley, who with her husband had become members of the same church to which Mrs. Hobyn and Almaria belonged. After Mrs. Hobyn's long attack of liver disease, when she had regained her health, she looked as though she was rejuvenated, and often passed for a lady of twenty-four or five.

During this year a widower from an adjacent county became pleased with Mrs. Hobyn's reputation and paid her a visit. He found her personal appearance and manners even more prepossessing than his happiest imagina-

tion had pictured. He cultivated her acquaintance, and after some time made overtures of marriage, which were accepted, and in the autumn the matter was consummated. The new father invited Almaria to live with him. But she continued to live with her aunt Eems until the ensuing spring.

Although Mrs. Hobyn had married a most excellent man, her children were very much distressed at it. They knew that she had refused several excellent opportunities, and were under the impression that she never would marry any one. All wept very much, and it was hard to see their mother passing into the office of stepmother, never again to live entirely for her own children, and for them to feel that she was not entirely their own. Almaria wept as though her heart would break, even while the marriage vows were exchanged. Her aunt Finley said that she could not refrain from tears when she saw her so overwhelmed with sorrow at what was passing before her. Almaria said that she felt that her mother was taken from her and buried alive, and it was some time before she could become entirely reconciled to hear her mother called by another name than that of her late father.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. BURNLEY, Almaria's second father, was a pious, good man, and lived in a neighborhood in which there were many people in abject poverty, and not one in ten could read the Bible. Sabbath-schools and every other benevolent enterprise was opposed, except by good Mr. Johnson and the members of his church, which was feeble and at that time without any place of worship but a deserted dwelling on Mr. Burnley's plantation. In this field Almaria felt that she could be useful. She conferred with some of the prominent members of the church, but they rather discouraged than encouraged her in her efforts to get up a Sabbath-school in the neighborhood; told her that an attempt had been made, though not exactly in the

neighborhood, but met with so little success that they had abandoned it, as they could not get the children to meet them. This did not in the least deter her from what she considered so plainly her path of duty. After making it a subject of prayer, she went forward with full confidence that her efforts would be crowned with success. With a maid-servant, she visited all the poor people and others in the vicinity, soliciting their attendance at the school which she would open the next Sabbath in the old tenement used for worship.

The day arrived, and the school was opened with seven scholars. She felt encouraged, but what to do for books she did not know, as she was not able to buy them. A lot were sent to her, but they were fit only for students far advanced in biblical knowledge, so had to be abandoned, as none of her pupils were able to read, though several were grown up. The next Sabbath the number of scholars increased to twenty-one; but not one of the new scholars could read. As she had but seven books, she concluded to divide them into classes and teach a class at a time, to devote her attention to each separately; and after getting through, she would make the boys sit on one bench and the girls on the one next to herself, and then read the Bible and other good books or papers, accompanied with oral instruction, dwelling particularly on the importance of their souls' salvation; she would tell them how much she tried to pray for them every day, that they might become the children of the most high God. They were often melted to tears while she talked to them, and this was an additional encouragement. Indeed, no lesson was ever heard without being interspersed with a mention of the "one thing needful." Sometimes her school would be opened by her father or some member of the church, who would then leave her to attend some other place of worship. If some gentlemen did not do this, she would read a chapter from her Bible and then talk to her classes. As strangers often came there through sheer curiosity, it was a great trial to her, as she was so young and had never before undertaken anything so full of personal responsibilities; and had it not been for these unwished-for visitors she would have opened the school with prayer herself.

Having taught eighteen Sabbaths with but little assistance, she visited her aunt Eems with the expectation of returning soon to her charge, but her aged aunt was so solicitous that she remained a few months with her. She had a very pleasant time and saw much of her friend Dorinda Stiddolph, whom she still loved with a sisterly devotion.

Dorinda had a sweet little sister, much afflicted, but piously inclined. She also was much attached to Almaria, and would often weep when they parted even for a few days. This regard was mutual; as Pattie Stiddolph read her Bible a great deal, she and Almaria often took long walks together to talk about their "best interests." Almaria attended to her, and sympathized with her in her sufferings and the meagre fare which her kind and paternal physician had prescribed for her. She often turned her eyes on her affectionate friend, and said, "Almaria, how good you are to sympathize so much with me! I know if you could do anything to make me well, how quickly you would do it! My heavenly Father knows what is best for me, and if it is his will for me to recover He will restore me to health." After saying this she would turn her pale, thoughtful face on the semi-fluid meal before her, and dispatch it without a word of complaint escaping her once beautiful and rosy lips. The disease from which she labored was somniloquistic spasms, which alarmed her tender mother very much. The malady had been slow and insidious in developing itself.

Four years previous to her seeking medical advice, she, with several of her schoolmates, were overtaken by a thunder-storm; after running to escape it, they had become over-heated from the exercise and fright, and had asked permission to stay all night with the lady at whose house the school was kept; but she told them that if they would try they could reach their own homes before the storm overtook them. The distance they had to walk was two and a half miles. They had scarcely walked and run more than a mile before the rain burst furiously upon them, and in a few moments their garments were soaked by the rain. Upon reaching home, accompanied by her young companions, Pattie found that her mother had gone out to

spend the day and would not return until late in the afternoon, consequently she had to look up garments for them all, while she neglected herself until she had taken cold, followed by an attack of erysipelas, which made her very sick for several days. After this she was very subject to talking during sleep, often accompanied with fits of laughter. But no one apprehended that she was seriously diseased. Her physicians thought that had medical aid been at that time sought, she would have entirely recovered, as it was the commencement of her spasms, which were brought on by the severe cold which she took from getting wet on the afternoon of the storm. Her regular physician thought that by keeping her awake for a length of time she might escape the attacks entirely, as they were confined to her sleeping hours. He feared their occurrence during the day, as that would be a turning-point in her case that would militate against her recovery. Her affectionate brother had a small cart made, in which she could be drawn easily by one of the maids or companions. Almaria stayed with her, and she and Dorinda would walk by her cart during the moonlight nights, telling her many amusing things, and taxing all their powers of wit to beguile her moments and prevent her from dwelling on her affliction. Mrs. Stiddolph often told Almaria that she loved her as though she were her own child.

Almaria wished to return and finish her visit at her aunt Finley's, as her cousin Richard Eems had promised to take her there in a day or two. Soon after tea, as she and her aunt Eems were sitting together in the front portico talking on various subjects, a couple of the maid-servants came with a message from Mr. Richard Eems, requesting "Miss Almaria," if possible, to come over immediately, as his little son was very ill, and the doctor was expected every moment. She set out immediately. Little Edward smiled when he saw his "tousin Alie" come near the couch on which he was lying. Almaria at once recognized it as a case of scarlet fever: although many persons came to sit up with the little sufferer, he would not permit any one to administer his medicine but his cousin Almaria; if she left the room for a moment he would call her in the most plaintive strain, "Oh, tousin,

do come here!" His poor mother was so great an invalid that she was compelled to be a spectator only, without being able to give her little Edward a drink of cool water, which he craved more than anything else. His importunities would be almost heartrending when he would say, "Oh, tousin Alie, give me some tool water! tool water, please! I will not tell Dr. Wills," who had forbidden his drinking cold water. He would writhe under his sufferings and wring his hands while struggling for breath, as suffocation seemed inevitable. About two o'clock in the morning of the third night, while his cousin was bending over him with tears streaming down her cheeks, he clasped her hand, called her name several times, "Oh, tousin Alie! tousin Alie!" when his lips fell, and the mortal struggle was over, and his spirit had gone to mingle with the glorified spirits of his infant brothers, forming a lovely trio around the throne of celestial bliss. Only three years and one month before, his eyes had opened upon this world of suffering, and thus had closed again. After he was arrayed in his burial garments of spotless white, his helpless mother, who was unable to see him from her couch, requested that he might be laid on her arm, long distorted and almost helpless from rheumatism. She kissed his sweet face and gazed on him for a few moments, but no tears ran down her cheeks. The avenues of sorrow were sealed up, as she had been thrice deprived of her only son ere the bud of infantine loveliness had expanded into early childhood. But the angelic trio were now inhabitants of the "heavenly Jerusalem," "the temple not made with hands;" their voices, taught in the language of prayer and praise, mingled with those of angels and the spirits of the just made perfect, in their eternal songs. The afflicted mother made motion that her infant should be taken from her.

After little Edward's funeral his mother was taken with fever, from which it was feared she would not recover; and when in her right mind would have Almaria constantly near her, who, after two or three nights' rest from the fatigue of watching with little Edward, was ready to take her place alternately with the mother and sisters of Mrs. Eems, and to anticipate the many little attentions

which her charge required, until she was recovering. The attendant physician thought that her illness was the effect of fasting and the mental anguish through which she had just passed.

Though Mrs. Eems was so afflicted and a member of the church, she was worldly-minded rather than otherwise. Almaria loved her devotedly, and thought her what the world calls an excellent woman. She had often wished to talk to her about the shortness of time, but could not, as her cousin was so greatly her senior. When she dwelt upon the loss of her third and only son, Almaria told her that such things did not spring up out of the ground; that God was too good to "willingly afflict and grieve the children of men," that He had some wise and good purpose to accomplish in removing her third little boy from her, and that she once read of a mother whose only son was sick and expected to die. She sent for her pious pastor to pray for her child's recovery, who seemed lingering on the threshold of another world. When the man of God prayed "If it be thy will, oh, heavenly Father, restore the dear little boy to health," the mother interrupted his prayer, by saying "*it must be his will.*" To the astonishment of all, the child recovered, but was a source of grief to his widowed mother as long as he lived, and was hung before he was twenty years old.

Mrs. Eems thanked Almaria for thus directing her to take a new view of the kindness of Providence. She had never thought much about special providences, in which Almaria loved to believe, as she had the Bible to support her in this belief, to confirm which she repeated many passages of Scripture to her cousin.

Mr. Richard Eems, who was a man of very feeling heart, told Almaria that Mrs. Tibbs, the wife of Mr. Woolling's miller, was very sick, and no one went to sit up with her, he supposed that it was because they were so poor; that if she would go, Miss Susan the housekeeper could go with her, and that he would accompany her to the house, which was a shanty of logs. The night was excessively warm, besides the room being heated by a log fire, which the invalid's husband and mother thought that they could not dispense with. Almaria stayed by the

patient's bedside until almost overpowered by the high temperature of the place. She would then stand out at the door until she was sufficiently revived to return to her post. The next morning, while Mrs. Tibbs was in a nice sleep, Almaria left as soon as she could see to walk. The weeds and grass which grew in the unfrequented path were dripping with the heavy dew that had fallen during the night, and her shoes were soon wet through. Before night she was ill with sore throat and cough, from which she did not recover for several weeks. She did not regret that she had watched with the poor sick woman, for whom none seemed to care further than to call to see her a few moments, taking her some little "nicknacks," which cost them nothing.

Old Mrs. Eems wept when Almaria told her that she must spend a week or two with her aunt Finley, and in order to do so she must leave immediately, as she wished to see her mother very much, and expected her brothers Alonzo and Sammie to spend the Christmas holidays with them. After spending a few days with Mrs. Finley, she returned home, and at the expected time her brothers came. All parties were delighted at their meeting. The visit being ended, the boys returned to their homes. Poor Sammie was looking emaciated and pale, and out of health. It made Mrs. Burnley's heart ache to part with her youngest child under such circumstances, but she kept her sorrows to herself. A few days from this time, Willie came to see his mother and sister, and, learning the state of Sammie's health, went to see him and took him to live with a wealthy uncle. Sammie was ill for three weeks after reaching his uncle's.

His cousin, Dr. Thomas Hobyn, was as attentive to him as though he had been his own brother; Sammie was delirious the greater part of the time. His faithful and tender physician thought that the disease was brought on through exposure, which his delicate and feeble constitution was little able to bear. But this serious and tedious illness seemed to renovate his system, and in a few months he was apparently in perfect health. His native vivacity returned, and he would amuse all around him by his spontaneous flow of wit. He became quite a favorite with his

uncle and aunt and cousins, as he was so amiable and ever willing to oblige. His uncle sent him several years to school with his youngest son, and afforded him also other opportunities for improvement.

Almaria conferred with her brother Willie about her trying to obtain an education that would enable her to teach a school, and so secure her support and assist her to lay up something for future use. She knew that every cent Willie had he would need himself, as he was so young and had to depend on his own efforts for success in life. He tried to enter his sister at school, promising his relative to pay him for her expenses as soon as he was able, but a cold repulse was the only answer he received. Of this he said nothing to his sister. Almaria concluded to teach a small school (for which she was fully competent) to replenish her wardrobe, as her mother could not assist her as formerly.

The death of her aunt Eems, which occurred about this time, was a great trial to her, as she had reason to love her very much, she having been practically one of her best friends. During the summer Mr. Richard Eems came to see Almaria, and told her that if she would go home with him he would give her board and tuition the remainder of the year, as he had a good teacher in his family. But she thought it was not well to give up her day- and Sabbath-schools at that season of the year, yet asked him if it might remain an open question for the ensuing year. To this he readily assented. So she went on as usual with her duties. Her scholars had progressed so well that her patrons were all greatly pleased, and regretted that she could not lead them on still further.

CHAPTER XV.

ALONZO, having finished his visit to his mother and sister, was going to call for a day or two at his aunt Finley's, when Almaria concluded to go with him, as her cousin Jennie Finley, who had been some years a member of Mr. Barnes's Young Ladies' Seminary, then considered the best in the "Old Dominion," had returned home for a couple of weeks. Jennie was somewhat supercilious in her manners; but the frank, independent Almaria Hobyn cared very little about it. She had ever been a student, and few girls of her age had read more useful and improving books; and, being accustomed all her life to associate with cultivated persons and a strong-minded and intelligent mother, she was considered except by her uncle Finley's family greatly superior in mind and manners to their petted daughter. Mr. Finley, to show off his accomplished daughter as much as his limited education would allow him, called on her to tell him where Ceylon and several other places were situated, at which she demurred; when Almaria very readily told him without being asked. Her uncle asked her in an arrogant tone, "as she professed to know so much," who taught her and where did she study geography? This he said to hide his evident chagrin at the demonstration of his daughter's ignorance. Almaria calmly replied: "Uncle Finley, I did not profess to know so much; I only thought that you wished to be informed of the true locality of the places which you asked about." Colonel Woodman, who was present, called for an atlas, turned to the map, and said, "See, Mr. Finley, she was right." Then turning to Almaria he said, "Go on, my young friend, in your studies, for I have no doubt but that you will be an ornament to your relatives." The whole family felt the force of these remarks, coming from the quarter they did.

Mrs. Finley would not let Almaria see Jennie's letters, lest she should criticize her diction, handwriting, and

orthography. Jennie reminded her cousin that she was poor, which Almaria felt to be a great drawback on her efforts to obtain an education, but no disgrace, as she was often treated with more attention than her uncle's family in another circle.

Almaria asked her uncle Finley to assist her in defraying her expenses at school one year, and she would teach the next, and promptly return the money. But her uncle told her that she might die and then he would lose it. Mrs. Finley replied to her husband, that if he did lose the money it would be lost in a good cause, and then addressing herself to Almaria, remarked: "All of your maternal relations are wealthy, and could have educated you without feeling the least draw on their purses. Besides, your uncles Springle and Sterling both have had good female teachers in their families, but never invited you to participate in their advantages; and all of your father's family connections are in affluence, but have never manifested any concern about you in any way." Almaria realized fully the force of these remarks.

Mr. Finley asked her why she did not become a dress-or bonnet-maker? He was sure that she had education sufficient for either of those trades. Almaria told him that she did not depreciate any honest occupation; but should she devote herself to mechanical labor, she would have no time for mental employment, for which she had a decided taste, and was determined if possible to become an educated young lady; and then, if she could not teach, she would pursue an avocation suited to her wishes, and one in which she could be useful to others, as all educated persons are ever respected, and have it so much more in their power to "do good as they have opportunity." She told her uncle that she had family position to aid her, which was not to be despised, and that she might one day be a missionary to a heathen land. At this remark all cried "nonsense." Her aunt told her that her cousin Mary Jane Springle might be one, as she had an education to qualify her for such an undertaking. Almaria, though perplexed, was not in despair at having her aspirations so often repulsed. She told them that her hope was in the Father of the fatherless, and that she daily fer-

vently petitioned Him to undertake her case, make the path of duty plain before her, and enable her to walk in the way which He directed. At this some of them set up a laugh at her "foolish presumption."

Almaria sewed assiduously during the day and until late at night for her aunt for more than a week, with scarcely any compensation. At the time appointed her cousin Richard Eems came to take her to his house.

Almaria saw her cousin Jennie's old school-books lying in the lumber-room with the rubbish. She thought that she had now a prize before her, which required only asking to put it in her possession. So she gathered them all up and took them to her cousin, and asked her to lend them to her, with the promise that she would take special care of, and return them to her, if spared at the close of the year. Her cousin, no doubt, remembered Colonel Woodman's prophecy, as she colored up and refused emphatically to lend them. Her mother expostulated with her about it, told her that the books would never be of any service to her, and she ought to give them to her cousin, who would be so glad of them. But it availed nothing. Before Almaria left, Jennie's little sister's nurse had cut out many of the pictures to amuse the baby with. This treatment hurt her very much, as she had in many ways given help to her cousin. Jennie had no taste for reading, and if she took up a book to read she soon pronounced it the driest thing that she had ever heard of, and that she did not believe a person of taste would say it was not, when Almaria had just pronounced it to be exceedingly interesting.

She had read the memoirs of Mrs. Ann H. Judson, Mrs. Harriet Newell, and Miss Fanny Woodbury, the illustrious trio that were at Bradford Academy together. Like them she desired to devote her life, her talents, her all to her God. In these things she had no sympathizing friend to tell her hopes and fears to, but two old ladies remarkable for their intelligence and a life of consecration to the cause of Christ. To these worthy people she could unburden her mind without apprehension of ridicule. Her school-mates called her a visionary person, and often laughed at her when she referred to the subject. In missionary in-

formation Almaria was far in advance of her associates and even ministers of reputed intelligence, as she embraced and sought every means to obtain a knowledge of the subject that books, missionary journals, and magazines afforded; and consequently she was prepared to cope with the less informed, though when they were not able to gainsay her arguments they ridiculed.

When she was a very little girl she asked her aunt Finley if she and her other relatives did not wish that her mother and children were dead. Her aunt was astonished at the question, and quickly asked her why she asked such a question. She replied, "Aunt, then all of you would be rich, and not be disgraced by having indigent relations;" but added further that, little as they thought of it, they might yet be beholden to her mother or some of her children. Mrs. Finley laughed at her presumption; but more of this hereafter.

Almaria went to her cousin Richard Eems a short time before the second session of the school commenced. She also visited the late home of her aunt Eems. It made her feel sad for some days to see strangers occupying the house in which her dear aunt had lived, and at the remembrance that she would no more see her face in the flesh.

A bachelor and half great-uncle lived with his nephew, Mr. Richard Eems. This uncle had been in affluent circumstances, but during an attack of severe rheumatism he boarded with a family who were very kind to him. As he did not expect to walk again, he proposed to the proprietor of the family that if they would take care of him as long as he lived he would give them all his property; that they could then enjoy it, and at his death it be unreservedly theirs. By some unlawful means, which the writer does not understand, they secured the old gentleman's property, and before he was half recovered from rheumatism they sent him adrift into the world as an invalid, with only a few hundred dollars to live upon, while his defrauder lived in style upon his wrongly acquired possessions.

Almaria was a great favorite of this aged and unfortunate uncle, as she paid him much respect, and often repaired his scantily supplied wardrobe. He told her that

if she would make him a set of shirts, he would pay her well for them as soon as she had finished them. She told him that she had never made a garment of that sort without help, but if he would trust her she would undertake it. Her friend Dorinda, who was present, told her to bring the work and stay with her until it was finished, and that she would assist her as well as she knew how to do it. Almaria again congratulated herself that she would be able to buy the school-books which she needed. But young Mrs. Eems, hearing the generous offer which her husband's uncle made his orphan niece, concluded that the work ought to be equally divided between her daughter and Almaria, who quietly submitted to the arrangement. Mrs. Eems's daughter refused to do the sewing, but her mother told her that the seamstress could do it for her, and she could receive the money. Under this discouragement Almaria prayed fervently that God would take care of her and make her resigned to any trying dispensation of his providence. She had but little money with which to buy the books that she expected to need in a few days. The day for the school to commence arrived, and with it the teacher came, who kindly let Almaria have some books until she was able to pay for them. Mr. Eems gave his teacher a stipulated salary, and Almaria had to pay the same that the other pupils did. At first she felt almost heart-broken, and often wept during the entire night under her discouragements, which seemed to come to her in clusters. Her uncle Finley, a short time before, instead of encouraging her laudable desire for the acquisition of knowledge, constantly reflected on her wishing to be "something great," when, "poor silly thing," he would say, "where is she to get the means?" Several persons who seemed interested in Almaria's welfare were at his house, and were conversing with her about her future prospects. At her answers her uncle spoke to her with a good deal of contempt, at which she burst into tears and left the room. Her aunt Finley asked him how he could speak to a fatherless girl in the way in which he did, and so crush her feelings in a way entirely uncalled for. "I don't care, I don't care," he replied; "it is only a mad fit that made her leave the room." Tears came in

Mrs. Finley's eyes, notwithstanding she had taunted Almaria for her "vanity" for saying that they might one day be dependent on her mother or her children. What others called dignity in Almaria's manners her uncle Finley called affectation, and her intelligence self-conceit.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALMARIA entered upon her school duties, and assisted her cousin at sewing when not at her studies. She very soon got before her classes, and her teacher was so kind as to let her go on. But Mary Eems was very much offended at this. She was indolent, and study was irksome to her; but she wished to have the full credit of being a student and of making rapid progress in all the branches that she pretended to study. Willie, hearing such favorable accounts from his sister's teacher and others of her indefatigable industry in her studies, sent her money to buy text-books, stationery, etc. Economy was practiced by her to the utmost allowable extent in the genteel circle in which she moved; so on that score she gave her brother entire satisfaction. He said that, as young as she was, he would not be afraid to trust her with thousands of dollars, if he had them to supply her with. She was so economical and conscientious in her use of the funds placed at her disposal that she playfully said that her circumstances and those of Erasmus were not very dissimilar, when he said that he would buy Greek books and then clothes; that books were the first purchase that she wished to make, and then she would supply her wardrobe with plain and useful attire.

Her mother taught a small school, that she might furnish her daughter with money to buy what she absolutely needed. Before the close of the session Miss Sawny, her teacher, was so conscientious as to tell her that she had better seek the advantages of a higher school, as she no longer felt competent to instruct her.

There were many good schools throughout the country;

but she had no means at her command to pay her way through. Many sleepless nights were spent in thinking and praying over the subject; but all was dark, dark, before her. The sun of hope would sometimes send his golden beams above the horizon of the future, and for awhile all would be bright; then she would begin to think that she had no grounds for thinking that she would be enabled to succeed in her enterprise any further than Infinite Goodness would interpose for her. She believed that if she asked Him aright He would grant her desire, and she knew that she had the unerring Scriptures to corroborate this belief. The grand difficulty was, did she ask with the proper spirit, and in accordance with the teachings of the Bible? She begged to be taught to ask aright, and in humble submission to Him who works all "things according to the counsels of his own will."

Almaria conferred with Miss Sawny to know whether she thought that her former teacher would be willing to take her in her family as a boarder and a pupil, and wait until she was able to make the money to defray her expenses. Miss Sawny demurred; but Almaria was too persevering to be put off. She told her that she would pay the postage of the letters, and add a long postscript to explain matters to Mr. and Mrs. Millings. Miss Sawny complied; but, before the answer was received, Willie wrote his sister to enter herself in Mr. Barnes's school; that he wished her to go there three or four years. She did as her brother requested her, telling Mr. Barnes that her brother had some funds of his own in his hands, and would become responsible for the expenses which she might incur while his pupil. Mr. Barnes promptly replied that he regretted that there was no vacancy, but would be happy to receive her as soon as there was one. This was a great disappointment; but just then came a letter from Mrs. Millings, inviting her to join her school at any time she thought best, and saying it would afford her pleasure to receive her as a boarder and a pupil; that she would be happy to wait until she was able to liquidate her pecuniary obligations to her, and, moreover, that they would aid her to meet her current expenses while with them. In this Almaria felt that God had granted her

more than she had asked for. She, indeed, "thanked Him, and took courage," and felt that the mountain of her hope stood strong.

Her mother supplied her with as much money as her limited means permitted. Alonzo was still an apprentice, and unable to do anything for his sister further than to write and come to see her. He was a youth of whom every person spoke well, and was often heard to say that if any person had an unkind feeling towards him he was not aware of it. Almaria asked Mrs. Millings to talk to Alonzo on the subject of religion, to which she answered, that he appeared so blameless that he might turn to her and say, "Physician, heal thyself."

Willie, being informed of his sister's whereabouts, went to see her, and made himself responsible for any expense which she might incur. He was delighted with her teacher's cultivated mind and accomplished manners. He had a long talk with his sister, giving her much good advice, and told her that he would supply her with what she required if his business prospered.

Almaria thought that he was unusually tender in his parting words, and after he had mounted his horse he rode a few paces and turned to look at her as she still gazed on his receding form, and said in a touching tone, "Almaria, be a good girl and you will always have friends!" About six weeks from that time she received a letter from him, from the far West. At this intelligence she felt very lonely, but hoped, as he said, that if he succeeded in business he would return in a couple of years. He sent her a journal of his travels, which was extremely interesting to her at least.

A few months after the reception of the journal and letter, a fine-looking young gentleman, elegantly mounted, alighted, came to the house, and asked for Miss Almaria Hobyn. She, with several other young ladies, had just finished their morning's recitations, and had placed themselves near a window which faced the front gate, to solve a problem on the globe, when the stranger made his appearance and dismounted. All but Almaria stopped their lessons, wondering who the elegant stranger might be. She playfully told them to proceed with the lesson; that

Mrs. Millings would call for it soon, and that the stranger had come to see her and no one else. She had scarcely finished her naïve remarks when the maid-servant came to her room and told her that a stranger was waiting in the parlor, and wished to see Miss Hobyn. At this she was frightened, and her excitement was much augmented by the girls teasing her about the young gentleman's "calling to see her and no one else."

When she had fortified herself as well as she could with self-possession, she entered the parlor, when the young gentleman approached in a dignified manner, and, giving her a very cordial shake of the hand, said, "I presume this is my cousin Almaria, my uncle Samuel Hobyn's daughter?" to which she replied in the affirmative. He immediately told her that he had had the pleasure of seeing her brother Willie at his house in Tennessee, about six weeks previous to that time. Until that moment Almaria had no idea as to what relative he was, when it flashed upon her mind that it was her cousin Dr. Thomas Hobyn, and she asked him if it was so. She told him that he was the first relative of her father's that she had ever met with in the "Old Dominion," and she thought that he had a striking resemblance to her brother Alonzo. She had a pleasant day with her cousin, who was accomplished and very affable.

Willie had sent her money by Dr. Hobyn to meet her annual expenses, with the promise that he would send her more in due time. Late in the afternoon her cousin left, with the request that if Almaria would favor his father's family with a visit he would send for her at any time that she would specify, as his parents, brothers, and sisters were anxious to have her spend some time with them, and that he regretted that his business was such as to compel him soon to return to his home in the West before her visit to the paternal homestead. He took leave of his fair cousin with many good wishes for her future happiness, and invited her to correspond with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Millings and the young ladies in the school were perfectly captivated with the young doctor; said many pleasant things about his personal appearance, agreeable manners, wealth, and accomplishments; but all agreed, if

he was captivated at all, it was by his cousin Almaria, who, wishing to make the specified visit to her father's eldest brother, in order to lose no time, applied herself with double diligence to her studies.

She wrote her uncle to send for her about the first of September, as her session would then close. Her letter was replied to "promptly and with pleasure" by her cousin Bettie Hobyn, her uncle's third daughter, about the same age as herself, saying that her father would send at the time designated.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Almaria bid Mrs. Millings adieu to visit her uncle and family, she did not expect to return to her school again, so she thanked her dear friend for her kindness while under her roof. To this Mrs. Millings said, "Almaria, I have treated you as I would wish my Virginia to be treated were she fatherless and far from me."

The afternoon was bright and lovely as they drove off from "Fair View." Sammie wished to ask his sister many things, and to tell her what he had passed through, and of the long trip which he took down to the eastern shore of Virginia. He went on business, which required him several months to adjust. In his sprightly way he related many amusing anecdotes, which he treasured up during his travels.

He sat inside the carriage with Almaria. They passed many places which once belonged to their great-grandfather, and crossed over a bridge that still bore the name of Sterling's Bridge. The brother and sister were very happy, and talked away until, as the sun was setting, his beauteous beams were reflected from the windows of a large, well-built house a couple of miles before them. Almaria asked, "Sammie, whose is that magnificent residence?"

"Our uncle Arthur Hobyn's."

After descending a hill and crossing a small river, the road continued onward through a wooded portion of land until within a half mile of the house, when she again caught sight of it, but was again winding around another portion; when the driver alighted from the carriage to open a large folding gate, through which could be seen "Hobyn's Hall" and its surroundings in the midst of a thickly-planted grove, with a small open court in front and larger space in the rear; near by ran a beautiful stream, edged ever and anon with large trees and undergrowth; and one could almost imagine the nymphs of the woods draped in the forest foliage, crowned with garlands of living flowers.

As the carriage slowly approached the house, Almaria saw her three beautiful lady cousins, their hair dressed with natural flowers and eyes sparkling with pleasure, standing on the steps of the portico, before which the steps of the carriage were lowered and Almaria literally borne from the carriage without permitting her to descend by the steps. Her cousins embraced her, and each gave her a kiss of affection, and with many expressions of joy that their uncle Samuel Hobyn's daughter had at last come to see them—whom they had wished to see for so long a time, and a great deal more after their brother (Dr. Thomas Hobyn) had visited her. Her uncle's wife also came to bid her welcome; and her uncle and cousin George Hobyn, as soon as they returned, joined in expressing their pleasure at having Almaria with them. She spent an exceedingly pleasant time at her uncle's, as everything was done to make her sojourn agreeable.

Her cousins were very gay, and attended all the balls and cotillion-parties that were given in the town near them. Almaria also had written invitations to accompany to those festive scenes her cousins, who were anxious to have her go with them, and told her that her pastor would never hear of it. She responded that she could get away from her pastor and her church much easier than from her conscience; that God had commanded his followers to come out from the world, to be separate, and to let their "light shine before men." Bettie Hobyn replied: "My sweet cousin, I thought that I would let you take

choice of either of my ball-dresses that you might fancy, if you would only go with us; you need not go into the ball-room, but remain in the sitting-room with those who do not dance."

At this, Almaria asked her cousin would she not have a better opinion of her piety if she were consistent in her profession and shunned the appearance of evil? and said she felt much the force of the apostle's words, that "time is short," and very soon she would be called to give an account of her misspent moments. "Yes, dear cousin Bettie, this may be very soon, much sooner than we anticipate. Look at those two young ladies, Miss Hobson and Miss Myers, a few weeks since, in the bloom of youth and health, cut off in less than a week by fever, so unexpected to them both, as they, a few days before their indisposition came on, went to consult a fortune-teller in the neighborhood, who told them, after looking into their hands and shuffling the cards, that a long life, riches, happiness, were in the future for them. They returned to their homes much elated, telling their teacher what old Mrs. Angers had said to them. The teacher answered rather naively that sometimes such were found to be false prophets." She also told them that a beautiful cousin of her mother's, who was only eighteen, went to a ball, and was taken with fever that night, and was never in her senses again, though she was ill fourteen days before she expired. She complained of headache to the gentleman with whom she was dancing, after which she retired to her room, from which she went out no more until she was placed in her coffin to be carried to her long home, amidst the lamentations of her brothers and younger orphan sisters, with whom she had been an idol.

Bettie came and put her arms around the neck of her cousin and kissed her, and with tears in her eyes said: "If I am spared to return from this ball, I will try to become a Christian. I do not wish to go, but several gentleman acquaintances have come to go with my sisters and myself, and I know that it would disappoint them very much if I did not go with them."

The maid told them that the carriage was at the door; and as they were already equipped in the handsomest

style that money and the ingenuity of mantua-makers could furnish, they bid their cousin Almaria adieu until the next morning, she telling them that she would pray for them while they participated in the hilarities of the evening, and asking them to reflect that night when they returned to rest, about their prospects for the eternal world.

They dropped her a curtsy and descended. The carriage soon passed through the outer gate and was hid by the dense foliage of the trees. As soon as Almaria found herself alone, she knelt before the "throne of grace" and prayed that they might be able to take no rest until they had found the "pearl of great price," and to realize the full force of the Scripture statement, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

The next morning, as soon as they returned, Bettie took up a novel to read it. Almaria begged her to read her Bible, which she had never done in her life, unless in compliance with the requisitions of her teachers while at school. She told Almaria that she had nearly finished this novel, and that she would never read another. Retiring to another room, she spent nearly all the day alone, and wept until her face and eyes were swollen. Almaria did not ask the cause of it, but presumed that her distress arose from her having rejected the overtures of marriage from a young gentleman who had been visiting the house for some time, whom Bettie thought it impossible to fancy, but felt sorry that she was compelled to say "no."

Almaria, while at her uncle's, had many special calls from "old friends" of her parents, who expressed much pleasure at meeting with her, and invited her cousins to bring her to see them. They were gentlemen of wealth and influence. She received a letter from her brother Willie, in which was inclosed money to meet her expenses the next session of her school. He advised her to go to a large female institute not far from her maternal uncle's, who had offered to help her to defray her current expenses if she would let him know in what way he could aid her. She wrote to him, as Willie had requested, telling her uncle that she would be no expense to him in a pecuniary way, but wishing him to do her the

kindness to become her guardian the ensuing year; and in the same letter thanked him for the generous disinterested offer which he had made to her brother Willie to aid his orphan sister. No reply came to her letter, so she, concluding that her letter was lost, wrote again and waited at her uncle Arthur Hobyn's to receive an answer, which never came, notwithstanding his unsolicited offer to her brother.

She felt indignant at the conduct of her aristocratic uncle, Colonel Sterling, and in her chagrin said that she would beg before she would apply to him again for advice or anything else. Her aunt repeatedly urged him to answer the letters of his fatherless niece. But the fact of the matter was, he did not wish to have a poor niece associated with his daughters, although she was their equal in every respect but her purse; so her uncle evaded the responsibility by not coming in contact with her.

Her uncle Arthur and aunt Hobyn offered to board her and pay for her tuition at Miss Craydon's day-school in their neighborhood; but this lady was not considered a competent teacher by Miss Millings, who knew her well. Almaria, grateful to her uncle and aunt for their offer, expressed her thanks to them, and declined to accept it, telling them that she wished to have the benefit of a regular academic course. Further than this no assistance was offered by her uncle Arthur Hobyn, who was styled the Croesus of the several adjacent counties. Almaria bid farewell to all at "Hobyn's Hall," and, accompanied by her brother Sammie in her uncle's carriage went to Mr. Millings's to remain a few days until she could take the stage for her cousin Richard Eems. She had asked her uncle Hobyn to send her as far as that place, but Mr. and Mrs. Millings told her that they could not think of such a young girl as she was going alone so far in a public stage in the night—that they would send her in their carriage to some place where she could take the stage in the day-time and go to the house of her relative.

Mrs. Millings, her little daughter, and a young friend, accompanied her to a village in which they stayed at the house of a brother of Mrs. Millings, who would not hear of her taking the public stage, but went with her himself.

The idea of traveling alone in the stage at night had caused Almaria to shed many tears and pass sleepless nights. Her uncle had promised to send her in his carriage all the way; but, after she had left his house and proceeded a mile, he sent a message to the driver not to go any farther than Mr. Millings's, and to return home the next morning.

At hearing this Almaria wept, not knowing that there was an alternative; but she said nothing. The tears came to Sammie's eyes, who said softly to his sister (lest the driver should hear), "I did not expect that uncle would leave you to travel alone in the public stage at night;" but, in a more elevated tone, said, "But I am nothing but a poor boy!" at the same time taking off his hat and striking it against his knees.

His sister quickly replied, "Yes you are, Sammie! You are a nobleman by birth, and, I trust, in principles which all the wealth of the Indies could not purchase. You are but a child, and if you will try you can be anything. If you have no money, and but few friends, which is the lot of the indigent and fatherless, God is your father, and He will bless every virtuous effort which you may make; and in time to come you may be thankful that you were penniless, as difficulties often make the man."

These remarks were made with so much pathos and earnestness that they seemed to electrify her young brother, as he sat by her side.

He raised himself more erect, brushing, with his delicate hand, his dark brown curls from his noble brow; and, his soft blue eyes dilating with joy, he said: "Sister, if I could have such a comforter as you are, I should expect to be something more than a poor boy; and you know from observation and experience that relatives not in affluence, in every situation that they can be placed in, are nothing but 'poor relations.' No matter how meritorious, every aspiration is met with the same reply, that 'rich people may do these things;' and, to continue the comfort still further, 'I cannot see how people of no expectations can promise themselves such big things.'"

"I know all this, Sammie; but these remarks only make me the more persevering. Our blessed Saviour has

commanded us first to lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven. I trust that I have done this, dear brother; and I hope that you will do it also, as the things of this world are vain and unsatisfying. This treasure is called by our tender and compassionate Redeemer 'the pearl of great price.' Did you ever notice how beautifully this pearl is described by a Christian poet? Well, as you have not, I will repeat it to you. It is a comparison between the fleeting pleasures of the present world and the immutable joys of heaven:

"The world their fancied pearl may crave;
'Tis not the pearl for me.
'Twill dim its lustre in the grave,
'Twill moulder in the sea.
But there's a pearl of price untold,
Which never can be bought or sold:
The sinking soul 'twill save;
Oh, that's the pearl for me.'

"I have even received encouragement under my disappointments, while thinking of our being the only persons in straitened circumstances in our large family connection on either side; that God, without doubt, had some wise design in it, and we do not know what we might have been without this severe discipline in our childhood. Had wealth been spared to us, we might even have been the idols of aristocratic circles,—our riches perishing with the using thereof,—and we might have been left destitute, friendless, heart-broken, with our old age spent in a charity-hospital, and our never-dying souls eternally lost. The prevision of the great Judge of all the earth is infinitely superior to our own shortsighted endeavors. I do not doubt but that the time will come when we shall feel grateful—nay, even glad—that we are under no pecuniary obligation to our relatives."

At these words Sammie's eyes filled with tears; a wealth of affection and sympathy heaved in the loving bosom of that orphan boy.

After Almaria had spent a few days at her cousin Richard Eems's, he invited her to go with him and his daughter on a visit to her uncle Finley's, to which she gladly assented. On arriving, she found her uncle and aunt in much trouble, and they seemed glad to see her.

Though her aunt appeared cheerful, as soon as practicable she requested Almaria to take a walk with her, choosing the most retired spot, as she had something of a secret nature to disclose. She told her that Jennie was going to be married to Mr. Nowlin, the young man in her husband's employ, and it seemed that it would break his heart to have his daughter, whom he had been at so much expense to educate, married to a poor man; that he was anxious for her to marry a bachelor who visited the house occasionally, and that she could see nothing to recommend him, for he was uneducated and had but a few thousand dollars, while young Nowlin was unmistakably intelligent, industrious, pious, and of good family, but without the influence of the "almighty dollar." The last was the insuperable objection with her infatuated husband, and Jennie told her father that she could not love the bachelor visitor if her life was at stake, though if he had any objection to Mr. Nowlin but his poverty she would not think of marrying him. Her father told her emphatically that if she married Mr. Nowlin he would disinherit her. But Mr. Finley was altogether to blame for his daughter's steps in the case, as he had often told her that she would marry some upstart fop, instead of selecting such a man as James Nowlin. But he never meant that she was to marry the veritable Mr. Nowlin, but a man possessing his qualities of mind and heart with a well-filled purse.

Mr. Nowlin soon heard of this compliment to his personal qualities, and presumed to wait on Miss Jennie as her father had occasionally requested him to do, having a latent wish that it would discourage others from paying her attention. It was not long before the young couple became interested in each other, which at first was gratifying to her father as something fanciful; but when he found that there was a *bona fide* engagement of marriage between the parties, he almost ran mad with chagrin, and resorted to coercive rather than conciliatory measures, which facilitated, rather than retarded, what he so much deprecated, the marriage of his "accomplished daughter" to a poor man, who was doing business for her father.

Mrs. Finley was much more favorably disposed toward

her daughter's choice, as she knew that he was bound to succeed in life unless overtaken by some heavy misfortune, and that it would be impossible for her daughter to please her vacillating father.

She also knew from sad experience what it was to be married to a man who had no regard for her refined feelings and intrinsic merits, but had married her solely for her property, and consequently she had endured many of the trials incidental to a marriage from mercenary motives.

Jennie Finley and her mother wished Almaria to act as bridesmaid at the approaching marriage, to which she assented, as Mr. Nowlin promised to take her with his bride to her mother's.

Mr. Finley at first refused to send for Almaria, giving as his reason for doing so, that he knew that a girl of her sense and invariably dignified deportment would not go away with a bridal party, when the bride had married a man in her uncle's employ.

But after some words had passed Almaria was sent for, who took the place appointed for her before the "hymeneal altar." Mr. Finley would not witness the bridal ceremony; but Mrs. Finley congratulated them, gave each a kiss of affection, and called Mr. Nowlin her son.

Mr. Finley said those complimentary things about Almaria, because it suited his purpose at the time; and perhaps the next day, if she dissented in the least from his notions, he would have spoken of her almost contemptuously as a poor girl aping the actions of a girl of wealth.

Almaria often told her uncle, when he made these remarks, that he knew that she was far from being a plebeian by birth, and she never thought about her not having money unless she wished to buy something that she needed, and did not have the means to make the desired purchases. She then felt the inconveniences of an empty purse; but as to feeling that mean, crouching spirit, which it was evident that he wished her to possess, perhaps she might one day marry a fortune, as other girls had done who were as destitute as herself; that she moved in the circle of the wealthiest persons in the section in which she lived, and always received the same attention that they paid each other. She knew that he had not five

hundred dollars independent of what came by her aunt when he married her.

Mr. Finley disinherited his daughter, as he had told her. Some thought he did this because he was so involved that he could not afford to assist her, and had not the moral courage to let his son-in-law know his real situation, after he became reconciled to his marriage with his daughter.

As the young couple had nothing, Jennie went to teach in the family of a relative, who gave her a part of her board per month as a remuneration for the tuition of his little daughter, while she taught other children in the neighborhood, and made nearly enough to pay her husband's board, which was more than it should have been.

Mr. Nowlin was assiduous in business, but the unexpected failure of his wife's health cast a gloom over his brightened prospects; yet his undeviating trust in the goodness of an all-wise Providence enabled him to bear up under his afflictions.

Mrs. Nowlin's physician thought that she was in rapid consumption. The idea of her dying without a hope beyond the grave made her husband often agonize in prayer that God would spare her until she made her peace with Him.

She slowly recovered a portion of her wonted health, as she often said, in answer to her husband's prayers. Not very long after this trying event, it was believed that she had passed from death unto life, and she connected herself with the visible church by baptism before many witnesses.

Almaria, after she had finished her visit to her mother's, returned to Mrs. Millings's school, with two other young ladies, one of whom was Mr. Eems's eldest daughter, who had been a great pet with her paternal grandmother, her indulgent parents, and with herself.

Mrs. Millings was delighted to welcome her old pupil again in her school, and was very cordial in her reception of Almaria's two companions. All the servants came to meet Miss Almaria and to wish her well, as she was a special favorite.

Miss Eems, being placed where she received the atten-

tion which she really merited, was very indignant that she should be so eclipsed by her cousin Almaria, "who was poor, and she so rich."

Her parents often told her that she was worth so many thousand dollars. These things she repeated to the boarders and maids about the house, some of whom told Mrs. Millings, who lectured her whole school about their presuming so much on their supposed wealth, which was so uncertain. She did not individualize, lest Miss Eems should say that she was personal in her remarks, and thus her good intentions would be defeated. Mrs. Millings told the young ladies that she once had in her school a young lady who was so wealthy that her father had a room exclusively for her, which he furnished himself, and boarded a maid with his daughter. All this was done to display the wealth of the young heiress, and that she might not share the conveniences of her room with the less fortunate boarders. Miss Saunders, the young heiress, soon married a handsome young doctor, who squandered her property, as the death of her father was almost simultaneous with her marriage; and in less than two years from that period she was reduced to penury, and had to perform the work of the lowest servant.

Miss Eems's parents thought highly of Almaria, and when they sent any nice thing to their daughter they always requested her to share it with her cousin; but this she never did, though she offered to do so with the other boarders, though generally taking care to eat her good things clandestinely.

All of the boarders but Miss Eems loved Almaria, and when any of them went to their homes would bring her a batch of good things which she accepted with pleasure as a token of a kind regard, though she was not particularly fond of sweetmeats. These things were often presented with much love from their mothers in the presence of Miss Eems, who would first burst into a laugh, and leave the room with a hiss and an air of contempt.

Miss Eems's father came for her and seemed very happy to take her home, as her absence had caused a void in the domestic circle. How it would have made his paternal heart ache, had he known how little his daughter

was esteemed by her school companions and by Mrs. Millings's family.

She took leave of them all. Mrs. Millings expressed many good wishes for her future prospects, and that she might be a comfort to her parents. Mr. Eems thanked her heartily for the kind disposition manifested toward his "pet," and told Almaria to let him know when she would come to his house, and he would come for her. For this she thanked him, and repeating her teacher's kind wishes, she bid Miss Eems farewell.

Almaria's cousin, Edwin Hobyn, sent for her to spend her vacation at his house. She once more took leave of her dear friends (the Millingses) until the visit was over.

She wept at the remembrance of the delightful Sabbaths that she had spent in that truly pious family in which Christianity was so beautifully set forth, and felt that she too sadly realized that she would never again be so pleasantly situated.

During this trip she went to see the home of her father, to which he took her mother when a young bride. It was a melancholy pleasure. She was told that it was a mere shadow of the once beautiful place, as it had passed into the hands of persons that had no taste either for the beautiful or useful.

The large vegetable garden was converted into a clover lot,—the beautiful shrubs and flowers were all destroyed, and the many trees of rare fruits had been felled and the place cleared up for the cultivation of tobacco. She also visited the family burying-ground, in which reposed the bodies of her relatives, including her little sister whom she never saw. She gathered a few wild flowers, which grew in great profusion in this shadowy home, for her mother.

Almaria spent some days with Mrs. Walton, her uncle Arthur Hobyn's eldest daughter, who was uncommonly beautiful, although she had nearly completed her twenty-eighth year, but was wholly given to the gayeties and fashions of the present time.

Almaria conversed unreservedly with her about preparing for the realities of the unseen world. Though polite and lady-like, it was evident that she treated the subject with disdain. She replied that she did not need

religion to make her happy, as she was as happy as she could desire without it. Her own health and that of her husband and children was good. Her husband was devoted to her, his brothers and sisters felt almost as near to her as her own; she had a kind father and mother, and enough of the world's goods to make any one happy, and what more could she wish?

Almaria was quite taken aback at what appeared so much like an enemy presuming in the continued goodness of a friend whom he did not respect, and hesitated not to ridicule and set at naught, at any time that an opportunity offered, even in the presence of the children of that unwearied Benefactor.

Almaria said: "Cousin Mary, God's long-suffering will not continue always. Trouble may one day overtake you as a storm. The Bible tells us that we should remember the days of darkness, for they will be many."

Her cousin, showing that another subject was more agreeable, called her eldest daughter, a beautiful black-eyed girl of four years, with long curls hanging over her plump shoulders, to sing for cousin Almaria, who took her on her lap, when she raised her little arms and placed them around her cousin's neck, and asked "her to tell her about God." At this request tears came in Mrs. Walton's eyes, which she made an effort to conceal, by saying that her children were always asking questions about heaven, some of which were amusing, and she did not think any one could answer.

Almaria remarked that there was often a mixture of the sublime and ridiculous in their questions, or as Pollok better describes it, "They were simple in their nature, but ill to solve;" "And were you a pious mother, cousin Mary, how gratifying it would be to have your children ask questions about the great God that made them!" Besides, it showed that there is something inherent in human beings, to make them feel that there is a true happiness to be sought,—this she could see in the questions which her little children asked about "God, the angels, and heaven."

Mrs. Walton said, thoughtfully, "that she knew that she ought to be a Christian; and if she became one, her

husband would embrace the Saviour, for he was so amiable and had read his pocket Bible until he had nearly worn it out; that she never had heard him use a profane word, or speak unkindly to or of any person."

Mrs. Walton continued: "If Mr. Walton and I become strict members of the church, they will be down on us if we send our children to the dancing-school to learn how to be graceful, or have dancing-parties at our own house; and no matter how accomplished our daughters are, they will have to become perfect recluses. I wish my daughters to be admired, for each had a handsome little fortune left her by our venerable friend Captain Meekly, which will be independent of what they will get from us. I wish them to enjoy it by going out and seeing the world."

Almaria tried to bring her to see that "godliness is profitable unto all things." But Mrs. Walton overwhelmed what she said, about its "having the promise of the life that now is and that which is to come," with her worldly wisdom, so that the conversation dropped, to be resumed when the bubble of worldly pleasure had burst in the grasp of the gay, dreaming, worldly-minded Mrs. Walton.

Almaria completed her delightful visit to her cousin Edwin Hobyn's, and to his father. These relatives made some valuable additions to her wardrobe, as she expected to enter as a member in a short time one of the largest female seminaries in the "Old Dominion."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALMARIA entered Mr. Barnes's school for young ladies. She felt the difference between being in the circle of an affectionate family and a school of nearly a hundred strangers. She was frequently in tears, though her teachers were very kind. She could not feel happy, but endeavored to study hard, and to let nothing prevent her from qualifying herself for being competent to teach after she had finished her course.

One day as she was sitting engaged in preparing her French lesson, a Miss Cary remarked to her, "How much like Colonel Sterling you are!" Almaria replied that she had often been said to resemble him more than any one of his children. Miss Cary asked her if she had ever seen Colonel Sterling. She replied, "often"; that he was her mother's only brother. The young lady told her that he was one of her father's most intimate friends.

From this time these two young ladies became warmly attached to each other,—as congenial spirits could,—for both were sincerely pious and members of the church of Christ, though they belonged to different branches of it. They spent a portion of each Sabbath together, reading their Bibles and other books of devotion, and sitting together in the Bible-class on Sabbaths: this they continued to do until the expiration of the second session, when Miss Cary returned home, to be no more a member of Mr. Barnes's seminary.

When Almaria returned the third session, she thought at first that it would be impossible to go on with her studies without the society of her conscientious, well-informed, pious classmate. She wept very much. They corresponded regularly. But Miss Cary was soon married to a talented young lawyer; and Almaria's numerous studies occupying all her time left her but a few moments to devote to epistolary correspondence with her mother, brother, and Mrs. Millings, as this was her last session at school, at the close of which came her final examination: consequently but few letters passed between them.

The much-dreaded ordeal was passed by Almaria. The principal told her all that she now had to do was to recommend herself to her patrons. There were no diplomas given in this school, or she would have received one. Mr. Barnes said that in many instances they were only a hoax.

Intense application had somewhat undermined Almaria's health, and her friends were anxious about it. She wrote to Alonzo to meet her at her cousin Richard Eems's, after she had finished school. He came with the requested promptness, as he never failed to come at the time specified by his sister.

He had heard that her cough was very bad, and not being able to visit her himself, had written to a friend and requested him to go and see if her lungs were seriously affected, saying that he had been unable to sleep, he was so uneasy about her. His friend came, but found that Almaria had recovered, though she had suffered much from the severe cold she took by coming out of the school-room, heated above summer temperature, and practicing often in a cold room with only a nominal fire.

No one could have studied with more diligence than she did; she was often in the school-room as soon as daylight would permit her to study, and never missed prayer but once, though the prayer-bell rung at sunrise.

If anything occurred in school which the principal wished to investigate, he always asked her if she knew anything concerning the affair, so that several of the young ladies told him that it seemed that he thought that no one in the school told the truth but Miss Hobyn. He responded that he had never had any reason to doubt her veracity.

Almaria always avoided anything like a fracas with her schoolmates; but in a large public institution there will always be every grade of society, as any person that has money can go, at least, a portion or the whole of a session; and it often takes a great deal of moral courage to battle with girls of one's own age or older, to get on peacefully with those who have had but little moral training or have been inefficiently schooled in domestic politeness.

She always made it a point never to contend about anything that was put before her at the table: if it was snatched up, to let it go; if nothing but a dish of parsnips or carrots was left, though she disliked them, yet she would make her dinner from them.

The table was well supplied with substantial food, and not unfrequently something nice was served up in sufficient quantity for all. Mr. Barnes often said that those young ladies who complained the most about their table fare were those that lived much better in his house than they did at home. He knew it, for he had been to their houses.

Almaria had paid a portion of her expenses, and was sure that her brother Willie, with Alonzo's assistance,

would liquidate the whole debt, so felt quite comfortable about it.

Mr. Richard Nowlin brought his carriage to take Almaria to his house, at which place she met with Alonzo, who had already obtained a situation for her as teacher in the family of a pious lawyer. But her health was too poor to accept it, as it was thought best for her to rest from her duties for several months.

Her mother came up to her uncle Finley's to meet her. Mr. Nowlin, who was again in Mr. Finley's employment, and boarding with his family, very kindly came to Mr. Eems's for Almaria. Her mother was anxious that she should go with her home. At her aunt Finley's solicitation, she remained a couple of weeks longer, for the pleasure of her company home, attended by Mr. and Mrs. Nowlin.

Unfortunately Almaria was attacked by whooping-cough, and it was two months before she got over it. She then expected to go "right away," but her aunt's children were taken with fever, so that her trip was again postponed. In the meantime her mother and little half-brother came with Alonzo to bid his sister farewell, as he expected to go with his uncle Arthur Hobyn and family to Missouri. Almaria felt overwhelmed for awhile at parting with a brother so dear as Alonzo, and being left alone with no brother to look up to, but thought that it was best for his pecuniary interest, and for him to be with Sammie, as both had to obtain a livelihood by their own exertions; and then they would be with their good uncle and cousin, Dr. Thomas Hobyn, who she supposed would take care of them if they were sick, and perhaps they might live with Willie, as he spoke of getting in business in Booneville that fall.

Alonzo brought a letter to Almaria from her cousin, Bettie Hobyn, giving an interesting account of her conversion and of her uniting with the church, dating her first serious impression about her immortal interest from the conversation which she had with Almaria while making her toilet for the ball, when she was so solicitous for her cousin to go with her. In this letter she said:

"Do as I would, the words still rung in my ear, 'She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.' Even

when I appeared the gayest in the dancing circle, how gladly would I then have retired to confess my sins before the God whose long-suffering and kindness I was then abusing! I am now amazed that He did not cut me off at that time without giving me space to seek his favor, which I can now testify is better than life; I enjoy that 'peace which passeth understanding,' which the world can neither give nor take away.

"I retired to our dormitory that evening after the party adjourned, but could not sleep, my 'sins were ever before me.' My pillow was wet with tears, but the next morning I was one of the first to join the giddy circle, and to commence the sprightly dance. The storm that then raged in my guilty, conscience-stricken mind was the blackness of darkness. How joyfully I bounded from the scene of festivity when I was told that my father's carriage had come for us! You doubtless remember how I wept when I came home. It was the first time I ever prayed that God would 'be merciful to me a sinner.' To you, my dear cousin, I owe all, under God, as the instrument of my conversion,—my soul's salvation.

"I have a very important something about which to ask your advice. I am now engaged to be married to a young man of considerable promise, but, alas! he is poor, and I meet with so much opposition from father and mother and brother Tom that I am at a loss to know what steps to take. If I discard him, my own happiness will be sacrificed to the wishes of my friends. If I marry him, father says it will 'bring down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.' Now, my sweet oracle, what am I to do? What steps do you advise? You see how anxious I am to hear from you. Oh, do write me soon! Were it not for the consolations of religion I would sink under my troubles.

"You know that we are expecting to start to Missouri in a few days; about this cousin Alonzo will tell you all. It is now long past midnight, and my melancholy light is flickering in its socket. God bless you!

"Your ever affectionate and devoted cousin,

"BETTIE."

As soon as Almaria read her cousin's letter, she retired

to her room and offered a fervent prayer to God that He would direct her in giving proper advice and in offering consolation to her cousin, which she seemed so much to need. As the letter is too lengthy to be inserted here it will be given in substance.

Almaria first gave her heartfelt congratulations to her dearest of cousins for having sought and obtained "the pearl of great price," telling her she should ever be looking to God to give her grace to walk worthy of the high vocation wherewith she was called, and then proceeded with the subject which gave her so much sorrow at that time.

"I dare not attempt, my dear Bettie, to advise you on a subject fraught with so many responsibilities. Have you prayed for divine direction in the matter? To this I would urge you. If you do this, not inclining to your own will, nor leaning to your own understanding, be assured that Infinite Wisdom will direct your paths.

"You have kind parents, for you have tried them for nineteen years, and past experience teaches you that they have ever been solicitous for your happiness. A stranger may have an eye to your father's large possessions instead of your personal attractions, which I regard far above mediocrity. What now seems to be so great a disappointment to your most cherished wishes you may in future regard as the greatest blessing which has lighted your pathway. I again repeat the injunction, pray much over the subject, and in all your ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths."

Alonzo was very sad at parting with his only sister, whom he almost idolized; he had always manifested an interest in the smallest thing that concerned her. All her needlework was noticed and complimented by him as though he had been a sister instead of a brother.

He wished to leave early the next morning, and was anxious lest he should be belated on account of some matters which it was very important for him to attend to at the earliest moment.

Almaria told him that she would awake him before daylight, which he knew she would do. His mother slept but little, so great was her sorrow at parting with her dutiful and affectionate son.

Almaria knocked and called at his door as she had promised. His tremulous voice showed that he had wept much and had passed a wakeful night.

He bade his mother farewell; but when he put his arms around his orphan sister's neck he seemed to be overwhelmed, kissed her twice, and said, in a faltering voice, "Sister, we shall meet again;" then quickly mounting his horse was soon out of sight, ere yet the gray dawn had scarcely begun to streak the eastern sky.

We will not attempt to describe the conflicting feelings which agitated the bosom of Alonzo during his lonely ride before breakfast to Mrs. Stiddolph's, who was one of his sister's dearest friends. He said but little during his short sojourn there.

Alonzo's mother left for her home after an early breakfast. Almaria felt as though she had just attended the funeral of her brother, who told his mother and sister that if either opposed his going West he would relinquish it altogether, though he had made every preparation to commence his journey thither in a few days.

Almaria now began to look about for a situation as a teacher the ensuing year, and obtained one in the family of a relative. She spent several months with her mother and kind stepfather, and then returned to her uncle Finley's.

Mr. Nowlin, who had become one of her firm friends, took her up to Mrs. Stiddolph, from whence she could take the stage for Mr. Millings's.

Mrs. Ashbon (formerly Miss Dorinda Stiddolph) lived with her mother. She was as kind and affectionate as ever she had been. Indeed, had it not been for her and her sister Pattie, Almaria could not have succeeded in making up her school outfit, as she had so much sewing to do for her relatives, who never seemed to think that she had anything to do during her vacations but to work for them.

Dorinda and Pattie, besides helping her to sew, supplied her with many little articles which she could not well do without, and had not the means of obtaining. If she had anything which did not suit her purposes they would take it and exchange it for something that they had; cor-

responded with her when she was away; and both attributed their conversion to her pious example and conversation.

Almaria, with another young lady, took the stage to visit their old friend and teacher, who, with her husband, little daughter, and servants, was happy to see the young ladies at their home after an absence of three years.

Almaria spent a few weeks with her friends, when Captain Rice came to take her to his house to act as governess to his daughters. He had purchased Hobyn Hall from her uncle, Arthur Hobyn, and had removed there with his family.

Mrs. Millings gave Almaria much good advice about her arduous duties as directress of a select boarding-school for young ladies, for which she thanked her: she told her that she must make the duties of each day a subject of prayer before she entered the school-room, lest Satan should cause some root of bitterness to spring up and thereby trouble her; and in all that she did, as a faithful teacher, she must have an eye to her eternal reward, and to the immortal good of her pupils.

Almaria felt sad on reaching the old home of her uncle Arthur, there were so many things to remind her of her beloved relatives, whom she expected to see no more in time. For several weeks she felt as though she could not remain.

Mrs. Rice was her father's niece, and one of the best of women, and her husband was also kind. Both seemed to wish to make her happy. Captain Rice told her frequently how much she resembled her cousin Bettie Hobyn in personal appearance and manners. Almaria ever considered that she was complimented to be told that she was like her noble-minded cousin, whom she loved with a sisterly regard.

Almaria wrote regularly to her mother and brother, and in April her cousin George Hobyn returned from Missouri to Virginia, to settle up his father's accounts with his creditors, and would often give her a call to tell her that he had heard from Missouri. She had sketched "Hobyn Hall" on a large sheet, and sent it to her cousin, Dr. Thomas Hobyn, as a memento of her gratitude for his

kindness to Sammie during his tedious illness. He requested his brother George to call and thank in person his fair cousin for the beautiful sketch of his paternal home, which she had sent him; and to show her how highly he prized it, said he intended at an early day to send it to Philadelphia to have it handsomely framed.

George would often say to his cousin Almaria that he wished to go home, but it was impossible for him to do so before the fall, as he could not sooner collect the money due to his father. He always looked sorrowful when he made this remark, and Almaria could not fathom the cause of it.

Mr. Walton, her uncle Arthur's son-in-law, had lost two brothers a short time previously. One died suddenly, and the other in a few weeks after was killed by a runaway horse dragging him against a stake-fence some distance, with his feet dangling in his stirrups, until he was left a mangled corpse on the roadside.

Young Mr. Walton's death was lamented by a large circle of friends. He had been cautioned several times not to ride so fiery an animal, but he would reply that his reins were new, and his hand strong enough to keep him from running away.

One morning George had been to call on his cousin Almaria, to tell her that she must get all her dispatches ready, as he expected to leave the "Old Dominion" in a few days for his Missouri home, but would inform her precisely what day as soon as he returned from the post-office. On reaching that place, a letter was handed to him with a black seal, which a friend opened, reading the mournful contents to him, as he was so agitated that he could not. The contents ran thus:

"DEAR SIR,—Your estimable brother, Dr. Thomas W. Hobyn, died this afternoon, of malignant fever; ill only three days. This affliction has bowed the family in the very dust. Your aged parents request your speedy return, as sixty-five of the servants are now prostrated from indisposition. In great haste,

"Yours with the deepest sympathy,

"THOMAS MARSHALL, *Attendant Physician.*"

Almaria soon heard the sad intelligence of her cousin's demise, whom she regarded almost as one of her brothers. George told Captain Rice that it would be too much for him to visit the old homestead of his father, it would remind him so much of his late brother, whom he loved more than himself; and asked him to tell his cousin Almaria his reasons for not calling to see her.

She asked Captain Rice to let her have the carriage to go to meet her cousin on his way to take the cars, as he would leave at eleven o'clock the next morning. The request was acceded to, and accompanied by Miss Rice, with the driver, she went to the village in which he expected to take the daily train.

During the short interview with his cousin Almaria, George dwelt entirely on his great and unexpected bereavement. "I loved my brother so much,—we went to school and played together; and I always looked up to him,—he was my solace in all my childhood's troubles."

The distant car-whistle told them that their meeting was at an end. In ten days after, George reached home with fever, which continued for three weeks. His sister Bettie was recovering, but his sister Nannie was too ill to be informed of his arrival. The elder Mr. Hobyn said that God had afflicted him for his great desire to accumulate more wealth; when he had in his Virginia home health with his possessions he was not satisfied. He prayed constantly that God would give him patience to bear up under his afflictions, that not a murmur might be permitted to escape his lips.

When George began to recover, Bettie's health being by no means confirmed, their aged father became exceedingly ill. His constant prayer during his mortal sufferings was for resignation. On the morning of the eighth day he was released from all his troubles, we trust, and entered upon that state where "the inhabitants no more say they are sick." His remains were placed beside those of his lamented son, Dr. Thomas Hobyn, who had preceded him to the grave only five short weeks.

Alonzo Hobyn had been with the family during their distress, and thought that there were few persons more practically philanthropic than Dr. Hobyn. He had opened a

Sabbath-school, saw that his poor patients were well cared for during their sickness, and had them decently interred.

When Dr. Hobyn died, a large procession came down with his coffin from St. Louis, though fifty miles distant, to attend his burial. All the physicians in his and the adjoining counties wore a badge of mourning for him for thirty days.

Perhaps it would be well to insert his obituary entire as copied from a Western paper.

"Died, on the third instant, at Rosy Mount, — County, Missouri, the residence of his father, Arthur Hobyn, Dr. Thomas Hobyn, after a short but painful illness, of an attack of malignant intermittent fever, aged twenty-six years.

"Dr. Hobyn was a graduate of the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, in the year 18—; removed from — County, Virginia, to Tennessee, where his health suffered much from exposure in his extensive practice, and consequently removed from thence to — County, in Missouri, where his short but brilliant career was finished.

"The writer of this humble tribute feels conscious of his inability to do justice to the merits of the deceased; but such were his many virtues that it would be injustice not to present them to the world. It does really appear that in the production of such a man as Dr. Hobyn nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that so many qualifications, so happily blended, could not fail to render him pre-eminently useful, both as a citizen and a professional gentleman. His moral worth had made him a conspicuous and, I may add, an enviable position in the hearts of his countrymen. His many and interesting traits of character never shone so brightly as when he was engaged in professional duties. His cheerful countenance and sociability dissipated the gloom which hung around the chamber of affliction; close attention and skill had ingratiated him in the affections of all to whom he administered. He was ever ready to extend his hand in alleviating the sorrows of the afflicted; not that he expected a recompense, but because he considered it the solemn duty of every honest physician to visit those who were destitute of the means of employing medical advisers.

"His frank and generous disposition had gained him many confiding and intimate friends, who honor him, not through dissimulation or interested motives, but for the high and honorable feelings that characterized him in his social intercourse with mankind. By close application he had acquired an ample knowledge of the science of medicine, such as to elevate him in the estimation of his professional brethren. Such were the high and ennobling feelings which he entertained toward the profession, that whenever any of them were stricken by the hand of disease, he manifested a willing disposition to attend them, though his interests were neglected.

"As a friend he was firm and unyielding, circumspect in the selection of those with whom he associated. Moral worth was the standard by which he was influenced in forming an estimate of an individual's character. Were a man honest, whether rich or poor, he was deemed worthy of his friendship. Gentle and unassuming in his manners, free from ostentation, yet when his sentiments were established, he would maintain them with energy, even displaying a magnanimity of soul that would adorn the character of a patriot or philanthropist.

"The father of Dr. Hobyn had recently emigrated to the State of Missouri with a large family, some of whom, more or less, were always indisposed; since which time his services were in a great degree devoted to the sick at home. None could better realize his estimable worth than a fond and doting father, whose earthly hopes, whose affections, seemed to be centred on him, who was ever willing to oblige. He was a dutiful son, who lived not for himself, but to promote the happiness and soothe the declining years of his devoted parents. The loss which they have sustained is irreparable, but they should console themselves with the pleasing reflection that he has left behind a name that will ever occupy the highest niche in the affections of his acquaintances. Time, with its everlasting influence, can never obliterate the bright wreath which encircled his brow.

"Then, why weep, fond parents, when aware of the fact that all his hallowed traits still cling around and encircle the hearts of those who were ever ready to receive

him as a gentleman, a scholar, a physician, and a philanthropist?"

The following resolutions were also copied from another number of the same paper, which show in what estimation this noble son of the "Old Dominion" was held:

"DEATH OF THOMAS HOBYN, M.D.

"At a meeting of the physicians of — and the adjoining counties, held in Mount Pitkain, on the sixth day of October, to take into consideration the death of Dr. Hobyn, Dr. John Kennon was called to the chair and Dr. D. Floyd appointed secretary.

"On motion, Dr. Stephen Robinson, of — County, Dr. Thomas Marshman, of —, and Dr. Edwin Saine, of — County, were appointed a committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting.

"On motion, Dr. Linden Maclung was appointed to prepare a suitable obituary notice of our lamented brother for publication.

"On motion, Dr. Stephen Robinson was appointed to pronounce a eulogy on the character of the deceased at such time and place as he may deem most expedient, a public notice of which will be duly given.

"The following preamble and resolutions were reported by the Committee and unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, Our esteemed friend and professional brother, Dr. Thomas Hobyn, has been called from among us in the bloom of youth and dawn of his bright professional career by an all-wise Providence, we deem it our duty to express, in a public manner, to the numerous friends of the deceased, our sincere regret for the loss of one of our ablest medical counselors, our much beloved personal friend, and an ornament to our profession. Therefore,

"Resolved—1st. That as friends of the deceased we deeply sympathize with his parents and other relatives in their irreparable loss which they have sustained, in a dutiful son, a kind and affectionate brother, and a faithful, generous, and devoted friend.

"2d. As his professional brethren, we have lost one who, had he been spared a few years, would have been excelled by none in surgery and medicine; a philant-

pist and successful practitioner, gentle, kind, yet firm with his patients; courteous, generous, and energetic in consultation, and one to whom we appealed with confidence for aid and information in the exigencies of our profession.

"3d. He was never known to violate professional, social, or religious etiquette.

"4th. That these proceedings be sent to the St. Louis papers for publication, with the request that the Richmond (Va.) papers and Charlottesville *Advocate* please copy; and that a copy of them be transmitted to the parents of the deceased, with the heartfelt assurance of our sympathy in their bereavement.

"D. FLOYD, *Chairman*.

"JOHN KENNON, *Secretary*.

"MOUNT PITKAIN, October 4, A.D. 18—."

We may say of Mr. Hobyn and his son: "Very pleasant and lovely were they in their lives, and in death they were not long divided."

Not two months after the family had recovered from the sickness which deprived them of two of the most endeared members of their domestic circle, and when the gloom of desolation was scarcely dispelled, Samuel Hobyn, who had been engaged in business in a distant town since his removal to that State, visited his widowed aunt and her family; but in going from the steamer early in the morning through a storm of snow and rain,—a distance of a mile,—his overcoat became wet and froze on him. As he had scarcely recovered from a severe illness, it gave him a cold, which affected his spine so much that for days his recovery was doubted by the family and several of his attendant physicians. He lay apparently lifeless at times. A physician more than twenty miles distant was sent for, who decided that it was a complication of diseases, the most prominent of which was spinal complaint, and that his appearing so lifeless at times was produced by internal spasms. He quickly changed the remedies, and in a short time hope began to dawn of his restoration to health. Alonzo scarcely left his bedside for nearly eight weeks, and was unwearied in his attentions until he was able to walk about his room.

Almaria, who had not heard from her brothers for some time, and feared that all was not well with them, cast all her care upon Him who says, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will hear thee." It was well that she could do so. But who has "trusted in the Lord and been confounded"?

Almaria did not hear of Sammie's illness until he was convalescing, and intended to visit Virginia in a short time with his cousin, Nannie Hobyn, who was on a tour for health, and expected to spend the summer with her sisters at some of the principal watering-places. She promised to defray Sammie's expenses and supply him with the equivalent of that which he would have received had he gone into a business that had been offered him.

While preparations were going on for the trip to Virginia, Mrs. Hobyn died of fever after illness of less than three days; and in a few days after, her mother, who was at that time apparently in perfect health, also died.

The death of her tender mother well-nigh prostrated Bettie Hobyn mentally. She was a devoted daughter, but was at that time too much indisposed to leave her room, and, without any preparation for the sad news, she was told by her attendant maid that her mother was dead.

Convulsions succeeded convulsions, until it required the utmost skill of her physicians to retain vitality. She said so plaintively in her intervals of delirium, "If they had told me that my mother was sick I would have tried to see her."

Sammie was to return (after visiting his mother and sister) to his business in Missouri, but had lent his cousin what money he had while she was at the springs of Virginia, to be refunded as soon as she arrived at her eldest sister's. Instead of doing this she refused to return the money which she had borrowed, and coolly told him that he had been as much benefited as herself by their travel. Sammie told her that it was her own offer, and one that he had not even thought of until she proposed it to him; that she knew he had a lucrative situation engaged for the year at the same time she made her offer, and wishing to visit his mother and sister was a strong motive influ-

ence for him to disengage him from the firm in which he was employed, to accompany her to Virginia. That no other person would have been at the trouble he had been in taking care of her during so long a trip, and that he had spoiled his handsome wardrobe in traveling through the mud and dust for her accommodation, which was of no little moment to a boy just setting out in life, spending his own money; and that he was thrown out of a year's employment without the least remuneration, when she had more than thrice ten thousand dollars at her command, and would not let him have money enough to defray his passage to his mother's, or his return to his business in Missouri.

Sammie kept all these things concealed in his own bosom, as he did not wish to expose his deceased uncle's daughter to the world, though she deserved it. Willie had opposed his leaving his business; but his cousin Nannie was solicitous, as she was afraid that she would have another attack of fever if she remained in Missouri until the warm weather set in, and her brother George and Jamie Hobyn had promised to see that the money was paid to Sammie for his trouble and loss of time.

This was his only hope, though he had no other guarantee than a verbal obligation, and they might make the same opposition to paying off the debt that their sister Nannie had done, and leave him penniless and without a decent wardrobe.

Previous to her leaving Missouri, Nannie had, by her golden chains and fair promises, entrapped the youthful and guileless Alonzo into an engagement of marriage.

Almaria was indignant at this, as she was fifteen years his senior, and she knew that the first advance was not made by her modest and retiring brother Alonzo. She wrote him affectionately that he would rue the day that he married her maidenly, narrow-minded, and penurious cousin, for she knew that it was impossible for him to love her, and if her cousin Nannie could get Dr. Ferrin she would not hesitate to let him go to the winds. Of this he might soon hear.

Nannie wished to go with Almaria, who was going to spend her vacation with her pious and long-tried friend,

Mrs. Millings. Almaria knew that she could take the liberty to invite her cousin to go with her, and did so. While there, Almaria did much exquisite needlework for her cousin, who wheedled her out of it and a handsome and elaborate watch-guard, with the promise that she would make her a present of a massive gold chain in a short time.

Mrs. Millings asked her how she could exact so much from her pale, delicate cousin, who had no other time to recreate herself but during these intervals of her school duties. To which she replied that she loved her dearly; that she wanted the work, because she wished to keep it for "Alie's" sake, when she could not have her to look at, and that she would make her a valuable present.

Mrs. Millings told Almaria that she would not be straining her eyes at work for Nannie Hobyn. Almaria replied that if her cousin requested her to do four times as much, she would try to do it, for she had told her how much she had waited on her brother Sammie when he was ill so long at her mother's; that she could never feel that she had done enough for her; and it was this that made her wish to show her gratitude, and not the expected equivalent for her work.

During this trip she met with Dr. Ferrin. She denied her engagement to Alonzo when Almaria asked her about it, but kept up a correspondence with him to that effect, duping the poor youth into the belief that she would marry him on her return to Missouri, which would be in the subsequent fall.

Almaria knew that her uncle's family did not like Dr. Ferrin, but did not know why this was. At the time that Nannie promised to marry Alonzo she married Dr. Ferrin. Sammie applied to him for means to defray his expenses back to Missouri, as he then had all of his cousin's estate at his command, and could without any inconvenience pay his passage back to his business. But he refused to do it.

A few days after the event, Mr. Wagner, who had married the noble-minded Bettie Hobyn, brought her on a bridal tour to see her sisters in Virginia.

Almaria went to Mr. Walton's to see her cousins, Mr.

and Mrs. Wagner. The joy of meeting, after several years of separation, in which so many loved ones had passed away, was mingled with painful emotions.

Sammie now for the first time told his sister about his cousin's treatment; that he was without a dollar in the world,—his clothes worn out, and a whole year worse than lost; soliciting her aid, with the promise that he would refund the money as soon as he returned to Missouri; that he had applied to his uncle Norton Hobyn for help, which he had gratuitously offered to render, if Nannie did not fulfill her engagement. "But, sister, when I the last time commenced telling him about my misfortunes, he ran away from me as though he was afraid that I would eat him."

They both wept burning tears together, and the noble-hearted sister told him that she would divide the last dollar with him, and asked him how much he needed. He told her that he would let her know in a short time. As yet she had made but little from her school.

Sammie laid his aching head on his sister's lap. He told her that he had scarcely slept for weeks on account of his situation and the ungenerous treatment which he had experienced at his cousin's hands.

Almaria turned over his dark curls, and found that though a youth of only nineteen, he had become quite gray. When she told him of it, he replied that Nannie had so often treated his importunities for money to return to his business with contempt at what she called presumption, and he felt so keenly his living in Mr. Walton's family without being able to remunerate them, that he feared that it would overwhelm him.

These things burst like a funeral knell upon the ears of his sympathizing sister, and tears streamed down her cheeks.

After this interview with her brother, she talked with Mrs. Walton about the course which Nannie had pursued toward Sammie.

She replied that Nannie was morally bound to pay Sammie what she owed him when her brother George gave up the property into Dr. Ferrin's hands; that her husband had several times offered to let Sammie have the

whole amount which she owed him; but Nannie told him that she would be under no obligations to return the money. She guessed, or was afraid, that Nannie had married a man that loved her gold much better than its owner, and that she would not be surprised at any time to hear that Nannie had died suddenly; that she had long before been engaged to Dr. Ferrin, but that her father told her that if she married a man that cared more about what her father would give her than for herself, she should never enjoy a cent of his property.

Nannie told Dr. Ferrin what her father had said, and at the same time requested him not to visit her again in her father's house, but he could visit her at any time at her brother-in-law's, as she was frequently there, and that she was willing to share the fortunes of life with him either in adversity or prosperity.

He specified a time, and Mrs. Walton, after Nannie told her the reason of her preferring to see Dr. Ferrin there instead of in her own home, prepared the handsomest entertainment the house could afford for his reception, as her sister appeared to be so much depressed at her father's decision. Dr. Ferrin did not come, nor ever explained the cause of his non-appearance.

The reason of her father's opposition, she ascertained, was that some dark and mysterious things had been whispered to him about Dr. Ferrin; but Nannie thought that these things were said by his enemies, and she did not believe a word of them.

Mrs. Walton said that all had opposed the second engagement, as it was generally believed that there was a nameless something behind the curtain that they could not get at, and that a man that would disappoint a lady, as he had done her sister, she could not countenance, and every person that knew him intimately said that he would stoop to anything to get possession of money; that Nannie had made Alonzo believe that she would marry him until she was Mrs. Ferrin, and that she laughed about Alonzo's letter, which came after she was permanently another's.

Mrs. Walton said also that she believed that their united opposition facilitated rather than prevented Nannie's marriage, as she said again and again, emphatically, that

she did not believe a word that was said to the disparagement of Dr. Ferrin, that her relations were prompted by interested motives to keep her single that they might get her property, that she did not intend to remain in Virginia.

Almaria told her cousin, Mrs. Walton, that all of her father's property could not make her willing for Alonzo (with so many bright prospects before him) to marry a girl so much his senior and his father's niece, who would have him bow obsequiously to her for what she inherited from her father's estate; that a young man of his steady, energetic, and industrious habits was bound to have wealth (if that is the acme of human happiness) in a few years, unless prevented by some dark providence.

Mrs. Walton replied: "I know all that you say is true, cousin Almaria; but it is hard for me to have my sister married to such a man as Dr. Ferrin is, and thirty thousand dollars of my old father's earnings bestowed on so unworthy a person, when he opposed it so much before his death, and thought that he had succeeded in breaking off the deprecated match, and that such willful disobedience would sooner or later meet with its reward."

The gay and light-hearted Mrs. Walton had become more thoughtful since the loss of her talented and noble-minded brother and her devoted parents, so quickly succeeding the sudden death of her husband's two brothers.

Almaria congratulated her cousin Bettie (Mrs. Wagner) on her choosing so pious and nice a man as Mr. Wagner; that she had heard that her parents and Dr. Hobyn hoped that they would be married, although she had never met Mr. Wagner.

Bettie expressed herself freely, as she always did to her cousin Almaria, that it seemed so marked a providence that Mr. Wagner should accidentally call at her father's home, after their great affliction, on his way to attend to some business in Western Missouri, and spend a week with them, and, on his return, protract his visit to two weeks, when she promised, ere many months, to accompany him to Kentucky as Mrs. Wagner when he returned for her; that she thought that she had been rewarded for her obedience to her parents at the time she was so blindly attached to young Newburn, when her happiness seemed

to be interwoven with his. Yet she still thought him an excellent young man; but, had she been married to him, the disgrace which his father had brought on his family would either have deranged her or she would have sunk under the affliction.

Almaria said: "I thought of you, Bettie, while the trial was going on, and could not but be thankful that you had escaped so much trouble. It is thought that old Newburn ought to have been hung instead of being put in the State prison for nineteen years. I sincerely trust that the sunlight will never again be darkened by his gaze. Was it not a case without a parallel in the annals of either ancient or modern times? Poor Mrs. Newburn! and all of her family moved away, it is not generally known to what State."

Bettie said: "I have thought so often about it, and hoped that I have thanked my heavenly Father for his tender and constant watch and care over me when I thought that his paternal hand was raised against me by thwarting my anticipated happiness. I have married a devotedly pious man, who has position and wealth.

"He bought a little pocket Bible while we were in Richmond, and presented it to me with these words, 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly,' and 'I wish it to be your guide in all that you do.'"

About a week after Almaria's visit to Mr. Walton's, George Hobyn arrived from Missouri, and Sammie's case was soon laid before him, who said that it was his sister's bounden duty to pay every cent that she owed Sammie for the money she borrowed and for loss of time, and her property should not go out of his hands until the obligation was discharged. His energetic and decisive measures frightened the cupidity of the mercenary Ferrin.

This released Almaria's promise to her brother at his own request, only that he wished to pay off a small account with a merchant in the town near Captain Rice's.

Sammie came to take leave of his sister, who shed many tears at the departure of her youngest brother, who was an infant when their father was taken from them by remorseless hands.

A panoramic view of their whole lives since that sad

period rushed in a moment before her eyes; and well had she cause to weep mingled tears of sorrow and of gratitude, for though a series of judgments had followed them mercies were attendant in their train.

Sammie was far from looking well, and it made his sister anxious about him, and still more so when she thought of the unusual number of steamboat explosions that season.

She often retired to the "mercy seat" to commit her brother to the Great Keeper of Israel, who neither slumbers nor sleeps. On waking at night, her first thoughts were directed to God for her youthful brother, who would soon be exposed to the perils of traveling down the Ohio River at the time of low water. He, with her cousins, were anxious to take a certain boat, as they knew the captain and the accommodations to be good.

After pursuing their journey some days, Mr. Wagner found that he had left a parcel of valuable papers under his pillow the morning on which he left his grandmother's.

It was decided that Sammie should return for the papers by the next stage, while they awaited his return at a country hotel, as it was impossible for them to be in time to take the steamer chosen.

Sammie returning sooner than they expected, they hastened on as fast as the clumsy stage could carry them, but, on reaching Guyandotte, learned that the steamer they had designed to take had exploded, and sixty-three lives were lost. Many of the unfortunate passengers were so mangled and blown into fragments, and precipitated to a distance, as not to be recognized by their friends, who came to perform the last sad office for them.

Mr. Wagner and his party took the first steamer that came along. The second night, past midnight, when all were locked in the embrace of sleep, the captain aroused the passengers by telling them that they must get on shore as soon as they could, for the boat was sinking; he would not be responsible for any of their lives.

George and Sammie Hobyn, with the Wagners, had barely time to escape to shore with their baggage, when the steamer went down.

All the passengers were saved, as the faithful captain did all he could to get the boat as near the land as circum-

stances would permit, while the life-boat was of great service. The Hobyns and Wagners left the river, and took the stage to go through Kentucky.

Almaria was greatly relieved in mind when she heard of her brother's safe arrival in Missouri. Though his health was too poor for him to apply himself assiduously to business, he did all he could, and was able to go to college one year with his cousin, Jamie Hobyn, to whom he was devotedly attached, as they were nearly of the same age.

In little more than a year after, Mrs. Walton lost many of her relatives; she had scarlet fever in her own family. Her two oldest children, a son and a daughter, both beautiful and good, and children of such bright promise to their parents, were the first victims of the dreadful disease, and in thirty-six hours after the attack were laid side by side, clasped in the cold arms of death. The next afternoon they were placed in the same coffin and laid in the same grave. During the succeeding night, the destroying angel bound with his icy chains another of these beautiful buds, just expanding into loveliness, fascinating and entwining itself around the hearts of its devoted parents; and ere three weeks had passed away, another, that lingered long, was borne to its last resting-place beside the preceding angelic trio.

Almaria wrote to her cousin during the illness of her family, condoling with her, and saying, if circumstances would allow, how gladly she would be with her in her afflictions. But Captain and Mrs. Rice were so much opposed to her going within reach of a fever which was so malignant and fatal, and then returning to their family, that she did not press it, or think them at all unreasonable in their objections.

Almaria wrote again to Mrs. Walton after the survivors were restored to health, reminding her of God's continued goodness to her during so many years; that she not being willing to seek her happiness in Him, He had removed her dear parents from her, and had come still nearer and divided her treasures, by taking a part of her children to heaven before they were old enough to be responsible for their sins, and had left a portion to be trained for Himself,

—to be a comfort to their parents; and that in the storm and many days of darkness which had overtaken her family God was in the midst of them, and his unwearied kindness not leading her to repentance, He had afflicted her in the tenderest points, that she might be able to say with the psalmist, "It is good to be afflicted," and before she was "afflicted she went astray." Earnestly did Almaria beseech her cousin to give her all to God, who is the "giver of every good and perfect gift," who does not "willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men," and to train her little ones for heaven.

The eldest sister that died was the one that asked her cousin Almaria to tell her about "God and heaven," after she had tried to converse with her mother on the subject of religion.

Some months after these dark providences, Almaria visited her afflicted relative. As soon as she entered the house, Mrs. Walton was overwhelmed and sobbed aloud. When she became more calm, Almaria told her how much she sympathized with her in her troubles.

Little Joseph, the only son of Mrs. Walton, was a great favorite of his cousin Almaria; indeed, Mrs. Walton had taught her children to think that their cousin was as nearly related to them as her own sisters, and that they ought to love her as well as they did their aunts.

During this visit she read a letter of condolence from Mrs. Ferrin to Mrs. Walton, which was concluded by telling her sister that her husband, Dr. Ferrin, would be in Virginia in the course of a month or six weeks.

Dr. Ferrin arrived in the village in which he formerly resided so late on Saturday evening that it was not generally known until the hour for attending church, when he stepped out of the village hotel to walk with a young lady, who was passing and inquired, in great haste, how Miss Nannie was, and why he had not brought her with him. To her first interrogation he replied that she was well. She told him that she had always loved Miss Nannie very much, and again asked him why she did not come to the Old Dominion with him. He then told her that she was dead.

The young lady was so shocked at the careless manner

in which he spoke of his wife's death that she left his company. He told Mrs. Walton that she died very suddenly. Mr. Walton said that an unprincipled doctor could very soon put his wife out of the way.

His treatment to his aged grandmother and maiden aunts had made him very culpable in the eyes of those that knew him, so that he was compelled to leave the State and return to Alabama by way of Missouri. As the laws of the latter State permitted the wife to have entire control over a certain part of her property, Mrs. Ferrin gave her brother George a right to five thousand dollars until she called for it.

One dark, rainy night several colored men called at one of Mr. George Hobyn's servants' houses, and asked for some fried ham and eggs, which was prepared for them. While they were eating, one of the negroes discovered a ring, which he knew to be his "Miss Nannie's," on a little finger of one of the men, and continuing to look, he saw, as the man reached over to help himself to some bread, that his skin was very white under his sleeve.

The man with the ring on requested some of the servants to go and tell their master George that there were some men who wished to see him at a certain place; but the servant who had discovered the ring went immediately to his master and told him that Dr. Ferrin was in his mother's house, that he had blacked himself, and had on Miss Nannie's ring.

George sent the servant for several of his neighbors to repair to his house immediately, as he needed their assistance, who came as promptly as the message was delivered, and before Ferrin's messenger came to hand the negro's house was surrounded, but the men escaped. Ferrin went to a gentleman's house that he once knew in Virginia, and asked for an asylum for the night, as he believed that he was pursued by robbers, never dreaming that Hobyn would pursue him far during so inclement a night, and told the host his name.

When George Hobyn and his party came up, Ferrin, it was supposed, jumped from a window which was open, but he was nowhere to be found.

Not long after, during the same year, Dr. Ferrin was in

New Orleans, and became acquainted with a gentleman who had borrowed money from the county in which Dr. Ferrin lived, and wished to return it by some safe hand, paying the carrier the usual rate of percentage.

Ferrin offered his services to take the money and deposit it safely, as directed. The creditor let him have charge of the money, but just before he reached the place at which he was to leave the boat to deposit the money, his trunk was broken open and the money was gone. Of course the circumstance produced no small commotion among the passengers, and the papers were soon filled with the account of the daring robbery that had been committed on Dr. Ferrin; but the gentleman in New Orleans who had committed the money to his care came to see Ferrin, and told him that he must refund the money or lose his life, that he might have choice in the matter. He preferred to pay the amount, which was several thousand dollars. "The way of transgressors is hard," for not many months after this affair Ferrin was taken with fever, and being aware that he must die, became very penitent, and confessed what he had done: that he tried to put an end to his old grandmother's life—one of the holiest women that ever lived—by putting opium plaster to her chest when she was ill, in order to get her property in his hands; but Mrs. Hobbs, the lady that nursed his grandmother, after finding that the applications made her so very sick, took them away: that he gave one of his maiden aunts that had the measles a potion of poison, that he might get her possessions,—the aunt that had educated him and given him his medical outfit. He was not aware that his aunt had made her will, and had given the greater portion of her property to a single sister, to do as she pleased with it. He was greatly chagrined at this, and mentally swore vengeance against them all. Though his pious aunt had left him a thousand dollars, he wanted all she had. He confessed that the course of medicine that he carried his wife through hastened her death; that he never loved her, but despised her in his heart, and was glad when she died; that he intended to kill George Hobyn that night that he went to his house but was prevented from doing so, because he had the five thousand dollars that his wife fool-

ishly gave up to his hands; that he never intended, at the time that she did it, for him to enjoy it; that the money that was committed to his care by the gentleman in New Orleans he buried on the bank of the Mississippi River, with the intention at some day, when the matter was silenced, to return to get it; and broke open his trunk with his own hands, that it might appear that it was robbed, but the cry of the avenger was after him, and there was no city of refuge into which he could flee. He trusted that God would forgive him, who was a murderer and robber, and died with words of deep contrition upon his lips. "As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days."

Almaria, by her industry and attention, had succeeded well as a teacher; but Captain Rice, in whose family she taught, when she was about to return to her mother's, charged her commission on every cent which he collected for her, which subtracted something of importance from her salary. It was what she had never once anticipated, that a man with a large estate and more than a hundred thousand dollars would stoop to extort a percentage from an orphan relative, who had taught his daughters faithfully for four successive years.

Almaria felt this very much, as she had to pay for her own education, which debt she thought had been settled by her brother, until she was informed to the contrary by her indulgent teacher, Mr. Barnes, who had, by his becoming security, lost his property; and her brother had also failed unexpectedly, with a delicate wife and infant daughter dependent on him for support. He had been doing business for one of the largest houses in St. Louis, with a considerable salary, which he let go on interest from year to year, but found that seven years of hard labor was lost, and the money, which was due his sister, went with it.

Almaria told Captain Rice that she would pay him what he exacted, because she could not help herself, as he still had her money in his hands; but he might expect that any one that would extort money in that way would want it to buy bread with at some future day, unless the

hand of retributive justice was kept back for the sake of the pious wife and mother.

Just before this she went to her drawer to get some money, which seven months previously she had wished Captain Rice to keep with the interest. He kept it for awhile and then returned it, saying that he did not like to pay interest on money.

Almaria put it into her pocket-book and placed it away in her drawer, and did not think that any one knew where she had concealed it. When, six months subsequent, she wished to place the amount in a gentleman's hands who wanted it, she found that seventy-five dollars were gone.

At this she was so astonished that she went immediately to Mrs. Rice, whom she esteemed a most excellent woman. She told Almaria that, some months before, her husband wished the amount which she had missed, and requested her to bring it to him, as he might as well use it as for it to stay in her pocket-book and do nothing.

Mrs. Rice told her that she was truly sorry for it, and told her husband at the time that she did not think that it was right, but he promised to refund it immediately.

Colonel Merton, a gentleman who lived in the neighborhood, had patronized her school for two years, but had never paid the tuition that was due for his children; and Almaria conferred with Captain Rice about it before she knew that he had treated her badly in act or intention, in money matters.

He told her that Colonel Merton would pay her very soon, as he was making arrangements to that effect. She asked him had she not better get his bond before she left the village? He laughed at her suspicions of an honest man, who would pay her in a couple of months, and could she not take his word for it? As she had so little experience in money matters she did not say anything more, but trusted to Colonel Merton's honor and to Captain Rice's word to forward the money to her, as soon as Colonel Merton paid him.

Almaria was ashamed that she had said anything about the bond, and told Captain Rice that she would not say anything to Merton, but would leave the account in his hands to collect.

She did not know that Colonel Merton was considerably in debt to Captain Rice, and that was the cause of his taking advantage of her ignorance by telling her that she would be impeaching her patron's honesty by requiring a written obligation for the money due her. This he did to save the amount due him from Colonel Merton.

The first year Almaria taught two orphan children without any equivalent, and a servant-girl, during her spare hours, as her kind mistress was anxious for her maid-servant (who was a pious and consistent member of the Baptist Church) to learn to read her Bible.

Almaria bestowed much care on the orphan children, and would tell them about her losing her father when she was so young; and how hard her poor mother had to exert herself to keep her children in genteel society, and to support them without any assistance.

The little boy was amiable, but by no means sprightly. This caused Almaria to take more pains to instruct him, and especially to teach him the principles of religion, as he was so much neglected by his relatives. She taught him the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and many passages of Scripture suitable to his years,—those that would benefit him, should he attain to an old age,—waited on him in his sickness, and attended to many of his little wants. When she first went to his sick-room, she found him lying on a thin straw bed with covering not more than sufficient for a cool September night, although the winter was unusually rigorous. She went immediately to Mrs. Rice and told her about his uncomfortable bed and poor coverlids, which were quickly replaced by a warm feather-bed and comfortables.

In two years his uncle decided to put him to a clerkship in a country store. Captain Rice thought the opening was good for a youth who wished to make money, and Mr. Sims, the proprietor, said that he would take Jemmie as a partner as soon as he was competent to manage the business.

Almaria had boarded in the neighborhood, in the pious family of Mr. Millings, and knew that the Simses were called amiable people until they commenced drinking ardent spirits, and the one with whom Jemmie was going to live had his features bloated from the excessive use of the

glass; that it was said that Sims's dram-shop had ruined nearly all the promising young men in the neighborhood, and caused many honest servants to leave their work and become thieves to get the wherewith to purchase the liquid destroyer.

When Jemmie came to bid Almaria farewell, to enter upon his new and untried employment, she endeavored to impress it upon his mind how important it was for him to beg God each day to fortify him against every temptation that might assail him, on rising up in the morning and lying down at night to commit his soul to God. He seemed to feel the force of what she said, and promised to pray every day.

Almaria Hobyn also opened a school on Saturdays for the poor children in the neighborhood who would attend, and on Sabbath was punctual to meet her class in the Sunday-school, and would sometimes be the only teacher if the day was the least inclement. Her duties being too onerous for her physical strength, her health began to decline, and at the close of the session she was compelled to give up her school.

She returned to her mother's, as she thought, to die in a few months. But a relaxation from her arduous duties acted like a charm on her health, and she was able, not long after the opening of the subsequent year, to commence a school at home, and was again at her post in the Sabbath-school.

One Sabbath while the superintendent was addressing the school, he spoke of a little boy who was murdered in the most shocking manner by a couple of negroes,—that it was important for all to be ready to meet death at any time, and in any form.

After the school adjourned, Almaria asked the superintendent the name of the little boy. "Jemmie Rice" he believed was his name; that he was killed by two of Mr. Sims's negroes, who knocked at the door of his dormitory about midnight, and he thoughtlessly opened the door to let them in, and then asked them what they wished. "To buy a small portion of whisky," was the reply.

At this the boy stooped down to light his candle from the expiring embers on the hearth, but trembled so much that he could not do it readily, and did not arise as soon

as the candle was lighted, which enabled them to see a small hatchet which the little fellow had placed there no doubt to protect himself in case of emergency, as it was evident that he must have been afraid while sleeping so far from any one, young as he was.

The youngest negro took up the hatchet and inflicted a mortal wound on the back of his head; as he fell the negro laid it down,—the older man took it up and inflicted two more wounds, and they were about to rob the store. But Mr. Sims was attracted by the barking of the dogs, and, on getting up, saw the store lighted and the door open. He went immediately to see what was the matter, and found Jemmie lying on the floor bathed in blood, which flowed profusely from his wounds.

A surgeon was sent for without any delay, and the wounds dressed by his pious medical attendant, who remained with him until he died. He never spoke, but seemed to recognize his friends, and once arose from his couch and clasped his arms around the neck of his uncle and wept.

To Almaria it was a great comfort to reflect that she had spent so much time in instructing the unfortunate orphan, whose religious training was so entirely neglected.

This melancholy and stirring event produced consternation in the neighborhood. For awhile no one felt safe from the midnight assassin. The whole region was patrolled, reconnoitred, or scouted.

Mr. Millings suggested that the two servants of Mr. Sims's, an old man and a youth, who were "above suspicion," should be examined; that he did not think that any one ought to escape being brought to trial. The old man soon confessed the deed: that they only wished to rob the store of the money that was in it; that after Marse Jemmie saw who they were he would have them punished for going in so late at night, and if he recovered from the first blow he would give the alarm, and that was the cause of its being thrice repeated. He knew his master had perfect confidence in him, and let him have all his keys but the one to his money-drawer.

He also told them that when old Miss Jennie Wiggins died so suddenly in her own house that everybody said

that she must have had a fit and have fallen from her chair and broken her neck, that he had heard her brother tell her that he had come to pay her a hundred dollars, and advised her to lend it out as soon as she could, as he often sneaked about her house at night.

He watched every day to see if any one came for the money, or if she went anywhere to lend it out, as he intended to waylay her and rob her. But growing impatient about getting the money in his possession, he looked around in every direction to see if any one was coming to the house, and seeing no person he crawled through the high weeds to the back part of the house, and then carefully looked again to see if any person was in sight before he ventured in. The old lady asked him firmly what he wanted; as she said that, he seized her by the neck and told her that if she did not tell him where her money was that he would choke her to death. She refused to do so. He choked her until he thought that she was dead, and left her lying on the floor, and then commenced searching her house. She revived, and ordered him out of her house. He seized her neck again, but told her that if she would tell him where her money was he would not molest her, which she still refused to do. He broke her neck and left the house as quickly as possible, as he was afraid to stay to make further search for the money, as a guilty conscience makes man a coward. He was afraid that, if the money was missing, he might be suspected of having taken her life. But no person for a moment had thought that this worthy, honest old servant would have committed so dreadful a deed.

For years did the widowed mother and fatherless sister and aged grandmother of little Rice weep when they met Almaria, who had taken so much interest in Jemmie.

Almaria often wrote anonymous letters to her unconverted friends on the subject of religion, and not without a proof that in more than one instance they did good. One was to a gay young man about attending a ball to which he had subscribed, signing her name, "A Fellow-Traveler to Eternity." It deterred him from going; a serious impression was produced by its perusal, and he became hopefully pious.

Alonzo Hobyn, although it had been several years since he left Virginia, was remembered with much esteem by his old friends, and something pleasant was always said to his affectionate sister about him, and how much he was respected by all who knew him.

Mrs. Millings gave Almaria, as she was then able with some composure to refer to her brother's absence, an account of his last visit to them to get Mr. Millings to arbitrate some matters between Alonzo and Mr. Croyton, the architect, from whom he had learned his occupation and with whom he had lived seven years. On Alonzo's calling to see Mrs. Millings, she soon asked him about Almaria, but when he attempted to call her name it would die on his lips, while tears glistened in his eyes. After the settlement he bade all farewell. Mr. Croyton went to the window and looked after him until he was out of sight. He wept as he turned to Mrs. Millings, and said, "I know there goes one of the best boys in the world."

Old Mrs. Watson (his aunt Hobyn's mother) became so much attached to him for his attention to her, an old lady upwards of eighty years, during her long journey to Missouri, that she said that she loved him more than any of her grandsons, and thought that she ought to give him a portion of her property.

CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER Almaria had succeeded so well as teacher her uncle Finley wrote her, requesting her to lend him her money as she made it, and he would give her good security; but some friend advised her not to do it, as her uncle Finley was considered insolvent by persons who ought to know his circumstances.

She felt under no obligations to him, who had refused to advance twenty-five cents for her to get a letter out of the post-office from a distant brother. But the wheel of fortune was slowly and surely turning.

The Finleys were by no means gratified that she

refused to lend her earnings to her *soi-disant* aristocratic uncle, who had so often caused her to weep tears silently and unseen to all but to Him who hears the young raven's cry, when he would remind her in the most humiliating manner of her dependence, condemning the flight of her aspirations and ridiculing the presumptuous "soarings of her lofty aims."

Often, in the intensity of her soul, did she implore the guidance of that unseen but ever-present Friend who was watching over her for good though she knew it not. Though she was passing through the dark waters of disappointment, she was ere many years to rejoice that she felt under no pecuniary obligations to her relatives.

How does a beneficent Providence lead us in a way so different from that which we would direct to bring about the very ends we most desired! How often she, when her heart was overwhelmed with her uncle's unfeeling remarks, wished it were the will of her heavenly Father to take her to a better home in the skies, "a home in the spirit-land"!

During this year Almaria visited the eastern towns of Virginia with one of her young lady-pupils and a nephew of her father's. She wrote a long and interesting account of her trip to Richmond and the other towns on the bay, of which only a few fragments remain, as the sheets were lost with a large number of valuable letters and papers. This she did at the request of her generous cousin, who paid her traveling expenses and offered to take her to Baltimore, which she declined.

On a sultry afternoon in June the three left the shady grove of Hobyn Hall on the pleasure trip. Almaria had seen much of the world, but her young friend and cousin were mere tyros in seeing what was in the big world beyond their own county. The cars were densely crowded with persons on their way to Old Point, or to attend the great convention in Richmond.

Almaria had to check her young friend several times for being so lavish in her criticisms, bidding her wait for the retirement of her own room, when she might tell her what she thought of the attire, personal appearance, and manners of her companions in travel. It was indeed a

very fine plan of studying character, thus flying through, as the ingress and egress of travelers at the different stations produced a constant ebbing and flowing in the tide of locomotion.

It was about six o'clock in the afternoon when the train reached Richmond, and our trio took a hack for the Powhattan House, to remain there until the next morning, as it was then considered the first boarding-house in the city. The ladies were conducted to their room by a maid-servant. Almaria very politely asked her to bring her some cool water, as she was thirsty and did not feel very well; to which the maid replied in an abrupt tone that she would, and soon brought it. Miss Hobyn was mortified that the maid appeared to appreciate her politeness so little, as servants at her stopping-places always said that they knew that she must "be quality," because "big folks are always polite to servants, and poor folks will find fault directly." Notwithstanding the maid's abruptness, Miss Hobyn thanked her for bringing the water.

After she returned from church, she was very thirsty, and the water in her room had become too warm to allay her thirst; so she rang the bell for the maid to bring her some ice-water. She had scarcely entered the hall which led to Almaria's room when she demanded, in the most peremptory manner, "who that was calling for water this time of night;" it was just half-past eight o'clock. She told the maid that she had intended to reward her if she had done her duty.

A friend called and invited her to remain with her while in the city, and offered to have her baggage immediately taken to her house.

This hospitable proposition Almaria gladly accepted, as she was invited to bring her young friend with her, and her cousin Robert Hobyn remained at the Powhattan House, with an invitation to call at any time on his cousin and friend.

The lady who had so kindly extended her hospitalities to Almaria she had known and corresponded with from her childhood. Here she was thrown among the society and ministers of the first order of talent and piety. She almost regretted that she had accepted her cousin Robert's

invitation to visit with him the seaport of the Old Dominion; but as the meeting she knew would become more interesting when all the delegates arrived, she left as the gems of heaven were slowly fading, and the silvery light of a full-orbed moon was scarcely perceptible amidst the rosy, blushing smiles of morning, intensely clear, bright and sparkling in golden undulations over an orient sky, portraying for the pious mind images of beauty and hope beyond the grave, and filling it with yearnings for eternity. The birds were singing their morning hymns in sweet and cheerful strains amidst the dense foliage of the magnolia- and mulberry-trees, which fringe the sidewalks like a garden; the breezes were filled with fragrance wafted from the magnolias then in bloom, and from the flowers of the well-cultivated gardens, radiant with flowers of every hue—a sweet emblem of youth in its innocence and purity. The men of busy life had not risen from their downy couch, and naught was heard but the rattling of the carriage wheels over the stone pavement.

As they rode onward, a panoramic glimpse of the city and its environs more than once presented itself to the eye of the admiring travelers, agreeably diversified by hills and dales, which were clothed in the richest summer verdure. It indeed seemed that "dame nature" had been peculiarly prodigal in her bounties to this interesting region, presenting a pleasing *coup d'œil* of grandeur, beauty, and variety. The roar of the falls of the Powhattan River, so rich in historic lore, was heard at a considerable distance, and the soothing melody of the rippling, gushing, transparent waters of its small confluent streams, which meander through the flowery meadows, on which innumerable cattle and wild fowls pasture,—fields fertile in grain, clumps of waving and majestic trees furnishing sylvan shades; and the dark contiguous forest, margined with an infinite variety of flowering shrubs, enhanced the luxury, magnificence, and picturesque beauty of the scene.

The hack-man stopped and announced to the travelers that the Curtis Peck would not leave the wharf for half an hour,—that they were the first passengers that had arrived. Their baggage was soon stored away, and the hack-man discharged. The rattling of numerous carriages

soon told that many passengers intended to take the boat that morning. After all were on board, and a few whiffs of steam were blown off, they were descending the far-famed James River.

Almaria remained awhile with her companions on deck, to catch a view from the river of the whole wide-spread landscape. The city seemed lighted up with a flush of gold, from the princely villa on the gently rising hills to the humblest cottage in the deepest valleys. The streets were traversed by many devout worshipers, who were going to attend the six o'clock prayer-meeting. Almaria wished from the bottom of her heart that she was one of that number.

On the south side of the river, some miles distant, curling masses of black vapor seemed to rise to the clouds; Almaria knew that those came from the Mid-Lothian coal-pits.

Beautiful villas, embellished with every concomitant of wealth, smiling gardens, orchards, and cultivated fields, promising a golden harvest, and laborers of every craft, were making some advances towards their daily employment and moving in different directions,—some driving their teams, some plowing, and others engaged on the large plantations, presenting at once a scene of incessant activity and life-sustaining industry.

The house of Joseph Mayo, Esquire, said to be built upon the spot where Pocahontas rescued Captain Smith from the hands of her avenging father, was plainly to be seen.

The next point of interest which presented itself to view, was the residence of Colonel Byrd, who died at the age of seventy, in 1744. He was reputed to be one of the best scholars, and a man of the most courtly manners, that resided in Virginia at his day.

A large bridal party were on their way to Westover, the name of this famous place, and boats were sent to the steamer to take them ashore. Many of those who had preceded them came down to the landing to welcome them. The young ladies, fairy-like in their green or pink drapery, ran, appearing and disappearing in the dense shrubbery redolent with tropic fragrance, which reached nearly down to the water's edge, until they met their friends. The

cordial greetings were mutual. The joyous scene caused a thrill of pleasure to pass through the hearts even of the spectators.

The family mansion was partially hid from the gaze of passers-by by a large clump of trees; but the situation is even now picturesque and romantic, a most enchanting spot of rural beauty, and must have been a fit residence for the Cræsus, the tasteful scholar and genius of the Old Dominion in olden time.

Berkeley, the birthplace of William Henry Harrison, the ninth President of the United States, came next. The building is plainly seen from the river, a short distance from the shore. The edifice is constructed in an old-fashioned style, and surrounded with tall poplars, interspersed with other trees.

The native place of John Tyler, the tenth President, is about five miles below Berkeley, and four above his residence on the James River.

The steamer stopped at City Point, a small village on the south side of the river, at its confluence with the Appomattox.

Almaria's maternal grandparents resided in that neighborhood during her mother's childhood, and she had often heard her speak of the place, the large ships, and other craft, which she was particularly desirous to see, and every other object of interest.

City Point is also a place of importance, being the outpost of Richmond and Petersburg. Here are seen the white sails of ships of the first class, engaged in foreign and domestic commerce, freighted with the wealth, productions, and exports of every clime, and carrying the products of our soil and mines to every part of our happy country and of the world.

The native spot of John Randolph of Roanoke is near this place, but the paternal mansion has long since been burned down. He thought City Point a much better site for a commercial metropolis than Richmond, and it is said it would have been the seat of government had not its owner, a Dutchman, refused to sell it on any terms.

The fourth point of interest is the site of Jamestown, in James City County, on the north side of the river.

Of this spot, so famous and fraught with interest to the lovers of American history, little remains but the churchyard and the tower of the first edifice here erected for the worship of that beneficent Being without whose knowledge a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. Where now are those worshipers who once assembled in that venerable memento of antiquity? They have passed down time's lengthened way, and have crossed the threshold of eternity! But still the immortal mind inquires, with more intensity, Where are they?—the grandsire,—the blooming young girls, with dimpled features, laughing eyes, and streaming ringlets,—the matron, with her little merry group of young children, and tall young men?

How vividly does the mind picture those scenes, long since vanished, as the steamer hurriedly passes by this place, so rich in historic associations, which once contained the fashion, wealth, hospitality, and refinement of the Old Dominion, the influence of which has crossed the drawbridge of time that connects those days with the present, and makes its impression on the manners and character of the existing population!

How draped with sublime and classic ideas is the early history of this place! Here once water- and land-fowl, of every variety of note and plumage, poised buoyantly upon the bead-crested waves, or pierced the floating breezes with their sonorous or melancholy songs, while the wild beast, starting from his lair, interrupted the silent and exultant tread of the moccasined savage amid the gloom of his native forests and the impenetrable morasses which surrounded them. Here the men danced around their council-fires, while the more stoical warrior sat at a distance, smoking in sullen silence his pipe,—their children reveling and shouting in barbaric glee upon the white beach, and ever and anon bathing their red and supple limbs in the crested waves which washed the beautiful shores. Then the war-whoop resounded in savage notes through the forests, and soon the shrieks of mothers and maidens were echoed back through the gloomy wilds, as they fell cleft by the tomahawks of their remorseless and implacable foes. Conflagration deprived them of every shelter but the heavens above them. Sickness did its worst, and

burning tears of grief flowed as they buried their loved ones in savage soil. How their hearts must have struggled against life's tempestuous gloom! and, as Christians, who does not thank Him, who rules in the affairs of men, that those ages have passed, that the war-whoop is heard no more, and the everlasting gospel, which proclaims eternal peace and good-will to man,—which casts its light into the life beyond the funeral pile of this ever-changing world,—is heard in temples sacred from violation of the savage, so terrible in the darkest period of the nation's history?

Arriving at Portsmouth at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, from thence Almaria and her companions went to Gosport, to visit the navy-yard, and were much pleased with what they saw there.

Although Almaria had been much on the Southern waters in her childhood, she had never seen a ship under full sail until that day.

They crossed over to Norfolk, and put up at Walters's City Hotel,—then considered the best in the city. They visited the bay steamers and sailing vessels, which form in part the commercial zone of our globe, as they lay at rest in the beautiful bay. There were many superb residences and handsome gardens belonging to private citizens. The location of Norfolk being a dead level, it contains no picturesque beauty.

Many visitors were in the city at the time. The streets presented quite a scene of animation, late in the afternoon, as the young and beautiful walked out for air and exercise, dressed in gay and becoming attire.

Miss Hobyn was particularly struck with the unaffected politeness, taste, and even elegance of the circle in which she moved during her sojourn. All seemed to wish to make her stay pleasant, and offered to take or go with her to any place that she wished; and her subsequent visits have only increased her first impressions as to Norfolk hospitality.

She was sorry when her cousin reminded her that she must return, though she wished to be at the opening of the meeting, which was to take place that evening at seven o'clock.

The boat was crowded with passengers, the majority of whom were delegates and ministers on their way to attend the most important ecclesiastical assembly ever held in Richmond, to discuss the matter of separation on the slave question between the North and South. A Christian and prayerful spirit seemed to pervade the august assembly of more than two hundred ministers and others.

Almaria formed many acquaintances among this concourse of Christians, whose memory remains among the pleasant reminiscences of her life. There were several missionaries present, who were about to leave all to go from hence to labor for the salvation of the heathen, perishing for lack of spiritual knowledge, whom Satan binds and leads captive at his will. The latent flame of missionary zeal seemed ready to burst forth; and in answer to the momentous question, Who will labor for the benighted millions of Asia? Almaria was ready to say, Send me; but at that time no unmarried lady had left Virginia on so sacred an enterprise, and that alone deterred her from responding.

She resolved, as she had done daily since her conversion, to make it more a subject of special prayer to God to pave the way for her to labor (if his will) in person for her own sex among the heathen.

She made up her mind to say no more about it until a convenient season, but to do all she could to facilitate the spread of the tidings of eternal life. Not even a piece of ribbon was worn for ornament, but she practiced a rigid economy and self-denial in her attire, notwithstanding she was young and moved among the fashionable. Her numerous and self-imposed duties seemed for awhile to undermine her health, and some she was compelled to suspend for a few months, until she had reached her maximum of strength.

She re-entered, on her return to her kind stepfather's, upon her favored employment of teaching the young.

At the close of the year, she again visited her uncle and aunt Finley, who began to think that "Almaria Hobyn" was important enough to teach their daughter, who was just entering upon womanhood.

Almaria promised her uncle and aunt that if she could

she would instill in their daughter's mind a taste for reading, as her parents said that she cared for nothing but dress; that they had sent her seven years to excellent teachers, and doubted whether she could understand one part of speech correctly, though she had made some progress in music.

Almaria knew that Netta was amiable, and thought that by example, persuasion, placing books containing interesting matter, and written in a pleasing style, in her hands, and reading them with her, she would insensibly acquire a taste for reading, which is so talismanic against disappointment and dissipation, and exerts a power which guides, informs, and elevates the mind. But in this expectation Almaria was mistaken, and she often remarked, mentally, How true the aphorism of some writer, "Give me a child's first ten years, and you may have the remainder of his life"!

Miss Hobyn entered upon her duties as governess in Colonel Ball's family, who resided in a small and fashionable village. He was deservedly a gentleman of civil and moral influence in his own neighborhood and the adjacent counties, in consequence of which many visitors were drawn to his hospitable abode.

Here Netta had a fine opportunity to cultivate her fancy for display. Her recitations were simply dragged through with her class. Her faithful cousin and teacher often told her that she might one day be entirely dependent on her education for support. But Netta would reply that she was not afraid of that. Almaria would sometimes say, "Netta, look at my own mother, your mother's sister, whose prospects in life were far more flattering than yours, and she became dependent on her own exertions for herself and four little helpless and fatherless children." She would answer, good-naturedly, "Cousin Almaria, that is no reason why such things should befall me."

At the close of the first session, Almaria told Netta that she would give a faithful verbal account to her parents when she went home with her in her vacation; but Netta entreated her cousin not to do that; and after making many promises of amendment before the close of the session, and of greater attention to her studies during the next,

Almaria told her that if she could see an improvement she would not make a report. Netta studied, indeed, very closely for several weeks before the examination came on, which was gratifying to Almaria, and an inducement for her to procure the permission of her parents for their daughter's return the second session.

But on her entering upon the duties of the second term Netta's fair promises were even more evanescent than the morning dew. She became more than ever devoted to dress and to making her evening calls. Her temporary attention to her books and music the previous session showed what progress she could make if she would apply herself to them.

Her face was indeed beautiful, but her mental indecision and continued vacillation of purpose had as it were paralyzed her beauty by the signs of constant vexation, as one day-dream after another vanished in reality and left her disconsolate and defeated after her exciting battle for, and eager pursuit of, temporal pleasures which appeared beautiful in the rising beams of the sun of anticipation, but before noon had been lost in the clouds of disappointment and gloom.

Almaria sincerely regretted to see her so perfectly reckless about spending her father's money and wasting her precious time, but thought it best, as she had disappointed her, to say as little as her conscience would permit. For Netta was nearly eighteen, and thus was old enough to see the futility and folly of so doing.

Colonel and Mrs. Ball were amiable people, but much devoted to mirthful pleasures, and had a dancing-party at their house weekly, and sometimes oftener. But as Miss Hobyn was a person of decided piety the dance was not allowed to go on until the matter was respectfully referred to her decision. She replied that it was not her province to make rules for the domestic government of Colonel Ball's family, and begged that they would excuse her from having anything to do with it.

Though Miss Hobyn had very little Christian society, she spent the most of her time (when not engaged in her school duties) in reading serious and devotional books, in the retirement of her own comfortable chamber, in which

she seemed shut out from the bustle of the fluctuating world.

The "chaste Diana" was often high in her course through the jeweled pavement of the skies, casting a serene and mellow light over the sombre, waving forests, gilding the sparkling smiles of the streamlet with a heavenly serenity as it playfully meandered along its sinuous path among the flowerets, velvet banks, and laughing vales, all nature seeming to blend its beauties into a rich harmony of picturesque loveliness, and to unite in adoration to the "Sovereign Lord of all," ere she retired from her nightly vigils before the temple of literature.

As she entered upon the third session as teacher in this amiable family, she received a communication from Mrs. Millings, which stated that she had been written to to ascertain whether she thought Miss Hobyn had the qualifications requisite to become a foreign missionary, and whether she would accept the office were she appointed, as the writer had heard that she was anxious to labor as a missionary among the heathen women in a foreign field, and that the corresponding secretary had an idea of visiting her in person to converse with her about her wishes and her reasons for devoting herself to a life so subject to privations and self-denial for the immortal good of those of her own sex.

As her opportunities for doing good had been so circumscribed, she made an effort through a friend to obtain a situation as a teacher in a large female school in Texas, where she hoped to be useful. But, after learning that there was a prospect of her being appointed as a missionary to a foreign field, she gave up the Texas enterprise, feeling that God had answered her daily prayers on a subject which lay so near to her heart.

She wrote with many misgivings as to her duty (and fear of going before she was sent by the Lord of the harvest) to the Board of Missions, and was answered promptly by the corresponding secretary, who made an appointment to preach at the church in the vicinity, and told her that he would pay her an official visit on the subject of the contemplated mission.

She still made it a subject of daily prayer that she might not run before being sent, and that God would direct the event as was most to his honor and glory.

Her school had become so popular that a number of scholars had to be refused admittance, on account of its insufficient accommodation.

Colonel and Mrs. Ball felt as near and beloved relatives, and her home, as far as kindness could make it so, was one of comfort. Besides, she did not know whether Colonel Ball would consent to discontinue her services, which were engaged for the whole year, even if she were appointed a missionary.

At the close of the following week she received a written notice of her appointment as a missionary to China, with advice to prepare for her embarkation, which would take place in the course of two or three months.

Colonel Ball told her that he had hoped that she would have remained with his family until all his daughters were educated, but he could not be so ungentlemanly as to compel her to remain when she preferred to follow her vocation in a heathen field.

No one could have felt more intensely thus to break off than did Miss Hobyn. Many of her pupils sobbed aloud when she adjourned her school.

Simultaneously with her appointment as a missionary she received a communication from her friend in Texas that he had secured the situation that she had written for, and mentioning the large salary that was offered in the large female academy of —.

She was glad of this test of her devotion to the mission cause, as she had nothing to do but to reject her appointment and accept the lucrative situation which was presented, with a wide field of usefulness before her in the way of Sabbath-schools and other benevolent objects.

Almaria had offered to defray the expenses of her own outfit and of her long voyage, which offer was accepted by the Board of Foreign Missions. After bidding farewell to her numerous friends (among whom was an aged uncle whom she loved with filial tenderness), she proceeded to her mother's, to spend as much as possible of the short time that remained with her.

Almaria had written to her mother previously to her appointment to obtain her consent, and stating that she felt that it was a matter between herself and her God; that she had long prayed for the happiness of being an ambassador for Christ to the perishing millions of Asia; that He had heard her prayers and granted the desire of her heart in his own good time; that she had often heard her mother say that she could desire no greater happiness than to see one of her children set apart to the mission work. Almaria, moreover, wrote her mother that were she dependent on her daughter's exertions for support in a pecuniary way, or laboring under any physical infirmity, nothing would induce her to leave her; and this was a practical test of her mother's faith, at which she at first staggered and then acquiesced.

Having obtained her mother's consent, Almaria did not think it any longer her duty to confer with others, many of whom felt only a capricious interest in her welfare, while she had many sincere and warmly-attached and judicious friends for whose counsels she had great respect, and *they* did not think that she was out of the path of duty.

After spending as much time with her mother as circumstances would allow, she bid adieu to her mother and kind stepfather, which she thought at that time a final farewell.

None but those that have experienced a separation between a mother and only daughter can form an adequate idea of the intense and conflicting emotions that wrung the heart of Almaria.

She repaired to a neighboring city to finish her outfit, for which a thoughtful lady had kindly spent several days in making selections. Almaria had but a slight acquaintance with this lovely pattern of Christian piety, and felt under many obligations to one who would undertake the laborious task of selecting suitable articles of attire for her long voyage and sojourn in an Eastern clime. Mrs. Graham did not belong to the same branch of Christ's church that Almaria did, but there was a oneness of faith based upon the great and fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

Miss Hobyn while in this city expected to spend her

time with this lady's pious and talented aunt, and then she could become acquainted with the friend whom she loved though she had scarcely seen her. This pleasure she had soon the wished-for opportunity to enjoy. Mrs. G——'s figure was beautiful, her face lighted up by a clear blue eye; her manners were gentle,—every lineament of her face radiant with unassumed benignity, and on her lips the law of kindness, reminding Almaria of the remark of a distinguished writer that "those spiritual lights have the purest radiance which are the least conscious of their own brightness, and that those divine flowers diffuse the sweetest fragrance which make the least display."

Almaria set about finishing her outfit, assisted by the female members of the same churches as herself, and was invited by the ladies belonging to one of the churches to become a member with them, and they would support her while in the mission-field.

She felt very grateful to these ladies for the interest which they manifested toward her and the cause to which she had dedicated her life, and procured a letter of dismission from her own church in the country and united with them, although she was much attached to her pastor, whom she respected as her spiritual teacher and counselor, and with whom she corresponded on the subject to which she was preparing to devote herself.

Mrs. Marshall, a lady of wealth, intelligence, and piety, invited Almaria to spend her time with her until her embarkation; but she had promised to remain with her old friend, Mrs. Meredith, whom she had known from her childhood, and almost regarded as her spiritual mother, and she consequently had to decline Mrs. Marshall's kind invitation, who, occupying one of the first positions in society, was esteemed one of the most useful ladies in the city, though entirely unconscious and unobtrusive in all that she did, resembling the gentle and silent dew of the evening, which falls so softly as not to be perceived, yet its fertilizing and invigorating influence is felt. So her presence was felt in the widow's lonely and destitute home, while tears of gratitude flowed for benefits received; her presence caused the orphan, whose face was often bathed in tears because he had no friend to love or to care for him,

to smile joyously when a home was procured for him, and his tattered and ragged garments were exchanged for those that were clean and comfortable; when she reached forth her kind hand to conduct him for the first time from the abode of poverty and vice to the Sabbath-school to learn about God, to live for heaven, to search the chart of guidance through life.

Having heard of the death of Mrs. Seaton, the wife of the gentleman under whose care she expected to go on her heaven-commissioned errand, Almaria concluded to return, and spend all the time she could command with her mother.

Mrs. Seaton's mother had prayed from her daughter's infancy that she might be a foreign missionary, and her entire preparations had been made for being one. She with her husband had just returned from making a final visit to some relatives at a distance, and were waiting for advices from their Board to embark very soon. She was taken with fever, which in a few days released her from a life of anticipated toil for the heathen daughters of Asia, to which she was willing to yield herself a living sacrifice, considering it a reasonable service. But she had finished her work on earth, and her Master bid her come up higher.

A few months after this severe and mysterious dispensation of an infinite, wise, and beneficent God, Mr. Seaton was invited by the same Board to become a missionary to the interior of Africa, as they were about to prosecute a mission to that benighted portion of the earth, and the self-sacrificing individual who felt that God had put in his heart a desire to carry the blessed gospel to the perishing children of Ethiopia had no companions to go with him. To this invitation Mr. Seaton replied that the field was the world, and he felt willing to work anywhere in God's vineyard,—in Africa or in Asia. But scarcely looking upon this land of moral darkness he was attacked with African fever, and died a martyr to the grand, pathetic, and unambitious errand of peace and good-will, for the blessed Saviour, who died to save the ebon sons of Ethiopia as well as the fair Caucasian.

Mr. Seaton's lone companion in travel administered

such consolation as the dying Christian needed, sung his requiem, and laid him in the best coffin which mother earth afforded, and then placed a monument of bark over his grave to prevent the intrusion of the wild beasts that frequent those almost boundless wilds. He died far from his immediate friends, in the land of his adoption, as a messenger of Christ, making a sacrifice of an exalted and enduring nature.

Though his name may never be interwoven in the tapestry of worldly honors, the records of missions will honor him as one engaged in the glorious cause of Africa's redemption,—one who through "faith and patience" inherits the promises. Angels keep his dust till the last trump shall call it forth, clad in celestial and incorruptible beauty, to hear the welcome plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

His desolate companion pursued his way through the African jungle. What intense loneliness must have taken possession of his heart when he saw his cheerful friend sicken and die, under privations and disappointment of every form!

Being only human, such need the consolation of Christian sympathy, and are no more invulnerable to suffering than Christians at home, though they take their lives in their hands, and bonds and afflictions may await them. Christ has said to them, "Take up thy cross daily, and follow Me," no more than to those who live delicately, wear soft clothing, reclining on their beds of eider-down, under terraced roofs or gilded ceilings at home.

This lone pioneer of the cross soon reaches the place of his long-cherished wishes, gets the favor of the king, studies the language amid privations on the right and on the left, and ere long the gentle message of mercy is proclaimed with slow speech and stammering tongue to the wonder-struck audience. It is "good news," and strikes a responsive chord, for it is as balm for their lacerated hearts. And still the laborer toils on in the simple, sublime, and Christ-like work of saving souls, having confidence in God's promises, which are firmer than the everlasting hills, that "He shall have dominion from sea to

sea, from the rivers to the ends of the earth, and the whole world be filled with his glory."

After Almaria had spent some weeks at home, and there being no prospect of her sailing before the next fall, she attended the annual meeting of her own denomination, and from thence visited her friends, Colonel and Mrs. Ball, and others for whom she cherished the warmest regard. All received her with the greatest cordiality, and her time was spent with them in an agreeable and not unprofitable manner. Her heart overflowed with sorrow when she parted with them never to meet again on earth.

Her father's relatives called her insane and a disgrace, and some would not speak to her. It was said that the treatment which she received amounted even to downright persecution.

Almaria knew that they were not at all informed on the subject that was so dear to her heart, though it was a source of grief to have them point the finger of scorn at her. She begged God to give her grace to bear it, and that if she was mistaken in the path of duty He would show her that she was not walking in the one which He had marked out for her. "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting!" was her fervent prayer.

She was very successful in making personal appeals in behalf of missions, and nearly every communication was responded to in a more substantial way than with pen and ink alone; as she requested, the money was paid over to the corresponding secretary instead of herself.

About this time Almaria's uncle Finley died of symptoms of cholera, very unexpectedly to himself and family, leaving them in great distress at the blow of domestic affliction which had fallen upon them so suddenly.

It was whispered that his estate was very much embarrassed with pecuniary responsibility, and would but little more than meet its liabilities. This was not once dreamed of by his family. Mrs. Burnley, Almaria's mother, wished her sister, Mrs. Finley, to know something of her own and her children's real situation, but did not know how to break it to her. She remarked to Mrs. Finley

that she would soon know who her real friends were, and would experience the difference between having her children dependent on her and independent of her aid.

She coldly responded that the want of friends was a thing she did not fear, neither did she for a moment doubt but that her children would be as affectionate and kind to her as she could wish, leaving respect out of the question. Mrs. Finley was so sanguine about her pecuniary prospects that Mrs. Burnley found that there was no way to make her understand her meaning by suggestions, so she desisted.

Mrs. Finley and her daughters were repulsively cold in their manners towards their missionary relative. Almaria thought her father's relations had treated her with contempt, but it was only a "shadow of a shade" to what she experienced from her maternal relations. Her aunt Finley called her a disgrace,—an enthusiast; that she would almost as lief see her dead; that she once thought a great deal of her, but then did not believe that any good would become of her. Celia, her aunt's youngest daughter, repeated the same things that her mother had said, though she was only eleven years old.

This wounded Almaria's feelings very much, to think that a child of her age should say such disrespectful things to her, for she did not believe that they originated with herself, or it would have been more tolerable. She told Celia that she did not know but these things might be said to her with truth, though she did not expect to hear it, for she would be far away, she hoped, engaged in a good work; and when her friends wrote to her she hoped that they would communicate something better than that which was not conducive to her happiness. At this her hearer only laughed and ridiculed.

The reception that she met with almost made Almaria regret that she had visited her aunt and family. Mr. Nowlin was as cordial, fraternal, and Christian in demeanor as ever; told her not to let what was said to her cause her to swerve from what she considered the path of duty, which he thought a matter between herself and her God. This was the only green spot in her visit which memory afforded.

When Almaria bid them farewell, Celia gave her a small keepsake, put her arms around her neck, and kissed her. A lady present told her that she ought to ask her cousin's pardon for talking to her in the way she had done.

Almaria returned with her father and mother, spent a few weeks, and then visited her friend Mrs. Marshall and her lovely daughter, with whom she had a delightful sojourn of two months.

After visiting other friends, she returned to her mother's again, to wait for an opportunity of sailing for China. Her not being able to settle down upon anything definite had been a great mental trial to her. In three months she wrote more than sixty letters to her friends.

Having been only two weeks at home, when she least expected it, the summons came by express for her to repair to New York with all possible haste.

Accompanied by a son and daughter of the corresponding secretary, she arrived in Richmond as the gray twilight was fast merging into the darkness of night, which was spent in overhauling and packing, as she expected to start early the next morning for New York. But the weather was stormy, and continued so all day.

She tried to keep herself so much occupied that she could not have time to reflect on the past, or bring in review the last parting with her mother, whom she never expected to see again on earth. She felt that she had done all for Christ, who forsook the glory of his Father's kingdom, took upon Himself the form of a servant, became of no repute, and suffered the shameful and ignominious death of the cross, that those who followed Him through much tribulation might receive an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away.

The second night was also passed sleeplessly, as she expected to take the first train, which left at six o'clock in the morning, and she did not wish to be late.

When she arose, the rain and moaning winds had subsided, and the clouds had beautifully given place to a peaceful starlight, which was slowly melting away before the rosy flush which was spreading along the eastern heavens, as though the messengers of joy, who had been engaged in scattering smiles and sunshine along the bright

coming day, had left the impress of their brilliant footsteps upon the orient sky.

At half-past eight o'clock, the Rev. Dr. —, Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Missions, came to accompany Almaria on the nine o'clock train as far as New York city.

She had often traveled on the same iron road, but now there was something indescribably lonely as she slowly wended her way through the city. She felt that she was fast receding from gospel privileges, from kindred, and from the endearments of home, with all its sacred associations, to nameless trials on a heathen shore. Tears would ever and anon trace their way silently down her cheeks. Yet there was joy in her sadness. She was not going for the sake of worldly emolument or riches, which perish with the using.

At four o'clock next morning she arrived in Philadelphia, and remained until nine, when she again, drawn by the fiery steed, pursued her journey to the Empire City, and put up in the boarding-house of a lady who had entertained all the missionaries of her own denomination who had gone to Africa, Asia, Europe, and Oceanica.

She was a lovely Christian lady, and was very communicative; Almaria found her a living record of missions, and embraced every opportunity to converse with her on so momentous a subject.

Miss Hobyn remained ten days in the city of New York, visited some of its institutions, and was much gratified with her reception and what she saw in the institutions for the blind, deaf and dumb, etc.

In the Asylum for the Instruction of the Blind, she saw two little Chinese girls, who were placed there by the lamented Harriet Gutzlaff, during her visit to America, whose zeal and self-sacrificing efforts for the mission cause and other benevolent enterprises doubtless stand recorded in God's book of remembrance. How green is her memory with the Chinese, the Hindoo, the Malay, the negro, the wives and children of the poor soldiers, and the daughters of the accomplished European and American!

Her benevolence was expansive and world-embracing in its object. Her lonely dust now reposes in the strangers'

burying-ground in Singapore. Around her delirious bed strangers kept vigils and closed her eyes. Angels whispered in her delirious hours, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," and moistened her parched tongue and lips with the water of life. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." "He hath not despised nor abhorred the afflictions of the afflicted, neither hath He hid his face from him; but when he cried unto Him, He heard; and He is their strength in time of trouble."

A few evenings after her arrival she attended the designation of some missionaries, to whom she was introduced as companions of her anticipated voyage. The meeting was solemn and interesting. Dr. —, the corresponding secretary, procured a comfortable state-room for Almaria, in which her baggage was placed. She was truly glad that she had no one to share her room with her, and could feel the retirement of her room to be a sanctuary.

On Saturday, about noon, the missionaries came with many friends, who extended the parting hand and words at the wharf. The parting hymn, commencing "From all that dwell below the skies," etc., swelled in notes from overflowing hearts and quivering lips. The valedictory, fraught with paternal advice and Christian sympathy, was delivered with melting pathos by an aged minister of the cross, which he concluded by saying, "Go, missionary; God be with you! We will not forget you; we will pray for you!" A fervent prayer was offered up by Rev. Dr. —, Corresponding Secretary of the Board.

The noble ship was towed out by a steamer nearly to Sandy Hook.

Almaria's friend, the doctor, had bidden her farewell, and she was sitting on the transom in the after-parlor with tears of sadness flowing down her cheeks, in a bustle of strangers (who had come through curiosity or to bid adieu to some of the passengers), thinking, without any wish to return, of the scenes of quiet, cheerful enjoyment and of kindness and affection which she had left behind, when a gentle hand touched her shoulder, and said, in kind

accents, that she would find a father in the captain of the ship, her own husband.

Almaria looked up to see who in the crowd felt so much interest for her as to speak so sympathetically; when a somewhat venerable but benevolent face was before her, which she recognized from her consolatory remarks as the wife of her amiable-looking captain. This lady then went to her husband and requested him to take special care of the little girl that was sitting so lonely on the transom.

Almaria had begun to feel very sea-sick, and when the steamer left she could not join in the hymns that were sung or wave one more adieu to some acquaintances whom she had spoken with on her way down the bay. The waters were fast widening between her and her beloved country of Sabbaths and Christian intercourse.

The day was fair and balmy as May, and the bleak winds of March seemed to have forgotten that it was the season for holding their revels. But Miss Hobyn became very sea-sick as the vessel passed through Sandy Hook.

The passengers consisted of four gentlemen from different parts of the world, three unmarried ladies, and a married couple: all missionaries. The lady passengers who did not become sea-sick were very attentive to Miss Hobyn; indeed, all the passengers seemed disposed to make themselves agreeable. The sun was just sinking in the western heavens; soft, fleecy clouds, streaked with delicate tints of purple and vivid gold, or deeply emblazoned with crimson and scarlet, were floating above the firmament, and were mirrored into a thousand forms on the undulating waves, when the captain called to the passengers to "look at the Highlands of Neversink."

Almaria raised her head to cast a glimpse at the sombre shore which was fast receding from them. Melancholy twilight now begun to put on the sables of night. Two lights were seen on the highest points: one stationary, and affording a continued light; and the other a revolving light, whose huge, glowing eyes seemed alternately to open and to shut, as if to tantalize its gazers. The teabell rang and all went below to partake of the evening repast; but Miss Hobyn preferred remaining on deck until they returned.

The bell on the principal deck rung out in full "metallic tones" the hour of six, which was responded to presently by the bell on the fore-castle, when one of the ladies kindly offered to assist Miss Hobyn to her state-room. She scarcely knew anything for thirty-six hours; at times did not know where she was, and the noise made by the slow, measured tread of the watchman as he paced the deck, immediately over her head, seemed to cause her brain to dilate at every movement; and several times, not distinctly knowing what it was, she called out imploringly to them to desist, which, of course, was neither heard nor heeded; and in her lucid moments she would herself smile at what she did.

On Sabbath all were too sea-sick to have worship. On Monday morning one of the ladies opened Miss Hobyn's state-room to see if she was still sick. After answering the kind inquiries about her health, she asked her friend if it was morning,—remarking that she had passed such a long and uncomfortable night. The lady smiled, and told her that it was their third day of sailing. Miss Hobyn had been in a partial stupor more or less all the time, and did not know how many invaluable hours had flitted away in her dreamy unconsciousness. The captain sent word to her that if possible she must leave her berth and go on deck, as he did not wish to have an invalid during the whole voyage. She obeyed the summons, though so much debilitated that she could not walk without assistance; and when she reached the deck, the end of a rope, suspended from the rigging, was given her to hold, to enable her to stand. The bracing breezes, which were gradually increasing to a gale, soon restored, in some degree, her wonted strength sufficiently to pace to and fro the passengers' deck and the dining-saloon.

When the breakfast-bell rung, all the guests surrounded the long table. The captain assigned to each a seat, and placed Miss Hobyn at his right hand, sportively telling them that they were his own family,—that Fannie, his wife, told him the day they sailed out of New York harbor that he must treat Miss Hobyn as though she were his own daughter.

The captain, a man of frank, intelligent countenance,

was always attentive to his passengers; as he was doubtless a man of sterling piety, his hoary locks were indeed "a crown of glory."

The ship rocked terribly during the day; the sky was overcast; the waters resembled billows of ink, crested with liquid lead, and tipped with foam. The winds howled mournfully among the rigging. The waves seemed as though each was trying to escape the other which was in pursuit of it. Almara went into the after-parlor, as the sea rolled too much for her to continue on deck; the waves were breaking furiously over the ship, making her timbers shake and quiver. She had not a shadow of fear, feeling that "the winds and the waves had charge concerning her,"—that her many Christian friends at home continued to pray for her, and she could, with filial confidence, say, *my Father!*

The tramp and bustle of taking in sail and preparing for the approaching storm for the time absorbed everything; orders being uttered in tones of harsh thunder, and sounding above the roar of the winds among the rigging, and responded to by a prompt "Ay yo, sir!" between each command. These commands are given and executed with seemingly incredible rapidity, and reiterated from each of the three officers. In a few minutes from the time the orders were given and the operations commenced, the ship was prepared to breast the storm.

About night the storm had fully set in, and there was no comfortable place in the ship, which rolled and pitched as though it were maddened with combating the equinoctial storm.

Miss Hobyn's sea-sickness by no means diminished in this great commotion. She repaired to her berth, but the continual rolling of the vessel prevented her from sleeping, as she was afraid of being forcibly thrown out of her berth, which was on the windward side, while the leeward side frequently dipped in the water, and the waves would sometimes be so high as to break with force and rush through the dining-saloon into the after-parlor, while everything on the ship had to be fastened down.

The storm had by no means subsided when a vessel hove in sight and hoisted signals of distress. The good

captain approached it near enough to converse with its master by the use of the speaking-trumpet. It was an English brig, which had suffered from the storm, had lost her reckoning, and was tossed about, not knowing her position. The captain of the brig expressed many thanks for the gallantry of the captain of the American merchantman, and was gratified that he was so near New York, his port of destination. Miss Hobyn told the captain that the side-board of her berth was not high enough. He forthwith called for the carpenter, and told him to prepare a board of light timber for all the ladies' berths, and in such a way that they could be taken out in fair weather. It was a most admirable idea of the fatherly ship-master. After this she slept soundly, notwithstanding sea-sickness, the careening of the vessel, the dashing of the broken surge over her sides, the howling of the winds, and the roaring of the angry sea. Several sails were blown away during the night. The morning dawned, but all was cheerless as the day before. Miss Hobyn felt much refreshed from her comfortable night's sleep, and was sitting on a trunk, when, by an unexpected lurch of the ship, she was thrown off, and, in endeavoring to recover herself, her fingers were caught between the hinges of her state-room door. The kind steward ran to her assistance and relieved her hand. The steward firmly held her fingers and called for the cabin-boy to bring him some laudanum, which he poured profusely on the injured part, and on letting it go she did not feel the least pain, though at first it was almost unbearable. Her fingers were then bound up, and a liniment was poured over them. Though for several weeks she was not able to use her hand, it was not painful, and she was thankful that the accident had no worse results.

A pulley fell from the rigging, striking the head of one of the sailors, and laying bare a ghastly wound. All thought him dead. The captain tore in two pieces an elegant silk handkerchief, and expeditiously, with the skill of a surgeon, bound up his bleeding head, pouring on liniment, and in four or five days the sailor was about his daily employment.

Another sailor had scarcely left his hammock since the

sailing of the ship. He sent a request to the captain to let him become a passenger, and his father would pay his fare, as he was too sick to do anything, and was afraid to go aloft to take in sail, lest he should fall from the mast-head. The captain told the messenger that he did not take sailors for passengers, to sit at the table and in the parlor with his company. After the messenger withdrew, the captain said that he had refused to take that young man as a sailor on account of his being the son of a very wealthy and indulgent father, but they were both so solicitous that the son should go on *his* ship that he consented, and he (the captain) imagined that he had passed the Rubicon and had experienced something of an introduction to sea life; that his father's home of luxury and his mother's well-supplied refectory were more agreeable than swabbing decks and eating sailor's fare. He said that he felt sorry for the youth, but it was the way with many of his age, who wished to throw off the restraints of home, entered upon seafaring life, and thus in avoiding Scylla they got into Charybdis, as no class of people on the globe had to labor harder and more constantly than sailors, while it was a life of ceaseless peril.

Being a thorough-going teetotaler, the first thing he did after getting to sea was to have all the whisky thrown overboard. He said that he had always a search for it after leaving port, when the sailors were unable to get a supply.

The captain proposed that a blessing should be asked at meals, and that there should be reading of the Scriptures and singing and prayer on deck, in which the sailors who could read and sing should join morning and evening, and at one o'clock have Bible-class in the after-parlor with any of the passengers who would wish to do so, and divine service on Sabbath.

At every spare moment the captain taught a young sailor to read his Bible, seeming to be more like a kind father, solicitous for the good of his family, than a stranger, who presided over his crew with almost absolute authority, that could punish the least delinquency.

Notwithstanding these seasons of social enjoyment, one must find in himself sources of improvement and pleasure. But the mind accustomed to contemplate, with an intelli-

gent and devotional spirit, the works of God, can, from this ample store, find at pleasure material for lofty and heaven-inspiring thought.

The sun was just rising from the ocean, spreading his glorious wings, all refulgent with golden beams, dancing and flashing in the heaving world of waters, and gilding the far-receding waste with a glow of heavenly light. The day was radiant with his smile, and the ship, which a short time before had folded her broad pinions to brave the tempest, again spread her white wings widely to the joyous breeze, swiftly rushing on her course amid the parting foam. Flying-fish were seen in every direction, resembling house-sparrows on the wing, as they fly hither and thither, perhaps picking up what they may be able to find on the surface of the water. The form of the fish with its wings folded, and the flesh in taste and texture, resemble greatly a fine fresh herring. They often flew over the sides of the ship and became a prey to those who were watching for the prize. "Portuguese men-of-war" were seen in numbers, with their tiny sails hoisted as they glided from wave to wave through a mist of spray.

Far away amid the blue haze, where the sky seems to meet the water, were seen two specks, resembling clouds to the unpracticed eye. The cry of "Ship oh!" was heard. All, eager to catch the sight, rushed upon deck. The good captain called out that all that wished to send letters home must get them ready, as he could have them taken to the ship that would pass nearest to his.

Nearer and nearer those specks approached and increased in magnitude, till the full outlines of two beautiful ships burst upon the vision. How magnificent! How grand this messenger-bird of the nations' highway, as she spreads widely her white wings to catch the breezes which whisper so softly and winsomely as they pass!

The captain thought that one or both of the vessels was sailing on the track of his ship, and would pass her about three o'clock in the afternoon. But they changed their course and the passengers were disappointed. At dawn the next morning they had gone beyond the verge of vision.

During the next day another messenger of the wave loomed in sight and came near enough to exchange signals,

by means of which a conversation is carried on at sea between ships, and any important question can be asked and the answer returned. There is something novel and very beautiful in the mode of conversing by flags, which has been adopted by almost all civilized nations. The flags are numbered, and the directions for using are in a printed book, which accompanies them. When any questions are to be asked, the captain hoists his flags, which are numbered and placed one above the other. The ship-master of the distant vessel recognizes the signs of the numbers as soon as he sees them, and instantly refers to his book, finds the first question that is asked, and hoists the flag containing the answer, reads another question, and sends an answer corresponding to the number of the question asked, etc. It was ascertained that the vessel was from St. Petersburg, and bound for Calcutta.

As the captain had leisure to lecture the sailors,—the weather being so mild that they could leave their duties for a few moments,—he told them that he wished them to look up to him as a father; that if they needed anything, ship-biscuit, a little twine, thread, or canvas, not to take it, as that would be stealing, but to ask him for it and he would give it to them; and on every Saturday they must have their apparel clean for Sabbath, so as to appear tidy and clean on God's day; and each was required to be present on that day during divine service, and all that could not read he wished to come to him daily, and he would instruct them. If any wished a Bible, a Testament, or hymn-book, he would supply them; or if they needed clothing, he would furnish them, and they could pay him out of their wages at the end of their voyage. He closed his remarks by saying, "Now, my lads, go to your business, and remember the advice that I have given you," which was promptly responded to by "Ay yo, sir."

The ship was becalmed,—the sails flapped lazily as they hung aloft. The ocean far away in the expanse of light resembled a "sea of glass"; no motion was observed, but a gentle heaving of its mighty bosom as if lulled into a soft slumber, offering a rich field for holy contemplation and devout aspiration to Him "who covereth Himself with light as with a garment," "who layeth the beams of his

chambers in the waters," and "hath set a bound that they may not pass over, that they turn not again to cover the earth."

Almaria, though still suffering from sea-sickness in a milder form than at first, sat on deck often under an awning to catch a look at every object of interest. She watched the glories of the setting sun as it melted into a sober gray, the distant waters putting on an ensanguined tinge; and soon heaven's great chandelier was lighted up in resplendent brightness with myriads of glowing fires. The full-orbed moon rose above the horizon, scattering silvery smiles over the liquid plain, and sailing higher and higher in her circlet of light, until poised over the sea; from which her broad disk and that of her tiny sisters were reflected back in a combination of beauty as from a watery mirror below.

The question then arose in her mind, Can these waters now so peaceful, resembling the soft and gentle slumbers of an infant, be aroused to tumultuous fury so as to cause men's hearts to fail them through fear?

The night had set in with a repose that brought no sense of anxiety. Toward nine o'clock the captain, who was ever attentive to his ship, found that the mercury in the barometer was slowly falling, but the peaceful sea was spread out beneath a more peaceful sky above, and not one cloud obscured the immaculate beauty. The captain continued to give his orders, and Almaria with the other ladies retired to her state-room, and committed herself and all the ship's crew to the care of Him who holds the winds and the waves in the hollow of his hands, meditating a few moments on the forty-sixth Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."

She breathed a prayerful thought for loved ones far away, who were praying for her, and was soon rocked to sleep by the harbinger waves of the impending storm.

Ere long she was aroused from her repose by the hissing of the wild and terrific winds, which being driven by

the angel of the storm from the cave of their slumbers, to war in doleful strife and jarring discord with the watery element, chaos howled to chaos, and deep called unto deep. The billows rose mountain high and lashed themselves into a fury, the noise of the tempest became louder and louder, until the ship sighed like a thing of life, as if fearful of being swallowed in the furious gulf.

Almaria alone, of all the passengers, appeared calm, for she felt that the God of the ocean was her father, and He was directing the storm; though she heard his voice only in the conflicting elements, though his form was not visible, as when He trod the liquid pavement with his sacred feet, yet the strong consolation pervaded her mind that the angel of his presence was with her, and when He saw fit He would say to the wild waves, "Peace, be still."

Just before the dawn, the winds veered to the west and became as soft as angels' whispers; but the perturbed waters were not so easily quelled, and continued to buffet each other until "the powerful king of day," riding in car of state, had ascended to the mid-heavens and cast his subduing beams athwart the sky.

Many of the sails were torn to ribbons, and others with the spars had been blown away during the night; but now the din of the ocean ceased, and the ship moved on gallantly with the favoring breezes of the afternoon.

A land-bird lighted on the gunwale, which the captain took to Almaria, as she still continued sea-sick, though able to walk about the ship. She gave it some water, and tried to get it to eat some rice; but it was too much exhausted, and died in a few hours.

One of the gentlemen who had gone some distance up the mast called out that land was in sight, which proved to be the island of Trinidad.

Doubtless the little visitor was from that land, and once nestled in its leafy home on this island of luxuriant vegetation and exuberant fruitfulness, refreshed by the humid breezes of the tropics.

Soon the hazy outline of the South American coast was in full view. The captain bade all to take a good look, as it was the last land that would be seen until the ship passed St. Paul's and Christmas Islands.

Of course, while in the tropics the heat was excessive. The sun, which shone gloriously and bathed everything in a sea of lustre, retired behind the waters and left its smiles in golden clouds, while it hastened to gild with life-cheering light the realms beyond.

Day succeeded day with little variety. Aquatic novel-ties sometimes broke the monotony and furnished topics for record: schools of porpoises, and black-fish, bonitos, flying-fish, dolphins, gulls, etc. etc. The captain tried to harpoon a dolphin, but did not succeed. A large shark was caught, attended by his pilot-fish, some of which was cooked and brought to the table, but the attendant associations, doubtless, prevented it from being relished. A porpoise was caught, the flesh of which when cooked has no taste of fish. It is of a dark color, like a calf's liver, and is esteemed as a delicacy by some.

The Magellanic clouds appear,—three in number. One is black, and the other two are bright, having a fleecy appearance and in whiteness resembling the milky way. One bright star is in the black one. The nature of these clouds has never been fully explained. Their situation with respect to each other forms nearly a triangle.

The purity of the atmosphere is very striking; so clear is the air, that the stars shine with a lustre not surpassed by the brightest northern nights.

The stars seem to gem the very horizon, and are mirrored in the ever-changing, restless bosom of the deep blue sea. Delightful breezes waft the ship on her way; fine weather and smooth water produce a pleasant excitement, as the gallant ship springs from wave to wave, as if anxious to break their foam and scatter their spray and show her speed and power.

After going as far south as the forty-fourth degree of latitude, the Southern Cross and many constellations were seen which the passengers of the *Lady Cypress* never gazed upon before. The weather became very cold, and showers of rain, hail, wind, and snow were frequent; and not having any stove in the ship, it was impossible to keep warm out of the berth. The dead-lights had to be kept constantly in. The seats, and everything on the table, and other movables, had to be cleated down.

After reaching the forty-fourth degree south, in order to make his castings, the captain began to sail toward the northeast, and the weather gradually became warmer.

The *Lady Cypress* entered the Indian Ocean, passing St. Paul's and Christmas Islands in the night, which was regretted by some of the passengers. The next land that would be seen would be Java Head. Favorable breezes still attended the ship, in sailing through the Indian Ocean, the most stormy water yet crossed.

Miss Hobyn had read of waves mountain high, but thought that remark was hyperbolical for very high waves, not having seen any that really appeared like mountains, although she had performed so great a part of her voyage. Now the brisk winds gradually rose and spurred themselves into a tempest; the thunder rolled magnificently through the heavens, and the lightnings cast their livid, gleaming, forked tongues athwart the liquid mountains. It seemed almost the focus of the terribly sublime: a sight how beautiful, how powerful, how magnificent, how terrific! One moment poised on the crest of aqueous mountains, and then gliding gently and gracefully into the vale below.

As Miss Hobyn had never been afraid at sea, she had herself lashed to the mast, that she might luxuriate on the grand battle of the elements; as she could not keep foothold without this precaution and would have been immediately precipitated over the bulwarks. Sometimes only the mast of the vessel was above the trough, and the next moment she would rise on the apex of the towering wave and see myriads of others rolling on and on, chasing and fleeing from each in frightful majesty and revealing in every motion the grandeur, the terror, of the ocean.

Almaria asked her friend the captain how high did he supposed the waves arose. "Sometimes sixty feet, or more," he replied.

She remarked to him: "If my mother were standing on an eminence and could see this ship, and know that her only daughter was in it, I think that she would go wild with solicitude; while *I* am sailing over these mountain billows and have no fear."

Many "Portuguese men-of-war," albatrosses, and Cape pigeons were seen as they followed in the wake of the ship,

to pick up the crumbs or anything else that was thrown overboard and floated on the water. The albatross and Cape pigeon are caught with a hook fastened to a line and baited with flesh. Near the hook a buoy is attached, so as to cause the bait to float on the top of the water. The unsuspecting bird seizes the grateful morsel, and swallows it, hook and all, and being caught by the snare, is drawn on deck. One morning eighteen were caught in that way and many Cape pigeons. They became very sea-sick as soon as they were placed on the deck-floor, and after being exhibited a short time, were returned to their "home in the rolling deep." The Cape pigeon is supposed to be the stormy petrel of the ancients.

The albatross is not able to take his flight from the floor of the deck or to rise from the water, but from the crest of the waves. Strange birds! Their home is unknown to man, and the place of rearing their young.

A very large whale passed the ship. He spouted water to a considerable height, and moved majestically in his course, as though conscious of his dignity as lord of the watery realm.

The islands of Sumatra and Java were so near as the ship passed through the Straits of Sunda that the trees and rocks could be distinctly seen. The passengers had been so long without seeing land that they arose many times during the night to get another view of it and to inhale the fragrance as it was wafted from this garden of nature.

Navigation is perilous in this region, on account of breakers, sunken rocks, coral reefs, and shoals, which have to be watched with unremitting attention; and their good, pious captain was ever on the look-out, night and day. The proximity of the Button Island, on which he was once shipwrecked, caused him much anxiety. This island is round and not very large; the vegetation on it is luxuriant, of the most enchanting verdure, so that it resembles a beautiful emerald embosomed in the liquid plain.

A fish, a bonito (a Spanish word for beautiful), was caught and soon dressed for dinner by the expeditious cook; the flesh was rather too dry to be greatly relished. Its fins are entirely different from those of other fish, there being a place to infold them when unused.

Perhaps it would be better for my readers that I should quote verbatim from Miss Hobyn's journal.

"June, 18.— Came in sight of the lofty promontory of Java Head, which is visible at the distance of fifty miles at sea in clear weather. The navigation became constantly more dangerous, on account of the numerous coral reefs that are in the vicinity of all the islands in the East Indian archipelago. A sudden squall came up during the night, attended with much lightning and thunder. The southwest monsoon wafted the noble Lady Cypress on finely at the rate of seven knots per hour."

"June. So near the land as to see the lights on the shore, perhaps from the huts of fishermen.

"Much thunder and lightning, with strong winds. Our unwearied, faithful captain does not give sleep to his eyes, and has become quite sick from anxiety and incessant watching for nearly a week. I arose early this morning to see the sun rise between the peaks of the lofty Javan mountains. It resembled a globe of burning silver scattering light and heat over mountain, land, and sea, and draped all nature in a matchless and indescribable glory.

" 'Here every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.'

"Used the spy-glass often. Words are too feeble to portray this enrapturing, lovely scenery. Limpid waters trickled down the mountain-sides from cliff to cliff, forming crystal streams discharging their priceless treasure into natural basins, their spray sparkling like silver and diamonds in the light of a tropical sun as they issued from the iris-crested, overflowing reservoirs below, to send their precious contents (man's primeval beverage) into the approximate ocean.

"Oppressed with equatorial heat and languor, I wish for a draught of this tonic, cooling, vivifying liquid as it flows in soft, murmur-like music down these vast terrestrial elevations, whose tops are incessantly bathed in drizzling fogs, and my mind runs with lightning speed to the time when the Israelites, sojourning in the dry, hot exciting climate of an Asiatic wilderness, were suffering from thirst: with how much joy they beheld the unsullied

waters as they came gushing, leaping, sparkling from the rock at the word of Him who was to them 'a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.'

"Broad-winged butterflies flit hither and thither, whose ever-varying colors glitter in the sun like jewels in an imperial crown. Virgin forests of trees, of broad leaves, numerous, strong, and of lofty stature, cover the mountain-sides and its alluvial strands with every variety of the arborescent species found in the tropical regions, overhung with mosses and clinging vines in primeval wildness and luxuriance. Even the rugged rocks are literally covered with an ample drapery of pensile foliage, falling in rich festoons from their barren sides like the fringes from a princely robe, as if gracefully coquetting with the soft whispers of the ocean breeze.

"Birds of rare and sunlit plumage hold a holiday in this untrodden wealth of vegetation, bathing perpetually in the undulations of light of an equatorial sun, and ever and anon leave their sea-girt home and sport in the iris-tinted waves, and with melodious songs return to the leafy bowers of eternal verdure.

"The waters of the Javan sea are of a lovely green, which with truth has been styled the 'Mirror Sea,' and reflects from its bosom the mountains and trees which adorn its margin, the floating clouds, the azure sky, its ever-varying tints, merry birds, and even the slightest thing that passes over it.

"How beautifully it mirrors forth the bright disk of Venus and the Southern Cross at night! Fishes and sea-snakes of a peculiar color are seen moving below the surface.

"Thunder and lightning, with wind sometimes, continue during the night. The captain has not slept for more than a week; his face and neck are blistered from his constant exposure to the scorching sun; he takes his meals on deck."

"June —. To-day he is scarcely himself; looks anxious, and even wild; says he does not wish any one to speak to him. Why is this? He has never done so before. He is constantly tacking sail. Our breeze is fine, and our ship moves majestically onward.

"See spray rising above a ledge of foam-crested rocks; hear the roaring of the boiling surge as it falls over the flinty barrier and is forming a Niagara on a minor scale. The ship seems constantly to near this wonder of nature, and has been tacked every few minutes for the last six hours until she has come within a half-mile of the much-dreaded breakers.

"The breeze has changed, and the ship seems sailing to another point. The ship dropped her anchor with a muffled plunge into the greenish waters. The pulling of ropes and the rattling of blocks and the accompanying song of the sailor have subsided, the sails are furled and every preparation made for the night. The sun is slowly reclining in the rear of the blue mountains of the lovely island of Java, to cheer and gladden other realms veiled in the darkness of night. The white strand margined by the gloomy jungle in the midway distance, and the waters of a prairie of heaving emerald, form the foreground picture, and the whole is lighted up with the gorgeous gilding of a setting sun which seems to be in a blaze.

"The stars have begun to peep out winsomely from behind their ethereal curtains on their admiring gazers, and anon the whole firmament will be lit up with a glow of modest light. Fires are twinkling from the native settlements. Some birds sing in melancholy strains, and their song-tones are echoed and melt away.

"I am now alone with memory, and in the calm of my solitude the spirit of the past comes over me, home and its endeared associations and Christian privileges pass in review before me. The voice of my mother floats like soft and tender music on my hearing; the kind faces of my brothers, lighted up with a smile of fraternal affection for their only sister, which rendered our humble domicile an atmosphere of love, a sanctuary, and an altar on which still burns the incense of sweet memories, when we were happy children listening to the teachings of our widowed mother, and weaving bright visions of our own future in the warm and full tide of early hopes: precious emeralds in my life's chequered pathway!

"Parting scenes were about to arouse to recollections and reflections, and a softening and saddening feeling was

looming in the background of imagination's picture, and tears were flowing from my eyes, when a forked flash of lightning gleamed with lurid glare across the peaceful waters, followed by a loud, crashing peal of thunder, as though the very mountains were rent from their foundations, and a dark canopy of gathering clouds cast its deepening shadows over the starlit vault of the heavens. To the dull boom of the surge the spiteful winds answered and growled with rage, as if to rebuke the peaceful spirit that so lately reigned supreme but has fled I know not whither, to a quiet home, unable to buffet with the wild, roaring elements that were raging in savage and desolating fury. Several ships were anchored in the bay, and their lights resembled stars of the first magnitude, and dispelled in some degree that lonely feeling which lurks in my enjoyments of an earthly nature.

"After the first peal of thunder I sought my state-room as quickly as possible. Our noble vessel seemed to rock to the motion of the waves, and to keep time with the storm's mighty chaotic sounds, mingled in the grandest confusion.

"I retired to my berth. The lightning and thunder continued until midnight. Slept well. Took many pleasant flights to the 'fairy-land of dreams': home, with its green lanes, broad fields, wavy forests, and its brooks of smiling, rippling, fresh water, was before me as in real life.

"When I awoke the ship was under way. The winds were whispering soft music as she glided on. The sunbeams were leaping into my room through the small circular window which opened next to the sea. I arose immediately, not wishing to lose the least point of the enchanting scenery, and repaired to the deck, where I found that some of the ladies had preceded me for their morning's gaze.

"It is hard to think that this is a country wholly given to idolatry or to the worship of the false prophet,—that its millions, now active in the busy scenes of time, will soon be reaping the retributions of eternity.

"To-day several Malays visited our ship for the purpose of selling green cocoa-nuts, maple-sugar, bananas,

sugar-cane, and the leaves of the betel-nut. These are the first Malays that I have seen. They speak a little English, seem pleasant, and urge all to buy.

"One of them told me to eat the cocoa-nut and maple-sugar together, which I found delicious, resembling rich new cream with sugar.

"The reflection sinks with leaden weight into the heart of the Christian missionary, that the mind of the poor Malay is shrouded in error and ignorance and superstition, without one lover of Christ to point them to the 'Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' The Dutch government have prohibited missionaries of any other nation but their own from settling on these islands.

"Were their minds strengthened by the immortal food of knowledge and virtue as it flows from the fountain of eternal perfection, their souls washed from their moral pollution in the blood of the immaculate Saviour, how their sable countenances would be lighted up 'with thoughts that glow and words that burn', with zeal and love for all mankind! When their hands are no more ensanguined by the blood of their brethren, when the storms and clouds and rolling and conflicting billows of war no more spread a moral desert over their land so rich with physical beauty, but peace unfurls her white banner over them, with the motto inscribed on her flowing wings, 'Holiness to the Lord,' then shall the desert blossom as the rose. How much I wish those Babel partitions could be broken down, and the tongue set free, to tell the tale of a Saviour's dying love to the attentive ear and understanding and appreciating heart!

"Our ship came to anchor before Angier Point at three o'clock this afternoon, that it may take in supplies, and be ready for sailing early the ensuing morning. The wrecks of two vessels are in sight, which shows how hard and dangerous it is to navigate the waters of the East Indian archipelago. A Dutch man-of-war and a brig are lying in the harbor,—the first to protect the town of Angier from the violence of the natives, and the latter to take in provisions.

"The natives crowd the decks with fruit, monkeys, shells, and large white-shelled sea-turtles, for sale. They

appear to be an indolent race of people, entirely deficient in that quality which is esteemed next to godliness. Boat-loads of yams, potatoes, bananas, plantains, pomeloes, pine-apples, oranges, capons, chickens, eggs, and cocoa-nuts came alongside our vessel for the captain to get a supply.

"He told us (the passengers) that we might go ashore this morning, while he attended to the matter of supplying his ship with necessaries,—a portion to be used on his return passage.

"At eight o'clock we set out for the town, which was four miles distant, in a native boat, manned by eight Malays; and in an hour we landed on a flight of stone steps, made of long granite slabs, which ascend from considerably below the surface of the lovely water, under the shade of a large, densely-foliaged banyan-tree, from the top of which float the Dutch colors, a native Malay being seated near it as sentinel.

"We made our way through a crowd of natives and a garden and shrubbery, and over a pebbled avenue, which led us to the house of the resident governor, and were cordially received and invited to be seated in the veranda. In a few minutes an interesting young lady came in, whom the governor introduced as his wife. She was dressed in a morning-gown of white-barred muslin, with ear-rings, bracelets, and brooch garnished with cerulean-colored gems. Her hair was combed back and fastened with only one hair-pin of gold, which completed the set of jewels. There was an air of natural elegance in her manners, when she expressed her great pleasure that we were so kind as to give her a call, as she led so isolated a life, entirely cut off from the society of ladies.

"She gracefully arose and rung the bell for a servant, whom she directed in the Malay language to bring some refreshments. A silver coffee-urn, with a kettle of hot water, was brought and placed on a teapoy near her. She arose and filled the coffee-urn with her own hands as soon as the servant returned with a large tea-board of confectioneries, which he placed on the tea-table before her. While the servant was placing a teapoy before each guest, she poured out the coffee, which was handed around with butter, crackers, sugar, and the cream of buffalo's milk.

The coffee was superior to any that I had ever tasted. After drinking the coffee, the confectioneries were passed around in glass jars; though very nice, they had a peculiar stale taste, which prevented me from relishing them. The last course consisted of every kind of fruit then in season which grew on the island,—viz., green cocoa-nuts, bananas, pineapples, oranges, mangosteens, pomeloes, tamarinds, and plantains. These we enjoyed very much, as our stores of fruit had given out, except a few baskets of lemons, and I had been sea-sick more or less ever since our sailing.

"At ten o'clock our good captain joined us. Pipes and tobacco were brought, and each guest invited to regale himself. One of the officers frequently called to a little girl to come out and see the ladies, and was as often answered in sweet, plaintive, and childish accents, in a language unknown to me. I asked the officer what she said; he replied that she refused to come, as the company were all strangers. I asked our kind hostess if I might be permitted to go in and see the little darling, whose voice seemed so ethereal. She arose, and very politely accompanied me to the parlor door. The little stranger, as soon as I entered, ran behind a sofa. As I am always so fond of children, I could not resist the opportunity of seeing one,—a pleasure which I had not enjoyed for three months. I peeped over the back of the sofa at her, but was pained at the sight of the object before me; a little, emaciated, chrysalis-like creature had contracted itself almost into a ball, and sunk as closely as possible in a corner behind the sofa; her bony fingers, placed over her face, partially concealing a pair of pale, soft-looking blue eyes: her flaxen curls had fallen over her meagre fingers. She was draped in a slip of white muslin, which was short, her little feet bare, and without pantalettes. I gently brushed aside her ringlets and raised her hands from her face, in order to get a good look at her. A more cadaverous countenance I never beheld,—so deathlike that it made tears start from my eyes. She appeared to be about six years old. I coaxed her a long time to come out, but without success.

"The governor's wife came in and conducted me over the house; showed me an elegant and handsome workbox and

writing-desk of Japanese ware, with fittings of pure gold, such as paper-knife, scissors, pencil-case, etc., which had been presented to her by a lady whom she hospitably entertained for some time under their roof, after her escape from shipwreck, for which she would receive no remuneration; but the lady, on her reaching Singapore, obtained these elaborate and expensive specimens of Japanese skill and ingenuity, and forwarded them to her kind entertainer as a token of gratitude.

"She invited all the ladies to take a walk with her around the spacious grounds, in which some strange object of beauty was constantly presenting itself: shrubbery, with large, yellow, white, and green pencillings of fantastic figures on the surface of the leaves; altheas; roses, of every variety; creepers, with rich, dark, green foliage and gay blossoms, forming a network over the framed bowers, set at agreeable distances; mammoth-leaved plantains and bananas, with their rich cargo of fruit and long, crimson, waving tassels; birds of rare plumage and song.

"In this walk she told me that she could not induce a female servant to live at Angier, on account of the unhealthiness of the place. She had been brought up at Batavia. I imagined that she was a lady who had been brought up in the elegancies and refinements of oriental life, and I felt very sorry for her, wishing much to know whether she was a Christian. I rather supposed that she was a Romanist; she was anxious for me to visit Batavia, and invited me to remain.

"A plant of tobacco in full bloom was in a flower-pot, and seemed to have the same care bestowed on it that we would on the rarest and most splendid exotic at home.

"A large platform of white marble, railed with the same material, was in front of the house near the sea, on which the family sit to take the air in the evening. The constant dashing and breaking of the waves against the coraled shore, a few paces from the platform, in dirgelike notes, depressed and made me feel sad, though the impression partook much of the sublime.

"From the governor's we visited the Dutch fort, in which all the foreigners were compelled to take refuge a few months previously on account of an insurrection of the

natives. The governor said but for the timidity of his wife he would inevitably have been killed by the insurgents while he was trying to protect the government property. They, for some time, had suspected that the aborigines had something not very friendly in their feelings towards the foreign residents, which was manifest notwithstanding their recreancy and treachery. A Dutch man-of-war, then at Batavia, a city eighty miles distant, was sent for by express; but the night before it reached Angier Point the Malays rose *en masse*, while the Dutch residents were wrapped in their peaceful slumbers, and set fire to their houses, and but for the timely warning of the vigilance watch all would have perished in the flames. All took refuge in the fort. The governor's and the hotel were the only two houses that escaped the conflagration of the ruthless avenger. The torch was applied to them, but the naval force arrived in time to extinguish the devouring element and to protect the refugees. He said that he (the governor) had resided there for thirty years, but had never seen the natives so implacably hostile to the foreigners, and they were evidently bent upon their extermination, as nothing could bring them to a parley until the guns of the vessels boomed from the harbor. They then felt the reality of their situation and manifested a desire to capitulate by ceasing their hostilities.

"Whether any of the rebels were capitally punished I do not know, but they were put under the severest regimen. For the time the tumult of excitement was quelled, though the whole island was distracted by intrigue and factions, ignorant of the means to consummate their desired object. Their untried valor could not prevail against the misfortunes that beset them. The bright hopes which garnished their former prospects were wrecked, and the sickening apprehensions of the future loomed upon their minds, when they saw too late that there was but little pretext to justify their ignoble and treacherous procedure.

"We returned to the governor's to bid them farewell, and remained half an hour. There we met the captain and surgeon from the man-of-war, the hotel-keeper, and a Frenchman who had purchased the wreck of one of the ill-fated vessels which were stranded on a coral reef during

a storm in the harbor not many months before, all the crew being saved.

"From the governor's we went into a large cocoa-nut grove. The cool shade of the trees, and the soft, bracing sea-breeze, the grass like a green carpet spread out under foot, and chirping birds, formed a pleasing variety.

"The trees were denuded of branches nearly up to their tops, from which the beautiful, long feather-like foliage inclined and waved gracefully in the mild sea-breeze. Amid the leaves the green fruit hung in rich clusters around the tops of the trees, which were notched to enable the natives to ascend them with facility, which they do with the nimbleness and dexterity of a monkey. The fruit being gathered was opened, and the cool refreshing beverage was drunk from nature's cup with zest by the thirsty voyagers, while the nut itself offered more substantial, but not less agreeable, fare, which was soft, resembling in taste rich, new cream.

"Hedges of plantains and bananas, with their long, pendent, coral-colored blossoms, golden fruit, and pineapples, made the atmosphere aromatic with their presence. A huge black snake, with varied undulating motion, gliding through the tops of the trees until lost in his recess, helped to make the scene one of singular beauty and picturesque loveliness.

"Seeing that the grove was margined on one side with a white beach in full view, which bordered on the sea, I left the company and ran to the shore to gather up shells and fragments of corals, which I wished to send to my mother. I did not make my intention known, and had just finished culling the shells and corals and placing them in my pocket-handkerchief, which I was about to take up, when I heard my name called. A large, brawny, sun-blistered hand, that I had been too busy to notice, seized my treasure; and I felt a cool shade over me, which intercepted the torrid rays of the sun that were gleaming upon me. I looked up, and our good captain had taken possession of my cabinet, and was holding a spacious umbrella over me. He imperiously told me to be quick and join our party before I was sunstruck. My imminent danger then flashed upon me, and I obeyed the command promptly.

He said that as soon as he saw where I was he was alarmed lest I should be smitten by the sun ere he could reach me. My own father could not have been more thoughtful.

"I gathered a specimen of the only arborescent and botanical species which I saw in the groves and gardens.

"In passing along near the edge of the grove, which bordered on a paddy-field, a buffalo that was fastened by a ring in his nose in a clump of plantains, broke loose and ran off snorting, giving us a glimpse of his roundish, unwieldy figure when he was not concealed by the jungle.

"We stopped at the house of a Malay by the name of William Penn, whom we had seen in the morning on board the ship. He was dressed in a short tunic and trowsers of red and black calico. He acts as a sort of head man (under government) in disposing of the products of the island to sea-captains, supplying them with provisions and money, and attending to such orders as might be given him. His religion was that of Mohammed.

"We were introduced to his wife, a very young-looking woman, clad in a dress of rich oil calico, the ground of which was scarlet interspersed with black and gold colored flowers. She was chewing a quid of the betel-nut leaf, which is a universal practice among the natives, and dyes the teeth a jet-black. When the quid is not in process of mastication, it is placed between the teeth and the upper lip, causing the lip to protrude like the jaws of a monkey.

"She was very gentle and kind. Her hair was combed back and fastened with a bodkin. We were invited to take a tiffin (lunch) at the house. Mr. Penn did the honors of the board, which was loaded with the nutritious fruits of the tropics. We remained a short time, thanked our kind host for the hospitalities received, and set out for a visit to the burying-ground and Lord Macartney's monument, who was an ambassador from the court of England to the imperial court of China in 1793. The monument was magnificent in its day, but is now in a state of dilapidation, which is hastened in this hot, humid climate. There were many grave-stones near, but the sun was too powerful and dangerous for us to stop to read the epitaphs.

"Tall trees, resembling pines in appearance, fringed our pathway. I pulled some of the berries, from which a fluid resinous substance of cedrine odor exuded. One of the officers who conducted us, with distorted face, shook his head at me and bid me throw the berries away. His vocabulary of English was too circumscribed to explain what he really meant. I repeated the word 'poisonous,' which he did not comprehend. I said 'no good,' to which he nodded an assent half understandingly. I was frightened, as I did not know but what I was touching the famous upas-tree.

"Our captain invited us to repair to the hotel, to rest ourselves and get dinner, which he ordered. There was no architectural beauty in the façade of this building, or in that of the governor's. The veranda was spacious, and shaded on two sides by a trellis-work of vines, from behind which we could see our own ships and others lying in the harbor.

"The houses around the premises had only walls of thin matting, through which thieves could break through and steal. The roofs were covered with tiles. I then understood fully how thick the devils must be for Luther not to fear to meet them at the Diet at Worms, as it was the first time that I had ever seen a tiled roof.

"We entered the hotel, which appeared to be kept in perfect order. The window-curtains, bedspreads, bolsters, and pillow-cases were as white as the driven snow. The matting on the floor, chairs, and everything else was neatness itself. The ladies slept until the ringing of the first bell for dinner, when a small, flat basket of damask roses was sent by Mrs. Penn to be divided among them.

"Notwithstanding the great tidiness of everything, there was a peculiar odor, even in the water, that gave a sense of disgust.

"When we were seated around the dinner-table, after Rev. Mr. — asked a benediction on the food, I took a survey of what was before us, and could not help smiling when our captain asked to which did we wish to be helped, 'Dutch, American, or English cheese, or ham and eggs?' I wished to be helped to a portion of the latter dish. I found it next to impossible to eat meat

of so peculiar a taste. I am sure that it must have made some progress in the stage of dissolution. I then asked to be helped to some Dutch cheese. Oh, horrible! That certainly must have been kept in the same refectory with the fried ham! The American was scarcely an improvement; but the English cheese, which I never relished at home, was very grateful to the palate, and eaten with bread musty almost to nauseousness, and tea, diluted with buffalo's milk, sufficed for my dinner.

"The captain told us that it was four o'clock in the afternoon. I was ready for a walk to the fish-market and to the places where the houses were burnt down. The governor's family were taking their siesta, and would dine at a late hour. We passed the wide-spreading banyan-tree, under the shade of which were collected persons of all sizes and ages in semi-nudity. Some were frying in iron pans their peeled plantains (dipped in rice flour) in coconut oil; some had birds, monkeys, and shells for sale.

"We reached the fish-market, which appeared not much frequented. But such specimens of humanity! It seemed that the maimed, the halt, and the blind, and every kind of diseased folk, had made this a rendezvous,—that ignorance, misery, and superstition held a chaotic thralldom over their minds.

"How trying to the feelings of the Christian philanthropist to have a panoramic view of human suffering, both moral and physical, without the means of relieving it!

"There were the places where the houses of the residents once stood, but not a vestige of the buildings was left; and in the gardens, once so radiant with tropical flowers and fruit, only a shadow of a shade of their former beauty remained.

"We visited a Mohammedan mosque, which was inclosed in a thatched fence of rattan. Directly in front of the mosque was a pool of water, which was divided by a stone walk of two and a half feet in width, on which the worshipers stand to bathe their feet before entering the house of worship. I dipped the bottoms of my shoes in the water and entered the temple. There were no seats; but the floor was covered with coarse matting, on which the devotees kneel, with their faces toward the tomb of

the prophet, the direction of which is indicated by a small pulpit erected against the wall. I stood in this place. The mosque is divided by a portion of matting,—one for the men, and the other for the female worshipers. Large quantities of bergamot were growing in the court of the temple. Whether it is a sacred plant among the Mussulmans I do not know.

"We saw an Arab during the day. His figure was tall and dressed in a long flowing robe, and his head wrapped in a white turban. He had an expressive, but not unkind-looking, black eye, and was graceful in his movements. I could easily imagine his appearance with a lance in his hand and his large eyes lighted up and dilated with the hope of plunder. At the sun-setting the bell rung for their vespers. I regretted much that I could not witness their evening worship for want of time, as a boat had been ordered for us to return to the ship; and, as we were standing on the granite steps, waiting for it, the governor, who had just risen from his siesta, came, with several gentlemen and his little daughter, to bid us farewell. The little girl, though so much afraid of me in the morning, threw her arms around my neck and gave me a warm embrace and kissed me a good-by.

"As the moon shone very brightly, our captain took our party on the English brig that was lying in the roads. As soon as we boarded her, the captain invited us to be seated in the saloon, which was far from being commodious. He ordered the steward to pass some wine to the ladies and gentlemen, which I refused, and to show that I wished to be agreeable, asked for a glass of cold water, which I drank, with the remark that I had that day drank water from three grand divisions of the globe, viz., America, Asia, and Europe. This was the first day out of ninety-four that I had felt entirely free from sea-sickness since I left home.

"We reached our noble ship about eight in the evening. Tea was waiting for us, and our steward and his attendant were ready to obey our summons. The surgeon and captain from the Dutch man-of-war that we met at the governor's that morning were making us a call. The captain told me that he had a relative who emigrated to

Mississippi when he was a small boy. Upon further inquiries, I found that this relative was a most intimate friend of my lamented father.

"When he left, he invited our captain to bring his passengers to make a call on his ship, which the captain said would be impossible, as he had been detained a half-day longer than he expected on account of the great difficulty of obtaining water and suitable supplies, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country.

"Before we retired he (the captain) asked every passenger if all the articles which each had purchased had been paid for, as he was more particular in paying off bills with them (the natives) than if he were dealing with enlightened people, and that some ship-masters, after getting what the poor people brought to sell on their ships, had their boats cut loose, and the owners thrown overboard and sent adrift, and the goods taken possession of without paying for them.

"Our captain was up all night, and about sunrise our sails were unfurled and our anchors were taken in, and our ship sailed cautiously out of the harbor. As we passed the Dutch man-of-war its colors were hoisted and lowered seven times, which I suppose is their way of showing respect to the vessels of other nations.

"There are many singular specimens of the finny tribes floating on the surface of the sea, affording an ample field for the speculations of the ichthyologist.

"The Lady Cypress is paying court to the breezes that are wafting her on her course so steadily, by bowing gracefully, ever and anon, as she plows majestically through the water.

"No pen can give an adequate description of the grand and imposing spectacle of a sunrise from behind the Javan mountains, which with the entire landscape are enveloped in dense fogs, and as the sun ascends and scatters his rosy light the vapors assume every variety of shape and color, and slowly rising gradually open to the enraptured vision the fascinating loveliness which they had so completely concealed. In order to appreciate the beauties and grandeur of the magnificent panorama, one must be an eye-witness.

"And does God forget these people, who are perishing for lack of spiritual light,—who are in a land overflowing with plenty, yet in a moral desert, and have none to bestow the food of eternal life? No. He says, 'I will make all my mountains a way, and my highways shall be exalted, and the Lord shall comfort Zion; He will comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord, joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.' God will send the word of eternal life, which will be proclaimed to his people hitherto unvisited by the life-giving influence of the Holy Ghost, and the gospel car will ride triumphantly through the land, when the mists of error will be uplifted from their minds and the darkness dispelled, and the day-star of hope arise in their hearts, to perceive the glory of God in a sanctified Saviour, who will advocate his own cause and defend it by his omnipotent arm. His love embraces the Asiatic isles as well as enlightened Europe or free America. He, who is infinite in wisdom, with whom the universe is one thought, will find means to convey it to their benighted minds, and will break down all political barriers, and under his benignant guidance will permit his servants to enter this promising field, already ripe for the harvest; and the voice of prayer from the converted Malay will ascend from these high altars of earth's wide temples to the throne of the Father, and the lower hills, rich with verdure, and smiling plains and dark jungles and alluvial strands, will be vocal with hymns of praise to the Son of God. It is sweet by the eye of faith to look through the vista of time to the future triumph of the gospel, the world's redemption, and the church's glory.

"Java is a large island, nearly seven hundred miles in length and of an average width of ninety miles, and is separated from Sumatra by the Straits of Sunda. It was discovered toward the close of the sixteenth century by a Dutchman, of the name of Cornelius Hartman. He obtained an interview with the principal king of the island. Though he returned to his country with little wealth, he raised great expectations, to which may be attributed the rise of the Dutch Trading Company. Batavia is the

capital of the Dutch possessions in these parts, and is represented as a beautiful city, ever adorned with verdure. There were once several flourishing mission-schools among the Malays and Chinese, and the Scriptures were distributed among the people to some extent. It is hoped that they will yet be read by all classes, and their renovating, purifying influence permeate the mass of society. Spices, sugar, and coffee are produced in abundance. The island was taken by the British in 1811, but was restored to the Dutch in 1816. It is said that the natives are much oppressed by the Dutch government, as many of their spice-trees are cut down, lest the great supply should reduce the price of the article. The islanders have to pay a duty on all they sell, which in a great degree paralyzes their energies.

"Our captain is still anxious, and keeps sounding the waters, lest the vessel should founder on a coral-reef or shoals. The difficult passage of 'Thwart the Way' is before us, and to one ignorant of the seaman's chart it would present an insurmountable impediment. The points of two islands run parallel for a short distance, and viewed from a certain angle appear as though they were only one island damming the highway of commerce; but, on nearing them, an ample channel for ships, between the islands, bursts upon the sight. We passed many islands and islets during the day, which have names, and are put down on the seaman's chart. At night, another storm, with thunder and lightning. One side of the ship dipped water and half covered the deck several times during the night. I was afraid of being thrown out of my berth. There was great confusion, giving orders with the speaking-trumpet. All appeared frightened but myself. To navigate the waters of the Indian archipelago is a perpetual source of anxiety even to experienced and hardy seamen. When I arose in the morning the storm had ceased; the clouds vanished; the bright sun smiled cheerfully on isle and islet, tipping their green crests with golden light, and illumining the watery plain with indescribable glory.

"An unpleasant state of feeling occurred between our amiable, respected captain and a wayward youth who was

passenger on his vessel. The first mate also became very insolent, and to one of the gentlemen passengers threatened the life of the captain, who was not aware that any misunderstanding existed between them. It was supposed that the first officer, who had been a long time master of a ship, became envious of the captain's popularity with his passengers, which so far eclipsed his own, and being a bad man he had laid a plan to kill the captain and then to take his own life. He (the captain) was very unhappy, but did not wish his lady passengers to know the state of his mind.

"During the day we spent much of our time on deck, to gaze on the lovely, beautiful scenery, which was constantly presenting to us some new aspect still more beautiful.

"The weather is oppressively hot, but our water is still pure, excellent in flavor and quality. As I drank neither tea or coffee, I relished the cocoa-nut water at my meals until it spoiled. The capons and Java chickens were indeed a luxury. The yams I did not relish.

"My port-window had been opened during the day, which I closed at night, but forgot to fasten it, which I had not strength to do even had I thought of it. A squall came up during the night, and a tremendous wave rushed through my window and nearly swamped me. As I was always prepared for any emergency, I sprang from my berth, when the steward, captain, and several of the passengers ran to my help. I was much frightened. It seemed that the ports of other state-rooms had been left open in the same manner."

CHAPTER XX.

"WHILE near the Hainan Island, our watchful captain remarked at the breakfast-board that since early dawn two very suspicious-looking vessels had been bearing down on us, and that he feared that they were piratical in their intentions; that this region was notorious for the number of depredations made on unprotected ships; that we must

try to be as self-possessed as possible, and all the ordnance on the ship must be made ready, as it might be called into requisition. All was hurry, bustle, and preparation for more than eight hours. Those dark-looking vessels, resembling lorchas (or Portuguese ships), came nearer and nearer. Our friendly signals were hoisted and floated high in the breeze, but were not returned by the mysterious vessel; still they bore down on us. Two long boats, fastened by ropes, were floating near their sides,—not a person was seen on their decks or amidst their rigging. Our friendly colors still continued waving aloft. The dark vessels were only a quarter of a mile distant, and continuing to approach us, when a young Frenchman present said that he had witnessed the rapid exodus of Louis Philippe and the imperial family in view of his father's hotel in Paris, and was very anxious to have a skirmish with the pirates. All but himself looked sober and perfectly tranquil. He said that it would be such fine sport to kill a score or two of those pirates, which words he rounded off with profane language. Several cannon were fired simultaneously into the water from our ship, and, after waiting a few moments, another volley was discharged in like manner, when the nondescript vessels bore off rapidly from us.

"I had endeavored to commit myself and all the crew to the care of Him who has the hearts of all men in his hands, as the rivers of water, and turneth all whithersoever He will.

"Our captain said that those vessels of hostile intentions had generally their crew concealed below decks until they got sufficiently near, when all the banditti made their appearance, well armed, numbering perhaps several hundred. As to the character of the vessels he had but little doubt, as all vessels with proper intentions carried badges of friendship, which were displayed at sea on seasonable occasions. How grateful did I feel when I saw them fall so far in the rear of our ship, which had brought us so near the termination of our long and perilous journey!

"The last Sabbath perhaps that we, as a ship's company, would spend together had dawned upon us, and we as representatives of different denominations of Christians

had always spent the sacred hours of the holy Sabbath in delightful union.

"One of the passengers overheard a portion of a secret conversation between the youth referred to and the ugly mate. The youth said that he was popular with the sailors, and with the mate's assistance he would excite a mutiny, which was acceded to, and the young man went below to turn in. The passenger went to the captain's room to inform him of the plan, in order that he might take decided steps to prevent what was in contemplation by those fiends in human form.

"Two of the gentlemen passengers, with the captain, sat on deck the remainder of the night, but not in a way to excite suspicion, as measures would be taken next morning to prevent the plot from being put into execution.

"I had thought that our captain, though decided, was as gentle as a lamb; but now he became as furious as a lion, and in harsh tones told the passengers not to speak to one of his officers, and they were not to speak to the passengers, under penalty of being put into irons, and then turned to the sailors and told them in tones as harsh as thunder that if they spoke to an officer any further than to receive and obey orders that he would flog those that did it and put them in irons, and have them tried before the consul as soon as he got into port, and then dismissed them all. I remained in the after-parlor, from whence I could see through the doors of the companion-way and hear all that was said.

"At a favorable time the captain apologized for speaking so harshly to his passengers, for he had the kindest feelings toward them; but had he been more lenient and less restrictive in his measures it would have been taken as a farce by those for whom it was principally intended, and the case not reached at all; that had the young man's offense been treated legally he would have put him in irons instead of ordering him not to speak to any person, or any person not to speak to him; that he had great respect for the youth's parents, and would do nothing to their son that he could possibly avoid, to distress them, but he was compelled by virtue of his office to maintain his dignity, his authority, and the order of the ship.

"At night I slept but little, as I had a horrid idea of a mutiny, and believed that those who had it in contemplation were capable of acting as midnight assassins. The gentlemen sat up alternately some part of the night until we got to Hong-Kong.

"The will-be consul and several others asked the captain to let the musicians on board play a few national airs on the violin by way of celebrating the fourth of July on old ocean. 'Hail, Columbia!' and 'Yankee Doodle' were played.

"The pious ship-master was anxious to get into port on Thursday morning, in order that the cargo might be discharged before the Sabbath; but the breezes were so light, and those against us, that we made but little progress, except when the tide favored.

"The scenery is still transportingly lovely. Would that I had the talent to draw true to life a picture of the green islets which gem the southern portion of the China Sea! The trees on them are of the richest oriental growth. Their foliage united forms a grove of perpetual verdure, in which the islets are embowered."

"To-day several Chinamen came on board. One professes to be a pilot, and speaks a little 'Canton-English'. Our captain engages him; he moves about the deck with a consequential air, and is very loquacious; says the Queen of England is dead, that the gates of Canton proper are opened since last April, and at pleasure for the ingress and egress of all foreigners.

"The moonlight is more brilliant than I ever saw it at home. I still feel uncomfortable in consequence of the may-be mutiny.

"Since the pilot came aboard the captain of the ship is no more in authority than the other officers. He has but little confidence in the pilot, and wishes that he had not employed him. The sea is hard to navigate, on account of its numerous shoals. The ladies have sat up during the night. The sun is so hot that the floor of the deck feels uncomfortable through my shoes. The tar from the rigging drips down like water. We hope to put in to Hong-Kong at eleven o'clock this morning. The breeze has entirely subsided, and we hope that the tide will take us in.

"A large white house is in sight, built in European style. The tide was dying out, and we had to wait for the next. The weather is very hot. As we are nearer the city, we have more opportunity to look at it and the surrounding country.

"Having been on the water for one hundred and eleven days, the idea of being permanently settled on land is gratifying. I have not been sea-sick since I left Angier, which is seventeen days since. Have gained strength and flesh rapidly, though the walking at Angier fatigued me much. The many mountains and hills have a baked appearance, and are almost destitute of vegetation: we can scarcely see a tree or shrub on them.

"The captain says that in 1835 there were only a few fishing-buts on Hong-Kong Island, and all around was like a hive of pirates.

"The tide is up, and we are moving slowly along on our course. The town is built on the slope of the mountain-side, which terminates near the sea, and having a narrow ridge the city extends two or three miles. Victoria Peak forms the apex of the mountain, which is in the rear of the town proper. A broad, beautiful road winds around it, which is called Victoria Road, or the Queen's Highway, and was made by the Chinese convicts. At two o'clock in the afternoon our ship dropped anchor in Hong-Kong Bay.

"Even before she had stopped she was seen by means of spy-glasses, and some members of the house to which she was consigned came off to meet her, and ere long a number of visitors were asking for the captain, to deliver and receive letters.

"The want of verdure is a noticeable defect in the appearance of the hills. A few lichies, wampees, and bamboo shrubs only are to be seen out of the suburbs of the city. The bay is a beautiful expanse of water, and is surrounded by an amphitheatre of these barren hills, presenting a scene of busy activity. The shore is densely lined with Chinese boats, and the harbor is thronged with ships, from which are displayed the flags of all civilized nations. Two Chinese women came on board, the first that I had seen. In appearance they are not at all prepossessing. Their teeth are of ivory whiteness. They

spoke a little Canton-English. How much I wished that these Babel barriers were broken, and I could tell them of the kind Saviour who came to 'seek and to save that which was lost'!

"I asked one of the gentlemen if he knew Rev. Mr. — and family, to which he replied in the affirmative, but said Mrs. — was dead, and her husband, with his family, had sailed more than three months since to the United States, on account of his ill health.

"For a moment I felt almost overwhelmed at this unexpected intelligence, though I was calm. I was enabled to lay hold on that sweet passage from the page of inspiration, that the good man is not afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, being stayed on God. In solemn silence I mused his praise and thanked Him for his watchful care and preserving grace through my long and perilous voyage, in answer to the prayer breathed from my childhood, often with many tears, that He would permit me to labor in person in a heathen land for the salvation of its poor, benighted females. This great land of spiritual darkness and moral desolation was spread out before me, with its horrid reality and vivid picture of heathenism. The gongs, with their clashing, vibratory tones, produced by rapid blows on the sonorous instrument (the performers being wrought up to desperation) announced the beginning of their evening worship. The air was filled with aromatic odor, the fumes of which arose from the burning of incense from some part of each of the boats that so densely crowded the shore. Three Chinese temples, with a Mohammedan mosque, loomed up in the scenery. While I was intently contemplating the picture which was opened before me, my name, with others, was at last announced. I was welcomed by a missionary gentleman of my own denomination to this land of great moral destitution to which I had come, and invited to his house, as arrangements had been made for me to go there by Mr. — previous to his sailing from China to the United States, and a room had been prepared for my reception. I had no missionary friend of my own Board to welcome me, which I felt very much. But friends among the missionaries of other Boards were raised up to supply their place.

"I bade farewell to our paternal captain, and, as I had no acquaintance to look up to, asked that he would call on me every day as he went to attend to his business in the city. He said that he would do so, with pleasure. The invitation was followed up, for him to call at morning, noon, or evening, by the kind missionary who came to take me to his house. The youth who had caused so much trouble on the passage made threats about publishing a piece in the Monday morning's papers derogatory to the captain's uniform kindness and forbearance, which had been overheard. A contrary statement and complimentary resolutions were drawn up and signed by all the passengers, except this youth and the infidel and profane Frenchman.

"I with another young missionary lady was 'whipped' down the sides of the ship into a comfortable sampan that had been brought to bear us to the city.

"As the twilight in the tropics is exceedingly brief, the evening was fast falling in dark shadows over the bay. The tide being against us made the rowing difficult. The heat-lightning was playing out of the distant blue cloud,—the dashing of the oars against the waters produced a phosphorescent beaded scintillation on the crest of the tiny billows. The everlasting stars were above us; the green, blue, red, pink, yellow, and white lights from transparent lanterns around the foreign and Chinese houses, situated as they were on the slope of the mountain down to the water's edge, even down into the bay; the many lights from the surrounding ships; the slowly rising moon, the hum of human voices, the gliding of boats past us, music on the violin, of some familiar air, from a distant ship, stately residences of merchant princes—the *tout ensemble* words are powerless to draw, a scene with such rare combination of the beautiful and picturesque. Such wondrous magnificence I had never before seen anything to equal. We were landed on a narrow wharf; as we wound our way through streets of marble smoothness, vines of rich verdure overhanging the garden walls which faced the street, belonging to some wealthy residents, with huge lanterns suspended near their hall-doors. There was so brilliant a medley of scenes that it quite bewildered me;

everything was strange and new. I cannot describe the sensation I felt when I for the first time stood on the *terra firma* of oriental Asia!

"We reached the home of the missionary gentleman that accompanied us, and I was welcomed by the good lady of the house. Tea was soon on the table, a blessing asked, and we partook of the light evening repast, which being dispatched we had family worship. It was late when we retired to our rooms. How desolate I felt that night! It seemed that a dark spirit brooded over me and weighed me down. But like Christian in Doubting Castle, although kept by the Giant Despair, I looked for the key of promise to unlock its massive doors, by committing my course in fervent prayer to the Lord of missions, who has said, as thy day is, so shall thy strength be. Tears came to my relief, and I believed that God would raise up friends for me in this far-off land, that He would guide me by his counsel and love me freely. The next day being Sabbath, we attended the Union Chapel. An evangelical discourse was delivered.

"In the afternoon we had a prayer-meeting in the house of our missionary host, which was attended by our late captain and his son.

"On the next day I commenced writing letters home and to my beloved brother in California. Several of the Chinese converts called to see me. It is said that their deportment is that of the Christian.

"I was at a perfect stand-still. My way not being clear before me, I did not know what to do. Previously to sailing, I was advised by the watchful and kind corresponding secretary of our Board not to remain at Hong-Kong, or go to Canton, but to proceed to Macao to remain during the summer months, and to confer with the physicians of Canton about the healthfulness of that city. About this there was a perfect unanimity of sentiment, that Canton was as healthy as any of the five ports, with a short change of residence either to Hong-Kong or to Macao during the summer; that injury to health resulted often from imprudence in eating too lavishly of the rich fruits of the climate on the first arrival in the country,—from too close confinement to study without regard to proper exercise in

the open air during the cool of the morning or evening,—or from exposure to the sun before persons became acclimated. These sanitary precautions and laws must be observed in order to enjoy health in any climate. For nature is always a regal, an inflexible, avenger of those who violate or infringe upon the regimen that she has established, which is co-extensive with the race.

"The fourth day after my arrival I attended the wedding of a young lady who went out as a missionary bride to a gentleman whom she had never seen, and was married in a short time after her arrival. Such steps are not approved of by any judicious and thinking persons in the mission-field.

"Notwithstanding the drapery of romance that is at home thrown around the missionaries and their procedure, so that even their most commonplace letters are published and heralded through the public press, from continent to continent, such persons as are not above mediocrity in the limits of school-room or neighborhood, and perhaps never known or heard of beyond those, find themselves somewhat nonplused when they meet with persons of rare accomplishments in the field, brought up in the most cultivated circles of European and American society, speaking with fluency several languages of the older countries and well versed in the ancient classics; yes, not only gentlemen, but ladies, that in mind and manners would have graced the most brilliant court of any land, yet are willing to forsake the elegancies and even luxuries of their homes, surrounded with everything that makes life dear, and all for the cause of Christ, to spend and to be spent in his service, and say from the heart, in the language of the late pious Mary van Sinnep, 'Jesus, my all I give to Thee.'

"It seemed that the young missionary gentleman, whom the young lady previously noticed came to be married to, came to China in a state of single blessedness, but finding that the domestic circles of married persons are more exclusive than at home, or than he imagined, he became intolerably lonely in his isolated home, and as he was often sick, had written to his Board to 'send him out a wife'; that he would pledge himself to abide by their

decision and to marry the one that they would select. Prudential motives prevented his Board from taking upon themselves so great a responsibility; they gave the case to a committee of lady members of his own denomination. The gentleman's letter went the round among their young lady acquaintances, and no one seemed willing to avail herself of a circumstance that has but few precedents in the etiquette of the present time. At last it was placed in the hands of one who kept the letter until she had answered it, which was two days after her first seeing it. She made a useful missionary.

"It is not uncommon for gentlemen to precede their brides elect several years to an Eastern country, that they may make some progress in the language, and fit up a home in which to receive their wives on their first arrival, which is often a great saving of health. Neither are such steps as these unfrequent in mercantile life. There is much picturesque beauty in the appearance of the city of Hong-Kong, notwithstanding the contrary has been asserted.

"To-day I saw a basket of persimmons as large as our apples are ordinarily. I was invited to eat some of them by a Scotch lady, who accented the first syllable instead of the second. I saw the rich, translucent, saffron-colored fruit before me. But from their unusual magnitude I did not recognize what they were until I repeated the name slowly, when the grave lady, somewhat chagrined at my stupidity, exclaimed, 'Why, you have them in America!' The shape of the fruit, being the same as at home, reminded me what they were, 'Oh, yes, persimmon.' The lady good-naturedly replied, 'Miss Hobyn, I presume you pronounce our Scotch as incorrectly as we do your American names.' I told her that I did not doubt it; and to show that I did not through disrespect answer her in the way I did, began to eat the delicious fruit, which was as soft as custard inclosed in a rind. She gave me a teaspoon with which to eat it. It was indeed luscious, and surpassed in flavor our meagre fruit of the same kind at home. Though the persimmons grow tolerably large in the Southern States, I never relished them. The pineapples are fine, and so rich that I can scarcely eat them. Plums of different kinds,

nectarines, pomeloes, wampees, lichies, plantains, bananas, and cocoa-nuts are in abundance.

"I cannot yet say that I am very fond of the fruit of this country. I eat it prudently, as there is danger of bringing on the fever (in the too free use of it), which is so fatal to new-comers.

"The pomeloes or shaddocks are decidedly my favorite fruit, and with others are brought from the mainland. The pomelo is large; the exterior is a thick, rough rind, resembling very much the orange in shape, color, and odor; the pulp inclosed is sometimes pink, white, or straw-color, divided into segments like an orange, and is nutritious and pleasantly acid. The rind is acrid in flavor, though many like it when made into marmalade or preserves; it is much used on the table of epicures.

"The plantain and banana have a fibrous husk, in which the rich, farinaceous pulp is enveloped.

"The lichies are about the size of a dwarf-orange, with a tough, red hull, which is easily removed. The pulp is a pure pearl color, juicy, surrounding a hard seed; the taste agreeable.

"The wampees grow in rich clusters, something like our winter haws, about the size of a grape; resemble in flavor a full-ripe gooseberry, and are of a dark yellowish-green color.

"By the overland mail I received many sweet letters fraught with Christian consolation.

"I can truly say that I am a stranger amid strangers and in a strange land, far from the home of my birth; but I know that God will make all things work together for my good. Disappointment in not being able to join a mission family under the patronage of my own Board has been a severe ordeal to me, though I have met with so much kindness and attention from missionary friends of other denominations. I believe that God knew what sort of furnace to put me in ere I trod the soil of this heathen land,—the home of my most cherished wishes,—to labor for China's idolatrous daughters. But I can testify that He has bestowed needed grace, and his promises are 'yea and amen in Christ Jesus.'

"On the fourth day after my arrival I received an affec-

tionate and comprehensive letter from my paternal friend, the corresponding secretary of the Board under whose sustaining care I came out. An extract will be given to show with what solicitude I was watched over.

"DEAR SISTER,—Upon arriving at Canton, your ears will be greeted with sad tidings. For days past my thoughts have been directed to the home you have chosen, and my sympathies are drawn out in your behalf. Our last overland letters bring the intelligence of sister —'s death and of brother —'s departure for this country. I cannot but trust and hope that he will remain in his field, at least until you arrive. If, however, he shall have left when you reach Hong-Kong, I hope the God in whom you trust will guide you, and that you will find a home among some of the families in Canton or Hong-Kong. It is little more than two months since you left. You are probably more than half over your passage, and before this reaches Canton you will have arrived. The unexpected event which has occurred, leaving our mission without an occupant, will place you in a dilemma which will require of you much patience, self-possession, and prudence. May you find your ever-present Friend sustaining and comforting in the hour of your necessity! So far as we can at this distance look at the subject, we are prepared to advise your connection with the Shanghai mission. This seems to be the opinion of all the members of the Board with whom I have consulted. If, therefore, after a full view of the subject, and consulting with the physicians at Canton and Messrs. —, of Hong-Kong, you should deem it advisable, you will be at liberty to transfer your connection from Canton to Shanghai. You can secure the assistance of — in obtaining a passage up the coast. In respect to funds, I will write to —. The Lord direct you. If it should be found hazardous to remain at Canton, even for a short season, which you can ascertain by consultation with Dr. —, it may be well to place yourself under the care of the brethren of the other Boards in Hong-Kong; or if it be safe to remain in Canton, you will be able to find board with some of the families there. This is in the event you do not proceed immedi-

ately to Shanghai. Endeavor, my sister, to keep your mind stayed upon the Lord. Yield not to despondency. In undertaking the life of a missionary, you made yourself liable to the very trials to which you are now subjected. Paul, in going to Jerusalem, declared that he went not knowing the things which should befall him there, save that the Holy Ghost witnessed that *bonds and afflictions* awaited him. Sore trials are the heritage of the Christian missionary, and you, in the beginning of your career, are required to suffer them. Be not disheartened; they may be intended to test your fidelity and devotion. Look to the Lord in humble, trustful prayer, and then exercise your soundest judgment, with the advice of the judicious, as to the course you take.

“The children were pleased with the books and — with the music. — send love to you.

“Very affectionately,

“— — —,

“Cor. Sec.”

“The native Christians, members of Rev. Dr. —’s church, hold a concert of prayer for missions on the evening of the first Monday in each month, and give in their monthly contributions, which at the present meeting were two dollars,—poor as they were,—enough to put many of the wealthy churches in our land of gospel light and liberty to the blush. Rev. Dr. — reads the Scriptures and prays with them every morning and evening. The worship is held in the mission chapel. They sing tolerably well the airs, Pleyel’s Hymn, Rockingham, and Old Hundred. On Sabbath, preaching exercises are held twice or thrice with the native church. Communion once a month. At that season the members from a distance collect at Hong-Kong for the purpose of celebrating the holy communion. An earnestness and deep solemnity prevails.

“The converts are not hastily taken into the church; but, having given decided evidences of piety, and after waiting and due examinations, they are received into the church upon the confession of their faith.

“The school for girls is supported by the efforts of its

indefatigable superintendent, who seems almost worn out by her untiring exertions for its support and her personal labors with the pupils. The missionaries of the Established Church and those of the London Missionary Board have schools also, and have succeeded well with preaching to the Chinese. The English language was taught for a long time in the native schools, but has since been abandoned on account of its being found impracticable. A knowledge of that tongue facilitates their being led into temptation, as they much more readily get a situation in large mercantile houses, the members of which, in many cases, have left their consciences west of Africa; they do not regard the Sabbath, not having ‘the fear of God before their eyes,’ and look upon gain as the *summum bonum* of all earthly good, and consequently direct all their energies to this focus, which they often find pierces their hands like a broken reed; their hearts and their riches are cankered and moth-eaten, and the latter make unto themselves wings and fly away. Others of that community are undoubtedly pious men, who contribute much to the support of the gospel in that benighted land.

“I was invited by a missionary family to take a day’s excursion with them on the island for the sake of health, which was feeble. They had been in the country about six years. I was very happy to avail myself of this opportunity to see something of Chinese life. We started on our ramble over Hong-Kong hills and valleys about six o’clock in the morning. The sky was overcast, with now and then a flicker of sunshine. We took our umbrellas with us, in case it should rain. As soon as we reached the landing, a boat was called, into which we entered and set out for Morrison Hill. Commodious buildings had been erected on the summit for the establishment of a Chinese male school, which was supported by the Morrison Education Society. The enterprise did not succeed as well as anticipated, and was consequently abandoned. There had been a handsome garden here. The century plant was in full bloom. It was the first that I had ever seen. It was brought from India. I suppose it was twelve or fourteen feet in height. The flowers were a bright yellow and very dark brown, with tiny specks on

the petals. In shape and odor it resembled the catalpa. The branches grew horizontally, and gradually diminished in size to the top, where it formed a cone in appearance. It was a stately-looking shrub.

"From this place we had a full view of the Seamen's and Military Hospitals, chapel and school of the London Missionary Society, St. Paul's College, the Government House, and many other edifices of note. The view was imposing. At the base of the hill, on the side opposite the bay, is a small valley of enchanting loveliness, which from its picturesque appearance was styled the 'Happy Valley,' from its fancied resemblance to Happy Valley in Johnson's 'Rasselas,' and it was thought to be a delightful location, on account of its poetical scenery, as a place of habitation, and several made it their abode. But 'Happy Valley' soon proved to them the valley of death, as they found their last home near this spot. Through a large gateway we entered a burying-ground, which was once a portion of 'Happy Valley,' inclosed by a thick, high wall of brick. It had become the habitation of the dead, many of whom in life had ranked as the good, the talented, the great, or the gay, thoughtless ones of the earth; but these smiling scenes know them no more. This great gathering is hushed into repose. How narrow their homes! A cold stone, with a few words inscribed on it from the pen of mourning friendship, is their only memorial. The tall grass waves and whistles in the wind. Deep is their sleep on their lowly pillow of dust!

"The place was large and nearly filled with little green mounds,—the graves of the English soldiers, officers, and others. A large monument had been erected, on which the names of those who died in the service of England were engraved. On one side of the gateway was a small house for the reception of the dead previous to burial, in which the funeral rites were performed by a chaplain of the Established Church. As many as eight corpses were in the dead-house daily during a portion of the sickly season. I heard a pious Scotch surgeon say that he had more than fifty patients, and no one to administer their medicine after he had prepared it, or to cook their food, which caused so much labor that he was broken down from

his constant professional duties. He had hired, that day, nurses for the sick soldiers, and a cook for them; went to attend to other patients in the city, and returned at five in the afternoon; found that the cook and nurses had all left without doing anything, and fifty doses of medicine were unadministered, and one poor soldier was resting himself on his elbow, trying to eat some cold greens which some person had brought him. His feeling physician took them away, but the man died during the night. The clattering, grating sounds of the stone-masons from different parts of this field of the dead seemed almost unbearable in this dreary region, 'where all things are forgot.'

"We left this place, which had filled our minds with melancholy musings, crossed 'Happy Valley,' through the midst of which meandered a small rippling stream, resembling a streak of burnished silver in a carpet of soft-green velvet, through a road on the hill, which was slightly terraced, until we reached a grove of bamboo, lichies, and wampee trees, which were interspersed with Chinese huts. The gentleman conductor of our party borrowed a table, with cross legs, resembling an X, such as we sometimes see in the houses of squatters in America, on which we took our tiffin (or lunch). The table was placed under the shade of a lichi-tree. I partook lightly of the repast spread out, but regaled myself by gathering, with my own hands, the wampees and lichies from the pendent branches in nature's own garden. In flavor I found them much more agreeable than those that I had eaten in the city.

"Many Chinese collected around us: mothers with infants in sachels fastened to their backs, and leading others. The women looked sad. I tried to make their infants smile by talking English to them and giving them some rice, but was unable to do so.

"Our company then began to walk through the grove in the direction of the road that we had left, which was almost as smooth as pavement and of a yellowish hue. I found a lonely bachelor's-button, which I plucked. It was growing in the road, with only one flower on the plant. It reminded me of my nurse, my parents, and my Mississippi home.

"The road had many windings, which had been railed in for more than three-quarters of a mile, the railings of which had been painted green, but were in a state of dilapidation; but enough was left to convince me of its former beauty. I forgot fatigue in gazing on the lovely prospect before me. My eyes could not be satisfied with seeing. A large bungalow was on the top of the hill that we had been so long ascending. It would seem that the occupants might have said to the trouble of the world, 'Thus far shalt thou come and no farther.' On we toiled, still gazing, still admiring. A wealth of luxuriant vines fell over and almost concealed a stuccoed wall, which inclosed the premises and hid the interior of the court from our view, except the tops of rare evergreens. Our road led us through a clump of bamboos and over a bridge railed in the manner just described, beneath which ran a babbling stream of pure water. We were thirsty, and in the cooling influence of this trickling fountain we were anxious to indulge. The dense foliage of the waving bamboo cast a sombreness over everything. A solemn reflection pervaded my mind, and the tears left their reservoirs and stood in crystal drops on my cheeks. We again found ourselves in sunshine, for the clouds had partially rolled back their dusky curtains. We entered the wide court-yard of an ex-English surgeon. The beautiful garden had been pillaged of its rare exotics. The beds remained, but none but the commonest flowers had been left. The large edifice stood like something moaning over its own magnificent desolation. It was entirely surrounded by a veranda, with a balustrade of green porcelain. There were none to forbid or welcome our entrance. All was as silent as the tomb, save when this silence was broken by our own footsteps and voices in the spacious and untenanted, though handsomely stuccoed, rooms. Bathing apartments and everything which contributes to the comforts and luxuries of life, in the construction of a magnificent domicile, was prepared here for the reception of its aristocratic inmates.

"The surgeon was fairly domiciled with his elegant family, when death entered and made quick work in removing them from time to eternity. The lovely wife and

three children died in one short week, and in the next another child and other members of the afflicted circle.

"The location was supposed to be healthy and dry, from its great elevation. For that country, which is subject to alternations of rain and heat, the house was not sufficiently ventilated, and the beautifully tiled floors were worse than no protection in keeping out the damps and malaria which rise continually from the earth.

"The outhouses were in keeping with the one which we had just left. There were a half-dozen miserable-looking Chinese living on the premises to take care of the house. Physically they were Lazaruses. We took our dinner of cold rice and curry and several other things from off a dog-kennel, which was propped up for the purpose under the shade of a pride-of-India tree in the covert.

"There were filters in the wall, from which water gushed, filling our tumblers with the sparkling, cooling beverage as it flowed unsullied from the beneficent fountain.

"The shrubbery and the vines were hanging in the wildest luxuriance and native beauty, for there was no hand to train them.

"All was sad in the history of the surgeon and his residence. He became so overwhelmed with sorrow that he sailed with the remainder of his family for England. We left the deserted premises, and on our way through the covert I plucked a leaf of rose geranium and a rose or two; we passed the gateway and the bridge, and went our way down the sinuous road toward the bay, in order to cross over to Hong-Kong. We stopped to see a flower-garden, which had neither taste, order, or beauty in the plan. The garden was large, but the specimens from the floral empire were poor, exhibiting to the eye of the spectator a confused monotony. I passed over as much of it as I could, as the plants were so interwoven with each other that it was impossible to make headway through the dense web of leaves and flowers.

"There were some handsome plants exhibited in green jars for sale. I went with my lady companion to join her husband and children, who were then in the house of the gardener.

"There were several persons in the reception-room, and

two were lying down on rough bamboo settees. One appeared to be in the last stage of consumption, coughed almost constantly, and seemed too feeble to raise himself up without assistance. The other invalid coughed a good deal, but seemed much stronger, and was less emaciated.

"Our gentleman attendant remarked that in less than two months both would be dead. I replied that I was astonished to see pulmonary diseases in so hot a climate, to which he replied that the dampness constantly rising from the floors of ill-ventilated houses was the principal cause of so much consumption, fever, scrofula, marasmus, cutaneous and other diseases; that the health of missionaries had greatly improved since they had higher and better-built houses, and had their dormitories and sitting-rooms on the second floors.

"We crossed the emerald valley and sparkling brook, and over a sand-beach, until we reached the shore. As there was a prospect for a squall of wind a long time was spent in trying to obtain a boat to cross over to Hong-Kong.

"Our conductor parleyed with the boatmen until his eloquence was exhausted, but to no effect. He returned to tell us of his ill success. A brisk shower came up, and we, with our umbrellas and under the shadow of some rocks, screened ourselves from the rain, only our feet got very wet. I picked up some beautiful shells to send home to my mother, among them was the pearl shell.

"While waiting for a boat I went to see the inmates of a shanty made of coarse matting. In its construction it resembled a tent, with no floor but the cold earth, on which were spread some pieces of matting, similar to the exterior, for their beds; this, with an earthen teapot and boiler, formed the wealth of the household. The inmates were three females, a mother and two daughters nearly grown up. I suppose that they were lepers, as they were the most miserable-looking beings I ever had seen. Money was given them, for which they appeared thankful.

"Poor heathen! Miserable in the present world, and without hope of a better life in the world to come! I suppose that they are the most degraded of the Chinese. Happy America! Exalted to heaven in point of gospel and civil privileges; but how great your condemnation!

The heathen will rise up in the day of judgment to testify against you.

"The Catholics have a burying-ground, separated from the realm of the dead in 'Happy Valley' by a wall, the gate of which is kept constantly locked lest heretics should be buried in it. They have a convent here. The edifice is humble in its architectural pretensions. I saw three sisters of charity, who wore black dresses, white three-cornered neckerchiefs, and nuns' bonnets made of white corded muslin. They were taking their evening's walk, attended by five little boys clad in gray costume. Perhaps they were the children of deceased soldiers. The lady superior died a few days before, and was interred with much pomp: there are priests in the city. The sun was fast setting. The clouds had passed away with the rain, leaving a rich glow of saffron light on the crest of the dark mountains. As the twilight is so short in the tropics we became anxious about our situation, cut off as we were from the arm of civil protection. A boat was obtained; but I, with the others of our party, was almost afraid to venture in so slight a craft. There was no alternative. The sides of our boat when we were in the water were but four inches from its edge. Not a word was spoken as we passed rapidly over the bay, the tide aiding our progress. It was quite dark when we reached the city, and with hurried steps I returned to the house of my host.

"After the excitement was over I felt quite exhausted from headache. My strength not being confirmed, which had been so prostrated by ninety-three days' sea-sickness and contending with a debilitating climate after my arrival, I felt too unwell to sit up the next day, which was Sabbath, and was consequently deprived of the privileges of the sanctuary. I had received a slight sunstroke, notwithstanding the sky was overcast with clouds so much of the day. The pain was indescribable. My whole head ached with a flickering pain.

"Previously to my leaving New York I walked until my feet became sore, which did not get entirely well during the whole voyage, as I had to walk on deck so much to keep off sea-sickness. After I had landed one of my

feet became so painful at times I could scarcely walk. It gradually inflamed so much that surgical advice was sought, which was fortunate, as in all probability my foot would have been compelled to be amputated and perhaps have cost me my life.

"After my foot got well I visited the old cemetery, which was on the side of a hill about two miles from the heart of the city, and saw the graves of the lovely trio of missionary ladies, Mrs. Dr. Ball, Mrs. Dr. Deane, and Mrs. Shuck, who followed each other successively to the tomb in a few short months. They toiled in the same field for the salvation of the Chinese, died unexpectedly, and were gathered to rest from their labors in the home prepared for good and faithful servants by the 'Lord of the harvest.' I read their epitaphs with a mournful interest. Their sepulchral homes were contiguous. There were many graves over which humble or more expensive grave-stones had been placed by bereaved friends. Many touching and beautiful inscriptions are on them. The place was so overgrown with luxuriant shrubbery that many of them were concealed by the thick branches and foliage of this recent and obtrusive growth. There were no marks of recent interment, and the place had a very forsaken appearance.

"In the new cemetery, which I had lately visited, rested the remains of the young, pious, lovely, and accomplished Mrs. Annie A. Johnson, a late missionary, who left her field of chosen labor, ere she was able to enter upon its heaven-commissioned duties, for one of eternal rest, more congenial to her pure and dovelike spirit, leaving an infant boy to be reared by stranger hands. No slab of marble then pointed to the home of the peaceful sleeper, or spoke of the exodus of the immortal part to climes of bliss.

"On my return, we met a number of Sepoys, whose looks made me afraid. I was told that they were East Indians trained as soldiers under the British government. Being brought up and having resided in four Southern States, and always accustomed to colored servants, it would seem strange that the appearance of these persons made me shudder. Their straight jet-black hair and skin, large, evil, cruel, bloodthirsty eyes, and their carrying arms,

would have made me decamp in haste and alarm had not our party been so much at ease.

"In the recent insurrection in India, I could readily imagine how these sanguinary soldiers would act without restraining power toward the unprotected and unresisting inhabitants. They doubtless, in their attacks, resembled wolves in a fold of defenseless sheep, being, in their military training, far more barbarous than civilized.

"Our ship, the *Lady Cypress*, was expected to leave Hong-Kong for Whampoa some time during the next day. The family with whom I was sojourning and I were invited to take an early breakfast with the captain, in order that they might return to their missionary labors at the usual hour. The air was warm and oppressive. On entering my late floating home, I went directly to the after-parlor and took my old seat on the transom. On the centre-table a gold-fish, lying in a glass finger-bowl, half filled with water, seemed to be gasping for cool air. He appeared so lifeless that I thought to revive him by removing the tepid and placing him in ice water. Instantly he became almost rigid from the frigid temperature. I quickly placed and held him between my hands until he was warmed to nature's degree; and asked the steward for some lukewarm water, in which he appeared happy and playful after his frigid bath.

"Breakfast being over, and after bidding the kind captain farewell, we took our sampan to return to the pier. From the bay we had a fine view of the warehouses or 'godowns,' docks, piers, and fleets of merchantmen, all giving evidences of busy activity and material prosperity. It has been said that, leaving out 'the devout,' there are persons here from every nation under heaven. What a Babel crowd there is seen in this part of the city!—Arabs, Turks, Italians, Frenchmen, Persians, Englishmen, Americans, Hindoos, Scotchmen, Moors, Spaniards, Portuguese, Malays, Germans, Dutch, and Swedes. In this group was a specimen of every religion in the world.

"The streets were filled with an active, seemingly busy people. The bazaars or shops, crowded with wares of all kinds, invite the passers-by in every street.

"The club-houses, reading-rooms, and churches evince

the progress made by the inhabitants from a social, intellectual, and religious point of view. There is much good water, which sparkles and glitters as it streams down the mountain-sides.

"The English took possession of this island in 1841, in the name of the Queen. The site of the city was then a barren hill-side, to which they gave the name of Victoria, in her honor. Its population now amounts to nearly sixteen thousand. Itinerant artisans are constantly met with, natives with handsome cages with singing-birds and cabinets of shells, toys, etc., for sale in the streets. Often from the veranda have I watched the novel picture of human life spread out before me. How these poor, deluded people, possessing an immortal worth, toil in every way, either honestly or not, for the meat that perisheth! Oh that the Spirit of God would move upon the great 'deep' of their minds, and illumine them with his peace that passeth understanding!"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Two missionaries (a gentleman and his wife), sent out by our Board to Canton, arrived. I made up my mind to go with them, in order to commence the study of the language as early as possible. I grieved over every hour that I was not making some headway in that respect. The colloquial dialect at Hong-Kong is different from that at Canton.

"I bid farewell to my newly-made friends at this place, whom I esteemed for the work's sake, and whose society presented many attractions, and who had entertained me in the kindest manner.

"I went in the same ship with the couple lately arrived for the Canton station. I soon became very sea-sick when on the broader waters, and I scarcely slept during the whole night. About morning twilight the ship cast anchor in Whampoa harbor.

"The captain and his wife both called out to me to open my port and look out. Another picturesque landscape was spread out before me in every variety; vine hills terraced near the summit. The valleys and alluvials were cultivated in patches; villages and towns surrounded with bamboo and trees of large growth, of dense and verdant foliage. Boats and every kind of craft were seen flying hither and thither in the neighborhood of our ship with fruit, hogs, fowls, birds, paintings, silks, satins, crapes, shawls, porcelain, china-ware, perfumes, carvings of ivory, tortoise-shells, and sandal-wood, in boxes, fans, combs, card-cases, and card-baskets, made in the most exquisite and elaborate manner, natural and artificial flowers, embroidery, jewelry, lacquered ware, shells, and cases of insects.

"One feels quite bewildered with the chaotic variety of the scene in Whampoa harbor. The boatwomen were loud and vociferous in giving their orders, as all scolding women are everywhere. There is a large number of ships here, about twelve miles below Canton, which on account of shallows in the river cannot go any higher. At a distance I saw the *Lady Cypress*, the ship that had been my home so long over the great deep. The American consul called, said that Captain — had gone to Canton, and would not return until the afternoon of the next day.

"The chaplain of the Seamen's Bethel very kindly sent an invitation for us to attend worship at eleven o'clock A.M. I had become somewhat acquainted with him during my short stay at Hong-Kong. We accepted the invitation gladly. He preached a most excellent and appropriate sermon to the sailors and others who came to hear him. The audience was large and attentive. We were invited to stay to dinner. Of this I was glad, as I suffered much from exposure to the sun while getting out of the ship into the sampan.

"At four o'clock we took a sampan to visit French Island, on the south side of the anchorage, and on which foreigners are buried. This place of all others I desired most to visit.

"Just as we landed, a boat which served as a place to rear geese was pushed up to the shore, and one end of it

raised so as to form an inclined plane, the lower end resting against the green bank; with a whip the boatman drove out the goslings, which ran and luxuriated upon the green grass, and manifested by their screams and motions as much joy as school-boys let out from the confinement and hard tasks of the school-room. After running about for half an hour they were sent back again to their floating homes; the gate was closed, and the frame of the boat was placed horizontally as before, and then rowed off to the owner.

"We walked around the high hill near the landing. There were white houses surrounded by noble trees, which looked beautiful until we neared them. We then fully realized the purport of the poet's sentiment, 'Distance lends enchantment to the view.' There was no regard paid to that virtue which is esteemed by Christians next to godliness.

"Hills of peanuts, cotton-patches, and paddy-fields looked beautiful, and reminded me of home. The fresh breeze from the bay diffused a delicious coolness, and much relieved my aching head. There are orange- and olive-groves about Whampoa.

"We reached the burying-ground, which was at that time small and under the shade of olive-trees. Near were the graves of the six Englishmen who were killed by the Chinese while they were taking an excursion for amusement on the Sabbath. It is said that the father of one of the young men told his son before he left home that in his going away nothing distressed him so much as his going to a land in which there was no regard paid to the Christian Sabbath.

"A Christian can but be warmed with fervent longings for the turning of this people with their whole heart to Him who is no respecter of persons and who looketh not to the outward appearance.

"We saw the graves of Clopton, Mrs. Devan, and Mrs. Whilden, who had left the endearments of home, braved the dangers of the mighty deep and the privations of an unpropitious climate, to labor for the children of oriental Asia; and we returned to the ship much impressed by our evening's visit to the silent 'regions of the dead'.

"At noon the next day we left in a large sampan for Canton. The land bordering on the river is almost a dead level. Wampee-, lichi-, and orange-trees grow on the margin of the stream, which is fringed with a tall, coarse grass. Buffaloes were browsing near the shore, attended by herdsmen.

"We passed several nunneries and large villages on the river. We were very much afraid of being attacked by pirates, as we had our baggage along in another boat. The gentleman who was with us was very timid, and excited needless fears in my lady companion and myself. Although her husband had been in the country for fourteen years he was the most mystified and perfect non-descript of any specimen of humanity I ever had the misfortune to meet with in any part of the world.

"I think, of all persons, missionaries ought to be the most cultivated and refined, as well as the most pious people that adorn any circle of society. Many persons, brought up in the backwoods without knowing anything *practically* of the usages of polite society, spend a few years at college and having a good share of self-confidence, which ignorance gives, are sent out to the mission-field to be associated with the elegant and refined brought up in the most polished circles at home.

"Such persons often worry themselves at the good manners and practical punctilios of politeness in their more fortunate associates, calling it 'gas,' 'nonsense,' or 'affectation'; boasting of their not being 'clogged with so much useless stuff,' and of their being 'brought up in the woods.'

"A young American, inflated with the high accomplishment of being 'brought up in the backwoods,' yet as verdant as the grass in 'Happy Valley' in all eyes but his own, made a call of ceremony on a missionary lady of rare accomplishments but without hauteur, possessing all the ease and grace of one who had been accustomed to elegant society, and a daughter of a distinguished divine in the city of London. He made himself very familiar and, in his estimation, *agreeable*. Being struck with her wealth of beautiful hair, as soon as he seated himself he turned to her and said, 'How long is your hair?'

"Monday, August 12. We got sight of the famous city of Canton. The river was literally alive with the masts of the junks which were closely crowded along the stream. In my childhood I had read about boatmen and their egg-shaped boats, but it always puzzled me to know whether they lay in the water on their end, or sidewise. In the latter position I found them.

"The boats were classed off and placed so as to form a regular aquatic city, with water-paved streets,—a city of mystified historical associations, throbbing with a myriad strong pulses of commercial life. Some of the boats are gayly painted and are pretty in appearance, and others are repulsive. Here I saw thousands of women managing their boats with as much skill as the stronger sex. On they glided, smoothly and rapidly, presenting a bustling, noisy, animating scene. Their whole attention seemed to be engrossed with managing their boats to insure them against collision with the crafts that were continually flying past them. For a moment one would think that they would be dashed to pieces or sunk by striking against another or other boats. But the boat etiquette is practiced to the letter, so it is the rarest thing to hear of a collision between them, although there are nearly a hundred thousand lying in the waters before Canton city, it is said, and the real number may not be overestimated. Why these people came to live exclusively upon the water is scarcely known. The influence of the confined atmosphere of this immense city is felt for more than a mile before reaching it. It is trying to the olfactory nerves as well as suffocating to the lungs. One feels at first as though shut up in a confined room and wishful to get a breath of fresh air. But in a few days a person becomes accustomed to inhaling it, and experiences none of those disagreeable sensations which are felt on first arriving."

Their missionary conductor had become acclimated in taste and feelings as far as the domestic habits of the people are concerned, and consequently landed with his wife and Miss Hobyn before the house that was to be their home preparatory to missionary labor.

As it was long past the dinner hour, Mr. Hollins, their conductor, sent out to get them something to eat,—candy

and fruit forsooth,—the very things not to be eaten as the staff of life by persons recently arrived in the country.

They had no domestic comforts, not even a bedstead, or mosquito-curtains, so decidedly indispensable at night, as the mosquitoes are much larger, more numerous, and more annoying than those Miss Hobyn had seen either in Louisiana or Mississippi.

Late in the afternoon, while Mrs. Hollins and Miss Hobyn were thinking about what they were to do to screen themselves from those flying troubles, Miss Hobyn's captain, hearing of her arrival, called on her with several missionaries from other Boards. She and Mrs. Hollins were delighted to see them. When they left, the old captain told them that he would remain with the ladies awhile longer, and would then return to the factories. After taking tea, Rev. Dr. Bowen, as the representative of his family, came to make a call. Mrs. Bowen was recovering from fever, and his daughter was from home, or they would have called in person.

He insisted on Mr. and Mrs. Hollins going to his house to spend the night, or until further arrangements could be made for their health and comfort; but as for Miss Hobyn, Mrs. Bowen had told him not to return without her. Mr. Hollins refused to give his consent for the ladies to go, saying that it was important for them to commence their hardships at first, and not to put them off for another time.

Miss Hobyn's captain told Rev. Dr. B. that he had taken care of her so many thousand miles over the great seas, and that he intended to see that she was cared for until his return to the United States.

Miss Hobyn put on her bonnet to accompany the gentleman, from whose family and himself she had received several kind letters, full of Christian sympathy, while at Hong-Kong, inviting her to come up to Canton and make their house her home until subsequent arrangements. She had esteemed them for more than a month before she saw them.

When Rev. Mr. Hollins saw that Miss Hobyn was in the act of setting off for the boat which had been brought for her, he told his wife to go also. Almaria wept, not that she met with trials and privations, but because they

could *all* have been prevented. She prayed that He who says "My grace is sufficient for thee" would grant her his support in that she might be called to endure, and if there was any dross in her motives that it might be consumed.

Having been detained for Mrs. Hollins, whose husband concluded to go also, Miss Hobyn did not reach Dr. B.'s until after nightfall. The house and novel scenes around her prevented her from sleeping. She was very grateful for the Christian hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. B.

Early she returned with Mr. and Mrs. Hollins to the place at which the former had determined that they should make their home.

During the day Dr. B. sent a Chinaman with several specimens of net for making bars for keeping out the mosquitoes at night, directing them to select the best quality, as the most useful and the most permanent for wear. Indeed, all the missionaries did something toward making them comfortable.

Miss Hobyn and Mrs. Hollins both became sick, and were little able to endure the privations through which they were called to pass. Not a breath of pure air could they breathe in the place, which Mr. Hollins seemed to think was nothing. If she or Mrs. Hollins said anything about the polluted atmosphere which they were constantly inhaling,—that it would inevitably bring on fever,—he would coolly ask them if they did not come to China to die. Miss Hobyn told him that she felt it as much her duty to take care of her health as anything else with which God had blessed her, when not called upon to expose it; and to act otherwise she considered indirect suicide. This she said as Mr. Hollins had been advised unanimously by all the physicians of the place not to remain where he was, on account of the unhealthfulness of the location; that however eligible the place might be for preaching, it was not a fit place for ladies to reside, as the rabble of the city often had their rows there; that there was a comfortable house, rent very cheap, at which his family could reside, and he still continue his daily preaching at the same place; that the pleasant situation referred to was occupied by a young missionary gentleman, who, on account of his health, would leave for the United States in a short time, or as

soon as he could hear from his Board, and then all the house would be at their disposal. To this Mr. Hollins objected, and said that they ought to expect trials.

Dr. B.'s married daughter, a lovely missionary, called on Mrs. Hollins and Miss Hobyn, and on her return home that night sent Miss Hobyn a polite note, with a bedstead, mosquito-curtains, a wash-basin, and a looking-glass, which Mr. Hollins made her return, telling her that she did not have a use for anything but the bedstead and curtains, and if the looking-glass got broken who was to pay for it?

Several missionaries sent a boat for Miss Hobyn and Mrs. Hollins, who were still indisposed, to take them up the river to see the house to which the physicians had advised Mr. Hollins to remove. The ladies were delighted with the residence, the atmosphere was so pure and cool from the river, and the rooms so airy.

The gentleman who occupied the house called twice to see if Mr. Hollins would take it, as he expected soon to leave for America, and then it would probably be let to some family out of the mission circle, and it might not be feasible to get it back again.

At last Mr. Hollins consented for them to go, the location being so healthful. Though Mr. Hollins might be at heart a good man, his code of ethics was different from other persons; whatever he did, he always thought that the end sanctified the means, and he knew nothing of the refined and delicate feelings of persons brought up in polite society; yet, although a backwoodsman, he looked upon himself as the pink of politeness and the most important personage in the world.

To Mrs. Hollins and Miss Hobyn the wished-for time to leave for a more healthy residence at length arrived. They entered a boat with Mr. Hollins and their baggage, and were landed in good time at their new home, two miles farther up the river.

Miss Hobyn felt that she had reached an earthly paradise in comparison with what she had just left; a clean house, table-cloths, and something to eat that suited the taste and health of civilized people, though there was nothing but rice, flour, pork-chops, and a dish of taro for four people to eat. Yet what luxuries, to which the ladies

had been strangers for more than ten days previous; there was *cleanliness* which corresponded to their American notions of that desideratum.

Miss Hobyn found that the change did much for her health; though her room was very warm, and so dark that she could not see how to write or read with comfort. As it was the time of the southwest monsoon, the want of air in her dormitory at night was severely felt. Though the room was very open on one side, the air did not circulate from that point of the compass.

Poor Mrs. Hollins's indisposition was the first stage of severe fever. She daily became worse, until delirium came on. About this time every lady in Canton had left for Macao, or some other place, as a short respite from the confined atmosphere of the city; consequently the burden of acting as nurse for four weeks fell on Miss Hobyn, whose strength had been reduced by ninety-three days' sea-sickness, and then arriving in an unpropitious climate, sick for some days, in the hottest season of the year, so that she was not well prepared to attend to the offices of the sick-room in addition to studying and housekeeping, without any assistance. As Mr. Hollins did not seem to notice or care for her indisposition, she told him that she was feeling very unwell, and had constant faintness from sheer exhaustion during such hot weather, and was afraid that her fatigue would bring on some permanent disease; that if he would watch with his wife one-half of each night she would sit up the remainder. To this he replied that it was Miss Hobyn's duty to nurse his wife, as one female ought to wait on another.

Mrs. Hollins was often so light-headed that she would not take her medicine, and would rave like a madwoman. For four weeks Miss Hobyn left the house but once, and then she requested Mr. Hollins to take her place until she returned, which would be in the course of half an hour or less time, if she could make some little purchases. She was gone but a few minutes before Mrs. Hollins was left alone.

As soon as she began to recover her physician ordered her to repair to Hong-Kong, to inhale the soft sea-breeze of that place.

Mrs. Dr. B. and their daughter were again at home, and invited Miss Hobyn to remain with them until Mrs. Hollins returned, saying that she could study the language, and that every facility that they could afford her in that matter should be rendered. Again and again they insisted on her coming. She packed up to go, when Mr. Hollins decided that she should go instead of himself with his wife to Hong-Kong.

Almaria told him that she did not wish to go, as it was running the mission to a useless expense; that he knew that her salary was not sufficient to pay her expenses; and if she went it must not be at the expense of the mission, as she went solely to accommodate him and against her own convictions of duty; that he must meet the expense out of his own salary. To this he assented.

Mrs. Hollins being quite an invalid, they took the steamer at Canton very early in the morning for Hong-Kong, thinking that Mr. Hollins had made arrangement for some gentleman to meet them on their arrival, as they were so unprotected. They reached Hong-Kong after nine o'clock in the evening.

The captain was very deficient in politeness, and coldly asked the ladies if they expected to remain on the steamer that night. They had been waiting for some time to see if any one would call for them, and the ladies were holding a consultation about what they were to do, when they heard their names announced simultaneously, and the missionary friend who had entertained Miss Hobyn on her first arrival in the country entered the ladies' cabin. He told them that he had heard from rumor that Mrs. Hollins would be down on that day's steamer, and had come to meet her at a venture, thinking how very awkward she would feel to arrive there without any one to care for her.

It was with some difficulty that they were able to obtain a boat so far out in the bay to convey their baggage ashore, where a sedan was waiting to take Mrs. Hollins to his house. Miss Hobyn walked with her Christian friend, though she was suffering from intense headache.

Mrs. Hollins gained her usual strength rapidly. But not so with her companion in travel, though she kept up until the day before her departure for Canton. She had

to be carried in a sedan to take a boat in order to reach the steamer. For more than a week she did not sleep, so great was the pain in her head, and a portion of the day with burning fever and thirst. She called in a medical adviser, who pronounced it intermittent fever. He was a missionary of another Board, but was as attentive and kind as though he had been her father. He had been a long time in the country. Often, when she was so ill as not to feel interested in anything of a secular nature, did she stay all day entirely alone without any one to speak or to do anything for her.

She improved slowly, and at the end of three weeks was able to commence her studies under a teacher who was once a preceptor of Dr. Morrison, the first missionary to China. He was procured for her by the assistance of a friend, who had told her that the servants' language was the first that she would need. She regretted that she had lost so much time. The chaplain at Whampoa very kindly sent for Mrs. Hollins and Miss Hobyn, who went down with a missionary who lived at that place. They stopped in the town to visit the house of a wealthy Chinaman, which was considered, with the gardens and grounds, worth seeing. While here they saw people threshing out rice with a flail. But this, like all Chinese houses, looked better at a distance. In it were two coffins, one of which contained the remains of the mother, who had died nine years before, and the other those of the wife, who had been dead for seven years. The continual smoke of the incense was rolling in tiny wreaths before them from spiral wicks, which perhaps would continue to burn for a month or two.

The reason that these remains continued disinterred was that a lucky place had not been found by the priest, who was constantly on the search for one. He was well paid for his trouble, but was still unable to find the desired place to deposit them. It was said that the man who was son and husband of the deceased persons was a man of large landed interest, owning perhaps one hundred thousand acres.

Nature has been very lavish in her gifts to these poor, idolatrous, priest-ridden people. They make great use of the olives when salted and dried, which resemble a dried

herring in flavor. Oil is also obtained from them, which is much used with their food.

A dense smoke arose from sugar-works in the neighborhood. Sugar-cane was growing in patches near the shore. A large number of ships were in the harbor, but the *Lady Cypress* and her beloved captain were not there. The breeze was delightfully bracing to our friends released from the confined air of Canton city.

Dinner was on the table when they reached the Seamen's Bethel, and were welcomed by its hospitable and godly chaplain. Miss Hobyn had not relished food for several weeks, but enjoyed the meal very much. The cool night air, and to be able to sleep without mosquito-curtains in an airy room,—what a luxury! She slept twelve hours without waking, and perhaps would have continued to sleep, had she not been aroused by ringing of the breakfast-bell, with a loud knock at the door of her dormitory. She arose entirely free from headache, and felt much stronger than the day previous. She enjoyed the sermon that was preached by the chaplain to a crowded house, from the words, "He that being often reproveth hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." The discourse was indeed heart-searching to sailors and others present. The afternoon was spent in pious conversation and reading books of devotion.

On Monday morning after breakfast, before the sun became too hot, Miss Hobyn went on the deck of the Bethel, to look at what was going on in the harbor, and to get another view of the beautiful country. Though not the prevailing feature of the landscape, there were many terraced hill-sides. Not far from her she saw a fisherman raise his net fifty times without having anything in it, yet he did not seem discouraged in his efforts. Would that the "fishers of men" were as zealous and persevering in casting the gospel net in the waters of worldly-mindedness, for immortal souls, as this poor heathen Chinaman was for the food that perisheth!

She descended, as the reflection from the silvery bosom of the bay had become painful to her eyes, leaving the persevering fisherman still casting his net, having toiled all the morning without being able to catch anything.

In the afternoon they visited Danes' Island, one of the highest points of land about Whampoa, to which place they passed through several villages. The dogs, resembling foxes in appearance, barked furiously at the party, but they seemed to have no courage. Should a foreigner run at them, they will run off rapidly, howling as they go. The Chinese are very much afraid of the dogs that are brought from western nations, which foreigners keep to guard their houses from thieves at night, and which are often poisoned by the native servants in their employment. They saw a great many chickens, old and young, that were fine eating. The villagers came out to see the foreign ladies. They passed through several olive-groves, where people were busy preparing the fruit for use, sitting under the trees in groups: several exposed it for sale at the corners of the streets. The sides and top of the hill were barren. Some places near the bottom were small patches, hedged with dwarf thorn-bushes. Many roses and chrysanthemums were growing wild, and needed nothing but the hand of a skillful horticulturist to make them rival their kindred flowers in the western world. Numerous sailors were taking their evening stroll on the beach. Bright waters were flowing in crystal streams and in muffled hums down the vales, clothing them in smiling verdure by their glistening moisture.

Miss Hobyn, being a great admirer of natural scenery, felt that what was spread out before her was almost too much for her mind to grasp, everything wearing a rural as well as oriental aspect—houses with clumps of trees and bamboos, affording a pleasant shade with their beautiful and waving plumes, nodding to the motion of every breeze. She found words too tame and inefficient to describe this beautiful prospect. The lingering sunbeams were spreading out their flaming light, heightening the glory of the fading day on the placid waters, whose fair bosom was set here and there with a lovely emerald islet, and was disturbed only by the dash of the oarsman, as he propelled his fairy-like craft in bright, sparkling ripples hither and thither across the bay. The soft winds, with sylph-like whispers, passed by them, acting as a restorative means on the system debilitated by disease.

Miss Hobyn felt greatly benefited by the afternoon's excursion, and had a considerable relish for tea, not having before taken so long a ramble in the country since her arrival. She was struck with the constant use of the bamboo, and thought that the term "universal" was not at all inapplicable to indicate that it is used in almost every department of domestic and political life. According to Dr. Williams, it is used for making "furniture, pencils, the shoots for food, boiled or pickled. The roots are carved into fantastic images of men, birds, monkeys, or monstrous perversions of animated nature; cut into lanterns, handles, and canes, or turned into oval sticks for worshipers to divine whether the gods will hear or refuse their petitions. The tapering culms are used for all purposes that poles can be applied to in carrying, supporting, propelling, and measuring, by the porter, the carpenter, and the boatman, for the joists of houses and the ribs of sails, the shafts of spears and the wattles of hurdles, the tubes of aqueducts and the handles and ribs of umbrellas and fans. The leaves are sewed upon cords to make rain-cloaks, swept into heaps to form a fertilizer, and matted into thatch to cover houses. Cut into splints and slivers of various sizes, the wood is worked into baskets and trays of every form and fancy, twisted into cables, plaited into awnings, and woven into mats for the scenery of the theatre, the roofs of boats; and the casing of goods. The shavings even are picked into oakum, and mixed with those of rattan, to be stuffed into mattresses. The bamboo furnishes the bed for sleeping and the couch for reclining; the chopsticks for eating, the pipe for smoking, and the flute for entertainment; a curtain to hang before the door, and a broom to sweep around it; together with screens, stools, stands, and sofas for various uses of convenience and luxury in the house; the mattress to lie upon, the chair to sit upon, the table to dine from, food to eat, and fuel to cook it with, are alike derived from it. The ferule to govern the scholar, and the book he studies, both originate here. The tapering barrels of the organ, and the dreaded instrument of the lictor,—one to make harmony, and the other to strike dread; the skewer to pin the hair, and the hat to screen the head; the paper to

write on, the pencil-handle to write with, and the cup to hold the pencils; the rule to measure lengths, the cup to gauge quantities, and the bucket to draw water; the bellows to blow the fire, and the bottle to retain the matches; the bird-cage and the crab-net, the fish-pole and sumpitan, the water-wheel and eaves-duct, wheel-barrow and hand-cart, etc.,—are one and all furnished or completed by this magnificent grass, whose graceful beauty, when growing, is comparable to its varied usefulness when cut down.

“China could hardly be governed without the constant application of the bamboo, nor the people get along in their daily pursuits without it. It serves to embellish the garden of the prince and to shade the hamlet of the peasant; compose the hedge which separates their grounds, assist in constructing the tools to work their lands, and feed the cattle which labor upon them; and lastly, as the Chinese verily believe, it brings forth its seeds in years of famine to supply the deficiencies of other crops.”

Almaria saw some dates, English walnuts, and large chestnuts, sent from Shanghai to the chaplain by a friend. The walnuts are indigenous to the northern portion of China, and are the same kind that are called English walnuts, from their being first brought to America from England. The chestnuts were about three times as large as those which grow in the highlands of Virginia. When boiled, the nut is of a rich, farinaceous quality, but not as good as the smaller ones in America.

After her return to the Bethel, she left the pleasant circle in the sitting-room, and repaired to the deck, to be alone for awhile to contemplate the panorama before her in a beautiful moonlight evening. She brought in review her first thoughts of devoting her life to the mission cause while yet a little girl, and how many thousands were then before her performing their evening's devotions before their idols of wood and clay. Tears ran down her cheeks in looking over this land, beautified with wild flowers, variety of shrubbery, and clusters of noble trees; valleys clothed with richest verdure, sugar-cane, beans, plantains, oranges, climbing hills, hamlets, villages, towns, native and foreign boats, teeming with busy life, made up the prospect by which she was surrounded, filling her mind with ideas of

the vast and sublime. Yet it was a sad picture of moral desolation, for gross darkness covered the minds of the people,—precious souls for whom Christ died. How they spend their money for that which is not bread, and their labor for that which satisfieth not, and for the meat that perisheth. There was only one missionary toiling for their salvation. Truly the harvest is great, but only one laborer, who sees with the eye of faith the monuments of heathenism crumble, and the memory of its greatness pass away, while on its wreck Christ erects his kingdom over thousands and millions of this benighted land now so wholly given to idolatry.

Then noble and unfading honors will crown the life of toil and suffering of the self-immolated herald of the cross, who sowed in tears, and will doubtless return with joy, having his precious sheaves with him. He possesses the hope that passes the veil of dim futurity and anchors the soul beyond the dark boundary of time, and lands it safely in the realms of light and love, and the charity that endures all things, that never fails, though prophecies and tongues and knowledge cease.

The great Agent of the world's redemption, by presenting obstacles in one direction and removing them in another, will hasten on the glorious era of his triumphant reign on earth. The hearts of men are in his hands, as the rivers of waters; He turns them as the rivers of water are turned. How rich with Christian interest is the bare contemplation that these temples and tall pagodas will, ere long, be forsaken, left to the moles and the bats, or converted into churches for the worship of the true and living God! when those creeping vines, flowering shrubs, and trees so tastefully arranged upon the borders of the winding pathway and upon the hill-side, will form a sanctuary for the converted Chinaman to hold converse with his heavenly Father!

In the course of half an hour Miss Hoby was joined by the party from below.

They set out early on Thursday morning with the favoring tide, to return to their home in Canton, grateful for the Christian hospitalities which had been extended to them by the pious chaplain, who was expected to sail in

the course of four or five months for his home over the wide waters.

The missionary gentleman attendant always distributed tracts whenever he went out upon the land or water. He related many things that were interesting about his more quiet journeys, for the purpose of seeing what could be done in the way of preaching; he had in several instances been stoned, but the prejudices of the people had become so greatly softened toward missionaries, and particularly toward him, that he could then go almost where he pleased.

They visited a tall pagoda, which was in a somewhat dilapidated state. The missionary friend said that the goddess of mercy was more worshiped than any other deity by the women, and pointed to the worn path which led to her shrine. They saw several villages, in which the people were busily engaged in preparing the olive for present and future use. Buffaloes, attended by herdsmen, were browsing on the flatlands. Buddhist nunneries were seen embowered in trees. May not these places of Satan's stronghold become nurseries of piety, in which the young mind might be brought to ascend in aspirations to Him who says, "I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me"?

About ten o'clock they came in view of Canton, with its numberless floating domiciles moored to the shores of the river, crowded together, row upon row, decked with streaming banners, teeming with life everywhere. Multitudes! multitudes! moving with cheerfulness and activity in every direction.

The ladies were glad when they had reached their own home, through such a heterogeneous mass of people, having passed through their aquatic streets, lanes, etc.

The friends that had been so kind to Mrs. Hollins and Miss Hobyn were of a different denomination of Christians from their own. True religion is the same in Asia as in enlightened Europe or America.

Miss Hobyn had often thought that there were indications of insanity in the young gentleman that boarded in the house, and sometimes ventured to mention it to his associate laborers, who replied that he had always been

more or less melancholy, and was one of the best persons they ever knew,—so devoted to his God, a man of talent and a scholar. She felt unhappy, and often talked to Mrs. Hollins about the singular expression of his eye at times, the clinching of his fists, and his walking and singing the greater part of the night. Still, no person seemed to think anything about the matter, only to call him one of the best of men,—so tender-hearted that he would not willingly injure a worm, but always eccentric. She told Mrs. Hollins that if this gentleman committed suicide she would not be surprised at it.

His desponding feeling seemed to increase daily. He was anxious to get permission from his Board for his return home, as his health was very poor, and a gratuitous passage had been offered him. He spoke very touchingly of his aged parents, of their pious examples set before him from his earliest remembrance, of his brothers and sisters and other relatives, and of the endearments of his home. He gave an account of his being at college, etc.

Late one afternoon, Miss Hobyn was plying her needle, the gentleman was reading a devotional work, and not a word had been spoken for some time, when an awful wail pierced her ear. She raised her eyes from her work to see what was the matter. The placid countenance and serene eyes that were a short time before poring over the book were transformed into those of a raving maniac. Miss Hobyn, who was for the moment petrified from panic, asked him what it was that distressed him so much. He replied, in plaintive tones, blended with almost supernatural awe, that God had forsaken him, and begged her to pray for him. Ere this Mrs. Hollins had rushed into the room. As soon as he saw her, he repeated his request that she should pray for him. This was followed by three paroxysms of laughing, succeeded by one of weeping, when he sobbed like a child. When this passed over, his countenance assumed its wonted serenity, resembling in expression that of a child who had wept away its troubles.

As the kind physician had been sent for, he came with his usual promptness, and at ten o'clock in the evening came to see him again; but he had greatly changed, had relapsed into a moody silence. After his medical attendant

left, the patient was prevailed upon to take the potions left for him, and frequently during the stillness of the night offered up prayer.

It was so touching to hear his plaintive voice engaged in prayer, and to think of his being deprived of his reason far away from his fond parents to whose pious examples he so lately reverted, from his affectionate brothers and his sisters, who had surrounded the family altar morning and evening, when his godly father led in prayer and read from the large family Bible the words of eternal life.

The next morning being Sabbath, several calls were made to inquire after the health of the invalid, as all were his friends in both the mission and mercantile circles, he had led so blameless a life.

Miss Hobyn and Mrs. Hollins were left entirely alone, though the latter entreated her husband, with tears in her eyes, not to leave her in so defenseless a situation, with an insane man in the house; but he told her that he must attend to his preaching. Miss Hobyn, who had seen many cases of insanity, told Mr. Hollins that she was afraid that the invalid would lay violent hands on himself in one of those paroxysms of despair, as she had often heard persons say that had recovered from such an affliction that to destroy themselves was their greatest temptation.

In less than fifteen minutes from the time that Mr. Hollins left the house, the ladies heard a very strange noise, as though one was suffocating; after listening for a moment, they found that it proceeded from the study of the sick man. They both ran into the room, which was partitioned in front with gossamer matting. What a spectacle presented itself! The blood was flowing from a large wound in his throat, and near by lay a half-closed razor. The ladies shrieked, as may well be supposed, and then sent in haste for several persons, who came immediately with the kind physician, and dressed the wound. The excessive bleeding had relieved his head and restored him to his right mind. He lived six days after, but never spoke. He, when asked if he wished to recover, always made a sign in the affirmative. It was so mysterious a providence! Poor finite mortals cannot see into it. "*What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.*"

A post-mortem examination showed that there had been intense inflammation of the brain, which had long been culminating, and was produced perhaps from imprudent exposure to the sun and the night air. The deep solemnity of the congregation, and the falling tears of many during the funeral services, showed how highly he was esteemed as a good man.

Miss Hobyn, on the morning of the sad occurrence, was kindly invited to repair to a mission family, and was taken there. Her nerves had become so unstrung by what she had witnessed that her memory seemed to be for days almost entirely overthrown, as she could remember nothing but the trying event.

She was taken in a boat to the house of a kind missionary physician, where her shattered nerves and crushed spirit received the balm of Christian sympathy from the guardian angel of the lovely family, who had no dormitory to offer her guest but a small one, in which was placed a couch, without space enough to turn around.

Though so circumscribed in the bounds of her habitation, Miss Hobyn felt that she was loved by cultivated Christians that did all they could to make her comfortable. Her baggage was placed under the bed of her kind entertainer, who had no other place to put it. She again commenced the study of the language, but the mission at Shanghai soon heard of the dependent circumstances in which she had been placed, and wrote her to join their mission immediately, which her kind friends at Canton thought would be a judicious step under existing circumstances. After praying over the subject, she made up her mind to take the next steamer for Shanghai, which did not start for three weeks. It was almost heart-breaking to tear herself away from friends who had been so kind to her, affording her facilities for the study of the language, their Sabbath preaching, weekly prayer-meetings, singing circle, pious conversation. How could she give them up?—friends that had been all that she could wish since her arrival among them in that far-off land? How much she prized their Christian love, their kind and tender care!

The day of the trying event referred to was Sabbath, and they were unusually busy in the hong in a portion of

which the missionaries lived. As with some of these wealthy merchants there is no Sabbath, Miss Hobyn often said, mentally, "Can any one violate God's holy day and prosper?" Yet they did seem to acquire wealth rapidly; but in a few years after a large firm was bankrupt, and that with liabilities of millions of dollars.

Miss Hobyn and others having no place in which to walk for air and exercise, they often went to the Foreign Garden, which is handsomely laid out, with an English church in the centre. From tall poles, planted in various spots, are suspended the flags of different nations. The grounds are beautifully arranged, with chunamed walks as smooth as marble, and ornamented with every variety of shrubbery, creepers, and flowering plants indigenous to the tropics and of all countries, affording a delightful resort during the freshness of the morning and the cool of the evening. Here many flowers meet the eye that are reared in the greenhouses of temperate climates, and are greeted as familiar acquaintances from one's native country, which make the stranger wish that he could protract his promenade under the shady trees, among oleanders, citrons, aloes, and other flowering shrubs.

During the first promenade one is struck with the singular aspect of the place. On one side, in proximity to low, dingy, Chinese buildings, edifices of European structure rise to the height of three or four stories, the exterior covered with plaster, while in front inhabited boats densely crowd the river. Early in the morning Parsees are seen walking to and fro, repeating their morning prayers to the "king of day," as he raises his bright disk above the waters, filling the place with their hum of voices. They are of commanding appearance, and style of dress peculiar. It has well been said that in the absence of revelation the sun is the most rational object of adoration. The Parsees, or fire-worshippers, are followers of Zoroaster, and are strange people, and seem to be exclusive in their peripatetic exercises, always walking with some of their fraternity. A small Jew was seen moving on the outskirts of the circle.

There are no drives or walks leading from the foreign portion of the city directly into the country. The residents

are limited to the river, on which, in the evening, they amuse and exercise themselves in parties or singly, by rowing their boats. There seems to be a constant effort among wealthy foreign merchants to keep off disease and death. The streets are narrow, ill ventilated, and extremely deficient in point of cleanliness, crowded with a vast swarm of people, presenting a sea of human cares, passions, sufferings, ignorance, and superstition; and it would seem that since uncleanness produces disease, the inhabitants of this place must be sorely afflicted; yet it is considered one of the healthiest cities in China inhabited by foreigners.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FEW days before Miss Hobyn left Canton for Shanghai, she accompanied the missionary ladies and gentlemen in two of their tours for distributing books, a few miles into the country. The merchants often go with them for their protection when they thus make a circuit of the country on a preaching tour.

They set out early in the morning for the White Cloud Mountains, which were eight miles in the country. The party consisted of twenty-eight persons, including sedan-bearers, and had some distance to pass over before reaching the country. Many books were distributed ere they touched the rural district around Canton. They stopped awhile in a hamlet to wait for the rear party. A beautiful perpetual rose-bush grew in the court of the house at which they were waiting. A profusion of full and half-blown roses peeped out from clusters of rich, shining, green leaves, of which the inmates allowed a few to be culled.

As they proceeded, cattle were seen grazing near a pebbly-bottomed brook of sparkling water, and not far off a funeral procession was passing. An empty sedan was borne by coolies for the spirit of the deceased to ride in. An infant, dressed in white, with small balls of cotton suspended over his eyes to represent tears, was carried on the shoulders of a man.

On the tops and sides of the mountains, which seem inaccessible, are sepulchres, dug and stuccoed in the most fanciful and elaborate style, which are reached by means of scaffolding. Ravines and copses were also used as a depository for the remains of the dead.

Far off, to the verge of vision, where the cloud-capped mountains blended with the blue heavens and the valley, forming the limit of this scene, did this vast necropolis extend. Millions of the past successive ages are there sleeping their long, last sleep.

One of the missionaries in the party, who had been in the country for more than fourteen years, told Miss Hobyn in reply to her question, that if she could be taken to the boundary of what she then saw, what she would behold beyond that would be a continued grave-yard. A solemn reflection stole over her, and the silent tears flowed down her cheeks. She saw the burying-ground for strangers filled with innumerable graves, and urns containing the bones of the dead, placed under a precipice in order to be kept dry.

Dr. Williams says that "the ceremonies practiced on the decease of a person vary in different parts of the country, though they are not necessarily elaborate or expensive everywhere, and all the important ones can be performed by the poorest. The inhabitants of Fokien put a piece of silver in the mouth of the dying person, and carefully cover his nose and ears. Scarcely is he dead, when they make a hole in the roof to facilitate the exit of the spirits proceeding from the body, of which they imagine each person possesses seven animal senses, which die with him, and three souls, one which enters elysium and receives judgment, and another abides with the tablet, and the third dwells in the tomb. The popular ideas regarding their fate vary so much that it is difficult to describe the national faith in this respect; transmigration is more or less believed in, but the detail of the changes for good or evil the spirit undergoes before it is absorbed in Buddha varies *ad libitum*, almost according to the fancy of the worshiper. Those who are sent to hell pass through every form of suffering inflicted upon them by hideous monsters, are at last released to wander about as

houseless demons to torment mankind, or vex themselves on the body of animals or reptiles. When the priests come, the corpse is laid out upon the floor in the principal room, and a tablet set up by its side; a table is near, on which are placed meats, lamps, and incense. While the priests are reciting prayers to deliver the soul from purgatory and hell, they occasionally call on all present to weep and lament, and on these occasions the females of the household are particularly clamorous in their grief, alternately uttering the most doleful accents, and then tittering with some new-comers. Papers having figures on them, and Peter-pence in the form of paper money, are burned, white lanterns instead of the common red ones, and a slip of paper containing the name and titles, age, etc., of the dead are hung up at the door; a mat porch is put up for the musicians and the priests. The soul, having crossed the bridge leading out of hell with the aid of the priests, gets a letter of recommendation from them to be admitted into the western heavens.

"Previous to burial, a lucky place for interment, if the family have moved away from its paternal sepulchre, must be found. The body is confined soon after death, arrayed in the most splendid habiliments the family can afford; a fan is put in one hand, and a prayer on a piece of paper in the other. The form of a Chinese coffin resembles the trunk of a tree. The boards are three or four inches thick, and rounded on top, from whence a coffin is called 'longevity boards,' making a very substantial case. When the corpse is put in, it is laid on a bed of lime or cotton, or covered with quicklime, and the edges of the lid are closed with mortar in the groove, so that no smell escapes, and the coffin varnished, if it is to remain in the house before burial. The Chinese often expend large sums in the purchase and preparation of a coffin during their lifetime. The cheapest are from five to ten dollars, and upwards to five hundred dollars, and even one or two thousand, according to the materials and ornamenting.

"The bodies of deceased persons are sometimes kept in or about the house for many years, and incense burned before them morning and evening. They are placed either on trestles near the doorway, and protected by a covering,

in the principal hall, or in the ancestral chamber, where they remain until the fortunes of the family improve so as to enable them to bury the remains, or a lucky place is found, or until opportunity and means allow the survivors to lay them in their patrimonial sepulchre.

"The lineal relatives of the deceased are informed at the time of his death, and, as many as can do so, repair to the house, to condole with and assist the family. The eldest son or the nearest descendant repairs to an adjoining river or well, with a bowl in his hand, and accompanied by two relatives, to 'buy water' with the money, which he carries and throws into it. With this water he washes the corpse before it is dressed. After the body is laid in the coffin, and before interment, the sons of the deceased among the poor are frequently sent around to the relatives and friends of the family to solicit subscriptions to buy a grave, hire mourners, or provide a suitable sacrifice; and it is considered a good act to assist in such cases; perhaps fear of the ill-will of the displeased spirits prompts to the charity.

"The coffin is sometimes seized or attached by creditors, to compel the relatives to collect a sum to release it; and instances of dutiful sons are mentioned, who have sold themselves into temporary or perpetual slavery in order to raise money to bury their parents.

"On the day of burial, a sacrifice of cooked provisions is laid out and the coffin placed near it. The chief mourners, clothed in coarse white sackcloth, then approach and kneel before it, knocking their heads upon the ground, and going through with the full ceremony. Two persons, dressed in mourning, hand them incense-sticks, which are placed in jars. After the male mourners have made their parting prostrations, the females perform the same ceremonies, and then such friends and relatives as are present. During these observances a band of music plays. The funeral procession is formed of all these persons,—the band, the tablets, priests, etc.

"Burial-places are selected by geomancers, who, if the family be rich, protract their decision to a tedious length.

"The doctrines of the *fung shwin*, or 'wind and water rules,' are as ridiculous a farrago of nonsense, superstition,

and craft as ever held sway over the human mind in any country or age; and it is not more surprising than melancholy to see a people like the Chinese so completely befooled by them. The professors of the art are usually acquainted with the doctrines of the Buddhists and rationalists, have a smattering of medicine and astronomy, and join thereto almost any hocus-pocus they please. The propitious influences of a grave are easily vitiated, and calamities are referred to this cause by the geomancers, who then have the prospect of another job. Mr. Brown mentions the case of one necromancer, who, having selected a grave for a family, was attacked with ophthalmia, and in revenge for their giving him poisonous food, which he supposed had caused the malady, hired men to remove a large mass of rocks near the grave, whereby its efficacy was completely spoiled. The side of a hill in view of water, or a copse or a ravine near a hill-top, are all lucky spots.

"Care is taken to choose a spot which the water cannot reach; and at the south uncultivated hills are selected for burial-places, because they are dry, and the white ants will not attack the coffin; but at the north, where ants are unknown, the dead are buried in fields and cultivated lands. They are nowhere collected in grave-yards, in cities, or temples, as is the practice of western countries, where sometimes the living are jeopardized to honor the dead. The forms of the graves vary, sometimes consisting of a simple tumulus with a tombstone at the head, but in the southern provinces oftener in the shape of the Greek letter Ω , or that of a huge arm-chair. The back of the supposed chair is the place for the tombstone, while the body is interred in the seat, the sides of which are built around with masonry, and approach each other in front. The whole is occasionally built of stone, in a substantial manner, and carved pillars are placed at the corners. The position is thought to be better if it command a good view, as the spirit of the defunct will be better satisfied.

"Some of the graves occupy many hundred square feet, the lot being defined by a stone, bearing two characters, importing whose *house* it is; and large sums are expended by the rich upon the sculpture and building of the tombs.

The carving in some cases is very elaborate, and in others the sculptures are arranged for effect. Mr. Fortune mentions one tomb near Sung-Kiangfu, which was situated on a hill-side, to be reached by a stone stairway, on each side of which were statues of goats, dogs, cats, horses ready saddled and bridled, and, lastly, two gigantic priests,—a pair of each. The tomb itself was hidden from view by trees. The shapes of the graves vary more at the north, some of them being conical mounds planted with shrubs or flowers; others made of mason-work, shaped like little houses; others mere square tombs, or earthen tumuli; and not a few coffins are laid upon the ground. It is seldom the Chinese hew graves out of the rock, or dig large vaults; their care is to make a showy grave, and at the same time a convenient one for performing the prescribed rites.

"When the day of interment arrives, which is usually the nearest day to the third seventh after death, the friends assemble at the house. A band of musicians accompanies the procession, in which is also carried the ancestral tablet of the deceased in a separate sedan, accompanied sometimes by a sacrifice and the tablets of the officers and dignities of the family. The mourners are dressed entirely in white, or wear a white fillet around the head. The sons of the deceased must put on the expression and habiliments of woe, and the eldest one is at times supported along the street to the grave in all the eloquence and attitude of grief, although it may have been years since his father went to wander among the genii. The women and children of the family follow, and at intervals cry and wail. A man goes ahead and scatters paper money in the way, to purchase the good-will of such wandering spirits as are prowling about. Different figures and banners are carried, according to the means and rank of the family, who, with the friends and crowd attracted by the show, sometimes swell the train to a great length. The grave is deep, and lime is freely mixed with the earth thrown in. A body is never put into an old grave while anything remains of the former occupant. Crackers are fired, libations poured out, and prayers recited, and afterwards papers, folded into the shape of clothes, horses, money, and everything he can

possibly want in the land of shadows (which Davis calls a *wise economy*), are burned for the use of the deceased. The tablet and sacrifice are then carried back, and the family feast on the latter, or distribute it among the poor around the door, while the former is placed in the ancestral hall. The married daughters of the dead are not considered part of the family, and wear no mourning, nor are they always invited to their father's funeral.

"The period of mourning for a father is nominally three years, but actually reduced to twenty-seven months. The persons required to observe this are enumerated in the code containing penalties for concealing the death of a parent, or misrepresenting it, and for omitting the proper formalities. Burning the corpse, or casting it into the water, unfeelingly exposing it in the house longer than a year, and making the funeral ceremony and feast an occasion of merry-making and indecorous meeting of males and females, are also prohibited. For thirty days after the demise, the nearest kindred must not shave their heads nor change their dress, but rather exhibit a slovenly, slipshod appearance, as if grief had taken away both appetite and decorum. Half-mourning is blue, and this is usually exhibited in a pair of blue shoes, and a blue silken cord woven in the queue instead of a red one; grass shoes, neatly made, are now and then worn. The visiting-cards also indicate that the time of mourning has not passed. The expenses of money and time incurred by the rich are great, and in some cases the priests receive large sums for masses. Two funerals, at Canton, are mentioned in Bridgman's 'Letters from China' as having cost more than ten thousand dollars each."

"Saw a field of tea growing. The plants were a few feet high, with an immense number of small twigs, on which grew a dense mass of foliage. The leaves are of a dark, rich, green color, and of an elongated oval shape. The shrub was in bloom. The flowers are white, inodorous, and single, resembling somewhat in appearance the eglantine of America. Green and black teas are made indiscriminately from the same plant, and the difference in color arises wholly from the mode of preparation; green tea can be changed into black, but black cannot be changed

into green. The difference in taste is perhaps partly owing to the greater proportion of oil remaining in the green tea, but far more to an artificial coloring given to it in order to make the lots present a uniform and merchantable color. The Chinese do not use milk or sugar in their tea."

Miss Hobyn saw several buffaloes at plow in single harness. The plow seemed to be of the simplest and rudest order.

They passed over a bridge in a dark, shady wood. There were sepulchres on the hill-sides around and above,—one in course of being finished. The natives began to surround the party and to become clamorous. Miss Hobyn understood nothing of what was said except through her missionary companions.

After crossing the bridge, the company arrived at a flight of stone steps, leading to the "White Cloud Temple," on the mountain-top. The steps were alternately broad and narrow, numbering about three hundred, which made it very fatiguing to ascend. Miss Hobyn nearly fainted several times from sheer exhaustion. These steps were built by a lady of quality to retrieve the character of her family, which was lost in consequence of her son being beheaded for engaging in the opium trade.

They entered the temple, and a bountiful dinner was spread out, by putting several tables together in the guest-chamber. This was furnished by the merchants. The priests were a miserable, ignorant-looking class of men. It is said that this temple was built in honor of a stork, which prevented a man who threw himself headlong down a precipice from destroying himself, by flying under and supporting him, and bringing him back; and it was deified ever afterwards and placed in the temple to be worshiped. The image of the bird was beautiful, as large as life, of the purest white, standing on a pedestal.

From the top of this mountain a glorious prospect is visible on which the admiring gazer could feast without tiring. Whampoa harbor, with its many ships, from which floated the flags of every commercial nation; the native crafts, flying hither and thither with busy activity; the city of Whampoa, its villages and hamlets, white houses in clumps of trees, olive and orange orchards, paddy-fields, gardens;

French and Danes' Islands; the foreign burying-ground; the Seamen's Bethel, and the green islets embossing the still waters of the bay; cattle, attended by herdsmen; flowing streams of water, like streaks of silver over the plain below; and the great necropolis of Canton with its millions of silent sleepers, fifty villages, and the famous city of Canton with its myriads of people in real life. Oh, that the set time to favor this nation had come!

There was a well of water in the court of the temple, which the Chinese believe possesses many virtues.

The party, after allaying their thirst from a crystal stream, which fell in tiny cascades from the mountain-side, commenced descending the mountain by another flight of stone steps, constructed in the same manner as the former, numbering two hundred and fifty. Many books were distributed during the day. The excursionists reached the city just before nightfall. Miss Hobyn was much fatigued, but pleased with what she had seen in the country about Canton.

Not many days after this, two of the party who went to wander on the Sabbath-day, in the same route, were robbed and severely wounded. The robbers were apprehended and punished by the American consul at Canton. They confessed that the plan was laid the day that Miss Hobyn's party went to the White Cloud Mountains.

On their return to Canton they passed through a leper village, which the missionaries entered to distribute books. Miss Hobyn was invited to go in, but Dr. Bowen said she would have to nerve herself greatly to witness the misery that would be presented. She thought it best to decline going in.

There were many beautiful, sprightly children playing around the village, apparently happy, yet all probably to become lepers. Lepers have boats on the river, which are differently constructed from others, and are immediately recognized. They seem to be avoided alike on the water as on the land.

Near the foreign factories is a small island, on which a fort is built, called the Sea-pearl by the Chinese, and Dutch Folly by foreigners. This was the only place on which the Dutch were permitted to reside when there was

a commercial intercourse between the two nations. The Dutch were defeated in making preparations to bombard the city. Fire-arms and ammunition were boxed up under the pretense of storing away provisions, when one of the boxes burst, and out of it rolled a tremendous cannon. This the Chinese considered very indigestible food, saw at once into their duplicity, and drove them from the country.

A fort is still on the island; its buildings are somewhat unique, shaded with beautiful trees and surrounded by a wall, in the neighborhood of the most densely populated part of this mighty city of the water, surrounded with the mingled hum of moving boats, laborers, sailors, musicians, market-folks crying their goods, children sporting, boat-women pursuing their avocations.

On the southern side of the Pearl River is the Honan Island, affording a few walks for foreigners. Opposite the foreign factories is the famous Honan temple, which has been described by every traveler of note. The buildings are overshadowed by trees, which are the resort of innumerable birds of beautiful plumage. The priests are numerous and stupid-looking, dressed in their yellow canonicals, with shaven heads.

Beyond this is the Macao passage, near the shore of which were a number of seines, of black net, made of coarse twine, spread out to dry on stakes driven in the river, which showed the source from which the people gained their livelihood.

The boat-women scull their light craft with great skill over the smooth and gently swelling surface of the river, clad in their gay costume, and, when seen from a distance, have a fairy-like appearance and one wishes to approach them; but on doing so, all is changed into very repulsive reality.

Miss Hobyn again visited Whampoa, in company with a missionary party of ladies and gentlemen; the latter went to preach and distribute books. After spending a short time at that place, the party visited several villages and distributed books, until they reached Polo Island, about six miles below Whampoa. The tide had receded, and their boats had to be dragged over the soft mud for a

quarter of a mile by boat-women. A large village is here, into which they were very solicitous for the foreign ladies to enter, but the gentlemen attendants feared that it might not be safe. Birds and vines were sculptured on the walls in alto-relievo, giving them a lifelike appearance. The birds, in form, resembled house-sparrows. The temple had a large idol in it resembling a Parsee in costume and visage.

The tablet was copied which gave the history of the idol, or rather the impression was taken, which was done by placing on the tablet a very large-sized sheet of paper, chafed with a brush dipped in black ink, until the impression was made.

It was translated, and said that, more than a thousand years before, an owner of a large ship, with three sons, came to visit the temple,—at which he was so wonder-struck that he forgot to go to his ship, which the wind had already blown off, in consequence of which he wept himself to death. His bones were then placed in an image of himself of great magnitude, and became an object of worship, which was placed in the temple. It is believed that more than a thousand years ago the Persians held commercial intercourse with the Chinese. A large well was in the centre of the court, and not far from it was a huge terrapin, which is considered a sacred animal among the Chinese.

The gong was ringing for noon worship when they arrived. Not far from this temple is another, in which the women wash the sun; which is done by the sun shining on the water of the river and being reflected in waves of light on the front wall, which is then washed.

Hope depicts the future for these poor, deluded idol-worshippers, who are led captive by Satan at his will. Benevolence extends the helping hand; the gloom and discouragement is chased away by assurance of co-operation among Christian nations.

The boat-women were ready and glad to drag them over the soft mud to the river. The fare was something for them to gain. The work seemed to be performed without much labor, except wading in soft mud more than a foot deep.

The party scarcely stopped, on their return to Whampoa, but made their way back to Canton. The missionary coadjutors stopped several times to distribute books, but did not enter the towns, as it was needless; the people came in swarms to receive the books.

Miss Hobyn had on the same wrapping which she wore in her Virginia home the winter previous, but though in a tropical climate she found that it was inefficient when exposed to the river-breeze and cold which Dr. Fortune describes as piercing like needles.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISS HOBYN bid farewell to the Christian friends who had exercised towards her the kindest and most liberal hospitality. Many tears of sorrow flowed down her cheeks when she was shut up in the lonely cabin of the steamer that was fast bearing her away, from friends that she knew and loved, to scenes untried. Becoming very sea-sick, she once went on the deck during the day, but nothing but the barren hills were in sight to give variety to the monotony of the journey.

She halted in the evening, and the captain, who was a pious man, went with her to the house of the gentleman at whose house she always stayed, where she remained a couple of days until the steamer left for Shanghai.

The stewardess and infant daughter were her only female companions. The stewardess soon began to weep over her babe; said that she knew that it was dying, and was greatly distressed that she had nowhere to lay it but on a couch that was too narrow for herself to lie upon with comfort.

Miss Hobyn very kindly told the stewardess to take the large and comfortable bed that had been prepared for her accommodation for herself and infant, and that she would occupy her narrow couch. She soon placed her babe on

it, without even thanking Miss Hobyn, but simply remarked that it was expected that missionaries would make sacrifices for others.

In a short time Miss Hobyn found that she clandestinely resorted to the wine-bottle, and was frequently in a state of semi-intoxication, and scarcely capable of taking care of her helpless charge. She was annoyed by her garrulity, and had never before seen in the stewardess of a ship such open display of disgusting vice as now she was compelled to endure for more than nine days; the uncomfortable bed, and going so suddenly from a warm to a cold latitude, brought on a severe cough and subsequently inflammation of the lungs.

The third day after leaving Hong-Kong, the steamer anchored in Amoy harbor, and the captain sent to Miss Hobyn for the letters which she wished delivered to her friends in that city.

The bay is partly defined by numerous islands, which give it a picturesque appearance. Some of the islands are surmounted by temples and pagodas. The hills behind the city are high and barren, while before it there is a bustling crowd of vessels in its accessible harbor, which is considered the best on the coast. The water communication of Amoy with the interior is the least favorable of the five ports. There are only two small rivers, which disembogue into the bay. Missionaries of all denominations labor here, and are much encouraged in the work, having from time to time received numerous accessions to their churches. The city is surrounded by a high wall. The first missionaries suffered much sickness, and many died in consequence of not having comfortable houses. Since commodious, airy habitations have been erected for them, there has been a great improvement on the score of health, and they are able to perform more mission-work than if worn down by disease and unpropitious climate.

On the fifth day out the steamer cast anchor in Foo-choo-foo (i.e. Happy City) Bay. The city is situated in a plain, which is surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills of bold height. There were a great many white ducks floating at pleasure on the blue waters of this basin. The scenery is bold and imposing. The parts of these high hills that are

overgrown with pines, which are not in a state of cultivation, are used as a burying-ground.

One night, when all was still, and nothing was heard but the tramp of the watchman and the noise of the engine, the steamer gave a sudden bound, as though it had struck a rock. The timbers quivered, as though convulsed, for a moment or two. The watchman descended with almost noiseless steps, and entered the captain's room, who was on the alert. They ascended as noiselessly as before. Steam began to blow off furiously. Miss Hobyn thought that the vessel had begun to sink; rose up, and began to prepare herself for taking the life-boat, and expected each moment to hear herself summoned to do so; but in half an hour the commotion ceased, and the steamer was under way, as before.

She learned afterwards that the shock was produced by an earthquake, which is not an unfrequent occurrence in the neighborhood of the China Sea.

On the morning of the ninth day out, the steamer anchored at Woosung, the place where foreign merchants formerly established their receiving ships and the trading vessels their anchorage. The town is at the mouth of the Yangtse-Kiang River, which is about a mile wide, and is about eighteen miles from Shanghai city.

Miss Hobyn wrote to the members of the mission to which she had been transferred, informing them of her arrival at Woosung, and it was not possible for her to hear from them until late in the afternoon. To her the time seemed protracted to an indefinite length, having no companion but the besotted, loquacious stewardess.

It was the first day of the Chinese new year, for which she had seen preparations in Canton, by the frequent use of water in cleansing their houses on the eve of the new year, which is a scene of unbounded festivity and hilarity, and is considered the birthday of the entire population,—which practice prevailed among the Hebrews. The noise of gongs and the constant explosion of fire-crackers make it extremely noisy and almost stunning. The people wear their best clothing and make many calls. Much of the visiting is done by sending a card instead of calling in person.

By some it has been considered a matter of speculation, whether the custom of visiting or renewing one's acquaintance on New-Year's Day was not originally borrowed from the Chinese by the Dutch, and subsequently adopted in some parts of America.

Miss Hobyn did not hear from Shanghai until ten o'clock at night, when she received a note from Rev. Mr. —, who wrote to her to come up to the city in a sampan with the stewardess and her husband. The arrangement was by no means agreeable to the other missionaries, that she should make her entrance into Shanghai with such persons. She had a much-valued acquaintance in the place, who, as soon as he heard of the arrangement, went to meet her at the landing.

In the passage up the Woosung River to Shanghai there was nothing to greatly interest the observer; not a mountain, a hill-side, or even a tree to relieve the monotony which a dead level of landscape presents on either side of the tortuous river; but flats of alluvial grounds, stretching their wide expanse, possessing nothing of the picturesque in scenery. Later in the season, fertile fields, waving with a rich harvest of rice and grain, afford agreeable prospects to the eye of the agriculturist.

Three Gothic church edifices are to be seen. The most conspicuous is the Baptist church, which rears its lofty tower in the interior of the city of Shanghai, and is seen from a long way down the river. The others belong to the American Episcopal Church and the Established Church of England, and there are other preaching-places for the propagation of the glorious gospel which breaks the chains of the captive and sets the prisoner free.

The Union Chapel, on the grounds of the London Missionary compound, though of plain exterior, is a place in which the gospel is ably preached, and with eloquent simplicity, in the English language, showing that missionary effort has met with encouraging success, which should excite to renewed zeal in the holy enterprise.

Quays have been built out, in the foreign portion of the city, in front of the city. The store-houses and princely residences of the foreign merchants extend along the wharf. There are found well-graded streets, magnificent and beau-

tiful, and all the comforts and conveniences and even some of the luxuries to be found in any part of the world.

On arriving, Miss Hobyn found her friend waiting for her at the wharf. He expressed many regrets that she had been subjected to such a reception, and told her that she would find a home in his house for the present. Many rosy-cheeked children and grown-up persons came to the street doors to see her as she passed through the city. Rosy cheeks are seldom seen in southern China.

As soon as a teacher could be obtained, she commenced the study of the Shanghai dialect, which is entirely different from the one used at Canton.

As the season advanced, in the immediate vicinity of Shanghai city, highly cultivated and fertile fields extended in all directions as far as the eye could reach, abundant with their harvests of rice, salad, beans, wheat, barley, egg-plants, cucumbers, and potatoes. Vegetables of all varieties, with beef of tolerably good quality, excellent mutton, poultry, fish, and game, can be had. The pheasant and snipe, among the different kinds of game, are also to be obtained. Fruit is of an inferior quality to that in the southern markets. All the articles manufactured by Chinese can be obtained in Shanghai; silks, of famous fabric, woven at Soo-tchoo and Hang-tchoo.

It had been decided by the members of Miss Hobyn's mission that she should take charge of a female school for Chinese girls, and in so doing should occupy a house in the interior of that large city, known among the Chinese as "the haunted house," it being said that there had been three murders in the house, and natives refusing to live in it unless under the protection of a foreigner who resided on the premises.

A foreign merchant once occupied the house, and hearing one of his coolies make a horrid noise in the smaller court, called out to know what was the matter. He was informed by another servant that he had seen a ghost. The effect on his nervous system was so great that he died the next day from sheer fright, which shows how strongly imaginative and superstitious the Chinese are, who often tell their missionary teachers that the religion of the gospel is so good,—it teaches them not to believe in ghosts.

A part of the house was at that time occupied by a missionary family with two servants, who were sojourning there temporarily, as they were visiting Shanghai for their health. They left in a few days after, and Miss Hobyn was alone with a Chinese woman three entire months. She was much annoyed by the Chinese meddling with articles which belonged to her and leaving the street door open either day or night. She could not sleep, and would try to get her Chinese woman to go below to close the door, who, from real or affected fear, refused to do it; and Miss Hobyn could not do it herself, as she was too much afraid. Sometimes in the night, when the creaking of the door, in opening it, would awake her out of a sweet sleep, she would listen to hear if it was fastened, which was often not the case; it would throw her into a cold shiver and perspiration, and sleep would entirely depart from her eyes. Sometimes in the night the servants referred to would, on their return, strike the door with a club; this also would throw her into a fright, followed by profuse and cold perspirations, from which she did not recover during the night. These repeated panics no doubt affected seriously her health.

The weather was intensely cold, and the wind would sometimes blow down the chimney with so much violence as to prevent a fire from being kindled in the grate, or she would have to put it out on account of the smoke; the wind then coming up through the seams of the barn-like floor and open walls, so that she was compelled to take to her bed often in order to get warm.

Having been in the country only eighteen months, she had no experience in catering or housekeeping in Chinese life; and her errand-boy was equally dull in procuring, even when informed what a foreigner could or could not relish, bringing rancid salt pork or fresh pork fried in stale lamp-oil, sprouted beans, or eggs advanced in a state of incubation, and spoiled fish, or swine's blood boiled with a stew. She lived for several days on tea and rice without salt.

A lady, calling on her and finding her so destitute of comforts, offered to lend her things in the way of housekeeping, which offer was gratefully accepted; to which were

added a few nice articles of food, accompanied by an affectionate and cheering note of Christian sympathy, inviting her not to hesitate to call on her or her husband at any time for aid which it was in their power to lend.

The following extract, taken verbatim from her irregularly kept journal, will show how intense and conflicting were her feelings, young as she was, in going to live in a large heathen city, without any one to protect or cheer her in her almost unprecedented undertaking for the spiritual welfare of the Chinese:

"*January 20.* This day I have moved, with the hope of commencing a school for Chinese girls. Enable me, oh, my heavenly Father, to dedicate my life anew to thy cause, that I may forget self, that serpent that twines itself around and diffuses its poison in all I do! Dr. — says that I must read my Bible and pray much. May I follow this disinterested adviser as he follows Christ!—a toil-worn veteran missionary of the cross, who has labored in this country for twenty-three years.

"Thou, Friend of the destitute, knowest what a struggle it has cost me to come here and to live alone, without any one but the depraved heathen around me, or any with whom I can converse in my own tongue. Let every murmur be hushed, I can hold sweet communion with Thee, my God. With Thee conversing I can forget my isolated situation, and feel when most alone that I am not alone! But by living alone is the only way in which I can have a female boarding-school.

"*January 28.* Have been far from well for the last week, but have kept up and have tried to attend to my various duties.

"*February 1, Sunday.* The anniversary of my arrival in this place. Had a little service together.

"*February 2.* Attended concert of prayer for missions at —. Many prayers were offered for those who were about to sail for America on an errand of health.

"*February 3.* All embark in ships. May the God of missions grant them returning health, that their visit home may be attended with great success in promoting the cause of missions, and that they may soon return to their field of labor with renewed interest and zeal!

"*Sunday, 8.* Had the girls read to me, and heard the women repeat the Lord's Prayer. Felt an unknown pleasure in the exercises. Though all was done with a stammering tongue, the merciful Lord can make impressions. To Him alone I look for help."

One of the ladies who had recently sailed for America with a sick husband lent Miss Hobyn much of her simple furniture until her return, with which, and the assistance from her own mission in the way of getting something to eat, she had more comforts than she expected when she left home, and was becoming more accustomed to her isolated and intensely lonely situation, in which, sometimes, more than a week would intervene before she would see a foreign face. As if God designed to show how great might be her privations, her eyesight became so poor that she was at times not able to read or write, which was indeed a great affliction; although the full glare of a noon-day sun would be shining in her room, to her it would appear twilight.

Her duties were numerous: housekeeping, the superintendence of the women who cooked rice for her girls, who had increased to seven in number, cutting out their garments, seeing that their rooms were kept in order and their personal neatness properly cared for, and also that the teacher was diligent in the discharge of his duty toward his pupils, the study of the language, etc.

Miss Hobyn soon became so poor in health that her physician advised a speedy return home. She told him that she preferred to wait until she got full permission of her Board for her return; and still hoped that she would not be compelled to leave her chosen field of labor. Her physician was decided in his commands, but seeing that she was so anxious to remain with her pupils as long as she could, told her that the approaching warm weather would be greatly in her favor, and ere the northeast monsoon set in she would be able to hear from her Board. She was the fourth patient whom he had ordered to America, in the course of two or three months. Two, not being able to obtain a passage as early as desired, were buried at sea, and the third, knowing the depressing influence the return of a missionary had on "the cause" at

home, concluded to remain in his field awhile longer, hoping to recover. As his judicious and pious physician had told him, he suddenly sank under the disease incident to the climate.

Miss Hobyn left the city for a few months, to reside in the country in a pleasant missionary family.

Her physician still urged her not to stay until the cold, damp, easterly winds set in. He also sent a certificate to her Board stating the importance of a speedy return to her native climate. At the expiration of seven months the desired letter came, granting her full permission to do what she and her mission thought best in the matter. She had tried to make it a matter of deep, earnest prayer that God would direct.

The rebels had been expected to take the city for more than eight months, and it had been talked of so long that it ceased to be thought of, any further than that it was probable that the insurgents would not think of taking Shanghai, when there were other cities of so much greater importance.

Unexpectedly, however, when all was calmed into imagined security, the insurgents took possession of the city about two o'clock in the morning. The afternoon previous, but one, Miss Hobyn went to her house in the city to obtain the portion of her wardrobe which she had left. She met sixteen men dressed in strange costume and caps different entirely from any that she had seen in China; she concluded that they belonged to some secret order, perhaps to the Ti-yad Society. They were rolling a large cannon over a bridge, but when her sedan came up, and they saw that it contained a foreign lady, they very politely made room for it to pass. Thousands of lanterns were hung in festoons at the ends of long bamboo poles. This Miss Hobyn could not understand, but imagined that they belonged to the fire company.

She reached her house and made what arrangements she wished in regard to her wardrobe. She descended to leave immediately, but found that her sedan-bearers had left. She waited until sunset, thinking that her coolies would return, and not understanding why they went away. She went to one of her old neighbors and told her her

situation, who sent out to call others; but chair-bearers were hard to be obtained, and it was dark ere she was able to leave her house, and then had two miles to go before she could get without the walls. The city lamps were burning brightly along the streets, and thousands of new ones were in the temple court near the north gate.

Miss Hobyn was entirely alone. About six months previous to this, when the insurgents were daily expected, she had been on the other side of the river to spend a day with a missionary friend, as even a short interval was beneficial to her feeble health.

The two missionary families of her own Board came to meet her at the other station just without the walls. They did not tell her all the particulars about the great excitement in the city, as all was quiet in the morning. Not being able to walk she rode in her sedan, thinking that the other missionaries were with her. The streets were literally crammed, and her sedan-bearers were often unable to proceed on account of the press. It was evident that they were very much frightened. Every few minutes they were interrogated about what they were carrying in their sedan. "A foreign lady" was the answer repeatedly given, which under ordinary circumstances would have made no impression, only to excite a smile; but now fear had taken fast hold of her nerves, she wept, but felt more composed by having, as she supposed, her friends by her sedan, though she could not see them.

She arrived at home before the family who lived on the premises. They with the other family, on reaching the north gate and seeing the immense crowds in the streets,—persons from every province in the Empire,—concluded that it would not be safe for them to venture through the streets, and as Miss Hobyn was too feeble to walk, that it would be best for her to continue on, with the supposition that her company was with her, though they were anxious about her until she assured them that she was safely arrived at home; not without being very much frightened a number of times, when her coolies would be stopped to answer questions about her name, where she lived, and if she was a foreign lady, and one that preached the gospel.

We will here introduce some of the letters written by Miss Hobyn after her arrival in China.

SHANGHAI, September.

MY DEAR HATTIE,—You request me to write you all about the ship in which we sailed, the ocean, the fishes, the islands, the trees, the flowers, the fruit, the Chinese, and their houses, food, costume, etc. This will be rather a difficult task to perform. But, as you desire it so much, I will try to tell you all that I know about them. I regret very much that I did not learn to sketch from nature before I became a missionary; but, as I did not, you must be content with my pen-and-ink pictures. I premise this to let you know that I do not feel very adequate to the work you have imposed upon me. Our ship was a merchantman of the first class, commanded by a godly captain, with many agreeable passengers, and fine accommodations as far as rooms and table fare were concerned. After sailing, I soon became sea-sick; yes, very soon. On the third day out from New York we encountered the equinoctial gale. The agitation and swell of the ocean are beyond my powers of description. The fountains of the deep seemed to be broken up. The angry waters, from beneath as well as from every point of the compass, exhibited boundless anarchy, confusion, and agitation. The waves would roll; then the motion would be longitudinal, moving ahead, and then falling behind, backwards and forwards, as if an irresistible spirit sported with the vasty deep; while below, the awful voice of the winds and the rushing of the boiling surge made the roaring of the tempest fearfully impressive; and to gaze on these chaotic revels of the mighty ocean from the narrow state-room windows made you feel the shock and hear the din of the storm, without being able to watch its movements. The impression is most appalling, while the imagination alone assigns the height of the mountainous waves. Every joint in the giant frame of our gallant ship moans piteous complaints against the violence which assails her. She writhes, pitches, and trembles beneath us. The howling of the wind, the groaning of the ship, the dashing of the sea, making a highway of the deck, sound like the struggles of

contending navies on the ocean; you seem to hear the shock of the onset and the cries of the wounded. On deck the scene was awfully sublime. The sky was black, cloudy, rugged, and shifting; the wind terribly cold and rough, with its alternate gusts and lulls; the water heaped up into a ridge of low hills on either side; the ship lies struggling in the dale like a tree denuded of its limbs, the masts robbed of all drapery, the storm-sail being all the canvas set. Billows upon billows of the hoary deep rush forward, shaking their white crests like the manes of angry demons. Approaching the bow, they look so mountainous that she must be engulfed; but, with a mixture of joy and apprehension, you behold her rear herself upon their broad base; then, rapidly ascending till the summit is reached, she dashes forward as if rejoicing in her escape. At the same time a cross-sea strikes on the windward side with a low, rumbling sound like the stroke of a tremendous battering-ram. Our gallant vessel seems to quail like a child at a thunder-clap. While you are intensely sympathizing, a spiteful wave careers gayly along the deck, which requires your utmost resistance to prevent your being borne away by the treacherous element. When you emerge from this, the ship is shuddering on the top of another liquid mountain, as if to shake off the hoary spray, in seeming anger at being foiled in its assault by a counter-surge. While reeling from the effects of this last attack, an abrupt sea, as if lying in ambush to assault in flank, breaks suddenly on the weather beam. Instantly the cross-trees on the topmast almost touch the water. The deck being almost vertical, it requires the firmest grasp of a rope or hold of a bulwark to prevent being precipitated into the boiling surge below. Amid this strife of the elements you feel as though they could never be calmed again, or the ship be righted. Volumes of water dashing over the ship confirm the impression that the moment is one of impending danger; but a counter-swing restores one's foothold, and shows the "messenger of the wave" plunging boldly and fearlessly into another billow. The whole scene is indescribably awful; and, if one but give full play to the imagination, and let fear and fancy do their perfect work, it is easy to manufacture waves

into mountains, the roaring winds into artillery, and fill up the picture with gigantic and horrific forms of the terribly sublime.

If properly viewed, a lesson of humility is taught by the storm. Each cloud may be the instrument of one's destruction, for who can say to it "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther"? Each gust of wind may overwhelm you in the deep, yet you cannot cause it to be still and bid it choose another direction. Each commotion of the sea may receive into her angry bosom the noble ship in which you sail; you cannot command its waters to obey you. How graphically is the storm described by the inspired penman! "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them into their desired haven. Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" I refer you to the last chapters of Job, commencing at the twenty-seventh verse of the thirty-sixth chapter,—a description of God's works which I hope you will read attentively. In my next letter I will say more about the sea when not in a storm. I will look over Lieutenant Maury's work on the ocean, and glean what I think will interest you about the great world of waters which you, in your far-off Western home, may never be permitted to visit.

Endeavor each day to add to your stock of knowledge, cultivate an acquaintance with your own heart, and early dedicate your life to the service of that blessed Saviour who said, "I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me." Read and think much about what you see in the word of God. How truly it has been said, "One sun, one Bible"! The place which the first

holds in the natural world the last holds in the moral. Blot out either, and what were our state then?—

"Oh, dark, dark, dark, irrevocably dark,
Total eclipse, without all hope of day!"

That you may be a comfort to your parents, a useful citizen, eminently a Christian, and at last find an abundant entrance into the heavenly Canaan, is the daily prayer of your affectionate aunt,

ALMARIA HOBYN.

SHANGHAI, December.

MY DEAR HATTIE,—I will commence my letter by telling you what Lieutenant Maury says about the Gulf Stream in his "Geography of the Sea."

He says the Gulf Stream is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottoms are of cold water; and its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume is more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out as the Carolinas, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line, such the want of affinity between these waters, and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea. The waters of the Gulf Stream are saltier than the waters of the sea through which they flow, and hence we may account for the deep indigo blue which all navigators observe off the Carolina coasts. The deeper the blue, the stronger the salt. Salt-makers are in the habit of judging of the richness of its color. The greener the hue, the fresher the water.

The North Polar seas are of a light green. The waters of the trade-wind regions are of the dark blue,

especially of the Indian Ocean, which poets have described as the "black waters."

What is the cause of the Gulf Stream has always puzzled philosophers, and there are many theories and speculations with regard to it. Modern investigations and examinations are beginning to throw some light upon the subject, though all is not yet clear.

Captain Savingston describes the velocity of the Gulf Stream as depending on the motion of the sun in the ecliptic, and the influence he has on the waters of the Atlantic. The waters preserve a distinctive character for more than a thousand miles.

Ships leave no track behind them. It appears from Admiral Beechey's chart, that the waters, from every part of the Atlantic, tend toward the Gulf of Mexico and its streams. The Atlantic is the basin of the Gulf Stream,—the "Weedy Sea" the centre of the whirl. One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey the heat from the Gulf of Mexico, where it would otherwise become excessive, and to dispense it in the regions beyond the Atlantic for the amelioration of the climate of the British Isles and all western Europe. Whales avoid the warm water of the Gulf Stream.

But how perfectly in unison it is with the kind and providential care of that great and good Being who feeds the young ravens when they cry and who caters for the sparrow!

The inhabitants of the ocean are as much the creatures of climate as are the dry land, for the same almighty hand which decked the lily and cares for the sparrow fashioned also the pearl and feeds the great whale, and adapted to each the physical conditions by which his providence has surrounded it. Whether on land or the sea, the inhabitants are all his creatures, subjects of his laws, and agents in his economy. The sea, therefore, we may safely infer, has its offices and its duties to perform; so, we may infer, have its currents; and so, too, its inhabitants; consequently, he who undertakes to study its phenomena must cease to regard it as a waste of waters. He must look upon it as a part of that exquisite machinery by which the harmonies of nature are preserved, and then he will

begin to perceive the developments of order and the evidences of design; these make it a most interesting and beautiful subject for contemplation.

He who looks may admire the face of this beautiful world and its lovely scenery; but his animation can never grow into adoration, unless he takes the trouble to look behind and study, in some at least of its details, the exquisite system of machinery by which such beautiful results are brought about. Thus he perceives that they too are according to design; that they are the expressions of one thought, a unity with harmonies, which one Intelligence, and one Intelligence alone, could utter. When he has arrived at this point, then he feels that the study of the sea, in its physical aspect, is truly sublime. It elevates the mind and ennobles the man. The ocean spends its fury near its borders. The storms are occasioned by the irregularities between the temperature of the Gulf Stream of the neighboring regions, both of the air and water,—the "Storm-King of the Atlantic." The current of the sea running in one direction, and the wind blowing in another, creates a sea that is often frightful, clothed in its evergreen robes. In pursuit of this subject, the mind is led from nature up to the great Architect of nature, and what mind will not the study of this subject fill with profitable emotions? Unchanged and unchanging alone of all created things, the ocean is the great emblem of its everlasting Creator. "He treadeth upon the waves of the sea, and is seen in the wonders of the deep. Yea, He calleth for its waters, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth."

In my next letter I will tell you more about the Gulf Stream, or rather what the great philosopher and philanthropist, Lieutenant Maury, of our National Observatory, says in his work on "The Sea."

Your aunt,
ALMARIA.

SHANGHAI, January 18.

MY DEAR HATTIE,—My subject is the influence of the Gulf Stream upon commerce.

The sea supplies the winds with the rain, which those

busy messengers convey away from ocean to the "springs in the valleys, which run among the hills."

The air is softer than the softest down. It leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the lightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies, yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substance with its weight. It raises the waters of the ocean in ridges like mountains, and dashes the ships to pieces like toys. It bends the rays of the sun from their paths to give us the twilight of evening and of dawn; it dispenses and refracts their various tints to beautify the approach and retreat of the orb of day.

But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst upon us and fail us at once, and at once remove us from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape; no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat.

There is no employment more ennobling to man and his intellect than to trace the evidences of design and purpose in the Creator, which are visible in many parts of creation. The ocean is a laboratory for purification, in which matter is recompounded and wrought again into wholesome and healthful shape,—an inexhaustible magazine, marvelously adapted for many benign and beneficent purposes. The management of its movements and the performance of its offices cannot be left to chance. The winds and the waves of the sea ever clap their hands with joy, or obey the voice of rebuke.

On the northern coast of Java the phenomena of the land- and sea-breezes are developed daily. There, as the gorgeous eye of day rises almost perpendicularly from the sea with fiery ardor in a cloudy sky, the joyful land-breeze plays over the flood, which, in the torrid zone, furnishes with its fresh breath so much enjoyment to the inhabitants of that sultry belt of the earth, for by means of it everything is refreshed and beautified. Then, under the influence of the glorious accompaniments of the break of day, the silence of the night is awakened, and we hear commencing everywhere the morning hymn of mute nature.

The Atmosphere.—The Bible frequently makes allu-

sions to the laws of nature, their operations and effects; but such allusions are often so wrapped in the folds of the peculiar and graceful drapery with which its language is occasionally clothed, that the meaning, though peeping out from its thin covering all the while, yet lies in some sense concealed until the lights and revelations of science are thrown upon it, and then it bursts out and strikes us with exquisite force and beauty.

As our knowledge of nature and her laws has increased, so has our understanding of many passages of the Bible been improved. As for the general system of atmospheric circulation which I would in vain endeavor to describe, the Bible tells it all in a few words: "The wind goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits" (Eccles. i. 6).

Land- and Sea-Breezes: Java.—Happy he, writes Jansen (a philosopher with a richness of imagery truly Oriental), who, in the Java Sea at evening, seeking the land-breeze off the coast, finds it there, after the salt-bearing, roaring sea-wind, and can, in the magnificent nights of the tropics, breathe the refreshing land-breeze, oftentimes laden with delicious odors.

If the land-breeze continues, then the stars loom forth as though loosing from the dark vault of the heavens; but their light does not wholly vanish; its deep blue, through the dark flecking of clouds, comes out more distinctly near the Southern Cross, which smiles consolingly upon us, while Scorpio, the emblem of the tropical climate, stands like a warning in the heavens. The starlight, which is reflected by the mirrored waters, causes the nights to vie in clearness with the early twilight in high latitudes. Numerous shooting-stars weary the eye, although they beautifully break the monotony of the sparkling firmament.

At times a fire-ball arises about thirty or forty degrees above the horizon, which suddenly illumines the whole field of vision, appearing to the eye the size of the first, and fading away, and, as suddenly as it appeared, falling into fiery nebulae, when we perceive that, in the apparent calm of nature, various forces are constantly active, in order to

cause, even in the invisible air, such combinations and combustions, the appearance of which amazes the crew of the ship. When the slender keel glides quickly over the mirrored waters upon the wings of the wind, it cuts for itself a sparkling wave, and disturbs in their sleep the monsters of the deep, which whirl and dart quicker than an eight-knot ship, sweeping and turning around their disturbers, and suddenly clothing the dark surface of the water in brilliancy.

Lightning.—The fiery nature of the lightning fills the traveler with deep awe. They who, under the beating of the storm and terrible violence of the ocean, look dangers courageously in the face, feel, in the presence of these phenomena, insufficient, feeble, anxious. They perceive the mighty power of the Creator over his works of creation.

We know that there is no expression uttered by nature which is not worthy of our most attentive consideration, for no physical fact is too bold for observation; and mariners, by registering in their logs the kind of lightning—whether sheet, forked, or streaked—and the kind of thunder,—whether rolling, muttering, or sharp,—may be furnishing facts which will throw much light on the features and character of the lightning in different latitudes and seasons.

Physical facts are the language of nature, and every expression uttered by her is worthy of our most attentive consideration, for it is the voice of wisdom.

Equatorial Cloudings.—Imagine in such a cloud-stratum an electrical discharge to take place; the report, being caught up by the cloud-ridges above, is passed from the lofty peak, and repeated from the valley, until the echo dies away in the mutterings of the distant thunder. How often do we hear the voice of the loud thunder rumbling and rolling above the cloud-surface like the echo of artillery discharged among the hills!

Geological Agency of the Winds.—When the foundations of the earth were laid, we know who it was that “measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance”; and hence we know

also that they are arranged both according to time and place.

Here, then, we see harmony in the winds, design in the mountains, order in the sea, arrangement in the dust and form of the desert. Here are signs of beauty and works of grandeur; and we may now fancy that in this exquisite system of adaptations and compensations we can almost behold in the Red and Mediterranean Seas the very waters that were held in the hollow of the Almighty's hand when He weighed the Andes and balanced the hills of Africa in the comprehensive scales.

Depths of the Ocean.—We dive into the liquid crystal of the Indian Ocean, and it opens to us the most wondrous enchantment of the fairy tales of our childhood's dreams.

Around the blossoms of the coral shrubs play the humming-birds of the ocean,—little fish, sparkling with red and blue metallic, or gleaming in golden green or the brightest silver, lustre. Softly, like a spirit of the deep, does the delicate milk-white or bluish bell of the jelly-fishes float through this charmed world.

Here the gleaming violet and golden-queen Isabella, and the flaming yellow, black, and vermilion striped coquette choose their prey. There the band-fish shoots snake-like through the thickets, like a long silver ribbon glittering with azure hues. Then comes the fabulous cuttle-fish, decked in all colors of the rainbow, but marked by no definite outline, appearing and disappearing.

The Winds.—These investigations, with their beautiful developments, eagerly captivate the mind, giving wings to the imagination. They teach us to regard the sandy deserts and arid plains and the inland basins of the earth as compensations in the great system of the atmospheric circulation.

Trade-Winds.—As a general rule, the trade-winds may be regarded as the evaporating winds; and when, in the course of their circuit, they are converted into monsoons, or the variables of either hemisphere, they then generally become also rain-winds.

Clouds in the Pacific.—A curious thing is this influence of islands in the trade-wind region upon the winds in the Pacific. Every navigator who has cruised in those parts

of that ocean has turned with wonder and delight to admire the gorgeous cumuli, heaped and arranged in the most delicate and exquisitely beautiful masses that it is possible for fleecy matter to assume. Not only are these piles found capping the hills among the islands, but they are often seen to overhang the lowest islet of the tropics, and even to stand above coral patches and hidden reefs, "a cloud by day," to serve as a beacon to the lonely mariner out there at sea, and to warn him of shoals and dangers which no lead nor seaman's eye has ever seen or sounded out.

The clouds, under favorable circumstances, may be seen gathering above the low coral islands, and performing their office in preparing it for vegetation and fruitfulness in a striking manner. As they are condensed into showers, one fancies that they are a sponge of the most exquisite and delicately-elaborated material, and that he can see, as they drop down their fatness, the invisible but beautiful combination of agencies by which their action is evolved.

In the Java Sea.—The electricity driven there out of its natural channels, in which, unobserved, it has been performing silently, but with the full readiness and power for the mysterious task appointed to it, now displays itself with dazzling majesty; its sheen and its voice fill with astonishment and deep reverence the mind of the sailor, so susceptible, in the presence of storm and darkness, to impressions that inspire feelings of dread and anxiety, which, by pretended occupation, he strives in vain to conceal.

Horse Latitudes.—On the polar side of each of these two calm zones there would be a broad band extending up into the polar regions, the prevailing winds within which are the opposite of the trades, viz., southwest in the northern, and northwest in the southern hemisphere. The equatorial edge of these calm belts is near the tropics, and their average breadth is ten or twelve degrees. On one side of these the winds blow perpetually toward the poles. They are called the "horse latitudes" by seamen, and are so named from the circumstance that vessels, formerly from New England to the West Indies with a deck-load of horses,

were often so delayed in this calm-belt of Cancer that, for want of water for their animals, they were compelled to throw a portion of them overboard.

To appreciate the force and volume of these polar-bound winds in the southern hemisphere, it is necessary that one should "run their down" in that waste of waters beyond the parallel of 40° south, where "the winds howl and seas roar." The billows there lift themselves up in long ridges with deep hollows between them. They run high and fast, tossing their white foam aloft in the air, looking like the green hills of a rolling prairie capped with snow, and chasing each other in sport. Still, their march is stately and their roll majestic. The scenery among them is grand, and the Australian-bound trader, after doubling the Cape of Good Hope, finds herself followed for weeks at a time by these magnificent rolling swells, and driven and lashed by the "brave west winds" furiously.

Climate of the Ocean.—There is a "milky way" in the ocean, the waters of which teem with life and incipient organisms as they run across the Atlantic.

Here we are again tempted to pause and admire the beautiful revelations, which, in the benign system of terrestrial adaptation, these researches into the physics of the sea unfold and spread out before us for contemplation. In doing this, we shall have a free pardon, those at least who delight "to look through nature up to nature's God."

Phlegmatic must be the mind that is not impressed with ideas of grandeur and simplicity as it contemplates that exquisite design, those benign and beautiful arrangements by which the climate of one hemisphere is made to depend upon the curve of that line against which the sea is made to dash its waves in the other. Impressed with the perfection of terrestrial adaptations, he who views the economy of the great cosmical arrangements is reminded that not only is there design in giving shore lines their profile, the land and water their proportions, and in placing the desert and the pool where they are, but the conviction is forced upon him also that every hill and every valley, with the grass upon its sides, has each its own offices to perform in the grand design.

Drifts of the Sea.—What beautiful and grand and be-

nign ideas do we not see expressed in that immense body of warm waters which are gathered together in the middle of the Pacific and Indian Oceans! It is the womb of the sea. In it, coral islands innumerable have been fashioned, and pearls formed in "great heaps"; there multitudes of living things, countless in numbers and infinite in variety, are hourly conceived.

There was scarce a cloud in the heavens; yet the sky, for ten degrees above the horizon, appeared as black as if a storm was raging. The stars of the first magnitude shone with a feeble light, and the "milky way" of the heavens was almost entirely eclipsed by that through which we were sailing. The scene was one of awful grandeur; the sea having turned to phosphorus, and the heavens being hung in blackness and the stars going out, seemed to indicate that all nature was preparing for that last grand conflagration which we are taught to believe is to annihilate this terrestrial world.

Storms.—They cause the earth to tremble to her centre, and man to stand anxious and dismayed, yet Omniscience watches, a Providence cares, and the Almighty is love. The delightful land that is given us as a dwelling-place is at the same time the cause of all the disturbances in the air and ocean, whence the hurricanes and the "rivers in the sea" arise, which in turn are for the universal good; where they are not found we may be certain that the currents of the air and the water work, undisturbed, harmoniously together.

Cloud-ring.—Then comes the mitigating cloud-ring. The burning rays of the sun are intercepted by it; the places for the absorption and reflection and the delivery to the atmosphere of the solar heat is changed; it is transferred from the upper surface of the earth to the surface of the clouds.

Equatorial Cloud-rings.—Seafaring people have, as if by common consent, divided the ocean off into regions, and characterized them according to the winds,—e.g. there are "trade-wind regions," the "variables," the "horse latitudes," the "doldrums," etc. The "horse latitudes," as we have said, are the belts of calms and light airs which border the polar edge of the northeast trades.

The "equatorial doldrums" is another of these calm places. Besides being a region of calms and baffling winds, it is a region noted for its rains and clouds, which make it one of the most oppressive and disagreeable places at sea. Ships are often baffled in it for two or three weeks.

In the region of equatorial calms and rains one feels the weather become singularly close and oppressive; he discovers here that the elasticity of feeling which he breathed from the trade-wind air has forsaken him, he has entered the "doldrums" and is under the "cloud-ring." Escaping from this gloomy region, and entering the southeast trades beyond, his spirits revive, and he turns to the log-book to see what changes are recorded there.

This is certainly one of the most unpleasant regions on our globe. A dense, close atmosphere, except for a few hours after a thunder-storm, during which time torrents of rain fall, when the air becomes a little refreshed; but a hot, glowing sun soon heats it again, and, but for the awnings and the little air put in circulation by the continual flapping of the ship's sails, it would be almost insufferable. No person who has not crossed this region can form an adequate idea of its unpleasant effects. You feel a degree of lassitude unconquerable, which not even the sea-bathing, which everywhere else proves so salutary and renovating, can dispel.

As soon as you enter into the cooler latitudes you feel a renovation that is refreshing beyond description. Nothing is seen but cheerful countenances, exchanged as if by enchantment for that sleepy sluggishness which had borne all down for the last two weeks.

One need not go to sea to perceive the grand work which the clouds perform in collecting moisture from the crystal vaults of the sky, in sprinkling it upon the fields, and making the hills glad with showers of rain: winter and summer the clouds "drop fatness" upon the earth.

At one time the clouds spread themselves out, they cover the earth as with a mantle. They prevent radiation from its crusts and keep it warm. At another time, they interpose between it and the sun; they screen it from his scorching rays, and protect the tender plants from his heat, the land from the drought, or, like a garment, they

overshadow the sea, defending its waters from the intense forces of evaporation.

At all points of the physical machinery, of all the contrivances in the mechanism of the universe, the atmosphere, with its offices and its adaptations, appears to me to be the most wonderful, sublime, and beautiful. In its construction the perfection of knowledge is involved.

You wish me to write you about "all the fishes" of the sea and the rivers of China. The Bible tells us that they "are innumerable." However, I will do the best that I can with the task which you have imposed upon me.

After I had recovered sufficiently from my first attack of sea-sickness to go on deck, I saw a school of porpoises playing around the bow of our ship, chasing each other swiftly in their circumgyrations, and performing all sorts of fantastic feats as they sported in the waters of the deep, and seemed as happy as children let out to play after a long session in the school-room.

At a distance were gamboling a number of sea-cows (black-fish), resembling in form, though much larger, the porpoise, which is of a dark-brown color with white spots about the neck, while the sea-cow is, apparently, black. Flying-fish were also seen, Portuguese men-of-war, a whale spouting water, and occasionally a shark with his pilot-fish, from two to four in number, which never desert him while in the water; and even when the shark is caught with a hook, they have been known to cling to his sides until drawn half out of the water. Ever and anon dolphins were seen frisking around the vessel, with their golden-green, bluish-silver, and roseate-hued skins, which covered bodies of the most exquisite forms of the finny tribe. The sun-fish, gold-fish, and other curiosities I have attempted to describe in a former letter or in my journal.

Fish is perhaps the only kind of meat eaten by the inhabitants of the maritime portions of China. Their usual mode of obtaining it is not altogether dissimilar from that of Western nations. But they have other ways of obtaining the fish peculiar to themselves. In many places they rear thousands of birds of the pelican kind, called cormorants or water-ravens, to do their fishing for them. They are taught and controlled by them nearly in the same manner

that canine animals are by civilized nations. It is said to be an easy task for one man to superintend one hundred of these birds, who has them all perched on the sides of his boats, silently and patiently waiting to receive his orders. On arriving at the spot selected for fishing, the commands are given, and swiftly they dart to the places indicated, and dive beneath the waters of the lake or river with all the velocity required to seek out their prey, and even explore the tall grass, which often margins the streams, for any truant fish, and quickly seize and bear it to their owner.

When a fish proves too large for one bird to carry, another hastens to its assistance. They then return to the boat, from which long poles are held out upon which they rest, but as soon as the fisherman takes from them the prize which they have caught they immediately go for another. When they become weary, they are permitted to rest, but are allowed no food until their task is performed. Cords are tied around their throats while they are engaged in fishing, to prevent them from swallowing the fish, for if their appetites are satisfied they will not work.

Fish-raising is quite a lucrative trade in China. The spawn are collected from the pools in which are reared families of fish, and carried in balls of mud throughout the country, and sold to people who wish to raise them, and who in turn circulate them for a remuneration for like purposes.

I will write you about the bonito, by giving you a description given by some one who has traveled much. "The bonito is a fish about two feet long, and perhaps six inches in diameter in the middle. He is perfectly round in every part from the head to the tail; on the back he is of a most beautiful purple, and on the belly white and golden-yellow in streaks, and the colors gradually mingle with red. I do not wonder that the Portuguese called him 'bonito,' the beautiful." The fins on the other side and back fold up like a fan, and can be laid so close to the body that you may pass your hand over them without feeling them. It is rather dry when eaten.

Rocks.—There are many sunken rocks in the sea, particularly the China Sea; and one very famous in the Straits of Sunda, between the islands of Java and Sumatra, called the Stroom Rock, the top of which is just washed

and half covered by the waves, while all around the water is so deep that no anchor can touch the bottom.

A ship was once passing through these straits, carried on by the tide, with scarce wind enough to fill her sails. The current bore her rapidly along toward the rock. The danger was seen, and every effort made to guard against it. The yards were braced, but the wind no longer filled the sails, and on the ship sped to what seemed her sure destruction. The loud commands of her officers and the willing responses of her sailors were hushed, and silently each watched the rapidly approaching danger. But when hope had almost turned to despair, a breath of wind fills the sails; the ship obeys her helm, the dark rock with the foaming sea around it is seen just over the ship's bow and then at her stern, and all hearts breathe free again, for God has saved the vessel and her crew. In the voyage of life, in some straits through which we have passed, has no Stroom Rock lain in our way? no temptation to sin seemed ready to overwhelm us to destruction? Have we not tried to avoid it, and felt that our strength was weakness? and almost in the depth of despair have we not cried for breath to Heaven? and out from the unseen world has there not come, like the wind, an influence that has saved us? No, my dear Hattie, you cannot imagine it! It was an awful time when we passed this famous rock, looking like a huge black monster in a boiling surge, which seemed to draw you toward him every moment. What a thrill of commingled hopes and fears filled the hearts of the whole crew as the angry waves pealed out their warning in notes of harsh thunder! How many dark and dismal images were portrayed by the mind! No one can strike against that rock and live, around which boils a bottomless sea unlighted by the fair lamp of hope, and as rayless as the sinner's passage through the valley of death. Oh, it is sweet to hear the voice of inspiration in so imminent a peril, "Be still, and know that I am God"! So indescribably awful is the solitude of that rock so very expressive of the dark secrets of nature! A dreary lantern in the foaming main,—a hieroglyphic too mysterious for mortal mind to interpret,—I cannot wish you to feel what I felt in passing twice.

Gutzlaff Island, situated at the mouth of the Yangtse-Kiang, is a round, rocky, rugged hillock, about two hundred and ten feet high. Being situated at the mouth of the river, it serves as a valuable landmark for vessels approaching the city of Shanghai, as it is there the difficult navigation of the river commences.

Hong-Kong is an irregular pile of granite-work. Victoria Peak (the highest) is about eighteen hundred feet high, and presents rather a barren appearance to one who has just left the straits, with their scattered cones of verdure, a hemisphere of green in which summer holds her perpetual reign. Hong-Kong is about one hundred miles southeast from Canton. It is about thirty miles in circumference. Rare specimens of flowers are found on its mountain-sides. The mission cause under different denominations flourishes here. Hong-Kong may with propriety be called the many-hilled island.

Bush Island.—Islands are constantly being formed in the waters of the Chinese rivers. Ten years since, what is called Bush Island had but one bush on it; now it has flourishing trees and a number of cottages. Tsung-Ming now supports a population of six hundred thousand souls. A little more than a century ago it was only a sand-bar.

Flowers.—The empire of China is rich in floral specimens, though the gardens are laid off with but little taste. The Chinese have many pretty flowers, which are cultivated in pots with much care; among which is the lotus, considered a sacred flower by the worshipers of Buddha, which is found in pools of water.

The lotus grows to four or five feet in height, is of slender form, and supports a broad and elegant cup eight inches in diameter when fully blown. The petals have the rich, soft, velvety whiteness of alabaster, most delicately veined with pencilings of the purest rose-color, and enshroud the fruit, of conical form, pale green, encircled with a fringe of gold-colored anthers. The perfume is of that delicate and healthy fragrance that never disgusts the olfactories. The rose is styled the queen of flowers by the Chinese, as with us; but the lotus is a goddess, sublime in its purity, grace, and beauty. Nature is always prodigal in the tropics, and often wild and rugged. Moun-

tains pointing their serried, spiky crests to the skies, flanked with ghastly cliffs jutting out their weather-beaten faces, or extending their naked arms to support long tresses of flowering creepers, shaken from some overhanging branches and swung in the air.

The tea-plant I have described some time since. Tea is the universal beverage among the Chinese. It is given as a token of hospitality, and is used on all occasions, at all hours of the day, without cream or sugar, and almost invariably taken hot.

Rivers.—The Yangtse-Kiang River (Son of the Ocean) is one of the most prominent rivers in China. With the Hoang-ho River, which rises from the lake of Koko-nor, it furnishes irrigation and drainage for almost the entire area of the eighteen provinces.

I wish, dear Hattie, that you were a missionary in this far-off land; but you can pray to God to open the eyes of this poor idol-worshiping people to "behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," to open their hearts to receive Him whom He sent to seek and to save that which was lost. Oh, it is a solemn but glorious thing to be ambassadors for Christ to the perishing heathen!

Trees.—The trees which compose the forests of the Malaysian islands are large, with a summer richness in their foliage, with clusters of bamboo on the mountain-sides, and in the hollows between them. In some places they are so interlaced together with vines as to form a complete net-work, which, in time, become trees, so that they are almost impenetrable; and thousands of flowers of brilliant colors gleam amid their vivid green leaves, and hundreds of noisy parrots chatter from their boughs and make vocal these beautiful solitudes.

The nutmeg trees are from twenty to thirty feet in height. Their leaves are dark green and glossy, resembling the laurel, and the fruit at a distance might be taken for a small russet apple. When ripe, the husk splits in the centre, and has much the appearance of a soft peach that is split open but not entirely separated and clinging to its parent stem. Through the opening a scarlet net-work of mace is displayed, enveloping an inner nut black as ebony, within which is the nutmeg.

The clove-tree I have seen, but not with its fruit. It has some resemblance to the nutmeg, but the leaf is not so large, and the foliage is more spreading and less dense; as we passed on by these islands, the warm tropical air of noon was heavy with spicy odors. The rich perfumes exhaled when standing among the trees permeate the system with a sensation of languid and voluptuous repose. Odors became a passion, and the senses were drugged with an overpowering feeling of luxury.

The camphor-tree, or *Laurus camphora*, which is reckoned among the most remarkable productions of China and Japan, is also indigenous to the islands Formosa, Sumatra, and Borneo. Its circumference is frequently from eighteen to twenty feet; in the southern portion of the empire attaining in altitude sometimes fifty feet, with huge branches of seven or nine feet in diameter. The wood has a highly camphorated odor, and being a sovereign antidote against insects, it is extensively used in the manufacture of trunks, chests, and other articles of furniture. Indeed, a camphor-wood trunk lined with tin, and painted or varnished inside, is an infallible remedy against moths and the mould which accumulates on clothing in that country during the rainy seasons.

I have frequently seen the camphor-wood-tree growing, but have never witnessed the method of securing the gum-camphor which is so extensively used in the United States; but as persons so often ask me about the process, I will give you the information, which I have obtained from one who has seen the mode of preparing.

Branches, when freshly gathered, are cut in small pieces and steeped in water for several days; after which they are boiled in vessels made for the purpose. While boiling they are stirred without intermission until the gum, in the form of a white jelly, begins to show itself, when the whole of the fluid is poured into a glazed vessel and becomes solidified after it has been allowed to stand for a short time.

Camphor, from a crude state, is taken through a purifying process by sublimation. A metal vessel being made ready, there is placed at its bottom a layer of earth, perfectly dry and finely powdered; upon this a layer of the raw cam-

phor is placed, and then another layer of the same kind of earth is put upon the gum, and so alternately until the vessel is quite filled. This part of the process terminates by a layer of earth being last, and over it is laid a covering of green mint. A second vessel, made of straw, in the shape of a cone, is then luted over the first in an inverted position, and the whole being placed over a well-regulated fire for some time, and afterwards being allowed to cool, the gum-resin of camphor is found to have sublimated and attached itself to the upper vessel. About the palm-cocoa-nut and tallow-trees you learn at your school, my dear Hattie.

The Chinese.—The Chinese empire existed at the same time as the Babylonian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman; while these empires exist only in name, China flourishes, and never had a greater extent of territory than in the present century, and is now the oldest country in the world, which was conquered by the Manchoo Tartars in 1643. The first emperor of the Tartar dynasty compelled the Chinese to shave their heads. The real names of the emperors are considered too sacred to be pronounced by the people, and consequently they are known by the titles which they assume at the commencement of their reign. China has groaned under an absolute despotism from the most remote period of antiquity to the present hour. It contains some of the largest rivers and highest mountains, the most extensive barren and the most fertile plains, and probably no country in the world is so uniformly watered. The population is more than four hundred millions.

The empire is divided into eighteen provinces, which are also divided into counties, districts, and townships. At the head of each is a special and responsible officer. China is rich in mineral resources, but the people are forbidden by the government to work these mines to much extent, lest they neglect the cultivation of the soil; husbandry being considered to be far the most honorable and useful employment.

On reaching China one is astonished to learn that the people do not eat butter, cheese, bread, milk, beef, or mutton; but they subsist on rice, olives, oranges, pigs, rats, cats, fowls, puppies, dogs, potatoes, peaches, pears, garlic,

millet, barley, pumpkins, turnips, fishes, maize, wheat, groundnuts, snails, crabs, sharks'-fins, birds'-nests, and tomatoes.

A Chinaman wears a long queue reaching almost to his heels, and broad, flowing sleeves. A Chinese woman wears a handsomely-embroidered tunic and embroidered, pointed shoes on small, cramped feet. Their garments are of the most antique fashions and never-varying phase of style, but are much more sensible and comfortable than those worn by Western ladies. They are made of the richest, costliest fabrics in the world, including satins and silks, cottons and grassy cloths, furs of quadrupeds, feathers of birds, and the leaves of the trees.

The houses of the Chinese are built of stone or wood, mud or brick, usually low, dark, and filthy, but little ventilated, and usually only one story high. When a Chinaman meets you he does not shake hands with you, but doubles his fists, places them compactly together, and then shakes them at you. After the usual salutations and inquiries after your health, they say, Have you eaten your rice? Which way are you going? Will you eat tea? Sit, sit? Eat or smoke? How old are you? What is your honorable name? Are your father and mother living? etc.

With us it is considered disrespectful for a man to sit in company with his head uncovered, but a Chinaman will receive his guests with his cap on. They meet with mutual bowing and complimenting. The host takes his seat at the table before his visitors as a signal for them to do the same. At each table are seated two persons, the tables being arranged so as to allow room for the servants to pass between them. The wife, daughters, mothers, or sisters do not make their appearance to shed light and gladness around the social, or rather *unsocial*, board.

Though the repast may abound in dishes, ornamented with flowers, supplied with a great variety of fruits, the host will apologize to his guests for his parsimonious repast. The table-service consists of porcelain bowls, china cups, with spoons of the same ware with short handles, and chopsticks.

The Chinese are condemned by their own standard of morality, and confess their inability to save themselves; yet

they hate the gospel of peace when it is preached to them, and are wantonly joined to their idols, and cast beneath their feet the righteous claims of the blessed Saviour who died to redeem them with his precious blood. They are not those inoffensive, poor, simple-minded, honest-hearted objects of sympathy that many suppose, doing as well as the light of reason teaches them, meeting with unmerited punishment if any should be inflicted,—but they are guilty of damning sins, they themselves being judges; having violated and being condemned by their own laws of morality and religion, and having no way of expiation for their sins, they are without excuse and without hope. The Bible tells us that “all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone,” and perhaps no nation on earth has less regard to the truth than the Chinese. They feel no shame in being detected in downright falsehood, nor do they fear any punishment from their gods; yet they will tell you that it is vile to lie and to deceive. But would it not be strange to find a heathen people who did speak the truth without knowing the God of truth? The smallest inducement will be a sufficient motive for a Chinese to falsify his word. Their great propensity for lying is one of the most formidable barriers to a lasting improvement of this people, while it often discourages those who labor for their eternal good. Lying and thieving are practiced whenever a “shadow of a shade” of opportunity is afforded. A specimen will be given here, as mentioned by Mr. Abel:

“Soon after we arrived at Ku-lang-su, a man came to us who professed to be the near relation and guardian of the owners of the house in which we live, and presented a little boy as the joint proprietor with his widowed mother. From the appearance of the house, and the testimony of others, we could easily credit his story that the family were now in reduced circumstances, having not only lost the house when the English attacked the place, but a thousand dollars besides by native robbers; we therefore allowed him a small rent, and gave the dollars to the man, who put them into the hands of the child. The next month he made his appearance; but our servant, whom we had taken to be peculiarly honest for a heathen, suggested the

propriety of inquiring whether the money was ever given to those for whom it was professedly received, and soon returned with the information that the mother had heard nothing of the money, the man who had received it not living in the family, but had now sent a lad to us who would receive it for her, and who, our servant assured us, would give it to the proper person. A day or two afterwards our cook whispered to me that our *honest* servant, who had taken so much pains to prevent all fraud in the matter, had made the lad give him one-half of the money for his disinterestedness in preventing it from falling into improper hands! And further examination showed us that this very cook had himself received a good share to keep silent.”

A few of the contrarities in their ideas and customs from those familiar to ourselves have been frequently remarked upon by travelers; some of these are subjoined in the following sketch.

On inquiring of the boatman in which direction Macao lay, I was answered west-north, and the wind he said was east-south. We do not say so in Europe, thought I, but imagine my surprise when, explaining the utility of the compass, he added that the needle pointed south. On landing, the first object that attracted my attention was a military officer, who wore an embroidered petticoat, with a string of beads around his neck and a fan in his hand. His insignia of rank was a peacock-feather pointing downwards instead of a plume turning upwards, and a button on the apex of his sugar-loaf cap instead of a star on his breast, or epaulettes on his shoulders; and it was with some dismay that I observed him mount on the right side of his horse. Several scabbards hung from his belt, which, of course, I thought must contain dress swords or dirks; but on venturing near, through the crowd, I was surprised to see a pair of chopsticks and a knife-handle sticking out of one, and his fan folded up and put into the other, whereupon I concluded he was going to a dinner instead of a review. The natives around me had all shaved their hair from the front of their heads and let it grow long behind; and many of them did not shave their faces, but let their moustaches grow over their mouths, and lest some straggling

hairs should diverge cheekwise the owners were busily employed pulling them down. We arrange our toilets differently, thought I, but I acknowledged the happy device of chopsticks, which enabled these gentlemen to put their food into their mouths endwise underneath this natural fringe. On my way to the hotel, I saw a group of old people, some of whom wore gray beards; a few were chirruping and chuckling to singing birds, which they carried perched on a stick or in cages, others were catching flies to feed them, and the remainder of the party seemed to be delightfully employed in flying fantastic paper kites; while a group of boys were gravely looking on and regarding these innocent occupations of their seniors with the most serious and gratified attention.

As I had come to the country to reside for some time, I made inquiries respecting a teacher, and happily found one who understood English. On entering, he stood at the door, and instead of coming forward and our shaking hands, he politely bowed and shook his own, clasping them before him. I looked upon this mode as a decided improvement, especially in doubtful cases, and requested him to be seated. I knew that I was to study a language without an alphabet, but was somewhat astonished to see him begin at what I considered to be the end of the book. He read the date of publication, "the fifth year, tenth month, and first day." "We arrange our dates differently," I observed, and begged him to read, which he did from top to bottom, and proceeding from right to left. "You have an odd book here," remarked I, and taking it up; "what is the price?" "A dollar and eight-thirds," said he; upon which I counted out three dollars and two-thirds, and went on looking at it. The paper was printed only on one side, the running title was on the edge of the leaves instead of the top of the page, the paging was near the bottom, the number and contents of the chapters were at their ends, the marginal notes on the top, where the blank was double the size of the foot, and a broad black line across the middle of each page separated the two works composing the volume, instead of one being printed after the other. The back was open and sewed outside, and the name of the work written on the bottom

edge. "You have given me too much," said he, handing me two and one-third dollars, and then explained that eight-thirds was eight divided by three, or only three-eighths. A small vocabulary he carried with him had the sounds arranged according to their termination, *ming*, *sing*, *king* being all in a row, and the first word in it was *sien*. "Ah, my friend," said I, "English won't help you find a word in that book; please give me your address." He accordingly took out a red card as big as a sheet of paper, instead of a neat white strip, and wrote Wu Tanyuen. "I thought your name was Mr. Wu; why do you write your name wrong end first?" inquired I. "It is you who are wrong," replied he; "look in your own Directory, where alone you write names as they should be, placing the honored family name first."

I could only say customs differ, and, giving back the book, begged him to speak of ceremony. He commenced: "When you receive a distinguished guest do not fail to place him on your left, for that is the seat of honor; and be cautious not to uncover the head, as it would be an unbecoming act of familiarity." This was a severe blow to my established notions; when he reopened the volume and read, "The most learned men are decidedly of the opinion that the seat of the human understanding is in the stomach," I exclaimed, "Better say it is in the feet!" and immediately shut up the book, dismissing him until another day, for this shocked all my principles of correct philosophy, even if Solomon was against me.

On going abroad, I met so many things contrary to all my preconceived ideas of propriety, that I assented to a friend's observation, that "the Chinese were our antipodes in many things besides location." "Indeed," said I, "they are so; I should expect shortly to see a man walking on his head. Look! there's a woman in trousers, and a party of gentlemen in petticoats; she is smoking a cigar, and they are fanning themselves." But I was taught not to trust to appearances too much, as on passing I saw the latter wore tight under-garments. We soon after met the steward of the house dressed in white, and I stopped to ask him what merry-making he was invited to; with a look of the deepest concern he told me he was returning

from his father's funeral. Soon we passed where we heard sobbing and crying, and I inquired who was ill; the man, suppressing a smile, said that it was a girl about leaving home to be married, who was lamenting with her fellows.

I thought after these unlucky essays I would ask no more questions, but use my eyes instead. Looking into a shop, I saw a stout fellow sewing lace on a bonnet for a Portuguese lady, and going on to the landing-place, behold! all the ferry-boats were rowed by women, and from a passage-boat, just arrived, I saw the females get out of the cabin in the bow. "What are we coming to next?" said I, and just then saw a carpenter take his foot-rule out of his stocking to measure some timber which his apprentice was cutting with a saw, whose blade was set nearly at right angles with the frame. Before the door sat a man busily engaged in whitening the thick soles of a pair of shoes; "That's a shoewhite, I suppose," said I; "and he answers to the shoeblack of other lands." "Just so," said my friend; and beyond him is a poor wretch with a board around his neck for a shirt collar, who has got into *chokey*, an article of his toilet which answers to the gyves with which those lads in the Tombs are garnished instead of bangles.

In all the alleys, called streets, the signs stood on their ends, and the pigs were packed in baskets, which coolies were carrying, to the infinite satisfaction of the inmates; and the shops seemed to have lost their fronts and ejected their inmates into the streets, where they were eating, cooking, working, selling, sleeping in every imaginable way. A loud voice led us to look in at an open door to see what was going on, when we saw it was a school, and the boys learning their lessons all crying like auctioneers. We next passed a fashionable lady stepping out of her chair, her feet only three inches long, her plaited and embroidered petticoat a foot longer than her gown, and smallest at the bottom, and her waist quite concealed. Then came an acquaintance of my friend's accompanying a splendidly-carved coffin. "Who's dead?" asked he. "No man hab die," replied the Celestial: "this one piece coffin I present to my olo fader; he likee too much, counta

my number one proper. 'Spose he die, he can usee hel'" "So, eh," rejoined my friend, "how much price can catchee one all same same for that?" "I tinke can catchee one *alla* same so fashion one thousand dollars so; this hab first chop handsome, lo."

"Do you call that gibberish English or Chinese?" said I, for the language sounded no less strange than the custom of presenting a coffin to a live father differed from my preconceived notions of filial affection. "That's the pure Canton-English," said he; "you must be the Jack Downing of Canton, to immortalize it." "Come, rather let us go home," said I, "for I am getting dizzy, and shall soon be upside down in this strange country."

It is so strange that this mighty nation has continued one people down to the present from a period so remote as to be lost in the mist of time. In this God is accomplishing his own wise purpose, and what we know not now we shall know hereafter. Neither the overflowing conquest of a superior race, nor emigration, has broken up the real foundations of society. The family compact is still greatly respected, as there is deep reverence for parents and superiors; and, as in every land, God blesses their filial piety by granting length of days in the land which He has given them, while education has exerted a healthful influence in disseminating and strengthening the morality they had.

I hope, my dear Hattie, that you will think much about the heathen children, who have no Bibles nor Christian parents, as you have, to teach them the way to heaven. Yes, think of this on every morning and evening as you kneel around the family altar and hear your pious father imploring God's blessing upon his children. Yes, think of the poor heathen children on every Sabbath morning when you meet in God's house to receive lessons of heavenly wisdom, which are able to make you wise unto salvation, from the lips of your kind teacher, leading your soul in the green pastures of God's word and beside the still waters of his never-failing love, which flow through the heavenly Canaan.

However stupid the parents may be, the children are sprightly, and capable of being elevated in an intellectual

and moral point of view. Oh, how my heart has often been sad, and my eyes filled with tears in sympathy for them, as I have witnessed their sportive feats and heard their merry shouts as they bounded over their playgrounds! I felt a kindred love for them, and greatly desired to see them enjoy the same happiness of enlightenment and salvation as I have done.

I trust one day that God may put it into your heart to come to this land and labor personally for those who perish for the lack of vision,—those who sit in the region and shadow of death. Do think of these things, and try to get your young friends interested in this great and glorious work. It will be sweet to die after a life spent in doing good to others! In my next I will tell you something about the Buddhist religion.

Yours affectionately,

ALMARIA HOBYN.

MY DEAR HATTIE,—Though there are multiplied forms of idolatry in this country, they are divided into three general classes,—Confucianists, Tanists, and Buddhists.

Confucianism took its name from Confucius, a sage who lived about five hundred and fifty years before the birth of our Saviour. His principles of morality and state legislation now constitute the ethics and jurisprudence of the empire. It is said that filial piety was made not only the basis but the cementing bond of his system of morals and his whole political machinery.

The father of Confucius was born about the same year that Cyrus became king of the Medes and Persians, and was contemporary with Pythagoras, and Socrates was born not long after.

The second class in China are called the Tanists, or rationalists of the empire. Lao-tse, the founder of Tanism, was contemporary with Confucius, with whom he had some acquaintance. This system is said to be sustained by abstruse speculations of mystic philosophy, which fills all nature with demons and genii, who constantly influence the fate of men. They furnish not only the elements but also all the forms of modern spiritualism, with the accompaniments of rappings and table-turnings. In the mar-

kets and public places may be seen mediums, who, for a small remuneration, can be consulted about the future world, deceased relatives, and other friends and scenes occurring in distant parts of the world. Spiritualists of Western nations have embraced a creed of remote antiquity, the founder of which lived, according to Chinese calculation, more than five hundred years before Christ.

The third religion is Buddhism, which was introduced into China, and is comparatively of modern date. It presents a more decidedly religious character, and has a greater number of adherents than any system in the empire. Its religious teachers and sacred books profess no God, no Supreme Agent, who created the world, and who will call them to account, or reward or punish them for the deeds done while in the body. Absolute annihilation is the grand acme of reward for their meritorious services.

Gautama is the last god of the Buddhists. He was of princely origin, and was born on the banks of the sacred Ganges, some three or four hundred miles from its mouth, not far from the region famous for the production of opium.

The ranks of Buddhism are full to overflowing, while the deadly leaven continues to disseminate its poison, and still feeds on the moral vitals of hundreds of millions of our race.

But again appears the Star in the East, and the good news of gospel light sheds its benign radiance over this dark corner of the earth.

How deeply immersed in sin and ignorance is this poor, deluded people! Led captive by the father of lies, that they turn carelessly, yea often scornfully, away from the heaven-sent messenger, and in their blindness bow down to the senseless images of wood and stone, which have been made by their own hands to expiate, as it has been truthfully said, for a conscious departure from moral rectitude, and purchase to themselves that final and complete redemption from sin and sorrow which to all ages and nations has been the bright, radiant star of hope and desire, "because that when they knew not God," etc. ! How gladly would I turn away from a picture so dark in every shade, yet so sadly and painfully true to life !

Buddhism was introduced into China not long after the birth of Christ. In Chinese history a wonderful fact is recorded, that in fifty years after that illustrious event, during the reign of the Emperor Ming, he saw in a dream a golden man flying about his palace; this dream was interpreted by his attendants to signify that the "Holy One" was to be found in the West. This interpretation so absorbed and interested him as to induce him to send a deputation to India, who returned with some priests and images of Buddha from the island of Ceylon. Had the deputation gone a little farther westward they might have found the Holy One, which would have been introduced into China instead of a form of idolatry which, as Dr. Morrison says, is denied by the learned, laughed at by the profligate, yet followed by all.

The images of Buddha are of various sizes, the largest more than a hundred feet high, and the smallest not more than an inch; the largest are generally in a reclining posture. Frequently bushels of images made of clay can be taken up around the temple walls. They are made of divers materials, sometimes of gold, brass, silver, or iron, or of wood, clay, stone, mortar, and brick.

The idols represent a human figure, the features are identical and perfectly stereotyped, with the same sleepy countenance, high cheek-bones, square forehead, and broad mouth, having the fingers as well as the toes of equal length, the hands reaching to the knees, the ears to the shoulders, and the head always surrounded by a crown or cupola.

Though geographically so remote from each other, there is a great similarity between the Buddhist and Catholic religion. Buddhists have their nunneries and their nuns. These shave their heads, and have novices under their instructions. The priests have also their temples and boys under their training. They wear yellow robes, shave their heads, and in person collect their daily food from house to house, which is taken before noon, except a little fruit, tea, etc. Though animal food is proscribed to the priests, they often violate their vow.

Each of their temples consists of one large building, around which are several of smaller magnitude, furnished

with images of Buddha, and exclusively devoted to their worship; a row of rooms, or rather stalls, for the accommodation of the priests, and usually spacious open sheds erected as the resting-places of travelers, and for the resort of the yellow-robed priests and their pupils during the sultry hours of evening; these temples being lighted up by massive chandeliers, suspended from their ceilings. The temples are open at all hours of the day, but are closed at sunset, unless some special occasion requires them to be otherwise. At any time between early dawn and the close of the day, worshipers resort to them just when they find it most convenient to do so, taking with them such offerings as they wish to present; these they deposit quietly on the altar before the principal idol, and then, prostrating themselves three or four times in token of adoration, they audibly repeat some forms of prayer or rather quotations from their sacred books, which are generally resolutions for the future. This form concluded, they depart as silently as they came, without waiting for others to finish their devotions, or perhaps without ever seeing a priest.

"There is no collective worship, no attempted union of prayers or offerings, no public service of any sort, but the simple offering of each individual for himself,—in which his dearest friend, or even the members of his family, have no community of interest, though there may be thousands kneeling around him, engaged in precisely the same act. Nor do the devotions of one seem to disturb the other, though all speak audibly, and each may be engaged in reciting an entirely different portion of the book from those that occupy the attention of his followers."

On great festive occasions every man and woman or child is required to bring an offering in proportion to his ability. None are free from this demand, whatever may be the rank, age, or position; for even the infant in its mother's arms may hold in its dimpled hands a chestnut or a tiny flower, and those in poverty's deepest vale may spare a few grains of rice, a pinch of tobacco, or a leaf of tea.

All children are taught and do assist in support of this "horse-leech" idolatry; not a parent who does not early

inculcate and constantly enforce the claims of their religion upon their children. Even infants, too young to speak and make their offerings, are taken to the temples by their parents, and the offering being laid devoutly in their hands, they are led reverently to the shrine to deposit their gift, and then before the idol, whose very name their infant tongues are not able to lisp; while they know not their right hand from their left, they are taught to bend, bow their heads reverently, and raise their hands and worship. Consequently the ranks of idolatry exhibit no diminution, for, as the parent sinks into the grave, his children, so faithfully instructed and consistently trained, more than fill his place.

What a lesson to those who bear their Saviour's name! What a reproof to Christian parents who have no family altar, who dishonor the profession, or even deny it, by their walk and conversation before their families and before the world!

The Buddhists set the bounds of their heavens, being seven in number, among the clouds. Those aspirants who are so fortunate as to occupy these regions rise constantly in the scale of bliss, and when the summit has been obtained they may expect that the point of consummate beatitude is not far off.

Their hells are located within the recesses of some mountain; the degrees of punishment becoming more intense as the unfortunate being descends lower and lower in the world of woe. The instruments of torture employed in those dolorous regions are voracious reptiles; hissing, deadly serpents, with forked fangs of liquid fire; burning worms, that insidiously and perpetually feed on the vitals, yet never wholly consume them; fierce and howling dogs; gnawing vultures; self-acting implements of torture, by which the tongues and bowels are torn out, and the hands and feet sawed or burnt off, and the wretched culprit decapitated; then these portions of the body are constantly reproduced, that the same terrible process of abscission may be renewed again and again. But regarded as the most insupportable of all are the sudden and alternate transitions of extreme heat and cold, whereby the criminal is tortured eternally, writhing and groaning, and uttering

the most terrible and unearthly yells of anguish, such as cannot be conceived by beings in this world.

The period of their rewards and punishments is varied, and proportioned always to the amount of merit and demerit which destiny permits the subject to accumulate. All their hells are regarded as purgatorial, so that during their probation in any of them sin may be expiated by additional suffering, and merit obtained by performing good deeds.

When temples decay, little merit is gained by repairing them. Thus it is that each man prefers to build a new one for himself. The first and topmost spoke in the ladder of great and meritorious acts is the erection of an idol, and next comes the building of a temple, which has generally an immense drum occupying one corner of the largest room, and a huge bell another. The roof of the temple is curiously composed of carved wood and inscriptions of various and fantastic styles of Chinese devices, and writings are painted and gilded and carved on the pillars, walls, ceilings, and tablets. Colossal images, in a sitting or standing posture, gilded and painted, but faded and dusty, are inmates of the great chamber.

I often feel, during my sojourn in this country of the Celestials, as though I have been really removed to a "new heaven and a new earth." Certainly I have now a more comprehensive view of the great Creator and his works.

Crowds of men, women, and children gaze on in inquiring silence, and often follow me in astonishment, as I walk leisurely along the streets, and, on reaching the country, it is a curious fact that even the animals seem to look upon me as something strange. Dogs timidly peep out and bark furiously at me at an advanced distance, and then disappear, to emerge considerably in the rear. Buffaloes become uneasy as I pass along, their countenances lighted up with fiery indignation, blow tremendously through their spacious nostrils, and try to break from their fastenings by jerking their unwieldy bodies. Horses also, at my approach, raise their heads and snort and stare inquiringly at me.

The Chinese have no sabbath, no sacred day of rest,

but go about uttering their cries as on other days, vending their wares and performing their usual work.

The pools in the suburbs of the cities have many green-leaved plants, with white flowers, growing on their surface, interspersed with the many-leaved water-lily, the goddess of the floral kingdom.

Interior of Chinese Houses.—Most of the interior walls of Chinese houses are composed of sliding-panels, which enable them to throw the whole floor into one room at pleasure, and to regulate the size of the windows to suit the temperature of the weather. In this case the whole end of a room may be slid back, so as to give as much light and air as desired, as well as a more comprehensive view outwards. Figures of birds, animals, butterflies, flowers, trees, fruit, or landscapes are carved exquisitely in alto-relievo, and painted in colors and shades of real life, on these sliding partitions, and not unfrequently they are papered with more taste and more neatly than with us at home. I constantly find that the Chinese have but little to learn from us in their social system, though they often commence where we end.

The People.—As a people they are doubtless not our equals; but in general dignity of bearing, in self-possession, and in some of the arts, are decidedly our superiors. It is said that a Chinese gentleman, under any circumstance in which you see him, is calm, dignified, affable, graceful, and self-possessed.

Language.—The great difficulty with foreigners is the language; but constantly this is becoming less. Every year new facilities in the way of elementary books for its acquisition are being prepared, and access gained to the people in the city, as well as in the small villages which dot the country in every direction, and look beautiful in the distance, surrounded by clumps of the graceful bamboo (waving their plumelike heads to the coquettish zephyrs as they whisperingly pass over them), with orchards of peach-, and plum-, and willow-trees by the canals which flow near them.

Suicide.—The Chinese have but little to deter them from this dreadful sin, having but faint ideas of the unseen world.

Temperature of the Air.—The thermometer rises to more than one hundred degrees, and a fall of twenty degrees in an hour is not uncommon. In coming into a city you feel as though you were entering a physical, moral, spiritual furnace. Oh, it is so hard to keep constantly the flame of piety burning bright when the blighting blasts of heathenism blow on the soul, when there are so few to speak of the precious Saviour!

Priests.—I have just witnessed some ceremonies performed by a Bhuddist priest, clad in an ash-colored robe. A multitude of prayers were read,—little else than a round of the same words,—and even chanted a little, in which he was joined in full chorus by the attendants, succeeded every few minutes by a stunning noise of bells and cymbals; whilst a hollow block of wood was raised, and there were innumerable genuflections and prostrations.

Houses for Missionaries.—No Chinese houses are suited to the constitutions of foreigners. The thin, low roofs and walls, and confined and ill-ventilated rooms, are poor defenses against the burning heat of a tropical sun. Good houses are indispensable to health.

Servants.—Chinese servants certainly believe in the adage that "many hands make light work." One will not do the work of another, considering all as so many different trades; your body-servant would as soon think of making your hat or other garments as to cook your food, etc. This causes the wealthy merchants to employ so many servants.

The Missionary.—Missionaries should be well versed in history and every branch of education which is requisite at home, and a knowledge of the science of music should by no means be neglected: so as to compose music, and study and understand the nature of Chinese music and improve it, and then adapt tunes suitable to their poetry. But the best of all educations is for the heart to be trained to commune with God, the fountain and source of all knowledge; in his light to see light; to be prepared for trials, which often come in unthought-of ways and in which the most pleasure was anticipated, by sickness, death of friends, and many personal inconveniences. But no great enterprise is ever accomplished without labor, toil, deep mental

sufferings, self-denial, and personal sacrifices and great effort.

Sympathies painful and ennobling are at once fired in the bosom of the heavenly messenger as he stands among myriads of heathen, when he feels that he bears a commission which has authority to unchain their darkened and sin-enslaved souls, and to point them to that Saviour whom to know aright is life and bliss eternal. Though his heart may bleed at the apathy of the people, he finds great consolation in being one of God's agents, however humble; he knows that it is the Divine plan for their regeneration. Faith opens the vista of brighter days, when the name of God shall be honored and man made wise unto salvation. Hope exults and plumes her wings in the prospect, and fervid joy glows upon his heart. Then, to preach is an "unspeakable gift"; to be employed as God's instrument in preparing men for heaven is the most remunerative employment of his brief but momentous sojourn on earth.

Persons at home are apt to look at everything at a distance through the lenses of romance and beauty. The books which we read in childhood confirm these notions, which are not corrected in after years. Countries in which the orange, the banana, the banyan flourish; in whose bosom diamonds are contained, and elephants roam unmolested; where the nights and days are ever of the same length; where frost and ice are unknown, and the trees are ever arrayed in the green of productive youth,—are thought to be more beautiful to the eye than the varied scenery in our country. But ours is more lovely than theirs; a glow of mild sunlight sheds brightness and beauty on our fields and flowers, and in winter lights up our groves with a thousand sparkling diamonds!

Girls' School.—If the women were educated here the men could not remain ignorant; and it has been well said, that "if the women are enlightened by religion, the men cannot remain debased and degraded." Missionary schools stand as a nucleus of a large and growing system of pious training for the children of the citizens and the instruction of native teachers, who will distribute themselves in the country and cities, to exercise a moral and

pious influence on the families at home. How to raise schools for the education of native girls has long since been solved by Christian missionaries, by experience, for more than a half of a century; and it is no longer a partial and debated opinion, that unmarried females are best suited to conduct such schools, boarding in mission families, who do the catering for them; as several of the sisterhood, living in the same house, afford each other mutual aid in their efforts to elevate and train for heaven the degraded daughters of the Flowery Land.

I am decidedly of the opinion that it would be best for the language to be studied at home, both by our male and female missionaries, before entering the field, where they have to contend with an unpropitious climate, which, in some instances, prostrates them at once. I think that our colleges ought to have a chair devoted entirely to the Chinese language. It would be a great economy of time, money, health, and life. For years I have thought this, by conversing with European missionaries of erudition and great experience, who have labored for nearly a third of a century for the salvation of the Chinese. In Europe, those who go to China can study at home, for they have chairs in their colleges for the study of the written character. I have conversed with some of my own mission on the subject, but the majority are opposed to it.

Observation also teaches me it is best to teach the English language in both our male and female schools. I know that there are many objections to this, on account of the pernicious influence and temptations to which the Chinese are exposed, to get employment among foreigners whose ledger is their Bible; on account of their understanding the English as well as the Chinese language they can command large salaries. But on the other hand they can witness the piety and understand the language of Christian families who are laboring for their eternal interest, and have access to very many good books, which they will read with interest, and which will move upon the great deep of their immortal minds, when they comprehend the light that shines in darkness; and as more people will understand the English the applicants for business places will become more numerous and the salaries smaller of

course, so that the temptations will be less. Though there are noble exceptions to their accepting large rewards for services, choosing to labor for Christ on the merest pittance of support; and this they will continue to do more and more as they better understand the religion of the Bible,—the unspeakable gift of Him who said "my kingdom is not of this world."

May our covenant-keeping God, who is the same to-day, yesterday, and forever, continue to bless you, dear niece, is the daily prayer of

Your affectionate aunt,

ALMARIA HOBYN.

SHANGHAI, ———.

MY DEAR NANNIE,—Will you please pardon my long and seeming neglect? Be assured, dear friend, I have often thought of you, though I have given you no written proof of it.

Your precious letter did not reach me very promptly, but this did not detract from its interest. After reading it over several times I felt that I was with you. My little school has now been in operation more than a year, and is deeply interesting. I wish you could hear my pupils recite their lessons. I am sure it would make your pious heart thrill with pleasure. The thought of their being heathen children makes me more tenderly interested in their progress.

I know that preaching is God's appointed means for the conversion of the world; but Christian and heathen sages in their precepts speak of the importance of beginning with the young. See, under the Jewish dispensation, how great an obligation was imposed upon parents to teach their children the divine precepts, so that it was incorporated in all their avocations of life. Solomon, in a later period, enjoins it on parents to train up their children in the way that they should go; and, under the glorious Christian dispensation, Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles, whose letters are weighty and powerful, exhorts parents to bring up their children in the education and fear of the Lord, and reminds Timothy that from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures, "able to make wise unto salvation."

Now, dear Nannie, how are parents, though they may be truly converted from idolatry, to teach their children the knowledge of the divine word, in which they are but babes, and in most instances must ever remain so? Children should have a thorough biblical knowledge before our mission of divine love can reach the acme of usefulness. Though men of mature minds embrace the religion of Christ, yet, as his ministers, their labors must ever be feeble. Oh, what a happy era in the annals of missions will it be when heathen mothers from their early childhood have been taught the way of righteousness, both by precept and example!

I have heard you lament that your labor in the Sabbath-school class, for whose religious instruction you strove so indefatigably, was in part lost by home influences; that though their parents were members of the church, they were exceedingly ignorant and stiff in their notion; that they were opposed to anything like innovation from their way of thinking, and habits confirmed by long practice, and would tell you that their parents did "thus and thus." I believe a person's conduct in mature years depends much on the habits of early life, and sin often avails itself of this powerful law, which is so strongly incorporated with the will's original nature. But this difficulty may be removed by giving children pious training and setting them holy examples.

This world is the battle-field of the Christian's trials, and God, who wisely adjusts the means to the ends to be accomplished, does not require of us duties which are contradictory in their nature. Though He sets his bow of promise in the clouds, He does not suffer us to rest amidst roses, draped in sunshine, but often appoints us a place with clouds and tempests for its canopy, with thorns and briers for its covering. Our feelings necessarily alternate, but the principle which the spirit imparts regenerates the mind and is at anchor amid the mutinous billows of time. I fully believe that our love to the precious Saviour is perfectly evinced in bearing cheerfully his will, whilst our feet desire to walk in his statutes, and our hands to do his commandments.

You know that I am sent out by our Board as an ex-

periment in the way of establishing a school for females, superintended by an unmarried lady. Situated thus, I often feel a serious incumbrance of heartfelt sorrow,—not being able on account of circumstances to do what is expected and hoped by my friends at home, by whose self-denial our missionary enterprise is principally supported.

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These sudden attacks of illness I never had at home, and have felt that were it the will of my heavenly Father I would gladly not survive another attack of such poignant sufferings, which often made me speechless. If I had had a kind missionary sister in the house with me, how cheering it would have been to have heard her soothing, gentle voice, while administering medical assistance, binding up my aching head and throbbing temples, when the insidious chill was slowly retiring from my prostrated system! Several times in these attacks I have been delirious, but as a general thing I have been entirely in the possession of reason.

I wish I had three assistants with me. I think that should I have such a number to join me, one at least ought to understand the theory and practice of medicine, and to confine her medical knowledge to our school, except in cases of emergency. Perhaps it would be stepping out of God's appointed bounds for woman to do otherwise in a place like this, in which there are so many gentlemen physicians of high grade, and who have their time so completely occupied that they have but little of the precious article left for visiting Chinese schools, however their benevolent feelings might prompt them to such a work of mercy.

I think that it would be well to study the local dialect of the place under a native female teacher before coming out to the field. Finding a woman of education, she could be trained to our mode of teaching by some missionary, and then sent to the designated persons, who have been or are under the appointment of the Board, for a missionary to the place known by the teacher, and then, on her return to China, if she wishes she can be connected with the school. I have found by conversing with the judicious that it is a plan not to be despised. I think it

would be a great saving of health, labor, and expense to have such an arrangement, as, on entering the field, persons thus trained would be prepared to enter immediately upon their benevolent employment, and would feel less that depressing, dependent loneliness which all new missionaries feel more or less on arriving in this land in which Satan rules supreme.

As far as my observation and experience go, I am decidedly of the opinion that if possible missionaries of the same Board ought to live in the same neighborhood, that in cases of sickness and other contingencies they may be ready and near to extend the helping hand if necessary. The school ought to have grounds around it for a garden to walk in for air and exercise, and also many other things of utility and profit indispensable to the premises, such as cooking, washing, weaving, spinning, warping, etc. A practical knowledge of these things is necessary to a good housekeeper among the Chinese, unless she be a lady of wealth. Provision for our various necessities is as important on a heathen shore as in an enlightened and Christian land. Air, food, and Christian sympathy are as essential to life here as they are at home, and a due reflection should teach us this.

Though the life of a missionary is fraught with various trials, he is happy in his work, having much to depress and much to cheer him; whilst he has to feel continually that Satan seems to rule here as the prince of the power of the air.

I have never yet seen an unhappy missionary in the field, notwithstanding its frequent discomforts. We should reflect much upon heaven, its purity, and upon Him who constitutes its glory; and in passing through so many dangers, I trust that I am able to bless God for his preserving and watchful goodness, and in all the trials that I may be called to endure may I resemble the tree which brings forth its fruit in season. Oh, when are faith and charity not in season? When is clinging to Christ not in season? When are watchfulness and prayer not in season? And surely in crosses, disappointments, and affliction are self-examination and submission in season.

I hope, dear friend, that you constantly remember me

and my enterprise while pleading at a throne of grace. Pray that a principle of holy consecration may permeate all that I do, as nothing else will render my work acceptable to God. How cheering to hear, amidst disappointments, the words of the inspired penman, that the "trial of your faith is more precious than of gold"!

My health suffers from the close confinement in the discharge of my numerous duties, as housekeeping, the study of the language, superintending of my school, etc. All this is too much for one person to perform, and has seriously taxed my health.

Chinese cannot be trusted. I was more or less confined to my room for a week, and found great comfort in having my girls play nurse to me during the time. As soon as I was able to look after the school, a number of articles were not to be found: one was my watch-key lying in a small drawer; threads, needles, thimbles, pieces of patchwork; two of my cups and scissors were concealed about their beds. All the articles were taken from my sick-room, but at what time I could not tell. I felt thankful that my watch was not taken with the key. The woman whom I hired to cook and to do the sewing for the girls became suddenly so lame that it was with difficulty that she was able to walk. I told her not to attempt to do anything, but to sit down; that I and the little girls would do the best we could without her services. She took me at my word, and at night I would go to her room and rub her lame foot. She complained most piteously, though I could see nothing to give her so much pain. I did this for a week, and often took her meals to her myself. One Sabbath afternoon, when I dismissed my class, she came and told me that her father was very ill, and the family had sent for her. I asked how she was to go, as she was not able to walk. She replied that they had sent a sedan for her. I of course acceded to her request. She hobbled off, saying that she would be at home in time to give the girls their evening's rice. She had no father, but wished to go and worship the remains of her husband's father who had been dead some days. I did not see her again until noon on Monday. I then heard nothing more about lameness. Twice I have had the rain-water (which

is considered a great treasure) stolen from me. For six weeks I had only tea, made of the brackish well-water, to allay my thirst, which was often almost unendurable, and at another time was not able to collect any rain-water for four weeks. During my indisposition referred to, my Chinese woman told me that four of the girls needed shoes; that she wished me to give her money to buy the materials for making them. It was seven weeks before I got them. The girls told me that she had made six pairs beside their own, and had sold them.

The Chinese children are generally quick in learning anything, but so deficient in moral principles! It seems that lying and stealing are incorporated in their very existence. I have preferred to take those that are very young, before the seeds of vice have become too deeply rooted and grounded in their minds and hearts to prevent the growth of the sacred principles of the gospel which maketh wise unto eternal life. Although so very young, I can scarcely credit what I see with my own eyes of the entire want of moral training in heathen children. *Possession*, however acquired, is the acme of blessing or happiness according to Chinese ideas. Three of the girls in my school were only five years old when I took them, and the eldest eight years. At first a girl could not put down her work for a moment without having her needle and thread taken by *herself* or one of her comrades. On one occasion I had five applications for needles and thread by the same little girl in one day. I had so repeatedly told them to be careful that I began to suspect that all was not going on rightly with their working materials; so concluded to investigate the matter. I found all the lost needles and thread secreted in their work-bags, each having a portion, but not equally distributed, the elder retaining the greater shares. To prevent further trouble and the encouragement of vice, I told them that I would punish all if anything of the like nature occurred again. This was ostensibly effectual. On detecting such things I make them repeat the eighth commandment, and try to get them to make the application. I asked one of the little girls that took the things if I did not give her what she needed. She held down her head, and said that she had

taken them for her mother. I mention these facts to give you some faint idea how soon heathenism gets hold of the heart and pervades all their propensities. If these principles are so dreadful in mere infancy, how deplorable must they become, after being matured by example and precept, through a long series of years, in vice and deception!

After witnessing these things I feel much discouraged, and then greatly encouraged when I reflect that the work is not my own, but in the hands of Him who can work through the feeblest instrumentality, who has promised the heathen to his Son for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession, that with the blessing of God I am training children that will adorn the Christian church in their day and generation, and by their example exert an influence that shall be felt through the countless ages of eternity. I often exclaim mentally, who is sufficient for these things? Certainly it is "not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord," that any permanent good can be done for them. It is by living with, and being surrounded by, the heathen that you can fully understand what heathenism is in its multifarious forms. The woman that I had employed became so dishonest that I could not retain her. Her influence was highly detrimental to my pupils. The little girl that I redeemed had another attack of severe illness; though the woman was rewarded well for her services as nurse, she would not do the slightest thing for the sick girl unless I was present. The little girl would often call me during the night. "Oh, miss, come here!" And when I entered the room she would call me by some name of affection, to show her gratitude. She had fever, suffered much from thirst; and it showed how much we are creatures of habit, she would at first ask for tea. As it was convenient, I gave her cold tea, thinking also that as her fever was so great she would relish it more. On raising the cup to her lips, she would close her eyes and push the cup from her; at last she exclaimed, "It is cold to death!" I took the hint, and gave her hot tea, which she drank as though it were grateful to her parched lips and throat.

She recovered slowly, and as the weather became cooler she gained her strength and flesh, and her little cheeks be-

came full and rosy. The woman who had treated her so badly before she came to me now wished to get her back. I told her that if I were certain who the little girl's mother was I would give her up. She very soon brought a woman who declared that she was the mother of the little girl, and was compelled to sell her to pay her debts. I then called the girl in and asked her if she knew the woman; she said that she had never seen her before. Both of the women became enraged, and after vociferating for some time took their departure.

At my last meeting for women, some of them had never heard anything of the gospel before. I told them that we knelt when we worshiped the true God. They replied very politely that our customs and theirs were alike. Oh that the scales of ignorance, superstition, and prejudice might speedily fall from their eyes, that they might see the things which make for their everlasting peace!

The woman that I now have appears to take an interest in the truths of the gospel. She has learned to repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and answer all the questions in a small catechism; has begun to read Luke's gospel and a tract called "The Two Friends." This tract was written by Dr. Milne, the first associate of Dr. Morrison in the missionary enterprise to China. It is even now considered the best exposition of the Christian religion ever written in the Chinese language, which every new missionary learns to read and then to commit to memory. She seems kind and obliging. I hope the truths of the gospel are doing her good. Whether she merely professes to be interested in these things to please me, or is really thinking of them in earnest, time will determine. She has a serious look when I tell her that Christ looks at the heart, and will accept of nought but an honest repentance and a sincere belief in Him and an humble reliance on his merits. She has been the mother of sixteen children, and has only four living ones. I asked her why she destroyed her infants. She replied that she never heard that it was wrong until the missionaries came among them; and I do not believe that she now thinks that she did wrong, as she says that if they had not killed them they would have been sold into slavery, in conse-

quence of not being able to support them. She seems to be a tender mother. A case of infanticide occurred not far from us: surely, the heathen are, as the apostle says, "without natural affection."

I have only one small tree in my yard, which has several times, by stealth, been denuded of its foliage to supply the silkworm with food. Birds often sing and sport in its branches, which to me, on account of being so excluded from everything but barren black walls and tiled roofs and my little girls, is like an oasis in the desert. I have tried to rear flowers in jars, but those have been stolen from me.

While my pupils were away I spent a portion of each day in visiting the women at their houses. One day I visited forty families. Often when, fatigued from walking through the narrow and confined streets, trying to do good, I revert to the time when our Saviour's sacred feet trod the soil of Palestine, his sojourn among men being one of sore trial. What a blessed example set by Him who is the author and finisher of our faith, who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God!

The women and children appear glad to see me when I go among them, and almost invariably present me with a cup of tea and make inquiries about my health.

How often do I wish that you were here with me! I am decidedly of the opinion that the most refined, the most cultivated, and those strictly attentive to show a politeness which habit makes second nature, and which is no burden to the possessor, ought to be teachers of religion, presupposing that they possess simple, enlightened, and unaffected piety. I think that these qualifications are more requisite in the mission-field than at home. Such persons are more respected by the Chinese, and their influence for good is greater every way. This is what I have learned from observation. No sacrifice should be considered too great for the missionary enterprise, which is, in every view that can be taken of it, the grandest that has ever engaged the attention of mortal man.

In teaching heathen children, you have to awaken from

its dormant state, to quicken into life, and almost to create, the intellect on which you are afterwards to act. At first you feel that you are addressing beings almost mindless and soulless; and there is danger, from utter weariness, in trying to plunge into the thick shadows of an intellectual and moral darkness, into minds without form and void. But our zeal and faith should be quickened and strengthened by the "sure word of prophecy," lest the flame perish on the altar of self-consecration.

In these things I had not to build on another's foundation,—to enter upon the labors of others; and it was not my prerogative to boast in a predecessor's line of things made ready to my hands. Oh, how often, dear Nannie, while contending with heathen blindness and physical debility, and knowing that I am supported at home by the rich in good works but poor in purse, have I felt that a woe will be recorded against me if I do not make full proof of that which is committed to my charge!

But we are assured by the word of inspiration that heathenism, and all its concomitants, shall be destroyed. By faith we already hear the dying throes of idolatrous worship,—hereditary reverence, as a mighty fabric, smitten to the dust,—while Christ shall claim his dominion from sea to sea and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession.

While the shadowy future is looming up before me, I almost wish that I could live in the earth during the "latter day,"—the glorious millennium,—when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord. Dear friend, let us earnestly pray for this final triumph of the blessed gospel.

I presume that you will have heard, ere this reaches you, that my physician ordered me home last winter. It sounded upon my ears like a funeral knell,—it was so trying a dispensation to me, and, I may add, a very dark one. I had hoped to labor and die in China. In this I wish to feel the full force of the sentiment, "To me remains no place nor time." I had just begun to be useful to those around me when my lungs (often before affected) were suddenly attacked. Sometimes I have been scarcely able to speak even in a whisper, and then the pain in my chest

was so severe. In a short time I was much reduced, and became too feeble to attend with any physical comfort to my duties, which required unremitting care. If I had had a missionary sister to have shared my arduous responsibilities with me, how pleasant it would have been!

At first I told my physician that I could not leave my chosen field of labor. When he saw how his advice afflicted me, he pointed to the field at home in which I would be useful and enjoy health, provided I would leave China soon. He is a very devoted missionary physician, and is self-sustained,—says, were it not for the supposed good he does, would not remain in China twenty-four hours; that he looks upon it as nothing more than indirect suicide for a person to continue in a place, either at home or in a foreign field, when he knows that the climate is constantly undermining his prospects for usefulness; that he has never been sick a moment during his sixteen years of residence in different parts of the Chinese Empire.

I do not regret that I came to this country. In *that* I have the approbation of my own conscience that I did what I believed to be the will of my heavenly Father; and had I been in possession of ten thousand lives, I would have offered them on the same altar.

My interest in the cause of missions has greatly increased since I came to this land of spiritual darkness, and, on my return home, I can testify of what I have seen, and what I do will be done understandingly. I sometimes feel concerned about what is to become of my little pupils. Who will take them? is a question over which I often ponder, and one that I feel assured God will solve in a far better way than I can. The country is now in a very unsettled condition.

Since the return of warm weather, my cough has entirely subsided, and I feel comparatively well. But my physician says, "You must be off before the northeast monsoon sets in." I have service with my pupils every morning and evening, and ask them a great many questions, to which they readily give correct answers.

How much I wish that we had a school taught by unmarried ladies and established on a firm basis! My school can never be considered a test, as my duties have been

enough for three persons to perform in health and in a favorable climate, and I have no one to offer to aid me. A lady, and a member of the Established Church of England, whose life has been one of self-denial, and who has laid all her numerous accomplishments on the altar of missions, has kindly offered to bring her meals with her and to take my place in my school, that I may have a little respite, in which to strengthen my almost prostrate health.

Snakes crawl about the house, and sometimes leave their sloughs over the doors. I have seen many centipedes, but have been stung only once, and I suffered comparatively little. The snakes that frequent houses are not considered pernicious; but the most trying part is to feel the motion of their coils as they pass between the mattress and the wicker bottom of the bedstead in pursuit of rats, which are numerous.

Those who live in houses built in foreign style are seldom annoyed by these (may-be innocent, but exceedingly repulsive) visitors. In the old walls of a Chinese house they find many hiding-places. They (the Chinese) think it somewhat sacrilegious to kill them, and seldom do it.

But, my dear sister, what is the use of my detailing to you all of my troubles when the trials of the present life are not to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed in the life to come?

In approaching a "mercy-seat," oh, do not forget your friend toiling in a heathen land for the salvation of those whom God has promised to give his Son for an inheritance and for whom He shed his precious blood, which cleanseth from all sin! Pray that I may be a blessing to them.

Please remember me with much love to your honored parents and sisters, and accept my best wishes for your present and eternal good, and believe me, in the sweetest of all bonds,

Your ever affectionate,
ALMARIA HOBYN.

SHANGHAI, —

MY DEAR MRS. H——,—Your kind letter was received by me with pleasure. I would have replied more promptly had circumstances permitted.

In the management of a girls' school in this country there are very many "nothings," yet all important to attend to, so that much of one's time is consumed before being aware of it. Chinese cannot be depended upon any longer than you are looking at them, and then you have to perform much of the work yourself.

I have seven little girls under my charge. Some are pretty and interesting, but all have many wicked principles to correct. As young as they are, it is surprising to see with what ingenuity they conceal stolen articles in the folds of their sleeves. I tell them that they are not only wicked because they steal, but because they increase guilt by concealing and telling falsehoods about it. Without my asking it, they make many promises to do so no more.

The little slave whom I redeemed had been twice sold before she came to me. She was reduced to a perfect skeleton, doubtless from starvation. The expression of her countenance was ghastly. I gave her very small portions of food at a time, as she was so reduced. A larger quality might have produced a deleterious effect. She had medical advice from a skillful missionary physician. Though she is a very bright child, she has never smiled since she came. Her feet were much swollen, and appeared covered with a cold crust. I rubbed them diligently for an hour before I could perceive anything like warmth in them, after having put her in a warm bath.

I have not yet attempted to teach her anything but a small portion of the Lord's Prayer, as she is too feeble. Until recently, she slept almost constantly. The unfeeling woman that treated her so badly demanded the garments that the little beggar had on when she brought her to me, which I returned to her. Surely, the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel! Although I have a woman to take care of the child, she scorns to do anything for her unless I am present, and often the burden of nursing, with my numerous duties, falls on me. How glad would I be if I had one or several lady assistants with me, in order to share my work! But, thanks be to my heavenly Father, my health has greatly improved, though the warm weather debilitates me much. On some days I have fainting spells come over me when I make much effort.

I write these things, knowing that you have learned ere this that I am duly installed as my own housekeeper in the heart of the city. The place is comparatively quiet, and is thought to be an eligible situation for a female school. I have at times suffered much from fear; having spent three months here, without any one in the house but a Chinese woman, and three little native girls and an errand-boy. A watchman walks in front of the house at night, but I am afraid of him, though he is doubtless some protection.

Our Board here thought that it was better that I should have my school entirely separate from the schools kept by the other members of the mission. I am necessarily confined very closely, though I need air and exercise. If there were assistants, some could preside while the others could go out of the city to inhale a little pure air, that is not impregnated with the dense fumes arising from the fires and stews, which are constantly cooked in the streets, the temperature of which is increased by the radiation from the walls and roofs of the contiguous and thickly-populated houses.

I have but little air in my dormitory, although the northern side has five windows. But it is now the time of the southwest monsoon. It is as tantalizing to hear the delightful, bracing breezes blow around the house, without being able to inhale them, as it is to be famishing for water when in sight or hearing of the bright, sparkling, cool, murmuring streams.

During the winter I have the full benefit of the northeast monsoon, blowing in through the chinks left between the window-frames, which I have endeavored to fill up as well as I could with cotton.

Since I have had some experience as a resident in this country, as also from observation and conversation with those who have long lived in China, I find it is much healthier to live in the country, in well-ventilated houses, than to live in a confined city. In the country you can have every facility that can be had in the city, and, at the same time a lady can take air and exercise whenever she wishes, without one-sixteenth of the annoyances experienced in walking a mile through the thronged street before you reach the country. Although in the country the miasma,

arising from the paddy-fields at some seasons of the year, is very trying, and brings on chills and fever, yet those who live in the city oftener suffer in the same way, and from other diseases incidental to the climate.

You wish to know what I now think about unmarried ladies embarking in the missionary enterprise. I say emphatically that I believe that, favorably situated, they can do much good, as there are so many living demonstrations to confirm me in this opinion. In one of the missions at this place there are perhaps one hundred pupils under Christian instruction as boarders, yet all under the direct care of four unmarried ladies, who are highly educated, and were brought up in our most refined and opulent circles. One keeps her own house, with which is connected a large school-house, with every convenience to save the health of its laborious, self-sacrificing, and benevolent superintendent. With her an assistant boards, so that if either is sick the other is there to superintend or to supply partially her place, and if the wheels of their school operations do not move as swiftly, they are not stopped. The other ladies are so situated that they can board, partially or wholly, in any of the mission families; if they choose, can keep their own tables, as often or when they like, while each presides over her respective school, sometimes studying the language while the others teach. They then change the time of their duties, those that teach study, and they that study, in turn, take their places as teachers, and in the same way they see that the food is prepared and clothing is distributed. In the morning and evening all pupils meet in a mission chapel for worship, held by the missionary gentleman, and on the Sabbath attend preaching in the same place, while the other ministers attend their various preaching stations and hold worship with their day-schools, which they superintend during the week.

Amid much to encourage and to discourage, I am pleased with teaching. Though so much isolated, I do not regret that I am on a heathen shore. In devoting myself to the life of a missionary, I tried to seek divine assistance and to be faithful with myself. In this I am not mistaken.

One great source of discouragement is, the members of our mission are not unanimous in their opinions about the propriety of having a female boarding-school, while others are more or less in favor of it.

Since the little girls have come to live with me they have lost much of that wild expression which they had at first. Their faces appear a third larger, which, I suppose, is owing to their having a sufficient quantity of food. They seem cheerful and happy, and some of them begin to have rosy cheeks.

To-day have had a visit from one of the handsomest Chinese women that I have ever seen. Her card announcing the intended call preceded herself by two hours. It was brought by a maid-servant. The lady did not manifest that vulgar curiosity so common among the lower classes. She reproved one of her maids for asking to see into my dormitory, to which I assented, and invited her mistress to go with me. At this it was evident that she was much gratified. In walking (her feet being so very small), she had to recline on the shoulder of her maid. Her garments were embroidered in the richest and handsomest style with silk and gold thread, and trimmed with gold buttons. She had on a pair of superbly wrought gold bracelets, with shields of the same metal to protect her long finger-nails. Her hair was decked with beautiful natural flowers, confined with gold-headed ornaments. I gave her Mark's gospel. When she left she politely invited me to visit her. It is Chinese etiquette to attend a guest to the door. I went with her down-stairs; she entreated me not to do it, but I insisted on being permitted to accompany her.

Chinese often insist on your doing or not doing a thing when they really mean the reverse of what they express. She bid me good-by with many thanks for my invitation to her to repeat her visit. She leaned on her maid and hobbled off, presenting a superb picture of Oriental elegance. There was something so soft and fascinating in her manners, but I was saddened by the reflection that she was living "without hope and without God in the world." This was the day before the rainy season set in, and not being free from cough it was some weeks before I was able to

return the call. I regretted much that she had gone to be married to a gentleman at a distance, and I consequently did not see her. She was the daughter of a very wealthy Chinese gentleman who lived in the house next to mine.

Thank you, dear sister, for your pious suggestion, "the Lord will provide." Trusting in Him, with whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, we may hope that divine wisdom will guide us through this dark and uncertain world, and that we shall soon meet at that place where ignorance, error, and perplexity are all alike unknown. United by faith to Him who holds the government upon his shoulders, and who has said that even the hairs of our head are all numbered, we may know that all things will work together for good, and that afflictions shall work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Leaning upon Him who is our compassionate high-priest, who knows what broken-hearted sorrow is, we may feel that we have his sympathies in all our varied trials here. This will inspire us with zeal, knowledge, and fortitude, so that we may fight the good fight of faith, and feel the flight of time pleasant, when we have reason to believe that it is bearing us to that rest which remains for the people of God. Though difficulties may thicken around, we may feel assured that we do not go to war at our own charges, and that our labor is not in vain in the Lord, who has promised that his dominion shall extend from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth.

In this Taeping rebellion extortion in any form has capital punishment. The rebel officers say, How are the poor to live, if the rich ask more than the ordinary price for articles of food? Three men for acting thus had their hearts taken out and set on the tops of poles for every person to look at as they passed along. Four others had their heads cut off and placed on the city wall for public example.

There are now several ships of war in the harbor for the protection of all foreigners; and it is felt by us all that the rebel army may arrive soon, or it may not come at all, though everything is in a terrible state of commotion and uncertainty now.

It is consoling to know that above this civil whirlpool which agitates this mighty empire, above all the stormy

clouds which hover over this devoted land, God sits and rules, and will make the wrath of man to praise Him and its remainder He will restrain.

I trust that He who rules in the kingdoms of men, and who has their hearts in his hands, is now bringing about a better state of things for idolatrous China. Further particulars you will learn from the papers which have been forwarded to our beloved corresponding secretary, who has been advised of all the movements of the government as far as they have been ascertained.

I presume you have heard that my lungs have been considerably affected and my physician has advised a speedy return to my native climate. I found great relief from his medicine. I took cold from visiting the native women during the cold, rainy spell last winter, by sitting in their houses to hold converse with them, which are more or less damp, and often produce a feeling of chilliness. Have just received letters from Mrs. K—— and R——. Dear Mrs. R——! her afflictions and consolations are many. What a loss, to human perceptions, she has sustained in the loss of her lovely Emily, and her dear little orphaned grandchildren in the loss of their fond and excellent Christian mother! Doubtless the memory of her bright example, blooming like the rose, will open with sweetest fragrance, as their heaven-taught minds expand with a purer beauty and holier loveliness. How much she did in her own quiet way, both by precept and example, to manifest her entire dependence on God! She seemed willing to receive everything in his way and in his time and on his conditions. How often, when speaking of her absent husband in performing his long and perilous voyage, did she, with tearful eyes and heaving bosom, with the fervor of her whole soul, say, in the sweet accents of her gentle voice, "My heavenly Father watches over him, and I esteem no task too hard in trying to train up my children in the way that I know he would approve were he with us!"

She is doubtless now an angel of light. I trust that God will come in and fill up the loss which their grandmother has sustained in her gifted and dutiful daughter. Though a woman of great energy of character and high mental attainments and cultivated manners, I have never

seen any one so fully come up to the gospel picture of the godly woman, whose ornament is a meek and quiet spirit.

I have just felt another of the earthquakes which are common now. The first shock I felt aroused me out of a sweet sleep by the tumbling of a wall in an adjoining room; I, in a moment, recognized what it was, and hastily arose from my couch, not knowing which way to run. I saw the walls by the side of which my couch was placed rock several times. There were successive shocks. The atmosphere is almost darkened by showers of ashes resembling mist. The walls of our house are cracked in several places, though not enough to do us a serious injury, unless the subsequent shocks are as severe as those that have preceded. Should our house tumble down we would have nowhere to make our escape, as we are literally surrounded on all sides by high houses or walls. It has been of the Lord's mercy that we have not been consumed (or destroyed) in these great commotions of the earth.

In visiting the women I sometimes feel greatly encouraged at their apparent interest, when my feelings are suddenly damped by their asking me how they can best get their rice, and if I do not want them to do work for me. How emphatically true it is that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it"! We have a great deal to encourage us to persevere in the work, and there will always be enough to discourage.

The Chinese are so different from those that we have been accustomed to mingle with, and we need so much patience and wisdom, nay, every grace, to successfully strive for their improvement! A few nights ago I was kept awake by the wailing of a mother who had lost her son. I think she was calling for his soul to return. In the funeral procession the nearest male relatives go immediately before the coffin of the deceased, clad in white sackcloth, the usual habiliments of woe, with a fillet of the same material around their heads. The women and children of the family follow, and at intervals wail and make great lamentation, and then enter into cheerful converse and laughter, as though they were attending a merry-making scene, and then again express their sorrow with great vociferations. There is an empty sedan sometimes, for the

spirit of the deceased to ride in, and sometimes the ancestral tablet is carried in it amidst a band of musicians. A man goes some distance before, scattering and tearing and burning paper money to appease the wandering ghosts that may be roving about. A body of priests belonging to some order, and others carrying banners, according to the means and rank of the family, attend, and with the crowd attracted by the gewgaws of the scene sometimes increase the procession to a great length.

At the grave crackers are fired, libations are poured out, and prayers recited, accompanied by genuflections. Afterwards, paper, folded in the shape of everything which the spirit of the deceased is supposed to need in the land of shadows, is burned for its use, and by this process they suppose the things needed will reach the spirit world. I saw a small straw house, supplied with bread made of rice-flour and wrapped in red paper, and clothing made of the same material, burned for the use of a man who had been dead for thirty years. The house had many small, triangular banners of red paper streaming from the top. The friends of the deceased were dressed in red.

I live within two miles of the foreign portion of the city, in comparatively a quiet place, surrounded on all sides by sombre walls; as the reflections from white walls would try the eye so much, the walls are blackened. I have but a small place to look out at. I never see the sun or the moon, only their rays.

* * * * *

SHANGHAI, ———.

MY DEAR MRS. D——,—My heart was filled with sympathy for you and your dear sisters, when I heard of the death of your truly excellent mother. But she rests in heaven. A friend in writing to me says, that "she died as she lived, the devoted Christian."

The loss of a mother is a subject that I have often dwelt upon. The thought that I shall see her face no more on earth, hear her voice no more, receive her counsels and words of comfort no more,—all this is saddening. But here is the comfort of our holy religion, here the

blessed influence of the gospel hope,—the separation of Christians and kindred is but for a little while; ere long all will be united in heaven to be forever with the Lord. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." Oh, what a precious hope! what a glorious promise! I am truly sorry to hear that your Aunt M——'s health is so feeble. I trust, if in accordance with the will of our heavenly Father, that He will restore her weak and trembling frame to its former strength, and protract her useful sojourn with her family and church for many years. Oh, she is a miracle of grace; so submissive to the divine will, who saw fit to take from her, with a stroke, her only daughter (I have named one of my pupils for her, Emily Marshall), on whom she leaned,—her companion, her faithful friend, her counselor, her devoted child,—leaving her aged mother, with four motherless babes, to toil on in this world!

What a beautiful picture of filial and Christian loveliness was hers! One which her mother and her acquaintances and kindred must ever cherish, as amongst their fondest remembrances, with the greatest comfort. Though her light is removed from this world, she lives to die no more. How sweet and full of consolation were her last words to her Christian mother, after giving her a parting kiss from lips already wet with the cold dew of death: "Dearest, best of mothers; I am in the hands of God, and He will do what is right"! Yes, my dear Mrs. D——, your aunt M—— seemed to love her lovely Emily better than herself, and could thus give up her priceless treasure, so suddenly demanded, without a murmuring thought, saying "that God showed her that it was right, and granted her supporting grace, to his name be all the glory." I believe no mother possessed more depth and sacredness of maternal affection! Let it be our constant aim, my sister, to follow our loved ones so far as they followed Christ, who now dwell with the sanctified around the throne, in the immediate presence of God and the Lamb. I saw Mr. and Mrs. R—— a short time since; they spoke of your mother's demise with affectionate regret. Mrs. R—— heard some

months since of the death of her father, to whom she seemed devotedly attached. She says since that sad event the world has entirely changed to her, and that she feels more and more the importance of living for eternity. She with her husband are lovely and efficient missionaries, whose manners remind me more of my Virginia home than any persons I have met with since my sojourn in this far-off land. Mr. R—— is a fine representative of the Virginia gentleman, so frank and easy. They tell me when I need medicine that I must run over to their house and breathe the country air. Mrs. R—— often says, "How much I wish that Mrs. D—— were here!"

The account of the war which is now in progress in this mighty empire you will learn from the papers. If the reports be true, what a glorious day for enthralled China! The great fountain of light seems bursting upon the dark minds of this superstitious and mentally benighted people. How true it is, that the "kingdom of God cometh not with observation"! I have always believed that the rays of eternal light scattered by Drs. Morrison and Milne so many years ago, in the way of books and tracts, would be found after many days springing up, perhaps (humanly speaking) in the most unpropitious portion of this great moral desert, causing it to blossom as the rose. Such seems emphatically the case. A man-of-war, commanded by a pious captain, has just returned from Nankin, bringing a large number of books from the rebel camps. I heard Rev. Dr. —— read some of them. He remarked several times, "These books were written by Dr. Morrison. These are his terms for the Deity," etc.

There were several American men-of-war in the harbor this spring for our protection. At that time all missionary operations in the way of schools were suspended, as it was thought best to give up the children for awhile to the parents, and if the war should be protracted to an indefinite length the parents could better take care of their children than the teachers. The successive earthquakes, sometimes more or less violent, and the great noise and commotion, accompanied by the strong vociferations made by the thousands moving out of the city day and night, had an injurious effect on my nerves, as my health

was feeble. I had some time previous received a very kind invitation to visit Miss ——'s and spend a week with her. She again repeated her invitation, which I gladly accepted, and felt greatly cheered by the kind attention which I received from herself and her mission while with them. My health improved and my strength increased during my short sojourn with those sweet followers of Christ, who have come so far to plant his standard in this benighted land. At that time the steamer Mississippi, the flag-ship of the squadron to Japan, arrived in the harbor. Salutes were returned from the men-of-war of different nations, while the bands played national airs,—the English playing "Hail Columbia," etc., the Americans playing "God Save the Queen," etc., and the French also joining heartily in the animated scene.

On the 16th the commodore left the Mississippi to make the Susquehanna his flag-ship. He was received with naval honors on board. The shore was crowded with spectators feeling a national enthusiasm, and for Christians a deep interest, in the prospect of carrying out the enterprise of the expedition to Japan. The day for the departure was unusually propitious; the sky was clear, which gave a bright and cheerful appearance to every object. The cultivated banks of the river in the neighborhood of the city, with their orchards and smiling fields of grain, seemed arrayed in their most beauteous vernal robes. The yards were all manned, and we saw the ships weigh anchor, and by steam plow their way majestically down the noble winding river.

I have tried to collect my little girls together and to commence my school again, as the city has become comparatively quiet, and in time all may go on in the same routine of business as before, and the place may never come into the hands of the insurgents. Though the missionary community generally are ostensibly neutral in this great national revolution, all their sympathies are on the side of the revolutionists. The inhabitants anticipate a worse time from their own people than they had when Shanghai was taken by the English. Many small-footed women at that time, not being able to get away, committed suicide by strangling, or precipitating themselves into

wells. The city for awhile was left in the hands of the ruthless Sepoys.

One of my little girls, whom I sent home to her mother, I have not been able to retain. I learned that she has been betrothed to some one, but I know not to whom. I shall not give her up without some effort to get her returned. When she came to me she was a perfect Lazarus, was not able to stand or to walk for five weeks, and was nearly blind. I relieved her cough by proper care and attention. She slowly recovered, and was a bright and healthy child, learned rapidly. Betrothing a child is sometimes a lucrative business among the Chinese. This little girl, covered over with a cutaneous disease, partially blind, with her sepulchral cough, could never have been betrothed without this great and favorable change in her health and personal appearance. The period of time that she was with me her mind was stored with scriptural truths, which, in maturer years, may rise up, accompanied by the influence of the Holy Spirit, like light in a dark place. I have been to the miserable hovel in which her mother lives, but have not been able to ascertain her whereabouts. One of her mother's neighbors told me that if I would give her money her daughter would be restored to me. This, of course, was declined. The girl loved me very much. The mother is blind, and is a widow, and extremely poor; she, with her children, are troubled with cutaneous disease. The second time I visited her to obtain her daughter, I told her how much I had done for herself and her little child so nearly blind. "Oh," said she, "it is foreign custom to do deeds of charity." I replied that "I washed your child's skinless and ulcerated feet and other offensive wounds with my own hands, and dressed and bound them up twice a day for nearly a month; had her washed, hair combed, and gave her clean, nice clothes and a warm comfortable to sleep upon, and another to cover with, on a good bedstead." "Yes," she responded, "I know you have been very good to my child; but it is not customary for a girl to learn books after she is betrothed."

This was the first time I knew certainly that she was betrothed, and that the parents of the youth to whom she was betrothed had become very angry. "What must she

do if she does not study books?" I interrogated her. "Why, play all the time," said the mother. I tried to reason her out of this by telling her that it was so much better for her to continue in her studies, and that her daughter would, like herself, have been entirely blind; and that she could never have been betrothed to any one if she had not been treated so kindly; and that she had done me great injustice by taking the child away when she did not wish to go, and after having given the child to me. All this was said to little purpose.

It was said that she had received a handsome sum of money for betrothing her. Had she been bound to me this would probably not have occurred. The members of the mission thought it best not to have the girls bound. This precaution is taken by all who undertake a boarding-school; so, if a child is missing at any time, others are responsible for her appearance. My school has become deeply interesting, although all of my pupils have not yet returned. I *hope* they will soon. I know that you would be surprised and delighted, were you here, to see how quickly the children improve mentally and in physical appearances—would that I could say morally!—when they come into the hands of the Christian missionary, which makes them so much sought in the betrothal line. One of my little girls was so emaciated when she returned that it was saddening to look at her. I had to send them away during the great excitement, as we expected to leave the city and go on one of the men-of-war in the harbor in the foreign portion of the city for protection. The earthquakes which occurred so frequently for weeks have subsided. They frightened the people, who were also terrified by the constant expectation of the arrival of the insurgents and the robbers that were prowling about the city night and day. The incessant cry of coolies carrying burdens of household effects in sedans was almost deafening; it made me realize more my isolated situation. I then found board in the family who lived on the premises, and was there when the earthquakes occurred. After the three first shocks, how awful they were! They occurred every three hours, then every twelve hours. Some houses were thrown down; some persons complained of feeling as though af-

fected with sea-sickness. It is said that the rebels are observers of the Christian Sabbath. To see a day of rest in China, how delightful the thought! A day devoted to the Maker of heaven and earth! I have tried to realize this by anticipation. This country, so beautiful by nature, may yet bloom as another Eden, a second garden of the Lord, while its intellectual and moral aspect will be changed by the beauty and holiness of the religion of the blessed Saviour, which shall shine in the fragrance of its virtues, which shall create new dispositions, and develop and ennoble faculties that have remained latent through so many successive ages.

* * * * *

SHANGHAI, ———.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—Thinking that you would like to hear how I am pleased with my Eastern home, I have concluded to address you a few lines. Feeling that I am in the path of duty, I would not return for all the world calls good or great,—though the ocean could be annihilated between us,—since the reward is only to the finally faithful. I have had my trials since reaching this far-distant land; but I trust that I feel more the sentiment of the great apostle of the Gentiles, when he endured a great fight of afflictions,—“None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy.” Our Saviour’s sojourn upon earth was one of sore toil for the good of never-dying souls. After having passed Sandy Hook (the Rubicon), and feeling the impulse of the sails which bore me onward over the ocean towards China, I asked myself, Would I return if an opportunity favored my doing so? My heart replied emphatically, if mentally, in the negative. I tried to realize myself a pilgrim and a stranger, and that earth had no home for me, and that, though homeless, I have a “habitation not made with hands.” The third day out we encountered the equinoctial storm on this swelling and irritated element, whose treachery is no respecter of persons. We were tossed about for several days; the fury of those outrageous and unrelenting waves being stayed on the sixth day by the hand of Him “whose way

is in the sea," and who holds the winds in the hollow of his hands; who alone spreadeth out the heavens and treadeth upon the waves of the sea. I felt no fear, and knew that God would answer the prayers of friends at home with my own for our safety, though our noble vessel seemed nothing but an atom upon the mighty ocean. The ship was somewhat injured; but I could bless God for his preserving care and watchful goodness while passing through so many dangers.

You are in the morning of life, and have it in your power to do much good in your day and generation; but, at the same time, much of this precious season will run to waste ere you are aware of it, while perhaps you are folding your arms, looking around to see where you can be most useful and at the same time be most at your ease. We are commanded to do good as we have opportunity, and to be careful for nothing, with true simplicity of natural dependence on God, whose holy word abounds with innumerable texts enjoining such a spirit. "Commit thy way unto the Lord," says the royal prophet of Israël, "trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass;" and "He shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday."

I remember your saying to me that, if the Lord intended to convert the heathen, He was not dependent on human instrumentality, particularly on a defenseless female, who was useful at home. But God has crowned the efforts of such Christian females, who go there unprotected, with his richest blessings; and though a host should combine in war against it, there are many whose names are recorded in the annals of missions, and living demonstrations of this fact, who in point of effort, zeal, and success are scarcely second to others, who go forth self-reliant on the independence which God has given them of the other sex. One of the most successful missions in China, and, taken in the aggregate, one of the most polished and highly educated, the work of the school, has been carried on through the instrumentality of pious ladies for nearly fifteen years. It has ever been a pleasure to me to visit them, and to witness their incessant efforts in some department of their work of faith and labor of love.

During a season of sickness in this mission, one of these ladies became superintendent of the schools and the sick. With a few of her large family to assist her, she went from house to house, and from room to room, visiting the sick, administering the medicine prescribed by their almost overworked physician, and saw their food prepared, smoothed their pillows, dispelled the gloom of the sick-chamber by her gentle voice and her smiles, pouring in the balm of heavenly consolation by her sweet words of Christian sympathy, and in fine she was the guardian and ministering angel of the time and place.

And at another station, a lady of wealth, brought up in the refinements of the opulent and commercial city of London, has devoted herself, doubtless a holy and entire consecration, to the eternal good of the perishing heathen. She supports the whole school almost entirely out of her own income. Though she has never been able to speak the language as fluently as others, yet she succeeds well. She has had three young ladies trained by herself, who have been to her efficient aids, as they are pious and wish to do good. They teach in her school, while she superintends the financial department, and presides over other matters, without which the wheels of the great machinery could not move. The young ladies are from England. One has since married a missionary of the Established Church, who has labored with much practical Christian self-denial among the Chinese, and it is said that he finds in her an able coadjutor in the mission-work.

Oh, it is a pleasant privilege to labor for Christ in a Christian land; but still more to tell a Saviour's love to those who have never heard his name, and to watch the eager, tremulous look with which it is sometimes received. Nor is it less a duty, though less pleasing, to tell the glad news to the careless, inattentive, scornful hearer, for Jesus must be preached whether men will hear or forbear. All we have to do is to sow seed (let it be good seed), watering it with tears and prayers, and then with faith and patience wait the result, being assured we shall find its effects after many days. God loves his own cause infinitely better than we can; having done our duty, it is sweet to leave all in his hands.

There are persons here that have grown gray in this great field, where the laborers are few, and who had entered upon their labors many years before you existed, and in their long record of life can testify of continued goodness and mercy from the inexhaustible store-house of an ever-watchful Providence. Not dazzled by the gaudy brilliancy of this poor, fleeting world, they seek an "inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," while many have gone forth sowing their seed with tears, who doubtless will return again rejoicing and bringing their sheaves with them. While prosecuting your studies as a college student, before you enter as an actor upon the theatre of the great world without, you have an ample field of usefulness before you, which, by proper cultivation, may bring an abundant harvest, the value of whose fruit can be estimated only in eternity. By your exhortation and example you can do much to promote your divine Master's cause among your classmates and fellow-students.

Look from whence the mission cause first commenced, when Judson, Hall, Rice, Newel, and other, thought of spending their lives for the good of the perishing millions of the East. They were students, but God was at work among them, and saw fit to bless their efforts to promote his cause. We should labor to forget self, that Diotrephesian principle which often intrudes itself in what we do; and it may be apprehended that we cannot detect it, unless weighed in the Scripture balances, and through the microscopic influence of the Holy Spirit, whose office it is to convince of sin.

From my childhood the subject of missions has always been dear to me. I have loved to ponder over it, and to trace out its history. After John Newton's mother had taught him many pious lessons, even from his infancy to his eighth year when God took her away, whenever he did wrong, even while a wretched outcast on the coast of Africa, having no moral principle left but honesty, he often fancied that he felt the soft hand of his sainted mother on his head, and heard her gentle voice as in life, "Oh, my son, do not this wickedness and sin against thy God!" The holy seed thus sown, though it had apparently

been lost, was slowly springing into life and to arouse him to reflection. He then became a mighty champion for his long forbearing and divine Master, both as a preacher and writer. It was while hearing one of his sermons that Buchanan (then a wandering musician) was pierced to the heart, and he became a changed man both in character and the spirit of his mind. He became an ambassador for Christ, laboring in the sultry and unpropitious clime of India; and wrote his "Star in the East," which first attracted the attention of those pious young men at Andover College, so that up to the instrumentality of that pious mother's teaching, which God owned and blessed, may be traced the germ of the American mission.

I find the language difficult, but I hope these difficulties are fast giving way. I have a great deal to do, which fatigues me much while the weather continues hot. If I had a pious, intelligent, judicious assistant, it would aid me much. Chinese pupils always study aloud, though there may be fifty in one school-room; and when they recite their lessons their backs are turned upon their teacher, while they swing their person from right to left.

You know that the written and spoken language are entirely different. The spoken is the more valuable to persons who do not intend to travel but to labor in one province.

Books can be sent anywhere, and read by persons thousands of miles distant, while the spoken language is different, I may say, for every thirty miles.

God has placed the bounds of my habitation in a "haunted house," in the midst of a densely populated city, near a large theatre and temple. Here I live almost entirely alone: I have been much afraid at times; at home, you know, I was called a timid girl. But everything is so new to me. Some nights I have slept all night, but would often be startled by an unusual noise near my house, which would throw me into an ague from excessive fright, while beads of cold perspiration would fall from my face. I have never been afraid of the ghosts of the Chinamen, who, it is said, were murdered in so horrible a manner in this house, which contains no less than forty-three rooms; though it is not much more comfort-

able than a barn at home with a fireplace in it, and sometimes during the coldest days I have not been able to kindle a fire in consequence of the wind and smoke.

Recently a missionary family has come to reside on the same premises with myself. I find this a very great comfort, as I am not now afraid of having my house broken into at night.

The large temple near my residence is a place for dispensing medicine to the poor, free of charge, at certain times.

There is a constant rush to the front of the building every Sabbath morning, and then all leave for their homes. At this temple they have theatrical exercises, I *think*, twice during the year, which continue for some days, in honor of the god of medicine, who sits on a high throne in the midst of the temple, has a gauge in his hand, and is of formidable countenance. I visited a temple, the name of which I do not know, but found the people making a great noise. We entered, and found all kinds of flowers and fruit in season, and cakes and confectioneries, spread out before the idols, while incense and candles were burning in every direction. We distribute many books and tracts when we walk out for air and exercise.

Do you ever think of devoting your life for the good of heathens who are in the region and shadow of death? Perhaps you say that your talents and your education will be partially thrown away if you go to a heathen land to preach to these poor, benighted people. If talents and education, and, I may add, accomplishments, with all the Christian graces, are requisite for any station in life, it is in the mission-field. Here you will find persons from the most elevated and refined circles of society, from different parts of the world, who have thought it an honor to relinquish the endearments of home, with its relatives and attractions, and have devoted their lives for the good of those who are groping in spiritual darkness and heathen superstition.

Perhaps you may say that your health is not sufficiently robust and strong: some persons enjoy more health in China than at home. Or, again, the language is too difficult: Dr. Morrison might have brought this reply as an ex-

cuse, who had neither a dictionary or any other aid but a teacher, who had to learn how to impart a language in a clandestine manner to a foreigner who was in concealment. But now a thousand facilities are opened for the acquisition of the language, of which you can avail yourself. For your amusement, I will now write you some of the aphorisms of the "Celestials."

"Let every man sweep the snow from before his own door, and let the frost alone on his neighbors' tiles."

"A man need only correct himself with the same rigor that he reprehends others, and excuse others with the same indulgence that he manifests to himself."

"Spectators may be better judges of the game than the players."

"He who does not soar high will suffer less by the fall."

"A rash man is fond of provoking trouble, but when the trouble comes he is no match for it. A clever man turns great troubles into little ones, and little ones into none at all."

"Better be a dog at peace than a man in anarchy."

"A wise man adapts himself to circumstances, as water shapes itself to the vessel that contains it."

"A vacant mind is open to all suggestions, as the hollow mountain returns all sounds."

"What is told in the ear is often heard a hundred miles distant."

"The error of one moment becomes the sorrow of a whole life."

"Whatever is disagreeable to yourself do not do to other persons."

"A foolish husband fears his wife, a prudent wife obeys her husband."

I hope that you will think much about what I have written you, and write me very soon. But I will not insist too much on it, lest you carry out the Chinese etiquette, "the more they insist upon your doing a thing, the more you must not do it." If they, with an exuberance of politeness, invite you with much solicitude to stay and partake of their meal, you are considered very deficient in politeness if you accept their invitations.

I know it is not unreasonable for those at home to know

comparatively little of the loneliness and isolation among the heathen, and of the pains of separation from kindred and friends.

I never witness a funeral procession, nor hear the beating of the gong for the commencement of the idolatrous worship of the heathen, but my heart feels sad, and each vibration of the gong seems to appeal to Christians in enlightened America, "Come over and help us."

CHAPTER XXIV.

On the 28th of October Miss Hobyn left Shanghai, where she had hoped to labor and die for the salvation of the poor, benighted females of China. But God, who does not leave his work to man, had ordered otherwise. To some it is given to suffer, and they as much perform the will of God as they who labor; and He, whose work it is, will prosper it, though it may be by ways and ends dark and inscrutable to those who labor in his cause. To Miss Hobyn it all seemed an unpleasant dream. She could not realize it.

At five o'clock A.M. the steamer came alongside to tow the ship outside the "Second Bar." Several missionary friends accompanied her and returned in the steamer.

"October 29. At one o'clock P.M. the steamer returned to tow the ship to Gutzlaff Island, which is very small, rugged, and barren in its aspect. At three o'clock, north of Saddle Island, twelve miles distant.

"At half-past six o'clock the steamer left, when the ship came to anchor. A stranded ship was in sight, in a region often the scene of shipwrecks, but less frequently after a regular steamer was obtained to tow the ships in and out that dangerous portion of the roads. Obtained a bottle of the Yangtse-Kiang water to take to America.

"October 30. Entered the sea. Became very sea-sick. Saw a school of whales. The weather had become hazy, and blew a gale, which carried the ship near the coast of

Japan, and the captain feared that we would, notwithstanding all his efforts and his skill in navigation, be wrecked on one of the islands belonging to that group."

Perhaps it would be well farther to quote verbatim from Miss Hobyn's own record.

"November 7. Saw a portion of squid, on which the whales subsist. I have again suffered much from sea-sickness, and have been beating about on a tempestuous sea for eleven days, performing a passage from Shanghai to Hong-Kong, which, as the monsoon was favorable, we expected to have reached in three days.

"At four o'clock in the afternoon Besso Branco was directly ahead, and two miles distant, the steamer carrying the mail passed us. It was tantalizing to see her pursuing her way so independently, puffing off her lofty columns of black, curling smoke and steam.

"The island of Formosa (*i.e.* terraced beach) was in sight. I think that I have heard that another meaning of the word Formosa is island of flowers, so called from the richness, magnificence, and luxuriance of its floral growth. While passing through the channel a great many fishing-boats are seen sailing in couples over the foaming billows, and are often in danger of being swallowed up by the sea. Perhaps they sail in pairs that the crews may join in hoisting and graduating their sails and assist in dragging the nets fastened to their boats. Their appearance indicates the proximity to land. There is something that is so animating to the casual spectator, to see these beautiful pairs of miniature sail-boats glide over the water. But to the mind of the Christian spectator this beautiful and lively and busy panorama presents a melancholy picture of the moral condition and ignorance of this multitude, and prompts the petition that their darkened minds may ere long be enlightened by the gospel of truth and purity.

"A Chinest pilot came on board. The coast with its rugged outlines was so distinctly in sight, that we could see the narrow pathways of the fishermen or pirates, leading to the summit of the mountain peaks, and the huts of fishermen, with the smoke rising slowly through their ventilated, matted roofs, while their indolent or toil-worn occupants were basking in the sun before the doors.

"The bright expanse of sparkling water seemed to be surrounded on all sides by a frame-work of lofty, barren hills, some rising abruptly from the sea, and others with a narrow strip of alluvial ground at their base, covered with grass of vernal beauty, interspersed with wild flowers of lively hues and selvaged with a white beach of shining sand, set with shells of various forms and sizes, displaying their prismatic colors, partially forming a mosaic-work constantly washed by the rolling, sighing surf.

"At eleven o'clock A.M. entered Hong-Kong harbor, and at twelve anchored abreast the beautiful and rising city of Victoria. All the sails were closely furled. I was still suffering from violent headache; but expected that the steamer that passed us the afternoon previous had brought tidings of my anticipated arrival to the family of the kind missionary friend at whose house I had been so repeatedly entertained while I remained in the southern portion of this mighty empire. He very soon came on board, accompanied by a missionary associate. I returned with them, and remained until the third day afterward.

"Having so recently come from a cold climate, I felt the warm weather almost overpowering. My headache increased much, though I felt grateful for many tokens of Christian friendship extended to me by the cultivated family in which I sojourn. I shed many tears at the recollection that my work as a missionary on a heathen shore was now forever ended, and that I would see the faces of many, endeared by the sweetest bonds of Christian affection,—co-laborers with me in hastening the period of China's redemption,—no more, and other times the fountain of sorrow was too deep to be relieved by overflowing tears.

"8. I this afternoon had a charming ride in a mountain-chair at five o'clock, to West Point. A beautiful road had been made, extending quite around the island. I was much refreshed by the ride, though piracy and robbery had become so frequent that it was considered dangerous to go very far.

"My kind entertainer had an interesting school of young Chinese girls, which she supported by her own exertions. It was evidently a great tax on her physical

strength, and had almost prostrated her. In becoming a missionary she had sacrificed much in the way of home comforts, having been brought up in a city of opulence and beauty. She had just been cheered by the conversion of several of her pupils, who gave decided evidence of piety. She asked me if there were any friends whom I wished to see and to be informed of my arrival in the city. I told her that there were none that I knew of, as some were dead and others had gone home; at this she gave a deep sigh.

"9. A slight breakfast was spread for me to partake of before I left for the ship, which was to sail at six o'clock A.M., but overflowing tears nearly prevented me from eating anything. I reached the ship, which was under weigh before seven o'clock, towed by a steamer, which was to take us to Whampoa."

Miss Hobyn entered her state-room, and with much fervor implored entire resignation to the will of her heavenly Father, that she might realize the sentiment,—

"But with a God to guide her way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay."

At nine P.M. came to anchor at Whampoa. The former chaplain had left three years before for his home in the United States. She had some acquaintance with his successor, who called and spent an hour the next day. She, with the captain's wife, called at the American consul's to spend the afternoon; had an agreeable visit.

They were on the point of sending their only child, a lovely boy of nine years, to America to be educated. Though they seemed calm, it was apparent that it cost his parents a great struggle.

On their return to the ship, Miss Hobyn went with the captain and his lady to visit the office of a celebrated Chinese painter, where many beautiful specimens were exhibited.

At eight o'clock A.M. they left Whampoa for Canton, in the consul's sail-boat. The trip was somewhat tedious, but they arrived there about noon. She called on many dear friends, and almost wished that she could remain with them. Here she met with a Charleston, S. C., gentle-

man, a civilian in the Japan expedition, who wished to explore the botanical kingdom of that empire. He had just recovered from a tedious attack of fever.

Miss Hobyn was anxious to remain during the Sabbath to enjoy the privileges of the sanctuary with her dear missionary friends at Canton, and to learn more about the progress which they had made in their great work. But at noon, on Saturday, the captain sent for her, as the ship would sail at noon the next day. She, with the captain and wife, reached their own ship at five o'clock P.M.

She received a kind note from a pious naval officer, whose family resided in Washington City, expressing his good wishes for her safe arrival home in the Old Dominion, and inviting her to visit his family.

Finding that the ship did not sail on Saturday, on his return from a magnificent dinner, given by a bachelor merchant prince to the commodore and his brother officers, he called in person, and renewed his invitation to visit his family, and his good wishes for a prosperous voyage,—a return of health and a safe arrival home. He told her on leaving, that several men-of-war, then in the harbor, would leave for Japan the next morning, and that the vessel he was on would pass directly by her ship.

After breakfast, ere she had left the table, the grandest, softest, sweetest strains of music floated on the breeze. For a moment she was wonder-struck at what was so inexplicable, when the subduing notes of "Home, Sweet Home," bursting from a full band, aroused her to the reality. She quickly repaired to the deck. The *Susquehanna* was passing. She saw her noble, pious friend and several other officers waving their handkerchiefs. The Sabbath was spent in taking in the cargo.

To Miss Hobyn the noise and bustle were exceedingly unpleasant. The captain's wife was very sisterly in all her attentions to her, which Miss Hobyn gratefully appreciated. We again quote her journal:

"November 14. On Monday morning at five o'clock the pilot came on board. Got under weigh and dropped down to the 'First Bar.' The scenery was enchantingly

lovely, but heathenism still showed its stately signs in the way of pagodas and other symbols.

"A glorious era for China when, in the place of those lofty towers, Christian churches, with their heaven-pointing steeples, will be erected, and the Sabbath bell tolling for the worship of the one and true God will gladden the hearts of the sincere followers of the meek and lowly Saviour.

"At ten o'clock A.M. the captain arrived from Canton in the steamer which was to tow the ship."

Miss Hobyn thought how pleasantly she might have spent her Sabbath with her missionary friends at that place, and then have come down in time on the Monday morning's steamer. All being arranged, the ship proceeded down the channel. At noon passed the Bogue Fort, a place of considerable notoriety in the history of the war between the English and Chinese in 1842, as well as in the recent war between those two nations.

"At two o'clock P.M. the steamer cast off, and at ten P.M. dismissed the pilot. The fine breezes made the captain very sanguine, and 'sailing at that rate, he would reach New York in fifty days.' He had always been a lucky man. Had been at sea more than twenty-two years, and had never sustained the least injury from shoals, rocks, or storms."

Between her paroxysms of sea-sickness, Miss Hobyn amused herself by reading Redfield's work on "Storms," during the first days of her voyage homeward, and took much notice of the appearance of the sky, the clouds, and the direction of the wind.

On the evening of the 17th, while sitting on deck with the captain and his wife, she remarked to the captain that the clouds had a singular appearance. He replied "that it was only imagination, that typhoons never occurred in as low latitudes as they were in." She made no response, though she knew that Redfield spoke of their occurring about that latitude, which was several degrees lower than the captain said; but although he was a pleasant man, to refresh his memory on any point of navigation would be an unpardonable offense, which might render her unhappy during the whole of the voyage.

She retired and became very sick from the rolling and tossing of the vessel during the night. Again, from her journal:

"November 18. The day commenced with a most violent wind from the northward and a heavy rain; the sea breaking over the ship in a most terrific manner, rendering her entirely unmanageable. At two o'clock P.M. a heavy sea struck the jib and flying-jib-boom, and carried them away, with all the gear and sails attached to them, and also the foretop-gallant-mast; at three P.M. carried maintop-mast close to the cap, together with the mizentop-gallant-mast and royal-mast. At half after three P.M., the wind veered to the east without any diminution to its violence. The pumps were duly attended to. The rudder-chain broke,—the relief-bell sounded some time in vain. The captain with the others gave up all hope of escape from wreck and a watery grave. Had ten thousand cannon kept up a continual successive firing, and thousands of cats wailed under different keys, following each other, now in slow and then in quick succession, they could give but a faint idea of the mingled, wild and savage roar of the storm, as the heavy, maddened waters broke with increased fury over the trembling ship, which seemed like a thing of life, begging a truce from so powerful and remorseless an enemy. The winds, as if enraged at the opposition they met in the ropes of different sizes and tensions, howled, screamed, raved, sighed, growled, and murmured, producing such a combination of chaotic, demoniac, and bedlam sounds as to quail the stoutest heart."

Although combating with an element that shows no mercy, Miss Hobyn was calm; but when she thought of her being the only praying soul on the ship, she prayed earnestly to God in their troubles, that the ship and the lives of *all* might be precious in his sight: at the same time the vessel was several times nearly thrown on her beam end, and she almost dashed from her berth, and the next moment thrown forcibly against the wall of her state-room. Her trunks would bound and be dashed first against one side of the room and then against the other, resembling animate objects, participating in the awful solemnity of the times. As Miss Hobyn had the weather side of the

ship, the water would rush into her room, and in leaving flowed into the after-parlor, from thence into the state-room of the captain's lady. She saw the seams between the timbers widen in her state-room, and expected every moment that the whole would give way and the ship go to the bottom. Though a portion of the time it was as dark as night, the captain's wife, like a ministering angel, was doing what she could to aid and encourage her almost overworked husband.

"At five in the afternoon commenced clearing the wreck. Every mast had been broken like a pipe-stem. All the shrouds and rigging lay in a tangled mass on the dripping deck. All the sails but three were blown away; although closely furled and double reefed, these were torn to ribbons. At eight o'clock broken clouds floated and wind considerably moderated, and at ten o'clock the supply of sails in the hatchway was overhauled and two were set. At midnight a steady breeze from the north and clear weather; and at the latter part of the night the breeze decreased, the weather continued clear, and a dead calm succeeded, which continued more or less for nearly three weeks. This storm occurred near the Hainan Island, the seas around which are noted for the hurricanes which occur during certain months of the year, while the island is the resort of pirates whose depredations have been notorious in its adjacent waters, and numberless ships and valuable lives have been sacrificed by them. The captain said it was next to a miracle that the ship had not been lost, surrounded as she was by shoals and sunken rocks, and, had she been attacked by pirates, entirely unable to sail out of their way or to defend herself, having but few guns."

Surely God heard the feeble cry of our missionary out of the foaming deep! Miss Hobyn had been much debilitated by twelve days' sickness, and being compelled to hold to the side of her berth and eating nothing, she was so exhausted as not to be able to raise her hands for more than fourteen hours. No cooking was done on the ship, as the water broke over the galley so much, until the next day. After the storm had somewhat abated, the captain's wife came in to sit with Miss Hobyn, and was everything

that a sister could be. She told her that her room was a perfect calm to what was outside, and that her husband said that it was the "hardest blow" that he had ever experienced in his sea-life of more than twenty-two years.

Miss Hobyn felt that the waves and billows were under the command of Him who does all things rightly, that the swelling, outrageous, and unrelenting elements were but instruments to execute his will, and she was even happy.

The consul had put a poor, sick man on board the ship, with the hope of his reaching his family in the United States. Three years previously he was on board a whaler, and was wounded while contending with the mighty king of the watery realm. The captain was not very cordial in giving his consent for him to take passage on his vessel, as he feared that the invalid would live but a few days, and most sailors think it ominous for a death to occur on their ship. Miss Hobyn was anxious to know the state of his mind as regarded his prospects for the eternal world, but no passenger was allowed to converse or even speak to any of the ship's crew, but only the officers. She spoke to the captain's wife about sending him a Bible and books of devotion to read, which she did; when the poor, sick man sent her word that he had a Bible, but his eyesight was too poor to read anything. Oh, how Miss Hobyn's heart ached, when she heard this and wished so much that she could be allowed to read to him! But that privilege was denied her. The sailors were very attentive to him. She told one of the officers that if he would inform her daily how the sick man was, she would give him the Life of John Howard when she got into port, and explained to him her reason for so doing. The officer, though very profane, said, when reminded of his wickedness, that no person had been brought up more piously than he, and thanked Miss Hobyn for telling him of it, and that he wished to become a Christian, which he did, and joined the church in New York on his arrival home; and it is hoped will do much good for his divine Master, in bringing about the happy time when "the multitudes of the isles shall be converted to Him."

But for these words fitly spoken he might (humanly speaking) still have continued in the broad road to ruin. How his

pious mother's heart must have rejoiced to hear of the conversion of her long-absent son. He told Miss Hobyn in the great number of years that he had been to sea he had never but once before met with a pious lady.

"December 1. A vessel in sight, ahead, steering north.

"3. Saw a ship steering north. A brig in company.

"4. Passed the island of St. Pierre.

"5. Coast of Borneo in sight, which is one of the largest islands in the world, being fifteen hundred miles in circumference. The ship was so near the shore that the dead limbs could be distinctly seen on the trees, the different shades of vegetation, the form of the leaves,—some of which are palmettoes, and appear magnificently beautiful. A mission was once established on this island, but on account of the unpropitiousness of the climate it had to be abandoned. The captain said that once in passing that island, when the wind blew directly from it, that every one on board was sick but himself, and he had headache. He thought that it was owing to the malaria that was blown from the land, and that might have given rise to the fabled 'upas-tree,' so deadly in its effects. It is situated under the equator. The inland portion is mountainous, and the southeast, for many leagues together, is an unwholesome morass. The inhabitants are savage.

"6. St. Barbs in sight.

"10. Passed Gaspar Straits and Porto Seal Island.

"11. Saw the Vancouver. Exchanged signals with an American bark,—supposed to be the Huntington.

"12. Exchanged signals with the Huntington. Saw the Vancouver.

"13. Main-mast sprung.

"14. Passed the Brothers' Islands. Saw ship Fleetwood, and waved handkerchiefs. The ship was anchored in the roads of Sumatra for the night, which, next to Borneo, is the largest island in the Eastern seas, and the one in which Rev. Messrs. Lyman and Munson, missionaries from the American Board in 1833, were cut off the subsequent year by the Battahs, when on a tour of exploration. The Battahs are cannibals. Sumatra is the first of the islands that form the great Eastern Archipelago, and is about a thousand miles in length, from northwest to southeast, and

about one hundred and fifty in breadth. Its most important productions are pepper, Sumatra camphor, cocoa-nut, betel, bamboo, sugar-cane. Various palms, and an abundance of tropical fruits are indigenous; turmeric, cassia, ginger, cloves, coffee, and nutmeg, and many scented woods, are not indigenous, having been introduced from the island of Banda or Nutmeg Island.

"December 15. Passed 'Thwart the Way,' a much-dreaded point in navigating the China seas.

"16. Employed in working ship through the straits. Passed the beautiful island of Crocatoo, which is uninhabited by human beings. The birds sung in the branches of its trees, which amid the vernal beauty seemed to promise a paradise on earth, all mirroring forth God's glory; while the impulse of sail bears me onward to my home on the shores of free and enlightened America, not to lay down my armor and to take my rest, but to do all I can to promote the great enterprise in which I have embarked.

"December 18. To-day the consul's man at Canton died. The reflection, how sad, that his wife is now left a widow, and his three little children are written fatherless! Perhaps at this moment they are speaking with joy of their father's anticipated return, while a ray of hope plays over the brow of their sorrow-stricken mother. Two of the sailors watched over him. His mattress and all his garments but those in his chest have been thrown overboard, and floated onward on the blue bosom of the great highway of nations. His chest has been secured by the captain, to be forwarded to his family on reaching New York.

"19. Java Head is slowly receding from the sight. A bark in company. The corpse of the dead man, once strong and manly, was neatly shrouded in a sheet of sail-duck and committed to his watery grave. The captain read the burial-service with scarcely-suppressed sobs, while tears glistened in the eyes and on the weather-beaten faces of his hardy, but kind-hearted comrades." All this brought up the death and burial of Miss Hobyn's father, and her whole frame trembled with heaving emotions.

"The outlines of the African coast in sight. What Christian could gaze without feeling a deep spiritual interest on this gloomy land of spiritual darkness? or on St.

Helena, with its high cliffs, the home of the angelic Sarah B. Judson, the real heroine and warrior, whose life was spent in the arduous work of *saving souls* from eternal death, and whose influence stays, like light after the sun is set, on the Christian world?

Miss Hobyn was delighted and interested in poring over Maury's "Chart of the Sea," and comparing it with the portions of the sea over which she passed, and she found its indefatigable projector correct in every instance, so far as she was able to judge.

She arrived in New York after an agreeable passage of one hundred and thirty-seven days, and found that a stranger had sent an invitation for her to stay at her house while she remained in the city.

On arriving at home, she found all glad to see her. Her cough and dyspeptic symptoms returned, and it was important that she should try the benefit of traveling. She visited Washington and Alexandria, and then spent some time with her uncle, Colonel Sterling.

While there, Celia Finley, the little girl who had spoken so unkindly to Miss Hobyn before she went away, wrote to her uncle to know what school he would advise her to go to, and to what school he sent his daughter, and she would try to avail herself of its opportunities. Colonel Sterling seemed troubled, and gave the letter to Almaria to read, coldly saying, "I wish her well." It would cost a great deal to go to the same school with his daughter, which was select and aristocratic; and even if Celia could afford the means, it would not suit a girl who was poor.

This reminded Almaria of the time when she wrote thrice to her uncle on the same errand, but received no reply.

Mrs. Moony, who tied little Alonzo in the woods, became so reduced in circumstances that her dissipated husband kept the locks on St. James River, living in a shanty. She no doubt died of a broken heart, and was successively followed to the grave by her children and husband, leaving an only son, a vagabond youth; while Alonzo became wealthy and much respected on account of his moral worth.

Mr. Springle died insolvent. His daughter Mary Jane,

who married a rich man, and was a woman of accomplishments and piety, died within a short time of her husband, and left six or seven children in poverty, to share the charity of relatives and strangers; which shows how little we know of what is before us.

Miss Hobyn, after waiting a few days, when her uncle seemed to have a little respite from his professional duties, returned him Celia's letter, and volunteered to answer it, provided it met his entire approbation, saying that if he would afford her a conveyance she would visit her aunt (whom she had not seen since her return to the United States) and see Celia in person. Her uncle told her that she would oblige him very much if she would reply to the letter, and that his carriage and horses and driver were at her service at any time that she would wish to go, and one of his little sons would accompany her.

Miss Hobyn started for her aunt's. As she was waiting for a pair of draw-rails to be pulled down, instead of a gate, for her ingress into the plantation which her widowed aunt had rented, she cast a look around, taking a bird's-eye view of everything. Instead of rich, well-cultivated fields, and a large house on an elevation affording an extensive view of the estates of wealthy neighbors, she saw contracted fields of corn, dwarfed in growth from the sterility of the soil; the house old and dilapidated, having been erected perhaps a century previous and circumscribed in its dimensions, with only two small windows in the lower portion; pines, the everlasting growth of a poor soil, spread out their lugubrious shade, preventing the growth of animated nature. She alighted from the carriage, and was welcomed by her cousins and aunt, who looked care-worn and out of health. The exterior of the house was indeed cheerless, but far more so was the interior, which had scarcely any comfort,—open walls, ceiling, floors, and two mammoth fireplaces, with stones instead of andirons for the wood to rest upon.

Mrs. Finley, even when she smiled, wore a look of fixed melancholy, which served to sadden rather than to give any pleasure to those who witnessed it. She had much to tell Almaria about her trials and disappointments since she had come to be dependent, and wished much

that she had bought a small plantation near Almaria's mother's.

Almaria told her that the place was still in the market, and that she would do all she could to have it purchased for her; and she was sure that her aunt could not live the winter out if she remained in that old house.

Nettie Finley had been teaching a school for five dollars per month, and had married an old widower, in whose fortune and temper she had been disappointed and was miserable. Mrs. Nowlin was dead. Her married life was far from a happy one, and, like most violent love-matches, the shadow was grasped without the substance.

The home was purchased for Mrs. Finley, and her brother-in-law and sister were very kind to her in her destitution, and more so than any one else,—yea, even than her own children. Almaria took Celia to a most excellent school.

"The way of transgressors is hard." One of Swindle's sons was hung by the infuriated populace in Texas in a forest. He had been to collect a small amount of money from one of his father's creditors, who had not the means to meet the demand. Angry words were succeeded by the murder of the unfortunate debtor. Neither the law nor old Swindle's money could stay the fury of the enraged people. The blood of their worthy citizen called aloud for vengeance, while the unpopularity of the murderer's father augmented the rage of the neighbors to such a degree that they did not wait for a legal course to be taken. Surely "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Would that the "golden rule" were practiced, and peace, universal good-will, blessed the whole earth!

Not long after Miss Hobyn's return home, her eldest brother, who resided in St. Louis, offered to pay her fare on a visit to him and family, and a home with them as long as she lived. She accepted his proposal to pay them a visit, and soon after took the cars at Richmond for the Far West. After many hundreds of miles of tedious travel, passing through many beautiful towns and crossing the Father of Waters in a thunder-storm, she at length approached to the mammoth city, the Rome and London of

the Western valley. At the first view, the town presented a dark, dilapidated, worn-out, dreary, uninviting aspect. Ink-like torrents rushed down the gutters; children, of neglected and uncultivated appearance, were performing aquatic feats in the murky fluid as it flowed on either side of the streets. The meeting of the brother and only sister, whom he had not seen since childhood, was very joyful and touching, as may well be imagined. At her brother's request she had hastened forward, in order to attend the great fair which was about to take place a little beyond the suburbs of that busy, bustling city, where were to be gathered the products of the field, the farm-yard, the garden, the orchard, the dairy, with sculpture, painting, and all the fine arts.

"The citizens' railway was the favorite conveyance selected, as being the only through track; but it was soon discovered to be entirely inadequate, scarcely beginning to supply the demand; consequently every vehicle was brought into requisition. The most elegant carriages, as well as the express carts, were turned out and made to do duty. A rough estimate of the number of people on the grounds, from the admission fees taken at the gate, would not, on the first day, be less than twenty-five thousand.

"In the fine-art department there were three awarding committees: one on musical instruments, another on architecture, and a third on sculpture, carving, painting, and drawing. Three hundred dollars (an annual subscription) was liberally offered by Dr. William Vanzant to develop the artistic talent of the youth in the Mississippi valley.

"There was a large number of beautiful articles displayed in the hall, including several paintings of the highest order. One of the most attractive to the passing observer, who scarcely knew where to rest his feet or his eyes in so great a display, was a night scene on a Western river, the rays of the moon, newly risen, flooding the landscape, and a flatboat, with its crew, floating with the current, and dark mountains in the background. The most beautiful object of the sculpture, both in exquisite design and execution, was a 'gem of the ocean,' a babe sleeping in a shell. The show of the musical instruments embraced no great variety, though there were several organs

and piano-fortes of beautiful workmanship and splendid exterior.

"The exhibitions in the Floral Hall were passingly beautiful. On entering the room, the first thing that attracts the eye and commands the admiration of the visitor is a grand agricultural temple, formed in the shape of a tower, rising to the roof of the tent, and constructed of sheaves of wheat, oats, and rye, adorned with pendent ears of corn, wreathed with evergreens, and the whole surmounted by the American flag. The base is ornamented with groupings of vegetables, from beneath which extends a spacious platform, with a flight of steps in the centre, and on either wing a magnificent vase filled with grapes, flowers, and buds. In the background is seen a diminutive lake; its banks covered with lichen and moss, and from the middle springs a *jet d'eau* that increases the effect in a high degree. About the lake lies nestled a splendid collection of shrubbery, which add more romance and beauty to the scene.

"After being satisfied with surveying the agricultural temple, the eye seemed impelled to glance toward the western portion of the hall, where, occupying one-fourth of the circle, was a representation in miniature of a mountain-cliff. But a few glances are not sufficient for this. The visitor will stand long in admiration of its enchanting wildness and natural simplicity. The cliff is from fifteen to twenty feet in height at its summit, from near which issues a tiny stream of water that bubbles through fissures of rocks and drips over the mossy sides into a small basin, over which the clear liquid pours in the form of a gentle cascade into a lake, which is divided in two by a bulge in the base of the cliff. On the left-hand side is a rude arch embellished with mosses, through which splendid perspective landscape is seen, painted by an artist of St. Louis. On each side of this artistic imitation of nature was a plat of evergreens, orange, wild red berry, several species of arbor vitæ, pines, etc., serving as a tasteful and elegant relief. The bank of the lake or pond was ornamented with shrubbery and green turf. On viewing this splendid piece of mountain scenery, one feels that he has suddenly been transferred from the confines of civilization

and placed in a sequestered region, where nature seems to have expanded all her bounteous powers of fantastic architecture, and brought forth a work of surpassing loveliness. The mouth of the arch, which somewhat resembled the entrance to a cove, looked as though it might have been suitable for the delivery of the Delphic oracle by the Grecian priestess. The truthfulness to nature which characterizes the cliff was tested when the rain-torrents soaked through the pavilion which covered the hall. As the water fell upon the miniature crags, it formed many little cascades and fountains, mingling at the base in a rushing waterfall that was beautiful to behold.

"Indeed, there were so many beautiful and useful articles exhibited that I felt almost bewildered: a vase of beautiful artificial flowers, so true to life that one could scarce believe them made of feathers, fruits, and vegetables,—larger than any I had ever seen of the same kind; a bonnet made of the shucks of Indian corn, body and trimmings, entirely home-made, indigenous, and a decided curiosity. Were a description of the fair-grounds and the articles exhibited written, it would form a not uninteresting volume to the quidnuncs."

While in St. Louis, Miss Hobyn visited all the schools which are supported by the city, and found them equal or superior to any or most of the expensive schools in the Old Dominion. How her mind went back to the time when she had to toil hard and eat the bread of carefulness to defray the enormous expenses which were incurred inevitably by her when she was trying to acquire an education, with no friend to aid her in her enterprise! Both teachers and pupils, throughout the whole number of the public and normal schools, seemed to be pervaded by glowing enthusiasm, and an earnest and indomitable devotion to the work of giving and receiving instruction. Accuracy, thoroughness, punctuality, industry, and all other scholarly and Christian virtues, must inevitably grow up under the influence of these schools.

Taking into consideration its recent origin and growth, no city on the continent affords so many opportunities for mental, moral, and religious training as St. Louis. Its climate is cold and damp, and bad for constitutions predis-

posed to pulmonary complaints, or it would soon eclipse every other city in the United States in a literary and commercial point of view.

The damp, cold winds of that lime-dusted city soon brought on Miss Hobyn's cough, and her physician advised a speedy return to a more congenial climate. Accordingly she took passage in the beautiful steamer Runyan, via Nashville, having taken leave of an affectionate brother with a heart almost broken. To have a brother's arm to lean upon, to look up to for advice, was a pleasure she had not known for a long time before her visit to the Mound City. Now she had to resign all; yet she felt that God, who was the bestower of her mercies, was also the appointer of her trials, the equity and goodness of whose government she could not impeach.

For years Almaria had prayed that she might hear from her brother Alonzo. She could not believe that he was dead. She continued to write, until a telegram was received, saying that the prayers of the aged mother were heard; that her son still lived, and had ever been guided by the teachings of his Christian mother since he left, and would, ere many months, embrace her once more. He had not been able to hear from her or his sister for a number of years, and had supposed them dead. Remittance after remittance did he forward to his aged mother and sister; but the deep snows did not permit them to come to hand ere that noble, pious, Christian mother was called to the better land, where sufferings from pain, sorrow, disappointments, sickness, pain, and death are felt and feared no more. She seemed to be sailing on an ocean of love that was gently bearing her on to the great fountain. Alonzo had his mother's full permission to leave her; he told her that he would return to her if she would wish him to do so. Almaria went to join her brother in his summit home on the Pacific coast, and promises to be as happy as earthly comforts contributed by the hand of a kind brother can make her. Oh, how she did miss that blind, aged, and pious mother that she had taken care of so long! That mother never appeared more interesting than when nearing her end, which was mercifully hidden from Almaria. Her mind seemed rejuvenated as she detailed

from its rich treasury of knowledge so many facts both from sacred and profane history,—facts from travels of her own experience and observation, and book after book of classical and standard value. How her almost sightless eyes longed once more to behold her long absent son! But she is not, for God took her, and from her heavenly home she beholds her children. Then rest, sweet angelic mother, rest!—the world was too rude for thee!

THE END.

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