

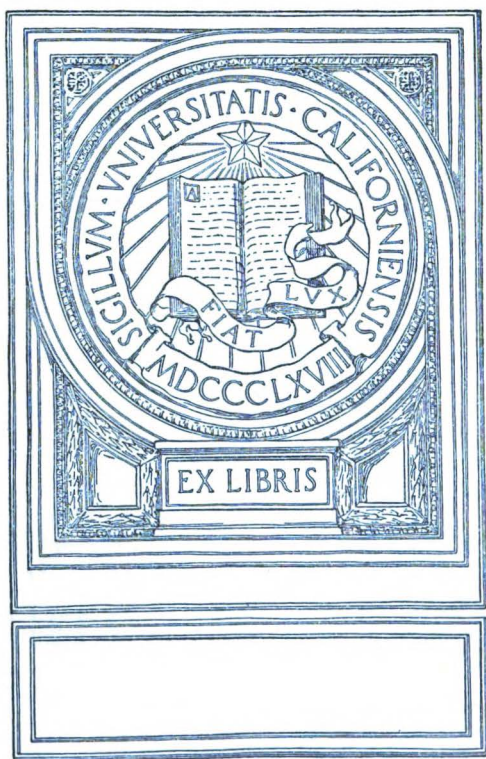
UC-NRLF



\$B 303 696

A
GUIDE TO ST. HELENA,
DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL
WITH A
VISIT TO LONGWOOD,
AND
Napoleon's Tomb.

By JOSEPH LOCKWOOD.



Mrs. Gilbert with the
Author's compliments.

A

GUIDE TO ST. HELENA,

DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL,

WITH A

VIEW OF
CAPTIVITY

VISIT TO LONGWOOD,

AND

Napoleon's Tomb.

BY JOSEPH LOCKWOOD.

“Forte est vinum, fortior est Rex, fortiores sunt mulieres, super
omnia vincet veritas.”

St. Helena;

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GEO. GIBB.

MDCCCLI.

DT 671
S216

70 VMD
SUBSIDIARY

P R E F A C E.

I think it necessary to explain by way of preface, how it happens that the book should not run on exactly in continuous or consecutive order.

That part of it which I have boldly taken upon myself to call Historical, was written as an introduction to the *ST. HELENA CALENDAR* for the present year, but, after being printed, was not considered suitable to the decorous gravity, and formal profundity of that learned and elaborate production.

Some one conceived the idea of publishing it separately, which, in the plenitude of my *amour propre*, I most graciously approved of, and so sat myself down to write an Introduction to usher it into the world (of St. Helena) in a decent and becoming condition.

By some strange *hocus-pocus* of author-craft, however, it grew to longer dimensions than the book it was intended to introduce; hence the necessity of this introduction to an introduction!

This, it is hoped, will account in some measure for its want of sequence and direct connection, which is all I intend saying on that part of the business.

With respect to errors, slips of the pen, and other grave matters of the kind, it is considered necessary to inform all my truly benevolent readers, that I have no intention of bothering them with the apparition of an *errata*, for several reasons. First—because it would be a troublesome business, and not by any means an interesting employment to myself—for what man is fond of exposing his deformities more than

CONTENTS:

ANTE CHAPTER.—Which makes a beginning, and then flies off at a tangent, for more reasons than one—but none of which are explained.

CHAPTER I.—Being a Panorama round the coast.

CHAPTER II.—Which keeps the Panorama moving.

CHAPTER III.—Which goes round the coast, and keeps the Panorama moving.

CHAPTER IV.—Which terminates the voyage and all its many incidents.

CHAPTER V.—Which tells of the town and all that is therein.

CHAPTER VI.—A scamper round the country.

CHAPTER VII.—Which is the best in the book, and treats of Religion—Orthodox and Heterodox.

CHAPTER VIII.—Which contains a profound enquiry into the learning and literature of the Island.

CHAPTER IX.—A visit to Napoleon's Tomb.

CHAPTER X.—A pilgrimage to Longwood.

A Sketch of the History of St. Helena.

ANTE CHAPTER.

WHICH MAKES A BEGINNING, AND THEN FLIES OFF AT A TANGENT,
FOR MORE REASONS THAN ONE,—BUT NONE OF WHICH ARE
EXPLAINED.

SAINT HELENA is a lonely Island, placed for some good reasons unknown to mortals here below, in the South Atlantic Ocean, at such a remote distance from the shores of Africa and America, that it seems disowned by both. This is very unfortunate, when it is considered that it never did them any harm, either in the way of rivalry or competition; and very inconsiderate, as it is not altogether in a bad position for making a halfway house from one continent to the other.

It is said by learned Geographers and Climatologists, to be placed in the heart of the South East trade wind, which blows pretty uniformly in one direction. Thus ships in calling there are not in the same unpleasant predicament that the poor old woman was, while she went trudging to Church on a windy day, when it blew in her face all the way there, and made the stumps of her teeth chatter to such an alarming extent, that she prayed it would be changed on her return home;—and changed it was, so that she had it in her face all the way back again, to her inexpressible trouble and astonishment, deafened as she was by the devil's tat-too being played against her will on the stumps of her crumbling masticators.

It will be a consolation for mariners to learn, if they have not learnt before, that when they run up to St. Helena with the wind astern, they may run away from it with the wind in the same favorable position for days together, but when they want to come back, they will have it dead against them, which is better than having no wind at all; for by dint of a little seamanship and a great deal of patience, they may beat up in time, and cast anchor in the bay; which although not quite so beautiful as that of Naples, or large as that of Biscay or Bengal, is yet sufficiently capacious to accommodate more ships than ever come into it; deep enough for the longest cable; and secure enough for the richest Argosie that ever left "Cathay or Callicut," freighted with a cargo of silks and aromatic spices from the oriental world.

St. Helena is famous for an inexhaustible supply of fresh water, without a river; for an indigenous "Wire Bird," with legs like a sand piper; for a splendid display of prickly pears; an iron bound coast; a ladder six hundred feet high—the high road to the upper regions; a time ball like a Dutch cheese on a May pole; for the possession of "Lot and his Wife"; a petrified "Friar"; for extinct volcanos which can't be found; the grave of Napoleon; and for not having had a wreck on its coast for time out of mind; whereby hangs a tale, for on learning this impunity from shipwreck, I mustered up

courage to determine on a voyage of discovery round the Island,—not in a washing tub—but in a water tank,

“Clipper built, and schooner rigged,
Well coppered fore and aft.”

This voyage of discovery, however, turned out to be like the sick Irishman's cruise after a cargo of health, who was recommended by his physician to take more exercise, sniff the morning air into his lungs, and walk once at least round the park, to keep his sluggish blood in circulation. Away he went in full rig for the occasion, enjoyed the pleasure, or suffered the misery of a valetudenarian trip, and came back in a very doleful condition, having made the notable discovery that his strength was entirely gone. Tremulous with emotion and his eyes filled with tears, he gave utterance to the painful thoughts afflicting him, with a “Whisht me honey—its very bad that I am all over at all at all—may be my legs are wake abit, with a weezing in the wind bag, that I have, like Phelim O'Shanes bellus, stopt up in the nozzle; bad luck to the cowl'd as got into me! Its bad that I am in the bones iv me body and sowl all over wake for want of strength and the likes of it,—for so bad was I docther, that I only got half way round the Park and back, instead of doing the likes as you tould me, to go all the way round—for the good of the health of me body and the pain in me limbs, with the cowl'd thats got into me—may be for want of the creathur, to drink your honors health, and get in a prespiration to drive out the cowl'd that I have into me!” And this was my case in the projected trip round the Island, for it ended in going no more than half way round, and back again. But however, the voyage was finally completed, by very gallantly making a second attempt, going on the opposite tack, and ending at the point where adverse fate compelled us to retrace our steps on the first occasion. Then was the Island circumnavigated by an easy system of semi-circumnavigation, learnt intuitively from the pressure of adverse circumstances, like all the wonder working geniuses who have indulged themselves on a long winded but triumphant “*pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.*”

Yet something may be gleaned even from a voyage like this; patience may be exercised, and the temper tried, but a philosopher will take all things as calmly as becomes a man, and cull information where others would be lost in a torrent of grief or a whirlwind of passion, originating in the pangs of disappointment, misplaced confidence, or unrewarded exertion.

In a dead calm at sea there is always time for reflection, as I found in this voyage; for while sitting on an empty basket looking wistfully at the sleepy waters, and casting a weary eye on the distant horizon, to catch the first glimpse of a rising cloud that might lead us to hope in the advent of a breeze, I began to ponder and cogitate how it could be, that in the very heart of the trade winds there was no wind at all, and the more I thought the more I got puzzled, but the fact remained the same—there was no wind—and our gallant craft remained like a log in the waters, fixed and immoveable.

Hunger is a sharp thorn, and philosophy won't fill empty bellies, therefore I took up a biscuit and munched, and pondered and munched, but still I could not make it out; I was troubled with the wind, and recalled to mind, that—

“When Newton saw an apple fall, he found
In that slight startle from his contemplation,
A mode of proving that the earth turned round,
In a most natural whirl, called gravitation,”

and began forthwith to console myself by making a kind of arithmetical problem, somewhat in this wise:—If Newton found gravitation by the fall of an apple, what ought I to find by the fall of the wind, and the result came out that I found I was in a fix, and that there was no wind in the middle of the trade wind; therefore, quoth I, there must be a vacuum; but nature abhors a vacuum, and this reminded me that I was hungry, if not lean. I rose from my reverie, and dived into the innermost recesses of a provision hamper, but it was empty—another vacuum! the sun was scorching, and poured his almost vertical rays upon the deck of our becalmed craft;—I was hot, feverish, and dry; my throat was parched; I scrambled instinctively to a wine bottle which caught my eye in one of the scuppers, but it was empty—another vacuum! and yet they tell us nature abhors such a detestible thing; all my philosophy was upset and dead beaten; it is impossible to account for unaccountable things—

“And therefore I will leave of metaphysical
Discussion, which is neither here nor there,
If I agree that what is, is; then this I call
Being quite perspicuous and extremely fair.”

All, therefore, that I gathered in this memorable but disastrous voyage was, the want of wind in the middle of the trade winds, and proof positive of the existence of more than one vacuum in the world, and that if nature does abhor a vacuum, she is quite right in so doing, and has my hearty support and commendation for the virtuous display of such a sensible manifestation of what is right and reasonable.

Having made two efforts to get round the Island under press of canvass, and failed both times, as I believe for want of wind, but as some wags wish to persuade me—for want of seamanship, I undertook its circumnavigation in another style, and have reason to believe not an unsuccessful one. No man in his senses would trust himself to the tender mercies of a blind guide on such an expedition as this, and as I had been “tout a coup” seized with a sudden whim of setting up for a pilot, I mustered up all my conscientiousness, and began to instruct myself before I undertook the grave task of teaching others as to what might be seen in a little trip round the rugged shores of St. Helena.

I have never been able to find a *via regia* or royal road to learning of any kind, but have found that whatever way is the easiest is the best in the long run, if it is systematically followed up; not that I am systematic in anything, but as I never could bring myself to see any advantage in making a toil of pleasure, I have always made it a rule to go the easiest way about picking up any stray information I wished to meet with, whether it might be of a trap dyke, or a rocky shore, a cockle shell on the top of a mountain, or a fossil bone deep in the depths of a dismal cave.

And supposing my readers to be of the same way of thinking (that is if I get any) they will not object to being *ciceroned* in my easy

going trouble-avoiding fashion, of enjoying the beauties, or the horrors, as the case may happen to be, of the wild and romantic scenery round the coast of this much abused and brain bewildering Island. Every guide has his own peculiar system, and they are most of them terrible chatter boxes, prone to dish up musty legends, and palm off egregious lies as sterling truths, besides being always very scrupulous to take their visitors the roughest and most round about ways, to show their knowledge of the country, and their skill in avoiding all kinds of imaginary dangers and unheard of difficulties, which are created by themselves, if they exist at all; but the system I have adopted is as remarkable for its ease as theirs is for the wonderful difficulties they pretend to surmount. All that is necessary in my much improved system, is to provide yourself with a nice easy chair with springs or air cushions, or a good broad ottoman, whereon to lull and lounge, and go to sleep whenever my babbling may have a soporific effect. And when all these are provided, you may take a ramble, not only all round, but all over the Island, without stirring out of the room, getting on horseback, or running the risk of being made sea sick in a boat, or kept out all night in a sailing vessel for want of wind, as I have been while picking up these "inconsiderate trifles."

To undertake a description of what is indescribable, is rash and presumptuous; to paint a picture to the "mind's eye," an unprofitable speculation in the long run, unless you paint for people blessed with high imaginative powers, or who can anticipate your meaning, even where there may be no meaning in the case; or that peculiar class of people who take every thing for granted, and believe implicitly in all they see or read in print, on the principle that—

"A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in't."

If I should have the good fortune to meet with any of these class of readers, I shall be sure of success, because, the former, by a mere effort of imagination, will fill up all my omissions, and set right what I may have put down either wrongly or indifferently; while the latter, good easy souls, will care nothing about it either the one way or the other, because they believe firmly in the truth of what they read, and therefore will let me off without asking a question to find out my deficiencies; and place full reliance on the credibility of statements and descriptions, as all good people ought to do who trust themselves to the care and protection of guides, whether in the shape of a learned book, big with important information, or that of a full blown man, in all the majesty of his frail and erring morality, prone to supercilious airs and legendary lying, most inveterate.—Exit Author in a state of frantic extacy—and enter a remarkable specimen of the *genus homo*, clad in a peculiar fashion of provincial aspect, with heavy anele jacks, and blue worsted stockings, his nether extremities enveloped in a pair of broad ribbed carduroy inexpressibles, adorned with six mother o' pearl buttons on each knee, placed diagonal wise, a scarlet waistcoat sprigged with black spots, decorated with extensive bone buttons, a brown velveteen jacket, rather the worse for wear and a little damaged at the elbows, a belcher handkerchief slung round his neck, and a felt wide awake hat slouched on his head; a little poc-marked in the face, with a blue muzzle for want of a razor.

He mounts the steps of a rickety cart—his travelling shop, and commences a boisterous harangue, in a very offhanded manner, with a smart little book in his hand, which he flourishes about, exclaiming at the top of his voice:—"Now my lads and lasses, get out your pence to buy the cheapest bargain ever bought or sold in or out of christendom! Here am I, "Cheap John," in my old shop, with a new cargo of indispensable goods, of real original British manufacture, an authorized work of an author, written for myself, and composed by a compositor, at an enormous outlay, expressly for the private use of the public. Not to waste time by a useless jobation, I shall display all its wonderful points and bearings to your admiring gaze, and offer it for sale, as becomes cheap John, from Brummagem, at next to no price, and warrant them all to be real home made, right down good honest tales, stories, legends, and traditions, with a new and elegant assortment of geographic, topographic, hydrographic descriptions and delineations, true to nature, and real as life, with a brilliant collection of remarkable sayings and wonderful doings, civil, military, and nautical, suitable to all ages, tastes, and capacities; peripatetic peregrinations and perambulations, with all their peculiarities and "incidents of travel," equestrian and pedestrian, by land and sea, in tanks, skiffs, and bum boats, giving a full, true, and particular account of all the remarkable rocks, rivers, ravines, rents, shoals, shelves, swamps, bogs, hills, valleys, plains, woods, wilds, men, women, children, blacks, whites, tawneys, freemen, slaves, yammers, yankeys, french, dutch, paddy-whacks, and "Portuguese," of all kinds, sizes, and descriptions; old tales re-told, stale stories freshened up, renovated, and re-polished, clipped, trimmed, and so altered and disguised, that the "man as made 'em would'nt know 'em again,"—all to be had gratis, for ready money, paid on delivery, without any deduction whatsoever, cheaper than prime cost, at the old shop, where nothing is sold but what is bought on the true principles of real trade "small profits, and quick returns," both to the buyer, seller, and looker on, duty free, and charges paid, with a sealed permit, and stamped license, duly insured in a good office, at the lowest rate of premium ever paid for full and equitable protection from fire, weather, water, thieves, and shipwrecks, nevertheless notwithstanding one and indivisible by "cheap John" himself, from Brummagem, who hereby offers to give away, every thing he has to sell, to be had, when delivered for money down and no trust, to save trouble and long bills—"short reckonings make long friends"—who are as rare as black swans, common sense in Bedlam, honor among thieves, freedom in prison, a cullender without holes, a man without a fault, except myself and wares, single, separate, mixed, or combined, descriptive, or historical, analytic or suggestive, with notes, and annotations, infinite emendations, new readings to old versions, curious conjectures, explanatory explanations, and a variety of various variorums, diverse disquisitions, and sublime sentiments, drawn from new and original sources never before explored, developed, studied or understood, for want of means, patronage or convenience, placed at my disposal in the most handsome manner, by diligent enquiry, exertion indefatigable, and labour as unlimited as the superior information I am enabled to give in a condensed and epigrammatic form, cheap as dirt, and nice as ninepence,

elegantly printed, beautifully bound, gilt edged, and lettered on the back, a fit present for the peer or the peasant, inculcating morality or moral principles, deduced from the revolutions of ages, the crash of empires, and the fall of kings, without a chance of contradiction from anybody but contradictors, impugners of veracity or cantankerous catawaulers, dispising what they can't comprehend, loving what they like, admiring what they admire—my sublime and beautiful self "Cheap John" from Brummagem, ready cut and dried, with the finest collection of odds and ends ever collected by one individual, and offered for sale regardless of expense; to be sold without reserve at the cheapest price consistent with honesty, to the highest bidder blest with the chink in tizzies, tanners, bobs, or browns, all of legal weight and carat standard, suitable for the payment of the best of guides, the truest of historians, and honestest of chronicles of the lonely, lovely, windy, rainy, hot, scorching, parched Island of Saint Helena; written by a writer, to be read by readers, as innumerable as the sand on the beach, the stars in the sky, or fools in the world—excluding myself, my readers, believers, buyers, and followers, who are, as ought to be, "jolly good fellows every one" ornaments of their country, like defunct philosophers, worthy of admiration, and all respect, the esteem of the world, a paragraph in a paper, paid for puffing—a trick I scorn, abhor and detest. Heres the book, the truest and best of guides round the elysian fields of Saint Helena, now offered, without reserve, for public bidding and buying, by the real original Cheap John, from Clinker Alley, Brummagem, in his old shop, with the red wheels newly painted, decorated, and adorned.

Now my lads and lasses, married and single, this is the time and chance that may never happen or rise again, to pick up all the odds, ends, facts, scraps, gleanings, and curiosities of the Island, abounding in Bathos, Pathos, intense excitement, awful apparitions, calamitous catastrophes, startling incidents, remarkable revelations, wonderful exploits, heroic achievements, inexplicable eccentricities, undoubted originals, and comical oddities, all drawn from infallible sources to entertain passengers during their perambulations and perigrinations, in search of the sublime, beautiful, and picturesque, with every information regarding parties and pic-nics, where to hold them, and what to do; fat ladies taken up the easiest roads by the shortest routes, and carried piggy back up steep or stony places, all for a small charge, too insignificant to mention, but gladly taken if freely given, and never refused when amiably offered, with every requisite required by requisition, chit, note, or verbal order for Horses, Mules, and Asses, Tandems, Tilbury's, Sulky's, Shanderydians, or Dog carts, for delicate females, children, and babies in arms, under the care of the best of Guides, steady and careful, who is never known to be drunk when he is sober, is always civil, obliging, and entertaining, of elegant manners, polite and plausible address, profoundly versed, and highly experienced in all the ways and means, and ins and outs, sayings and doings of the wonderful Island of St. Helena. No connection with blind guides, or ricketty cripples; small change always at hand with every facility, wanted, wished, or required to make a picknic pleasant, a party pleasing, whether on land or on shore, here or there, or anywhere within a reasonable distance;

trouble no consequence; lost brooches, boas, or parasols, always found, but never returned unless specially asked for, by hand-bill advertisement, or Gazette, offering a liberal reward for the trouble of finding, and the pleasure of seeking, returning, bowing, and scraping, after the fashion of "Cheap John" from Clinker Alley, Brummagem, Hawker-General, and licensed pedlar, duty paid and duly stamped—*[Here's the p'lese a cummin!]*

Exit John, and enter the author in a state of excitement, shouting and bawling *Drat that chap, he's boned my book?* wiping his forehead with a cotton handkerchief, running his fingers through his disordered hair, and buttoning up his dingy black waistcoat to hide a suspicious looking dickey, he makes a polite bow to John's deserted audience, and commences in a dolorous strain a pathetic address, with—

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, under the excitement of the moment caused by a combination of curious and incompatible coincidences, as unexpected as they are heterogeneous and analogous to the chapter of accidents not directly under my immediate control, for want of a methodical and well digested knowledge of the anatomy of coming events, inseparable from a comprehensive acquaintance, cultivated with untiring assiduity for the laudable purpose of investigating the moral obliquity of a man presuming to take to himself, what by the inscrutable nature of incomprehensible things, *per se* or *intoto*, could never have appertained to him, as may be logically proved by an axiomatic definition, equivalent to a syllogism, on the antepenultimate version of the preliminary matters, supposed to be inseparably connected with an inquiry into what could be the primary cause of this infatuated individual's enormous and unparalleled delinquency, in surreptitiously appropriating to himself my *editia prima* or *princeps* for pecuniary purposes, as Milton has said with his usual sublime energy,

"He that steales what is'n't his'n,"

Shall go to prison,—by the living jingo! exclaimed a gruff looking policeman, seizing the author in the midst of his address, and explaining the object of his unexpected mission, as politely as he could, for he was a good sort of fellow in his way, only his way happened to be none of the best,—“I ave horders to happehend you hon a charge of pilfering, stealing, and purloining in a wery wicious way, a variety of valuable matters and materials from hunknoun horthers, whot as laid a formation against yer for such hact of wagrant willany; I in konsequence, happehend you on suspicion of being suspected;—so budge on old fellow will yer! I aint a goin to stop here all day, for such a guy as you!” Suiting the action to the word, he gave him a gentle reminder on the ribs with the tip of his truncheon, which roused the author from the reverie he had fallen into, who exclaimed in a tone of surprise, mingled with resentment—

“Where are yer shoving to—aye?”

“Move on, will yer;” answered the policeman.

“Oh liberty! liberty! what deeds are committed in thy name.” muttered the chop fallen author—“the right of discussion abolished; the freedom of the press invaded; the rights of man overturned; and

authors treated like vile felons, and thrust into ——— " "Chokey" said the officer, as he pushed him into the round house, slammed the door to, turned the lock, put the key in his pocket, and tramped off on his beat, humming to himself,—

Rule Britannia! Britons never will be slaves!

Daylight soon passed; a long night wore away; the morning sun rose clear and bright, and sent a cheering ray through the bars of the prison door to comfort the unhappy author; he was soon examined; the case rigorously investigated; and not one single item could be proved against him; nothing could be identified or recognized in any shape or form; he was honorably acquitted of all charges of borrowing, stealing, pilfering, or plagiarising—but "his worship" added, by way of showing his grace, and legal erudition, "Young man! you have had a narrow escape,—let this act as a warning to you for the future."—"Usher, call the next case"—Exit author, laughing in his sleeves!

CHAPTER I.

BEING A PANORAMA ROUND THE COAST.

Before entering into a description of the Interior of the Island, I shall take upon myself to make a voyage round it, and give an account of all the sights and scenes to be met with along its bold and rugged coast, and believe me, on the word of a faithful and honestly disposed guide, that it is worth seeing, and will amply repay the trouble of a coasting voyage.

The Island contains but one town and that not a very large one, which is placed in a valley, or rather a deep gorge, between two lofty mountains, both of which terminate abruptly and overhang the sea, forming the Eastern and Western boundaries of the Town, as also a little Bay, in which is the roadstead, where all the shipping anchor when calling in for water, or refreshment.

The Bay itself is but very small, the roadstead extends however a considerable distance along the coast, where vessels may anchor if they please almost close to the rocks, at the base of the cliffs, for the water in most parts of the coast is sufficiently deep for that purpose, but prudent sailors generally like to lie out some distance from the landing place, to keep their vessels out of harm's way, and avoid the risk of an unpleasant bump on the low sea beaten rocks.

There are generally some ships in it, and often ships of all nations, of the finest class, are there together, distinguished of course by their flags, which are well known almost to every one on the island, for watching the coming and going of the ships forms not the least part of the stock of amusement doled out with a frugal hand to vary the usually monotonous life of the inhabitants confined to the narrow limits of the OLD ROCK, as they affectedly, or affectionately term it amongst themselves.

As soon as a vessel rounds the bold and massive point of Ruperts Hill, the little Town opens into view, being seen over the long low line of ramparts, which follow the line of the Bay.

The place looks cheerful enough, when seen for the first time, if it happens to be a fine day, when it is lit up the great lamp glowing over head in the deep blue sky; but it is dismal enough when seen on a wet day, or when half buried in the mist and fog which sometimes envelope, and almost shut it out from sight, except a few buildings near the lines, which appear like phantom structures rising from the seething vapours of some boiling subterranean reservoirs.

The bay is dotted over with a number of boats of all kinds and sizes—from the light and elegant whale boats of the fishermen, to the heavy square-sterned passage boats; to say nothing of those belonging to the shipping, and by way of variety, there are a few with masts, which are seldom used, either for pleasure or business, as there is but little of either one or the other in this place.

The most striking vessels in the bay, are condemned slave prizes, which may be seen in every state, from those but recently arrived,

with all their spars and rigging up, to those cut down to the water's edge, preparatory to breaking up for sale, either for firewood, or for more useful purposes. Many of these vessels are remarkable for their symmetry, or as it is professionally called "their lines," which pretty clearly prove that they are more adapted for speed, than for any other purpose; on an average they are not built for durability, two or three trips across the Atlantic would be quite as much as many of them could endure, without running the chance of tumbling to pieces, or requiring more repair than they are worth. As soon as an empty slaver comes into the bay, she is anchored under Ladder Hill, stripped of all her sails and rigging as soon as possible, and nothing but her bare "sticks" left standing, for the twofold purpose of preventing the gear from being stolen, and the vessel herself from being cut out by some adventuresome devils, bold enough to play a high game in the doctrine of chances; and as there are generally some of captured slave crews residing on the Island till they can get a passage home, the precaution is not altogether unnecessary, for the reckless characters and buccaneering propensities of these men are pretty well known; for those who think nothing of stealing a man, or buying one that was stolen, will not think much of running away with a ship, especially one which they know to their cost, has been taken from themselves, or some of their countrymen.

In addition to these vessels, are several water tanks, a kind of hybrid between a smack, and a minikin yacht; these little vessels serve to supply the shipping with water, and at the same time to enliven the anchorage, by scudding to and fro among the vessels, under all sorts of tacks and press of sail, sometimes running out a considerable distance to sea to "fetch" a berth alongside some inconveniently placed craft, or from the effects of baffling winds and "puffs" down the valleys, which have an obstinate tendency to drive them anywhere but where they are wanted.

As there are generally some ships in the bay, it is kept so far from the purgatory of intolerable dullness, by the constant passing in and out of boats to and from the ships, some deeply laden with a merry cargo of tars out on leave, going to enjoy themselves "up the town" where they go to worship at the shrine of their adorable demirip Bacchus, the jovial god of thirsty souls; others are laden with piles of merchandize, a medley of miscellanies, from tallow candles made of mutton fat from the Cape, to jars of pickles, bags of rice, and boxes of some incomprehensible commodity known to little boys, and thrifty men, as "mock manilla's," supposed to be cigars, sold at the rate of three a penny in "cheap shops," and two a penny in dear ones; the smoky stench of which tile compound, perfumes the whole town, for they appear to be much in estimation among the "persons of quality" frequenting the streets and byeways of the capital of St. Helena. It would be a boon to the community, if some one would reprint King Jamie's "Counterblast to Tobacco," and spread it abroad to the utter extirpation of the "stygian weed;" expel the mock materials, and cheapen the real, for the benefit of the sworn "brothers of the pipe," and all reasonable creatures who love to "blow a cloud" from the genuine weed, pure and fresh as the morning dew.

But *revenons a nos moutons*, and let us get out of our smoke and tobacco into the blue waters of the bay, which are all alive with the bobs, bounds, and comical circular lunges, of a school of creatures, known to every body as Porpoises, but to the scientific as *Delphinis Delphis*, which is here given for the full benefit of all whom it may concern; the flying fish in particular, who are always busy with their wings, when these shiny backed eccentrics are rolling after them in pursuit of a gentle *dejuner*, or an early dinner, which they often lose, in consequence of the flying fish taking fright and knocking themselves to pieces on the rocks, to get out of the way of their admirers, the porpoises, where they are taken, very often stuffed, and sold for exportation, as curiosities to anybody who will buy them for that laudable purpose.

Besides these interesting inhabitants, the bay is frequently honored with the portly and pointed appearance of the Lantern Fish, a gentleman as broad as he is long, and as round as a real Dutch cheese, only a little bigger; he also is considered as a curiosity, he is not very useful that I am aware of, and certainly not very ornamental, unless it may be in the dusty case of some camphor scented museum, devoted to the reception of unaccountable monstrosities of the natural order, such as this is; like the captured flying fish, the poor creature has to undergo the misery of being most shamefully stuffed, hung up by the mouth to a nail on a door post, and offered for sale to the highest and consequently the silliest bidder. What may be the peculiar function of these oddities, I cannot imagine, unless it is that of being *old boggy* to all the other fishes, as well as to old women and children when stuffed for exhibition; for, in appearance, it is enough to frighten anything, what with its inflated belly, goggle eyes, and spiky jacket—and I have great reason to believe that it is entirely to the appearance of these fish frighteners, that I never have the luck to catch anything when I am foolish enough to persuade myself that I am “going out a fishing;” for no sooner do I throw in my hook, and get even the ghost of a nibble—then flop! up comes one of these fellows, and frightens all the fish out of their senses, otherwise they must have yielded to the irresistible attractions of my beautiful bait, and liberal supply of *mince*; this however, is a problem in natural history, which has yet to be solved, but as far as my own opinion is concerned, I am fully persuaded of the truth of the hypothesis, because I have proved to demonstration, by direct experiment, that something or other does really, truly, and literally frighten all and every kind of fish from the hospitable entertainment liberally offered to their admiring gaze whenever I may feel disposed to scrape acquaintance with them—and what can I reasonably suspect of having frightened them, but Lantern Jack, the ugliest fellow in the sea, as well as the most spiked and thorny—it is however but an hypothesis left open for public investigation.

But let us take a peep of as much of the Town as is visible from the sea, which is the greatest part, and certainly the best of it, being nearest to what is facetiously called the aristocratic portion of the city of the glen. Cast your eyes along the low lines of fortifications, and you will be astonished at the apparition of poles, ropes, chains, and boards, united to each other in brotherly embrace, to constitute a

rough but useful draw-bridge over the ditch, across which every one bound to the town from the landing place has to trudge, perhaps not without symptoms of alarm at the rents and cracks, and fissures in the boards thereof, or the grim muzzles of the guns peeping in sullen solemnity out of their embrasures.

Then the large black gate under the terrace opens up to view, through the tremulous branches and glossy leaves of a stiff and stately row of banian trees. Above the gate, and over the trees, rises the pointed spire of the church, looking from the distance as if it was ensconced in the middle of a homely croft, with a snug parsonage house at hand, which turns out to be, on closer inspection, the grand hotel of the place, with its long array of windows and verandahs, above which towers up even to the skirts of the clouds, nothing less than a railway in the shape of a ladder, said to be modelled from one used by the Cyclops in the erection of their incomprehensible buildings; it puts every other specimen of railway engineering to the blush, for it goes bolt up the rocks, next door to perpendicular, utterly regardless of gradients and gravity, and lands you plump in a sentry box on the top of the hill, tired in limb, sick at heart, and giddy in the head, if unused to such an aerial ascension.

On the left of the valley is a cluster of trees, in the centre the grand parade, and straight beyond them both, the streets running on till it is lost in a projection of the rocks, as if it was entirely cut off from all communication with the green hills and woody peaks, seen far away in the distance, looming down in the mist, and close, and clear, and bright, and bold, if not beautiful, in sunny days.

That long streak, like a scratch on the mountain side, is a road winding up the country, under the chalk white house perched in a little forest of fir, on the top of the furthest hill yonder, shining like a gem in the mountain's brow, and making you ask in spite of yourself, "how get ye there?" And these long eccentric zigzags wriggling up the other hill, like the folds and twists and bends of an exploded "fire bang" cracker, are roads, new, old, and deserted, leading up to the batteries there, whose guns look plump down to your deck, open mouthed, and grim, and terrible, as so many wher-wolves fierce with famine, ready to pounce down upon you like the rush of an avalanche, and sink your tiny craft deep down to the bottom of the sea. Did you ever see such a town, so neat, and prim, and painted, so smart with white or yellow walls, and green verandahs, placed in such a deep and dismal rock hung valley, rent, a ravine as that, a doleful cul-de-sac, from whence is no escape except by labour, toil and climbing, till the head turns dizzy, in scaling of the jutting heights, to sniff the country air, or look upon a decent patch of grass, or smell the new mown hay, or take a self communing stroll, enjoy a confab with a friend, if friend you have, without the tread-wheel punishment of climbing up the rocky paths, both hot and hard, and wearying. Yon hills and peaks, and mountain tops, in all their green array look tempting in the distance, but to reach them you must trudge and plod,

"Then slowly climb the many winding way,
And frequent turns to linger as you go,
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,"

if by any chance you can, before you feel the country wind, and mist driving in your face, which do you must before you clear,

“The horrid crag with toppling *battery* crowned,”

which frowns upon the town, and sea, and makes you pay a heavy toll in many a grunt and groan, or hearty damn before you reach the goal of your joy expecting journey.

Look there too, at the *Castle*, right in front of the little town, on an artificial terrace, to increase its height and make it look more imposing—if that is possible, with what is an imposition altogether, for such it surely must be, to palm off such a crazy, weather shaken, specimen of Dutch Barrack building as a castle: but there it is in all the glory of its whitewash, looking out upon the sea, as formal and old fashioned, as the big breeched men who built it must have done, in all their amplitude of wig and doublet, when plodding on the terrace to guard its sacred precincts from intrusion. How beautifully it blends with the Commissariat store, so neatly dovetailed into one end of it, that it is scarcely possible to tell where one begins, and the other ends, so admirably is it contrived; and that squat, square, stumpy looking fabric, at the other end, pierced with one or two round openings, which might be mistaken for port holes, or embrasures for death vomiting carronades, are more innocent than they appear to be, for they are nothing more terrible than windows to throw, a light into the kitchen, and enable the trusty cook to pry into the very bottom of his pots and pans, to see how all goes on within.

Then there is another romantic building on the terrace, equally worthy of admiration, there is an air of mystery about it, when viewed from the distance; it has a square base, with a square building on the top, something like a steeple, but it is not a steeple, or like a stumpy minaret with top demolished, yet it is not a minaret, nor ever was one, or intended for one; it is surmounted by a long slender pole, too big for a barber's, yet hardly big enough for a flag staff, it looks as if it was fixed in a bomb shell, to keep it steady, but it has nothing so formidable for ballast; there is the ball to be sure, made of ash and canvas, with a tiny rope to pull it up, and a spring to drop it down at twelve o'clock—for that ball is the time ball, and that building is the time office, where chronometers may be adjusted, and wrong going watches set right, if needs be; which is seldom done however, for time is badly treated at St. Helena, and punctuality unknown.

A little further on you may see a sentinel walking about among big guns, and piles of shot and shell, while above his head are roads leading up to yonder battery, perched among the rocks plump over the sea, built for the special amusement of Governor Patten, who took much delight in hoisting guns on hill tops, and making batteries where they are of but little use, or ever likely to be. He had a favorite gun on this battery which he loved as the apple of his eye; it was his *cher canon, par excellence*, and much he loved to pat its brazen breech, and show it to his friends, and all good honest people whom he could cajole there after dinner to look upon his open-muzzled pet, and roll about its indigestible *comestibles pour s'amuser*.

But if we stop lounging so long over the manifold beauties of the

distant town, we shall never get round the thirty miles circumference of the Island; therefore, my worthy friends and readers, let us in the words of Delamartine—" *Marche au flambeau de l'esperance* ;" which however, in our case, will be difficult to do, because it is a difficult matter to get possession of such a wonderful flambeau; and secondly, because there is no road round the Island whereon to march, except it be on the silent highway of the sea, in an open boat, which may be easily accomplished with a little perseverance;— and therefore in a boat we go.

Here it is, with stern and stem alike, a light and bouyant whale boat, manned by four stout lads, as brown as berries and strong as horses, this day, "to do their duty," upon being duly paid, and promptly fed, with now and then a glass of good Cape wine to cheer them up, warm their hearts, and make them wish for—brandy, to set loose their tongues, and make them sing a cheerful ditty as they go, for like their brethren of Venice

"Silent rows the songless gondolier,"

unless you bribe them with a *scudi* or *marvedi*. or a drop of *eau de vie* to tune them up to concert pitch. So "row, brothers row," and let us be going

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!"

So push off, steer clear of that buoy bobbing up and down there, and don't run foul of the cable. That black vessel you see there is an hospital ship for the accommodation of sick niggers, when the other hospitals are full, after a glut of them have arrived in a prize, and escaped the horrors of the "middle passage"—here is a fine theme for the commencement of a new sentimental journey. But look at the rocks, and see how they run up in layers one above the other, as rough and ugly as can well be conceived, utterly barren, except here and there a stray patch of samphire peeps out from behind some cracked and shattered cliff, where it can take root in half an inch of soil in the fissures

On the top of these rocks are batteries, cook houses, store rooms, and other *et ceteras* of a garrison, and from these perpendicular cliffs under that wall, more than one unfortunate soldier has broken his neck in attempting to take french leave, and go gallivanting or wine bibbing in the town after hours.

That low ledge of lava against which the sea is fretting and chafing, leads to a little cove under the perpendicular rocks, with a shingly beach, which is what may be called the bathing place of the town, which is none of the best, for the shingles are not very pleasant to walk upon, and the loose rocks scattered about are both hard and sharp, and will give a bather many a scratch and bump unless he keeps a sharp look out. There is a great lump of a rock in the middle of the cove, a few feet above the water, on which the surf boils and foams with great fury when the sea is at all rough, or heavy rollers come thundering in, and leaves you high and dry on the shingles; unless you are active in your movements. Immediately over this cove

the rocks are perpendicular, and run up to a great height, from which it is not an uncommon thing to be saluted with a stray stone disturbed by the pigeons, or swept down by the wind.

Among the low rocks to the east of these coves are several little ponds, and one arched over by a natural bridge, through the opening of which the sea boils in with great fury, and as in the lapse of time it has undermined the sides of the whole of the pond, there is great risk of being drawn under by the recession of the water, when the sea is rough, and getting more blows and bruises than is pleasant either to suffer or think of; in a calm sea there is no danger, but when it is rough it is best to keep on the rocks and leave the bathing alone.

The low ledge of rocks, which are fragments of lava cemented together by a natural deposit from the sea, winds along the shore in variable width, nearly all the way round the Island, except where broken by bays, and a few little coves, or excavations in the face of the coast, worn out by the action of the sea, where the low ledge has been completely destroyed and washed away.

The first valley we pass on leaving the roadstead, is called Break-neck, appropriately enough, for it is deep, rugged, and full of boulders and fragments of shattered rocks, which have been precipitated from the lofty hills, forming its iron boundaries.

Near this place, is a projecting ledge of rock, jutting into the sea, called Hick's Hall, which is a favorite fishing station for such of the inhabitants of the Town as are fond of that sport—if sport it can be called; under the hill is a deep excavation, high and dry above the water, which is often used as an open air dormitory by parties who find amusement in spending the night on the rocks now and then, when disposed to indulge in an extra dose of piscatorial recreation; and what is more, it has been used as a quarantine station, where luckless sailors have been compelled to pass their monotonous time as best they could, in catching “jacks” and “old wives,” counting the stars, drinking grog when they could get it, or enjoying their pipes under the lee of a friendly rock, casting many a wistful look at the ships riding at anchor in the bay. The next valley is Young's, which like the last, is wild, steep, and acclivitous, without having anything in it near the coast sufficiently attractive to need particular notice, which, however, is not the case with Friars Valley, which immediately follows it in our route. This valley is so called from a rather singular rock perched on the summit of the ridge, which stands in a measure by itself, as if keeping watch and ward over the neighbouring hills and ravines; the whole of this ridge appears to be basaltic, and is one of the wildest and most striking in the Island, not so much from its extent, as from the singular fragmentary nature of its rocky broken ridge, which appears as if it had been shattered and split across in many places by some violent action of nature; it is lofty and narrow, full of rugged projecting peaks, shallow caves, rents, and fissures, which gives it a wild and picturesque appearance. It terminates at the sea like the section of an irregular cone, as if one half of the mountain had tumbled down bodily into the surf beneath, and left the remainder standing almost perpendicular.

The wild appearance of the sea face is further increased by a red straggling band of consolidated sand, sloping down towards the sea, so that the summit appears to rest on an insecure base, and raises the

idea that should this friable sand be washed away by floods and storms, it must eventually fall like an avalanche thundering to the bottom, carrying everything before it.

The entrance to the valley from the sea, is blocked up by the remains of a wall, and a mass of rocks fallen from the precipice above, over which, a little stream runs trickling down to join the sea, but in the rainy season, or in time of floods, the accumulated waters come boiling and bubbling among the rocks in a perfect torrent, leaving little or nothing behind them in their course, but the naked rock over which they rush.

There are one or two little cottages high up the valley, at the base of the hills, ensconced in a grove of plantain, and fruit trees, which is all that relieves the eye from the naked rocks and barren slopes of the precipitous hills which enclose it, except perhaps a few cattle cropping the precarious herbage, occasionally seen in the bed of the rocky stream.

The whole coast about the opening of this valley, is strewn with rocks and boulders which have fallen from the cliffs, and a little to the westward, is the entrance to a cave—and what is more, a haunted one, as two old women, and a still older man, assured me in a state of surprise, when I told them of my intention to explore it.

I had been given to understand, that the cave was of next to infinite depth and dimensions, and that it had been penetrated so far that it was found impossible to go any further, for the sea, which was heard rolling and lashing itself in great fury at its furthest extremity. All this sounded well, and held out hopes of an adventure of romantic interest, which was farther increased by being told that years ago, *old wives*--not old women—but fish, used to be caught in the cave. All due preparations being made,—in the shape of putting a candle into a lantern to throw a light on the subject, in company with a friend, I sallied forth on the expedition, and after climbing over a heap of rocks and boulders, reached the mouth of the cave, which is tolerably capacious, and appears to be hollowed out of a mass of lava, which has been shattered by the combined force of the sea and the pressure above, for much of the mouth is now in a broken condition, and threatens to fall at no very remote period.

Upon entering its yawning mouth, we found ourselves on a little patch of sand, mixed with fragments of shells, filling up a hollow in the floor of the cavern, which is in the whole as rough and irregular as could be expected. On penetrating a few feet it grew rapidly dark, whereupon the candle was lighted, which however, only served to make the “darkness visible,” or as Bentley would have it, to show

“No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom,”

and render our footing anything but safe among the rugged points, and broken surface of the floor, which shelved rapidly downward as if it was going to lead us headlong to the infernal regions; and while in expectation of hearing a triple growl from Cerberus, a dismal splashing sound fell upon the ears, and made the welkin ring again. To throw a further light on the matter, and be able to pick our way the easier, a gunny bag was put on a stick by way of

making a flambeau, and set on fire, and by its ruddy glare, we groped on till we came to the edge of the foaming waters, at the extremity of the cave, which we soon found to be the sea rushing in, and out again through a fissure in the rock, a little below the water line of the coast—and thus the adventure ended, as so many have done before it, in nothing.

It is only a hundred yards or so in depth, and about half that in breadth, the height not exceeding twenty feet in any part as far as we penetrated; we made no attempt to cross the water, but left this feat to be performed by others more interested in these subterranean matters, being satisfied with looking over the water at the rocks, which stop all further advance.

Immediately facing the mouth of the cave, in a straight line, are indications of there having been a passage in that direction, which is now however entirely blocked up by rocks, said to have been thrown there by the action of the surf; it was in this now closed part of the cave, that *old wives* used to be fished out in former times.

The lower part of the floor of this cavern, consists of limestone, but whether it is a bed of that useful material, or only a coating deposited by the sea, as on other places, was not ascertained, because in either case it is not worth the trouble of working. As for the ghosts, goblins, or spirits, supposed to have taken up their abode there, as certified unto by the two old women and the old man, nothing was seen of them, not even a grunt, or groan, or scream was heard to throw an air of romantic awfulness over the adventure. The only apparition we encountered, was that of the two old women, whom we found at the mouth of the cave on our return, drawn there by the insatiable curiosity said to be natural to their sex, anxious, no doubt, to ascertain the fate of the poor old man whom we had cruelly seduced into the cave, in spite of his assertion that it was haunted with all kind of unnatural things; to him we entrusted the flambeau, which he flourished about in a style peculiar to himself, no doubt being cognizant of the fact, that fire and flame are capital things to frighter wild beasts away, extinguish ghosts, put a stopper on goblins of all descriptions, and send the mermaids down to the bottom of the vasty deep, to save their beautiful hair from being singed, and shrivelled by a spluttering spark, or a stray flame from the blazing flambeau.

Proceeding eastward from this cave, on turning the projecting corner of a straggling ledge of rock, we come to Lemon Valley, a small and picturesque spot, bounded as it is on all sides with lofty hills, and rugged shores, covered with huge rocks and boulders, which have been torn from the precipices overhanging and shadowing the waters of the bay. There is an interesting wildness about this place, which powerfully induces you to ramble among its rocks, and clamber up its various hills; for their boldness of outline, loftiness of height, and rugged surfaces, combined with their variety of colour, and effects of light and shade, produce a scene of wild disordered beauty that is highly attractive, and sets the imagination to work to fill its deep recesses with visionary beings, as rugged and romantic as itself.

The little bay in which the valley terminates, is formed by two mountains jutting into the sea, out of which they rise abruptly and tower up to a great height, being formed of alternate beds of lava

and volcanic scorice, with here and there a straggling line or belt of indurated sand, crushed and tortured as it were to follow the varying bends of the lava masses piled above it, in thick irregular layers which are broken into rents and fissures, as if by some violent convulsion of nature.

A ledge of rock runs along the margin of the bay, immediately under the cliff, which is raised a few feet above the sea, and on which the surf breaks with great fury when the sea is up, and rollers come sweeping in over its rocky and irregular bed.

The ledge which forms the landing place, is strewn over with vast masses of rock, many of them placed in picturesque positions, which rear their heavy heads high above the surf and foam fretting at their base; they are masses detached from the almost perpendicular face of the cliffs, and add much to the general wildness of the shore.

A line of fortified works closes the entrance into the valley, except by a step ladder which is approached by traversing the rocky ledge forming the western boundary of the bay; the walls are lofty, and pierced with embrasures, through which the open mouths of a few heavy guns show themselves, as if placed there to stop intruders. It would be altogether wild and savage, were it not for the softening influence of the green leaves of the plantain which are seen growing in clusters in the ditch under the walls, and reaching up almost to the mouths of the guns, while above them, scattered and irregular groups of trees join in to fill the void of utter nakedness, and add a pleasing contrast to the sun scorched lichen, moss, and scanty soil, forming a motley patchwork among the rocks and boulders of the general landscape. Viewed from the sea, where all the scene can be embraced by the eye, including the lofty ranges forming the valley, as they curve inwards, till it is blocked up by the irregular face of Peak Point, a conical mountain which springs up abruptly, and divides the valley into two deep ravines, which lose themselves among the heights in the distance—is bold and effective, and forms on the whole, as fine a bit of scenery, though limited in its range, as any on the coast, especially on a day with alternate changes of cloud and sunshine, or still better when under the influence of a storm. On ascending the wooden ladder that gives access to the valley, we found ourselves hemmed in on one side by masses of rock, and on the other the line of fortifications, with its neatly paved platforms, guns, barracks, and store rooms, for the accommodation of the few men holding watch and ward over the military works, who have little else to do than to make themselves as cosy as they can, enjoy their pipes, and kill time in the most approved military fashion.

The length of the valley, as far at least as Peak Point, may be soon traversed, for it is not of any great extent, unless we include the two ravines, into which it is divided by the lofty peak above named, at which point walking may be said to cease, and climbing to commence, for the ascent of these ravines are very steep, and not a little fatiguing to those unused to mountaineering. The valley itself is singularly picturesque, for it is very narrow, and cooped up by its rocky boundaries to such an extent, that a stranger would be disposed to believe it is scarcely possible to get out of it in any way without running the risk of breaking his neck, without the aid of some one familiar with all its ins and outs and sinuous paths.

There are one or two ruinous cottages near the middle of the valley, placed in the midst of what once have been thriving gardens, which are now, however, totally neglected, run wild, and choked up with weeds and shrubs, the boundary walls of which are lined round with formidable hedges of the prickly pear, from amongst which several fine fig trees show their glossy leaves, and display their luscious fruit, as if to shew what could be done in such a place with a little care and cultivation.

Scattered about, amongst these huts and cottages, and labyrinth of walls, are numbers of huge stones and boulders, which rear their heads high above the debris of the fallen rocks strewn about the valley, weather beaten and grey with moss and lichen, which adds much to its romantic appearance, and forms a striking feature in the landscape.

There are one or two cottages inclosed in little gardens, which are more or less cultivated, while at the extreme end of the valley is a little forest of plantains, with here and there a fruit tree peeping from their broad green leaves, and under the lee of a bank of rocks. Nearly hidden from view by the plantains are a few sickly orange and lemon trees, struggling for existence and perishing from neglect, where once they threw their pleasant verdure over the land, and enlivened the scene by their profusion of flowers and display of golden fruit nodding in the breeze. The silence of the place is pleasingly broken by the babbling of a little stream, which has been directed into a variety of channels for the sake of irrigating the ground, and which comes dancing down from the upper valley among a pile of rocks and stones, over which it tumbles in little cascades, nearly hidden from sight by weeds and shrubs, through which it works its way to the trenches prepared to receive it, after which it unites in one stream, and runs in a serpentine course through the valley, bumping and thumping among the rocks, till it finally escapes among the shingles on the beach, and loses itself in the waters of the bay.

Some years ago this valley was the station of the Liberated African Establishment, for which it is very well adapted, being secluded, easily guarded, and well supplied with water, an advantage which the valley where the present establishment is maintained cannot boast. The little garden and forest of plantains to which we have just been introduced, was the work of the surgeon of the establishment, who rescued it from the naked wilderness, and by the union of skill and enterprise, had the satisfaction of seeing a thriving garden spring up around him, conquering the difficulties of the place, and proving what may be done by sustained and well directed energy—an example of industry, and a practical lesson, which might be advantageously followed by the landowners of the Island.

The piles of shattered lava and basalt scattered about the valley, little patches of green sward, confused lines of broken walls, huge boulders and rocky masses, wild and irregular clumps of prickly pear, ruined cottages and little huts, with busy groups at the doors, babbling of the waters, the occasional crowing of a cock and bark of a dog, noisy children at play in their narrow bounds, groups of ducks and geese dabbling in the water, bleating of the goats on the cliffs, cheerful song of the wild canaries and cooing of the doves, joined to the effect of light and shade, changing and varying every hour of the day,

with the lofty height and rugged outline of the bounding hills, the murmuring of the sea on the shingly beach, general wildness of the place, and variety of sights and sounds which greet the eye and ear, combine to produce an effect as striking to the imagination as it is pre-vocative to emotion in the heart, which sympathizes with the working of the mind, as the ear drinks in the confused sounds, and the eye wanders with unsteady gaze from point to point, by mysterious agency, stamping the varied scenes in vivid semblance upon the tabula rasa of the faithful memory.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH KEEPS THE PANORAMA MOVING.

After pausing a while at Lemon Valley for the purpose of refreshing our boatmen, we once more put to sea in our frail craft, and continue the voyage, hoisting a bit of a sail to help us on our tardy way, if there should happen to be any wind to ruffle the water, fill the sail, and spank us on to our next abiding place. If there should not be any wind, which is not an unusual case, in consequence of being under the lee of the lofty cliffs, we must set all hands to the oars, and pull with might and main to keep us going along the shore, to enable us to see all that is to be seen, and jot it down *con amore* on our spotless tablets, there to fructify and ripen for the printer and his devils. **Rocks, Rocks!** nothing but a long interminable line of rocks as far as the eye can reach, as like one another as two halfpence, barren, brown, rugged, and steep, with here and there a sloping ledge, jutting out from the wall-like face of the cliffs, as if for no other purpose than to afford scanty nourishment to a sickly bush or two of stunted samphire. The shore on this part of the coast is very limited, being nothing more than ledges raised a few feet above the level of the sea, which in some places project a few yards from the bottom of the cliffs, and are covered over with vast masses of rock, and splintery fragments which have fallen from the heights above, and lie in confused and shapeless heaps on the face of the ledge, wild, weather-beaten, and washed by the foam and spray from the breakers, fretting and chafing among the points and fissures of the rocky base on which they rest.

Some of these ledges are used by the Islanders as fishing stations, who gain access to them by descending the giddy heights along sinuous tracks barely wide enough for the feet, leading among the crags and gullies on the face of the almost perpendicular cliffs, which are of great height, and as seen from the sea, appear wholly inaccessible to anything but goats or wild pigeons, the former of which may sometimes be seen like mere specks, moving along the various shelves and occasional slopes of the sea-washed precipices.

Soon after leaving Lemon Valley, a line of foam is seen stretching out from the shore, which is occasioned by the sea breaking over an irregular reef almost on a level with the water, which is known as *Long Ledge*, and is visible from the wharf in James' Town, in rough weather when the sea is high, which occasions a continuous surf to break among the rocks, and cover the place with foam for many yards round.

In calm weather this position of the ledge may be distinguished at a distance, by the different shade of the water, occasioned by a ripple running over the shallows immediately above and around the rocks, the course of which may be easily traced by this means; as ships never keep very close in shore, when making for James' Town in this

direction, there is very little danger to be apprehended, as they are almost under the shadow of the cliffs, and their position being well known to the fishermen frequenting this part of the coast in pursuit of their calling, there is little fear of their striking upon them even in the darkest night.

A little to the westward of this ledge, and close in shore, is a small conical rock rising out of the sea, which for some reason or other has been christened the *Lion*, certainly not from any fancied resemblance in shape to the King of the Forest, for the most brilliant imagination would find it a difficult matter to twist it into anything but what it really is, a mere lumpish rock with nothing of interest attached to it, not even a story or a legend, which is the case with one or two nameless rocks we have passed in our cruise without noticing. The great bluff headland running down to the sea immediately in the line of our course is *Horse Pasture Point*, the last one visible from the wharf at James' Town, from which place it has a bold and rugged appearance, which it does not belie on close inspection, for it is of great altitude, very steep, and diversified with layers of lava rock, thick beds of hard compact sand, and a coarse clinkery conglomerate alternating with each other in broad irregular masses, which strike the eye, and forcibly arrest attention while passing round its rocky base.

The whole coast hereabouts is steep and perpendicular, like a wall, accessible with difficulty only in one or two points, where the paths are little better than goat tracks, and wind among the projecting rocks and boulders on the face of the cliff, with scarcely breadth enough to admit of an easy passage, or give good footing to any but those used to mountaineering and climbing in perilous places.

The summit of these cliffs are rugged, and broken into ravines and gullies, from which all the soil has been long since washed away by the rains, which, in some places, many feet below the top, appears to have been caught by a projecting ledge, where the soil has accumulated to a limited extent in irregular sloping banks, which are the only spots where anything in the shape of verdure can be seen, along the whole extent of the coast, from Lemon Valley to Horse Pasture Point; and these are only dotted here and there with a few miserably stunted bushes of samphire, or little clumps of shrivelled rush grass, dry and parched for want of moisture in the sun-baked soil, where they seem struggling for existence against all the laws of nature.

Passing round the point, a shapeless rock is soon perceived, rising from the blue waters of the sea, a few feet from the base of the cliffs, from which it appears to have been separated at some remote time, and is probably the remains of a larger mass, reduced by the action of the surf, which continually frets round it, to its present size and shape. It is known as the *Lighter*, but for what reason it has obtained this name I have not been able to learn, nor is there any legend or tradition to give it an interest, so we will leave it alone in its glory, and pass on to the deep gorge, whose yawning mouth and rocky flanks open upon us in sullen grandeur further up the coast, and which is called by the unmusical name of *Dry Gutt*, possibly from its parched appearance and utter absence of water, except in time of floods, when its sinuous channel becomes converted into a

mountain torrent of great rapidity, which boils and foams among its stony ledges till it finally tumbles over a bank of lava, and loses itself in the sea.

We are now opposite another great bluff, jutting into the sea, known as *Bennett's Point*, which forms one of the terminating boundaries of Swanley Valley, memorable in the history of St. Helena, as being the place where the Dutch effected a landing from their ships when they captured the Island 1672. They landed on the beach in the little bay into which the valley opens, and scrambled up its pathless slopes till they reached the open ground in the interior of the country. They are said to have been guided to this landing place by means of a fire lighted on the summit of the rocky point, by a planter called Bennett, from whom the place has taken its name; this however, is a disputed point, and no reason has been alleged why he should have turned traitor on this occasion, nor any proofs given that he ever had any communication with the Dutch previous to their hostile appearance off the Island. The valley is deep and narrow, very rugged, and not ascended without much toil and climbing; it is surrounded on all sides with lofty mountains, which tower up high above the summit of the precipitous heights, in which it is bedded, and viewed from the sea, forms a striking feature in the landscape, as the tops of the hills in the middle of the Island are visible, and add much to the variety of the scene, which, taken altogether, is a perfect wilderness of ravines, rocks, and hills, rescued from utter barrenness by the grassy slopes, and fir clumps, seen on the heads of the inland mountains, which run gradually up from the upper end of the valley.

Jutting into the sea, a few yards from the base of the lofty point which overhangs it, is a long broken irregular ledge, out of which rises a rude conical rock, some twenty or thirty feet in height, surmounted by a stone or boulder which has received the name of the *Ladies Chair*, from some fancied resemblance, which, it is supposed, to bear to that useful article. The little bay in front of this valley is pretty deeply recessed, and encompassed by the cliffs which form it, and in rough weather it is a difficult matter to land, as the bottom is strewn over with loose detached rocks, and rapidly shallows, so that a heavy sea is always breaking on the shingle of the little beach, foaming among the rocks, and washing over the straggling ledges at the foot of the line of headlands, which enclose and throw their shadows over it.

This bay is separated from another a little distance from it, by a lofty ridge which ends abruptly in the sea, into which it projects, and shows on its face a lofty mass of lava, blending with thick beds of hard volcanic clinkers, and layers of red ferruginous sand; it has a few lateral slopes and picturesque crags which spring boldly out from its general surface with great effect.

The valley which now opens upon us is very like the last in general appearance, and would have little or nothing to attract attention, were it not for the pile of hills which tower up far above it in picturesque grandeur, and leads us to wonder why such a wilderness should have been called "*Old Woman's Valley*," for when taken in connection with the general features of the scenery around, it is as wild and romantic as any on the coast.

There is much in a name, it might have had one indicative of its most prominent features; but the first English inhabitants of the Island appear to have delighted themselves by inventing the most unmeaning they could possibly hit upon, and bestowing them too frequently on the most picturesque and beautiful spots in the place, much to the disfigurement of its maps and itineraries, which are retained to this day in all the fullness of their absurd irrelevancy.

Straight before us two Islands rise into sight, abruptly from the sea, not very large, yet striking in their appearance. The nearest one is the largest, and the most picturesque, being crowned with batteries and other buildings which occupy its summit, and look like the ruins of an old castle of the feudal times—a sort of Ischia on a small scale, or a turret crowned rock from the Rhine, shorn of its fair proportions. It is known as Egg Island, which name was no doubt bestowed upon it, in the olden times, in consequence of its being a depository for the eggs of hundreds of sea birds, which occupy the crannies and projections of its overhanging sides, where they breed and pass their lives in tolerable security, being seldom disturbed except by a stray sportsman, who may salute them with a few shots from his gun, while rowing past the Island on a fishing trip to some of the neighbouring ledges—for on these excursions a gun is often taken on the chance of meeting with pigeons, men of war, or tropics, which frequent the coast in this direction.

The Island is placed in a shallow bay, a few hundred yards from the shore, to which it is partially connected by a broken irregular reef, over which a heavy surf is generally breaking.

The whole of its mass is made up of lava and clinker, the surface being generally strewed over with loose chips and fragments of rock, scattered about in thick irregular heaps on the sloping shelves, and ledges of the various strata which constitute the principal part of the Island. It appears to be identical with the vast beds and streams of lava seen on the face of the cliffs of the mainland, from which it may have been separated by the action of the sea during the lapse of ages, as is pretty well indicated by the existence of the line of sunken rock which connects it with the ledges jutting out from the base of the cliffs on shore.

It rises to a considerable altitude, though not near so lofty as the neighbouring hills on the mainland, which completely command, overlook, and cover it with their shadows, in the early part of the morning.

There are but two accessible landing places, one of which is a gentle slope of rock rising gradually from the sea, where it is difficult to get a footing unless the sea is calm, as the surf, in anything like rough weather, rushes up it with great fury, and gives rise to a dangerous “draw” on the recoil of the water, which on more than one occasion has proved fatal to parties attempting to gain a footing here.

The other is nearer the shore, and is formed by a projecting ledge raised a few feet above the general level of the sea, which may be easily reached from a boat when the water is smooth, but it is a difficult operation at other times, as there is a great rise and fall occasioned by the flux and reflux of the waves striking and rebounding from it.

As there is generally a heavy swell setting round this part of the coast, the sea at these landing places is more frequently rough than

smooth, but even in a very boisterous sea a landing may be effected by watching a favorable lull, or steady rise in the surf. As this little Island is a favorite place for what may be called nautical picnicks, and sometimes for fishing parties, we will land as best we can, scramble up to the batteries on the top, and take a look round by way of exploration; so back water my lads, steady the boat, and as the sea gives her a lift, step over the bows on to the rock, and seize that old crow bar stuck on end there for the purpose of helping us up, till we get a good footing on the ledge, and then all will be right, and safe, and sound. The next operation is to scramble up an old weather-beaten step ladder, which stands bolt upright against a rugged wall of rock, from whence you pass along the rounds of a common ladder sloping over a deep hole, down which you might break your neck if you had the misfortune to fall, therefore hold on hard and fast till you reach the end of the ladder, and land at the bottom of what might once have been a decent road, but which is now in a awfully dilapidated state, covered with rocks and stones, and not particularly comforting to tender feet. The road runs up with many sharp turns and bends, a complete zigzag, along the edge of the rock, being made with deep retaining walls, under and above which you pass as you wind and climb along the broken road, till you find yourself lodged in a narrow path on the solid lava, which leads directly up to a gateway with a cracked arch, which threatens to tumble upon you while passing under it, and knock you into the sea from the crag on which it is built. This gate gives access to a little square, scooped out of the solid rock, in which are one or two roofless buildings which once were barracks, magazines, and cooking houses, but are now the resort of a few birds who roost on these blanched beams when they pay the Island a visit from the mainland. From these we pass on to a circular battery armed with one or two guns and carronades, not the worse for wear—but the want of wear; the guns are red with rust, the carriages in anything but working condition, and the walls of the battery crying aloud for mortar and mason-craft. From this battery a loose and stone-strewed path leads down a little sloping ridge to another battery facing the sea, first cousin to the last in appearance, but in a little better condition, though not by any means in good working trim.

And here be it known to all good people, naturals or naturalists, that on my last visit I had the unutterable pleasure of capturing two juvenile *wire* birds, after a severe chase, round the battery, under the guns, and in all the crooks and corners of the place, for although they had not attained to the use of their wings, they thoroughly understood the mystery of leg-bail, for they ran flitting about like so many spirits, and defied all attempts at capture, till the bright idea occurred of popping my old wide-awake hat over them as they tried to dodge between my legs. They were too young to keep, besides which no one seemed to know on what to feed them; therefore I let them go, and down the hill they went at a spanking pace over rocks and stones, till they disappeared from view in a gully on the face of the Island. These birds are considered to be indigenous to St. Helena, but what brought them to the little isolated and utterly barren rock on which I found them, it is impossible to say, unless the old hen had flitted over from the mainland to hatch her eggs, and rear her brood in safety among the ruins

of Egg Island, a place appropriate enough in name for such a purpose.

The whole surface of this place is of a glaring white colour as if it had been dusted over with lime or flour, which is anything but pleasing to weak eyes on a sunny day; this appearance is produced by the droppings of the innumerable sea birds which haunt the cliffs on its southern extremity, where the guano may be seen all over the rocks, but not in any great thickness, where it drops down over the little overhanging ledges on which the birds roost, like so many frosted icicles or clusters of diminutive stalactites in a limestone cavern.

The batteries on this little Island were erected to command the bay, and approaches to Old Woman and Swanley Valley, to prevent a repetition of the Dutchmen's exploit, and guard against any future attempt of the kind, but they have long since been abandoned, as they would not be of any very effective use in case of an attack or attempt of an hostile force, to make good a landing in either of the above-named valleys; many years ago the Island was used as a kind of penal settlement for disorderly women, but it was not of long duration; nor has it been occupied by troops for a number of years, as the place is inconvenient from want of water, and consequently too expensive to maintain a guard there merely to occupy the buildings, where it is not likely to be of use once in a century. The summit of the Island command a very fine view of the romantic valleys and mountains in front of it, with glimpses of the range of inland hills, and the coast stretching from *Horse Pasture Point* to *West Point*, with all its little coves and bays, rocks and ledges, scattered along the face of the cliffs.

Having now seen all the wonders and curiosities of Egg Island, we will descend to the boats, and run over the little strait which separates it from its brother or sister rock, known by the natives of St. Helena as *Peaked Island*. This is a mere rock, but a very rugged one, and perhaps as curious as it is rugged, being in fact little better in appearance than a huge volcanic clinker of a dingy red colour and very irregular form, without a patch of vegetation of any kind to relieve its utter nakedness and sterility.

The landing place, or at least the easiest one, is a rock which projects a few feet from the ledge which runs out from the Island some one or two hundred yards into the sea, enclosing in its sweep a narrow cove, named absurdly enough the *Farm Yard*, which would puzzle the most erudite of philologists as to its derivation.

This ledge is raised only a few feet above the level of the sea, and is exceedingly broken and irregular on the surface, being full of hollows and rugged prominences, which stand up sharply from its general face, and are as hard and brittle as the refuse slag from a foundry's furnace, which it very much resembles both in colour and appearance. It is an offshoot from the main body of the rock, which springs up almost perpendicularly over it, to an elevation of about one hundred and fifty feet, which however may be ascended by any one with a sure foot and steady head, used to scrambling up such places. At the corner of the Island where the ledge branches from it, is a deep rent or chasm running down below the water, which looks as if it had been shattered by some severe convulsion, and separated from the main rock against which it appears to lean, and unite at the top, almost leading one to believe that a trap dyke had been washed out by the action of the sea, which rolls furiously into the little cove, and sends the surf boiling and

thundering into the fissure with great violence and commotion. The whole of the Island is of the same general character as the low ledge running out from it, being a sort of hard but porous cinder, with curly nobs, and nodules of semi-vitreous clinker, of rusty colour thickly imbedded in the mass, almost of iron hardness, and generally with sharp jagged edges, which makes sad havoc with shoe leather, a days tramp and scramble in this place being more than sufficient to wear through a pretty stiff pair of soles, especially if made of the "shammy" stuff used by the yamstalk cobblers, the most eccentric and benighted souls of the St. Crispin order.

The ledge is often resorted to as a station by marine Waltonians, who come here from *James' Town* occasionally to enjoy what they call the sport of fishing, to spend the day and sometimes the night in that amusement, and go through all kind of imaginary hardships to their entire satisfaction, not unfrequently using more fish for bait than they succeed in capturing, notwithstanding the abundance and variety of the finny tribe glistening in the heaven-blue water at their feet. There are two or three large rocks scattered about, just shewing their dark and rugged heads, above the level of the sea, between *Peaked Island* and the main land, among which the surf is continually playing, oftentimes breaking over, forming bold and beautiful falls, like the sweeping rapids of an American river, where

"Le tonnerre des eaux, redouble à chaque pas."

But now for the mainland ledge! and its little bay rejoicing in the name of *Frying Pan Cove*, sacred to pic-nics and fishing parties. It is much like the other ledges round this part of the coast, nor is there much difference in the cliffs rearing their lofty heads high above it, from others forming the iron boundaries of the Island, except perhaps in the existence of a greater proportion of *breccia*, trap dykes, and indurated sand, than in some places we have passed in the course of our sail. The name is suggestive of *tiffins* and carousals, sociability and good fellowship—it is a right good place for roughing out a days amusement, and enjoying the pleasures of an *ad captandum* dinner, or a make-shift supper; for as Mrs. Glasse has said of the hare, it must be caught before it can be cooked. It is a frequent thing for fishing parties to run down to this place, furnished with a capacious basket containing a whole store house of the good things of life snugly stowed away within it, mixed with various movable kitchen utensils, in the shape of platters, dishes, teapots, kettles, knives, forks, and the usual odds and ends considered requisite for the furniture and garnishings of a temporary *table d'hôte*, forgetting not of course the indispensable fryingpan, wherein to cook the fish to be caught, or anticipated to be caught for the occasion. Great is the din of preparation, and marvelous the bustle at such times, each one follows his bent, and lends a willing hand to smooth down difficulties, and supply all omissions, of which in general there is no lack, for if the careful purveyor has provided an ample supply of wine—somebody has forgotten the glasses; milk and sugar may have been brought—but where is the tea, and what has become of the teapot; there is sure not to be any spoons, and one knife to half a dozen people is a luxury—fingers were made before forks, and here is a fine opportunity for using them *à la turque*; here is an empty mustard pot; pepper is *non est*, and the salt was in a screw of paper—but where is it now—echo answers, where!

I thought you intended to bring the cups—you thought I intended to look after the plates—he thought what he had no business to think, that everything would provide itself—and they, that is, every one of the party, took the liberty of thinking that every body else had carefully provided for everything, whereas it is only discovered when it is too late to be remedied—that what is every body's business turns out to be nobody's; and then comest he grand climacteric—here is paper and lucifer matches, and there is the fryingpan, but where is the wood for the fire:—Oh, ye gods and little fishes! was there ever such a doleful dilemma tortured into existence before.

Then comes the sport of fishing—for sodgers and old wives, jacks, and bulls eyes, stumps and longlegs, or any thing that can be persuaded to take the bait, and with it the hook, to tickle their gullets.

What stretching of lines, and snooding of hooks, bending of rods, and mincing of bait—what heaps of paraphernalia, and displays of patience—what cutting up of mackarel, and crushing of crabs for delicate baits, and tit bits for the finny epicureans, who are not to be caught with your coarse flavoured flummery—they must be tickled, and tempted—and hooked by dint of persuasion, and delicate morsels. In goes the hook—and flop, there's a nibble—one good tug, and lo! both hook and bait are gone—a hungry grig has gobbled them up, and lies *perdue* for another mouthful, as comfortable as if nothing had happened, to the unutterable annoyance of the poor marine Waltonian—who has to snood another hook—and sit

“Like patience on a monument smiling at grief.”

In goes a second hook, and again there is a nibble—up comes the line whirling through the air as if it meant mischief, with a beautiful fish at the end of it, who wriggles himself off the hook, just as the happy captor was about to seize him—and disappears deep down into his native element, without ever saying “by your leave” or “good-bye”—but then it is such splendid sport! and so the time runs on—alternate hit and miss, bait and nibble, loss of hook and fish, and patience too—but then it really is most splendid sport! to snood another hook—and sit upon the rock—

“Grinning ghastly a horrid smile,”

to think the plaguey fish will not be taken with even patent hooks, and nice crab bait to lure them on. And so the sport goes on for hours, till at last a poor unlucky greenhorn impales himself, and “dies the death,” to cheer the heart, and gladden the eyes of the never-tiring, and all-enduring piscatorian, who takes him home in triumph, as the trophy gained by the free expenditure of as much mackarel, dainty crab, and mince, as would suffice to feed a school of hungry porpoises—but then it is such splendid sport! Sometimes the happy anglers are fortunate enough to secure fish sufficient to give them a hearty good dinner on the rocks, as well as to take home to their beloved spouses if they are married, or to their Dulcineas, and Chloes, if they have the misfortune to be unhappy swains in a deplorable state of single blessedness. And when they do get home on such a joyous occasion, the welkin rings again with eloquent accounts of their piscatorial skill and wonderful exploits—congers have been caught of immeasurable length and unascertainable weight

—five fingers have given up the ghost by dozens, and old wives surrendered their charms by scores; soldiers have laid down their lives and submitted to their fate, as become hero's in misfortune — great was the slaughter of jacks, and wonderful the blindness of bulls eyes, and glorious the number of yellow tails, the St. Helena salmon, which lined the willow ribs of their commissariat basket, to tickle the fancy and excite the unmeasured admiration of their adoring spouses, and adorable sweethearts.

Some anglers there are, who are so devoted to the sport, or so weaned of the ennui of home, that they think it the height of luxury, and the perfection of fishing, to remain out all night, and sleep under the lee of some friendly rock. Cooking what they catch serves to while away one part of the night, twaddle, gossip, and stories, gives it another help on its way, drinking punch or jorums of *eau de vie*, singing songs and smoking segars lubricates the joints of time, and hurrys by the “witching hour,” when Somnus comes with soft and stealthy steps, to seal the eyes in sleep and keep them safely locked, till morning swims along the sea, and wakes the drowsy sleepers from their dreams, to struggle through another day, and spend their time as best they can in busy idleness, or tiresome pleasure.

The general scenery of this part of the coast is wild and rugged in the extreme, being broken into a variety of ravines, hills of singular shape and varied colours jumbled together, and piled one above another as if done in sport in one of natures most fantastic moods, while trying her “prentice hand” at something savage, grand, or sublime. While the short broken irregular ledges strewed over with boulders, indented with bays and coves, into which the sea pours, fretting and foaming with irresistible force, as if lashing the rampart of rocks, and trying to beat them down, and crumble the whole Island away piece by piece, and ride triumphant over its ruins, in proof of its supremacy and illimitable power. The various rocks scattered about in the sea, and the fragmentary character of the two Islands conspicuous above them all, broken and shattered as they are by some gigantic convulsion, combined with their scorched and clinkery aspect, hopeless sterility, and utter desolation, viewed in connexion as they must be, with the basalt walls, driven as if with irresistible energy through the lava masses of the mainland, from unknown depths below, arrests the attention and strikes the mind with a vivid impression, that it is alone the work of supernatural agency, and in the emphatic words of De La Martine accomplished,

“Lorsque du Créateur la parole féconde
 Dans une heure fatale eut enfante le monde
 Des germes du chaos,
 De son œuvre imparfaite il détourna sa face
 Et d'un pied d'edaigneaux le lançant dans l'espace
 Rentra dans son repos.”

CHAPTER III.

WHICH STILL GOES ROUND THE COAST, AND KEEPS THE PANORAMA
MOVING.

“ There is rapture in the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.”

After quitting the little cove sacred to fishing and cookery, we glide along the coast, barren and rocky as usual, without having any thing on it particularly worth notice, till a couple of rocks rear themselves up out of the water, like two sullen centinels guarding the headlands of Thompson's Bay. They are too small to require any description, and have nothing in them interesting, either one way or another, not having either a story or a legend attached to them ; and as a true and really veracious guide, it would be unbecoming and highly indecorous if not indeed positively criminal, for the author to invent any, and palm them off, as veritable specimens of the traditional lore of the place. The bay itself is much like the others round this part of the coast, and as most of them have been already described, any one of them will pretty well answer for this, by changing the names, and indulging in a joyous ululation on the romantic appearance of the time-beaten batteries, frowning on the summit of one of the hills forming the boundary of the bay, in addition to which the dry bed of a mountain stream might be introduced to heighten the general effect, with a rapturous account of its appearance when filled with muddy water, frothing and foaming along it, after a good spanking shower, for there is nothing like contrast to heighten the effect of a picture, whether drawn with the pen or the pencil.

Bidding adieu to this spot, without any particular throes of regret or compunction, we pass along a considerable stretch of the same wild and barren wall of inaccessible rock, till our highly favored craft sweeps round a lofty bluff into the surf-shaken waters of no less a place than Tripe Bay, famous for nothing but its culinary name, the origin of which like many other things is a mystery, said to be impenetrable, which however might be solved by begging the question as the logicians have it, and assuming that it is so called from the imaginary fact, that the first parties who ever visited it might have enjoyed there the luxury of a tripe dinner, which it is easy to demonstrate is the best thing they could have had, when nothing else was to be obtained.

Emerging from this little bay, a boat generally encounters a chopping sea, and feels the effect of a powerful current, which sweeps with great force round what may be described as the greatest western extremity of the Island, and which is known by the correct and expressive name of *West Point*, a bold and striking promontory rearing its lofty crest and rugged sides high above the waters, fretting and chafing with sullen voice and angry aspect at its rocky base.

As soon as this cape is doubled, a long broken and irregular stretch of coast opens into view with all its points and bays, and rocky islets scattered about, till closed in the distance by the projecting bluff of *Castle Rock Point*, which ends the scene with bold and appropriate grandeur. The whole line of coast in this direction is more grand than picturesque, and wild than beautiful, being lofty throughout its length, with numerous abrupt and projecting points of great elevation, which jutt boldly out from its general line, and give greater effect to the little bays and recesses scooped out of its inaccessible and uninviting cliffs, being pleasingly varied by the rock islets scattered about, and enlivened by the surf incessantly fringing them round, with a light and beautiful belt of silvery spray flashing in the noonday-sun with all the colours of the rainbow, like a shower of gems swept up by the winds from the surface of the sea.

On leaving West Point we pass a deeply indented cove, without a name, to New Point, a clumsy headland, high above which is a deserted hut used as a telegraph during the exile of Napoleon, which, from its lofty position, commands a great sweep of horizon, and consequently a view of anything approaching to the western limits of the Island, while far away beneath it is an isolated rock known as Bird Island, by which we pass on to *Old Joan Point*, and sweep across a feebly defined bay to *Old Father Point*, with its little cove and rock masses, till we glide into Manatee Bay, which appears to have derived its name from a sea cow which might possibly have been cast up on the rocks of the beach, for in Rennefort's Voyages we are told that among other curiosities he admired

“Les ossemens d'un lamantin ou d'une
Vache marine, nomme aussi manaté,”

which piece of conjectural etymology, it is humbly hoped, will be satisfactory to the most critical and disputatious of the tribe of comment scribbling nomenclaturians. From this bay is a bold and interesting view of some of the lofty ridges, which block up the valleys and naked ravines leading down to it, from the mountains looming through the mists in the distance, with the rocky stream beds channelled on their surface which straggle down to the beach, where the cliffs of the coast slope down to the sea to give them egress, into which their waters fall after a storm or heavy showers of rain. Keeping on our course from this place we skim along the shore indented with many coves and nameless bays, round *Rainy Point*, and skirt the surf, beating round several isolated rocks detached from the main land, forming a line of eight or ten naked islets, and pass between Speery Island and its diminutive sisters, till we lay too under the lofty time-scattered head of Castle Rock, and pause for a while to look about us, admire the magnificence of nature, and gaze upon one of the wildest of her wayward and capricious freaks.

Speery Island, a lofty conical rock, rising out of the waters opposite Castle Point, although utterly barren, forms a striking feature in the general scene and is not without a redeeming quality, for when a flood of light from the sun is full upon it, seen at a little distance, it glows like a pile of burnished silver, and forms a brilliant contrast to the vast masses of the coast line, and dingy rocks scattered around it, which are dark and ruddy, and scarcely discernible from the parent cliffs from which they have been riven. Yet this effect is not due to any inherent

property of the Island itself, for it is but a larger fragment severed from the cliffs towering above it; the whiteness which is its distinguishing feature, is nothing more than the guano of innumerable sea birds who are its sole inhabitants, and keep it like Calibans in the Tempest, *full of noises* by their incessant cries, and alive by their rapid and graceful evolutions when gyrating round its summit, or skimming the surface of the sea in search of food.

Seen in the full splendour of the setting sun, flushed over with a flood of golden light, when the rolling waters of the sea, and its feathery crests are tinged of the same glorious hue, when the lofty headlands of the coast, and the isolated rocks at their feet, glow bright and beautiful in borrowed splendour; when the wooded hills of the interior, with the various coloured ravines, shine through the flickery haze, like a fairy land, or the brilliant but unsubstantial glories of pleasing dreams; when "distance lends enchantment to the view," and the hoarse music of the waters, the cry of the wild sea birds, mingle with the wailing of the winds in deep and sonorous harmony, unite and produce a combination of sights and sounds, that may be paralleled, but not surpassed, in wild and gorgeous magnificence.

When the sun sinks down below the shadowy verge of the western horizon, withdraws his bright enchantments to light another world, the rising mists shut out the distant hills, and renders indistinct the naked ravines, "when the centinel stars set their watch in the sky," and the moon struggles through a fading veil of clouds, the scene is beautiful, but its beauty is of another and more gentle kind, more subdued and soft, but not less pleasing, with greater play of light and shade, the harsh outlines being softened down, and rude projections rendered less conspicuous and obtrusive. The rocky islets throw their shadows in sable patches on the rolling surface of the "moonlit waters." Speery Isle rears up its lofty head, gently white like frosted silver, while the restless sea rolls among the rocks, and sweeps from Isle to Isle

"There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through,"
hemming them round with a fringe of surf and spray, where

"Lashed into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to shine!"
like silvery vapours pure and unsullied, rising up in filmy clouds, to soar away at Neptune's bidding, and travel with the wind, to fall again in gentle showers on many a stretch of parched and drouthy land, that it may be

"-----at once arrayed
In all the colours of the flushing year,
----- but chiefly, thee gay green,
Thou smiling natures universal robe!"

On rounding Castle Rock Point, another wild and romantic line of coast scenery opens into view, and stretches away to the eastward, till it is shut out by the projecting bluff of Powell Point. Buffeting the current setting along this part of the coast, we skim by the side of a rugged detached rock, called the "Jar," and glide along the swelling waters under frowning heights to Frighus Rock, an irregularly shaped mass of basalt, separated from its parent cliff, which

rears its storm-beaten head from among the breakers, lashing its base as if in wanton defiance of their never-ceasing restlessness and angry strength. Nearly opposite this rock is a wild and not unpicturesque valley or rather ravine, with a stony bluff, and straggling ridge called **Man of War Roost**, from the number of sea birds of that name who make it their home, and breed securely within its rocky fastnesses. Rolling on our course for a time, we arrive at the yawning mouth of a deep and narrow valley, terminating in a perpendicular cliff of moderate height, under which the sea frets and foams among a series of coves and curious square chambers, formed by the remains of basalt walls, which intersect each other nearly at right angles, and thus shape out a series of ponds, while high above them are some vertical wall like masses of basalt, to which the name of the Chimneys has been given, from their resemblance to a long stack of these smoke conducting tunnels. These chimneys are considered as great curiosities by the natives; they are however nothing more than fragments of the many lines of basalt which abound in this neighbourhood, and which are seen forcing themselves vertically into the flanks and faces of the mountain masses forming the scenery hereabouts, which is bold and striking in its general appearance. The chimney *par excellence* stands alone by itself, and rises from its rocky base to an height of fifty or sixty feet, being about thirty long, and a couple of yards in thickness; immediately in the rear of it is another in the process of formation, being already partially detached from the face of the cliff by the disintegration of the softer rock, aided by the action of the sea, which is constantly bathing it with its white and feathery spray. An irregular ledge of basalt forms the seriated boundary of this place, which is called **Lot's Wife Beach**, and over which the sea breaks with great force and vehemence in times of surfs or heavy swells, forming a pleasing variety of bold and picturesque cascades every time a heavy wave breaks over it, by which the broken squares called the "Ponds" are filled to overflowing with the "briny flood," lashed into a state of perfect foam. The place takes its name, as well as the ravine above it, from a columnar pile of basalt of a singular shape called **Lot's Wife**, perched on the summit of a lofty and extensive ridge nearly fifteen hundred feet in height, which stretches away into the interior to meet the tail end of the principal ridge of mountains which separates the Island into two unequal portions, and which are visible from the sea in this direction, as they reach an elevation of about two thousand five hundred feet, and in many parts are clothed with trees to their very summits, which form a welcome and pleasing contrast to the naked desolation of most of the rocky glens on this side of the Island.

From this place we pass by a long and precipitous stretch of coast, till we round **Horse Head Point**, and regardless of the rusty guns mounted on its rugged and broken summit, sweep on the bosom of the swelling rollers into **Sandy Bay**, a place of no great dimensions, but of considerable wildness, which is further increased by the conflict of the waters breaking with great fury on its rocky ledges and shingly beach. The view up the valley which opens into this bay, is full of wild and savage grandeur, utterly barren and desolate, it looms in all its inexpressible nakedness like the fire scathed ruins of a world destroyed, and dark and dreary as the valley of the shadow of death.

Deep glens of lava and volcanic scorïæ, dismal ravines, and shattered walls of crumbling basalt, dry and parched beds of mountain torrents, strewn with rocks and boulders, lurid clinkery hills, blotched with cavernous openings, beds of decomposed rock, and patches of sand, bright and glowing with gay colours, as if but just vomited from the yawning jaws of some volcano, whose terrible throes had riven the hills, and scattered their splintery fragments in a state of wild and inextricable confusion over every thing that greets the eye, unite in one expanse of unutterable desolation and dreary dismalness, to form a scene at once appalling and terrific, surpassing all that imagination could invent, awful from its evidence of the irresistible energies of nature, and sublime for its unimpeachable demonstration of the utter insignificance of man's conception of the illimitable, all-accomplishing power, and inscrutable purpose of a deity at once infinite and omniscient.

A line of fortifications stretches along the beach, and blocks up the entrance into the valley, while the two rocky hills jutting into the sea, and forming the boundaries of the bay, are crowned with walls, guns, and batteries, thus increasing the natural strength of the place, which, even without these military works, would be difficult to capture, if defended with anything, like the general run of English courage and obstinacy.

As this bay is exposed to the full force of the trade winds, which blow pretty constantly into it, as well as to the uninterrupted sweep of the sea, with its various currents, it is generally very rough and agitated, with a tremendous surf beating on the shelvy rocks, and shingly beach, which form its boundaries, so that it is difficult to effect a landing, and anything but safe to those who are not acquainted with all its local bearings and peculiarities. The greater part of the beach, above the shingles, is covered with vast beds of sand, from which circumstance, as well as from the quantity scattered about in beds in different parts of the valley, the place takes its name, and as sandy beaches are rarities in the Island, its name appears appropriate and significant of one at least of its principal features.

A singular story is current respecting this bay, to the effect that some years ago, a boat was overturned, in consequence of an overgrown shark blundering against it, while prowling about on a foraging expedition. He appears not to have been either very hungry, or very angry, when he got the thump, for the people in the boat at the time of the accident, were enabled to climb on to the bottom of it, when turned keel uppermost, where they remained till they reached the shore, and were so far placed in safety. A man and a boy was in the boat, and such was the effect of fright on the man, that he is said to have died two hours after he was landed.

But let us leave this rocky, ruinous sea-beaten place, cast a passing glance on the crumbling walls of basalt as we row by them, and pull up to that rock there straight before us, peeping out of the sea like a centinel on the watch, and proceed on our voyage, or by the faith of a true and trusty guide, we shall never get to the end of our journey. From this little bit of a rock which has been honored with the name of Sandy Bay Island, there is a fine view, up the valleys running from the bay, as well as of considerable portions of the coast, which is as bold, romantic, and diversified hereabouts, as can be wished.

Considerably inland, may be seen the broad summit of *White Hill*, towering high above the coast cliffs, themselves of no insignificant altitude, which generally appears as if a faint wreath of smoke was curling up from its bald white head, and with a little stretch of the imagination, might be taken for the fumes of a slumbering volcano, percolating through the crust of the mountain, previous to a more boisterous ebullition and commotion.

This feathery wreath, however, is altogether very harmless, and not produced by any very alarming or energetic cause—being nothing more than faint clouds of dust carried up by the wind, which sweeps along the various valleys running towards this hill, where they amuse themselves by getting up a merry reel when they meet together on its summit, and by their persuasive blandishments, induce the powdery dust on its surface to make this striking display of its *ponderous levity*, by joining in the dance, and rising up in a fleecy mist, till it whirls away, and is lost in the distance.

From the dusty clouds crowning the summit of this romance inspiring hill, the eye wanders along the flanks of a lofty, irregular range of utterly naked mountains, till it rests on the huge mass of sterility towering above the projecting headland of *Powell Point*, and known as *Sandy Bay Barn*—a spot remarkable for its utter desolation, even in the midst of a wilderness.

Opposite the bluff end of this forbidding, and repulsive mountain, are two black naked rocks in the sea, at no great distance from the shore, and from their appearance, called the “Buoys,” round which, the waves are incessantly fretting and fuming, apparently in a vain endeavour to wash them away, and sweep them headlong into the scarcely fathomable depths below.

Leaving these rocks, we skirt along the edge of the cliffs, and sweep round a projecting ledge into *Powell Bay*, a narrow confined place, and take a peep up the dreary valley leading from it, till the view is shut out by the sloping sides of a great lumpish hill, which splits the valley into a fork, the tail-ends of which lose themselves in the wooded gullies and gorges under *Diana's Peak*, in the great central range in the interior of the Island. And as there is nothing either very particular or uninviting to induce us to prolong our stay, we will skim the edge of the bay, pass under the projecting headland of *Long Range*, along the rugged and precipitous coast, to *Deep Valley Bay*, take a turn round the rock in the middle of it, and run into the mouth, as near as we can of *Deep Valley*, and lay on our oars a few minutes, to look up its terror striking depths. It is a truly dismal place, narrow and deep, enclosed in by a lofty wall of rocks on either hand, terrible in the repulsive nakedness of their aspect, and towering up to an alarming height as if to shut out the light of day from the valley, and keep it for ever in a state of sombre darkness—

“Où la solitude est sans voix :”

and where the eye wanders from rock to rock, from one abyss to another, in a state of bewilderment and confusion, without the satisfaction of sublimity, or the gratification of a romantic variety—it is the very plethora of monotony. There is nothing particular in the appearance of the bay to detain us, and therefore we will pull

along an extensive stretch of cliffs, all pretty much alike, lofty, steep, and barren, till we come to *Rough Rock*, as its name imports a rugged isolated rock, standing in the sea, as if disowned by its parent cliffs, by which we pass into a little bay or cove which brings us directly under the fearfully wild and excoriated sea face of *Great Stone Top*, a tremendous precipice, which drops plump down into the ocean depths below, looking for all the world as if one half of the mountain had been split from the other, and sunk into the sea. It is a wild and dreary place, savagely grand, with here and there a touch of the picturesque; for the fantastic outlines of its numerous craggy points, chasms, and ravines, gives an ever varying effect of light and shade, that cannot fail to arrest attention, and gratify the mind by the singular boldness and grandeur of its principal masses. It towers up to a great height, and overlooks everything near; it is proudly preeminent, and flings its shadow over the ravines and valleys at its base, in the insolence of its imperious contempt, as if to shrink them into comparative nothingness, reign sole lord of the wilderness, and brook no rival near its throne; time scathe, weather-beaten, and lashed by the ever restless sea, it stands boldly up,—

“Dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun!”

Not far from it in the interior, is its twin brother, like itself, bold and striking in its general features, crowned on the summit with an immense boulder stone, like the ruins of a vitrified fort, and strongly resembling it by having a precipitous face, which drops down to the plain at its base, as if one half had been rent away and scattered to the winds, leaving the other in the full enjoyment of its lonely isolation; these twin giants forcibly recall to memory the beautiful lines of the poet, orator and statesman La Martine,—

“Ces monts vainqueurs des vents, de la foudre, et des ages,
Ou dans leur masse auguste, et leur solidité,
Ce Dieu grava sa force, et son éternité.”

Once more to the oars, pull on, and we pass a rock on the end of the ledge under Great Stone Top, called the *Elephant*, by which we sweep into the bay which takes its name from the mountain we have just soliloquised upon, and stop for a few minutes to indulge in a look up the valley, which leads into it a deep gorge, with naked precipitous sides running a considerable distance into the interior, till it meets with the grassy slopes of Arno's Vale, and terminates at the foot of Diana's Peak, in a wild and beautiful glen, encompassed around with pleasant hills and thriving woods. Then pursuing our course, we follow the shore with the lofty cliffs above us, till we reach *Gill Point*, where we can take advantage of the trade wind if we please, hoist sail, and make our crazy whale boat,

“Walk the waters like a thing of life;”

but before doing so, let us have a run round the two great rocks standing in the sea, at a respectful distance from the land, the one being called *Shore*, and the other *Georges Island*; then hoist sail—and hey! for a run before the wind, till fate and free will bids us stop to scrutinize, and look upon some other scene as wild and wonderful as those we leave behind us!

CHAPTER IV.

WHICH TERMINATES THE VOYAGE, AND ALL ITS MANY INCIDENTS.

“ Oh, bless me ! there’s the landing place at last,
Thank goodness ; now our troubles all are past ! ”

No, not yet good reader, put not thy trust in poets, whatever thou mayest do in guides and the writers of guide books ; dream not of the journey’s end, for one-third of the Island has yet to be surveyed and circumnavigated.

Art thou impatient, good reader ?—if thou art, let me tell thee for thine own especial edification, that the trip may soon be run, and the St. Helena Light House gained—a dull street lamp on the old pier head, for there is not much on the route to detain us long ; therefore make thyself happy by anticipating an early finish to thy marine adventures, and blame not the guide for his loquacity, but ponder well on what one *Hugues de Bercy*, a gentle troubadour, has said or sung to comfort the afflicted

“ Quand li œil pleure, li cuer rit ”

that is, dear benevolent reader—make thy heart glad when thine eyes are sad and weary with seeing sights such as thou hast this day gazed upon, and make thyself

“ A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer’s day ! ”

and when thou gettest home, or snugly puttest thy feet beneath good men’s tables, strike up a merry stave, to musics sweetest measure, culled from the rhymes of gay Sir Johnny Suckling ! and relate the tale of thy adventures as thou singest

“ I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen ;
Oh, things without compare !
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place, in any ground ;
Be it at wake or fair ! ”

But let us be going before the sun goes down, or our sights and scenery will be lost ; therefore give way, pull round Gill Point, and skim along the coast by cliffs and rocks, ravines and rents, bays and coves, and shallow caves, till yon great projecting bluff juts out to stop us on our way, and claim a passing look. It is a curious place, a pile of rocks of no great regal grandeur called the “ King and Queen,” which look as if they had taken umbrage with the other rocks there towering up above them, and had made violent and unseemly efforts to separate from their subject cliffs, and thrown themselves in the sea, at a cold and haughty distance, and fence themselves round with a *tabooed* line of surf, if not with what they envy more, “ the divinity

that doth hedge a king." High above them on the crest of a pinna-cled hill, are the remains of a signal station, with a flagstaff, where used to fly

"The flag that's braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze."

It is now deserted, and many a year since the tramp of the centinel woke the echoes as he paced its rocky platform, and watched with anxious eye the advent of a distant sail, or more earnestly held their watch and ward to keep Napoleon from escaping, or telegraph his movements when riding round the stone-strewed limits of his prison-home, while

"The millions that swore they would perish to save,
Beheld him a fugitive, captive, and slave."

Passing further along the coast we round the projecting head of *Bay Point*, skim the edge of the surf round a few rocks and ledges, and sweep with all the grace we can muster into Prosperous Bay,—blessings on the man who christened it with such a soul-inspiring name—may the turf rest light upon him in his grave, wherever that may be.

This bay takes its name in consequence of a successful landing having been effected here, when the Island was recaptured from the Dutch in the year 1673, under the command of an officer named Kedgwin, the rock on which they first landed being called by his name to immortalize the exploit, and the bay itself christened Prosperous, to carry down to ages yet unwombed, the triumphant termination of the enterprise; such at least are the traditions of the place, and the records of grave historians.

It is a very picturesque place, the line of coast here being broken into a variety of ravines and rugged hills, many of them of great extent, and as diversified as they are extensive.

A broad flat ledge of lava, basalt, and tufa, runs round the bay under the cliffs, except in a few limited places, where beds of shingles form little shelving beaches, and add to the variety of the scene. The cliffs are bold and striking, of very irregular shape, presenting a variety of tints and fiery colours scattered in streaks and patches about their rents and vertical faces, that at once attracts the eye and draws attention to their volcanic origin, which here seems plainly stamped upon them, too palpable to be mistaken. Some of the basalt dykes are richly coloured with every tint of fiery hue, as bright as if they had been quenched but only yesterday, which contrast finely with the dark and lurid masses of the cindery mountains rising up around them. In the centre of the beach, a few feet above the level of the high water line, is a little block house of two stories, pierced for muskets, which, as it stands alone, forms a conspicuous feature in the general landscape; it has been long deserted, and is in a ruinous condition, one of its angles having been washed down by the heavy surfs, not unfrequent on this part of the coast.

On a rock, at a considerable elevation from the sea, is a second block house, which was built to guard a trackway leading up the lofty hill in its rear, which was the rugged path chosen by the English when they captured the Island. It leads up to a barrack and magazine on the edge of the cliff overhanging the valley, several hundred

feet in perpendicular height, where is a deep and scarcely accessible rock, called "hold fast Tom," over which the gallant captors had to scramble and work their way up, under the guidance of a negro.

Why these gallant and persevering fellows should have been taken by this route is altogether unaccountable, as there is a ravine leading from the valley to the opposite heights, of much more easy access, and which would have led them directly up into the interior of the Island quite as easily as the line they adopted—perhaps Black Oliver was a professional guide—if so, the mystery is out—for professional guides invariably conduct strangers by the most round-about difficult route they can find, in order to make the greater display of their intimate acquaintance with the Geography of the place; but pray do not think good reader, that I am playing thee the same scurvy trick—for as the showman says, "you have paid your money," and are entitled to the choice.

The valley leading up from the bay is dreary, even unto the degree of dreadfulness, being exceedingly narrow, and enclosed in by lofty rocks, wild and broken in their appearance, abounding with layers and beds of lava, and extensive piles of columnar basalt, perched among the cliffs, rent by cracks and fissures, and overhanging, as if about to thunder down upon you from their dizzy heights, and fill the place with universal pain. It terminates abruptly in a deep gorge with vertical sides, down which a stream of water tumbles from the gully above into the yawning abyss, one or two hundred feet below, generally falling in a shower of spray, except in time of floods, when it drops down in a continuous stream, and fills the ravine with the hoarse sound of many rushing waters.

From the bottom of this, the chief fall, it winds among heaps of stones and boulders, weeds and rushes, till it shoots over a second fall nearly as deep as the one from which it has just escaped, and then goes bellowing and foaming through a deep and narrow channel it has ploughed out for itself, till it gets inclosed in beds of rushes, and matted jungles of grass, through which it forces its way, falls over a little ledge into a shallow pond, and finally escapes over the shingles into the sea. There is a track or road about a foot wide, which winds and climbs among the ledges and rocks, from the beach up through the valley, or ravine to speak more strictly, to the edge of Prosperous Bay Plain, in the direction of Bradleys; it is not difficult for pedestrians, and may be accomplished by horses, if they are sure footed and steady, for one false step would send them headlong over the precipices, along which, the road works its sinuous way; and without wishing to make a pun, or give offence, I may venture to observe, that both the ascent and descent is accomplished very easily by Asses, even when laden with a cargo of fish. Passing a little distance along the coast, we reach *Scraggy Point*, and a singular hill, something in shape like a gigantic turban, and not inaptly called *Turk's Cap*, which also gives name to the little bay spreading out immediately in front of it. The whole of this neighbourhood is of a wild and savage aspect, being altogether made up of deep valleys, with lateral ravines, and basalt walls, of considerable magnitude, variously tinted, with layers of party coloured marl, and lichen covered rocks, which form in many places a striking contrast to the general monotony of the predominating rust-coloured

masses, piled layer on layer, and following the contour of the ridges on which they rest, as if in a vain struggle to accommodate themselves to the intricacies of their time-shaken beds.

Higher up the valley, above the *Turk's Cap*, on the projecting bluff heads of two of the hills, are Cook's, and Gregory's batteries, to protect the entrance, and block up the route into the interior of the Island; they have however enjoyed a sinecure ever since they had the honor to be erected, and have not smelt powder, or heard the rumble of a gun for many years past. There is a legend or story attached to Gregory's Hill, to the effect, that some time since, a soldier in a crazy mood, marked the outline of his hand on the wall of the battery, where it now remains, and then threw himself off the rocks into the gorge beneath, and thus put an end to all his earthly troubles; poor wretch!—may the earth lie light upon thee—“sit tibi terra levis!”

Skimming round the rough outline of Scraggy Point, we pass gently into Turks Cap Bay, and glance for a few minutes at the mouth of the ravine opening into it, on one or two singular rocky ledges projecting into the sea, till the eye is arrested by the gigantic mass, and bold features of the lonely and desolate *Barn*, a huge mountain of rock rearing itself out of the waters in all the sublimity of unutterable nakedness.

It is a prominent feature on all parts of this coast, as well as from most of the inland heights, although it is neither the largest or the loftiest mountain hereabouts, it is by far the most striking. Its shape is singular, a huge blunt wedge, scored with rents, fissures, and ravines, abounding with ledges, angular points, and all the intricacies incidental to a pile of barren rocks, exposed to the uninterrupted action of the elements. When capped with the clouds, and seen from the central parts of the Island, it forms no bad representation of its giant-brother, the Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope—the comparison has been often made by visitors who have seen them both. Not far from it is Flagstaff Hill, rising up to the height of two thousand two hundred and seventy two feet, like a cone rent in twain, as is usual with the heights in this Island, as if it had been suddenly split asunder, and one half had toppled down headlong into the sea, leaving the perpendicular face of the other half naked and pathless above the crested foam beating at its base. On the summit of this hill are the remains of a signal station, a low square platform, with steps, and a hole for the flagstaff, an alarm gun dismounted, lying on the grass, red with rust, and other memorials of its former occupation, for like many others it is now deserted, and shorn of its once display of warlike equipments and signaling paraphernalia.

The view from the summit is grand and extensive, stretching over nearly one half of the Island, with all its variety of mountains, ridges, deep valleys, and dreary ravines, scored with the floods, and glowing with every variety of colour—from the green woods and herbage on the hills, to the fiery lines of the volcanic sands, and weather-beaten lichens on the crumbling rocks.

Looking downward from this lofty height, among the fire scathed rocks far away beneath us, the sight is grand, and in many places strikingly impressive; the neighbouring ravines are deep and impenetrable; the rocky heads of the coast bluffs utterly sterile, and the

whole of its more immediate scenery as savage and uninviting as it is possible to conceive, filling the mind with vague thoughts of fiery devastations, violent convulsions, and all the terrors of illimitable chaos and confusion.

Rounding the Barn Point, and skimming the precipitous coast in a north-westerly direction, under lofty cliffs, and by ravines deep and yawning, we pass the curved sweep of Flagstaff Bay, the largest in the Island, till we reach Sugar Loaf Point, with its remarkable headlands, a huge cone with a rocky projecting knob, surmounted by an immense boulder stone, on which is erected a weather-beaten flagstaff, long since denuded of his trappings, and innocent of a flag, from which point we gain sight of the shipping in James' Town Bay, with a prospect of an early termination of this long and loquacious excursion.

Among the rocks, on the under side of the ledge of lava on the summit, are one or two huts, formerly occupied by the soldiers and signalmen stationed here; they are approached by a narrow and now scarcely discernible path, which follows the ridge of the precipice pretty closely till it reaches the rocky ledge, where it terminates abruptly on the little platform in front of the huts. Up to this point it is accessible with horses or mules, by which means, in former times occupants of the station were supplied with water and provisions.

The summit of the cone is only a few feet square, and the greater part of it is occupied by the large boulder stone, which forms its apex, and into which the flagstaff is secured. This stone is the result of the decay of the materials of the mountain, which no doubt at one time entirely covered it, and is one of the links in the chain of evidence which tends to prove the remote antiquity of the Island, and give some clue to its geological age; not indeed by itself, but when taken in conjunction with other remains of a similar nature, such as the columnar piles on the Sandy Bay Ridges. I have seen many similar boulders among the granite mountains of Cornwall, as well as on the Shap Fells in the opposite extremity of England. Many years back a murder was committed on this mountain, under circumstances of peculiar and deliberate atrocity. The two signalmen quarreled about a woman living with one of them in the hut; after wrangling for some time, the one who thought he had most right to the good favours of the woman, threatened to shoot the other, and immediately went into the hut to fetch his gun; the other attempted to escape by hiding among the crannies under the ledge, but he was followed and shot down like a dog, and hurled from the summit to the rocks below, where the body remained till accidentally discovered some little time afterwards. The murderer was tried, but the evidence was not sufficiently clear to hang him; he was sent to the Cape of Good Hope, and is said to have been subsequently hung for the murder of his wife. The wretched woman who was the origin of this quarrel, when on her death-bed, confessed that the man was murdered; shot in the first instance, and then flung down the rocks: the body was buried on a turn in the road leading to the summit of the hill.

Near this mountain, and at a considerable elevation above the level of the sea, are several extensive beds of lime stone of various qualities, with a vast quantity of lime and sand mixed together, which is, how-

ever, nothing more than the soft limestones of the locality reduced to this form by the action of the elements.

The hard and soft limestones scattered about in the various beds are very similar to each other, and differ only in the quantity of lime they contain.

When the lime is altogether decomposed, by the action of Muriatic acid, the residual sand is found to be identically analagous to that on the different beaches round the coast, being evidently formed by the comminution of the rock particles, subject to the never-ceasing action of the sea. Gypsum is found scattered about in these beds, as well as on the surface of the neighbouring hills, but it is very seldom seen in large masses, and is generally very dirty, and not by any means very pure, although it yields pretty good Plaster of Paris;—but a truce to this shallow geology.

On the sea face of the hill there is a deep fissure called Sugar Loaf Crack, at no great elevation from the sea, in which, a few days ago, was found a skeleton of a man, with an old coat, breeches, wig, and a shoe, all in a tolerable state of preservation. The coat and breeches were both scarlet, apparently of the time of George II., or the beginning of the reign of George III.; the coat was frogged with white braid, and had large slashed blue cuffs, square skirts, but without a collar; the wig was brown, tied up with hempen string behind in a little club, scarcely long enough to reach the shoulders. It was generally supposed that these were the remains of one of the East India Company's pensioners or invalids, beyond which nothing further was elicited, either by way of conjecture or conclusion.

But we have been detained long enough here; let us round the point and skim along the rocks in a westerly direction, till we come to a rugged projection crowned with a battery; and pass by Banks' Point till we sweep into the little bay, and lay too for a while, to cast a hasty look at the lines and fortifications, which close the entrance to the deep and narrow valley opening into the bay.

This is one of the principal batteries on the Island, and the first one passed on approaching the roadstead; it was formerly the custom for ships to send in a boat to ask permission to approach the anchorage opposite James' Town; this custom has however been long since abolished, so that the captains of ships have now nothing to prevent them sailing into the port, and taking the best berth they can find vacant.

During the captivity of Napoleon, all the batteries and lines of fortification along the coast and its various inlets were strictly guarded, or at least expected to be so; but the commander-in-chief of the station on returning in from a cruize one night, caught the trustworthy centinels napping. He sent a boat on shore manned by some of his nimble tars to attempt a landing, and put the courage and watchfulness of the guard to the test; they effected a landing, and succeeded in scrambling up to the battery without any opposition, and finding the coast all clear, they forthwith spiked two of the guns as a memorial of their visit, and carried off with them some of the small arms and powder, much to the amusement of the blue jackets, who regarded the affair as a capital joke,—one indeed that would have been capital in another sense, had the laws of war been fully enforced. The astonishment of the guard next morning, when they aroused from their

slumbers, may be easily imagined ;—guns spiked, small arms gone, and the gunpowder vanished, as if by magic ; their dreamy eyes beheld imaginary cat-o'-nine-tails and shadowy gibbets looming on the walls, they each felt a crick in the neck and a fluttering in the breast, that told them something was wrong, and evil would come of it. If hope deferred maketh the heart sick, suspense long continued is not a pleasant pastime, especially when cats and courtmartials, cells and gibbets, dance in a bewildering maze through the excited imagination, filled with the goblin phantacies "of coming events that cast their shadows before."

They were not long kept in a state of doubt and perplexity, the officer in charge was broken and dismissed, the privates sentenced to amuse themselves on the public works as best they could, in the elegant garb of a prisoner of state.

The spiked guns received the nickname of the "Royal Snorers," and from them the regiment to which the men belonged have always been honored with it, while holding watch and ward in St. Helena.

The ravine which opens into the little bay at Banks' is very deep and narrow, and for the greater part of its course utterly barren, showing little or no signs of vegetation till it reaches the slopes of Flagstaff, where are a few patches of scanty herbage, which occasionally yields a few mouthfulls of coarse grass in the wet season to the sheep and goats, who come down from the neighbouring heights to chew the cud, and ruminate on the miseries of long commons, and on short allowances.

The scenery is diversified by the bed of a stream, mostly dry, the ruins of several cottages once occupied by Chinese labourers, and an old lime kiln now enjoying a dignified repose from its fiery labours, on a bit of a cliff at the foot of a great lump of a mountain, whose bare and rugged side is scored by the traces of what might have been a road, when the lime quarries to which it led were worked. In addition, these attractions are the fortifications with all their necessary stores, magazines, and barracks, with one or two soldiers to keep them clean and orderly, who may be said to lead a quiet life, far removed from the

"*Confusæ sonus Urbis, et illætabile murmur,*"

though not from the noise and bustle of the sea, which frequently rolls with great fury among the rocks under the Batteries, where several persons have lost their lives by attempting to land while the sea was in an angry mood. Bidding adieu to this place, with a fair breeze, we skim along under the lofty cliffs, by many a gully and basalt wall, till we reach a deep indentation in the coast, where a ravine runs up into the country, and loses itself in the hills ; there is however, nothing very striking about it, unless it be its name, suitable enough to the place, and highly melodramatic, "Bloody Bridge"—so called, it is said, from a murder having been committed near a spot where the ravine is crossed by a military road leading from James' Town to Banks' Batteries. The hills inclosing this ravine are lofty, and of considerable extent, producing however nothing in the shape of vegetation, but wild tobacco, samphire, and rushes, with here and there a stunted patch of withered grass,—they are sheep walks nevertheless, and so far they appear to be appro-

privately named; for certainly they must walk about a long time before they find a nibble, to repay the toil in clambering up their parched and stony sides.

Keeping along our course, and sailing round a rocky projecting point, where a huge mountain ends abruptly in the sea, we find ourselves in Ruperts Bay, opposite a long line of ruinous walls and batteries, now neither useful or ornamental; long piles of shingles occupy the place of the Glacis, and fill up what was once the ditch; their palmy days have long since fled, and time has marked them for his own by many a seam and rent, that speaks too plainly of his rough encounter.

It is a pretty little bay, enclosed in by rocky projections, and the terminating bluffs of the mountains, which form the valley opening into it; the flanks being lined with bold shelves and ledges of rock and boulder stone, with several beds of black basalt, many columnar fragments of which are strewn about the ledges and beach on the eastern side. The waters of the bay are generally smooth and placid, though they are often enough disturbed by the rollers common to the coast, which occasionally come sweeping in with great force, and throw their surf and spray high up among the rocks and over the shingles; but when calm, with a bright sun above, viewed from some of the many twists and turnings of a road running high up above, they seem to realize the words of La Martine, who reminds us, that he who made this world of ours, also

“Fit les cieux pour briller sur l’onde,
L’onde pour réfléchir les cieux;”

so bright and blue, and clear, and beautiful, are they in their undisturbed repose.

A few good strokes of the oar will bring us out of the bay, round a sharp projecting point of rocks, opposite the mouth of a little cove, worked into the stony mass of the lava ledge which form its boundaries, where the sea plays in no very gentle mood among the rocks, scattered along what might be called a beach, were it not so small, and so completely hemmed in by the wall-like faces of the mountain bluff, towering above it in all the majesty of unspeakable nakedness. On the summit of this rugged headland, is a deserted battery, and a barrack for the accommodation of the troops, who formerly kept guard here; they have not however, been used since the East India Company's time, when it was customary for the Union Jack to be hoisted on a flagstaff whenever a vessel was approaching the anchorage. Besides these ruinous batteries, is a curious machine, consisting of two upright posts and a cross beam, of very ominous appearance, which may very easily be mistaken by strangers for that invariable attendant on civilization—the Gallows—or as a mark or signal to let approaching strangers know the fate awaiting them in St. Helena, if they should by chance or accident offend the dignity of its laws, or stern morality of its jurisprudence. It has nothing to do either with law, manners, or morality; it is however connected with death dealing instruments, and forms part of the paraphernalia of a condemned and time rusted gun, over whose ponderous breech it stands by night and day, just as the workmen left it years ago, perfectly harmless, but hurrying to decay like the ancient crane on

the tower of Cologne Cathedral; a memorial of past time, and a witness of the perishable nature of the proudest works of poor humanity.

On the projecting rocks, elevated some considerable number of feet above the sea, is a battery called *Upper Chubbs*, and below this the remains of a second, now in ruins, having been damaged by the surf some years ago, when an unusually heavy sea set in all round the coast, and surpassed in violence anything ever seen on the Island before.

While Napoleon was residing on the Island, the captain of the *Vigo*, a man-of-war, took it into his head that he could run into the bay without exchanging signals, or being noticed; he was however mistaken, for as he passed the battery, he received a shot between wind and water from one of the guns, which not only let him know that he was observed, but that he could not pass with impunity, and without paying the penalty of his temerity; the soldier was rewarded with a pension for his promptitude and determination; and the captain, by the trouble of plugging the hole in his damaged sides.

On the eastern side of the little cove, are a range of buildings, forming the barracks and various offices attached to Munden's Battery, which stands in a commanding position on a rocky ledge overhanging the water, where a bold projecting point of rock has been levelled, and worked out sufficiently large to form one of the best batteries on the line of the coast defences; it commands the shipping in the anchorage, as well as the greater part of Ruperts bay, and the track of ships approaching the harbour, who would be liable to a very unpleasant peppering on attempting to pass during a time of war, or alarm of danger, from the sudden appearance of anything like an hostile force, who would receive a salute as they passed this point, and a second with more civilizing effects, from the guns perched on the summit of Ladder Hill; therefore let them abstain from seeking irretrievable ruin—*abstineas igitur damnandis*.

Laud ye the Gods! for we are close at our journey's end – as soon as we pass by that thick bed of vertical lava, forming the hard and iron boundary of a little rock-strewn cove, we are at the landing place, where

“The waves behind impel the waves before,
White rolling high, and tumbling to the shore.”

But before we land, take a passing glimpse at the rocky ledge under the battery, and admire the sea as it goes rolling and foaming under a sort of natural bridge, formed by the fall and erosion of some of the softer stone, long since washed away by the rollers which break here occasionally with great force, and dash in a sheet of dazzling spray among the splintery ledges on the side of the cove, and shingles battered about on the cave-like beach.

Right before us is a stone pile, surmounted by a lamp on an iron post, from whence at night issues a feeble sickly light, that serves to make the darkness a little more visible, and point out to strangers the position of the landing place, where they may step on *terra firma* without much trouble if they are at all nimble, or the sea is in a sleepy humour; but if it should be running and playing at leap frog

with the steps, there is a contrivance to help them out of their difficulties, a little swing crane with a rope dangling at the end of it, by which they may pull themselves on the landing place, or out of the water, if they should meet with a disaster and happen to slip between the boat and the steps, on making the attempt to land. But we have arrived at our journey's end, and I am no conjurer—"motuo astrorum ignoro,"—if you are not right glad of its consummation, and impatient of the end of the chapter; yea, even did I possess the eloquence and subtle wit of those most unfortunate rhetoricians, *Carrinas Secundus* and *Thrasymachus*, who talked themselves out of all reputation, I could not persuade you to linger with me another minute along the rocky coast of this iron-bound isle. Therefore to the landing let us go, and allow me to whisper in your ear, after escaping the dangers of this most romantic of voyages, that all my chatter and gossip has been as true as *cicerones* chatter is ever expected to be,—that is, all truth if possible, or as Juvenal has it

"Non est cantandum, res vera agitur,"

all of which have been told to amuse you on the voyage, and keep your spirits up while passing round such wild and dreary scenes.

The voyage is over, allow me to hand you ashore, and call your attention to the boatmen, who will be most happy to drink your health in "vin du pays" if they can get nothing better, or brandy, if you will open up the fountains of your generous heart, and dole them out a bountiful largess.

But the voyage is done, the day is almost spent, the mists are gathering on the waters, and

"Slow sinks, more lovely, ere his race be run,
Along Helena's hills the setting sun;"

therefore make haste, for he drops below the horizon all at once, and gives but little warning; get into the town as soon as you can, make yourself comfortable, and remember that past troubles are soon forgotten, when present pleasure fills the cup of joy, for

"When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Who the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past."

CHAPTER V.

WHICH TELLS OF THE TOWN, AND ALL THAT IS THEREIN.

“Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that little heart is lying still!—WORDSWORTH.

Well, here we are at last, on the wharf, in a direct line for the town, and like good soldiers let us approach it in form, with due precision and decorum; on our left flank is a broad expanse of sea, from which you have just escaped, on the right is the coalyard, backed up by some yawning rocks, and in the centre is the roadway, the great outlet for all the traffic of the place, where may be seen an entertaining variety of tubs, butts, and packages, ready for shipping, with occasionally a splendid collection of long-legged fat-tailed sheep from the Cape of Good Hope, neat as imported, famous for yielding beautiful mutton, as tough as boot leather, and as indigestible as an untaxed attorney's bill. Here are little boys selling lollipops, and there are black-eyed girls selling peaches four a penny, and juicy pears to quench your thirst, nice and ripe, all for the high price of a copper halfpenny. It is crowded with carts, trucks, and drays, barrows with rickety wheels and broken legs, squealing for want of grease, which whobble about from side to side as if in a fit of intoxication, much to the alarm of horses patiently waiting their turn to trudge off with a load of rice or sugar, when the dray to which they are attached has been filled by the vociferous porters and boatboys employed in that pleasant pastime. There are bunches of carrots pliant with age, high-flavoured turnips, cabbages of portly size and most venerable appearance, reposing on sundry bags of potatoes, tenderly pillowed on beautiful yams, and sheltered from the sun by sundry bags of peppery water cresses, which are generously sold to anybody willing to purchase them, at a price astonishingly cheap to those who don't think them dear, and which are confidently recommended by those wishing to dispose of them. There, by the side of the wall, are heaps of cocks and hens, all alive and kicking, tied by the legs in bundles, ready for shipment, of all kinds and sizes, fatherly cocks and motherly hens, lustily crowing and cackling in melancholy chorus, which harmonizes admirably with the mellifluous quacking of unfortunate ducks, who have been barbarously kidnapped from their native gutters, and ruthlessly torn from the waters in which they delight. Squatting about on tubs and butts, on the low walls, on spars or bags of rice, are all the big-boys and little boys, young men and old men, singly or in groups,—the lazzaroni of the place,—with bare arms and legs, brown and brawny, burnt by the sun and tanned by the weather, idling, smoking, sleeping, laughing and bawling, looking out for jobs, stray passengers, or anything they can pick up, as happy as cats in a chimney corner, and merry as gnats on a sunny day, easy-going souls who take the times as they come, delight in cape wine, feed on fish and rice, and luxuriate on uncut

Cavendish; who think but little of the future, and less of the present. The shadowy times of the past when John Company doled out eatables and drinkables at less than cost price, were the halcyon days of the gentle lazzaroni, to which they look back with regret, and sigh to think such pleasant times are fled, and wonder why our cousin Cain should have brought the curse of labour into this nether world of ours—for their greatest luxury is sleeping in the sun, and doing as they list, to kill time, idle through their lives, and slink at last unnoticed to their nameless graves!

But quitting this mingled scene of industry and idleness, we reach a long low and dingy array of shed-like buildings, which constitute the marine establishment of the Island; to which may be added, one or two huts, and a few military stores.

A few stunted trees have been planted all in a row in front of these buildings, in the somewhat hopeless idea of their affording a shelter when they happen to reach maturity; but as the trees are of slow growth, and withal very sickly, it will be many years before strangers will be enabled to shelter themselves from the broiling sun, under the grateful shade of the "greenwood tree." The attempt is laudable, but the choice of trees might have been better. Number of boats are strewed about this part of the wharf, generally bottom uppermost, to have them cleansed from grass and weeds. Many of these have been bought at the slave auctions, at all kinds of prices, from one shilling apiece, up to ten pounds, according as the market is glutted, and the demand supplied—that is if my commercial ideas are not in a state of obfuscation, as to the fluctuations of their marketable value.

After passing a long red wall, which encloses the bonding yard, we arrive at a little office, adorned with a little verandah, over which, several creepers have been trained to climb and display their beauties to the admiring eye of the passing stranger; forming a leafy bower, to conceal the nakedness of the building, and to hide a custom house officer, who from the depths of his flowery lair, can peep all up the wharf, and pounce upon passengers, like a spider on a blue-bottle fly, as they plod on their way to the town. Happy the man who has no forbidden fruit in his possession, in the shape of taxable goods, prime cigars, genuine cognac, or Yankee reprints of English books. Therefore let no man either through the pardonable rashness of youth, or the cupidity of trade, venture to purloin the invaluable copywright of this inestimable book, and seek to rob a "British author" of his due rights by repinting it in America—for be it hereby known, that books born again in the land of liberty, are not admitted into this favoured isle of beauty;—

"He that steals my book steals trash,
That not enriches him, but makes me poor indeed!

This, in conjunction with the law of the land, protects the poor *sans culotte* of an author from the plague of plagiarism, and the unutterable anguish of deliberate fraud, whereby his rights are grievously wronged, and his imagined reward most shamefully curtailed of its fair proportion.

But here is a sentry box, and there is the centinel, clothed in our old Anglo Saxon red, with his boots and bayonet glittering in the

sun, in all the pride and panoply of peaceable war; he will look at you, but say nothing; therefore pass over the drawbridge, under its gibbet-like frame, and you will find yourself butt up against the breech of a big gun, unless you contrive to tumble over a pile of shot into a trelliced sawpit in front of you; proceed with cautious respect, for you are in the midst of the soul appalling paraphernalia of war, guns, bombs, shot, and shells, with all the *et ceteras* of that glorious but destructive *pastime of princes*.

If, like Don Quixote, the spirit of romance burns within your soul, or you are smitten with Hudibrastic valour; your heart will leap with joy at such a scene; or, if like Sir John Falstaff, you are disposed to fight an hour by St. Helena's clock—here are materials ready furnished, and there are centinels ready armed to meet your gallant onset; but be cautious, and take the advice of Ossian—

“Never seek the battle,
Nor shun it when it comes;

for should you by any chance get licked, there's what the Yankeys call a “calaboose,” with lock and key, and bolts and bars, not far ahead, where you might be popped in case of a defeat, to cool your valour down to zero.

Proceeding along the lines, we pass an array of guns on the one hand, and a row of banian trees on the other, beneath whose leafy shade are hidden the glories of the Custom House, and the mysteries of its long room. Straight before us is a pile of stones, with a group of convicts, studying the principles of Macadam's theory of roads, and endeavouring to prove beyond all possibility of doubt, that one days work may be very easily expanded into three, without the use of Newton's Binomial theory, preferring expansion by continued fractions, to the functional formula of Lagrange, as amplified by that prince of mathematicians La Place. But hark! to that dismal and monotonous sound, like the asthmatic breathings of an afflicted giant, and tremble at the bumps and thumps, and whacks and bangs, that fall upon the startled ear, as if all the tribe of Esculapians were patting him on the back, while in a violent fit of convulsions, or labouring under an alarming attack of delirium tremens, induced by over zealously worshipping at the shrine of Bacchus—proceed with caution, peep into a dark and dismal smoky hole, look through the reeking atmosphere within, gaze upon the lurid flame and fiery showers of flitting sparks, shrink back appalled, shade your eyes, and look again, behold,—'tis Bob the blacksmith, in his smithey.

First impressions are said to be lasting; if so, those who first gazed from the deck of a ship on the rock-enclosed town of St. Helena, will not readily forget its repulsive appearance; short, narrow, deeply buried in a chasm, overhung by threatening rocks, blocked up in the distance by lofty hills; it looms from the waters of the bay, like a town in the valley of the shadow of death, peopled by living spectres, over whose melancholy fate the misty vapours shed their tears of sorrow, and spread a watery veil to hide it from the shrinking gaze of prying eyes, that fain would scan its gloomy depths.

Its first appearance is repulsive, but who has not experienced the wonderful modifying powers of familiarity—every one can call to

recollection, some one at least of his friends, when on first acquaintance, at first sight he considered hideously ugly, which gradually disappeared as acquaintance ripened into friendship; a familiar face is never plain when the heart is known; as acquaintance grows, plainness shrinks—it vanishes insensibly, and is no longer seen; the repulsive becomes attractive, (the shell is forgotten for sake of the kernel,) and St. Helena is no exception to the general rule—a rugged coast conceals a wild, a lovely, and a varied heart. But the thing is now to visit this interior, it has been the goal of all our hopes and joys through many a long and weary page; the ramparts are before us, and there right a head is the great black gate, yawning like portals enclosing the entrance to the infernal regions—a dismal gate to shut us from the world, and enclose us in a living sepulchre, chained to the rock, and gnawed by the vulture of inextinguishable *ennui*; woe betide the wretches on whom these portals close—the words of Dante will be realized—

“Per me si va nella citta dolente,
Per me si va tra la perduta gente,
Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch’ entrate !”

“Through me ye pass into the city of woe,
Through me among the people lost for aye,
All hope abandon, ye who enter here !”

unless you are fortified with a long purse, and a leathern heart, unused to the melting mood of love and kindness, ingenuous thoughts, and liberal aspirations—adieu to independence, honor, faith, good will and charity to all mankind; the very atmosphere will blight your soul, chill up the genial current of your thoughts, and make the heart as tough and shameless, as it will the brain conceptionless and imbecile—

“All hope abandon ye who enter here !”

No, do’nt do that! try to get out of it as soon as you can; second thoughts are best—purgatory is not eternal; a *pater noster*, and a couple of *Ave Marias*, will get you out of it if you pay liberally for their recitation. Make up your mind to that—hope on, and deliverance will as assuredly come, as it did to the Jews when they were compelled to study the art of making bricks without straw in the slimy flats of Babylon

But let us have a look at this terrible gate, and strain our eyes to penetrate the dreadful mysteries of its construction. It is neither Gothic, Greek, or Roman, Saracenic, or Egyptian; its style is mixed, and partakes more of the straight and crooked, than of the sublime and beautiful; the piers are stone, surmounted with a squat segmental arch, plastered over with genuine Island lime to imitate the real material. It is further adorned with a *bas relief*, where two rampant lions, of hybrid shape, and most grotesque physiognomy, appear to be dancing a jig for pure joy, at being trusted with the support of John Company’s shield of arms, or fighting like a couple of lancers, for possession of the prize; they are lions of a new species, sculptured from life, in figure not unlike a dancing hippopotamus in a fit of the lumbago, and of aspect so terrible, that it is

impossible for any sane man to undertake a description of their appalling ferocity.

Though the gate of a "fortress," it is not formed for defence; it has neither turrets or embrasures, or loop holes for deadly showers of musketry, nor machicolations for torrents of molten lead, nor a ponderous portcullis to drop down in the very nick of time, and stop the career of mounted horsemen, by cutting them in half like Baron Munchausens. Yet there are two gates under the arch, a big one, and a little one, like the famous misers, who had a hole made for his big tom cat, and a lesser one for his kitten; this might be turned to a very good and useful purpose—the great gate would do for the great people of the Island, so as to allow them to sweep through without curtailing their dignity, and the little one would answer admirably to remind the poor plebians of the immense superiority of parvenu brethren, who are great worshippers at the shrine of social distinctions, and forget in the excess of their vanity that they are themselves only—

"Hominem humuli quidem genere."

Here we are at last, safe through the gate, and what a scene bursts upon the wandering eyes—the broad parade, with its array of walls, houses, offices, its two or three trees, the Hotel, and the newly renovated church, with its tower and pointed spire, the main guard room, and the guard itself, centry boxes, and the "calaboose" or lock-up for refractory toppers; the gaol, a perfect original in its way, and the two brass guns, with open mouths, protecting the Ordnance Offices; the view up the street, with the bravery of the consular flags, verandahs of the houses, and their steps jutting into the street, combine to produce a picture of the thorough St. Helena school—a judicious mixture of the formal styles of the Dutch and English.

Salvator Rosa might do the rocks, Claude the sky, and Vandewelde the sea, but the devil alone could paint the people. Look at the lines and the terraced ramparts, with the centinels tramping along in gloomy majesty, as if the care of the whole world was in their keeping; and here comes the field-officer down the street—

"Lumpedy, clumpedy, click, click, click,"

to see the watchful guardians do their duty, and perhaps like the Modenese of old, to chant an admonitory stave to cheer the lonely centinel on his anxious rounds.

"O tu qui servas armis ista mœnia
Noli dormire, moneo, sed vigilia."

That main guard room is a bakehouse, where young officers are sent to be acclimatised and broken in, to enable them to bear up against "exposure to a tropical sun," a most ingenious contrivance, equally well calculated to "teach the young idea how to shoot," hot beds being famous all the world over for the forcing of mushrooms, although not for giving the same pith and flavour as those reared in their native fields, where the morning dew of nature gives them genuine health and strength, even if it should be in terms of that rough and ready code written by a French veteran, on the panels of a centry box in Estremadura, which says that a soldier should have—

“Le courage d'un lion,
 Le force d'un cheval,
 L'apetit d'un souris,
 Et l'humanite d'une bete !”

This is the prescription for making a man of war, what may be the materials employed in a modern martinet,—who wastes his time “to the lachivious pleasing of a lute,” there is no occasion to call upon the faculty to state, they are well known, and may be met with anywhere, and peradventure where not wanted, or expected. On the right hand is the arched entrance to what may be called the courtyard of the Castle, a building erected on the remains of the primitive forts raised by the first denizens of the Island.

Many old fashioned vaults exist under the building at present, and a postern gate may be traced in the walls. Rumour, a many mouthed goddess, asserts, that during some repairs to the castle, one or two skeletons were found in some of these vaults, and that they were the remains of poor wretches, who had been starved to death in expiation of some offence against the laws of the community, then ruling the destinies of the place; be the story true or false, it is given just as it was picked up, for my gentle reader to make the most of;

“Esta fabulilla,
 Salga bien o mal,
 Me ha ocurrido ahora,
 Por casulidad !”

The castle is built in the Dutch style, and contains one or two rooms of pretty fair dimensions, which are reserved as the town residence of the Governor; the other parts are used for the Public Offices.

Sir Hudson Lowe used occasionally to reside here when business called him to town, and once upon a time as the story books say, he made an effort to sleep there, but was assailed by a legion of hungry bugs who came out of all their secret places to feed upon the fiery little general; and being reinforced by squadrons of fleas, their onset was so sharp, and their practice in front, flank, and rear so keen and severe, that it was more than flesh and blood could stand: he jumped out of bed, popped on his clothes, and sent for an old sergeant who had charge of the place to accuse him of the fact. “Sirrah! said he, the beds are full of bugs!” the old soldier made a most stately salute, and replied with military dignity, “*It's impossible, sir.*” The peppery general gave him a box in the ear, a kick on the breech, and sent him flying down the steps quicker than ever he went before; for as the word “impossible” had been expunged from the French language, Sir Hudson could see no reason why it should be retained in the English.

Emerging from the Castle yard we pass a large banian tree, a centry box, and a bench for the idlers to lounge upon, pass two archways, and find ourselves under the shade of two or three trees which partially screen the “Supreme Court” and the Police Office from sight, which is so far fortunate as there is nothing about them very attractive. On the opposite side of the *plaza* or square are the “St. Helena Hotel,” some Public Offices, and the Parish Church, an unpretending structure with a very well proportioned tower and spire, standing in the most promineut position of the place, with its full length facing

the entrance, forming a striking feature in the scene when viewed from the sea.

Facing the east end of the church is the Public Garden, and what I suppose may be called the grand promenade of the towns-people, whenever they are disposed to indulge in the luxury of a gentle stroll, especially when by chance the regimental band may happen to play there, on which rare occasions some half dozen people assemble to listen to their ravishing strains.

A centinel used to guard the entrance of this little Elysium, with orders to keep out all dogs and puppies, which orders were strictly enforced, till on one unfortunate occasion, a young recruit made a grievous mistake and stopped his colonel—so the report goes—who, not liking to be confounded with the canine species, removed the guardian, to prevent the recurrence of such a calamity in future; the centry box is empty, the gates open, so walk in and fear no interruption. Those who are fond of flowers will not find many to gratify their taste, nor is there much fruit to please the eye, or tickle the palate. It is laid out in a style suitable to the place, and that is saying a great deal; there are straight and crooked walks, some up hill, some down hill, and others beautifully zigzagged for the gratification of those who are partial to the serpentine line of beauty, here you may enjoy yourself under the shade of clumps of lofty reeds, admire the “Margossa” with its lilac like flowers, and bunches of clustering berries—the Cotton tree with its flowers, and snowy plumes—Date, Palm, and the graceful Olive, its oily fruit and pretty yellow flowers, reminding one of sunny Spain and Italy. The greater part of the ground is covered with thriving beds of Guinea Grass, a little Oasis of verdant green, in which the eye loves to rest, and seek repose from the sunny glare of the streets, white-washed walls, and painted houses. In the centre of the garden stands a plain Tuscan column of Marble surmounted with an Urn, erected to the memory of the men and officers of the Water Witch man-of-war, who died during her career in the African waters, while cruising for the suppression of the slave-trade, in which cause she has rendered very efficient service, no name being better known on the coast than that of the Water Witch. Ascending a rather steep path up the side of the hill overhanging one side of the town, we reach the “Sisters Walk,” an avenue of banian trees, where may be enjoyed

“————— a pillared shade
High overarched, with echoing walks between!”

as Milton has beautifully written; but singular as these trees are in appearance, they are not the real banian, which throw down young stems from their grotesque branches to form a family of trees around the parent trunk. There are only one or two of this kind in the Island, and these not very striking specimens of the tribe. The “Sisters Walk” is a favorite resort for the young people of the place, in great repute with the dark-eyed nursery girls, and the little mannekins entrusted to their charge, as well as many spruce fledglings with the first down on their cheeks, who come each of them *sighing like a furnace*, head over ears in imaginary love with the pretty girls, who listen with delight to the “soft solder” liberally bestowed upon them,

staunch believers in *la gaya Ciencia* of chivalrous adoration, which teaches them in the beautiful language of the troubadours, that

“En cor gentil, amor per mort no passa.”

“Within a gentle heart love never dies.”

Leaving the garden and all its seductive charms, let us take a gentle stroll up the street, the main street, and admire its orderly array of houses, all neat and clean, and smart as new pins, as gay as paint, whitewash and ochre can make them, with their little flight of steps and rails, with here and there a smart verandah to keep away the sun and rain. There is an orderly primness about this part of the town, which reminds one of the streets and squares of the watering places on the English coast, especially the more Cockney ones from Southend down to Ramsgate. There are a few shops and stores, including a confectioners and his never-failing follower an apothecary; for certain learned *quidnuncs* affirm, that puffs and pastry lead to pills, which reminds me of Voltaire's reply to a conceited physician who told him that coffee was a slow poison,—“ah, slow indeed; I have taken it twice aday for these last sixty years, and am still alive;” which may be the case with patties, puffs, and pastry. There is one shop with plate glass windows—think of that for St. Helena;—quite the lion of the town, without a rival to dispute the palm of splendour, or throw a shade on all its blushing honors and attractions. That long building with its tiers of verandahs is the Garrison Mess House, and looks for all the world like a large slice kidnapped from the side of some opera or theatre, its doors and windows behind the verandah appearing like the openings to the private boxes; and when the band by chance is playing within, on occasion of some feast, the illusion seems the stronger, and brings to mind *nights* with Jenny Lind, and Persiani, Balfe, and Costa, and their heart-enlivening strains.

James' Town is supposed to be a musical place, and certainly, if fiddling, fifeing, and pianoing, can give it such a claim, it is undoubtedly entitled to the honor; for these three instruments occasionally allied to the “human voice divine,” seem to wander like parapatetic wakes from house to house, and make the nights hideous with their tuneless dronings, and seem trying desperately hard to “fright the Isle from its propriety.”

It is a fearful and distressing thing to hear old friends barbarously mangled, and so mutilated, that one can hardly recognize them again, in spite of twenty years good fellowship and acquaintance—they cry aloud for help, but there is none to aid them in their jeopardy—alas, the cruel murderers are applauded and encouraged in their wanton heartlessness.

The climate of James' Town is not very suitable to the delicate health of pianos, they are mostly disordered in the epigastric regions, and very often suffer severely in the chest, insomuch, that as the disease progresses, the voice undergoes an alarming change, the articulation becomes deranged, and the enunciation of tone is so uncertain and changeable, that no dependance can be placed upon the organs from whence the sound is derived. It is supposed to proceed from a too great relaxation of the fibres, primarily induced by over exertion, not a little aided by the debilitating effects of ill usage, and direct abuse, in the shape of most unmerciful whacks, bangs, and incon-

siderate thumps, thoughtlessly inflicted, while endeavouring to make the unfortunate instrument administer to the pleasure of an admiring auditory.

It is much to be regretted there are no professional piano forte tuners on the Island, an experienced hand would be sure of constant employment, for what with the climate and the rough handling they get; they are mostly in a disordered condition, and would be very thankful for a little professional assistance, more especially, if rest and abstinence from labour should form part of the treatment.

Every one knows that time at St. Helena differs from that at Greenwich, in consequence of their difference of longitudes, which may perhaps account for the singular fact, that the musical time at St. Helena is different from that at London. To such an extent does this curious variation of time affect most musical compositions, that by its insidious influence, melancholy and pathetic airs are converted into jigs of a very lively and novel character; marches are converted into marvellous polkas; anthems ingeniously turned into waltzes; and waltzes into what it is impossible to describe.

By its influence, "Happy Lands" are made lamentably desolate; "Red Cross Knights" completely discomfited; "Gipsy Kings" hurled from their thrones; the "Last Rose of Summer," turned into "A Sprig of Shillaleh"; and the famous "Railway Overture" reduced at once to a dolorous piece of conventicle psalmody. All my philosophy is completely nonplussed by this truly remarkable phenomena; it is one of those curiosities of nature, so inextricably mysterious, and utterly incomprehensible, that its interpretations may be almost considered analogous to the difficulties of squaring the circle, or discovering the Longitude at sea without extraneous aid.

The grand street, what may be called the "Place de la Concorde" of St. Helena, contains somewhere about thirty houses, if we perform a grand arithmetical operation, and deduct from this number all the shops, stores, and similar places, we shall have a remainder of some ten or twelve houses, which are occupied by what I suppose must be called the fashionable residents of the place, or in the language of the "Court Journal," the enlightened aristocracy of the Island, who may be truly said to be alike distinguished for their wit and wealth, as far as they go.

Now, as society here is so limited, as to be amply sheltered in ten or a dozen houses, a reasonable man, unacquainted with the ways of the world, in the simplicity of his heart, would delude himself into the belief were he a stranger, that they are all as happy and social with each other as bees in a hive, or ants in their hill—that they afford a beautiful picture of friendly feeling and sociability, mix with each other as readily as milk and water, and practice all the generous courtesies of gentlemanly bearing, friendly sincerity, and christian kindness, freed from the pollutions of all assumed consequence, low egotism, and a vulgar affectation of what they call standing on their dignity, but alas, it is not so.

There are the Dumpys for example, who once had a relative—a captain, cannot think of associating with the Stumpys, whose first cousin, the great man of the family, was only a lieutenant, for many years on half-pay, with a large family of small children to maintain; while the Lumpys, whose maternal grandfather had at some remote

time, married a daughter of the second cousin of no less a dignitary than a "member of council;" cannot think of mixing in anything like a public place with either the Dumpys or the Stumpys. The Lumpys however, have no very great objection to visit in a private way both the Dumpys and Stumpys, eat their "Devils," drink their wine, play at cards with them, or do anything of the kind *sub rosa*, on the sole condition, that the Lumpys may cut the Stumpys and Dumpys whenever they meet them in public places, or in the front street; they however, for decency sake, giving each other a careful nod in the back streets, if none of the Lumpys' aristocratic friends are sufficiently near to witness their friendly recognition.

Then the Glumpys, who endeavour to make a great show, are rivals of the Mumpys, who are very musical, and twice a year get up a grand ball of half a dozen people, to which they invite two or three infantry officers, who go to ornament the room, and dance in spurs, and are, in consequence, expected to escort the young ladies of the family to a fancy fair when one occurs, or at least, once or twice to church, in full regimentals, which is a great triumph for the Mumpys. But as the Glumpys are determined not to be outdone by the Mumpys, they maintain their consequence by giving a dinner, and a counter ball, to neutralize the effect of that given by the Mumpys, taking great care to have it when there is a man-of-war in the bay, so as to enable them to secure a few naval officers, to give it a consequence which it would not otherwise have had; and at the same time to secure, as a matter of course, a return invitation from the gallant captain, to *see* the ship, and partake of his ready hospitality, which leaves them again on equal terms with the Mumpys, neutralizes their rivalry, and keeps them quiet for the next twelve months to come.

The Lumpys are delighted to meet the Glumpys in the street, and chat with them about the weather and other interesting matters of the kind, which is courteously reciprocated by the Glumpys, till in an evil minute, they catch sight of the Mumpys coming out of the garden, which immediately induces them to quit the Lumpys, and in spite of their rivalry, to join company with the Mumpys, and agree with them in a laugh at the awkward pretensions of the odious Lumpys, who really have no sense of decency, and will persist in stopping them in public, although all the world knows they are not on visiting terms; for say the Glumpys, the Lumpys have no right to presume on a mere private acquaintance, but what can be expected from such low people, to which the Mumpys assent for some how or other; the Mumpys are under obligations to the Lumpys, for sundry loans of money, which the Mumpys have spent without any prospect of repayment, in maintaining their dignity, and keeping themselves on an equality at least with the Glumpys.

The eldest miss Dumpy has set her cap at one of the young Humpys, which leads the Stumpys to wonder however the Dumpys can demean themselves by noticing young Humpy, who is only the son of one of the Company's "uncovenanted" servants, while she belongs to a family that once had a captain in it. While the Stumpys are equally surprised that one of the Dumpys should ever think of presuming to catch one of the young Lumpys, which also becomes a tender point with the Glumpys, because if the Lumpys do from any

such connection with the Dumpys, they can never think of associating even in private with the Lumpys, who are thus going to sink themselves on a level with the Dumpys, who may be very good people, but certainly cannot be recognized in society by Glumpys, because the Mumpys have a great objection to the Dumpys, and indeed to all such low people as the Stumpys and the Humpys; all of which coming to the ears of the Humpys, Dumpys, and Stumpys, as well as the Lumpys, they affect every one of them, to despise the Glumpys and the Mumpys, because Glumpys' father was only a purser, and Mumpys' a clerk, in the Honorable Company's service; and therefore they have nothing to boast about, although they make such a fuss about their dignity. And so all the Lumpys, Dumpys, Humpys, Glumpys, Mumpys, and Stumpys, are at loggerheads with each other as far as they can be, to live in the same place without getting up a civil war, which they would do, were it not that the Lumpys, Glumpys, and Mumpys are under government, and the Humpys, Dumpys, and Stumpys in the merchant line, who would be as fierce and inveterate to each other as the factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Bianchis and the Neri, or even as the Kabblegauers and Hoeckens, to say nothing of the Montagues and Capulets—if they had it in their power, all of them forgetting the quartrain of Hudibras which tells us that

“The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher,
Than those that have their sight entire.”

Verily! it may be said of them as an old French author has well said of other Gothamites, his countrymen:—

“*Ils nous encanaillent véritablement, en affectant d'être nos tres hauts, et tres puissans seigneurs!*”—for bad examples are catching among the multitude.

Once more, and yet once more, we wend our weary way in the exploration of the town; and lo! we have stumbled in sight of the Market, or to be more correct, upon the Markets—for there are two; one for general purposes, and the other for fish. They are both curiosities in their way, and really deserve more time and attention than I can bestow upon them. The Fish Market is a puzzle, it is built in a style peculiarly its own; Salisbury Cathedral has been universally admired for its light and airy appearance, and so may be this interesting fabric; the Alhambra is rich in the multiplicity of its details, and famous for its innumerable columns; here also are plenty of slender shafts, and the details are elaborately wrought, like parts of the Alambra, or Westminster Abbey, in beautiful chequers denominated lattice work, which is as remarkable for its openness, as it is for the elegant simplicity of its construction.

Like the Coliseum at Rome and the Greek Theatres, it is open at top, to admit the general rays of a “tropical sun,” which is supposed to strengthen the flavour of all kinds of fish, from the diminutive five-finger up to the ponderous albicore. Like the beautiful temple at Tivoli, it stands on a rock, and has a current of water beneath it, which sometimes assumes the appearance of a torrent, with the advantage of having a romantic bridge at no great distance, to give

variety to the scene, and increase its manifold beauties. This stream is not yellow like the waters of the Tiber, or silvery like the Thames, but dark and dingy as the sluggish river where *Charon* plies his wherry, and drives a dismal transit trade, with wandering souls on their pilgrimage to-they know not where. This stream is sacred to *Cloacina*, where at the witching hour of night, that goddess and her naiads enjoy their revels, and foot it featly to the murmur of the splashing waters, as they boil and bubble on their headlong course, to join the all-boiling sea. What a combination of beauties, the light and elegant market with its open roof and innumerable columns, the rocky stream beneath, and the bridge—that famed *Rialto*, where merchants most do congregate to settle their affairs, and pay the *Custos Rotulorum* of the market his fee of five per cent. on all the business done. Open-roofed and lattice-worked—how appropriate for a place where flying-fish are sold, side by side, with sharks and dolphins, and that unctuous feast-making fish the turtle. Let us not linger in the market place, but escape from the smell of fish, and meat, and carbon yielding vegetables, to trace the wonders of the high street, and see what it will bring before the eyes. The road is rough and stony, up hill, and tiresome; but proceed, and leave the churchyard all behind us, naked and desolate places as they are, sans tree or shrub to hide their ghastly trophies from the public gaze. Pass by the barracks and its row of trees, and plod along by the wall of what has been facetiously called the Botanic Garden, till we reach “China Town,” the second city in the island, till this time overlooked by all who have obeyed the fury of their *Cucoethes scribendi*, and written of St. Helena and its many wonders.

Oh! Montgomery Martin, fie for shame—to say the Island has but one town: and oh! Sir Walter Scott—to say that town is an “inconsiderable village,” when there are two, both of them densely populated and increasing every day—at least in numbers if not in wealth and wisdom. China Town! who can describe its beauties, thread its labyrinths, enjoy its unsavoury smells, penetrate its many mysteries, elucidate the idiosyncrasies of its motley inhabitants, be edified by the gabble of its people, smile at their curious customs,—who can do all these—yea, who can do them in the limits of a guide book—not I faith; and therefore I shall not make the attempt. There is the terrestrial abode of the “celestials” of St. Helena—huts, little huts, sheds, and bothies, jammed together, put in rows face to face, a yard apart to make a street,—a narrow passage leading to a blind alley, with dirty courts and passages so narrow, that two crummy people would be puzzled to pass. A complicated net-work of alleys, made up of mud covered huts, one-half sans doors, and the other half sans windows, with open smokey kitchens, piggeries, and fowleries. There are two Jos houses, one neglected, and the other not much attended to—both furnished with Gods, and plentifully festooned with cobwebs, which the God in his wisdom never removes, nor the “faithful” in the plentitude of their idleness.

One of these Jos houses is a little bit of a room over the ground floor, hardly big enough to swing a cat in, though ample for the residence of a God—such a God too; so fat, and laughing, with a drowsical belly, pudding cheeks, angular eyes, and a nose twin

brother to the navel on his belly. He looks as if he had just dined and partaken of a smart desert, with an unlimited allowance of all good earthly things to be had here below; is in the best of humours, and ready to comply with any prayer that may be addressed to him—if he could, he would, his looks proclaim it—he is the essence of good nature and happiness.

To ask is to have; he would make rain for one man, hot weather for another, make gamblers lucky, and replace the losses of the unfortunate, and work more miracles than a regiment of *Winking Madonnas*; his benevolence is unbounded, but his power of acting up to his generous intentions—*C'est une autre affaire*, much to the grief of the pig-tailed brethren. His throne is resplendent, with gold, carving, and cobwebs, which hang in beautiful festoons from pillar to pillar, and veil even the Godhead himself; a portly spider was busily weaving his star-like web over his very face, when I had the honor to gaze on his glories.

He is a golden God, gilt all over like gingerbread shepherds at Bartlemy fair, and looked so resplendent in spite of his dust, that he tickled my fancy. I longed to possess him, and offered a price for his Godship, but John Chinaman was loth to part with his bauble, and said with a shrug of the shoulders, "*me no sellee de Goddee?*" These chinamen keep up most of the habits, and all the propensities of their countrymen. They wear their tails, or an apology for them, but twisted round their heads under their hats to keep the boys from having a sly tug at them as they pass along. They are great merchants in a small way—know the value of money, love it as their souls—delight in hoarding it in their huts—make its possession the study, and be it said, the labour of their lives, for they are not a lazy people, any thing but that. They dabble in everything, from fireworks and crackers—*hwa chuh hiang pau*; rice-paper pictures—*ting chi wha*; tea—*cha yea*; sugar—*hwang tang*; down to lollipops and sweetmeats—*hi koh yang tang kwo!* and have a finger in every pie where a penny is to be got. They are the remnants of some three or four hundred introduced into the Island by the East India Company, now reduced perhaps to a couple of dozen, mostly old and wrinkled; they have grafted a new breed on the old stock of the Island, and will leave behind them a generation of "china faces" to swell the motley mixture of the population. They are excellent gardeners, and when in their prime, were good and useful workmen; their peculiar imitative faculty enabling them to turn their hands to anything. They are a steady, harmless, inoffensive people, partial to feasts and good living however; fond of their national vice of gambling, as far as they can amongst themselves—given a little to illicit and unlicensed trading, but in other respects, orderly in their pursuits, and persevering in their peculiar avocations, shrewd in their judgement, and alive to every move played in the lottery of life.

Their broken english is highly amusing, and difficult to understand by persons not well used to their peculiar terms and expressions, and the whimsical way in which they mutilate and shorten a word of its fair proportions; they keep up their own language in conversation, and in writing, as may sometimes be seen, by little hand-bills stuck

about, on occasion of a funeral, or other matter important to themselves, when they wish to call their community together, and gather the clan for a grand confabulation.

But adieu to the Chinamen, let us proceed on our peregrinations. Here is the ruins of a brewery, once famed round the Island for the production of ale, that was to supersede Cape wine, and be sold to thirsty souls at sevenpence per pot; but the beer would not go down, and the brewer failed. Its old boilers are kicking about among the rocks, a melancholy memorial of the luckless attempt to persuade the good people of the Island of the superior virtues of home brewed beer—in *vino veritas* was their belief, and they stuck to it to the last, even as they do to this day.

On our left is a great hole in the side of the mountain, from whence the stone was obtained to build that great square house there before us, which is the hospital of the place, a serviceable institution both for the inhabitants, and the numerous sailors of all nations, who seek a refuge within its walls, from the attacks of the scurvy, and other diseases which "flesh is heir to." Adjoining it is the military hospital, with a noble banyan tree in the court yard, at once ornamental and useful. After passing a few huts, the last in the town, we cross a dilapidated wooden bridge, and continue along the road, parallel to several extensive gardens, where the vine spreads its luxuriant green leaves over extensive trellices, beneath which its luscious fruit hang in many a tempting cluster, while the date with its massive clusters of golden fruit, rears its lofty graceful head, as if in rivalry with the elegant and more slender cocoa tree, both of which unite to add a pleasing feature to the little *oasis*, squeezed in as it were, among the rocks and naked hills, that tower up to a giddy height above, and by force of contrast make the scene more striking.

The road soon turns under a knob of rocks, and winds through bushes of prickly pear and samphire, passes a snug little cottage with an avenue of pomegranate trees, a grape vine trellis before the door, placed on a little plateau scooped in the bluff head of a rock, and then follows its course under a rugged hill, till it turns abruptly round a rocky point of extraordinary appearance, where a bold and striking view bursts at once upon the sight.

Here the James' Town valley terminates, and divides into two forks, one of which leads along a grassy valley into the country, and the other ends abruptly in a mountain mass, with a waterfall that drops down two hundred feet. It is a scene of singular grandeur and wildness, bold in every feature, and striking from its inexpressible ruggedness.

On the right is the almost perpendicular face of High Knoll, springing up as it were, abruptly out of the yawning chasm, and rising to the height of nineteen hundred feet, by a succession of a number of beds of lava, and clinkery layers of calcined stone, with occasional beds of red and fiery marl between, with here and there a clump of rush or streak of samphire to catch the eye and save it from the charge of utter nakedness. Along these red streaks of marl, sometimes a few sheep may be seen, marching in single file under the vertical faces of the lava beds, and not unfrequently a few head of venturesome cattle pick their way along narrow paths that seem impassable from

below, where they look as if hanging by the rock, and in danger of slipping at every step. Right in front rises a perpendicular wall of rock at the extreme head of the valley, from which, a stream of water leaps into a shallow basin, scooped out of the rock at its base by incessant action; after a flood, when the stream is full, it makes a noble fall, and fills the valley with its spray, which then seems as if the reeking vapours of a Geyser were boiling up from unknown depths beneath, and harmonises admirably with the wild and naked rocks enclosing it around. At other times when the falling body of water is very small, it appears to be blown at once into a light and feathery spray, which floats above it like a shadowy plume, or festoons of clouds, where all the rainbow hues shine like diamonds, and sparkle in the sun, with every variety of colour and brilliance, as it whirls about before the wind, and vanishes "into thin air" like mist before the morning rays.

Opposite the bluff of High Knoll, rises the conical point of Peak Hill, to a considerable height, which encloses the Water Fall between it and High Knoll, forming the deep and narrow valley, or gorge, in which it is placed, which is, however, cut off from direct connection with the rocks of the fall, by the interruption of *Cat Hole*, a tremendous chasm apparently rent at some remote time in the face of the mountain, and dividing into two portions, which increases the grandeur of the scene, and adds much to its almost unspeakable wildness.

Hanging over the road, is a singularly broken and shattered mass of rocks and clinker, rising to a considerable height, intermingled with a thick bed of marly sand, thrown up at an angle of about forty degrees from the level by some sudden and violent convulsion of nature. This bed of sand is of different colours, and regularly laminated, as if it had been deposited at the bottom of some lake or pond; as many as fifty layers may be counted when it has been recently washed by the rains, which gives unimpeachable evidence as to the violent convulsions that have rent and shattered the mass of burnt and vitrified rock in which it is bedded. Not far from this spot, at the head of a deep gorge which terminates one of the lateral forks of the main valley, is a second Water Fall, of no great magnitude, but in a very picturesque and striking position; it reminds me of the fall at Lanberis, near Snowdon, and runs down a ledge worn in the rock as that does, till it finally escapes in the valley, and joins with the main stream, which supplies the town with the necessary element so indispensable for the comforts of the inhabitants.

As a true and faithful guide, thus I have carried you to the end of the town, and also to the end of the valley in which it is placed; the whole comprehending a journey of less than a mile; after which, walking ceases, and climbing commences—a capital point of demarcation and limit to the story, to afford us all a breathing time and make preparations for a lengthy ramble in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

A SCAMPER ROUND THE COUNTRY.

Hat li Helena i uischa cheichna
Min cul-hhat deiem mahhbuba ;

Tho' Helena the bounds that confine thee are narrow,
Yet sincere is the love of thy people for thee !

It is too hot to walk, and the hills too steep to take pleasure in a pedestrian tour ; once in the country, as it is called, all very well, but the difficulty is to get there, for who is fond of miles of climbing, which must be done before we can get out of the gully in which the thrice renowned James' Town is built. Therefore to horse ; let us ride, yea, let us gallop as fast as our high mettle racers can take us, for we have much ground to get over, and little time to do it in.

Here are boys with the horses ready waiting, all saddled and bridled, as fine a collection of scarecrows as ever assembled together, but according to their owners—each of these nags individually is the very best in the Island, they all have their advantages, the bony ones are light and fit for use, the stumpy ones are strong capable of the work, the lanky ones are famous for getting over the ground, and the broken winded ones are recommended for steady careful riders, warranted not to run away. They are blest with all the equine vices ; amongst them are irresistible roarsers, shiers and tumblers, kickers and breakdowns, but not a bolter in the lot ; they are like the farmers nags in Hudibras—

————— “ well staid and in their gait,
Preserve a grave and majestic state ! ”

But here comes my own especial nag in all the glory of his hoar antiquity—even the renowned *Sidi-Sonipes-Knickerbocker-von donder and blitzten*, more famous than *Bucephalus* of Alexander the Great, valient like *Babieca* the pet steed of the gallant *Cid*, fleet as Napoleon's Barb *Marengo*, beautiful as humpbacked Gloucester's charger *White Surrey*, and elegant as *Rosinante*, to say nothing of the patient *Dobs*, belonging to Doctor Daniel Dove, of happy memory.

In colour he is neither black or white, or brown, or chesnut, nor a dapple grey, nor a piebald, but a mixture of them all—a sorrel palfrey, knows every road in the country, and is as good a Guide as his master, with less loquacity, will go any where he is taken, up hill or down, can climb, when required, and slide on particular occasions ; goes to prayers, as may be seen by his knees, and is blessed with an excellent appetite, not given to play unseemly tricks, shy at a mouse, or uncerimoniously bolt—unless it is home to his stable, which he knows how to find with unerring certainty from any part of the Island ; he is grave and decorous in his manners as becomes his years, sedate in appearance, and never fails to do his duty, although he don't like being

hurried, and prefers his own ways to anybody else's—like a good old Knickerbocker as he is.

But let us be going, so mount, gentlemen mount,—whow! Knickerbocker, steady my lad, wait till all the gallant party are mounted, and then away at once helter skelter up the hill—come on my gallant knights of the rueful countenances, stick to the manes and cruppers, keep your spurs out of the flanks, and all will be well if nothing happens to the contrary—so *hurrah for the Road*.

Here we are, under an ugly projecting clump of rocks, like a wedge balanced on its sharpest side, and threatening to topple headlong down with every puff of wind—but there it sticks, and there it has stuck, hard and fast for many a year, and may it long remain there, for should it fall and thunder down from its elevated position, great would be the smashing and squashing in the helpless town below. The lava rocks hereabouts on the face of the hill, are bold and picturesque, although not of sufficient magnitude to attract any particular attention when seen from the town, as they are then merged in the general mass of the mountain. Passing the Barracks, on the summit of the hill overhanging the sea, at an elevation of some six hundred and thirty feet, we scramble along a rocky road, a sort of short cut, till we find ourselves on a broad and sloping plain, strewed all over with stones and boulders—being in fact, covered with the splintery fragments of the lava and basalt rocks which forms the hill, and which every where show themselves on the surface of the ground.

It is a dreary place, with little or nothing to relieve the eye, but immense clumps of prickly pear, which are plentifully scattered about, and with the samphire, constitute the whole vegetation within its stony limits, except at certain times of the year, when a small and beautiful ice plant creeps over the ground wherever it can find an inch of soil to fix its roots in. It has a little flower like a daisy, and the leaves generally of red colour, are covered with minute pellicles, full of water, which shine and glisten in the sun like so many diamonds, and look very beautiful when seen on the slope of some ravine, in such a position, that the sun's rays are refracted, and scatter about a splendid display of the prismatic colours.

That little cluster of huts and cottages scattered at random on the face of the hill, is a village rejoicing in the euphonous name of *Half Tree Hollow*.

A few trees hereabouts would be both useful and ornamental, they would hide the utter nakedness of the place, and yield a shelter from the fierce rays of the sun. The jackson willow should be planted here, it is a tree of rapid growth, and as serviceable as it is really ornamental—in two or three years a pleasing avenue would run along the roadside, and shut from view the stony nakedness of the place, and make this road as pleasing as any in the Island, while in its present state it is a perfect purgatory, and as tiresome as if the whole spirit of monotony had been concentrated on the spot—and all this, merely because a few miserable sheep are allowed to roam where they list, and eat down any young tree that may show itself—a piece of folly that cannot be paralleled in any place but St. Helena. Let us turn down this bye path and follow its sinuosities, till we reach the summit of the rising ground before us, then pause for a *refresher*, and look around.

There is High Knoll, rising up from the stony ground, with a gradual slope to a considerable height, crowned with its tower and buildings like an old castle, with a few fir trees scattered about on its lower side; beyond that is the distant points of the central chain of hills, the lofty grounds in front of Plantation, and at our feet, the deep ravine of Break Neck Valley, running down to the sea, spread far and wide around us, while at the back are several hills, partially covered with wood, wild and rocky, streaked with rush and briar, and valleys of considerable depth, narrow and rugged, with a patch of grass here and there straggling in the mud, accumulated in their bottoms.

We are on the broad slope of *New Ground*, a mountain what separates Break Neck from *Yaung's Valley*; it is quite naked, with the exception of an enclosure, which is the Chinese Burial Ground, pretty well filled with graves, and decorated with several tombs to the memory of the departed "celestials"—for the Chinese practice the laudable custom of extra mural burial, which England with all its boasted sense and civilization, is only now beginning to understand and apply.

From this spot, *New Ground*, we wind along a road, passing by several cottages, and under the edge of numerous rocks, till we come in sight of the *Friar* and the valley taking its name from that lonely stony hearted individual, then descending the gentle slope of a hill, we cross the valley, and ascend the opposite hill, with a place called *Eternity* before us, from whence we obtain a fine view of the whole slope of *Sunny Side*, as well as of the various hills and valleys in its immediate neighbourhood, which are highly diversified, affording every variety of light and shade, woods, grassy slopes, and terraces, with extensive views, commanding the heads of some of the distant mountains, often dimly seen through the mist and clouds, while all hereabouts are bathed in a flood of continuous sunlight.

The minor valleys hereabouts, of which there are many, are very beautiful and pleasingly picturesque, diversified as they are by every variety, shape, and sinuous form, with little streams of water slowly trickling along their grassy beds, and through many a clump of rush, lofty nodding reed, and broad beds of the wild yam, with its dark green leaves, and bold lily-like flower—the symbol of the Island, not inappropriately chosen, as these flowers generally grow where water shows itself—a valuable element in a rocky isle like this.

The heads of the valleys, which generally end abruptly, are beautifully wooded with a variety of trees, including the weeping willow, which droops its elegant plume-like masses among the broad and lofty leaves of the aloe, the tall stems of the indian shot, the sulphur-colored buds of the rock rose, the graceful fern, and broad leaves of the wild fig, occasionally combined with the gentle olive and cork, straggling budleigh, and the wild bramble, which produce detached spots of local scenery of inexpressible softness, and enchanting beauty, affording a fine and striking contrast to the general ruggedness of the mountain lands, by which they are enclosed and surrounded.

Leaving *Sunny Side*, and its neighbouring valleys, we ascend a

sloping road running along a grassy ridge, which leads into the western parts of the Island, where we may indulge in a good scamper along the road, and feast the eyes on many a bit of pleasant scenery, look down many a valley as we pass, and trace the outline of the hills and mountains as we gallop round their bases. The valleys are wild and rugged, but not the less beautiful; the hills are of singular form, and fantastic outline, clothed in colours of every imaginable hue.

Naked rocks rise abruptly from the mountain sides, and show their heads above the brushwood; fearful precipices hang over the deep ravines, and plains of burnt-up grass show themselves in irregular patches among the slopes and chasms of the valleys, while tracts of utter barrenness, lonely and desolate, fills up the general scene, and shows dame nature in all her strange variety. Proceeding along this road, we pass High Peak, a conical hill, rising from the slopes or tail of one or two valleys, running gradually up to a point, while on the opposite side facing Sandy Bay, it drops down little better than a sheer precipice to the rugged grounds below, leading to the chasms and ravines in that wild and extraordinary locality.

From High Peak we pass by several interesting spots and romantic glades, till we reach the extremity of the road at a place called "Church Yard," which Governor Beatson gravely assures was produced by the agency of a water spout. It takes its name from having some far fetched resemblance to tombs or monuments; but these remains are much more like the gigantic fossil bones we see stowed away in museums of geology, than anything else.

These stones are nothing more wonderful than basaltic masses, acted upon by the atmosphere and the tooth of time; they are gradually decomposing and crumbling away by the very same process by which they were produced—there is not a sound stone amongst them.

There are several extensive ranges of pasture land in this part of the Island, which are however very much broken by the intersection of gloomy ravines and shallow valleys, which subdivides them into many parts, and highly diversifies their general aspect. These little plains are mostly on the broad summit of lofty hills, as at *Man and Horse*, *High Hill*, and *Horse Pasture*, which are all at a very considerable elevation above the level of the sea, and notwithstanding their direct exposure to the unchecked heat of the sun, are cooler by several degrees than the valleys, which is easily accounted for, by their exposure to the unbroken current of the trade winds. On some are a few trees, mostly gum wood, with here and there a clump of firs, to shelter the sheep and cattle, who pick up a precarious existence on these elevated plains. They all command extensive and varied views, with a great sweep of horizon, and a corresponding expanse of the ocean—

Beautiful, sublime, and glorious,
Mild, majestic, foaming, free;
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.

On their most elevated points are the remains of huts and look-out houses, long since deserted and dismantled, now only occasionally used by farmer lads on sheep pounding days, when the whole of the

hills are scoured in every direction, and the sheep hunted up to these places to be numbered, and the young ones to be marked, or otherwise appropriated by their owners.

Pursuing our way among the stones forming Church Yard, we soon arrive at a ridge, from the summit of which there is a very fine and striking view, which ever way we turn. Looking backwards, the eye wanders over the hills and valleys forming the boundaries of "Man and Horse;" to the South is the sea, with "Speery Island" glittering white and silvery in the sun, and affording a beautiful contrast to the wild character, and lurid colour of the rock masses forming the coast immediately in front of it; while to the North, a noble prospect of rock, ravine, hill, valley, and mountain height lies spread before us, including the fearfully wild and romantic valleys of Sandy Bay, its naked mountains, crowned with lofty piles of columnar basalt of strange and startling aspect, with a long stretch of the sea-coast cliffs, washed by a silvery fringe of foaming and ever-restless surf, which stand boldly outlined against the deep blue sky.

Descending from this ridge, we enter a narrow path, just wide enough for a horse, and wind along it through narrow openings in the hills among huge stones and boulders, and through an unlimited allowance of the wild *Bringal*, and its prickly rival the bramble—the most thriving plant on the Island, familiar to every Englishman on his native hills and moorlands, far away at home,—

"Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So put thee forth thy small white rose,
I love it for his sake.

The road winds by several romantically placed cottages, up hill and down hill, under the brow of the lofty rocks, forming a portion of the great central range of the Island, where we have at our feet considerable hills, like Burlston's Ridge, with others of the same character, and that singular mass of basalt called "Lot," perched on the terminal point of a ridge, rising altogether to the height of 1450 feet, from which diverges in every direction, a series of small, but wild and singular lateral valleys or chasms. Continuing the road, from under the steep face of High Peak, winding up and down across the hills, we reach a spot of singular beauty, called "Fairy Land," which commands an extensive and very striking prospect of the whole scenery in this vicinity, comprehending in its range Lot and its numerous ravines, the whole of Sandy Bay with its wild and dreary mountains, White Hill, with a series of barren hills, terminating with the sullen mass of the Barn; then sweeping over the valleys it commands—the bold headland of Sheep Knoll, the wooded heights of Rock Rose, and the great central range, including Diana's Peak, with its sister hills and tributary valleys; containing every variety of light and shade, from the dazzling glare of the meridian sun, to the melancholy gloom of partial darkness, when shrouded in a changing pall of morning mists and driving clouds.

Descending from the pleasant heights of Fairy Land, we pass along a rough and stony road, under the steep face of a rocky hill, till we reach a more pleasant path, on which we may canter at once into the romantic wilds of Sandy Bay, and explore the whole of its strangely

varied scenery ; but there is no time to do so now, therefore we will cross it, and ascend a sloping road, which leads into another, running up and down, and round the twists and bends of the tail ends of numerous hills, all very picturesque in themselves, till we pass under the lofty wood crowned height of Sheep Knoll, a mountain of very bold, yet pleasing aspect, from which we zig zag about, and gallop along the skirts of several deep valleys till we finally ascend the ridge, and reach a gap cut through it, like an open tunnel, forming the entrance to Rock Rose Farm from this road, and a means of access to the northern part of the Island, from which we originally started on this our headlong scamper. Here once more let us pause, and take a final view of the scenery we have passed through on our route—which from this point will be seen under a totally different aspect, and be scarcely recognized by a stranger.

The most striking features are the rugged outlines of the hills, and the rich variety of colours distributed about among the rock masses, and earthy slopes of the various hills and ravines, forming the general basis of the scenery. To which may be added, the pleasing effect of little isolated patches of green grass and rushes in the gullies of many of the ravines, with here and there a stunted tree, and clustering bushes of furze and bramble, with the green slopes of the hills creeping down from the wooded heights, and cautiously pushing forward as it were, a few straggling points of sickly grass, like videttes, to find the limits of demarkation between perpetual verdure and eternal barrenness.

The rocky mountains in this neighbourhood are everywhere indicative of volcanic agency, and many of them appear in the distance like mountains of vitrified clinker, crumbling into dust, with every variety of tint and colour, scattered among the slopes into which the *debris* falls—being of almost magic brilliance when lit up by the glowing splendour of the noonday sun.

To these, the green and gentle slopes of the woody range on which we stand, dotted over as they are with flocks of sheep, white as snow, and numerous cattle chewing the cud among the straggling furze, afford a complete and a most welcome contrast to the dreary nakedness around.

Leaving the woody grounds of Rock Rose, with its hedges of fuchsia and roses, we pass along a rural road with a high bank on one side, and a thick hedge full of wild flowers on the other, which winds in long zigzags along the sloping sides of the hills, and by the tail-end of several valleys and gorse covered ravines, in parts commanding noble prospects, till it leads us after many turnings through the grounds of a snug little cottage called Shipways, where, let us halt and take a look around, for some of the hills have shut out sights worth seeing.

Let us gallop along this grassy road, till it loses itself in an open common, winding with many sinuosities along the valley slopes, through many a clump of gorse and bramble, with here and there a scattered root of lovely hyacinths growing wild; turn round by this ruined cottage, and scamper along the grass till we reach a slope, covered with stones of all sizes, and there you will see, and soon will hear the sonorous tones of the famed "Bell Stone,"—a rock as musical as the statue of Memnon, and like that one, requiring the aid

of human ingenuity to make it speak—a blow, and hark! how it rings, like the solemn peal of a death knell.

Its tone was keener once, but an enthusiastic enquirer after the mysteries of nature, being anxious to investigate the principles of sound, like a child with a drum, he thought the best way to settle his doubts, was to break the stone, and see what was inside, to give rise to its wonderful melody; and by so doing, luckless fellow that he was, he spoilt its tone, and got himself laughed at, if not cursed for his pains.

Most of the lava's on the Island, especially the fine dense ones, are very sonorous, and it would be an easy matter to construct out of them an excellent "Rock Harmonicon" on the same plan as that which delighted the astonished Londoners for so many years, said to have been made from slates dug from the stubborn bowels of the high and mighty Skiddaw in Cumberland.

But leaving this musical wonder, let us proceed as near as we can to yonder lofty hills, *Great and Little Stone Top*, and take a glance at the fearful sterility around them; never mind your necks, for "nought is never in danger" as the proverb says! therefore ride boldly up as far as you can!

Here are deep ravines of unmistakable dreariness, and barren plains of unmitigated sterility, with nothing to relieve the eye, but here and there at remote intervals a solitary bush of dogwood, with its large daisy-like flower and ashy grey leaf, with now and then the apparition of a wire bird or two, that utters a shrill cry, and either takes to its wings or legs, both of which it well understands the use, till it disappears in the distance, and leaves us to our lonely selves, like hermits in a wilderness.

These two mountains are rarely visited, as they are at a great distance from the town, and have no very easy approach, but they will amply repay the trouble of a journey to their summits, especially that of *Great Stone Top*, which overhangs the sea, and presents a fearful precipice to the astonished view of those who climb its rugged stone strewn sides.

The crannies in its sea face are inhabited by thousands of the *White Bird*, an aquatic species, as remarkable for their stupidity, as they are for their dexterity in fishing. But time is pressing, let us gallop back, and once more resume our route, pass through Shipway's, and follow the road till we mount the crest of a ridge, forming one of the boundaries of *Arnos Vale*, the upper part of which is very picturesque, broken up into a series of little hills and valleys, and beautifully wooded, crowned in the back ground by the lofty height of *Acteons Mount*, and *Diana's Peak*; while on the opposite side it is enclosed in by several lofty hills, green to their summit, and of very pleasing outline; it is a little spot of considerable beauty—

"Where spring in all her charms perpetual reigns,
And banished winter flies the blooming plains!"

Being thickly wooded, and most of the hilly slopes covered with underwood, there are plenty of the feathered tribe to keep the place alive with their minstrelsy; merry averdavats in numerous flocks, and wild canaries piping out their merry strain in all the fullness of ecstasy;—

"'Tis nature's hymn divinely sung,
 With which fair Eden often rung;
 The very hymns they sung so well,
 Ere Adam wept!—or Eden fell!"

Crossing the vale, we follow a road which winds up the opposite hill side, through a little jungle of gorse, which leads us to the top of a broad plateau commanding an extensive view of the country beneath us, and a dreary prospect over the naked and extensive grounds of Prosperous Bay, with the flank of Longwood in the distance; but leaving these scenes behind, we ascend the hill, till we find ourselves in a narrow lane, closed in by stout hedges of Budlea, which conducts us to a pretty little cottage on the summit of a tolerably extensive mountain, where we find a wild and neglected garden full of flowers, a grove of trees—a noble prospect, and the entrance to a continuation of the road which leads us away from this—

"Cottage on a cliff,"

down a gentle declivity, round many windings and turnings, by little valleys and hills, and snug retreats, ensconced in little woods, till we enter the road leading to Longwood at Hutts Gate; but stop good reader, or we shall miss the most picturesque road in the Island—that through the cabbage trees, up to Diana's Peak—known as *Napoleon's Road*.

Ascending a zig zag path just below the east side of Alarm Hill, we soon find ourselves in the midst of a little clump of fir trees, through which the road passes, and runs up a gentle acclivity till it enters into a gorge, or cut on the side of the mountain, surrounded on all sides by trees, shrubs, plants, and plentifully strewed with a soft and velvety grass, on which, it is a pleasure to ride, after escaping stony roads and slimy ways, such as we have this day had to encounter.

In many places the road is closed in by clusters of beautiful fern, matted together with bramble and creepers, straggling among the trees and underwood, to which additional effect is given by one side of the road being overshadowed by the richly wooded base and slopes of the peak range of hills, and their attendant gullies, many of them perfect jungles, dark and impenetrable, but very striking and effective in the general features of the scenery, which, however, on the whole, is more picturesque and beautiful, than wild and romantic.

Proceeding along under the pleasing shade of the trees and ferns nodding in the breeze above our heads, we reach a pretty little plateau on the summit of the ridge, immediately under the lofty head of Diana's Peak, where a dark and sombre road diverges off and creeps under steep banks, buried among a luxuriant growth of fern and bramble, to a cottage farm called *Newfoundland*, the loftiest residence in the Island, from whence, it winds through numerous thickets and jungles of furze to Sandy Bay.

The view from this little plateau, is exceedingly beautiful and diversified, for, from its great height, it commands an extensive prospect, not only over the rocky desolations of Sandy Bay, but over a country quite as dreary, extending from the *Stone Tops*, over Prosperous Bay, to the cloudy heights of Flagstaff, and the lonely *Barn*. It embraces in its circuit of vision, a numerous and beautifully varied series of grassy hills, wooded gullies, and deeply shaded

ravines, with little farms and cottages scattered about in picturesque positions; with here and there the lofty head of some distant peak buried in the clouds, or as may be occasionally seen, and which is more beautiful, peering above them, with the sun shining on their rocky summits, while all beneath is plunged in shadowy darkness.

High above it rises the head of Diana's Peak, the loftiest in the Island, beautifully wooded to the summit, which terminates in a mere peak a few feet in width, from whence is obtained a beautiful birds-eye view of much of the scenery around us, as well as of the many wild and picturesque gorges furrowing its steep and precipitous sides, filled up with an impenetrable matwork of jungle, under which, in the rainy season, torrents are heard boiling and foaming to the valleys below, where they unite their waters, and rush on headlong to the sea. But leaving this interesting spot, we pass through a ruinous little gate, and gradually descend the grassy road till the ridge narrows itself to no more than eight or ten feet in width, at which point an unrivalled prospect bursts at once upon us—the whole sweep of *Sandy Bay*, and mountains enclosing it, with a long alternation of ridge and valley in the other direction, backed by the wooded height of *Plantation*, the tower-crowned summit of *High Knoll*, and the distant peaks and mountains on the coast.

Looking in the direction of *Sandy Bay*, we have far away below us at our feet, two or three deep and beautifully wooded gorges, terminating in open picturesque valleys, all luxuriantly green and verdant, with cottages scattered about on gently swelling hills, which rise gracefully from the centre of the valleys, and subdivide them into sinuous forks which lose themselves among the little knolls strewn about with a liberal profusion. In the centre of the chief vale rises up a round and gradually sloping hill, crowned with a little cottage in a clump of trees, while in the valleys sweeping round its base, are two or three farm houses, with woody holms around them, long lines of the graceful plantain, coffee groves, and hedges of the light and feathery bamboo, nodding like plumes in the breeze, and forming a pleasing contrast to the tall firs and glossy leaved oaks, which are here both numerous and luxuriant.

On the left of the view is the steep sides of the central ridge of mountains, with the two peaks of *Diana*, and *Acteons Mount*, terminating in the abrupt cliff of *Sheep Knoll*, all beautifully wooded, with here and there patches of grass, and acres of straggling bramble, among which the lichen covered heads of numerous rocks show themselves above, to break the continuity of uniform verdure, and heighten the effects of the scene by a pleasing and harmonious variety.

On the right is *Mount Pleasant*, with its little cottage peeping out from among the trees, crowning the top of the ridges into which it is pleasingly broken, showing green fields and slopes, enlivened by sheep and cattle cropping the tender herbage, with little glades of homely beauty, where we might almost expect to find a picture such as this—

“ An open field—a cottage in a glen—
An auld wife spinning at the sunny en’.”

While beyond are the groves and wooded clumps of *Fairy Land*, hanging on the mountain's brow like scenes of earthly beauty sus-

pended in the air, the floating home of sylphs and gnomes, and shadowy beings who hold their revels there, and flit and skim from hill to hill, and vale to vale, from grove to bower, and wood and glen, where—

“ ————— soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyes with blooms,
Minute, yet beautiful.”

Where Queen Mab and all her fairy train disport them, midst these favored realms of theirs—

“Starred with ten thousand blossoms.”

The whole picture is closed in, and framed as it were with long lines of dark and rugged mountains, whose jagged and rugged outlines loom heavy and dismal against the deep blue of the cloudless sky. Rocky hills and ravines, the naked beds of mountain streams, chasms, deep rents, and sheer precipices, with columnar piles and vertical walls of basalt, eminences covered with fragmentary stones, yawning fissures, and slopes of sand and marl of every hue and colour, red and lurid as if but just vomited from the straining jaws of a volcano in the last fitful throes of an eruption.

The savage grandeur of the mountains in which the lonely vale is enclosed, appears almost as if they had been thrown up in a freak of nature, to show her wonderful and illimitable power, to contrast at once the wild sublimity of her mountain labours, with the peaceful beauty of the vales enclosed within them; heightened as it is by the broad expanse of the glassy sea, at this distance seeming calm and smooth and azure as the sky, asleep in all its vast immensity, while glowing in the splendour of the noon day sun.

Bathed in a flood of sunlight the scene is lovely, when all its woods and trees and grassy slopes glow bright and beautiful, with endless play of light and shade for ever changing, while now and then a cloud skims along the sky, and throws its fleeting shadow over hill and dale, sweeps up the mountain side and disappears; the ears are full of sound, of life, and joy; a myriad crickets fill the air with merry chirpings; “the insect youth are on the wing”; the birds are piping in harmless rivalry with many a varied song and note and cadence, rich and sweet; then is the “sunshine of the breast,” the heart beats high with joy, the eyes are glad; the pride of “fatherland” breaks out in exultation—

“Oh happy he, whose foot hath never strayed
O’er the sweet threshold of his native glade.”

“Oh! felice chi mai non pose il piede,
Fuori della natia sua dolce terra?”

But a change comes on; yon speck of cloud in the horizon grows bigger and bigger, spreads over the blue vault of heaven, and throws a deep and darkening shadow on the slumbering waters; it hangs loose and filmy in fleecy festoons of feathery mist, which sweep along till they touch the hills, entangle in the trees, curl down its woody sides, rush into the ravines, where whirling and tumbling about they gather strength and density, are caught by the gusty winds, and rush

headlong up the valleys, sweep round the hills, and shut the distant scenes from view.

The wind blows steadily on, and a canopy of cloud is all around, the vales are deep in shade, the mountain outlines loom dimly through the mist, the sea has disappeared, the sun light gone, and all is black and sad, yet no less wild and boldly beautiful, with gloomy grandeur in the mountains, dark and dismal as they are in this their boldest and most striking aspect. The winds are up, the mists are thick around us, and drive in gusty eddies many a shower of "arrowy sleet," that shuts the scenery from our view, and wets us to the skin.

Mount then, and let us scamper down the mountain's road among the trees, wind along the vale, sweep at full speed up the gentle hill and ridge that leads us on to Francis Plain.

This place is a curious flat of table land, perched on the top of a considerable hill, with other and loftier hills around it in all directions. Its sloping sides run down to meet the valleys, and are rather steep, while to the north, it is altogether precipitous, and drops down into a dark ravine of great depth and ruggedness, into which a stream of water tumbles headlong from the valley forming its eastern side.

This little plain is the drill ground of the local militia, who assemble here—

“ ———— in all the pomp and circumstance
Of glorious war”

some six or eight times a year, and go through the evolutions of a field-day as well as they can; and after the fatigues of the day, make a gallant and determined onslaught on sundry eatables and drinkables, in the shape of bread and wine, collected there for this especial purpose. These militia men are of all kinds, sizes, and colours; black, white, and tawney, and are not a little proud of their occupation. They have a battery of mountain guns, which they handle very well, and occasionally make a grand display of their skill, by opening a terrific fire on a luckless target, placed across one of the valleys near the plain, which they generally contrive to riddle with holes, and sometimes send all to “smithreens,” when they fire at it what they call a—*Salv-O*.

It is worth a days climbing to go and listen to their drums and fifes, and above all to see the antics of their cymbal crasher, who is not content to bang his two tin pots together in the usual way,—he has a soul above the common herd of cymbal thumpers!

He beats the very smash, above his head, then crash they go behind his back, thump and bump between his legs, and under too! head, arms, and legs are all in motion, up and down and round about, like whirligigs; he keeps up such a din and clatter, that the very drums are smothered by the noise, which is enough to frighten Belzebub himself, and split the very rocks he walks upon.

But let us be going, and turn down this road in the jaws of the valley there, where it winds along a deep and yawning precipice over *Cat Hole*, and under lofty ledges of rock, piled one above the other to a great height, scantily clothed with patches of dry withered grass, rushes, and the prickly pear, the *Kernous del Inde* of the moorish races on the African coast.

Following the road down the hill till we reach the bottom, we will

turn off to the right, cross a narrow valley with a little stream, and wind our way up a ragged path under the *Briars*, a little cottage once occupied by Napoleon, and pass through a labyrinth of little lanes round the base of a naked hill, and then descend by a zig zag path to the road we originally left, which takes us on to James' Town. Among the hedges round the Briars, are large beds of that bold and saucy plant the red geranium, with its dashing flower—a kind of pet among the English folks at home, where it may be seen in every house, from the tiny pot of the poor half-starved weaver, in the smoky atmosphere of spittal fields, to the parterres and slopes of Royal Windsor, where it grows in many a clump to please the eyes of Royalty.

But dash along the road, and *laud ye the Gods*, for there is the town—let us scamper by these gardens, with their grapes, and dates, and cocoa nuts, so green, and cool, and nice—

Mid rocks, and sands, and barrenness,

How beautiful to see ;

The wild palm in its desert stress—

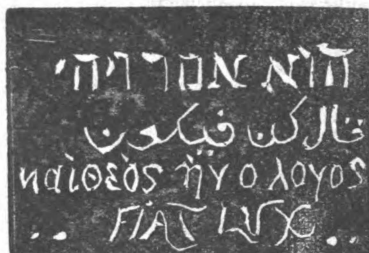
The solitary tree !

Dash over the rough and stony road into the town, like a gang of *Stark moss troopers*—down the street, among the cocks and hens, and dogs, and pigs, and all its odd *et ceteras*, till we reach the long wished goal of home ; rein up—dismount, and then—adieu ! Messieurs les Cavaliers ; and thanks to thy stout feet, *oh Knickerbocker*, for a gallant run of five and twenty miles !

CHAPTER VII.

WHICH IS THE BEST IN THE BOOK, AND TREATS OF RELIGION—
ORTHODOX AND HETERODOX.

How cozy this old world might be,
If man with man would but agree,
And draw from heavenly laws above,
A creed of universal love.



CHAPTER VIII.

WHICH CONTAINS A PROFOUND ENQUIRY INTO THE LEARNING AND
LITERATURE OF THE ISLAND.

O dark, dark, irrecoverably dark.—MILTON.



CHAPTER IX.

A VISIT TO NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

————— O gloria ! vincitur idem
Nempe, et in exilium præceps fugit.—JUVENAL.

Si ta tombe est vide Napoleon ! ton nom ne remplit—il pas l' univers ? Et tu plus heureuse que Alexandre, qui batit tant de Villes, ton tombeau fait vivre tout unpeuple !—VISITORS' BOOK, MS.

I had almost made up my mind to be dreadfully dolorous on occasion of this visit—lamentably pathetic, and fearfully sentimental ; but a change came o'er the spirit of my dream, which induced me to alter my intentions.

A guide has nothing to do with the feelings, the joys and sorrows, aspirations and impulses, of the pilgrims under his charge. What they see but once under the excitement of novelty, he sees every day, and cannot therefore be alive to the stirring influence of passion ;—joy, grief, or veneration for fallen greatness ; all the throes and throbs of all the chords that tune the human heart, are nought to him ;—his ~~fee~~ alone is all he thinks about ! What say ye, therefore, after this, Messieurs les pelerins ? will you ramble to the Tomb, and take me as your *Cicerone*, *vostra servitore umilissimo*—*saro all' ordine all' ora appuntata, e anderemo ovunque vi piace* ?

Leaving James' Town, we tramp up a long and tiresome road, cut on the side of the hill, which gradually rises to a considerable elevation in order to reach the summit of the ridge, leading in this direction both to the tomb and Longwood. On clearing the town we find ourselves in a position to look over all the houses, yards, and gardens, and pry into the back slums of the place if we think fit ; but as there is nothing to reward us for our trouble we will pass on, taking a bird's-eye view of the Barracks, the Botanic Garden, and all the naked grave yards that disfigure the place, and disgust both eye and heart to look upon.

The eye is, however, soon relieved, by wandering over the little gardens under the lofty hills, at the end of the valley, where long trellisses of vine, groups of chirimoyas, fragrant rose apple, prolific peach, and elegant plantain, make up a little jungle of fruit trees ; among which may be seen many a patch of flowers, filled with rose and geranium, overshadowed by the tall and graceful date, with its clustering bunches of amber-coloured fruit, with here and there a solemn cypress waving in the breeze, sad and mournful, like a lonely guardian of the dead.

But proceeding on our way, the attention is soon arrested by nobler objects breaking into view, the distant hills show themselves, clothed in wood and glowing in the sun, bright and beautiful, or seen through

the misty haze, they loom large and wildly grand, indefinite in form, and seemingly of vast extent.

The naked front of High Knoll, the rocky slopes and grassy top of Peak Hill, the table land of Francis Plain, with its wild romantic gorge and waterfall are all in sight, besides the lofty hill, with stony sides and wooded top, that blocks our way and turns us up that traverse there, to gain the ridge, from thence we get another view in an opposite direction, extending down a rugged fork of Ruperts Valley, with Bunkers Hill, bold, rugged, naked, and desolate as it is; beyond which rise the slopes and peaks of Banks' Ridge; and further round, the dreary hanging sides of Sane Valley, which rise up and form the table flats of Longwood. But looking back, beneath our feet, extended like a map or model toy, lies the little town, sunk deep between two lofty mountains, which close it in and shut it from other parts of the Island, except by roads which wind and tail their sinuous way among the hills, by many a rocky steep and weary sinew-stretching climb. Below us is a little patch of land, a tiny plain upon a rocky hill, with other hills around, a valley in its rear and front, and flanked by mountain masses, a strange but not unpleasing spot—the "Briars;" a little hamlet with half a dozen cottages enclosed by walls and prickly pears; two little villas in their grounds, sometimes green, but mostly parched and dry; wild roads that wander round and round as if without an object, choked up with prickly pears, bramble, and the poisonous bringal; a few cypress trees, and waving reeds, straggling clumps of aloes with their lofty flowers, Jackson willows, firs, and forest trees; in the rear, a little kitchen garden green with vegetation, creeping down a grassy slope to meet the vale below, where runs a babbling stream along its rocky bed.

That little cottage yonder, almost on the edge of the cliff, behind that naked stony hill, was once the home and habitation of Napoleon. —It is a small quaint place, with lofty roof and gables, verandahs and stone steps—a little box—but large enough for him with all his greatness crumbling round. Here, with only one small room for his accommodation, the hero of Marengo and Jena took up his abode, till Longwood could be prepared for his reception. The choice was his, he liked it for its solitude and quaintness, preferring it to better houses in the town, where he would have been annoyed by lookers-on, and privacy unknown.

Leaving this elevated point of view, we pass along a short and narrow ridge, by banks of blood red marl and boulder stones, till it enters a wild but pleasing dingle, formed by the slopes of the various hills which enclose and give it shape.

Below the road is a shallow gully, covered with trees and underwood, with here and there patches of ground covered by that beautiful creeper the Hottentot fig, with its red and yellow flowery tufts, peeping from among its variously tinted leaves, crimson, green, or yellow with age, always bright and pleasing, a welcome contrast to naked rocks and clayey banks, that show themselves among the trees and stunted herbage of the place.

Looking upwards in the direction of the road, the view—of small extent, is beautiful. Sloping hills, strewed over with brushy furze and rush, and bell like blossoms of the golden rod; a wilderness of brushwood, principally of the wild coffee tree, with its yellow star

like blossom glimmering among its dark green leaves in chaste simplicity, with many a berry to catch the schoolboy's eye, and share attention with the bramble fruit. Firs, and pines, and pre-eminent above the rest, the little jungles of the Jackson willow, with its fantastic arms, bushy leaves, and rich display of catkins, not bright and dazzling, like the bold and glorious blaze of the furze in bloom, but pale and delicate, tender as the cowslip's gentle hue; so numerous and thickly strewn, the hill itself seems an universal flower, lush with beauty, and all the chaste and simple finery of nature—so beautiful—and yet a wildling of the woods. Seen on the hill sides, among the dark masses of fir and pine, it seems more bright and lovely by the contrast, and throws a summer charm among the woods, a life and gaiety so simple, chaste, and beautiful, that none can hope to rival—a peerless maiden of the forest in summer gladness dancing through its mazes, to fill the wandering eye with admiration, and stir the throbbing heart with joyous ecstasies of undiluted pleasure.

The road, with one or two traverses, sweeps gently through these pleasing wilds, passes along thick hedges, by little fields and shadowy dells and bushy lanes, all English in appearance, save where the aloe spreads its pointed leaves, and rears its lofty flower laden stem—to nip illusion in the bud, and tell of sunny skies and southern heats:—then enters a noble lane with thick and lofty hedges hanging from its banks, with many a tree to fling its shadow in the way—closes up, and pierces through a little winding forest, with high woody banks on the right, and steep descents, ravines, and gullies on the left, hid from the sight by thickly branching trees, that block the prospect and obscure the scene.

One turn more by a ruined cottage, a rusty signal gun, a noble bed of flowery creepers—by a way-side wine house hid behind a budlea hedge with its downy leaves, and clustered clumps of warmly tinted flowers—the end of a shadowy lane, and then debouching from the wood, behold! the scene that bursts at once upon you, gaze your fill, for 'twill be long before you see its like again.

Far away before us runs the road—level, broad, and flat, beneath a bank of stone, and furze, and bramble, with firs above, till it winds behind the thickening hedges and disappears from view. A lofty wood-crowned ridge runs down, with many a break and bend to meet the road, while in the distance, are green hills and woods, a mountain rising through the mists, crowned with a little cottage, scarce visible amid the trees, its windows flashing in the sun, as if to mark its whereabouts.

At the point where the road is lost among the sinuous hedges, a small cottage villa looms through a little wood of forest and fruit trees, a lumpish hill springs up adjoining, covered by a tuft of sombre firs, moss clad, and twisted by the breeze in singularly wild and fantastic form.

There at your feet, deep beneath you, down steep and grassy slopes, wild with clumps of furze, lies a valley, sleeping in the sunlight, not long or broad, but still and peaceful, backed by a lofty hill, at the foot of which in deep repose is a cottage placed snugly in a wooded holm. Beyond, among the trees, is a straggling wooden fence, with cypress, fir, and willows round, and in the centre there, an open shed—a something thatched with rush and straw—Napoleon's lonely and deserted grave!

While yonder, rising high above the vale, a short bird's flight across, above a range of barren, naked, rocky sides, looms up a plain—a lofty mountain seamed with fissures—in outline not unlike Vesuvius, and beyond a black and gloomy mass of rock, cloud capped, without a tree or shrub to hide its nakedness; and in the centre of the scene, are gables, roofs, and windows, peeping from among the trees that cluster there, and hem them round in semblance of a straggling hamlet, or snug village in an open plain—that place is Longwood, the ruined and deserted home of he whose memory stamps the scene with interest, deep attractive, and undying;—

“Earth has not anything to show more fair,
Dull would be the soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty!”

Pursuing our way, we descend the side of a sloping hill along a narrow road which straggles down into the valley, by many a bush of furze and briar, till it turns under a gentle bank cut out of the base of the hill, and enters the grounds of the cottage, where resides the *custos* of the place. Crossing these grounds—a little glade—we pass under the shadow of a little wood, along a foot path which winds in the direction of the tomb enclosure, till we are stopped by a fence, which precludes admission without an *entré* from the residents of the cottage to whom the tomb belongs, for it is private property.

The cottage, where Napoleon often whiled an hour away, is in a pretty situation, embosomed in a slopy knoll at the entrance of the vale, with a little holm of trees around to keep the wind at bay, please the eye, afford a shade, and fill the ear with many a murmuring sound, blent with the song of birds, and shrilly cry of crickets at the even tide.

A common wooden fence, sadly touched by time, and crumbling down, forms the outward enclose of a rood or two of ground, and separates it from the rest of the valley, from which, with this exception, it is scarcely distinguishable, unless indeed, the pendulous branches and plume-like masses of the weeping willows, and melancholy cypress should strike upon the eye, attract attention, and show at once the empty tomb, round which they stand like lonely guardians of the place. In the centre of this small enclosure, is the open grave, lined with masonry, and having at the bottom a small recess sunk below the general level to receive the coffin—

“Crammed into a space, we blush to name!”

The masonry of the vault, for such it may be termed, is carried up a few inches above the ground, and then coped with lava slabs, in which is fixed a common cast iron railing, now rudely thatched with rush and straw, to protect the grave and keep it from the weather—a needless precaution, for, from its situation in the bed of a narrow and confined valley, it is naturally somewhat damp, and in times of heavy rain, not unfrequently becomes entirely filled with water, which converts the grave into a little bath of some eight feet deep.

One end of the iron railing immediately round the tomb, is open for the purpose of admitting visitors, who may feel inclined to have a chat, or leave their names in such a strange locality; the descent is easily made by means of a step ladder placed there for the purpose.

The whole face of the cemented stone-work is riddled over with scarcely legible names, and many a line of rhyme, and prose run mad, now crumbling fast from view.

Immediately in front of the external wooden railing which surrounds the grave, is Napoleon's Spring, under a bank of ruddy marl, cut in the slope of the adjacent hill. It is plentifully covered with clustering herbage, and enshrined in a little oasis of luxuriant grass, and wild flowers; and as usual, conspicuous above them all, are the rambling branches of the prickly bramble, while on the bank above are many a bunch of furze, dressed in all the panoply of their golden pride, with here and there a lonely sheep cropping the parched and withered grass, that tints with varied hue the swelling surface of the hill that locks the valley in.

Passing this spot one day, Napoleon saw the spring, admired its clearness, drank some of its water from the palm of his hand, found it to be delightfully cool and refreshing, and pleasing to his taste; ever after, while sojourning at Longwood, he had it carried there for his private use by Chinese, principally kept for the purpose. There is an earthen mug generally kept upon one of the rails of the enclosure before the spring, by means of which you may drink your fill from the transparent water,—so drink in silence, to the memory of departed greatness—aye—drain it to the dregs, for glory in the dust.

The enclosure now contains nothing but a few trees; the flowers sprung from those planted by Madam Bertrand, have long since disappeared; the famous willows are no more, but others from the same stock supply their place, and keep alive the semblance of its original state as far perhaps as can be done, without pretence or affectation. What remained of the original willows were taken away by the French when the body of Napoleon was exhumed, as well as the three slabs which covered his nameless grave—they were broken up, and carried away as precious memorials, and dearly cherished reliques of that child of destiny, whose star was doomed to set for ever on the rock of St. Helena.

There is one circumstance—"to point a moral and adorn a tale"—connected with this tomb, not perhaps generally known—the three slabs that closed Napoleon's grave, were taken from the *kitchen hearth* of his prison home at Longwood,—what an end and consummation to the evanescent strength of universal power! what a bitter antidote to all the fiery throes, and lofty aspirations of illimitable but self-delusive grandeur! well may the poet ask,—

"Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war,
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot braved youth
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discovered globe,
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hampered,
And had not room enough to do its work!"

Of glory unapproachable, what are now the sad remains; of power the end, with all its arms and hosts—the unsubstantial echo of a name—a household word of fear and trembling—the idle pageant of a fading dream—an empty sound that rings of glory, with all its deeds undone—its victories useless—bloodshed vain—its brilliance

fading in the mists of time, and dwindling to a schoolboys theme or poet's legend?

"Quante e pegueno, e vao um homem grande !
Morrer sobre, um rochedo no oceano !

How vain the grandeur of ambitious man !
Exiled, expiring, on an ocean rock !

How closely are allied in fate the heroes of the past and present. Time runs its course, for everchanging ; but man remains the same—the sport of fortune ; raised to glory's highest point, then hurled pell mell down to rise no more. Cæsar, Alexander, Hannibal, Napoleon, how like in fortune, glory, greatness, and disastrous ends.

"Expende Annibalem !

—— Hic est quem non capit Africa, Mauro,
Perfusa oceano, Niloque admota tepenti.
Additur imperiis Hispania, — Pyrenæum
Transilit ; opposuit natura Alpemque, Nivemque—
Jam tenet Italiam : tamen ultra pergere tendit.

Such is the summary of Hannibal, delivered by the Roman satirist JUVENAL, to which we find a parallel in LA MARTINES Meditation on Napoleon ; so like is human greatness and ambition when crumbling in the dust.

"Ici git . . . point de nom ! . . . demandez à la terre
Ce nom ! il est inscrit en sanglant caractère
Sur le bronze, et le marbre, et sur le sein des braves,
. . . dans le cœur, de ces tropeaux d'esclaves,
Qu'il foulait tremblans sous son char !"

Then comes the end—

"Sur un écueil battu par la vague plaintive,
On distingue . . . un sceptre brisé !"

And as were written by a venerable resident of St. Helena, in language homely, true, and pithy—

THE STONES THAT DID HIS KITCHEN PAVE,
CLOSED AT LAST, NAPOLEON'S GRAVE!!!

The Tomb was exhibited for many years by an old sergeant and his wife, who lived in a little bit of a hut in the valley, a few paces above the Tomb, to enable them to be always at hand to receive visitors ; and not only to show them over the place, but to explain all the mysteries appertaining thereunto, as well as to keep it in proper and decent trim for receiving company. Besides all these multifarious duties, he had to attend to the cultivation of a patch of ground, where he grew numerous slips from the Willows, for the accommodation of such enthusiastic strangers as might wish to make themselves supremely happy by the purchase of such a *SOUVENIR* of their pilgrimage. Great was the consumption of willow in the palmy days of the Tomb—ere the body was removed, and the overland route opened up. The slips were popped into anything that came to hand first—blackening, pickle, and wine bottles, being the most favorite receptacles ; to which were added, *HOLY WATER* from the spring, to keep them alive in their transit from place to place. The old sergeant was

eloquent on matters appertaining to Napoleon; and his wife avowed, that he told "nothing no more than he had seen—all in a book in print." And perhaps what was more interesting to her:—"That people now-a-days got very stingy, and wanted to see things for nuthen; as well as to pull down the willers, instead of buying 'em of the old man, as they ought to do, when they comes to sich a place as this." No sooner were strangers seen approaching the tabooed land under charge of the sergeant, than he was in a state of excitement, and all agog to meet them. "A good morning, misters: how d'ye do"; and a very polite scrape of his best leg by way of a bow; after which introduction, he commenced forthwith a flood of explanations in the most accomplished style of an experienced cicerone, as follows: "Here's the railing round the ground, and there's the paling round the tomb, eight feet deep, six feet long, and three feet wide. Napoleon was buried in three coffins, one in another, his head was here, his feet was there; he was dressed in a green coat, white breeches, and jack boots beautifully polished, with his cocked hat between his legs, & his heart in a silver pot at his feet. All the Island came to the funeral, and the soldiers fired a royal salute. These are not the willers that have been taken away, but I have got some slips from the real tree—will you come and look at 'em, misters? that's a fine 'un; oh, he'll grow, stick him in this bottle—a hum—ha—thank'e sir. This is the spring, and that's the water, here's a mug to taste; ain't it cool? just as Napoleon used to drink it, when he came here afore he was buried, to play with Madam Bertrand's children, and read there, where the willers used to stand, what are gone now. Here's the visitor's book, what they writes their names in: here, this way, in the sentry box—here's the ink, and there's the pen; please to write your name—a hem—it is full of poetry in all kinds of lingos what I can't understand—a hem—if you please—a hem—to remember—a-tish-ah!—(drat the cold)—a trifle for showing. This way, sir, —thank'e sir; good morning."

The old serjeant has retired with all his blushing honors thick upon him, and a pension from the French government, to make him comfortable, as he says, "all his life as long as he lives." Wishing him joy and length of years, allow me to take his place, and lay before you a few amusing extracts from the scrawled and blotted pages of such of the "Visitors B. oks" as now remain at the tomb.

They are full of names and nonsense, written by passengers, in almost all the European languages, with now and then a pithy remark; but most of these effusions are what might be expected—nonsensical rhapsodies, bad rhyme, worse rythme, and words without meaning; in many cases national feeling shows itself, and breaks into bitter invectives against England and Englishmen. The predominant tone of the French entries are generally highly panegyric of their wonderful emperor, mixed with the most bitter, and often the most inflated hatred against "perfid Albion," abounding with curses both loud and deep, overflowing with all the contemptuous expressions and ideas they can muster, for the purpose of persuading John Bull that he is nothing but a sulky calf. Many entries are full of feeling for the untoward fate of their darling leader, speaking proudly of his glory, and mournfully of his fall. There is this contrast to be observed between the French and English entries,—that the former are most serious; and

probably real reflections of the writers' heart and inclinations; while those of the latter, in the long run, are feeble attempts at the facetious and bombastic attempts to panegyrise Napoleon, with rarely anything said in his disparagement, but, like the French, often enough turning with pompous solemnity to regret his great ambition, and its disastrous end. While many a goodly pen has been worn to the stump by the brawny hand of Englishmen, trying to indite sentimental poetry of a most melancholy and lugubrious character, more honorable to their hearts than their heads.

There is one French poem, too long to quote, however, in which the author endeavours to make Napoleon appear to be greater on the *noir rocher* of St. Helena—

Qu' aux plaines d' Austerlitz, de Wagram en d' Arcole, sans trône,
sans états, sans appui, sans aïeux !” Which he soon after contrives
to contradict, and finishes with the two following lines of most portentous import—

“Gloire au Martyr de St. Helene !

Honte éternelle a ses courroux !

From which specimen of the sublime we pass to the following splendid address—

“To the visitors of Napoleon's Tomb—

I see in this book now before me,

That many fools HAS been here before me ;

As for Napoleon, he perhaps was a great man,

A warrior and a too well used man,

And if he had had his due,

He never would have troubled you !

This is about as fine a specimen of rhyme without reason as could be well picked up in a day's march; but strange to say, without much searching, the following startling specimen of real unpolluted Bathos presents itself to notice, and it would be an act of arrant vandalism to pass it over—

“Captain Tweedie and his party
Came to the Tomb of Bonapart-e.”

“That mandate was a thunder peal which died

In ages past, that gave a transient flash

On which the midnight closed, and on that arm

The worm has made her meal !”

which will serve as an excellent puzzle to exercise the intellectual powers of my readers, by endeavouring to find out its hidden meaning, for no doubt it has a deep one.

“Captain Bartolo, venuto a visitar la tomba do Napoleone, la fatti digune en questa casa con molta ospitalita !”—which is an excellent method of combining pleasure with business, and one frequently practised by tourists—for I have often encountered these kind of entries in visitors' books at different places, and its consequent excitement are highly provocative of hunger and most unsentimental appetites. I have seen such entries as this at Festiniog—“came to see the waterfall, and had a good breakfast,” while at that little den of a tavern, on the summit of Snowdon—I remember to have read—“slept here all night to see the sun rise—turned out a cloudy morn-

ing—but made up for it by a hearty breakfast”—which has a parallel, in the following tit bit, from a *poem* in the tomb books, alluding to the exhibitor's residence

“ There you will find excellent cheer,
Bread and cheese, and ale and beer ;
And while Mrs. T. gives bread and butter,
Its my intention never to cut her !”

Some learned and sentimental gentleman has left behind him the following splendid elegy, which may be said to contain exactly as many truisms as it does lines—

“ Vanitas, vanitatum, omnia vanitas !”
“ Calmly he sleeps 'neath the willow tree,
With the heavens blue above him,
Of the numbers who surround his grave,
How few there are who loved him !”

To which may be added this dreadfully pathetic entry—

“ Alfred de Kantzow—alas !—alas !”

and this, in which the author does not tell us whether he cursed himself or the tomb—

“ Jai vu—et j'ai maudit !”

underneath which some one has written in unmistakable characters, the word—“ miserable.”

Some people on visiting the tomb, are so overwhelmed with the solemnity of the scene, that they become incapable of stringing their ideas together in proper sequence, even in prose, as these specimens prove—

“ A penny spent to see the immortal remains of the greatest man that ever lived—is certainly a privilege that few possess—I trust that all who possess a feeling such as I have described, will liberally expend a handsome sum to supply the wants of one of Napoleon's greatest admirers !”

“ The records in this volume attest that empire of the mind, which outlives that of country ;—judge not as ye will be judged yourselves. Was ever civilized man so devoid of enthusiasm or feeling as to return from this sad and solemn pilgrimage without subdued and sobered spirits.”

“ Napoleon ; although the brave British have laid thee
For nineteen long years in the cold Island tomb—yet
France sent her prince, and a frigate to take thee
To the land of the living ——— thy once cherished home !”
Mahomed Ben Short.

To save time, I will string together a few specimens of French invectives against England, taken as they come without selection or arrangement.

“ Honte et Meprise a l' Angleterre !”

underneath which, some person has scrawled—“ Why didn't you lick us, you mongrel Frenchman.”

St. Helene ——— Hudson Lowe !!!

The following is evidently intended for a pun—and truly it is a startling one; it being very hard, that the misfortunes of Napoleon should be laid at the door of the “heaven born minister” William Pitt, who had the ill luck to die ten years before the battle of Waterloo.

“Horreur a l’execrable PITT !”

“Horreur an bourreau ludson lowe !”

Listen gentle reader to the thunders of this awful denunciation ; but let it not disturb your equanimity by day, or slumbers by night, and above all do not return the compliment,—“que tous Francais passant sur ces rivages l’ecrivent avec moi,”

“Malediction a l’ Angleterre !”

Among the contributions from French soldiers, who seem to be always enthusiastic in favour of Napoleon, and madly excited against the English, the following may be taken as a sample,—

“Un soldat Francais a l’ Angleterre !”

“Hate toi de jouir de ta poupre sans gloire, car la fatalité,
Les destins, et la France, ont garde la memoire de ton iniquité !”

Poor John Bull comes in for a castigation from all hands, here are the sentiments of one Don Carlos Perez, a grini Spaniard—

“Nacion infernal, se aproxima el dia de vuestra ruina !”

“Puneteros Yngleses qual habeis tratado el emperador, os trataran todas las naciones !”

The selection of scraps may be taken as specimens of the entries made by Frenchmen, who are ardent admirers of Napoleon, and content themselves by leaving these memorials of their visit, without indulging in what is a great pleasure to many visitors, an hearty execration against England and the English.

The passengers of the “Sultan,”—

“Sont venus a visiter le lieu au reposer
L’homme qui a repandu sur la nation,
Francaise une gloire qui vivre aussi
Long tems que le monde !”

“Pelerinage sacre au Tombeau !”

“Non, non, tout ne meurt pas,
La gloire est immortelle !”

“Honneur, Honneur a l’empereur !”

“Passants verse une larme sur le tombeau
Du plus grand capitaine !”

“Respect au tombeau du grand homme !”

“A la gloire de ton nom,
Nous nous prosternons !”

"Les soldats Français sont toujours glorieux de visiter les lieux, qui renferment jadis les restes mortels du plus brave soldat de l'univers!"

Signed by many Soldiers.

"Mes pleures a ta memoire
Mais ris a ta gloire!"

"Une pleur a la tombe, un marbre au mausolée,
Et pour l'homme geant une rocher Isolé."

"Oui, Napoleon tu vis eternellement dans notre pensée."

"Ils ont tant pleuré, que nous n'avons plus de larmes."

"On parlera de son gloire,
Sous le chaume bien long tems!"

With the two following specimens of entries in the Visitor's Book, I will bring my French extracts to a conclusion.

"L'Oise, ——— Corvette de Charge."

"Dans l'aride vallon,—s'engouffre la zaffale
La vague sur les rois, murmure en se brisant
Mais plus fort que ces bruits j'en tends ton dernier-zale
Royal Agonisant.
Sur ce sombre rocher qui devient son calvaire,
La voix accusatrice en vain vient retentir!
O liberté! qui peut etre etre sevré
Devant la tombe du Martyr."

(Une foule d' amis)

"Il est mort,
Il est mort."

"L'Enfant cheri de la France,
Ah jamais sous le soliel,
Ne pairaita son pareil;
Mais en decendant au tombeau,
Tu nous a laisse ton drapeau,
Nons chanterons longtems ta gloire!"

The following I think will be considered worth the trouble of translating, as it is not altogether devoid of moral, and is evidently the entry of some one who has seen his share of the world:—

"I have the honor to be a traveller who has visited all the curiosities worth seeing. I have seen *les Ours* at Berne—the clock at Moscow—the monument of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg—the Tunnel at London—the Dome of the Invalids at Paris—the Table Mountain, and a thousand other things. I have now come to this place to contemplate the tomb of the devastator of Europe—of the great man of our age. Alas! the space which he has occupied during nineteen years, is exactly of the same dimension as that which holds the humblest of his numerous victims."

W. Von Meyer,
Le Pelerin de la Russie!

To save both time and space, I will content myself by giving the translation of a Portuguese poem, as I suppose it must be called—commencing as under, its two concluding lines having been already quoted a few paragraphs back.

“Rival de Julio Cæsar, de Alexandre,
Qual é a historia tua, Bonaparte!”

“Rival of Julius Cæsar, and Alexander
What is your history Bonaparte!
Marengo and Austerlitz, Jena and Waterloo!
To make the kings tremble—destroy the people—
To make blood and tears flow in torrents!
What have you left your Country, Europe, or the world!
Tyrants—as you were—the kings still are—
Slaves as they were—the people now are!
What then has been thy fate and glory!
How small and vain a great man,
Exiled, expiring, on an ocean rock!”

The following extract is entered in the book in English—but is evidently written by a French hand, and that a young one:—

“Had he had as many faithful subjects as indifferent admirers, there would not be now so many unknown names noted down on this paper.”

F. B., a Midshipman,
H. F. M. Frigate “Belle Poule.”

Here is an amusing specimen of Medical Latin—which are not uncommon in the Books,—

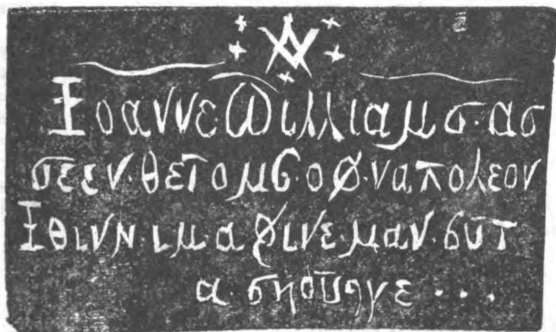
“Ad vide Napoleonis tumultum veni in die Sexto Mai, 1849.”
to which may be added the following, equally elegant and characteristic, being a medley of original composition, and quotation.

“Die VII Feb. Anno MLCCCXLVIII.”

“Dr. Hannibal Foresti natus complici dixit,
Intelligite et erudissimi, qui indicati terram!”

Dr. A. Forrest.

And as a fitting tail-piece to these learned effusions, I will present my gentle reader with the annexed copy of a very pleasant bit of pedantry:—



which appears to have been written by a Free Mason—and is nothing more than English words disguised in Greek letters, as follows—

“Joanne Williams as seen the tomb oph Napoleon—I think im a phine man but a skourge!”—which I suppose the learned writer means to stand for “John Williams has seen the tomb of Napoleon—I think him a fine man but a scourge!”

O grand homme! O grand Napoleon!

MALEDICTION!!!

“Mais la France, et toi sont venge,
Hudson Lowe est mort!!!”

from which specimen of sublime Bathos, we will pass on to the following beautiful example of simple and unimpassioned writing—which every one will admit is replete with useful, if not very interesting information—

“Louis F. Waldron, one bord of the barke hope of nubedford its boat steer—has this day bin to see boneys tomb—we are out 24 munts with thirteen hundred of bls. Spurm Oil!”

I shall now lay before the astonished gaze of my indulgent readers, a few specimens of English *poetry*, which have been carefully culled from the sybilline leaves of the Visitors' Books for their especial amusement and instruction. They are all of them true children of the graveyard Parnassus, and have been plentifully diluted with water from the famous Pierian spring, that bubbles up in the middle of the Tomb Valley.

I will leave all comments to the reader, who may indulge his critical acumen by endeavouring to elucidate their meaning; and in attempting to classify them according to their respective styles, which are as variable as they are elegant and entertaining!

“The tomb of Napoleon we visit to-day,
And trod on the spot where the tyrant lay;
That his equal again may never appear,
Shall be sincerely prayed for many a year!”

Jack Lee, Cork.

“Napoleons gone! the Island tomb
No more his corpse contains;
A prince and noble ship have come,
And taken his remains!”

D. O'C., 14th Oct., 41,

“He felt, he sunk, and not a sigh
Told that the hero feared to die!”

W. Kenny.

“Napoleon thou art gone, but still
Thy shade is here to meet
Thy countrymen, who ever will
Regard thy memory sweet.”

There's my sentiments!

" Oh, dear me! visited the tomb !"

" I cannot shed the friendly tear,
No monument of greatness near;
His talents, bravery, claims respect,
Nor shall they suffer through neglect;
For ages yet unborn shall tell
How the once brave Napoleon fell;
And France shall with a proud regret
Bewail the gallant hero's fate !"

D. R.

" The sun of Austerlitz is set,
And clouds have shone on Nap the great,
Ambition brought the Emperor here,
To this bleak Isle, both lone and drear !"

D. K.

" We Ichaboe gentlemen
Are hearty and strong,
We left James' Town
To visit Wood Long.

On the way to Wood Long
We visited the Tomb,
Where Napoleon the great
Lays conquered by fate !"

" I looked upon the tomb and said,
Is this the place Napoleon's laid;
A friend of mine who stood hard by,
He made to me this short reply,—
' The shell lies here if so the truth be,
The Kernel's gone to where it should be ;'
I'll leave this place with right good will,
And take the road for ladder hill,
Descend right down that flight of stairs,
' How surely he who mounts them swears ;'
Cast anchor snug with Mr. Carroll,
And taste the proof of his wine barrel !"

B. Donald, Glen Livett.

" Once in this romantic vale
Reposed the ashes of the great,
And o'er his tomb the willows did wave,
Farewell, alas! the proud sons of France
Have disturbed his sweet repose."

then follows—

" Farewell, and may you still in peace repose
Still o'er you may willows weep, and flowers introdden bloom;
And softly wave to every wind that blows,
Casting their fragrance o'er thy mighty tomb;
Peace to thy shades, oh! would it were mine,
To enjoy repose so deep as thine !"

Under which some wag has scrawled " Bravo, a second Byron !"

LINES ON VISITING NAPOLEON'S TOMB.

I.

"Is this the funeral pile of him,
Who for his country's cause,
Sacrificed his private life
In defending her laws.

II.

The pomp of earthly grandeur
Is banished in the grave,
Him who was his boast,
The bravest of the brave!

III.

There is no relic left to tell
That Napoleon resteth here ;
A monumental pile set up
Pourtraying his career.

IV.

Save by his lonely tomb
The willow hangs around,
And weeps upon the blank flag stone,
That's raised above the ground.

V.

Sleep in peace—brave warrior,
Beneath this parched sod ;
Till thou shall be with glory crowned
By thy Almighty God!"

"Oh! here the king of Europe's princes laid,
Oh! stranger stop and weep—he was a man,
Formed for that he was. His faults were many,
But they were the faults of man's weak nature ;
Most beloved by all the needy, for it was his wish
To comfort the opprest ;
May he be blest—in regions of the dead,
And never want a friendly tongue to raise
A tribute to his praise ;
May the sour blight rest on those envious tongues,
Who would detract from him ;
Soldiers be proud,
And tho' the willow weeps o'er his grave
May eyes weep o'er it too !
And though his grave 's defaced, may memory still
Hand down he was a man!
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

"Here lies entombed of Bonaparte,
Embalmed the body and the heart ;
His ashes rest beneath yon willow,
Me thinks it far too hard a pillow
For such a daring gallant fellow.

I can't make poetry—more holy on
 The ashes of this great Napoleon!
 Sorry am I my muse wont sing,
 She never, couldn't, do such thing;
 But if my verses dont amuse ye,
 All I can say is confuse ye;
 But the worst part has yet to come,
 A house that stands hard by the tomb,
 Which this big wig did oft frequent,
 When on an airing he was bent;
 There you will find excellent cheer,
 Bread and cheese, and ale and beer,
 And while Mrs. T. gives bread and butter,
 Its my intention never to cut her!"

Turning from rhyme, without rythm or reason, to prose done in gentle English, I will introduce a memorandum left in the Book by three jovial middies of the "Melville," which informs us that—

"We three have endeavoured by sundry potations of Mrs. T's brandy, to arrive at the proper pitch of enthus.asm, always felt, or assumed to be, by pilgrims to this tomb:—it has however been a complete failure—which I fear our horses will rue when we arrive at the end of our pilgrimage!"

A sea captain better used to the marlin spike than the pen, delivers himself of the following beautiful specimen of blended prose and rhyme,—

"William Miller, Master of the Barque "Hope," visited the remains of the greatest warrior in our day, Interred for twenty years.

Here lies the warrior, the bravest of the brave,
 Visited by Miller, God the Queen may save!"

which has the substantial merit of loyalty, if it has not that of being poetical.

The next illustration will be highly valuable to geographers and naturalists, for the new and interesting information it contains,—

"The Chief Officer of the Pomona Yacht, on secret service from the unknown Island, 1200 miles to the eastward of the straits of Balamgamgam, where they cannot brace the yards up, for the monkey's tails sticking in the blocks, paid a visit to the tomb of the Emperor—

Rest Warrior, Rest!"

which wonderful account can only be equalled by the Yankey skipper's description of the number of whales killed at one stroke of the harpoon, at that mysterious whaling station, known as Carrol's Ground, where every one of these Cretacian curiosities yield a hundred butts of blubber, and a belly full of ambergris.

The following entry contains a slight difference of opinion between a couple of Scotch captains, one of whom appears to have had his temper soured at Melbourne, while the other, we may suppose, has been humbugged by the people, but who is yet sufficiently liberal not

to quarrel with the country—the first writes that he and his company called at the Tomb—

“On our way to England from that humbug of a place Melbourne, Port Phillip, per barque Helen.”

W. Miller.

Underneath which, J. Buchanan has written in unmistakable characters, “Having been in the colony for a year or two, the above is not correct. The Inhabitants are humbugs but the Colony is not.”—— which is exactly the case with St. Helena !

After this interesting dispute about morals and colonial matters, we fall in with this entry, by some juvenile officers of H. M. S. *Winchester*—

“Some Naval Cadets strongly recommend riding instead of walking when you can get a horse cheap”—under which another adds, that he “strongly recommends riding instead of walking, whether cheap or *dare* !”

Another Naval hero makes this entry in all the innocence of his heart—

“William Collins master of the Hawk of Glasgow, from Ichaboe bound to Cork for orders—In hopes never to have anything to do with the dung trade!—and God send us all a good passage home to old England—Amen.”

Beneath which an Ichaboe skipper, who evidently thought no dirt of the dung trade, has written the following old Scotch proverb—

“Better a wee Bush, than na Beilds.”

which is a kind of silent reproof for the other's contempt of the dung dealers.

I will conclude these extracts in the sensible words of several Officers who—“Paid their respects to the scene which furnishes the best antidote to military ambition that the world can yet present.”

These few extracts will enable the reader to form an opinion as to the various feelings and sentiments which arise in the minds of the different visitors to this remarkable shrine of departed greatness. The English are sometimes sentimentally inclined, but mostly addicted to attempting the humorous, and yet withal seldom saying aught in disparagement of Napoleon. They indeed, often appear to forget entirely the object of their visit, and jot down inappropriate memoranda as if they had been utterly unacquainted with the existence of such a man as the emperor. The French on the other hand, are mostly serious, generally sentimental, and often enough full of bitterness against the English, as if they alone had been the cause of the Emperor's overthrow and captivity.

Their conduct at the Tomb is various in the extreme; some stand and gaze on the empty grave as if bewildered, or lost in a profound reverie; others are highly excited, giving vent to noisy exclamations, invectives, and all the execrations they can muster for the occasion; some go down on their knees and kiss the very stones, others scornfully stamp upon them, and spit in the grave, with every mark of

disgust and contempt, as if enjoying a fiendish triumph over the dust and ashes of their country's Idol.

But in whatsoever way these conflicting feelings exhibit themselves, we may rest assured of this—that so long as hero worship and military glory forms an integral part of the human heart, so long will the name and renown of Napoleon shine in the page of history and live in every Frenchman's breast—be they Royalists, Socialists, or Republicans.

Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena, Napoleon and the Empire, are talismanic names that thrill through every Frenchman's soul, in spite of all they say or do, in spite of all conflicting claims and interest, amid the strife of parties, the shock of Revolutions, and even the lapse of time, they live together, linked and inseparable, bright as a meteoric flame, and form that wild and phantom thing called "glory," which Frenchmen never can despise. There may be some men base enough to spit upon his empty grave, and spurn the ground he laid in;—ask them if they are not proud of that fiery flag of his, that *fait le tour du monde*? and vain of all the glorious deeds that hallow it—their acts belie their secret thoughts, and truth will triumph o'er their treason.

But

"O Tod! wie soll ich dass verstehen!

"O death! what's the use of all this talk!"

we cannot bring the dead to life, it is worse than useless getting sentimental, and what is more—its time to go! let us wind our weary way, and take a pilgrimage to Longwood.

CHAPTER X.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LONGWOOD.

Jái visite Longwood pelerinage persif, et doloieuse !

Leaving the Tomb Valley, we proceed along a level road which skirts its southern edge, till we pass under a hill covered with under-wood, where it turns off to the right and left, one leading to Longwood, and the other round the country in the opposite direction, while a third runs up the hill and leads to the western districts of the Island. This spot is called Hutts Gate, and consists of a little school house perched on a knoll, a small cottage with a range of outbuildings of somewhat rustic appearance, which combines a shop and tavern under one roof, not unlike many of its congeners, found in the midst of homely English villages, where bumpkins sup their "auld yal" out of earthen mugs, and sonsie lasses buy their huxter wares, as well as now and then, a yard or so of ribbon to make them smart, when they gang to kirk o' Sundays !

Here too, behind that old moss-covered wall, with its rickerty creaking entrance gate, is a snug little villa, with a comfortable verandah, and before it a stately row of fine camilla japonicas, all in flower—red, and white, quite a treat to look upon, besides no end of roses ; and that little grassy ring containing within its magic bounds a variety of flowers, in all their pride and beauty. What a garden too ! look at the peach trees, a goodly sight when they are rigged out in all the glory of their gentle blossoms ; besides the apples, pears, lemon, and pomegranate, make up no inconsiderable show, and display their tempting fruit to great advantage. Lemons and citrons, how fine they look ! and sweet they smell ! reminding thee, O reader, of that Methgelin Ycleped—a bowl of Punch, a Doctor, or a Bishop, or anything mayhap that blends the fragrant lemon juice with potent *eau-de-vie*.

Then there is the kitchen garden running down the slope of the hill, all nice and green and full of peas—green peas—think of that master Brooke ! and look at the ducks waddling among the grass, and grubbing about to make themselves fat and savoury to tickle your palate.

"How charming to be sure"—says the stranger, after being cooped up for two months on shipboard ; "I should like nothing better than to gather the peas, and shell them myself, it looks so green and rural."

And so it does good reader ; there are the cabbages asking as plainly as they can to be married to some streaky bacon, and put upon the table nice and hot, with a dish of these bouncing beans to keep them company. The potatoes with their fine thin skins, and little dimpled eyes, look so pure and good at heart, that we feel assured they will boil like "balls of flour," and prove themselves worthy

companions of that good old knight—Sir Loin, decked out in all the bravery of his white horse-radish plumes, and beet-root gems, as rich and red as rubies, festooned like laurels round a warrior's brow.

This Hutts Gate is renowned through all the length and breadth of St. Helena. It is the *ultima Thule* of all the Yamslock's journeys, hopes, and wishes. Next to the Tomb and Longwood it is the grand point of attraction for strangers and idlers. It is a little road-side tavern, ensconced within a pretty garden, famous for its hospitality—for eating, drinking, and festivity; famous for a cook so dexterous, that he can make a veal cutlet out of mutton chop, and a laughing landlord so great a cellarman, that he can convert gooseberry wine into veritable champagne, so powerful in its effervescence, brilliant in colour, and rich in flavour, that none can tell the difference unless they have been used to drink other and kindlier stuff, than what is known and sold as champagne in St. Helena.

It is too an historical place, for it was sometime the residence of Bertrand, the faithful attendant of Napoleon during his detention on the Island. In this house the ex-emperor passed many pleasant hours, and whiled away the *ennui* of his heavy time, in many a frolic with the General's children. He often wandered down the gentle slopes of the garden, to the little spring in the valley below, and there under the shade of a cluster of willows, communed with himself in silence, reviewed the past, with all its glories and misfortunes, and fixed upon the little glen, at last to be his final resting place.

As it is in the direct road to Longwood, most strangers pay it a visit as they pass, and wash down with many a spirit stirring glass, the melancholy reflection arising from their journey to the Tomb, and prepare themselves to meet the soul-subduing sadness that damps the spirits while wandering round the ruined halls of Longwood.

It is a general rendezvous for all the rambles round the country, the goal of all their hungry hopes, and limit of their journey—for who can leave, when once within its pleasant and attractive bounds, without at least an half hours worship at the shrine of Bacchus, and a chat with Charlie Fuller!

Here may often be met a variety of characters, all worth sketching for a novelist's portfolio. Fine fat Dutch captains, with their jolly ribicund faces, full of noise and fun, who enjoy their *dhrops* with great gusto, and wax oratorical as it warms their hearts, stirs up the brain, and sets their tongues in free and easy motion.

Grave Spaniards full of loud and sonorous phrases, who smack their lips at *vino tinto*, and puff away at rich and real cigars, as sweet and fragrant as a sniff of new mown hay.

Portuguese of swarthy hue, grim slave captains, up to every trick to dodge a British *pirate*—for so they call our cruisers on the coast, men of pith who like the trade of slaving, and think nothing of being taken in the fact; their ships condemned, and niggers taken from them—it neither stops their courage or their fondness for a social glass, nor makes them lose one single whiff of smoke the less.

Gay Frenchmen too, Republicans or Royalists; all sworn admirers of the *grand homme*, whose empty tomb is just below us, full of mirth and frolic, for ever talking and shrugging up their shoulders as they make a hit at *perfidie Albion*—giving utterance to a MALEDICTION, then flying off to nautical affairs, a rush to revolutions, tales of

the barricades, with now and then a battle of the empire, a shrug for Longwood, a hearty *damn* for the tomb, and then a sip at potent *eau-de-vie*, to set them laughing, and get them in good humour once again.

Yankey Skippers, who reckon their ships can go a bit, and beat the Britishers all to smah—lick em clean right out, and guess they know a trick or two to turn the dollars in, and care no more for navigation laws, than Congress does for Rattlesnakes; and how they'll run from California to China, monopolise the trade, turn the Pacific into a Yankey lake, and guess how soon the world will see that flag of theirs—

“The Stars and Stripes
Give John Bull the gripes!”

Then there are some British naval officers, mates, middies, and lieutenants, who have brought in prizes—rare boys for fun, enjoying themselves on shore, courting all the girls who will let them, and riding all the horses they can get, helter skelter up the hills—alas poor hacks! how they make them skip along, holding on by the crupper, saddle bow, and bridle altogether, for fear of shooting over the bows; and precious spills they get sometimes, but nothing daunted, they board the luckless animals again, and dash along like clippers in a spanking gale. Rare fellows these for laughter and good living—no enemies to *Bishops*, and on friendly terms with *Doctors*; vast consumers of ale and stout, ration rum, and what is better still—that hero's drink, ycleped brandy. The fat of the land is theirs, no *twicelaid* now, *lobscouse*, or *hashmagandy*; no ekeing out with dry farina, musty biscuit, or *cullivanses*; no short allowances on shore, no soft planks to sleep upon, but genuine beds—and mercy on us, how they hug them! its all watch below, unbroken sleep, and pleasant dreams.

Such are the motley gatherings here, all social, free, and friendly, eating, drinking, and yarning, round a lengthy table, groaning beneath a load of all good things the Island yields, the landlord in attendance, with a sonsie lass or two, to hand the things about, who glide along like fairies—better far than gawky sprawling flunkies, whose awkward antics turn your very teeth, and play havoc with the temper.

Such is the place, and such is the people that I fell in with one day, after a ramble round this part of the country; they were all merry, and as I was not mournful myself, I gladly joined to partake of their amusement, as I knew some of them before, and had met most of them elsewhere. Amongst them was a jovial Portuguese, tall, stout, brown, and brawny, with raven hair, and black moustaches of no inconsiderable length. He was the captain of a captured slave vessel, which had been condemned, and was waiting for a passage across to Brazil—of course at the expense of the English Government—for “nunkey pays for all!”

He had been taken more than once, and I happened to ask him by chance how many times he had run into the hands of our cruisers. “Ah, ah!” said he, with a shrug of the shoulders, extending his open hand with all the fingers displayed—“Cinco, cinco! Don Juan Tauro!”—Five times John Bull; and I dare say it will not be long

before he re-appears on the same scene, in the same identical character.

After a while, he got in a maudlin state, and waxed lachrymose, the deep potations he had taken of *vino tinto*, began to operate upon the heart through the medium of the head, and set him off a singing, or rather growling in this fretful strain—

“ O meus desditosos dias
O meus dias desditosos ;
Como vos his saudosos,
Sodosos de alegrias,
D'alegrias desejosos !”

for the man of captives, when in such a mood, could feel that captivity even in its mildest form, had its doleful and unwelcome moments. But they were of short duration, for a portly Spaniard of facetious turn, took up the strain to a very different text, and let him know that such captivity as his, was something like being chained in the fetters of love, neither hard to bear, or much to be regretted—

“ Tan preciosa es mi prision,
Soy tan bien aprisionado,
Que pido reconvencion,
Del tiempo que no lo he estado !”

The Portuguese Capitao soon became himself again, a smile spread over his sun-burnt face, his eyes flashed fire—the fire of love—but it was love for drink—*da-me de beber*—he got it, and soon the glass was emptied ; he poked *Don Juan Touro* in the ribs, and slapped a little French *captaine* on the shoulder, who exclaimed—“ *A boire, a boire, Buons, je bois à la santé de tout la compagnie!*” and forthwith commenced a chorus from Berenger—

“ Ris et chante, chante et ris,
Prends tes gants et cours le monde,
Mais la bourse vide ou ronde,
Reviens dans ton Paris.

.. Ah ! Reviens, Ah ! Reviens, Jean de Paris !”

to remind him of the Tagus, and turn his fancies homeward, in spite of all the ups and downs of life, the hits and misses incidental to his trade of nigger filching. It was delivered with shrugs and gestures thoroughly french, which set the black moustachied *Capitao* laughing, as well as all the jovial souls then present. An English middie stirring up a bowl of punch, doled out a glass to all the thirsty sinners round, then helped himself, and essayed to sing. Oh ye ravens ! such a song—with a voice of thunder—sung to divers dislocated tunes jumbled into one—

“ Away, away, I may not stand
Where flowers and foliage be,
This dull small quiet spot of land
Is all too tame for me.
Three times I've traversed round the world
Within yon Frigate free,
Again her canvas is unfurled
Hurrah ! I 'm off to sea !”

All mirth will have an end, joy will change to sadness, time flies and sinks the present in the past, the future opens on another scene, noise sinks to silence, a pause ensues, and all is still, till broken by the word "*Longwood*"—drawled through the nose with true Parisian twang—*Vamos hasta Longwood*, echoes through the room—therefore to Longwood let us go! A pilgrimage beginning from a tavern! Yea, good reader, did not Chaucer of illustrious memory do the same—even from the Tabard, when he began that holy jaunt of his to Canterbury; and wherefore not a *guide*, a simple fellow such as I, with all my motley friends to boot?

Leaving Hutts Gate, the road winds on the summit of a narrow ridge, which separates the deep valleys far below it on either side; on the right is a very pleasing view. The wooded heights of the central ridge of hills rise up high above their neighbours, and show their outlines clearly in the deep blue sky, when not enshrined in the cloudy vapours, common to this part of the Island. Seen through the mists they loom large, and appear more bold and lofty than they really are; their woody gorges seeming then of greater depth and magnitude, than when viewed through a cloudless medium. They are green to the summit, and on a sunny day are both bright and beautiful, and form a pleasant boundary to the landscape.

The valley immediately on our right is called Beaters, and is as attractive in appearance as any in the Island, having many smaller lateral valleys diverging from it, which gradually lose themselves among the sloping sides of the numerous hills jutting from the chief valley at their feet. On the side of the valley opposite the Longwood road, are several villas, some perched on the hill-side, others on little knolls, generally backed by small plantations of fir, whose dark masses form a welcome contrast to the brighter green of the little grassy fields scattered around them; while high above, are the tree clad tops of two lofty hills, one crowned with a little cottage snugly ensconced in a wild and disordered, but not unplesing flower garden, from whence is obtained a beautiful view of the surrounding country.

The principal valley winds in the direction of Longwood, and for some distance follows the course of the naked slopes of the *plateau* on which it is placed, after which it diverges, and then suddenly changes into little better than a deep and naked glen.

Below the point where it diverges are one or two cottages in the bed of the narrowed valley, surrounded by gardens, which however, are not in a very flourishing condition, though the few trees in them are as welcome in the landscape here, as an oasis on the sandy level of an Arabian desert.

On the left of our road, after passing round the skirts of a lumpish hill, the *Devil's Punch Bowl* opens into view—a circular glen of great depth, with sloping sides. In its centre is a little hill with a clump of trees on the top, which splits the valley into a couple of ravines, and considerably diversifies its general features. The further side is covered with grass and brushwood, while that nearest the road is partially barren, and cut into innumerable gullies. It suddenly deepens, and becomes perfectly barren, forming a pass between its bold and rugged boundaries so narrow, that it can only accommodate and find room for the rocky bed of a stream, which drains the overhanging hills in the wet season.

It has many points of interest, and offers several bits of scenery of a singularly wild and romantic character for the sketch book of a ready artist, partial to exercising his pencil on what is rugged, bold, and desolate.

As the valley deepens it becomes more wild and romantic; its ravines and fissures more numerous, and its rocks more rugged and broken, abounding with falls, dark glens, and shallow caves.

Though not equal in grandeur to the Aberglasslyn pass in North Wales, it is quite as wild, and certainly more repulsive, being equally desolate and lonely, and quite as rugged.

But there is Longwood in view, we are approaching near its melancholy precincts. Let us ascend this little knoll by the roadside, take a look round, and examine the scenery. There beyond the wooded holm of Longwood, is a long level plain stretching away with a gradual ascent till it ends in the lofty cloud capped summit of *Flagstaff Hill*, dimly seen through the mists.

It is Deadwood Plain, the largest in the Island, dotted over with a few sheep and cattle, who pick up a living from the dry and parched grass on its gently undulating surface. Running down from it on the right and left, are numerous gullies, utterly bare and naked, but richly variegated with every variety of coloured marl, from purple to glaring white. These gullies soon change into ravines, deep and dismal, utterly barren, and fearfully wild and rugged, as if from the result of some violent convulsion of nature. Walls of basalt show themselves in every direction, covered with layers of lava of immense thickness, alternating with beds of vitrified clinkers, and heaps of partially calcined stones jumbled together in wild and inextricable confusion. The whole landscape is broken into rocky hills, steep and precipitous, naked and stone strewn, abounding in chasms, and lines of columnar basalt, so shattered and broken, so loose and splintery, that they appear as if they would thunder headlong down when shaken by the first blast of wind that sweeps over them in their whirling course. While beyond them all is the dark and sombre mass of the desolate *Barn*—a huge promontory of rock jutting into the sea, without a single patch of vegetation on its stony sides to redeem it from utter barrenness. Thick wreaths of cloud are struggling on its rugged head as if to shut it out, and hide its harsh repulsiveness from sight.

To the right are broken valleys, streaked with marls of varied colour, strewn with stones, and absolutely sterile; above them rise the dreary peaks of Prosperous Bay, and naked plains adjoining, a wilderness of gullies, rocks, and stony mounds, with here and there a lonely patch of brown and sickly rushes, a clump of samphire, or bush of stunted dogwood, peeping from among the mass of rocks and splinters scattered round to make the scene more wretched, by this evidence of its hopeless and distressing barrenness.

Rising on our left over the deep valley before described, are seen the wooded heights of the Alarm House, High Knoll, standing boldly out against the deep azure of the cloudless sky; and looming through the mists, the peaks of distant hills; while in our rear the cloudy summits of the central range of mountains clothed with grass and wood, rise up and form a noble contrast to the sterile nakedness around. Longwood itself, standing on its high plateau, ensconced in

a clustering holm of trees, seems like a Goshen springing from the wilderness, but—

“Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,”

and deceives the eye with semblance of a not unpleasing place, that will not bear a close inspection. From afar, its extensive range of roofs, and numerous gables peeping from among the trees, look like the little cots and cabins of a rural village, for it is a straggling pile, so placed with all its fronts and angles as to present itself with full effect to every point from which it may be seen, whether from the distant hills, or by the sinuous roads approaching it, till the gay illusion is dissolved by entering through its decayed and crumbling gates.

There are the gates before us, rusty and time worn, leaning helplessly against the dingy wall for support. Before them in a bend of the road, is a little clump of firs running down the slope of a hill, mingled with hedges of red geraniums, which enclose a patch of land less sterile than the wastes around.

At the entrance are two cottages, once snug lodges, but now little better than ruinous cabins, dark with dirt, and dilapidated by age and neglect.

Adjoining the one on the left, is a dressed stone, which indicates the distance of the spot from James' Town, as also its elevation above the sea—1777 feet.

Passing the entrance by some mud walls, and wooden buildings, we reach a common farm gate, which admits us at once on the historic sward of Longwood. It is a long narrow field, like the entrance to a country seat. On the right is a thick impenetrable hedge of Budlea, with its rough gray leaves and yellow flowers; on the left a clump or two of firs, and a row of melancholy gumwood trees, looking sad and mournful, as if in memory of the man whose name has sanctified the place, and made them interesting to the strangers eye. Their straggling branches are bent by the winds, and bowed down in many a strange fantastic form, while long festoons of grizzly moss swing from their thin leaved twigs, wave in the winds, and droop with slow and pensive motion among their pale and ashy leaves.

There is a striking air of melancholy about these trees, their aspect is sad and mournful, worse than yew or cypress, forlorn and miserable, they form the appropriate guardians of a place—

“In which there dwells nor man, nor beast at all,
With trees all knotty, knarry, barren, old,
With sharp dead limbs, and hideous to behold,
Through which there runs a ramble and a sigh,
As if the wind would shatter every bough,”

and leave them like the building which they guard, a clustered pile of ruins crumbling piecemeal from the scene.

A straggling path, worn through the sun-burnt grass, runs through the centre of the narrow field, turns suddenly to the right, till lost among the straggling branches of a hedge, behind which is seen in front, and on a level with the grass, the long slate roofs of the new house intended for Napoleon—but which he never occupied. It is built in a hollow, almost at the threshold of the cabin where he died.

On the left is a little wicket gate, stuck in a ragged hedge, tied to the post with bits of rope, and like all around, hurrying on to ruin. Passing through the gate, we enter into a narrow field, a sort of homestead, and there before us stands the empty and deserted halls where Napoleon lingered out the last sad years of his strange and varied life. Lonely, black, and ruinous, it looms upon the eye in all its spectral ghastliness, saddening to the heart, and oppressive to the mind, a fearful lesson of the instability of human grandeur, that we fain could wish was but "the baseless fabric of a vision," and not a sad reality.

Proceeding up the narrow enclosure, we reach the front entrance to the house. It has a little trellised porch of light materials now in a tolerable state of preservation. It was once of a light green colour, but the dark surface of the wood is seen on every edge; it is riddled with names and initials cut on its surface, and scribbled over in all directions. It is ascended by one or two dilapidated steps, partially covered with moss and grass. The walls in front under the little porch, as well as the door, are covered over with all kind of names and hieroglyphics intended for names, with a pretty plentiful sprinkling of dates, legible and illegible,

Passing the door, we enter a room of moderate size, with windows on either side, for it is a projection from the main building. It is fast crumbling into irretrievable ruin; the ceiling, floor, and walls, are alike, all time-shattered and miserably decayed; huge cobwebs hang in thick and heavy festoons in every corner, and with dirt and dust obscure the light glimmering in through the windows.

The whole of the walls are lined with names of visitors from all nations, in every variety of hands, some being ambitiously large, others small, many mere initials, with here and there the traces of a sentence, long since effaced by time or other means. Once there might be seen, written in large and legible characters, these well known lines—

"One murder makes a villain, millions a hero."

Under which some Frenchman had scribbled in a sudden fit of indignation, doubtless arising from a misinterpretation—"You lie—you goddam Englishmans"

This Room was used for billiards, but served the fallen Emperor for other purposes as well; it commands a rather wild, but not extensive view.

From this dreary apartment we pass into a small and miserably dark room, in a state of utter and hopeless ruin. In the middle is a huge lumbering machine for crushing corn for cattle. Through the thickly coated windows a feeble light filters in, and saves it from the charge of almost utter darkness. Part of the roof has fallen—that over the very spot where Napoleon breathed his last—for this wretched den is the room in which he died. At best, it must have been no enviable abode; but now in ruins, it is indeed a soul afflicting place, and fills the mind with melancholy retrospections—so lonely and so desolate it touches home, and wrings a throb of sympathy from every heart.

In this half roofless room, amidst the wild contentions of the elements, the "spoilt child of destiny" laid stretched in mortal agony upon the bed of death.

The eve of death came on with thick mists and sleet, heavy vapoury clouds hung lowering on the mountain summits near, and shut them out from view. The winds howled fiercely in wild and angry gusts, among the trees surrounding this his last abiding place on earth. The rain whirled down in heavy showers, and pattered on the wooden roof with dull and hollow sound; the sea was up, and booming loudly on the distant shore, seemed like the dying echos of a far, but furious cannonade.

The sun went down that night in cloudy darkness, obscured and ominous, and rose again amidst the roar of high conflicting elements. The winds increased and whistled wildly through the breaking trees, tore them up and laid them prostrate on the wet and soddened ground — amongst the rest Napoleon's favorite willow, beneath whose leafy shade he often sat in deep and earnest reverie. The rain fell fast and furious, driven about in whirls and eddies, it roared and rumbled round the tempest shaken dwelling like the confused noise of marshalled masses, rushing to and fro in fierce and angry strife. Mingled with the ocean surge booming dull and heavy on the rocky beach, it fell upon the dying Emperor's ear, woke up the "ruling passion strong in death," set free the mind, and sent it wandering through a visioned or a retrospective world. The shadowy realms of darkening space, even to eternity's awful verge, were peopled by that wandering mind of his; he saw it filled with myriads of crowding forms, and heard their conflict in the raging of the elementary war without. The sound of wind and rain and sea, confused in one chaotic roar by a mysterious process of the half delirious mind, fell on the emperor's ear like the too familiar sound of the charge of columns, rush of lines, and jingling onslaught of cuirassed warriors, sweeping on to meet a fast advancing foe.

His shattered frame worn weak with long disease, lay stretched upon that bed of death, life still lingering in the stronghold of the heart; but every throb that sent its purple tide in feeble gushes through the veins, lost strength, and flagged and laboured on in vain, to stop life's vital heat from filtering drop by drop away.

There he laid, still and motionless as an alabaster effigy, save but in a weak and feeble heaving of the breast, which rose and fell at every laboured inspiration, less marked and visible as death's cold touch crept on, and stole with slow but certain step, to hurry out the last faint spark of life that lingered in the scarcely throbbing heart.

Long deep drawn inspirations, with intermitting periods of insensibility's repose, came on from pure exhaustion, from time to time brief words and mutterings escaped his blanched and clammy lips.

The storm raged on, increased in fury and confusion, the sullen boom of distant waters, floods of whirling rain, and howling of the wind, brought on the shades of evening, as if to veil from sight his lingering agony in that hour of death. Amid the fierce contentions of the elemental war, when the stormy day had nearly reached its close, the certain signs of fast approaching dissolution, came like heralds to announce the severance of a mighty spirit from its drossy tenement of earthly clay,

A long drawn inspiration slowly swelled the dying emperor's breast; faint unintelligible murmurings were heard; a glassy film spread round the fastly fixing eyes; a deathlike pause—another

inspiration, and *tete d'Armée*—broke from his lips, the jaw fell, and all that was mortal of Napoleon, laid stretched in death in that poor unkingly room, while his immortal spirit winged its way through the wild contentions of the warring elements,

“To that bourne whence no traveller returns.”

to learn how glory fares in realms where war and strife are never known.—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

We enter next a little lobby, as dark and ruinous as all the wretched rooms around. On the left is the little cabinet, or topographic room, so often mentioned in the Saint Helena memoirs. It is now occupied by one or two farm servants, and like the rest is sadly dilapidated.

Passing onwards through a door-way, we enter a kind of stable yard, and turning suddenly again to the right, we enter what was once the bed room of Napoleon, now a stable strewn with litter, with racks and mangers, and all the *et ceteras* of farm stabling fitted up. It bears no trace of its former use, all such like indications have long since vanished. In this room the emperor laid in state after death. Well might young Bertrand exclaim—*quelle profanation! au tombeau c'était de l'émotion, ici de la stupeur.*

Viewed externally it appears an extensive pile, but all these long rows of black sheds and stables jutting from the main residence were not there during Napoleon's residence, they were brought from Deadwood plain, where they had served for the soldiers stationed there. Close adjoining the house are square yards enclosed with rough stone walls, used for cattle lairs and piggeries, beside a wooden hut or two, where resides the *custos* of the place—an ancient soldier and his wild *Meg Merrilies* of a wife.

Up in a corner formed by the projection of the Billiard room, is the lumbering gear for driving the mill, which so desecrates the room in which the emperor breathed his last. Taken altogether it is a pile of universal ruin, crumbling down piecemeal, and doomed at no remote time to disappear entirely; the memory of Napoleon seems powerless in its protection; in spite of all its associations it will perish; the *Genius loci*, has already fled, and left it to its fate.

The gardens are all gone, a lawn of parched and stunted grass is all around, and there beneath a clump of straggling trees, is a little tank lined with stone—Napoleon's fish pond, half choked with grass and weeds, but still in preservation. He had it stocked with fishes, and sought for amusement in attending them, and watching their progressive growth—but they sickened one by one and died; the incident affected him, he felt it keenly, and exclaimed in bitterness of anguish—“Every thing I love—every thing that belongs to me is immediately struck. Heaven and mankind unite to afflict me.”

Such was the change wrought by adversity and disease in the mind of Napoleon—he who formerly could see whole regiments of men mown down before him without compunction or a change of countenance—now sighed in bitterness of heart for the loss of a few miserable fishes. Not far away from the house, through a little clump of trees, is the pavilion, now the farm residence, but formerly occupied by General Bertrand while attending on the Emperor.

Arthur Bertrand, the son of the old general, was born in this

house, of which he appears to be not a little vain, for in his account of the exhumation of Napoleon's remains, he states that on the day of his birth, his mother presented him to the emperor with the following address—"Sire, j'ai l'honneur de vous présenter le premier Français qui soit entré à Longwood sans la permission du gouverneur!" which he also uses in the title page of his book, detailing his visit to the Island.

Immediately in front of the crumbling home of Napoleon, below the brow of a gently falling hill, is seen the new residence built for his use; it is a large and spacious residence, far more extensive and convenient than the old one. He took a strong dislike to it, and nothing could persuade him to occupy it—he never once entered its walls. It stands on the side of a gently sloping hill, and is surrounded with a ditch now partially choked up, and a low wall surmounted by cast iron railing—it was the sight of these walls and rails that gave the emperor such an insuperable disgust to the new residence, for he said they would constantly remind him that he was a prisoner of war—*au milieu d'une paix profonde*. The greater part of these rails are now however covered over by shrubs and flowery plants, while the slopes of the ditch are clothed with grass, and numerous patches of the gaudy stertian, whose fire-coloured flower nods in the breeze in all directions, and enlivens the scene by its floral brilliance.

Longwood Farm is the most extensive in the Island, but the worst cultivated; it is in fact the only one where the fields are extensive and of English appearance; the whole plateau surrounding the house consisting of about thirteen hundred acres. The grounds in the rear of the house are covered with open straggling woods, principally of fir and gumwood trees. The drives of the emperor may be still traced, though in many parts overgrown with bushes of the wild Bringal, and covered with short stunted grass,

His rides were extensive, but overlooked in every direction. He could not stir without being seen from some of the numerous signal houses perched on the neighbouring hills. On Deadwood Plain close at hand, was an encampment of soldiers, whose evolutions he could easily see from the little porch at his entrance door. At nightfall they mounted guard at Longwood house, and a chain of centinels meshed him round in every direction. He was closely watched, and keenly felt the degradation, but such was in his destiny—*quod scriptum scriptum*—and he had no power to alter it.

Longwood is an attractive point to all strangers visiting the Island, and excites in every mind strong feelings of sympathy for the fallen Emperor. The smallness of the main buildings attract immediate attention, and carries the mind at once back to all the splendid palaces he commanded in every part of continental Europe. The contrast is saddening; the contemplation of these black and ruined halls works up the feelings, and brings in a train of melancholy thoughts; emotion fills the heart, and excites disgust, bids us hurry from the place, so wretched in its aspect, and so lamentably desolate.

Yet there is a time when these deserted halls appear to be both bright and beautiful. When the last rays of the setting sun strike up the valleys, and bathe it in a flood of wavering light—glows on its blackened gables, and shattered windows—spreads among the trees and hills, and lights it up in one broad sheet of deeply crimsoned

flame, intense and beautiful, while all around is indistinctly seen through the fastly darkening shades of night.

It then appears as if the genius of war was holding revel there, and glory had come down to join her on her fiery throne, to hallow the scene, and scatter her bright undying rays around, to sanctify the spot where her favoured, but too froward child, had breathed his last in exile, agony, and hopeless grief.

That ruddy flame of gorgeous light comes streaming from the "sun of Austerlitz," and lingers over Napoleon's ruined home at every cloudless eventide—

Intensely brilliant and serene,
 Illuming all the varied scene;
 Wreathed like a pall in halo's spread,
 Eternal o'er the mighty dead;
 The light of glory o'er the grave—
 Where slept the spirit of the brave.

After a long repose the remains of Napoleon were exhumed, and rendered back to France. It was his dying wish to repose on the banks of the *Seine*.

France responded to that wish of his, and looked to future time for its fulfilment. That time arrived. France applied to England, and England gave consent to his removal. His lonely grave and ruined home has been a place of pilgrimage to thousands of enamoured devotees.

The grave is empty now—a phantom of the past, but yet a sad reality that still can draw a sympathising tear from manly eyes; none can tread that silent vale without emotion.

The memory of the man is there—a spell that captivates the heart—he rules us from his urn—thoughts wander through the mist of years—breaks misfortunes dusky veil, and plants him full before us in all the brilliance of his great unrivalled glory.

There is a grandeur about the man that time assails in vain—he looms gigantic through the past, and lives in memory as the greatest man of modern times—he stands alone preeminent, like Mount Blanc above the lofty Alps, or Chimborazo, sun-lit, above the snowy heads of all the Andes mighty and terrific range.

The *Belle Poule*, and her sister vessels, anchored in St. Helena's little bay, under the command of Prince de Joinville, and soon made preparations to fulfil their mission. Among those on board were men who shared the emperor's exile, and lived with him in his captivity—devoted men returned to carry out their master's dying wish—Bertrand, Gourgaud, Las Cases, and Marchand, whose names are linked for ever with Napoleon, and St. Helena—the friends of his adversity, and faithful when defection seemed a virtue, once more they wandered through their prison haunts, reviewed the lonely and deserted halls of Longwood, mourned o'er its hopeless desolation—the past overwhelmed them with all its sad associations—with heavy hearts they turned away and left it then for ever—a spell was on them, and they felt—

"A grief too deep for tears!"

But where was Montholon? could he be absent such a time as this? could he forget the master whom he loved so well? had death and time a power to snap the link that bound them in adversity? had

affection lost its power, and reverence its devotion? why was Montholon away at such a time, and not there with Bertrand and Las Cases?

He was at Ham, a prisoner, through devotion to his master's name, but his heart was with his friends at St. Helena—he appealed to France to let him sail upon that painful pilgrimage, but his appeal was all in vain—misfortune had him in her grasp, and was loth to let him go, even to a scene of sad remembrances and sorrow.

Napoleon died amidst a storm of wind and rain—in wind and rain his exhumation was begun. The sky was dark with cloud and mist, the night was cold and showery, the vale in which the tomb is placed was wet and miry—so deep, the very anvil of the smiths engaged upon the work sunk down at every blow—the men were ankle high in mud and slush.

They began the work a little after midnight, and by seven in the morning had reached the heavy stone that closed the inner vault—the stone was raised, and the coffin stood revealed in perfect preservation, with all its nails as bright and clean as when first driven in their place.

It was slowly raised, and carried to a tent prepared for its reception. There, after the lapse of nearly twenty years repose in the ground it was opened, and the mortal remains of Napoleon were found perfect and unchanged—just as the spirit left them when it fled to wander in eternity.

He seemed asleep—so little was he changed—his features were perfect—that small right hand of his appeared almost a living thing, of flesh and blood. His antient friends and fellow exiles beheld him there, just as they had placed him after death some twenty years before. Emotion touched their hearts, big round tears came trickling from their cells, dropped down the furrowed cheeks of aged men, together there as they had been in many a bloody field before, when he whose cold and soulless frame they gazed upon, had led them through its fury, to honor and to victory.

They had seen him in his proudest hours—in exile and death—they closed his grave, and now they saw him raised again to journey on to France, and rest amidst his antient warriors—in that proud home of theirs, the *Invalides*.

Amid the roar of many guns, the body was embarked, and in a few brief hours had left for ever Helena's rocky shores.

He has conferred an immortality upon this lonely Isle which time can never touch, while a single rock remains to show its head above the blue Atlantic wave—his name and memory—his glory and misfortune—will shed undying interest round its narrow and surf-beaten bounds.

That ruined dwelling place and empty tomb of his, may vanish in the lapse of years, but history has enrolled them in her never-fading page, to pass them down to ages yet unborn, in awful evidence of the instability of human grandeur, and the uselessness of all its self-styled glory.

With all his kingdoms, crowns, wars, and victories, his glory and undying name, misfortune, captivity and death, the unseen hand that writes him in the Book of Fate, records and registers him amongst unnumbered millions more—

Napoleon Infelix!

A

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY
OF THE
ISLAND SAINT HELENA.

The barren and precipitous shores of the now historical Island of St. Helena, were for the first time seen frowning in solitary grandeur over the blue waters of the South Atlantic, on the twenty-first day of May, in the year of grace 1502, that day being the anniversary of the Empress HELENA—a Saint in Roman Catholic Calendar.

The Island has been claimed as one of the discoveries of the adventurous Vasco de Gamo, but not on very conclusive grounds: the honor is unquestionably due to the hardy sailors of the brave old Commodore Juan de Nova Castilla, commander of a Portuguese fleet, sent to the East Indies to reinforce De Cabral, their Commander-in-chief, in that part of the world.

It appears from the writings of Osorio, that as soon as the Portuguese had discovered the Island, they landed upon it to enquire into its value and productions, and we are told by some writers, not without the loss of one of their vessels—but of this nothing appears to be certain.

It is stated, however, that the sailors “drew on shore her weather beaten sides, and all the armoury and tackling, building with the timber a Cappell in this valley, from thence called Chappell Valley,”—although nothing is said as to the policy of building a Chapel in the valley before it was occupied by houses or inhabitants.

On examining the Island they found the only living things upon it were seals, turtle, sea fowls, and sea lions—a very limited catalogue to what it now possesses.

Some of the historians of the Portuguese voyages indulge in a romantic story, about a miserable renegade of the name of Fernandez Lopez, who appears to have mixed himself up in the wars between the Portuguese and the native chiefs in India. He, unfortunately for himself, embraced the losing side, and was surrendered to his indignant countrymen by Rotzomo Cam, who had recently undergone the miseries of a defeat by the troops of Alphonzo Albuquerque, near the town of Goa, who compelled Rotzomo to yield up all the renegades and deserters who had joined his standards to fight against their own countrymen.

No sooner had they fallen into the power of Albuquerque, than he amused himself by mutilating his unfortunate captives, whom he

caused to have their noses, ears, right hands, and thumbs of the left cut off, thus branding them as traitors, and himself as a brute.

Thus disgraced and mutilated, Fernandez Lopez felt no wish to return home to his native land, and he appears to have had means to induce the Portuguese authorities to allow him to settle on the then uninhabited Island of St. Helena, accompanied by a few negro slaves, who thus became its first colonists.

This event occurred in the year 1513, but in what part of the Island he took up his abode nothing appears to be known, nor indeed as to how long he enjoyed life and solitary power within its surf beaten bounds.

If we are to believe the narrative "*d'un Portoghese, compagno di Odardo Barbosa, quel fu sopra la nave Vittoria del anno MDXIX,*" who professes to have been on board the good ship *Vittoria* in the year 1519, it would seem that Lopez was then alive on the Island, for the narrative asserts that he was at that time its sole occupant, "*e non vi e habitatione alcuna se non d'un huomo Portoghese, il quall non ha se non una mano, e una piede, senza naso, e senza orecchie, e si chiama Fornam Lopem,*" i. e.—"we saw no habitation, but that of a Portuguese man, who had but one hand, one foot, was without nose or ears, and was called Fornam Lopem"—who appears by this description to have been shorn of a foot as well as of his nose and ears, as in the other accounts we have of him.

The Portuguese were not slow in perceiving the advantage which an Island placed as St. Helena is, would be to them in their voyages, stocked it with "*Goats, Asses, Hogs, and other Cattle,*" which very soon increased and spread over the Island, so that the solitary Lopez would be pretty well provided for on his first arrival in the matter of Goat and Hog flesh. As he had slaves with him he might soon cultivate a patch of land, and grow sufficient vegetables, not only for his own use, but for the accommodation of any ship which might honor him with a call, so that we have every reason to suppose he was the first merchant who offered his wares to "passengers" on their arrival in his lonely bay.

As the Portuguese ships, to and from India, in the course of their tedious voyages, often required fresh meat and vegetables when they arrived at a place like St. Helena, they did all their limited means would allow them to do in introducing a variety of birds and animals into the Island, which soon spread over it, multiplied, and answered all their wishes.

In this manner and for the same reasons, many edible roots and vegetables of different sorts, as well as fruit trees, were introduced, so that in a little time the wilderness changed its colours and grew into a garden, stocked with pleasant fruit and useful vegetables.

As the Island was pretty well covered with wood and scrubby jungles, Lopez would have no difficulty in fitting up a comfortable abode for himself and his few slaves in any part of his new territories that might tickle his fancy—for like Alexander Selkirk he could say, "I am lord of all I survey."

And as he had been unfortunate in the wars, it is a pleasant thing to imagine the exiled soldier sitting at ease under the shade of an Ebony tree ruminating on the follies of mankind—his own in particular

—and rejoicing that he had at last found a peaceable home, far from the haunts of “busy men,” where he could wander in a romantic wilderness, gaze on nature in a state of primitive simplicity, and to the murmuring music of the sea, offer up his daily orisons to the bounteous dispenser of all that he saw around him—his rocky home, and boundless ocean.

After Lopez, the Island appears to have been the abode of a self-constituted hermit—a Franciscan, who is reported to have led a very austere life, but his austerity seems to have been directed against the wild goats then abounding in the Island

He combined trade with austerity, and carried on a great traffic in skins, was recluse in wet weather, and enjoyed the lively pleasures of the chase when it was fine, or when he had to make up a cargo of skins for some trafficking sinner, whose gold disturbed the meditations of this very recluse Franciscan, and drew him from his hermitage in the woods to partake of the traders good cheer, and make up for any unpleasant abstinence his austerity—or want of provisions—had compelled him to observe.

The proceedings of this Friar Tuck, like Franciscan, at length roused the ire of the Portuguese government, and their sea Captains who began to find goats flesh a scarce commodity when they touched at the Island; if they asked for flesh, they were answered with a bundle of indigestible skins, so to put a stop to the business, they turned this austere recluse out of the Island, and sent him adrift without consulting his convenience, or fearing the anger of his worthy patron, Saint Francis.

Mention is also made of four runaway slaves, who escaped from a ship in the bay, and fled into the woody heights in the interior, where they increased and multiplied to the number of twenty.

They, of course, had to live the best way they could, and their natural sagacity soon informed them that the easiest way of getting a living, was by levying black mail on the live stock, treasured on the Island for the benefit of the Portuguese Mariners.

The Portuguese appear to have been very unfortunate in their transactions, for no sooner did they get the Island pretty well stocked, than in comes a worthy Franciscan recluse to reduce it; by the time they got rid of him, they were blessed with a colony of slaves, who fared sumptuously on their meat till the stock was pretty well exhausted, and so left nothing for the poor sailors when they arrived in their scurvy stricken carracks.

This state of things was not to be borne with impunity, so they decreed the utter extermination of this goat consuming race.

But they were not easily to be found, the country was wild, full of rocky eminences, and covered with wood, so that it was a work of time before this free and independent colony could be persuaded or compelled to leave their pleasant quarters. As soon as a ship hove in sight, they returned to their holes in the rocks, or the recesses of the woods, and kept out of sight till the danger had gone by, when they ventured out and engaged themselves after the fashion of their fathers, by hunting the goats, and making great feasts at the expence of their ci-devant masters.

All things have an end—and so at last their hunting and feasting

was stopped, but not without a great deal of trouble and annoyance on the part of the Portuguese.

After getting rid of all these plagues, the Island appears to have prospered, and gradually increased in value to its adventurous owners, who were anxious to keep it entirely to themselves, which they continued to do for many years—till one fine day Captain Cavendish stumbled upon it, and thus unexpectedly published its position and value to the world, round which he had just been circumnavigating, for the purpose of picking up any stray Island which might happen to fall in his way, as this had done, to the unutterable annoyance of the cunning Lusitanians.

Captain Cavendish was a very methodical matter of fact kind of man, who did every thing *en regle*, and withal was as bold, enterprising, and inquisitive, as he was regular and methodical; possessing these combined qualities, we are not to be surprised that he made full and due preparations for landing, and for taking possession of it in the Queen's name, if there was nothing to prevent him. When he approached the Island, the breeze was so light that he was unable to get in that day, he stood off till the next morning, when he sent a boat to search for a suitable berth for his good ship to lie snugly in, which was found to be opposite a valley adorned with "divers handsome buildings"—the first British anchor that ever dropt on the shores of St. Helena was in twelve fathoms water, opposite where now stands James' Town.

Cavendish discovered, or rediscovered the Island, on the 8th of June 1588, and landed on it the next day, eighty six years after it had been visited by Juan de Nova Castella.

As the worthy captain is very exact and minute as to the state and appearance of the Island when he first landed, I cannot do better than let the brave old fellow tell his story in his own quaint and peculiar style—which is a very good one—plain, precise, and like himself, very minute and methodical—reading like the descriptive scenes of some old romance, and almost persuading us that it really was an El Dorado, abounding with "green figs" and "pomelitron trees."

"The same day about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, we went on shore, where we found an exceeding fair and pleasant valley, wherein divers handsome buildings and houses were set up, and one particularly, which was a church, was tiled and whitened on the outside very fair, and made with a porch; and within the church at the upper end was set an altar, whereon stood a very large table set in a frame, having on it the picture of Our Saviour Christ upon the cross, and the image of our Lady praying, with divers other histories painted curiously on the same. The sides of the Church were hung round with stained cloths, having many devices drawn on them.

"There are two houses adjoining to the church, on each side one, what served for a kitchen to dress meat in, with necessary rooms, and houses of office.

"The coverings of the said houses are made flat, where is planted a very fair vine; and through both the said houses runneth a very good and wholesome stream of fresh water.

"There is also over against the church, a very fair causeway, made up with stones, reaching unto a valley by the sea side, in which

valley is planted a garden, wherein grows a great store of pompions and melons; and upon the said causeway is a frame erected, whereon hangs two bells, wherewith they ring to mass; and near to it a cross is set up, which is square framed, and made very artificially of free stone, whereon is carved in cyphers what time it was built, which was the year of Our Lord 1571.

"The valley is the fairest and largest low plot in all the Island, and is exceedingly sweet and pleasant, and planted in every place either with fruit or with herbs."

"There are fig trees which bear fruit continually, and very plentifully; for on every tree you may see blossoms, green figs, and ripe figs all at once, and it is so all the year long.

"The reason is, that the Island standeth so near the sun. There is also great store of Lemon trees, Orange trees, Pomegranate trees, Pomecitron trees, and Date trees, which bear fruit as the Fig trees do, and are planted carefully and very artificially, with pleasant walks under and between them; and the said walks are overshadowed with the leaves of the trees; and in every void place is planted parsley, sorrel, basil, fernel, anniseed, mustard seed, radishes, and many very good herbs. The fresh water brook runneth through divers places of this orchard, and may with very small pains be made to water any tree in the valley.

"These fresh water streams cometh from the tops of the mountains, and falleth from the cliff into the valley the height of a cable, and hath many arms issuing out of it, that refresh the whole Island and almost every tree in it. The Island is altogether high mountains and steep valleys, except it be on the tops of some hills, and down below in some of the valleys, where great plenty of all these fruits before spoken of do grow. There are much more growing on the tops of the mountains than below in the valleys; but it is very toilsome and dangerous travelling up to them and down again, by reason of the height and steepness of the hills.

"There are also on the Island great store of partridges, which are very tame, not making any great haste to fly away though we come very near them. We killed some of them with a fowling piece. They differ very much from our partridges which are in England, both in bigness and also in colour, and live in coveys, twelve, sixteen, and twenty together; you cannot go ten or twelve score paces but you shall spring one or two coveys at least.

"There are likewise no less plenty of pheasants in the Island, which are also very big and fat, surpassing those which are in our country in bigness and numbers in a company; they differ not very much in colour from the partridges before spoken of. We found moreover in this Island plenty of Guinea Cocks, which we call Turkeys, of colour black and white, with red heads; they are much the same in bigness with ours in England: their eggs are white and as big as a turkey's egg.

"There are in this Island thousands of Goats, which the Spaniards call cabritos, which are very wild; you shall see one or two hundred of them together, and sometimes you may see them go in flocks almost a mile long; some of them (whether it be the nature of the breed of them, or the country, I know not) are as big as an ass, with

a mane like a horse, and a beard hanging down to the very ground ; they will climb up the cliffs which are so steep that a man would think it impossible any living creature could go there. We took and killed many of them for all their swiftness, for there are thousands of them upon the mountains.

"There are in like manner great store of swine, which are very wild and fat, and of great bigness, they keep altogether upon the mountains and will very seldom abide any man to come near them, except it be by mere chance when they are found asleep, or otherwise, according to their kind are taken lying in the mire.

"We found in the houses, at our coming, three slaves who were negroes, and one who was born in the Island of Java, who told us that the East India fleet which were in number five sail, the least whereof was in burden eight or nine hundred tons, all laden with spices and callicut cloth, with store of treasure and very rich stones and pearls, were gone from the said Island of St. Helena but twenty days before we came hither.

"When the Portuguese touch at the Island, they have all things in plenty for their relief, by reason that they suffer none to inhabit there that might eat up all the produce of the Island, except some very few sick persons of their company, whom they suspect will not live until they come home; these they leave there to refresh themselves, and take them away the year following with the other fleet, if they live so long."

Was there ever such a precise writer as this Captain Cavendish before—how he peeps and prys into everything, and how accurately he jots it all down in his log, lest it should escape from the *tabula rasa* of his memory.

The description is so exact that we might sit down and make a sketch of the whole place if we feel inclined so to do, and engrave it as a view of St. Helena taken in the year 1588.

From these observations of Cavendish, we learn that up to the time of his arrival in the Island it had not obtained the dignity of a Colony, inasmuch as its sole inhabitants were three negroes and a native of Java, left there for the purpose of looking after the live stock and attending upon the "very few" sick Portuguese left there for the benefit of their health.

They appear to have been lavish in the decorations of their little church, and, as is usual with the Portuguese, to have erected a fine stone cross in the year 1571—sixty-nine years after the discovery of the Island; the only other buildings on it being a few flat roofed houses.

The rapid increase of the animals which had been introduced, forms not the least interesting feature in this old mariners sketch of the Island—hundreds of Pigs—thousands of Goats—Pheasants too fat to fly—and Partridges "not making any haste to fly away" when he was after them with his gun—to say nothing of the "Cabritos" or Goats as "big as an ass," which he was clever enough to capture "for all their swiftness" and take home in triumph—what a Goshen in the wilderness of waters, wherein to recruit his scurvy stricken sailors.

Cavendish appears to have gone rambling about the infant town,

peeping into the church, and prying into the houses, as freely as if the place had been his own—the slaves his own property—and the “very few sick” sailors, all from the vessel that took him there, then floating in the bay, as boldly as if in her own waters at home.

He examined the orchards, the gardens, the steep hills, the woods, and even had a peep at the waterfall “as high as a cable,” and went out sporting and rumaging about as if he had known the place for years, and had merely called in by way of inspection. And then how civil these three negroes and the Java man were, not interfering or saying a word to interrupt him, although, as far as they knew, he might have been submitting it to “his mind’s eye” to see if it was worth the trouble of taking, for the benefit of his fiery mistress the good Queen Bess. They thought “discretion the better part of valour,” and feared to offend the dignity of their unexpected and redoubtable visitor, who might have kidnapped the whole of them had he chosen, and taken them to England to exhibit as natives of his new found Island. So they were polite, he was pleased, and left them alone to look after their goats and sheep.

But we have not yet done with romance, we have to bring another solitary but unwilling hermit in the scene, which is laid in the year 1591, when the *Royal Merchant*, in company with other vessels, left England on their way to India; they arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in a sickly state, and the whole of the Invalids were put on board the *Royal Merchant* to be taken back to England; on her way she called in at St. Helena to refresh. One of the unfortunate sailors was so miserably sick, that it was determined to leave him on the Island as the only chance of saving his jeopardised life. In the mean time, the other vessels had been so sorely knocked and beaten about for nearly two years, that they were glad to return towards home; but one was doomed never to see Old England more—she perished, and none in her were ever heard of; the other arrived at St. Helena, and after running through every vicissitude of the disasters incident to the sea, dropped her anchor in the bay on the third of April 1593.

When they landed in the valley, their ears were saluted with the pleasant sound of a plaintive hymn, sung in the little church before spoken of; attracted by this music of the “human voice divine,” they entered its little porch, and found one solitary individual pouring out his “pensive soul” in rapt enthusiasm and penitential devotion to the throne of the great omniscient; the tremulous echoes pealed along its painted walls, and broke the silence of the lonely valley in which they had just set their feet. Wearied as they were with the incessant watching, the bustle and turmoil of a stormy voyage, the raging of the seas, and the howling of the wind, the music was in unison with their own feelings, and formed no inappropriate introduction to the calm peacefulness, and lovely beauty of the spot, they had so long and so anxiously wished to reach; it touched them like a requiem to the memory of the comrades they had lost, or as a hymn of thankfulness for having escaped from the dangers of a perilous voyage.

Their entrance disturbed the devotee—he was alarmed, and they were surprised; his figure was strange and uncouth, he was dressed in a rude suit of untanned goat skin; they knew him not, but he

recognized them—old friends and former companions; his heart was glad, for in them he saw deliverance from his solitude. His prayers were answered, and the forlorn mariner once more gazed on the friends he loved—felt himself rolling on the broad blue sea, homeward bound; imagination outran reality, and he fancied himself in a gallant craft with all her canvas set, “that walked the waters like a thing of life,” driving on through storm or calm, to reach the long wished goal of home.

But ’twas not so written—it was otherwise ordained; excess of joy, a dire disease, preyed on his mind: he had lived on hope through weary days, and weeks, and months; long had he watched to sight a friendly sail at break of day, at noon, and night; but now with love and friends and kindness round him, the ship at anchor, homeward bound, exhausted nature sunk, sleep forsook him, health decayed, and hope itself was quenched in death.

The early attempts of the British merchants to navigate the Atlantic and Indian seas were very disastrous, and entailed the loss of a great amount of property, of many ships, and a fearful sacrifice of human life—the elements appeared to be against them.

Of the first expedition, consisting of three ships, only one reached England, and without a cargo, for she was sent back from the Cape with the sick and disabled of the fleet.

The second expedition, also consisting of three vessels, was even more unfortunate than the first, for out of three fine ships that left the shores of England on their adventurous voyage, not one returned to tell the tale of their proceedings; these ships were equipped by private merchants out of their own resources, in the year 1596, for so anxious were they to open up a communication with the East by this route, that nothing deterred them, and notwithstanding all these heavy losses, we shall soon see them again embarked in the same enterprize, under better auspices, and with redoubled energy.

The natural and commercial wealth of the East Indies, its boundless resources in fine cloths and silks, in drugs and spices, was the tempting bait which allured all the longing eyes of the adventurous merchants of the maritime countries of Europe. The Portuguese opened the road and showed the way. England, Holland, France, and Spain, soon followed the same track, and ere long their little fleets laid side by side in the Indian seas. In England great exertions were made to recover past losses, and establish a permanent trade; the able ministers of the “Virgin Queen” were not backward in their support; under such circumstances, it did not require a long time to establish a Company for the sole purpose of trafficking with India. A sum of seventy-two thousand pounds was raised by the merchants and their fellow adventurers—thus was the East India Company established, and its Act of Incorporation ratified in the year 1600.

From such small beginnings rose that remarkable company of Merchant Princes, who now sway the destinies of the Eastern world, and rule an Empire made up of many states and peoples, richer, and greater in extent than that of Imperious Cæsar, or Alexander the Great. Its growth has been remarkable—first as merchants supplicating permission to trade, then to erect factories—turning their factories into forts—their forts into territories—their territories into kingdoms,

growing and expanding on all sides, employing the natives for soldiers, and with them marching from victory to victory—till all that is worth having falls to their possession—impelled onward, as it were by the irresistible tide of circumstances—their march is forward—they know not where to stop—they cannot remain stationary—to retrograde is to be lost—and who can see the end—may it not be “like vaulting ambition that overleaps itself, and falls on ‘t’other side.”

The first fleet sent from England by the East India Company, in terms of their Charter of Incorporation, consisted of four ships, the *Dragon*, *Hector*, *Ascension*, and *Susan*, under the charge of Captain Lancaster, one of the commanders in their last ineffectual expedition before they were incorporated. Lancaster proved himself to be a man of energy—skilful in conducting negotiations—prompt in carrying out the instructions of his employers—and shrewd enough to turn every opportunity to advantage.

He reopened the trade, and established it on a firm basis, open and manly as becomes a negotiator of this kind; he secured the good will of the native potentates with whom he came in connection; they could repose confidence in him, and he did not abuse it; he was esteemed as a man, and through him his employers were respected as men of honor, integrity and enterprise; he was prudent—they were prompt—and the result—success; peace and good will united the merchants of the East and Western worlds.

Two of his vessels, the *Ascension* and *Susan*, were speedily laden with spices and other much coveted valuables of the east, and despatched to England, where they arrived.

Lancaster himself soon followed in his ship the *Dragon*, in company with the *Hector*. They were not however so fortunate as the other two, they were overtaken by a furious storm when off the Cape of Good Hope, and got a severe shaking, the *Dragon* lost her rudder; they made for Saint Helena, which they reached on the 16th June, after having gone through many hardships and privations. Here he repaired the vessels, and refreshed his men; a man of his character could not fail to perceive that Saint Helena would be a valuable acquisition to his masters, as a place of call for their ships.

He reached England on the 11th September 1603—thus auspiciously beginning the commercial prosperity and grandeur of the East India Company, now a race of Sovereign Merchants.

Up to the time at which we have now arrived, the Island does not appear to have been occupied as a colony by the Portuguese, they only keeping a few people on it to look after supplies for their ships when they arrived, and for attending upon their sick when left behind.

The English, Dutch, and Spaniards, seem to have done pretty much what they liked with it, although admitting the sovereignty of the Portuguese. As trade with India increased, and ships of different nations arrived more frequently, they began at last to quarrel about it, and endeavoured apparently to render it as useless to each other as they could. An old author, after alluding to the discovery of the Island, and speaking of its fertility, exclaims, “yet this Isle is not inhabited, but serves for the English, Portugals, Spaniards, and Hollanders, to refresh themselves in going, but for the most part in returning, from the Indies.” And then goes on to say, that “some

years ago the Hollanders ruined all that was good, only to spight the Spaniards, who afterwards did the same, that the English, Hollanders, &c. might have no profit of it."

Tavernier, in his voyages, speaks very favorably of the liberality of the Portuguese, who, he says, "wherever they go, do everything to improve the place, for the benefit of those who may come after them; but that the Dutchmen are *tout le contraire, et tâchent de détruire tout*," so that those who come after them may find nothing: and complains that the soldiers and sailors were in the habit of cutting down the fruit trees to get at the fruit; he, however, exonerates their officers from this charge of utter wantonness.

The Dutch are accused of damaging the chapel and stone cross before mentioned, as well as of committing depredations in the plantations, and helping themselves to live stock. The English also come in for their share of blame, and are accused, as well as the Dutchmen, of defacing the Church, and breaking down the altar and images; and it is broadly hinted, that the damage was done by the crew of our methodical old friend Cavendish, but it is hard to believe that he would be guilty of such an act, without any cause or provocation.

Pyrard, in the account of his voyage, seems to hint that there had been some reason for the Dutchmen taking such ungracious liberties with Portuguese property, for he states, that on one occasion, they, the Dutch, left a billet for the information of the Portuguese, with the following strange words upon it—"Portuguese, leave us our inscriptions and letters, and we will leave you your crosses and pictures"—which indicates, though rather vaguely, that the Portuguese had been seizing something or other which the Dutchmen had left there, or had been left for them.

The authority of the Portuguese must have been feeble and limited to allow such proceedings to take place; and now that the Island was increasing in value to all parties, they were almost deprived of their power over it, all they had done was going to ruin and decay, while bucaneeering crews of different nations amused themselves in wantonly destroying what ought to have been husbanded for their mutual use and convenience—but such is human nature.

As the Island became more frequented for the supplies it afforded, it sometimes happened, that ships of different nations on unfriendly terms with each other met together, quarrels arose, and not unfrequently they amused each other with a few shots from their great guns.

In the year 1600, while a Dutch ship was in the Bay, she was suddenly approached by a Caraval, and the Dutchman not liking her appearance, he opened upon her, and gave her a greeting with upwards of two hundred shots, which does not say much for his gunnery or economy of powder.

This salute was not very pleasing to the Caraval's crew, who set to work in earnest, got their guns in good trim, and plyed them so effectually, that the lubberly Dutchman was glad to put to sea, after having thrown away his shot, and lost two men in the conflict.

The next instance is that of an encounter between a Spanish Carrack and a Dutchman, which is very amusing from the oddity of the proceedings of both parties. The Spaniard was lying comfortably at

anchor off Chapel Valley, till, frightened by the apparition of the Dutchman, who, at first sight, was so captivated by the appearance of the Spanish Carrack, that he made up his mind to cut her out, which he thought would be an easy matter—but the Spaniard was not caught napping.

As soon as the Dutchman was seen coming into the Bay, the Carrack was hauled in to the beach, and her stern made fast to a hawser from the shore. Besides this precaution, the captain landed some guns, and put them on position on the beach, so as to cover his vessel, and thus prepared, he awaited the onset of Bonketou, the Dutchman.

But a change came o'er the spirit of the Dutchman's dreams, he began to wish himself safe at home on one of his native dykes; the winds were against him, and blew in sudden puffs down the valley, which baffled his motions, and modified his thirst for glory. He continued to get within musket distance of the carrack, but not liking the ugly look of her guns, or the preparations of her crew, he altered his tone, and very politely sent in a civil request begging permission to water. But his politeness was thrown away, and produced no impression on the haughty Spaniard, except that of surprise at this sudden change of tone, and to the unutterable astonishment of the valiant Bonketou, his request was refused.

Uterque bonus pacis bellique minister! both were fine fellows for war or peace, the Dutchman's good nature inclined him for peace, and a friendly watering, but the Spaniard, like our own Pitt, was a most excellent war minister, and exclaimed in derision "*Anda Petro—Ando Canaly*" which speaks more in favour of his courage than politeness. So the battle began, the guns roared and rumbled along the valleys from rock to rock, till their thunders died away in the mists among the cabbage trees, the balls whistled and thumped, and banged, and rattled about the Spaniard's ears like a shower of keen hail bent on his ruin; the smoke hung on the waters, wreathed itself up the hills, and spread like a canopy over the combatants, to shield them from the sun, that they might "fight in the shade," like the Grecians of old.

But the Spaniard was cool and determined—large as the Dutchman loomed through the smoke, he had made up his mind to give him metal for smoke. "*Dare pendus idonea fumo*" and let fly from his guns on the beach; bang went a shot, smash into Bonketou's skuppers, and crash through his bulwarks,—bang went another through his bobstays and backstays, out of one sail into another, and made them more holy than Bonketou wished them to be.

Annoyed at the sight of his rags and rope ends, he let fly at the Spaniard thicker and faster; the haughty Don repaid the compliment, so that the battle hung at suspense, till the Dutchman sheered off and warped himself under the shelter of some rocks, where he took up his quarters for the night, to refit and ponder over the uncertainty of human affairs, and scarcity of water in his tubs—his distance from home, and the horrors of thirst.

He called a council of war, and determined on peace—put all his "mynheers" on short commons for the rest of the voyage, and prepared to weigh anchor, but he was slow in his motions—the anchor was heavy, and he and his crew were so long in effecting this important

operation, that the Spaniard came to quicken their manœuvres, by opening upon him a fire of musketry from the rocks, so that instead of cutting out the Don, he had to cut out himself as fast as he could, to get out of their way.

So fierce and fiery had been this redoutable action, that the poor little carrack was riddled like a cullender, and went down "by the deep nine" at her moorings, much to the grief of her gallant defenders, whilst Bonketou himself thanked his stars that he had been lucky enough to get away, without either water or the carrack, the cause of this luckness encounter. Although the Spaniards gained a victory, they lost their ship, and unlike the Dutchman, they could not get away from the Island. In this predicament, they set to work collecting what they could of the melancholy remains of their carrack, and thus became the first ship-breakers on the Island; they erected dwellings, and carried on, as we are told by a very grave historian, a great private trade.

Another Englishman now enters upon the scene of this little historical stage of ours, no less a personage than Sir Thomas Herbert, who, like his predecessor Cavendish, appears to have made good use of his eyes, and to have had a ready pen, and fluent matter to keep it going; and as most men tell a story best in their own way, I will introduce Sir Thomas at once, who says—"This Isle is hard to be ascended, not that the passage is craggy, but that it is so precipitous. The sailors have an ironic proverb—" *The way is such as a man may choose, whether he will break his heart going up, or his neck coming down*" which proves that at the time of his visit there were very few roads leading out of the valley into the country. And then again after a little breathing time, he proceeds "There are but two noted rivulets, one which bubbles down towards the Chapel, the other into the Lemon Valley, so called from a Lemon tree and Chapel built at the bottom of the Isle by the Spaniard, anno 1571—and by the Dutch of late pulled down; a place once intended for God's worship, but now disposed of to common uses. There are also some ruins of a little town lately demolished by the Spaniard, in that it became a magazine of private trade, in turning and returning out of both the Indies. No other monuments or antiquities are there found, you see all if you look upon the ribs of a weather beaten carrique, and some broken pieces of great Ordnance, which albeit left there against the owners liking, serve some instead of anchors."

From this, it would appear that the fine fellows who defended the "Carrique" against Mynheer Bonketou, had gone on and prospered till they had excited the ire of the Spaniards, who turned them out of the Island as ungraciously as they had done the Dutchman.

Here our worthy old friend talks more about the Spaniard than he does of the "Portugals," but after indulging him in a ramble in the deserted gardens of the place, and a few words about the "spinnage and fennel" it contains, he informs us, these good things were "sown by Fernandes Lupises, a Portugal, in the year of Our Lord 1509, for the good of his country men; who, nevertheless, at this day, dare hardly land to oversee their seminary, or own their labours, the English and Dutch in the churlish language of a canon, sometimes disputing their propriety." And a little further on, he

briefly remarks, that "In the old chapel here, was buried our Captain Andrew Evans," a very worthy Welshman, whom fame reports to have been killed in attempting to ride up one of the hills on the back of one of the famous goats, here known to have been as big as an ass!

It is deeply to be deplored, that all our most elaborate researches throw no light on the ultimate fate of the heroes of the carrack, whose weather beaten ribs so forcibly arrested the attention of Sir Thomas, while musing on the antiquities and spinnage of the Island. As the veracity of a guide book, like the chastity of a woman, ought to be unquestioned, it is with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction, unmitigated pleasure, and unadulterated exultation, I drew your notice to the satisfactory manner in which he authenticates the fact of the famous battle in the bay, for he saw the "weather beaten" ribs of the carrack sticking in the mud, like pigeon's legs in a pie-crust; and could we but ascertain the cause of their expulsion, there can be no doubt but that it would throw great light on the jurisprudence and international laws of that bucaneeering period; from which we might derive a vast fund of legal erudition—as practical as it is profound—and as simple as it is just and efficacious.

Success generally renders men ambitious; and as it is with individuals, so with nations, for they are made up of men; the passions, feelings, and failings of the former, are isolated in one solitary atom of humanity, but in the latter it is an aggregation of these separate atoms rolled into one effervescing mass, ready to pour out a torrent of passions, whenever the cork of reason which bunged them up may be drawn out of its place by the spirit of ambition and glory. Then it is we see a nation bursting her bonds, and scattering her sons over the world to settle wherever they may, and do what they can to "better themselves" in lands remote from home. It was thus with Portugal, her sons had been cooped up by the sea on one side, and the Spaniards on the other, so closely, that when they burst their bonds, they spread over the world in a stream.

They had grown ambitious, and longed for the possession of the Eastern world; their agents and viceroys exerted themselves, they founded colonies, seized on states ready founded, turned kingdoms into provinces, and provinces into what suited them best, too often into scenes of ruin, misery, and bloodshed; ambition fed on itself; and St. Helena grew out of favour. They became possessed of colonies and ports; rejoicing in the sonorous names of Sofola, Mom-baza, Melinda, Magadoza, and Mozambique; they love a long name, and delight in the grand. St. Helena was small, its value decreased in their eyes, it was deserted and left to its fate,—a tenantless rock in the desert of waters. But a fatality seemed for a time to link it with the destinies of Portugal. A few years afterwards two of their carracks were wrecked upon its shores.

The crew managed to escape with most of the live stock and cargo, which they landed on the Island, and thus once again, unintentionally, and much against their will, replenished it with "Cattle, Hogs, and Goats."

What became of these involuntary residents is not stated, but soon afterwards the Dutch once more made their appearance, and

seeing the coast clear, took possession, established a colony, and made themselves as comfortable as they could. They dispersed all over the Island, examined every nook and corner of its most remote recesses, went up the hills and down the vallies, explored the ravines, and gave it a thorough good ransacking, with an eye to business, to see what it was worth, and form a sound notion of its capabilities.

They found, after a minute search, "that in the cliffs between the rocks, there are veins of very valuable kinds of boles or earth, some of the nature of Terra Lemnia, and not at all inferior to it: some in the rocks to the south-west of the Isle, of a rich bright red, which may possibly be what Neinhoff mentions; and towards the East, veins of very fine azure," so that on the whole, they appear to have been tolerably well satisfied with the result of their peregrinations for a time.

It is a singular feature in the history of St. Helena, that every nation seeing or possessing it, have always found it to contain something or another very valuable, according to their particular notions what is, and what is not of value; but none of them appear ever to have realised their wishes: here were "rich bright red boles" and "very fine azure earths," of the nature of "Terra Lemnia," but nothing came of them, because, as the Epicureans have it, nothing can come of nothing.

Although they had one or two fights in the Island, and had now got possession of this longed gnawed bone of contention, and had it all their own way, still, in spite of their flourishing reports, it did not answer their purposes; like the Portuguese, they grew ambitious, and their covetous eyes fell on the Cape of Good Hope, then held by the English.

No sooner had the Dutch been seized with this inveterate longing for the Cape, than they took measures for getting possession of it. What diplomatic arts they had resort to, I cannot undertake to say; they were, however, very adroitly managed on their part, for they did at last get possession, very much to their satisfaction at first.

A very grave and erudite historian relates, in language becoming the occasion, that the Dutch sent emissaries to bribe the chief of the settlement, not to surrender the colony to them, but to perpetrate a fraud upon the authorities at home, who are still very often played the same trick, to the effect that the lank and haggard natives of the colony "were cannibals, and most cruel terrible creatures, so that it was impossible to hold out against them." They were all in an uproar, the cannibals were howling on the hills, the fires were all ablaze, and covers laid on Table Mountain for a feast on fat Englishmen. They could not stir out without being gobbled up; they took the alarm, and were thoroughly frightened by the howling of these terrible cannibals. John Bull stood aghast and sighed for home—petitioned the Queen to get them withdrawn, and save them from these "most cruel terrible creatures." Their prayers were heard, the bribed chief of the colony joyfully received orders to quit, and bade for a while farewell to the Cape and its cannibals. The Dutch were delighted, and as soon as they could, they packed up all they possessed at St. Helena, took away all they could carry with them, and removed their settlers among the cannibals of the Cape,

where they arrived in the year 1651. An enquiring reader, inexperienced in the mysteries of history, might ask, why it was the Dutch were safe from these cannibals and the English not; but he must bear in mind, that it is required of a guide book to relate facts, and not to inquire into the reason of things. Besides, an author would be paying his reader a very poor compliment, as is now freely admitted, by every critic, if he did not, in some portion of his work, allow him to indulge in the pleasures of his own imagination: none but bad writers deluge their readers with details.

Soon after the Dutch had forsaken the Island, and taken up their quarters at the Cape, a fleet of English East India vessels touched at the lonely rock. The officers went to pay their respects to the flag they expected to have found flying there, but on nearing the beach not a flag could they see. They pulled on, however, and soon effected a landing, and on entering the valley they found it deserted; not a soul was moving in the place; the habitations were little better than ruins, and the fine gardens heretofore covered with orange and lemon trees, were choked up with weeds and run wild, showing nothing but the miserable remnants of their former productiveness. A few goats, and animals of other descriptions, were browsing on the rocky slopes of the hills, nibbling the stunted grass, under the shadow of the few trees, scattered here and there about in little clumps and rambling patches.

They examined the valley, and everything around them gave indications of its having been abandoned. They toiled up the steep hills, and found the country equally silent and solitary, except now and then when broken by the sudden whirr of a small covey of partridges, or the fluttering rush of a pheasant.

As there was nobody to prevent them, they took formal possession in the name of Old England, then under the iron rule of Oliver Cromwell.

As possession is nine points of law, it is presumed these adventurous merchant sailors left some of their party on the Island, although our historians do not allude to any such circumstance, inasmuch as they make a bold leap from 1651 to 1658, the year of the first Governor's arrival on the Island, fortified with anything like a regularly delegated power and authority to act on behalf of his employers. As my own researches will not enable me to fill up the seven years hiatus in the narrative, I will leave them as they stand, blank and uncertain, thus leaving open another point for my readers to investigate at their leisure.

The East India Company were perfectly satisfied with the proceedings of their officers, and in due time sent out a Governor in the person of one of these officers, named Captain Dutton, who immediately took steps to make both himself and the Island secure, which, after much labor, he accomplished by the erection of a Fort, the most formidable that had ever frowned over the blue waters of the Bay. I will not torture my readers by attempting to describe this fort, although the worthy Dutton appears to have been very proud of his works, for in the last line of an inscription inserted in the walls, he caused to be engraved these words—"*opera testantur de me*," thereby implying that this wonderful work would for ever testify to his perseverance,

and the military skill displayed in its construction. This fortification is supposed to have stood where now stands the quaint old fashioned Dutch like building, called the Castle, immediately in front of the beach, and pretty well in the centre of the curve of the bay at James' Town.

The fortifications seem to have been completed about the year 1658, if we are to put faith in this inscription, and was called Fort James, most likely in compliment to James Duke of York, brother to the "Merry Monarch," and himself, subsequently, a very sorry monarch, and miserable refugee.

Under the fostering care of the East India Company it became a thriving little colony, and formed no mean appanage to their then very scanty possessions. They introduced into it, as the Portuguese had done before them, all kinds of cattle and vegetables, as well as supplies of provisions from England. Settlers were invited; tempting inducements were held out to emigrants, and some few were induced to take up their abode among its romantic vallies, and make themselves happy in its silent recesses; lands were allotted to them, brought into cultivation, and the work of prosperity went on apace by slow but sure degrees. Labour became scarce, and slaves were introduced to answer the demand—a blot on the Company's scutcheon—a poison inoculated into the system of the Island which no subsequent efforts have been able to eradicate. Slavery is now abolished, but the effects of so much moral infamy and degradation still rears its hideous front, and will do so for generations yet to come. One or two writers have stated that the Island was retaken by the Dutch about the year 1655, but they appear to have drawn their facts from the regions of fancy, as they have not supported them with any verbal or documentary evidence, nor even availed themselves of traditionary lore, to give them a feeble and dubious support; we are therefore permitted to hitch a doubt into the loophole they have left us. Nothing of interest seems to have occurred at St. Helena for many years, everything went on in a quiet jog-trot way; the colonists, very few in number, amused themselves by gardening and cultivating culinary vegetables to strengthen their diet, and season their broth; their sheep browsed on the hills, and the goats on the rocks, the cattle grazed at ease in the grassy valleys, and chewed the cud by the side of the little brooks, unconscious of butchers, cooks, housewives and boiling pots.

Nothing worth noticing occurred to give an interest to its annals for several years. After the period the redoubtable Dutton erected his impregnable fort, its chroniclers held a sinecure.

They were not silent from lack of industry, or from any disinclination to the labours of historical investigation, or the use of their goose quills, but because they had nothing to write about.

What few incidents indeed might have occurred, were not sufficiently exciting to induce the scribes of the cluster of colonists to drop the hoe and take up the pen. They were occupied in experimenting on the growth of cabbages and Madagascar yams: they had to provide for the morrow's dinner, which was more interesting than record writing. They tilled the ground, and let the mind lie fallow for a season; the occipital soil was neither deep nor rich, and they feared

to exhaust it. They had no exciting cause—not even a parish wrangle; to write about nothing, they were wise enough to know, was worse than nothing, and therefore they stuck to their watering pots,—cabbages flourished, prosperity increased, and they cared nothing about leaving a Post obit for the information of posterity.

Of the proceedings on the Island therefore, nothing can be stated, till a very grave and decorous Frenchman paid it a kind of complimentary visit in the memorable year 1666, that of the great fire of London. While the inhabitants of that great city were wailing among their ruined homes, terror stricken, but not indeed heart broken at that calamitous event, the worthy Islanders, in the height of their pride, were displaying its beauties to the admiring gaze of the polite and observant writer of Monsieur de Rennefort's voyages.

How he revels in the wonders of description, and what wonderful things he had to describe; was ever a place or a people so sketched off before? It is a bold rough etching, finely drawn and well bitten in, full of light and shade, dashed off at a sitting!

Nothing escapes him, he has a peep into every thing, and tells every incident and adventure that happened while he was at the Island; he is a French Boswell, recording the sayings and doings of the little Idol whom he satellites about. What a charming group to follow in the little gardens, and up the rocky street, with its houses scattered about at random, as if to make the place look bigger. He has a nod and a smile for every body. Look at him there with his steeple hat, and long love locks dangling in fleecy curls over his head and shoulders, which ever and anon he combs as was the fashion of the day. He is not a little proud of the big rosettes in his square toed shoes and gay red clocked stockings, fitting close to his well turned leg, a model for the sculptor, and the pride of his heart. That fine white lawn cravat too, with its rich lace trimmings, how gracefully it flows without a crumple down the front of his long flap jerkin—real point lace, the envy of the ladies and the delight of its owner. And how jauntily he carries that little Spanish cloak, with its bright blue lining, and bell buttons silver gilt, once the delight of his worthy sire.

There he goes jogging along with Rennefort, leaning on his arm, accompanied by several of their fellow passengers, taking a gentle promenade to stretch their legs after a voyage from Madagascar.

Look how all the good Islanders stare at the strangers, little boys drop their taws, and old men lean on their sticks to examine them; the women are at the doors, and the labourers rest on their mattocks, lost in a wonder at the grave and stately Rennefort, and the spruce sharp eyed friend on whose arm he leans.

The fort and its inhabitants are all in a bustle of preparation, for visitors were scarce in those days, especially polite note making Frenchmen, besides they might play Governor Stringer a trick, and write him down in their chronicle as a surly old churl, and tell the world that he is as uncultivated as a clodhopper; therefore he is all agog, setting his fort in order to receive and entertain his critical visitors, that they "may nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice!" in their account of the visit.

But I am anticipating—and bless me! there's Rennefort looking

unutterable things, because I have taken to scribble about him—and all the while he prefers the scribbling of his old friend. But I must have a finger in the pie, I will be Dragoman, and interpret him after the manner of all Dragomen, by popping in a running commentary of my own by way of illustration.

Should any sly reader doubt my veracity, hint about credentials, and suspect I am making a breach in the sanctity which ought to be attached to the character of a Dragoman; conscious of the infantine innocence of my own intentions, and zealous for the honor of the sensitive Frenchman, I will humbly refer such a reader to the notes of the original writer, make nine penitential genuflexions, and rub my very nose in the dust at his feet to prove my integrity, remove his suspicions, and wriggle myself into the very bowels of his confidence and compassion for "*Je crois—jugez de ma simplicité, que l'on devait rougir de la duplicité.*"

So now having got our entertaining friend seated in a comfortable cane bottomed chair, cross-kneed and very much at his ease, he commences his story, after having indulged in the luxury of two or three hearty pinches of snuff from a tortoise shell box, presented to him by some ardent admirer, as fully specified in a silver plate emblazoned in the lid thereof.

Well gentlemen (says he) and so it happened that when we had arrived at about half a league from the shore, in a little bit of a Bay which opened out to us, we discovered a Fort, flying the English flag. So we up with our ports, and let fly a salute of three guns—bang, bang, bang! which was answered with a solitary pop from a rusty gun on the ramparts, placed there to keep all buccaneering captains and mercantile marauders at a respectful distance, and give the fort itself an air of respectability. In a little time a skiff came off to within pistol distance, and a person on board asked us "where is the ship from," we replied "from France," which did not appear to be at all satisfactory to him, as he was a very precise and particular gentleman. So he asked us from "what part of France," we told him "from St. Malo," whereupon he nodded his head and enquired further, "where do you come from," as if he was doubtful of the correctness of our first reply. We told him "from Madagascar," upon which he asked for the name of the captain—"La Chesnaie, at your service," which seemed to clear up his countenance as if a cloud of doubt and suspicion had been suddenly dissipated from his mind; it made him none the politer nevertheless, for he told us "to come down and show our commissions to the Governor," and immediately pulled off for the shore, as if in a great hurry to communicate the intelligence he had learnt. But we interrupted his hurry by asking him to show us a good anchorage, he said we had a good berth, and so we made no more ado but dropt anchor in twenty-four fathoms water, and made ourselves as snug as we could.

La Poupardie, the lieutenant, immediately began smartening himself up, and made himself as prim as a new pin, to go on shore in place of the captain, who was miserably sick.

But while he was in the midst of his preparations, a boat came alongside with an English officer in it, who was recognised as an old

acquaintance; he came on board, and we treated him to some refreshments, to which he had no objection. After a little chat he got into his skiff, and La Poupardie went with him to the Fort, where he showed all the captain's papers, and at the same time asked permission to water, which was very civilly acceded to.

The next day, Rennefort and myself having smartened ourselves up, went on shore to pay our respects to the Governor, accompanied by five or six of the principal passengers. We were introduced to his wife, and had the pleasure of saluting his two pretty daughters. We were invited to dinner, and while it was getting ready, we regaled ourselves with a variety of liquors for a time, and then, at the Governor's request, we went to see a little waterfall which tumbled about among the rocks near the castle.

He was very anxious that we should also see a new piece of hydraulic mechanism he had recently had made, and took great pains to explain it to us. He turned on a little runnel from the main stream into a lot of pipes, which carried it to a convenient place for filling the casks of the shipping. He seemed to consider it a great improvement, and entertained us very much, but himself a great deal more, by explaining all its various uses in detail. After having seen this ingenious piece of engineering, we returned to the Fort with a good appetite, where we found dinner already served up with a great deal of propriety and elegance, partly in the French, and partly in the English fashion.

We were gratified by having the ladies to dine with us—a very pleasant thing after a long voyage—and were much surprised to find no less freedom and sociability here than at table in France. "Ma foi!" but Rennefort was not a little astonished, when they made us drink healths all round out of the same glass, but as the liquor was good, we saw no reason for objection, and so we made ourselves merry.

The worthy Governor was very anxious to see the captain La Chesnaie, and had him brought to the Fort in a bed, where he was very politely accommodated with the very best chamber in the place. It was built of wood in the English fashion, and covered with tiles, which had been brought out as ballast in some ship, and were now converted to their proper use to keep out the rain and heat.

We went up a few steps into an armory pretty well furnished with weapons of various kinds, most of them fit for use. The four corners of the room opened into several other chambers, the walls of which were decorated with all kinds of silks and stuffs from India, and saw there some Persian carpets. Some of the furniture made of black and grey ebony was of very pretty pattern, and fastened with gilt headed nails, which had a very nice effect. Amongst the pictures we noticed that of Charles the second king of England, placed in the most prominent part of the Governor's room, from whence a picture of Oliver Cromwell had been removed, and placed in a bed room, the face being turned towards the wall—the Governor seeming to forget that if he turned Cromwell's face to the wall, Cromwell turned his back to the Governor, and so at least, the compliment was mutual—there was a quid pro quo—and Oliver had his Rowland. So that it would seem, politics ran as high on this little out of the way place,

as they did in Paris or any other great city exposed to the vicissitudes of party, and the fiery contention of obstreperous zealots.

The Governor was named Stringer, and somewhere about fifty-five years old, a very decorous gentleman, grave as became the dignity of his station, and withal very active, looking diligently after the affairs of the Island, and his own in particular. The inhabitants of the place were not very numerous, not more than fifty men and twenty women, who lived principally on "Biscuit, Oil, and Salt Beef," at the expense of the English East India Company, which is the reason why they attach so much importance to the budding of potatoes and the sprouting of cauliflowers. The greater number of the inhabitants had houses of their own in the Island, where they ensconced themselves as snugly as they could, and every one came in his turn to mount guard at the Fort. and no doubt would have made very excellent soldiers had circumstances called them into action against an invading force.

Rennefort was very much pleased with the fine appearance of the fruit and vegetables, which had been produced by much labour and attention, and I could not myself help thinking, that it was really a very great pity to take away a quiet peaceably disposed man from his garden, and convert him into a grim warrior on the ramparts of the Fort, where he had nothing to do but watch the Bay, and meditate on the troubles of amateur soldiering.

The gardens were very well stocked, and nothing there appeared unprofitable except ourselves and a prodigious quantity of rats—most voracious and destructive vermin—who levied black mail on the fruit, and almost made wreck of the planters hopes. The Governor proposed to declare a most sanguinary war against them, and as the interest of the colonists was identified with that of the troops, no doubt it would be a successful one, for the soldiers would have the singular felicity of fighting for the glory of their arms, and the salvation of their turnips and cabbages,

We noticed horses on the Island, but they had become so wild and untameable, that when any of the inhabitants wished for a ride, and went after their horses, they immediately took to their heels and fled to the extremity of the Island, and rather than be taken, threw themselves headlong over the precipices, where they were dashed to pieces; from which circumstance we naturally conjectured there were no mounted cavalry on the Island, and fully assured ourselves its defence was entirely entrusted to the infantry, specimens of whom we had encountered at the fort, as before observed. The governor himself maintained in his ground, no less than eighty cows, which he left to the care of four women, who milked them and made as much of the milk into butter as might be required for the family. The governor showed us the curiosities which he collected in his cabinet, among which, Rennefort admired the bones of a "Lamantine," and of a Marine Cow, called also "Manatee," whose dried skin was bullet proof and a great curiosity in its way.

We had the gratification also to see a flying fish, the largest we had ever seen before, although it was not much bigger than a common mackerel. Besides these wonderful things there were some ambergris, and all kinds of curiosities from India. We saw five pounds of

civet, carefully corked up in a glass bottle, estimated to be of the value of five or six thousand francs, according to the Governor. All these fine things induced our people to spend their money, and the officers of the ship purchased during their stay in the place, boxes of civet, coral rings, agate knife handles, china satin, and other India wares, which the English had a great plenty of on the Island, and sold at a very dear rate; for two Musk Cats, and two Civets, cost them sixteen piastres, which seems a great deal of money for cats, but then they were very curious, and Rennefort was very much pleased with them, while La Poupardie made himself happy by the purchase of a coral ring, which was of very goodly size and colour, just like the one he had seen some time before in the Queen of Madagascar's nose.

By the time we had seen and examined all these wonderful curiosities, and made ourselves familiar with the place, and got acquainted with the people, we had the satisfaction to find our Captain in a better state of health, and making preparations for returning on board. La Poupardie was very busy making all manner of preparations, not only for conveying the sick Captain aboard, but for entertaining the Governor and his family, who had been invited to a little feast, by way of returning his kindness to ourselves.

The Governor brought his wife with him, a very comely woman, of matronly manners, his two pretty daughters, and a son-in-law, who made themselves very merry and agreeable. We all joined together in a social glass, and drank the healths of the kings of England and France, with all due respect and decorum, suitable to the gravity of the occasion. Rennefort was very much entertained with chatting to the two pretty girls, to the chagrin of La Poupardie, who had been deeply smitten with one of them, while admiring the romantic beauties of the little waterfall. He had a susceptible heart, and was easily set in flame; Rennefort soon saw how the current was setting, and very adroitly managed to monopolise both the young ladies, while La Poupardie, to his unutterable disgust, had to play beau to their worthy mamma, and content himself as best as he could with now and then a sly glance at the adorable object of his strong but transient passion. All things must have an end, even love and sight seeing, and so the time at last arrived for us to weigh anchor; the valley rang with the echoes of our men singing at the capstan, a merry stave, pleasing to our ears, all except La Poupardie, who was muttering to himself in a state of busy abstraction, odds and ends, and snatches of all sorts of old songs, sometimes it was

L'Amour, L'Amour! cruelle! ah! le connais tu bien,
Pour toi, c'est un plaisir, pour moi c'est un bien!

and then again he might be heard above the click click of the Capstan, with his

L'Amour est un bien charmant.

But he was interrupted by the arrival of a packet of letters from the Governor, addressed to the East India Company at Paris; they were taken on board; we honored the hospitality of the English with a salute of three guns, which they answered from the fort, gun for gun; the anchor was up, our sails set, a fair breeze was wafting us

onward to France; St. Helena was fading in the mists, and La Poupardie singing

C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Que fait le monde a la ronde,
Et chaque jour a son tour,
Le monde fait l'amour!

But alas, for the uncertainty of human friendships, especially political ones. While the French and English were thus hobnobbing together in the middle of the atlantic, they were fighting nearer home, for the peace had been broken between the two nations; although that terrible event, which had already cost much blood in Europe, was not yet known in such a remote place as St. Helena.

However, *bon voyage* to the inquisitive Frenchmen, they have thrown a light on the dark pages of our little history, and we must thank them. It is hard to quarrel with old friends because nations choose to go to war. Rennefort and his factotum would again be welcome, and La Poupardie received with open arms by all the damsels in the Island.

Having so far very faithfully fulfilled my engagement as chief Dragoman to Monsieur De Rennefort, it becomes necessary to advance further into the heart of the history, delayed as it has been by his amusing gossip. During a lapse of several years, nothing of very particular consequence occurred on the Island, and as there is some doubt about who really were the Governors, it is reasonable to suppose that these Governors themselves were not of much importance, or their deeds would have been chronicled, either by themselves or by some grave quidnunc on the Island. The records are worse than silent, because they are confused and doubtful, and the only testimony in favour of the existence of some of these Governors, is that of "Old Will," a gentleman of colour, who had the good fortune to serve the East India Company, under the command of no less than twenty-one of them, and lived to be one hundred years old; he enjoys the credit of having brought with him to the Island when he came to it, "three yams, nine head of cattle, and two turtle doves, from Madagascar," thereby proving he had a taste for Agriculture and Ornithology, besides an inkling for Botany, as testified unto by the three yams he introduced.

The next event of importance which now falls to my lot to relate, is neither more or less than that of an invasion, not of rats, or white ants, but of real double Dutchmen. In the year 1672, of dolorous memory, while captain Beale was governor, four Dutch ships arrived from India, opposite Lemon Valley, where they took up their station, while the officers determined what should be done. They came to the conclusion that the Island was certainly worth the trouble of taking, and what was more, that it might be easily done. Their first conclusion was perfectly correct, but the second turned out to be not quite so simple an affair as they expected, for the Islanders had seen Dutchmen too often to be frightened into submission by their mere appearance, howsoever grim and warlike they choose to make themselves by dint of musketoons and doublets.

They effected a landing in the little beach at Lemon Valley, and made an attempt to force their way up its acclivitous sides into the

open country, but the alarm had been spread, and the Islanders appeared on the heights, armed with all the weapons they could collect for the occasion.

The hills were very steep and rocky, without the semblance of a decent road, and the Dutchmen heavy. Holland is a flat country, and the natives not experienced in climbing, they soon began to tire, especially when they saw rocks and stones come tumbling about their ears from the hills above them—for the Islanders assailed them on all sides with volleys of stones, which went rattling down the hills, crashing and thundering, like an avalanche.

They turned many a wistful eye to their ships, and began to wish themselves safe on board. It is easier to plod down, than up hill, so that they retreated faster than they advanced, and as we shall see, fulfilled to the very letter the truth of the old rhymes, that

He who fights and runs away

May live to fight another day.

As soon as they found themselves safely housed on board their ships, they spread all sail and feigned a retreat, but in the mean time made up their minds to make another attempt on some more favorable part of the Island. They stood out to sea till night set in, and then prepared to land; they were guided to a landing place called Bennet's Point, by means of a fire blazing on one of the hills—at least the historians say so—but their account is a little confused, inasmuch as they state the landing place was called Bennet's Point from the name of the traitorous planter who lighted the beacon; but in a record several years subsequent to this affair, one Coxe, a planter, had the ill luck to be declared the traitor.

Not content with this interesting jumble, they confuse the confusion a little more, by saying that the planter was killed by the Dutch, and that it was his slave who acted as guide; but for the sake of perplexity, it is further stated, that the slave was killed, and the master was the party who led them into the country.

It is a matter of very little consequence, except to the posterity of the parties charged with the guilty deed, they may perhaps undertake to clear up the business and efface the stain from their respective names; if they are fond of bandying compliments, or indulging in recriminations, here is a fine opportunity for them, but for a grave historian like myself, I can only express my regret, that a doubtful point like this should remain dark and inexplicable in all its hideous deformity—a blot on the fair page of my delectable history. But like Lucan, I am thinking that nothing is done if aught is left to do—*Nihil actum credens cum quid superesset agendum*, and shall therefore proceed at once into the very thick of the battle.

The Dutch landed about five hundred men, and marched as well as they could up Swanley Valley, one of the roughest places they could have chosen for the purpose. But this time they were more lucky in their venture; they landed in the dark to the west of the Island, and the valiant garrison of the place had consequently some way to trudge ere they could gain information as to where the Dutchmen had got to. In the mean time the invaders, by great exertion, had reached the heights, which had given them an appetite; some cows were grazing there, unconscious of the fate awaiting them.

They made an onslaught on the luckless cattle, and forthwith commenced preparations for a comfortable tiffin, every man enjoying his fricassee, or a fricandeau a la St. Helene, which put them all in good spirits and revived their flagging strength. They resumed the march, every man eager for battle, and confident of victory. They advanced towards High Peak, a position commanding a fine prospect of the country, with richly wooded hills and rocky vales on their left, and the deep gorge of Sandy Bay on their right, which was thus secured from attack on the flank: before them rose one or two lofty hills in the distance, the sea bounding the horizon, and the English close upon them in front—a poor little party reconnoitring for the garrison. The Dutch advanced, the English stood still; one or two volleys flew along their lines, and went rumbling among the valleys at their feet, and on the hills in the distance; a cloud of smoke hid the unequal combatants from each other; they broke into skirmishing parties and blazed away from behind stones and trees, until the English overpowered by numbers, commenced a desultory retreat, followed by the Dutchmen, till they lost them in the gullies and among the trees on the hills. The handful of Englishmen were completely, routed and the victors marched on to Ladder Hill, overhanging the little town and its Fort.

They sent a detachment down the hill into James' Town to capture the Fort, but met with a greater resistance than they expected; they attempted to storm, and were gallantly repulsed; but as the Fort was completely commanded by the troops on the hill, it was considered untenable by the Governor—he resolved to abandon it; and the Dutch do not appear to have had the power to prevent him from so doing. He retired with all his people on board some French and English ships lying in the Bay, and escaped with his most valuable effects; and after seeing him at a respectable distance at sea, they took possession of the empty Fort, and made the most of their victory.

They ate and drank and made themselves merry, as all good Dutchmen like to do on such occasions; they had marched and fought, and now they sought repose on the laurels they had gained. They planted sentinels—the sun set—night closed in—and order reigned in St. Helena—nothing was heard but the sighing of the wind, and the snoring of the sleepy Dutchmen.

Although the worthy governor had been compelled to leave the Island in a manner much more precipitate than pleasant, he neither lost courage, or fell into confusion. He steered his course to Brazil to land his fellow fugitives, and prepare a little vessel for the purpose of cruising to windward of the Island, and warning all the homeward bound Indiamen that St. Helena was in the hands of the Dutch.

Amongst those who made this compulsory emigration with the Governor, was a planter with his family, and a slave rejoicing in the euphonous name of Black Oliver.

As soon as they found themselves snugly ensconced in the Brazils, poor Oliver was sold by his master to one Mr. Abram, a merchant, who dealt in everything, from Guano down to human flesh and blood; he at the time of purchase, little dreaming that Oliver would one day become famous in the history of St. Helena, and assist in its recapture.

He joined the gallant fellows in the sloop designed for the windward cruise, and in the same month fell in with a small squadron under the command of Captain Munden, a sailor of the Benbow school, who, it appears, had been sent from England to recapture the Island, and as Oliver knew every nook and corner of the Island, he was taken from the sloop into the Captain's ship, to act as a guide, if he should be fortunate enough to effect a landing.

As soon as captain Munden saw the Island he made preparations to effect a landing, and after a reconnoissance, he pitched upon a spot on the windward side, in a little bay scooped out of the almost perpendicular rock:

The whole coast hereabouts is very rugged and barren, the precipices in many points rising to a very great height, being altogether a place difficult of access, as there is generally a heavy surf breaking on the rocks.

While the Dutchmen were fast asleep, before break of day, the Captain contrived to get two hundred men put on shore, under the command of a captain Kedgwin, conducted by black Oliver as the guide. They landed without being observed, and made at once for an accessible point among the rocks overhanging the bay, and soon found themselves under a pretty lofty precipice, and in a dilemma at the same time—the question arose, how were they to get on the summit of this obstruction. At last one of the men more nimble or sure-footed than the rest contrived to climb up, and take with him a ball of twine. This was not by any means a trifling undertaking, and none but a reckless venturesome fellow would have done so; however, the task was undertaken, and must be carried through; besides, he had as it were staked his character and courage. He made the attempt, and while he hung midway on the giddy height, his companions below hallooed to encourage him in his uncomfortable journey.

It was an anxious and exciting moment: and Tom (for such was his name) went scrambling along from rock to rock, at the risk of his neck; even the encouraging shouts of his companions were of an admonitory nature; they saw the danger, and kept shouting out—"hold fast Tom, hold fast Tom;" till he reached the summit, and found himself far away above them. He then lowered his twine and pulled up a stout rope attached to the end of it, for the purpose of facilitating the ascent of the rest of the men, which was safely accomplished.

From this feat, tradition states the bay where they landed was called Prosperous Bay; and the rocks which they ascended, in memory of the exploit have ever since been called from the shouts of the men "hold fast Tom," which they both retain to this day.

After reaching the heights, they collected their scattered materials and marched along the slopes of the hills up towards Longwood, and then turned southward to reach the base of the hills from the Sandy Bay ridge. About day break they reached a spot called the Hutts, a small farm, where they halted for breakfast, and to refresh themselves after their morning's march, for they had still to scramble along a rough and stony mountain before they could reach their point of destination. However, they started again in a little time, and went along the ridge overhanging what is now called the Tomb Valley, till

it turns off to the north, and forms one of the boundaries of James' Town, the object of their adventure, and never paused till they reached the summit of Ruperts Hill, where they once more overhung the sea, and could look down on the house tops in the little town.

While these gallant fellows were toiling among the rocks to reach their destination, Captain Munden with the ships had been sailing round for the same point, and came in opposite James Town, where he anchored and cleared his decks for an immediate attack, to the great astonishment of the Dutch, and delight of his companions perched on the rocks above him.

The Dutch flew to arms, got all their big guns in position, and made a great show of defence, but a brisk cannonade from Munden's ships, and the fear of the men on the rocks, soon induced the Governor to surrender, and give up the place without any further trouble.

There is a vague tradition floating about the Island, that the capture was effected by captain Munden landing from the sprit sail yard of his ship, on a ledge of rocks now protected by a battery, and called Munden's Point; but he had no occasion to risk his ship by making any such attempt, for his men had been successful in reaching the hill before his arrival in the bay; had they failed, or been repulsed, then he would have had good reason for trying to land even at a place like Munden's Point. It is much more probable the Point is named after him from his having placed two pieces of cannon on the top of the hill in a commanding position.

The luckless Governor and his suite was taken on board the ships as prisoners of war, and strange to say, he was very soon after joined by another Governor, who had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the English. The Dutch had sent out a new Governor, with a reinforcement for the Island, but he never commenced his functions, or landed his men, Captain Munden altered his destination, and changed the spirit of his dream; he no sooner saw his province than he was a prisoner. And in addition to this, a further and a much greater loss was inflicted on the Dutch, for Munden kept their flag flying, and thus decoyed six of their India ships into the bay, who came close in shore, and prepared to make themselves comfortable. But while they were feasting on the pleasures of an imaginary trip in the Island, they were suddenly and impetuously attacked by the English garrison; the Vice and Rear Admirals of the convoy were taken, but four of the vessels had the good fortune to escape, principally through the premature attack of Munden's men.

The captain having been so far successful, set to work to organize a garrison for the little town, and drafted detachments from each of his ships, in the whole amounting to one hundred and sixty men, whom he put under the command of Captain Kedgwin, who had materially assisted at the capture; he was made Governor of the Island, and left in possession of full powers on behalf of his employer the English Government.

Munden having thus set his house in order, weighed anchor and sailed for England with his prizes, where he arrived in safety, had an interview with the King, and received the honor of Knighthood for his conduct through this business.

The Island was taken from the English in the latter end of the

year 1672, and retaken from the Dutch in the middle of the next year 1673, being an interval of about nine months only, so that no time had been lost by the English in making preparations for its recapture; the plan was well conceived, and promptly carried into execution.

The successful recapture of the Island for some time put an end to all fighting and squabbling, and thus gave the home government time to think about turning it to the best account. It was re-granted to the East India Company by a new Charter in the year 1673, a few months only after Munden had reached England, to be held by them as the Lords Proprietors, with all the rights and powers of sovereignty. They had liberty to erect forts and fortifications, to keep a garrison, with the advantage of sending provisions there without the payment of any duty to the crown, and to govern it in such "legall and reasonable manner as the governor and company shall see fitt," reserving to the crown only "the due faith and allegiance of the company and inhabitants."

It was to be "holden of us, our heirs and successors as of the manner of East Greenwich in the county of Kent, in free and common soccage, and in capite, not by knights service," with all the arms, ammunition, and in fact everything on the Island—a magnificent start for a new Company.

Their legislative powers extended to life and limb, provided there was nothing in their proceedings contrary to the spirit of the laws of England: in military matters they had supreme and uninterrupted jurisdiction, with full power to "expell, repell, resist, subdue, retayne, and possess," every person who should attempt to settle on the Island without their full and free permission; but all English subjects, born in or inhabiting the Island, should be considered as "free denizens of England," amenable in truth to the laws of the Company, yet still under the protection of the British Parliament, to which they could appeal in case of any infringement of the principles of the constitution.

No sooner was the Company in possession of this new Charter, than a new Governor with four Councillors was chosen for the management of the Island. Captain Kedgwin, who had assisted in re-taking the Island, was re-placed, and handsomely rewarded on his return home. And black Oliver, who had acted as guide on the occasion, was not forgotten, he was made a free planter, set up with land and cattle, and commenced the world with a fair start, but being of a fickle and somewhat turbulent disposition, he subsequently lost his life and all he possessed, in a wild attack on the fort, during an attempt to get up a rebellion.

It was rare times then for young people, great inducements were held out to increase matrimony and population. If a soldier married a young woman of the Island, or one sent out from England, he had a grant of twenty acres of land and two cows, but if he married a "planter's widow," and became entitled to her deceased husband's land, he was to have ten acres of land and one cow, while every unmarried man from England had ten acres and a cow given him to set him up, and ten acres more with another cow, if he took unto himself a wife. But to make the thing more complete, they should

have granted "ten acres and cow" for every child born on the Island, the population would then have increased in a much greater ratio than it did, because the inhabitants would have been paid for their trouble, and surely every labourer is worthy of his hire. Every landholder of ten acres was a sort of Knight, holding under the Company by a feudal tenure, for he had to furnish and maintain "one Englishman" capable of bearing arms for the defence of the place. The Island must have wofully degenerated since these martial times, for it would be a sore puzzle for a farmer now adays to keep a wife, and "one Englishman" on ten acres of ground and a cow, either he or the cow would starve in the experiment, unless they could contrive to live on prickly pears, and wire grass. However, strange to say, these munificent regulations actually succeeded in bringing numbers of settlers from England, who made a decent militia, and by the diligent performance of their military duties, enabled the Company to reduce their standing force to fifty men.

In order to make sure of getting good fortifications, all captains of their ships were invited to give their opinions as to the most eligible system to be adopted. The result may be readily anticipated—opinions differ on all things, fortifications not excepted; the consequence was, nothing more was done than to construct lines across the valleys, and in some places to erect a few harmless batteries, raised a little above the level of the sea; the heights were totally neglected, and for more than a century not one knew what it was to be covered with a bristling tiara of big guns and embrasures.

The civil and military officers of the Company were maintained by the produce of the Government lands, and all dined at the same table, from the Governor down to the Sergeant of the Guard. All this "liberty and equality" went on very well for a time, but pride crept in amongst the happy officials, distinctions arose, and complaints soon followed, for the Company's "Commanders" did not relish their dinners in company with the Sergeants and Smith, so that at last one of the Governors came to the grave conclusion "that nobody ought to sit at table with him who is not cleanly drest, and that has an infectious distemper on him, or that is drunk," which was, no doubt, very satisfactory to the commanders and their friends, but even this salutary regulation had to be improved upon.

It was soon after determined, that "there shall stand a salt upon the table, and those who sit above the salt shall drink as they think proper either wine or punch; but those who sit below the salt—poor fellows!—shall have to two persons, one common bowl of punch (which contains about three pints), or in case of wine instead thereof, one bottle for each bowl of punch," so that on the whole, the Governor appears to have been very solicitous about the "Minor Morals" of his little colony. The patrician part of his friends had liberty to drink as "they think fit," and the plebians had no great cause to murmur, inasmuch as they were allowed at dinner, a pint and a half each of punch, a very fair quantum if it was anything at all better than six water grög. It is much to be regretted that the records do not give us the recipe for the manufacture of this punch, it would be a culinary curiosity, worthy of the Governor and Council who devised, and the people who imbibed it.

Things went on swimmingly for a few years ; great efforts were made to instruct the negroes ; those who received baptism, were allowed seven years afterwards to become free planters ; the number of proselytes is not stated, but before long a place for public worship was erected at Chappel Valley, and soon after that, a contribution raised for erecting a church in the country, the original perhaps of that recently pulled down. A market was also founded, for the accommodation of those who had anything to sell, or who wished to invest capital on a small scale in the produce of the Island, or speculate in "pompions," or "madagascar yams."

The first settlers on the Island, we have seen, introduced slavery, which continued without interruption till the year 1679, when a restriction was put upon the further importation, in consequence of a growing dread of danger from insurrection, although at the time in question, they only amounted to the number of eighty. A few years however the restriction was rescinded, and a new regulation laid down to the effect, that for every slave introduced the purchaser should either pay ten shillings, or maintain a white militia man—a very efficacious method of enhancing the price of labour, which however, was modified by another rule, that every Madagascar ship calling for refreshment, should leave a male or female negro at the choice of the Governor, for the benefit of the government plantations.

Severe laws were enacted to keep the slaves in due discipline and subjection, and as in modern armies, the lash was held to be the best industrial stimulant ; they almost surpass the bounds of credibility, like the laws of Draco, they were written in blood, and based too often, unlike his, on the grossest principles of injustice, as merciless as they were partial, degrading at once to the executive and the helpless victim surrendered to its remorseless power. The evidence of the negroes as at present in America, was inadmissible in a court of law, they were severely punished for trifling offences, for a word uttered in anger, a frown, or a casual want of attention. They were dragged to the police-office to be judged by a slave holding magistrate, marched from thence to a public whipping post, where a drummer stood ready to receive them, cat in hand.

Twice a week, till within a recent period, were the stocks dyed with the blood from the lacerated backs of the friendless slaves, and the hills echoed with their hopeless cries. It was worse than death for a slave to raise his hand against his master, even in self defence. No excuse was admissible, he might be worried, goaded, and driven to phrenzy by the cruelty, or heartlessness of his inhuman owner ; the act might be committed under the excitement of the moment—the result of unbearable tyranny—but no excuse was admissible—the law had been pronounced and it was inexorable.

The women were chained, flogged, branded on face and forehead, and mutilated by lopping off both ears, but the sterner sex were caponised and converted into meet companions for the seraglio guards, and brothers in misfortune to the hapless Abelard.

A spirit of insubordination sprung up in a quarter where it was least expected ; the soldiers began to murmur at some fancied neglect, and from menace were foolish enough to proceed to the extremity of open sedition, which was only subdued by the Company's ships assisting the authorities with their crews.

One Doctor Sault (the Chaplain) was a great instrument in these squabbles, he was always in hot water, quarrelling with the Governor, insulting the Council, and giving himself all manner of consequential airs, misleading the people, and making a fool of himself, till he was brought to his senses, by a stringent order from home, to turn him out of the Island, if he would not learn to behave better.

There appears to have been but little religion, and less morality, among the clergy then on the Island, as some of them are branded as being drunkards, and general profligates—a heavy charge, but nevertheless brought forward by a grave historian. In 1684 there was a mutiny among the troops and militia-men; they made an attack upon the Governor, and attempted to capture the Fort, but were repulsed and several of their party slain, among the rest, our old friend, "black Oliver," who, after all his efforts for the Company, the honors and rewards liberally bestowed upon him, threw away his life in a rebellious attack on the Government. The usual result followed—trials and executions—more complaints arose, which led to further trials, and again the hangman had his godless fees.

After having settled all these complaints and mutinies, the Company turned their attention to improving the Island, by increasing its productiveness. They welcomed any one who had or was supposed to have any acquaintance with agriculture. And oddly enough, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, several Frenchmen came to settle on the Island: this was considered a good opportunity to improve the growth of the vine; accordingly one Captain Porrier and his fellow immigrants had a district assigned to them. Great expectations were raised; grapes were to be plentiful, and wine cheap. But it appears to have been the case in most experiments of the kind—it terminated in failure, and the disappointed inhabitants had to get their wine from other quarters, and forgo the pleasure of eating grapes and drinking native wines.

In 1691, the brave old navigator, Dampier, paid the Island a visit, and informs us there were good guns planted by the sea, from one end of the bay to the other, besides a small Fort, which made the place so strong that he considered it could not very easily be taken. There were not more than twenty or thirty houses in the town, and they were all built of rough stone, very poor furniture in them; all in a rough and ready backwood style, except the Governor's near the Fort, which was a little more decent. The people, however, mostly lived in the country, and only occupied their houses in the little town when they were attracted thither by the advent of any ships in want of provisions; then they came down with all the carrots and cabbages they could muster, to sell to the weather-beaten mariners who had called in upon them.

The climate was very healthy, insomuch that men who had been carried on shore in hammocks, and wholly unable to crawl, were cured and made perfect in "a week's time," and were soon able to "leap and dance" as well as their companions. All of which wonderful effects were attributed to the wholesomeness of the air, and the fresh breeze, constantly sweeping over the place, and driving all distempers away.

Old Dampier also very gravely informs us, that while he stayed on

the Island, many of the sailors fell in love and got sweethearts—as sailors now very often do, when they have spare time in their hands,—for even love at first sight requires a little time to burn up clear and strong,—like a spark in a tinder box struck from the flint, it sets fire only to a wee bit at first, then burns and smoulders till the whole is in a blaze.

One sailor was more lucky than the rest, for he not only got a sweetheart, but had time to make her his wife and carried her off in triumph with him to England—where let us hope she turned out to be an honor to the Island, and a pearl of exceeding great price to her romantic and adventurous husband.

Another happy fellow was equally smitten with one of the belles of the place—but alas, “the course of true love never did run smooth,” he could not make her his wife here, they vowed eternal love to each other, and entered into obligatory bonds to fulfil the “fearful compact” when they should arrive in England, for he contrived to take her with him in his ship. Several other of the men besides these, fell head over ears in love, and entirely lost their hearts to the Saint Helena maids. He says the girls were all agog for running away from their native place, and very earnestly desired “to be released from that prison,” which they had no way of accomplishing, but by fascinating and taking captive the tender hearts of any seamen or passengers who might give them a look in, which is not saying very much for their love of country; but it was very excusable if young men were scarce—girls are always romantic, and very few of them like to waste their beauties “in the desert air.”

He winds up by telling us “they are well shaped, proper, and comely,” very necessary qualifications for hubby-hunting damsels;—but then the old sinner qualifies it all by adding “were they in a dress to set them off,” which would lead us to believe that the young ladies of the olden time in St. Helena were not quite so fond of dress and finery, as they are at present. But time is pressing, we must go at once from the sunny fields of love and matrimony, into the miry paths of blood and mutiny, stopping by the way, to state that an unfortunate governor broke his luckless neck, by a fall from the slippery path on Putty Hill.

In 1693, a sergeant of the garrison and thirteen accomplices form a design for carrying off the Colonial Treasury, and strange to say, they were successful. The sergeant being on duty at the Fort, introduced his companions, who, as soon as possible, commenced operations by seizing all the people in it, whom they secured and kept in some underground vaults. The Governor was seized, a struggle ensued, the mutineers fired, he fell, being severely wounded in the head by a ball, from which he soon after died. They took the precaution to secure the captain of a ship lying at the anchorage, on board of which, after a deal of scheming to get provisions, they sent their plunder.

The garrison, such as it was, appear to have been quite panic stricken and paralyzed by the deliberate proceedings of the mutineers; they threw no obstacles in the way of these reckless villains, who finally escaped from the Island with all their booty, and without the loss of a single man on their side, the only death being that of the unfortunate Governor.

These troubles had scarcely been settled, and a new Governor chosen, before symptoms of dissatisfaction and mutiny appeared among all classes of the people. The militia would submit to none but officers chosen from their own body; the soldiers were equally insubordinate; planters had many grievances claiming redress; and the blacks were conspiring to massacre the whites, and seize a ship, in imitation of Jackson. They were, however, discovered in time and arrested, many of them repeatedly and severely flogged, and then turned out of the Island. The authorities thought to intimidate the rest, by an example of fearful and barbarous severity. Two of the leaders were half hanged, cut down alive, embowelled and quartered, their heads taken off, and exposed in the crossways—a revolting and hideous spectacle resorted to for the purpose of adding horror to the vengeance of the law. One wretch, perhaps more guilty than the rest, was hooped in chains, and hung up alive in his horrible cage on Ladder Hill, there to be starved to death, under the eyes of masters, slaves, royalists, and revolvers. But the lingering agony and dying groans of this hapless wretch failed to keep down the spirit of insurrection and mutiny. While his fleshless bones hung bleaching in the sun, swinging about in the wind, and battered by the rains, his own race once more essayed to gain the mastery, and miserably failed; again the hangman did his work—vengeance called for blood—it flowed—and once more the law was satisfied.

The whole colony was at this time in a state of violent effervescence, no one was at peace with his neighbour, the deputy governor challenged the governor to fight, he subsequently died, and a second one turned out to be quite as bad—mutinous in language, and violent in conduct; the chaplain was a debauched and reckless villain, unworthy of his position, and a disgrace to the church he belonged to. Morality under such circumstances as these, was at a very low ebb; drunkenness revelled in the full tide of its grovelling and degrading bestiality, it flowed on unchecked for years, and brought in its train an accumulation of misery and evils, not readily to be surmised, or easily described. The whole machinery of government was disorganized, part clashed with part, the governed with the governors, and the governing among themselves; assaults, recriminations, prosecutions, brawls, squabbles, insubordination, and general disorder, marked the conclusion of the seventeenth century.

After passing over a variety of minor events, we come once again to a battle, a naval one this time, resulting in the loss of two Indianmen. Two of the Company's ships, the *Queen* and the *Dover*, were lying snugly at anchor in the bay, never dreaming of the approach of an enemy. At daybreak however, signals announced the approach of two vessels, which loomed large in the distance. They were under Dutch colours. As they were passing Banks' Battery, they showed no disposition to send off a boat to ask permission to enter the bay; a shot was fired to remind them of their want of politeness, which they answered, by lowering their topsails, and firing a salute of five guns. One of them, after having paid this compliment to the garrison, bore directly up to the *Queen*, ranged alongside, and sent into her a cowardly volley, from their small armed men, stationed in the tops.

This was an indignity not readily to be submitted to by the English commander, so he at once returned the compliment by a broadside from the *Queen*. The fight however, was soon determined, and the *Queen* carried by a boarding party, and finally taken. After performing this exploit, they struck their Dutch flags and hoisted the French, to let the astonished garrison know of what nation they really consisted. The *Dover* saved her powder and shot, and the Frenchman a deal of trouble, by striking at once, as she had no chance, against two double-decked, well armed vessels.

This took place in broad daylight, under the very nose of the Governor, who, as soon as he had collected his scattered senses, gave orders to fire upon the two piratical Frenchmen from the batteries: but as mostly happens in these cases, the careful gunners had nothing ready—their matches were carefully stowed away, their powder was anywhere but where it should have been, and their sponges were all at sixes and sevens, none of them fitting the guns.

While the valiant troops were hunting after their warlike stores, the Frenchmen amused themselves at their leisure by cutting the cables of the two luckless Indiamen, and by way, either of exercising their guns, showing off their skill, or intimidating the Garrison, they fired one or two broadsides at the batteries, spread all sail, and soon vanished from the sight of the Governor, and his very vigilant sentinels. This affair happened on the first day of June 1706, and on the same memorable day, nearly ninety years afterwards, the French were paid back in kind with much greater interest than they wished, either to receive, or acknowledge.

In order to prevent the recurrence of a similar misfortune, orders were given that all ships touching at St. Helena, should be compelled to send a boat to Banks', to get permission to come into the bay; and further, that from thence forward all the Company's ships should moor close in shore, under the batteries at Ladder Hill. Misfortune seldom comes single, no sooner had this untoward event been registered as a thing of the past, than up sprung another—menacing the very existence, not of the ships, or the Island, but of the Company itself. A formidable rival had crept into the lists in the shape of a new Company, trading to the East, which not only disputed the trade, but even the right of the old Company to make them ask permission to water their vessels at St. Helena. From words they came to blows; a captain belonging to the new Company, sent his boat with an armed crew to get water, the Governor detached a party up the hills to roll stones down upon the heads of the devoted water-seekers—a very pleasant pastime for a garrison not overburthened with business. In order however to show some little civility to the new Company's bellicose captain, the troops were not allowed to fire, unless any of his men should have made use of their guns to return the compliment of the volleys of stones, and prove their pugnacity in skirmishing for their employers.

After this a new idea presented itself to the luminous minds of the new Company's directors, they sent an agent to reside at St. Helena, he was to give orders and directions to their ships whenever they should arrive. This was a proceeding altogether offensive to the pride and dignity of the old company—it was as bad in fact as

admitting a bailiff into the house, so they bundled up his papers and packed him off home again; he would have been a spy upon their proceedings; they consequently came to the conclusion that riddance was the best quittance.

However successful they might have been in turning out the agent, they could not keep the new Company altogether at bay; it grew in strength, had some good friends to back it in England, and at last became a match for the old Company. Their disputes would have been endless; they would have wrangled, squabbled, and ruined each others resources. It was discovered that if they could not agree separately, they might together—and so they coalesced, joined purses, and called themselves the “United Company of Merchants of England, trading to the East Indies.” The Island, the innocent cause of the greater part of their squabbles, was taken from the original Company and ceded to the new united one, in whose hands it remained till finally transferred to the British Government in the year 1836.

Buildings and improvements of all kinds were now commenced; Forts, Barracks, Batteries, and Official Houses began to show themselves above ground, and made heavy drains on the Treasurer's strong box. Rewards were offered for the discovery of Lime, Gold, and Copper Mines, of the existence of which they had not the slightest doubt.

They soon found Lime, and then at last they stumbled upon what was very like gold, but unfortunately, for all their brilliant hopes, upon trial, it “evaporated in fume”! and left them a few pounds poorer than when they began gold hunting. Lime they could not burn without coals, therefore they sent off to England for a supply, and stopped all their works in the mean time; dismissed their Engineer who was “no gentleman,” altogether useless from being “idle, ignorant, and lazy,” not knowing how to “obey orders or give directions,” altogether a very pretty fellow!

They were more busy than ever in their farming operations, they set fences, imported all kinds of vegetables, planted groves of Gumwood and Lemon trees, cultivated the Castor Oil plant, got sugar to grow in Sandy Bay, and were in great hopes of exporting the produce, but could not grow enough for their own use. After great exertion had been used, and much money spent, they succeeded at last in making up a list of things they could, and in fact did produce; it was a joyous day, happiness beamed on every man's face, the Yammers (Islanders) were in raptures, its fortunate days were now about to burst upon it, and so in the fulness of their hearts, they resolved “to fire nine guns,” and send “a pound or two” of sugar as a sop to the directors, who were to have “showers of blessings” from the happy and delighted people.

From Lime and Gold hunting, they took to law mending, an easy transition no doubt, and after a deal of multifarious rummaging and reading among old musty deeds, laws, and leases, they got them all arranged and engrossed in a big book, entitled “Laws and Ordinances”—a splendid proof of their industry and devotion. A great meeting was called, it consisted of thirty-six people, the laws were read to them, and copies deposited with the churchwardens for

public distribution. They even asked the people to make observations on these laws, the consequence was that nineteen objections were got up against them by way of demurrer, and delivered into the hand of the Governor, who was very much astonished to find that any objections could be raised against his incomparable code.

They first requested that all the chief families might be allowed to have arms in their houses, doubtless for protection against their somewhat rebellious slaves. Then that their "friendly meetings" and "merry makings" should not be deemed "riots,"—a very reasonable request if they were at all disposed to be wise, as well as to be merry.

This is immediately followed by a clause professing their dislike to be "corporally punished," and their willingness to submit to a fine, in case of any neglect of duty on their part, which shews they had some little respect for the majesty of the law, but that they preferred having its penalties administered as best suited their own convenience and inclination.

They desired free trade, and objected to being compelled to bring their goods out of the country "to a public market," where, of course, they had to pay fees, and required "free liberty to sell beefe to shipp," and humbly desired, that whenever their blacks should take french leave and run away, they should not be compelled to pay fourfold for what the runaways might steal for their own especial comfort and sustenance. And then in the matter of dogs, they desired that "themselves should not be obliged to lead their doggs in a string," but with their usual politeness, are quite willing their servant should do it for them. Was ever a governor so pestered before, or a people so tyrannised over, as to be compelled to trudge about the street with their dogs tied to a string; there was neither liberty for man or beast, and so they kicked at it, the governor listened to their appeal, and dispensed with this sage piece of law, to their entire satisfaction.

From dogs they pass on to dead cattle, and then stop short at the fencing, where they entreat "they may not be compelled to fence in their land at all, it being a new thing they had never heard of before:" which dislike to fencing has been transmitted to their posterity, who care but little about that part of the farmer's business, and seem to delight in delapidated hedges and make-shift gates. They preferred the civil to the martial law, and demanded permission to board ships in the bay, of course asking the government first, for otherwise, how could they have a "trade in beefe" and vegetables.

We have seen their very first request was to keep guns, and as a natural consequence in the middle of the list of all their wants and wishes, they squeeze in, as if by accident, another, "that each chief of family that has guns allowed him may, for their diversion, have liberty to go a shooting;" to which the governor responds, that they "must keep within the law," and not presume to take upon themselves any additional privilege without his special permission, his being the power either to "give or let alone."

After having asked for all these alterations and amendments, they desired liberty to make use of the great wood and common, otherwise "they would be ruined," at which the governor kicked, unless they would agree to plant one acre of wood for every ten acres of land they

possessed; otherwise, he tells them, "you shall have no benefit of our wood or common," which is very plain and as explicit as all such documents should be, for the sake of avoiding squabbles and useless litigation. They finally wind up their various requests, by an address to the Governor and Council, in which they profess to be very loyal and loving subjects of their "honorable masters," and gave the governor and his sage coadjutors most humble and hearty thanks for having "bin pleased to communicate to us the aforesaid laws," and wish him all the "health imaginable" in his government, and themselves, "a quiet and peaceable living under it." They were made supremely happy by being allowed guns—to sell beef to the ships—and in not being compelled to lead their dogs about in a string, like so many miserable mountebanks at a fair, or blind beggars wandering in search of alms.

The Governors were quite as eccentric as the people they had to govern; some were good, some bad, some indifferent—meddling, busy, or idle, as the case happened to be. Governor Roberts, an active, enterprising man, restored good order into the affairs of the Island, but could not escape the charge of favoritism and severity, which induced him to request that an order might be published by tuck of drum, for every one who could prove that "I have wronged 'em to the value of a single groat, I will make 'em a round satisfaction." And what was perhaps equally to the point, that he would do the same to any "person that can prove I have got a groat by 'em." He was snubbed by his council, and the council by the company at home.

He was succeeded by a Captain Boucher, an adventurer who laid waste half the company's property to fill his own pockets. His favorite amusement was donkey riding, of which animals he kept a fine stud, and had a large riding house built at the expense of the company, in which he might enjoy a donkey's gallop, short and sweet, and doubtless very amusing to a man of his Assinine mind. A conspiracy sprung up against him, but was discovered, and the ringleaders sent off the Island to Bencoolen, by way of transportation. And as a suitable wind up to his affairs, when he left the Island he very coolly stript the castle of every portable article, and turned them to his own account: he reigned three years, and resigned at last of his own free will, much to the pleasure of the company, and joy of the Islanders, whom he had half ruined by his pernicious and nefarious conduct.

Governor succeeded governor in rapid succession, but all more or less were tainted with the same grovelling propensities—petty tyrants lording it in a remote and isolated place—giving free scope to their passions, plundering the company and abusing the interests of the people. The exceptions were "like angels visits—few and far between." The best of them were anything but blameless; acts of injustice, tyranny, and petty frauds may be too often proved against them; they appear not to have had any settled idea as to what the duties of a governor are, or what his conduct ought to be. They fined, punished, pilloried, whipt, and imprisoned at pleasure, turned free blacks into slaves for minor offences, dismissed commissioned officers without a court martial, and civilians without an enquiry. Bad grew to worse; evil upon evils accumulated; the laws were partially administered; truth was a rarity, and justice a novelty.

One thing led to another, and at last brought on a mutiny of the little garrison—a storm in a gally pot—but nevertheless a bold and unexpected mutiny. This unpleasant affair happened in 1783, and arose about grog, canteens, and punch houses.

The Council had all at once been seized with a new-fangled notion, that it would be very desirable to put the garrison of St. Helena under the same regulations as that of Gibraltar, but the soldiers thought very differently; and never having been under anything like strict discipline, it was a novelty that they could nor would not understand. They had been accustomed to smoke their pipes, drink grog, and sing songs at the punch houses in the town, when they were free from military restraint, and could not brook the idea of being compelled to go to a canteen kept by one of the company's people. They had other grievances, but like true *bon vivants*, they made this the *casus belli*, and upon the strength of it brewed up a mutiny, as futile as it was foolish.

There was a great deal of planning, scheming, marching, counter-marching, protocolling, and par'eying, much threatening, a fight for ten minutes, a discharge of musketry, two men killed, three wounded, one hundred and three taken prisoners in fight, ninety-nine tried and condemned to death, ten really executed, and the rest pardoned. After this business had been adjusted as well as it could be, those of the garrison suspected of want of loyalty and devotion to the company, were turned out of the Island; the remainder behaved themselves much better after such a summary and efficacious clearance. The governor himself soon after retired, and was succeeded by one more able to fill the office, and better acquainted with its duties than had been most of his numerous predecessors.

Governor Brooke, soon after his arrival, wished to introduce forced labour by way of punishment for minor offences, instead of the degrading lash; but to his astonishment he found that many of the soldiers preferred flogging to being compelled to work. However, he caused these tough backed fellows to be placed in a separate body, called the "Miscreants Mess." Here they were badly fed, laughed at by their comrades, and ridiculed by every body, which had more effect in softening their callous hearts than either compulsory work, or the tickling of the nine tailed cat. They became good orderly soldiers, and just in the same ratio as judicious kindness and proper treatment increased towards them, so did they gradually emerge from their low and debased practices; they learnt to respect themselves, and when once that point is reached, they are sure to be respected by others. The militia was also attended to, and increased, by the addition of two companys of blacks, who were drilled twice a week till they obtained sufficient proficiency in their manouvres. The fortifications were much improved and extended by the exertions of the governor, but not to the full extent he wished them to be; he strengthened the heights and many of the defiles leading from the country, replaced mortars and field pieces in more effective positions, and on the whole, added much to the defensive resources of the Island. Telegraphs were established to announce the appearance of ships, and transmit messages with greater rapidity than had ever been done before; and to facilitate the trade and commerce, a new landing place

was formed, with the addition of a crane, so that boats might discharge their cargoes at almost any time without incurring so much danger as they had previously done.

The year 1795 opened upon a scene somewhat new to the good people of St. Helena—that of great bustle and preparation for no less than an attack on the Cape of Good Hope. The plea being, that as the French had overrun Holland, the Dutch would be compelled to join the French in the war against England; and to prevent this, an expedition was to be sent to seize the Castle at the Cape. Governor Brooke selected three hundred men, put them on board of a man of war and some of the Company's ships lying in the bay—took military command of the force, and set sail for the Cape. On his way, however, he found that he had been too late in starting, inasmuch as Sir G. Elphinstone and General Craig had accomplished what he was only then going to attempt; so he put back, but not before he had learnt that a fleet of twenty homeward bound vessels were about leaving the Cape. This was a prize he much coveted; he therefore exerted himself to equip a little fleet to intercept them, made up of the aforesaid man of war, the *Sceptre*, and a few of the Company's vessels, the captains of which all protested against the governor making any such use of ships under their command, more however, to secure themselves from blame in case of loss or damage, than from any disapproval of his proceedings.

At last they sailed, and after a few casualties, such as splitting sails, springing a mast, and other matters of the kind incidental to the sea, they fell in with the Dutch convoy. They exchanged a few unshotted guns, by way of calling upon each other to surrender, but as neither party felt inclined to do so without a brush for it, they shotted their guns and prepared for a fight. The Dutch captains plied their men well with spirits to keep them up to the fighting mark, they consequently let fly a few shots, to which the *Sceptre* replied in good earnest, which induced the Dutchmen to think about the business a second time. He arrived at the conclusion, that it would be saving himself and the English a deal of trouble, smashing and battering, if he surrendered; down went the flags of seven of his ships; the victorious tars took possession, and soon afterwards brought them into James' Town Bay, where they made a goodly show, and gladdened the hearts of the now exalted Islanders.

Scarcely had the hubbub occasioned by this adventure settled down, when the *Sphinx* man of war came in from the Cape, with a letter requesting the assistance of the Island. It was granted; arms, ammunition, money, and men, were sent as requested; the fortunate governor gained new laurels, and the hearty thanks of the "powers that be" at home, besides the present of a sword from Lord Mornington, which had been taken in the palace of Tippoo Saib at the siege of Seringapatam.

A detachment from the Saint Helena Garrison was also sent to the aid of Lord Beresford, then on his way to South America—the result was unfortunate, after taking Buenos Ayres he was ultimately compelled to abandon it, which however has but little business in this sketch, except to show that St. Helena Soldiers in those days were not altogether unused to the vicissitudes of real warfare, and could

make themselves "generally useful" when called upon so to do—being neither afraid of wind, rain, the enemy, or the "effects of a tropical sun," as the degenerate men of modern days are confessed to be—more's the pity!

After having steered clear through the dangers and difficulties of wars, battles, captures, and mutinies, we arrive at one which entailed a great amount of misery and suffering on the hapless Islanders—no less than a fearful visit of the Measles, an insatiable and destructive monster who revelled in death, gloated on the agonies of his victims, and battered upon the mass of human corruption strewn at his feet. Yet was it only crime working its own punishment. There had been trafficking in flesh and blood at the Cape—a slave ship had touched there—disease was preying upon them—corruption and pestilence was doing the work of death. Hot reeking steam distilled from their fever stricken bodies, curled up its hatches in seething clouds, heavy and fetid, spread over the land like the sultry vapours of a Geyser boiling up from unknown depths below—infected the colony—wrought disease and misery among its people—slaves and enslavers died alike from one common cause—crime brought its own punishment—the penalty was death. Merchant vessels, the India fleet, soon brought it to St. Helena. They anchored in the bay, sent their linen on shore, and with it the germs of disease. It soon spread over the Island, and raged for a time with fearful violence; whole families were smitten down helpless and prostrate, incapable of administering to each others wants; they would have perished of starvation had not the generous hand of benevolence been extended for their aid. Public offices were closed, shops shut, the streets deserted, nothing was going on but sickness and death, trade was suspended, and the workshops silent; few sounds were heard but the splashing of the sea on the shingly beach—the thrilling sound of coffin makers plying their craft—and the measured tramp of soldiers bearing the dead to their now unremembered graves. There are times when the most apathetic rouse from their lethargy, when the timid become bold and brave dangers, from which they would have shrunk with horror under other circumstances. The hour of need and trial works a great change in the disposition of men—charity is wrung from the most flinty hearts, and benevolence appears where it was never known before—common danger levels distinction—rich and poor unite to avert calamity, when all are liable to its afflicting stroke and know not who may be the first to suffer.

Such were the effects wrought at St. Helena during the height of the infection; funds were raised by subscription, and persons found to manage them, to administer to the wants of the sick and dying; to rescue the helpless from the horrors of starvation, and soothe the last hours of the stricken and afflicted, with the consolation of religion. It was a fearful time—well remembered even now; many a nameless mound, half choked with grass and weeds, tell where the dead were buried, of death stricken homes, and families severed never to meet again in this God-made world; children nipped in the bud, youth in its prime, men in their strength and in the evening of life, hurried away in one common calamity—themselves forgotten, yet the cause of their extinction remembered; but time is pressing, drop the curtain, and let it rise to another, and a different scene.

General Beatson arrived from England in the year 1803, as the Governor of the Island, and immediately set about fulfilling the multifarious duties of his office, and others which he imposed upon himself, as he thought for the joint benefit of the company and the community. He wished to be a reformer on a large scale, and was exceedingly zealous in attempting to develop the latent resources of the Island. He was a great schemer, his head was full of new fangled plans and crotchets. The fertility of his imagination is abundantly proved by the number of schemes he introduced and tried. That he was of the sanguine temperament is obvious from the enthusiastic efforts he made to surmount self-created difficulties of every shade and character. He tried scheme after scheme, and as soon as one failed, he was prepared with another, ripe and ready for execution. He dug for gold where none was to be found, mined for silver where none existed, and yet very gravely comforted himself on the failure of his ill-starred efforts by the reflection, that if he had dug deeper they would certainly have been discovered. He showed as plain as the sun at noon day, how a large revenue might be derived, by burning weeds for alkali—capital tan was to be got from all sorts and kinds of trees—he burnt his weeds, and peeled his trees in vain—his figures might be facts—but his revenues mere fiction. He was to grow barley, make malt, import hops, and brew beer; but nobody would drink it, although the Islanders had “liberty to indulge as they pleased in wholesome beer at sevenpence per quart”—they preferred grog, and the beer would’nt go down at any price; perhaps because it was not wholesome!

He complained, and on just grounds, that the people did not wish for any change, and cared nothing for improvement. They combined to keep up prices for their own produce, and demanded unreasonably enough that the Company should supply them as usual with imported provisions under prime cost. As upwards of three thousand hungry sinners were fed, and indeed lived by this strange system, there is nothing wonderful in their not liking to work for themselves; it was an abuse which ultimately corrected itself.

Sometimes the governor was growing mangel wurzel, then anon he flew to the cultivation of Madagascar yams, but as he was fond of change, he turned to turnips and potatoes, wheat and barley, beer, and alkali, salt pans and tan pits, tried his hands at everything, and then sat down to write a big book, to prove how easy it was to scheme and difficult to succeed; there were many attempts but few results. One day we find him inculcating the blessings of peace and the beauties of benevolence, the next he is all agog on the hills, rolling rocks into the vallies, experimenting on schemes for the destruction of his fellow creatures. But, lo! on his return from one of these wonderful exploits he saw a hand writing on the wall, like Pharaoh of old—“*a hot dinner, and a bloody supper.*” He looked around for a second Daniel to interpret, but his astonished eyes fell upon—“*This house to be let on Christmas day,*” scribbled on the gates of the castle.

While he was planning all kind of improvements for his soldiers, they were busy plotting to bundle him off the Island. He was to have been seized on Christmas day, and put on board a vessel in the port; but the conspirators reckoned without their host.

It all arose about eating and drinking—grog and rice—for he had stopped their tippling, and the winds had played them the same scurvy trick with the rice, by being in a contrary humour, and keeping the store ships away from the Island.

The soldiers mutinied, some of them trudged to Longwood to seize a few field pieces kept there, to aid them in laying seige to Plantation House where the governor had ensconced himself. The night was dark, and a cunning fellow who had previously had charge of the guns, contrived to spike them all, unknown to the valiant mutineers. They advanced towards Plantation House, but were stopped on the way—a parley ensued—their courage failed—it was useless to fight with spiked guns, and so they surrendered, dreaming of mercy and forgiveness. The next step was of course a court martial, a trial, and the execution of six of the ringleaders, who were strung up all in a row on High Knoll; the next day another was led to a gallows, and turned off with “great solemnity,” to the doleful music of the dead march, and so the mutiny was brought to an end.

Beatson was cool, firm, and active, throughout the affair; but it would never have happened had he paid more attention to practicable plans, and less to experimental schemes of his own concoction. However, he was on the whole a serviceable governor, and did some good both for the Company who employed, and the people who lived under him. He reduced useless expenditure, economised the public money, raised many useful buildings, and left a good name behind. Yet half his schemes were unmitigated failures.

But my journey has nearly reached its close, and my “travail” its end. I must let many matters slumber in the quiet repose of oblivion, they cannot grace my graceless sheets for want of space; but to prevent useless regrets on this dolorous occasion, be it known, that the said matters are as uninteresting as they are unimportant.

The Islanders were principally occupied in discussing the merits and advantages of planting, of killing the wild goats to prevent them destroying their young trees, as well as in considering the advantages of putting an end to the free rambling of sheep over all parts of the country—importing Chinese labourers—altering the laws relative to leases, and other matters more useful to the Islanders than interesting to the weary and impatient readers of this discursive history. However, a change came at last, and broke quite unexpectedly upon the dull routine of their monotonous duties, gave something to talk about, and plunged them into a perfect chaos of wonder and bewilderment.

The *Icaurus* sloop of war came in one day “with all her canvas set,” to announce the most extraordinary budget of news that had ever opened upon the greedy ears of the astonished inhabitants—the battle of Waterloo—surrender of Paris—fall of Napoleon—termination of the continental war—and above all, the startling and scarcely credible intelligence, that Napoleon himself was actually on his way to the Island, exiled and a prisoner. Never was a greater interest felt in the winds, never was their variations more anxiously watched, and never before did signal-men so strain their eyes in sweeping the horizon for the first glimpse of an expected sail. It hove in sight at last, the 15th October, 1815, a day for ever memorable in the annals of St. Helena.

It was the *Northumberland*, and had Napoleon and his suite on board, besides Admiral Cockburn. His arrival occasioned great changes, the governor was withdrawn, and a new one (Sir Hudson Lowe) appointed in his stead, who was responsible for the ex-emperor's security.

The rest is well known; Napoleon went to Longwood; lived, or rather existed there for a few years, hoping to while away the time by drawing on the "recollections of the past." Disease came upon him, the strong man was prostrate, the great one fallen; life ebbed away, and finally ran dry on the 5th of May, 1821; on the 9th he was buried with military honors. In July Sir Hudson Lowe retired, and was succeeded in his military command by a Brigadier General rejoicing in the grim cognomen of Coffin.

The king's troops were soon afterwards withdrawn, the guard ships returned home, and the Islanders settled down once more to their usual monotonous pursuits, and recommenced with renewed ardour, their favorite but futile amusement of proposing and discussing all kind of imaginary improvements, from the manufacture of "free peasantry" out of black slaves, down to the invention of "a tread wheel," for the especial entertainment of the idle and disorderly.

In the year 1836, another startling event disturbed the quiet repose of the inhabitants—the surrender of the Island by the East India Company into the hands of the Crown, which led to an entirely new system of things; the civil servants were pensioned off, and the troops disbanded without having permission granted to volunteer, either for India or for the King's regiments, a great hardship both to men and officers. The latter received pensions, but many of the luckless men entered in the British Legion, went fighting for Isabella Segunda, and got more kicks than halfpence, many perishing, and but few returning to tell the dismal story of their adventures.

After a repose of nineteen years, the remains of Napoleon were taken to Paris by Prince de Joinville, in the frigate *La Belle Poule*, for re-interment beneath the dome of the Invalides; they were exhumed on the 15th October 1840, and on the 18th of the same month bid adieu to St. Helena for ever, leaving there the remembrance of his exile and death, his ruined home and deserted tomb.

There is now nothing further to record. The history of three centuries and a half have been compressed into a few pages. There is little that is interesting, and less that is instructive in the annals of this lonely Islet, unless gleaned from the episode of Napoleon, and that is, after all, but a stale rebuke to the "vanity of human wishes," and an oft read theme on the "instability of human grandeur."

Oh, reader! whomsoever thou art, and from whithersoever thou comest, listen to the voice of truth, and learn to thine infinite edification, that the sinuous stream of this grave and delectable history has run babbling on from its spring head in 1502, till arrested in the full swing of its course by the hand of time, on the vigil of CHRISTMAS, in the year of our Lord 1850.

J. L.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
BERKELEY

Return to desk from which borrowed.
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

21 Mar 49

21 April

DEC 21 1972 6 0

REC'D LD DEC 11 1972 - 1 PM 52

REC'D LD JAN 8 '73 - 8 PM 6 4

YB 34410

M180725

DT 671
S2 L6

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

