AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

Section I.

Education and Miscellaneous Employment, chiefly at Home.

In the extreme northern part of North Lancashire is the market-town of Ulverstone, and not far from it the obscure village of Dragleybeck, in which a small cottage gave me birth on the 19th June, 1764; being the only child of Roger and Mary Barrow. The said cottage had been in my mother's family nearly two hundred years, and had descended to her aunt, who lived in it to the age of eighty, and in it my mother died at the advanced age of ninety.

To the cottage were attached three or four small fields, sufficient for the keep of as many cows, which supplied our family with milk and butter, besides reserving a portion of land for a crop of oats. There was also a paddock behind the cottage, called the hemp-land, expressive of the use to which it had at one time been applied, but now converted to the cultivation of

potatoes, peas, beans, and other culinary vegetables; which, with the grain, fell to the labour of my father, who, with several brothers, the sons of an extensive farmer, was brought up to that business in the neighbourhood of the Lakes; and three or four of the sons held large farms under the Devonshire family—Cavendish and Burlington.

At the bottom of the hemp-land runs the beck or brook, a clear stream that gives the name to the village, and abounds with trout.

Contiguous to the cottage was also a small flower-garden, which, in due time, fell to my share; that is, while yet a young boy I had full charge of keeping up a supply of the ordinary flowers of the season. I did more; I planted a number of trees of different kinds, which grew well, but, long after I left home, I understood that many of them had been destroyed by the turning of a road. One of them, however, it appears, has survived, which must be now from seventy to seventy-five years old; and the mention of it kindles in my bosom a spark of gratitude, which an imputation of vanity even will not allow me to suppress. The following extract of a letter, received in 1844, from an aged female cousin, will tell the incident better than I can. My correspondent says,—"Mr. Gilpin" (who is an able and accomplished gentleman residing in Ulverstone) "called to say he was come to take a glass of wine with us, to drink your health in honour; for that day it was your eightieth birthday, and he was sure there was not one gentleman to be found so clever and active as yourself; he was sure you were like one of fifty; he told us that he and Mr. Braddyll were going to put a colour or flag into the *rowan-tree* that you planted when a boy, which

is a fine tree full of red berries, and hoped we would go down to see it. We went down to see it; and I assure you, sir, they had put a dashing flag brought from the Priory. I asked the girls at the cottage if one of them was married. She said—No; Mr. Braddyll and Dr. Gilpin had put it up, it being Sir John Barrow's birth-day, and had treated them all, that they might drink your health. That evening Mr. Gilpin had a party of gentlemen to supper, in honour. There is a new wall round the cottage, but the tree was not moved from its place, and the colour hung gracefully from it. There was one lady was glad that she had lived to see it,—that was Mrs. Harrison; she was Miss Betsy Briggs, sister to your old friend. The flag was brought by Mr. Sunderland from the capture of Acre. I am sure that all in Ulverstone must feel the greatest respect for you, for the lane to the cottage was, during the day, the general walk to look at the flag, and to wish health and long life to Sir John Barrow."

I was sensibly affected with this mark of kindly feeling towards one who, from circumstances, had not visited his native place for more than fifty years. All my old schoolfellows had long ago departed this life. My little property has equally, long since, been disposed of. The younger and surviving branches of the family never knew me, and all that keeps up the recollection of the townspeople are a few charities, with which my name, and those of my family here, are associated; and of which there is one in particular I have reason to be proud of—the establishment of a Sunday-school. Just after leaving school, in a conversation with a young friend, we lamented that there was no such thing as a Sunday-school, for the benefit

of poor children, and I suggested that we should propose one—but how? There was no newspaper—not even a printing-press. We, however, drew up a plan, and I undertook to stick it up on the market-cross, the night before market-day. We saw that it excited great attention; it was talked of; a person offered himself to undertake it; and it succeeded so well, that to the Ulverstone Sunday-school I and some of my family are at this time annual subscribers.

My native town of Ulverstone is now, and has long been, in a flourishing state. Situated on the shore of Morecambe Bay, with which it communicates by a canal, the trade in copper and iron ores, and various products of the neighbouring hills, is very considerable. Its proximity to the waters of Windermere, Coniston, and others of Cumberland and Westmoreland, has made it the key, or head-quarters, to those highly picturesque lakes. It can now boast of more than one public library, of several printing-presses, of literary and religious societies, and of a good grammar-school, besides others which are called National Schools. It has a daily mail-coach over the sands to Lancaster, and another three times a-week to Whitehaven. It is lighted with gas, has an abundant supply of good spring-water, and a clear stream has been conducted through the town. Had Mr. West, an intelligent Catholic priest, who resided here, and wrote the history of Furness, been now alive, he might with justice have styled Ulverstone, as he did in that work, "the London of Furness." He might also have spoken with great truth of the salubrity of the air and the healthiness and longevity of its inhabitants: my good mother and her aunt were striking examples of it.

I cannot forego the opportunity now afforded me to say a word in favour of my native place, where my earliest, and I believe my happiest, days were passed; and, having briefly stated what I have learned from others, I proceed to the subject of my Memoir.

The only scholastic education I received was at the Town Bank grammar-school, under the Rev. William Tyson Walker, curate of the parish church, and an excellent classical scholar, educated at Trinity College, Dublin. Before this the Town Bank school had fallen into the hands of an old gouty gentleman, of the name of Ferdinand (usually called *Fardy* by the boys) Hodgson, whose wife kept a sort of stationer's and bookseller's shop. His knowledge of Latin extended little beyond the *Syntaxis*, *As in præsenti*, and *Propria quæ maribus*, &c.; any further progress could only be had by a removal to the distance of sixteen miles, to the Free Grammar-school at Hawkshead, founded in 1584. Fardy Hodgson was particularly kind to me; and, being pleased one day at the manner in which I had performed my task, he took me by the hand into his shop, and spreading on the counter a great number of books for young people, he desired me to look at them and choose any one I pleased, as a present. I pitched upon a small History of the Bible, with wood-cuts, which so pleased the old man, that he foretold to my parents that I should prove a treasure to them. Trifling as this was, it produced its effect, and has on many occasions recurred to my memory.

Poor Fardy having given up the school, some of the leading persons of Ulverstone, desirous of affording to their children a better education than had hitherto been available, came to an agreement, in order to make the

management of the Town Bank school more worth Mr. Walker's while, to place it on a better footing, and to increase the terms of the schooling. He most readily agreed to what was proposed; and among the many boys, transferred to the care of Mr. Walker, I had the good fortune to be one—was entered when in my eighth year, continued under his instruction until my thirteenth, when I had advanced to the head of the school; having read Homer, and Xenophon's Anabasis, Livy, Horace, Virgil, &c. Walker was no mean poet, and excelled in the recitation of verse or prose. He wrote a pleasing descriptive poem in praise of Ireland, and of Trinity College in particular. I recollect it opened with—

"Generous and brave, Ierné, are thy sons."

His great delight was to instruct the upper boys to repeat passages from Homer and Virgil, and also from the best English poets. I gained some smattering of reputation for my knowledge of Shakspeare, and for the manner in which I could repeat many of the finest passages in his tragedies, and which I retained to a late period of life—some of them even till now—for this tact I am solely indebted to the instruction and encouragement of Mr. Walker.

Annexed to the Town Bank grammar-school was a separate room for those who were desirous of being instructed in arithmetic and mathematics, taught by an old gentleman, who, being a sort of perambulating preceptor, used to pay his annual visit of about three months. From him I received instruction in those branches of mathematics, which are most easily attained under a master, such as algebra, fluxions, conic sections — Euclid needed no master; and I very soon

had an opportunity of acquiring the practical application of many of the theorems and problems to the common purposes of life.

I may here mention one or two circumstances that occurred about the time and shortly after I left school, and which, trivial as they may appear, exerted a considerable influence on the future events of my life. Things of common occurrence are indeed frequently the precursors of important consequences, though not so regarded at the time. Just as I was about to leave the school, a gentleman, who had the management of Colonel Braddyll's estates in Yorkshire, Mr. Cottam, well known in that county, called on the master of Town Bank to know if he could recommend two of the youths, best-informed in arithmetic and geometrical calculations, to assist him in taking an accurate and complete survey of the Colonel's very extensive estate of Conished Priory, near Ulverstone. He immediately named Zaccheus Walker, his nephew, and myself. We were accordingly sent for, and received explanations of what would be required of us; but as neither of us felt qualified to go alone, we consented on the understanding that all should be done entirely under his assistance and supervision.

We remained at the Priory, as well as I now can recollect, about two months, in which time we completed the survey, to the satisfaction, as I was afterwards informed, of Colonel Braddyll; and, I may add, for my own part, to my incalculable benefit derived from witnessing the practised methods of conducting a survey of the various descriptions of surface—for it contained all—level, hilly, woodland, and water; and it was not the less useful to me, from the practical

knowledge acquired of the theodolite, and of the several mathematical instruments in the possession of Mr. Cottam.

In fact, during our sojourn at the Priory, I so far availed myself of the several applications of these instruments, that, on arriving in London, some years afterwards, I extended my knowledge of them, so as to draw up and publish a small treatise, to explain the practical use of a case of mathematical instruments, being my first introduction to the press, for which I obtained twenty pounds; and was not a little delighted to send my first fruits to my mother.

Another circumstance occurred, on leaving school, apparently of little importance, to which, notwithstanding, I must, to a certain extent, trace back my future fortunate progress in life, as will hereafter be shown. In the meantime, the simple fact will be enough for me to notice. Five or six of the upper boys agreed to subscribe for the purpose of purchasing a celestial globe, and also a map of the heavens, which were lodged in the mathematical apartment of Town Bank school, to be made use of jointly or separately, as should be decided on. Our cottage at Dragleybeck was distant a mile or more, yet such was my eagerness of acquiring a practical knowledge of the globe and the map, that I never omitted a star-light night, without attending to the favourite pursuit of determining certain constellations, and their principal stars, for one, two, or three hours, according as they continued above the horizon. It was a pleasure then, and a profit thereafter.

About this time, the son of a farmer on the Priory estate, a midshipman in the navy, made his appearance

at home, with the loss of an arm, sustained in action with the enemy; a remarkably fine full-grown young man. His object now was the church; but he was soon apprized that, being thus mutilated, he was disqualified from officiating in some of the duties of a parish priest, and could not probably succeed in obtaining ordination. He persisted, however, in pursuing his studies to qualify himself for the situation at least of private tutor. Having much communication with him, as a near neighbour, and he being, moreover, a most agreeable and intelligent young man, we became great friends, and soon discovered we could be of mutual assistance to each other. I found him an apt scholar, and was of some use in brushing up his mathematics, and more so his classics, while he informed me of the mysteries of navigation, and of a man-of-war. Even what I then learned might be useful, should it be my lot to betake myself to a seafaring life, and so I considered it; while my friend, some time afterwards, had interest enough to procure the patronage of the Hornby family of Winwick, became tutor to the children, and finally, by his talents, succeeded, through the Derby interest, in obtaining curate's orders; and in that capacity, I believe, continued to serve in Winwick Church till his death. I have no doubt that the present Admiral Hornby was a pupil of the Reverend Giles Chippindale.

For the twelvemonth, or thereabouts, that I remained at home, the employment of my time was directed towards something that was useful or curious. Of the latter, I had fallen in with an account of Benjamin Franklin's electrical kite; and a kite being a very common object with schoolboys, and a string steeped in salt-water, with a glass handle to it, not difficult to be had, I speedily

flew my kite, and obtained abundance of sparks. An old woman, curious to see what I was about, it was too tempting an opportunity not to give her a *shock*, which so frightened her, that she spread abroad a report in the village that I was no better than I should be; for that I was drawing down fire from heaven. The alarm ran through the village, and my poor mother entreated me to lay aside my kite.

My object was chiefly that of extending the small portion of mathematics, which the occasional master of Town Bank had been able to give me; but without any one to apply to for assistance, when I found myself at a loss, which frequently happened. I was sometimes disposed to shut my book; but, at this early period of life, I had an inherent and inveterate hatred of idleness; and that feeling has continued to haunt me until the advanced stage of human existence, at which I am now writing. In the midst of this dilemma I was informed that there lived, in the hills, an old farmer, of the name of Gibson, who went among his neighbours by the appellation of the *wise-man*, on account of his profound knowledge on almost every subject; that he had the reputation of being a thorough mathematician; that he made his own almanac, and could calculate eclipses—in short, like the village schoolmaster—

> "Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
> And e'en the story ran that he could gage."

I determined to see this rustic wonder, and for that purpose walked some eight or nine miles into the hilly country, and was so much gratified with the information he gave me, on certain points that had floundered me; and with such good will, urbanity, and patience

withal, did he *insense* me, (as Doctor Wollaston would have said,) that I repeated my visit three or four times; and should have gone, at least once more, before quitting home, had I not felt somewhat ashamed to trouble him on that occasion, which was the following.

I had puzzled myself for a couple of days and nights with a problem in Simson's Conic Sections, which, without consulting any one, I found myself so much perplexed and confused, as to despair of ever being able to master: the failure preyed on my mind. On a future night I tried once more, and, after a vain attempt, fell into a disturbed sleep, in the course of which I became busily at work with my problem, or more correctly, perhaps, I dreamed to be so; and the result was, a true and satisfactory solution. In the morning, in full recollection of my dream, I took up my slate and pencil, and easily sketched out the solution. On mentioning the circumstance, in after years, to Doctor Young, he told me it was by no means an unusual case, and that many instances are on record of intricate points being unravelled in dreams, or disturbed sleep.

I have not yet finished with Mr. Gibson. From my acquaintance with him resulted an epoch in the progress of my life, which will be noticed hereafter in its proper place.

SECTION II.

Residence and Employment in Liverpool.

I NOW began seriously to reflect on my situation as far as regarded myself, but much more so with reference to my good parents, particularly as the views I took, regarding the future employment of my life, did not exactly correspond with theirs. My father, having been brought up among the Cumberland farmers of the mountains, had imbibed their notions respecting the clergy, whom they venerated so highly, as to persuade themselves that salvation was most likely to be secured to the family, by the introduction of one of the sons into the Church. No wonder, therefore, he should be anxious to educate me for the clerical profession. I had a serious objection to enter into holy orders; I did not conceive that I was calculated for that sacred profession; besides, without a college education, there was no chance of my being ordained, and I pressed this point on my father's attention. A friend, however, he said, had told him that, at a small expense, he could send me, as a *servitor*, or *sizar*, to one of the universities. My parents and myself were most regular attendants at church; and though of a serious turn of mind, as I was by nature and disposition, I could not bring myself to think, that I ever should be reconciled to the clerical office, and therefore was desirous rather, discouraging as the prospect seemed, to take my chance a little longer, in the hope that something might turn up, to afford me employment more suitable to my feelings.

About this time, when I had just passed my fourteenth year, a lady from Liverpool called one day at the cottage, when I happened to be at home, and said, without ceremony, that she came from a friend of ours, and that her visit was to me; that her husband's name was Walker, the proprietor of a considerable iron-foundry in Liverpool; and that in the course of her visit to the north, he had wished her to look out for an active and intelligent youth, to superintend the workmen and keep the accounts of the factory, under the guidance and instruction of one who, from age and infirmity, could not long continue his employment; that the youth would live in the family; that they had one son of about ten years of age, who, being of a weakly habit, it was their object to give him instruction at home, at least for some time to come. "Now," she said, "from the character I have heard of you at Ulverstone, and from age and appearance (perhaps a little too young), I think you would answer our purpose; and I may say, I am prepossessed in your favour; and if you think that such an appointment would suit you, I will write to my husband to mention you to him."

This flattering conversation could not fail to captivate at once a youth of fourteen; and having no relish for an inactive life, seeing no prospect of immediate employment, and anxious to relieve my parents from the increasing expense of maintaining me at home, I thanked Mrs. Walker, and said I should most gratefully accept an offer so kindly made, should Mr. Walker be of the same opinion with herself. The offer was made, on the lady's reaching home, and I lost no time

in proceeding to Liverpool and joining my new friends and new abode in St. Thomas's Buildings.

The establishment of the iron-foundry was not very extensive, but it supplied labour to a considerable number and variety of workmen—foremen, moulders, carpenters, blacksmiths, and model-makers. There was also machinery for boring cannon, and other purposes. My duty was to overlook the workmen, to keep an account of the labour performed and to enter it in the books, to pay the weekly wages, to make the entries of all the metals received and of the manufactured goods delivered. I signed articles binding myself to serve three years; my salary was just enough to keep me handsomely in clothing and a little pocket-money.

Not long after my arrival, among the visitors of the manufactory was an Italian, from Naples, of the name of Leonardi, whose business in Liverpool, he told me, was to ascend in a balloon, the first he believed that had been sent up in England—at least, with any person in it; and as his was intended to be inflated with inflammable gas, he wished to know if he could be supplied with iron filings to produce it. We were just now boring up old guns for the merchants, war being declared against France and Spain, and there were plenty of borings to spare. This new species of flight into the air took hold of my fancy; the borings were supplied, and, with the permission (not readily granted) of Mr. Walker, I prevailed on Leonardi to let me accompany him, to which he made no objection, provided the balloon would rise with both, which was a point he could not say: however, when the day of trial came, the balloon was found wanting; it rose tardily

with Leonardi alone, and I was to be content to remain below.

I passed two years very comfortably, Mr. and Mrs. Walker being excellent people, and very kind to me; and I found the little son very tractable and docile, and had it in my power to be of some use to him. In the last year of my servitude, Mr. Walker expressed to me his great satisfaction, and said, as his health was breaking down, and would disable him soon from looking after his business, he was thinking of transferring it to his son, and that, if I agreed to continue, my name would appear in the concern, and I should be entitled to a certain share in the profits. To this I could not have the least objection. But, almost immediately after, and before the expiration of my time, he caught a very serious illness, which carried him off in a few days.

It now became a question with the widow, whether she, in conjunction with her son, and with my assistance, should undertake to carry on the business, or whether she should dispose of the whole concern. By the advice of her friends the latter plan was adopted, and probably she was well advised; for a youth of twelve and of a sickly habit, and myself also a youth under seventeen, might not be deemed competent to conduct a concern of that magnitude. It was therefore disposed of to a Liverpool ironmonger, who immediately offered me terms to continue; but being a stranger to me, and not likely that I should be considered in the same friendly light as with the Walkers, I thought it best to decline his offer.

During my residence in Liverpool, I had an opportunity of seeing, what very few have witnessed, Mrs. Siddons acting a romping character in a farce (Charlotte,

I think, the name is), the 'Apprentice.' The company had just arrived under her husband, Mr. Siddons, and the bill of fare had been distributed. The lady intended for the character failed to make her appearance, and Mrs. Siddons volunteered to take it, after having performed her part in a tragedy. Having never yet heard of Mrs. Siddons, she being, I believe, but just come out, I paid no attention to her acting. Her reputation, however, was speedily established; and having mentioned the incident in London, it was doubted, and thought to have been a mistake. As I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Siddons occasionally, many years after, I once took the liberty of asking her the question, observing to her, that my account of it had been doubted, and that some other had been mistaken for her. She replied, that she was then very young, and was often put into characters neither suitable nor agreeable to her.

SECTION III.

A Voyage to the Greenland Whale Fishery.

I WAS now released from all engagements, and had to consider very seriously what line of life I should be able to undertake, and as would most likely procure for me the means of an independent subsistence. I could no longer bear the idea of being burdensome to my parents; besides, a life spent in idleness and inactivity would be, to me, a life of misery. While pondering over various plans of pro-

ceeding, there happened at this time to arrive from the West Indies a gentleman of the name of Potts, a relation of Mrs. Walker, whose health had suffered much from the climate. He was in partnership with some Liverpool merchants concerned in the Greenland whale fishery, and having consulted Dr. Lyon, an eminent physician, he was recommended to take a voyage to Greenland, in one of the ships of the company; and at once decided to do so.

One day, being at Mrs. Walker's, I met Captain Potts there, who, finding I was out of employment, and Mrs. Walker having spoken favourably of me, said that, if I had no objection to fill up a few months of my leisure time by taking a trip with him to the frozen seas, he would be glad to give me a berth in the ship, of which he was part-owner, as he meant to take command of her himself; that such as his table afforded I should share with him. Nothing, at the present moment, could have occurred more opportune, or more consonant with my wishes, and I embraced his kind offer with eagerness. When all matters for the voyage were in readiness, towards the end of March, we embarked in the good ship 'Peggy,' and put to sea. We carried out a medical gentleman, whose services fortunately were not required, my friend the captain having speedily recovered, and no sickness having occurred among the crew.

Being naturally of an inquisitive turn of mind, everything new was sure to engage my attention. All the manœuvres of the ship, reefing, steering, and heaving the lead; the measuring the ship's way, and the taking and working an observation for the latitude—of all these I knew something superficially from my friend

Chippendale, but I now observed them with a practical eye; and Potts encouraged me in putting them to actual practice: he appointed a smart young man to instruct me how to steer, to assist him in reefing a sail, to take azimuths and altitudes, which I knew pretty well how to work—in short, in all the tactical parts of navigation; and the more I learnt of it the more I liked it.

When we arrived at the south-east ice, which in the early part of the season is found to extend from the east coast of Greenland to the west coast of Norway, the appearance of nature was new to me; every side of us being an unlimited plain of ice, on which were innumerable herds of seals strewed upon the surface, like so many sheep scattered over the downs. But our object was the whale, and to get at him we must proceed to the northward, in which we succeeded by taking advantage of openings in the field of ice between the detached hummocks, that were not much larger, however, than those I had occasionally seen in the river Mersey.

In proceeding to the northward, we passed, at some distance, Cherry Island, which, we found from an old book that Potts had provided, was first discovered by Barentz in the year 1575, and named by him Bear Island, from his having killed near it one of these animals, not however a bear, but what is called a morse, or walrus; but, some eight or nine years afterwards, when one Bennet saw this island, he changed its name to Cherie, after the worshipful Francis Chérie, who had sent out the ship; and the conversion into Cherry, as we found it, was natural enough. The multitude of these morses that were afterwards found heaped toge-

ther on the shores and the surrounding ice of this island is almost incredible; but anything may be believed of the fecundity of Spitzbergen, and its contiguous islands, in all varieties of the animal creation, after reading the interesting and instructive narrative of Captain Beechey.

We kept so far from the shore, that we saw very few of the bears, foxes, or walruses, or of the herds of rein-deer that browse on the shores and low islands of Spitzbergen; but since the discoveries that have been made and published by the late Northern voyagers, the little that could now be said on a whaling voyage, made nearly seventy years ago, would afford neither novelty nor amusement, and therefore to the fishery I shall chiefly confine myself.

We had not advanced far along the coast of Spitzbergen, before the look-out man called out with a stentorian voice *Fall! fall!*—the notice of a whale being within chace-distance. All was instantly noise and bustle, and apparent confusion throughout the ship—the boats were manned, and three or four persons only left on board. Eager to partake in the chace, I asked my friend the captain to allow me to go and pull an oar. He said "By all means," and placed me under the boat-steerer of one of the craft. The whale kept blowing and moving on gradually, as if unconscious of what was about to betide her, when the harpooner, standing in the bow of the first boat, darted his harpoon into the prominent part of its back: immediately up went the broad and dangerous tail, and down the monster plunged into the deep, making the side of the boat smoke again by the rapidity with which it drew out the line. In the meantime the rest of the boats spread themselves, to be

ready for its rising; and before it could again plunge, a second boat succeeded in placing a second harpoon in the large carcase. Away it again started, and the loose boats hooked on to the two fast ones, and the increased resistance caused its pace to slacken.

Now was the time for the spikesoneer, with his long lance, to pierce the vital parts, and he did it most effectually, as was proved by the quantity of water mixed with blood that was thrown out of the blow-hole, when a general shout arose, "Her chimney is on fire." She still endeavoured to continue her run; but, smarting with an accumulation of wounds, and weakened, as it no doubt must have been, by the great loss of blood, together with the weight of the boats she had to drag, its pace gradually slackened, and life, by the repetition of the lance, was, ere long, extinct.

The next process is to fix the lines to the body, so as to admit of its being towed to the ship—to be placed there belly upwards longitudinally, close alongside, and properly secured, by being made fast to the bow and stern and also to the midships. It is then marked out by longitudinal and lateral lines, as directions to the cutters-up, a selection of the men, who stand upon the body of the animal to cut out, with their large sharp knives, the masses of blubber; and these being sent upon deck are again cut into strips and put into casks through the bung-holes, which are then closed up and not opened till the arrival of the ship at her destined port. The process on board, with plenty of saw-dust, is perfectly cleanly and void of all smell; what it may be on the discharge of cargo, after a voyage home and exposure to warm weather, I know not.

While the process of cutting is going on, the mul-

titude of the gull tribe which creep upon and cover the carcase of the animal is perfectly astonishing, but Beechey tells us that the sea about Spitzbergen is as much alive as the land. In fact, the quantity of malmouks, burgomesters, strontjaggers, and kittiwakes that literally take possession of the animal is quite amusing; and such is their voracity for blubber that whole swarms of them suffer themselves to be knocked on the head, by the crew, with sticks or any other weapon they can lay hold of.

The whale, when physically considered, is a most extraordinary animal; and it required all the ingenuity, the practical knowledge, and the indefatigable labour and thought, of that greatest naturalist of his day, Linnæus, to give it a proper place in the classification of his *Systema Naturæ*. He found that the cetaceous tribe of animals had nothing whatever common or peculiar to fish, except that they lived in the same element; he discovered that their heart was doubly cellular, and circulated *warm* blood; that they breathed by means of lungs, and that they suckled their young —none of which qualities are partaken by fish;—that they had besides a horizontal tail, which fish have not; no scales on the body, as fish have; and as he had with wonderful skill and diligence divided all Nature into its separate and peculiar classes, as far as known or could be acquired, he placed the whale among those animals that suckle their young, that is to say, in the *order* of the *mammalia*.

The structure of the throat and mouth of the whale incapacitates this huge animal from eating or devouring fish, though living in the same element with itself; the roots of its two lower jaws nearly meet and close the

whole throat, so that nothing but the small tribe of *clios*, small shrimps, and worms, mollusca, or marine insects that abound in the Arctic seas, can serve it as food.

Of the six whales which we succeeded in striking, one of them escaped, but not before it had very nearly occasioned us some mischief. On receiving the wound of the harpoon it made direct towards a field of ice, and went down under it, but as when wounded they never remain long under water, all the boats came close to the edge of the ice; it arose and received a second harpoon, and in plunging down threw up its enormous tail just under one of the boats, which it cast upon the field of ice, with six persons in it, of whom I was one: we none of us received much harm, but the side of the boat was shattered. The creature never again came from under the ice; one of the harpoons was drawn out, and to save the remaining line of the other, it was decided to cut it.

I preserved, with some little trouble, a couple of jaw-bones, which were sent to Ulverstone and set up as gate-posts to the entrance of a small croft close to our cottage. I wished also to have procured a couple of the long spiral horns of the monodon monoceros or sea-unicorn, which make handsome bed-posts, but was unable to succeed. Linnæus says the *dentes* or horns of this animal are two in the young ones, but in the older ones single. Doubting this to be the case, I asked the late Sir Everard Home, some years afterwards, at the Royal Society club, if he had ever met with a sea-unicorn with more than one horn: he promptly replied, yes; that they were all born with two, but that one only grew out, and that the other was supposed to be kept in its socket, as a reserve to supply

the place of the former, should any accident happen to it, in which case it grew out. Wonderful as we know, in a multitude of instances, the provisions of Nature are to supply defects of accident, I appeared still to doubt, when Sir Everard said, "Mr. Cliff shall bring the skull of a narwhal to the Admiralty, and show you the young horn in its socket:" he did so, and with a hammer and chisel, and after nearly two hours' labour, he chipped off the part of the skull that covered it, when there certainly did appear a perfect embryo enclosed; but another question occurred—the old horn had been broken off within a foot of the skull; why did not the young one come out to take its place? The answer, of course, was ready: the old horn might have met with the accident subsequent to the death of the animal, or, as more likely, at the time of its death. I had nothing further to say to my friend Home but to apologise for my incredulity.

In the course of our progress to the northward, and when about half a degree to the southward of Hakluyt's Headland, a strong breeze of wind, from the north, brought down such immense masses of floes or fields of ice, with hummocks approaching in size to icebergs intervening, that we were hastily compelled to make all snug, and prepare for being beset. We had six or seven sail of whalers in sight, each of them doing the same thing; and in the course of a few hours we were surrounded, and so completely beset in the ice, that, in whatever direction we cast our eyes, the horizon terminated in one unbroken surface of that element, with the exception, however, of the seven valleys and the dark crags of Spitzbergen about Magdalena Bay, to which we were opposite; each of these valleys being

filled with an immense glacier, known to the Dutch as the Seven Icebergs (*seben ysgebergté*). It would seem, however, from the accounts of late voyagers, that four only of these icebergs or glaciers are now remaining, and that one of these, Captain Beechey says, "from its peculiar appearance and position, seems as if a very small matter would detach it from the mountain, and precipitate it into the sea." In another part of the coast, it is said, the firing of a gun brought down from the glacier such a mass, as to form a floating iceberg in the sea.

But to return to the situation in which our ship was—beset and helpless. The weather fortunately was tranquil, and on the fifth day a change of wind to the south, increasing to what may be called a brisk gale, by meeting the northerly current, caused so much confusion in the ice, and so many heavy blows to the poor 'Peggy,' that apprehensions were at one time entertained she would not escape without damage. The ice, however, broke up into numerous masses, with channels of open water between them, like so many streets in a town, the whole of which in the course of three days were swept away to the northward and entirely disappeared.

Some of the crew recognised a ship not far from us to be the 'Betsy,' of Liverpool, and Captain Potts wished to go on board to ask how they had fared. Observing a gentleman in a naval undress uniform jacket, who was introduced to us by the master as Captain Coffin, of the Navy; we were told that he had also taken the voyage for the benefit of his health. I believe Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, with whom I afterwards became well acquainted, was at this time only a lieutenant. He informed us that, on the first breaking up of the ice, the

fish were always hungry; that he had just been trying his luck, and had caught a large codfish 63 lbs. in weight, and he asked us to stay dinner and partake of it.

Sir Isaac Coffin was one of those singular characters, who are sometimes called oddities, because their actions are not governed by the ordinary rules of mankind. Whenever he was in a ship passing the tropics, and a fresh breeze blowing, it is said he was sure to be seen on the forecastle, on the anchor-stock, or on the spritsail-yard, with his lance ready poised to dash into the dolphins, when seen flashing like lightning across the bow of the ship; and he is said to have rarely missed his aim, except on one occasion when he threw himself, spear in hand, on a passing porpoise, and kept afloat astride of his prize, like another Arion, till fetched off by a boat.

Towards the latter period of his life, Sir Isaac went over to an island in the St. Lawrence, peopled mostly by the descendants of his family. In a letter I received from him he said, " I have been among three hundred Coffins, and have built a school to hold about a hundred of their young ones; and in returning, the small vessel having caught fire, I jumped overboard and, to avoid being burnt, was very nearly being drowned; and thus, having escaped these two perils, I suppose I may consider myself reserved for the remaining one —to be hanged."

On our advance to the northward, our little Welsh doctor became very fidgety about witnessing, for the first time, the sun just skimming the northern part of the horizon about midnight, having, he said, lost several nights' sleep, by his vigilance in watching the first emersion of its whole body above the horizon.

He frequently expressed his great delight that the sun, during our stay, was never to set, but permanently to shed his benign rays upon us. His messmates, however, used to check his ardour, and endeavoured to convince him of his mistake, in fancying the glaring light of the sun, reflected from the ice and snow, agreeable, it being not only unpleasant, but injurious to the eyes; that a few clouds and a fog, which would be of frequent occurrence, are a great relief, and that the permanence he so much wished for not only would interfere with his hours of rest, but that he would be puzzled to know when it was time to go to bed, and when to rise—nay, that occasions might happen, when a day or more would either be lost or gained upon the voyage.

All this, however true, was incomprehensible to the Welshman, but he had proof of the latter part on returning home. The long labours of the people in chasing, capturing, towing to the ship, and cutting up the several whales caught, together with stowing the blubber away in the casks and hold, each fish employing all hands forty-eight or fifty hours, made all of us indeed so little careful of keeping time, that we actually did lose a day; and it was not discovered until we entered the Mersey when, on approaching St. Nicholas's Church, we heard the bells ringing and saw a number of people proceeding towards that place of worship. We concluded therefore that it was Sunday, which was confirmed by the pilot, whereas by our watches and the ship's log it was Saturday. It appears that Captain Sir E. Parry, on one occasion, got into this perplexity, and to prevent its happening on a future voyage, he had the dial plates of several watches marked

with twenty-four hours instead of twelve; the first at the top of the dial representing midnight, the twelfth at the bottom mid-day, by which such a mistake could not easily happen.

For my own part I confess that my trip to the Spitzbergen seas was a disappointment. We never once met with a floating iceberg. We saw masses of ice resembling ruined cathedrals, churches, palaces, pillars, bridges, beautiful stalactites, and all sorts of imaginary ruins—the fragments probably of icebergs; and were sufficiently near to observe the jagged and pointed mountains of Spitzbergen from the south point of the coast, to the 80th parallel of latitude, with the numerous deep-indented valleys choked with snow and glaciers—the parents of icebergs; and we came near enough to view the several islands covered with verdure, on which whole herds of rein-deer are said to feed, as well as up the lower slopes of the mountains, clothed with lichens and saxifrage. But my then lack of information has been amply supplied by the late polar voyages, and the whole of the Spitzbergen coast, both by sea and land, described as a most lively scene of animated nature. At this time, however, from all these gratifying objects we were cut off, which I much regretted, but neither did nor could complain. I knew that the fishery, as it is called, was the only object of the voyage; mine was mere curiosity.

With an inherent dislike of inactivity, I had here no difficulty in finding the means of occupation either for mind or body, or both; for the former, a regular journal was kept of the state of the wind and weather, of the barometer and thermometer, the variation of the compass, with such other remarks as were deemed

worthy of notice, which, however, were neither many nor important; and to fill up the long day of perpetual sun I attempted, for the first, and, as far as my memory serves me, for the last time in my life, a poem on the Arctic Regions, in blank verse, after the manner of Thomson's 'Winter.' Poetry, however, I soon discovered was not my forte, and the materials I had to work upon were not of the most inviting nature to the Muse. The feats and fates of whales and narwhals, morses, seals, bears, and foxes, malmouks, burgomesters, and strontjaggers, could afford but rugged materials for blank verse. It was scribbled merely for amusement and to kill time, but my friend Potts carried it off with him, and I know nothing of what became of it. Neither was I wanting in bodily exercise: I could "hand, reef, and steer;" to heave the lead was too much for me; but Captain Potts so far complimented me as to say, that another voyage would make me as good a seaman as many of those in his ship; and he put me down on the books for landsman's pay, and nothing that I could say, when I knew it, would induce him to take it off, his own name being at the head of the list.

SECTION IV.

Death of my late Master of Town Bank School, and Sketch of the History of his venerable Father, the remarkable Minister of the Chapel of Seathwaite.

ON my return from Greenland I hastened to Ulverstone to see my parents, against whose inclination I had gone thither. I was desirous also of visiting once

more my early friends and old school-fellows, and among the first my greatly-respected master, Walker, of Town Bank, whose health I was sorry to find much impaired. Here I remained some months, and passed the time very pleasantly, every one apparently being glad to see me, and asking a multitude of questions about Greenland, of which I could tell them but little. I visited the lakes and the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and the beautiful village of Pennybridge, where the *Crake*, or river from the Coniston lake, falls into Morecambe Bay, and where the fine blue slate is shipped. Near this place I also visited Mr. Wilkinson's iron-works, bearing in mind those I had left in Liverpool; but I had another object—to see the manner in which Mr. Wilkinson had proceeded in obtaining, from the naked sands of Morecambe, a great extent of the most verdant meadow-land that eyes could wish to behold, mostly and simply by driving in stakes to obstruct the tide both in its flood and ebb. I was gratified, in aftertime, to describe what I had seen to one of the most scientific men of the age, the venerable Mr. Cavendish, who possessed a large estate on the opposite side of the bay, and was devising means to do what Wilkinson had effected, only to a much greater extent.

On my return to Ulverstone, the illness of my worthy master of Town Bank school had taken a dangerous turn, which speedily ended in his death; a severe drawback on the pleasure I had promised myself in his society, for he had always been particularly kind and attentive to me; and, indeed, whatever progress I had made in the classics I owed to him. His funeral was most affecting, for he was greatly beloved, and all his

young flock attended. Among others was present his venerable father, eighty years of age, who, to pay this last tribute of affection to the memory of a beloved son, had come down from the farthest point of Furness Fell, some eighteen miles distant, where he had long been minister of the humble chapel of Seathwaite, which was at once his chapel and his school. As this aged patriarch, with his flowing locks white as snow, stood by the grave of his departed son while the funeral service was reading, all eyes were directed towards his venerable figure. At the conclusion of the ceremony, he stepped slowly to the edge of the grave, and there, with uplifted face and clasped hands, the tears trickling down his aged cheeks, was observed to be uttering a silent prayer towards heaven. The impression made on my mind by this mournful scene—the loss of the son, whom I loved, and the grief of the father, whom I respected, more than sixty years have not been able to obliterate.

And even *now* I feel impelled by a strong desire to repeat the history of this good old clergyman, whose whole life was spent in the solitude of the romantic streams and mountains of a secluded part of Westmoreland, instructing the rude and simple peasantry in their duty to God and to man, and assisting them with his advice and by his superior knowledge. I had many particulars of his life at the time, and since that some given by himself, which curiosity, accompanied by a better feeling, had extracted from him. Sensible as I am of the fine example his whole life exhibits, and how many thousands there are of the same calling, not much better in their circumstances, considering the difference in the times, than he was, I shall not hesitate

to give a hasty sketch of the life of the Reverend and venerable Robert Walker.

He was born and educated at a place called Undercrag, in Seathwaite, in 1709, being the youngest of twelve children, the progeny of humble parents. Seathwaite is one of the most beautiful vales in Furness, situate close to the river Duddon, which skirts the counties of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. The small chapel of Seathwaite was used not only for the purposes of divine service, but also as a school for the children of the valley. Here Robert Walker commenced his education, and became so apt a scholar that he was appointed schoolmaster to a similar kind of establishment at Lowes-Water chapel; and here, by the assistance of a friend, he was able to extend his knowledge of the classics, by which, and by his high character, he was readily admitted into holy orders. The *living*, if it may be so called, of Seathwaite had become vacant and was offered to him, and he accepted it; he had previously officiated at that of Lowes-Water, each being of the same value, namely, *five pounds a-year*. Having obtained the living of Seathwaite, he married; and by the frugality and good management of his wife, was enabled to furnish his humble dwelling.

While he remained at Lowes-Water, his narrow circumstances, with an increasing family, and his mild and estimable character, made him universally beloved in the neighbourhood; and his reputation having attracted the attention of a stranger, he was induced to pay him a visit, and thus describes the result. "I found him sitting at the head of a long square table, such as is commonly used in this country by the lower class of people, dressed in a coarse blue

frock, trimmed with black horn buttons, a checked shirt, a leathern strap about his neck for a stock, a coarse apron, and a pair of great heavy wooden-soled shoes, plated with iron to preserve them; with a child upon his knee, eating his breakfast; his wife and the remainder of his family, which consists of nine children, were some of them employed in waiting on each other, the rest in teazing and spinning wool, at which he is a great proficient, and when made ready for sale he carries it on his back, and on foot, seven or eight miles to market, even in the depth of winter," &c.

The friend, to whom this account was written, determined to satisfy himself by taking a journey from Lancaster for the purpose of paying him a visit. He found him to be all that was represented; that his good moral conduct and meek behaviour had gained him an uncommon degree of respect among his neighbours; and he adds, "a man who, for his candour and meekness, his sober, chaste, and virtuous conversation, his soundness of principle and practice, is an ornament to his profession, and an honour to the country he is in: and, bear with me if I say, the plainness of his dress, the sanctity of his manners, the simplicity of his doctrine, and the vehemence of his expression, have a sort of resemblance to the pure practice of primitive Christianity." The writer of this (signed Mr. C., of Lancaster, in the Annual Register) was so strongly impressed with the character and condition of Mr. Walker, wishing to have a particular account of the value of his curacy and the number and state of his family, he requested him to be kind enough to satisfy him. To whom Mr. Walker replies shortly after in writing:—

"I should have returned an immediate answer, but the hand of Providence, then lying heavy upon an amiable pledge of conjugal endearment, hath since taken from me a promising girl, which the disconsolate mother too pensively laments the loss of; though we have yet eight living, all healthful, hopeful children, whose names and ages are as follows." (He here gives the names and ages of three boys and five girls.) "The annual income of my chapel at present, as near as I can compute it, may amount to about 17*l.*; 10*l.* of which is paid in cash, namely, 5*l.* from the bounty of Queen Anne, and 5*l.* from W. P., Esq., out of the annual rents, he being lord of the manor, and 3*l.* from the several inhabitants of Lowes, settled upon their tenements as a rent-charge: the house and gardens I value at 4*l.* yearly, and not worth more; and I believe the surplice fees and voluntary contributions, one year with another, may be worth 3*l.*; but, as the inhabitants are few in number, and the fees are very low, this last-mentioned sum consists chiefly in free-will offerings.

"I am situated greatly to my satisfaction with regard to the conduct and behaviour of my auditory, who not only live in happy ignorance of the follies and vices of the age, but in mutual peace and good-will with one another, and are seemingly (and I hope really too) sincere Christians, and sound members of the Established Church, not one dissenter of any denomination being amongst them all. I got to the value of 40*l.* for my wife's fortune, but had no real estate or cash of my own, being the youngest son of twelve children, born of obscure parents; and though my income has been but small, and my family large, yet, by a providential blessing upon my own diligent endeavours, the kind-

ness of friends, and a cheap country to live in, we have always had the necessaries of life.

"R. W., Curate of S——,

"To Mr. C., of Lancaster." 1756.

About this time the Bishop of Chester was thinking of joining the curacy of Ulpha to the contiguous one of Seathwaite, and offered the nomination to Mr. Walker, who, in expressing his thanks to the Bishop, begged leave rather to decline than embrace it; "for the chapels of Seathwaite and Ulpha annexed together would be apt to cause a general discontent among the inhabitants of both places, by either thinking themselves slighted or neglected in the duty, or attributing it to covetousness in me; all which occasions of murmuring I would willingly avoid; desiring, if it be possible, as much as in me lieth, to live peaceably with all men."

In order to provide for his numerous family, his habits of industry have certainly no parallel. For eight hours each day, for five days in the week, and on the Saturday morning, Mr. Walker was to be found in his school, which he held within the chapel. Seated in the recess that contained the communion-table, and which supplied the place of a desk, and while the children were repeating their lessons, he constantly employed himself at his spinning-wheel; his evenings were also mostly spent at the wheel, except when acting for his rustic neighbours as their scrivener, making out deeds of conveyance, agreements, wills, or anything that required writing, in which he sometimes passed a great part of the night. With all this he found time to cultivate his little garden and two or three acres of ground, which he rented in addition to his glebe,

less than an acre. He had also chiefly to look after a couple of cows and a few sheep, for which he had the right of pasturage on the mountains. The sabbath was kept strictly holy; the Sunday evenings being devoted to reading the Scriptures and family prayer; his only recreation was on a Saturday afternoon, when he indulged himself with a newspaper or a magazine.

In these pastoral, culinary, and scholastical occupations was the prolonged life of this *wonderful* man (as he was truly called) passed, sixty-six years as curate of Seathwaite Chapel, in primitive simplicity and substantial happiness. A memorandum is said to exist, written by one of his descendants, that he administered the Sacrament to a party which consisted of himself; his wife, to whom he had been married upwards of sixty years; one son and his wife; four daughters, each with her husband; whose united ages amounted to above 714 years, and the distance they had come, from their respective abodes, measured upwards of 1000 English miles. It is stated that the same circumstance had occurred four years before.

In the maintenance of all his virtues he received due support from the partner of his long life. An old servant said to one of the numerous inquirers, "She was no less excellent than her husband; she was good to the poor —she was good to everything." Mr. Walker survived but a short time this virtuous companion. When she died, he ordered that her body should be borne to the grave by three of her daughters and one grand-daughter, and when the corpse was lifted from the threshold he insisted upon lending his aid; and feeling about, for he was then almost blind, he laid hold of a napkin fixed to the coffin, and as a bearer entered the chapel a few steps from the lowly parsonage.

Mr. Wordsworth quotes from the 'Christian Remembrancer' of October, 1819, a beautifully-written character of Mr. Walker, known, he says, to be the work of the Rev. Robt. Bamford, a great-grandson of Mr. Walker. In this it is recorded that "Until the sickness of his wife, a few months previous to her death, his health and spirits and faculties were unimpaired. But this misfortune gave him such a shock, that his constitution gradually decayed. His senses, except sight, still preserved their powers. He never preached with steadiness after his wife's death; his voice faltered; he always looked at the seat she had used. He could not pass her tomb without tears. He became when alone sad and melancholy, though still among his friends kind and good-humoured. He went to bed about twelve o'clock the night before his death. As his custom was, he went, tottering and leaning upon his daughter's arm, to examine the heavens and meditate a few moments in the open air. 'How clear the moon shines to-night!' He said these words, sighed, and lay down. At six next morning he was found a corpse. Many a tear, and many a heavy heart, and many a grateful blessing followed him to the grave."

In Seathwaite churchyard, on a plain blue slab, is the following inscription:—

"In memory of the Reverend Robert Walker, who died the 25th of June, 1802, in the 93rd year of his age, and 67th of his curacy at Seathwaite.

"Also, of Anne his wife, who died the 28th of January, in the 93rd year of her age."

Scanty as was his income, yet such was his frugality and good management that he is said to have left behind him at his decease not less than 2000*l.* in money, and a large store of webs of woollen and linen cloth,

woven from thread of the family's own spinning. His eldest son, Zaccheus, was learning the trade of a tanner, but by his abilities and good conduct he had made himself friends, who procured him a situation in the Soho manufactory of Bolton and Watt, where he succeeded to a share in one of the departments of that magnificent establishment, and where in the year 1805, on paying a visit to my friend the present Mr. Watt, I unexpectedly and with great pleasure found my early schoolfellow, and colleague in the survey of Conished Priory, Zaccheus Walker, son of the former of that name, as a functionary of the Soho, whom I had not seen since our co-operation in that survey.

Having performed the last melancholy obsequies at the grave of my lamented master, and feeling no disposition for engaging in parties of pleasure, I rode over to the residence of my old friend Gibson, the self-taught mathematician and almanac-maker, who expressed himself delighted to see me, and asked a thousand questions about navigating ships in an icy sea, and doubted not that, with my activity and the desire he had observed in me for information, I had almost become a sailor. I told him he was right; that I put a hand to everything where I could be of use; among others, that by the kindness of my friend, I had learned to take and work an observation for the latitude by meridional and also by double altitudes, but no one in the ship was acquainted with any method for obtaining the longitude by observation. "But you ought," he said: "no young man should stop short in any pursuit he undertakes till he has conquered the whole; for, without a profession, as you are, you cannot tell to what good use knowledge of any kind may be applied. Shut up in this retreat

the extent of my knowledge is of a very limited and unproductive kind, but it has been of use to my two sons in London, one of whom stands high in the Bank of England, and the other is manager of Calvert's (I think he said) brewery; it has also been sometimes of use to my neighbours."

He then told me, that as I already knew the use of logarithms, and of plane and spherical trigonometry, I had only to get Maskelyne's 'Nautical Almanac' for the year, and his 'Requisite Tables,' in which were all the rules, and having obtained the height of the sun and moon, and the angular distance between them at a given hour, or the same data with regard to the moon and a fixed star; and by one of the rules in the 'Requisite Tables,' the longitude of the place of observation is easily found. I made a note at the time with a resolution *to find the longitude*, on the first opportunity that occurred.

The mention of my being without a profession recalled the many uneasy moments which that subject had frequently occasioned me. I felt I was an isolated being in society, hanging loose upon it, and having no position in it—what profession could I look up to with any chance of success? The law? None but first-rate talents could hope to succeed in that. Physic? Too late to begin the study of it—and the market already overstocked—railroads had not yet supplied an accession of patients—and the only prospect was that of becoming a country apothecary. And the church? Without powerful friends little to be hoped for beyond a curacy, which barely affords food and clothing; besides, I never could bring my mind to think myself suited for the church, and not having had the benefit of an university education, it was by no means clear that a reverend

father in God would be found liberal and charitable enough to admit me into holy orders. I had under my eye, in the town of Ulverstone, a decayed gentleman, of the age of thirty or thereabouts, who had tried and been refused by two bishops, and was at last ordained to a poor curacy in the North, by the apologist for the Bible, Bishop Watson.

Despondency, however, had never made an impression on my mind; I was in possession of habits of industry, had a great desire to learn, an ardent curiosity, and some few talents to turn these to practical utility. My disposition also was inclined towards optimism; a feeling that affords heartfelt consolation.

Another point touched upon by my friend, *the wise man*, was the success of his sons in London; and this revived the notion, that had often run in my thoughts, of London being the great theatre for a young man to play his part in; and how earnestly I had wished to meet with an opportunity of getting there, with a certainty of any kind of employment, that a young man of decent education and good character could accept: for without such certain employment, there could be but one issue, and that—utter ruin! The good old farmer encouraged me to persevere in my studies, and especially in mathematics, which were a sure foundation for astronomy, and all the rest. I took leave, and thanked him for all his kindness.

I was not in much humour for study; it was, however, varied by trimming up the little garden that, in early life, had afforded me so much happiness. Days and weeks passed on and nothing turned up, except an offer from a Colonel Dodgson, to superintend property he had in the West Indies; but I discovered it to be neither more

nor less than to superintend the negroes. Of course I declined it. At length, however, a prospect was held out which, though not exactly what I could have wished, yet, if offered to me, I determined to accept. It is curious enough it came from the son of the *wise man*, in the Bank of England, who wrote to his father that Dr. James, who kept a large academy at Greenwich, had applied to him to know if he could recommend a north-country youth qualified to instruct from fifteen to twenty of the upper boys in mathematics; to have nothing to do with the rest of the school, and to live in the house; and Mr. Gibson, junior, further added, "He will have to undergo an examination by Dr. Maskelyne, the Astronomer Royal." This rather staggered me, but old Gibson said he was quite sure it would amount to nothing but what I could very well answer. Optimism here came to my relief, and I said to myself, this will lead to something better, and, at all events, will take me into the atmosphere of London. I therefore gave the old gentleman a provisional consent: he was much pleased, said he would write to his son in London, tell him all about me, and hoped, that in ten days or a fortnight, he would be able himself to bring the reply to Dragleybeck.

He did so, and also one from Dr. James, which was so perfectly satisfactory, and so urgent for my speedy appearance at Greenwich, that I lost no time in setting out by the coach—railways had not then entered into the head of man—arrived in London—and called on Mr. Gibson at the Bank. He took me down to Greenwich, and there I was fixed, if all went right, for the next three years. The family appeared to be pleasant; consisted of the master, who was a clergyman, and had

occasional duty to perform in the city of London; his lady; a son about my own age; and three daughters, all younger. About eighteen fine young men were introduced as my pupils, three or four of whom were in or destined for the navy, one a son of Lord Anson, and another of Lord Leveson Gower; which pleased me, as old Gibson had hinted every species of knowledge might be brought into play; that which he had recommended was on the eve of being so.

I had no examination to undergo by Dr. Maskelyne; and saw him but once, accidentally; but, some years after this, I became well acquainted with him at the Royal Society.

I need not dwell on the rules of the school, or the system of education. Suffice it to say, I was very much my own master; that I was greatly pleased with my pupils, and had no reason to think otherwise than that they were pleased with me; and I can safely say that, in instructing them, I gained instruction myself; and by having such youngsters under my tuition, I gained another great advantage, which tended to advance my progress in life. The scholars had six weeks holidays at Midsummer and at Christmas; and few of those in my class whose parents lived in London or the neighbourhood that did not invite me to their parents' houses; and thus I made acquaintance not only with them, but with their friends also; so that at the termination of my engagement, I had a large acquaintance resident in London.

Among these I was pressed by several to give instruction to their children; and, to such as were well advanced in years and knowledge I had no objection. Among others a lady pupil was recommended to me,

who was most desirous of going through Euclid, and of having explained to her the utility to which a knowledge of it was applicable; that is, the practical application of the theorems or problems. This was Lady Beaumont, the partner of Sir George Beaumont, most agreeable persons, with whom I lived on terms of intimacy during their lives; her ladyship induced a female friend to go through the same process. In this way I passed between two and three years in London, going down to Lancashire each year to visit my family.

On my last visit, before it was my destiny to leave England for a time, I found my parents happy and well, but my mother's eyesight, which had long been failing, was now quite gone; the principal uneasiness it occasioned her, was her inability to attend divine service, the church being a mile from the cottage, my father and mother having for more than twenty years never missed the two Sunday services; but my father read to her the morning lessons and the evening service regularly every Sunday. The loss of sight never interfered with my mother's usual cheerfulness, and the young ladies of Ulverstone were her constant and agreeable visiters.

One day, on my return to town, I was honoured with a visit from Sir George Staunton, a gentleman with whom I had not yet had the good fortune to meet, and who introduced himself by saying he was acquainted with several of my friends, and mentioned Doctor Gillies in particular, and some others, who were accustomed to meet at the Westminster Library. He said the object of his visit was to know if I had leisure time, and was willing to bestow a portion of it to give instruction, in the mathematics, to an only son, between the age of ten

and eleven years, who had been studying the classics under a German gentleman, residing in the house; that his son was a lively, animated boy, with more than average abilities, and great docility; "and," he added, "from the character I have heard of you, I think you both would be disposed to a mutual attachment." I thanked him for the obliging offer, and the friendly and courteous manner in which it was introduced, and was ready and most willing to afford to his son my best assistance. "I suppose," he said, "you are practically acquainted with astronomy, and know the constellations and principal stars by name. I am a great advocate for practical knowledge!" I answered in the affirmative; and the constellations and astronomy brought vividly to my mind, my old friend Mr. Gibson, and the globe and the map of Town Bank school; and I was more than ever persuaded that all is for the best.

Sir George gave me his address in Bentinck Street, where, by appointment, I was to call on the following day.

I found Mr. Staunton to be all that his father had described, and far beyond what my imagination had figured him to be; and I may here say that, from that day to this, in which I am writing, whether together or separated by many thousand miles, we never ceased, as far as practicable, to exchange our mutual sentiments, which seldom, if ever, failed to be in accordance; and with regard to the late Sir George Staunton, I should be the most ungrateful person in the world, if I did not every where, and on every occasion, avow that to him, and through him, I am indebted for all the good fortune that has attended me through life, and that, whether present or absent, he ever had my interest at heart, as I shall have occasion to show.

CHAPTER II.

EARL OF MACARTNEY'S EMBASSY TO THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

SECTION I.

Preparation and Departure.

SIR GEORGE STAUNTON said to me one day, "You have no doubt heard rumours about an embassy to China: I have just come from Lord Macartney, who is nominated Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of China, and I have consented to accompany him, in the capacity of Secretary of Embassy and Minister Plenipotentiary; and my son George is to be of the party, which, I am not without hope, will include you also; and, under that idea, I have particularly requested his Lordship to place your name on the list of his suite, which he is to give in to-morrow. Knowing, as I have reason to do, his Lordship's desire to have about him such persons as are likely to be useful, in preference to others, I have been able to make a strong impression in your favour, as, I told him, you had already made in mine; but he complains of the East India Company being stingy as to the number and emoluments of his suite. I hope we shall succeed; for it is very much my wish, as well as that of my son, that you should be one of the party about to proceed to a country so little known, and to a city so rarely visited, as Pekin; and, if I mistake not, you would be glad of so favourable an oppor-

tunity, which is not likely soon, if ever, to recur." I thanked Sir George most cordially, overpowered with joy at so unexpected a prospect of visiting such a country and such a capital. I could scarcely believe that any such good fortune could happen to one so little known to the world; but I never desponded or abandoned hope—and now that my name was to be brought forward, under such auspices, I became so exhilarated and so overwhelmed with delight, that on Sir George's departure I burst out into the following exclamation—

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Pekinum."

A week or two passed over, in the greatest suspense and anxiety on my part; when at length Sir George Staunton announced to me the joyful tidings, that my name was enrolled on the effective list of the Ambassador's suite, as "Comptroller of the Household;" and that Lord Macartney desired to see me. His Lordship gave to me a list of the number and names of the several mathematical, philosophical, and scientific instruments and works of art, to be taken as presents to the Emperor of China, stating where they were preparing, and desired I would look after them and hasten their completion. I now felt myself to be in harness, and once more joyfully repeated to myself, *Non cuivis homini*, &c.; a line that, many years afterwards, I took occasion to place as a motto to the publication of 'Travels in China.'

Previous to this unexpected good fortune, I had partly consented to accompany a gentleman, with his two daughters and a governess, to Italy; but he readily released me from any promise made or implied, to

enable me to pursue an expedition at least more agreeable, if not likely, as he said, to be attended with more advantage. Pleasant as a visit to Naples might have been, much more so certainly was the prospect of entering the immense empire of China and its populous capital. Hardly, however, could I yet persuade myself of the reality of my extraordinary good fortune.

I lost no time, it will readily be believed, in urging on the various articles in preparation; and in making also the acquaintance of the Ambassador's suite, who were to be my colleagues and fellow-voyagers. They were as follows:—

Sir GEORGE STAUNTON, Bart.	Secretary of Embassy and Plenipotentiary.
Colonel BENSON	Commander of the Body Guard.
Lieutenant PARISH	Commander of the Artillery.
Doctor GILLAN	A Scotch Physician.
Doctor SCOTT	A Naval Surgeon.
ACHESON MAXWELL, Esq.	Private Secretary.
JOHN BARROW, Esq.	Comptroller of the Household.
Doctor DINWIDDIE	A Scotch Philosopher and Experimentalist.
Mr. HICKEY	A Portrait Painter.
Mr. ALEXANDER	A Draughtsman.
DOMINI LEE and Ko	Two Missionaries brought from the Propaganda Fide at Naples.
Mr. GEORGE STAUNTON Mr. CREWE Mr. HENRY BARING Mr. WINDER	Attachés to the Embassy.
Mr. HÜTTNER	A German Gentleman, Tutor to Mr. Staunton.
	Two Mechanics.
	Guards and Servants.

The character and talents of Sir George Staunton are too well established to require being dwelt upon

here. As Secretary of Embassy and Plenipotentiary, he carried out, moreover, a commission to succeed as ambassador in the event of anything happening to Lord Macartney, or of his early return home. Sir George had been of infinite service to his Lordship, when Governor of Madras; and such was the value he set on his abilities, that on the present occasion he made it a *sine quâ non* of having Sir George Staunton to accompany him in the above capacities, and on the specified contingent condition.

Colonel Benson was a smart, correct, and active officer, well known to Lord Macartney, and selected by him. Lieut. Parish, of the artillery, was a good officer and an excellent draughtsman in the engineer department, as his drawings of a section and view of the Great Wall of China and other subjects will testify, though generally they were taken by stealth. On his return to England, he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Marquis Cornwallis, as Governor-General of India, fell overboard on the passage out, and was drowned.

Doctor Gillan was a good scholar, a physician, and, moreover, a Scotch metaphysician; he was selected as a fit person to be attached to an embassy like the present, and as a gentleman well calculated to bring home valuable information on all subjects of science and physics connected with China. But, in point of fact, his acquirements were rendered nearly unavailing, partly from indolence of habit occasioned by indifferent health, which rendered him incapable of much energy or activity: a single instance may serve to exemplify this. At my request Lord Macartney had obtained permission from our attendant Mandarins, that I should be allowed to land, whenever I thought proper, from the

barge which conveyed Dr. Gillan and myself, to enable me to walk to a reasonable distance along the banks of the Grand Canal, a permission subsequently extended generally. One beautiful morning, in traversing through an interesting part of the country, I endeavoured to prevail on my fellow-traveller to step on shore for once, and walk down to the next station. He had a book in his hand—Virgil. "My dear Barrow," said the Doctor, "I have just got to that interesting passage where Æneas and Dido take refuge in the cave from a violent storm; how can I break off at such a stirring part of the story, and leave the Tyrian comrades and Trojan youth seeking for cover from the pelting storm, just at the moment when '*speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandam deveniunt?*'" The Doctor, I believe, intended to be a little waggish. He supplied a few remarks, however, on the chemistry and medicine of the Chinese, and some other desultory subjects, for Sir George Staunton's volume.

Doctor Scott had been a surgeon in the Navy, had read a great deal and talked much more. He had fortified himself for the present occasion, by studying that false light, Isaac Vossius, and by getting almost by heart the production of Mr. Pauw, a philosopher of Berlin, who compiled a work of considerable ability, but in many respects not of much authority. He was one of those writers, who derive pleasure in swimming against the stream. Dr. Scott contributed nothing, that I am aware of, towards elucidating the manners, customs, character, or general knowledge of the Chinese.

Acheson Maxwell, Esq., had been private secretary to Lord Macartney in India, and being now in

the same situation, had no opportunity, had he been so disposed, of gaining information to any great extent regarding the Chinese. Being a steady, sedulous, and intelligent gentleman, he received on our return an appointment as Inspector of Public Accounts in the Audit-office.

Mr. Barrow, as comptroller of the household, resided five or six weeks at the palace of Yuen-min-Yuen, to take charge of the valuable presents, and to see them put in order by the two mechanics, to be presented there to the Emperor, on his return from Tartary, where Lord Macartney had his audience. Mr. Barrow occasionally rode from Yuen-min-Yuen to Pekin, to look after the property of the embassy, left in the large house appropriated to the Ambassador and suite in the capital; and on the homeward journey to Canton he walked several hundred miles through the heart of the country, and published a large quarto volume regarding China, of more than 600 pages, ten years after his return to England.

Mr. Hickey, an indifferent portrait-painter, was a countryman of Lord Macartney, whose portrait he had painted; and being now out of employ, his Lordship, it was said, took him out of compassion; I believe he executed nothing whatever while on the embassy, but in conversation he was a shrewd, clever man.

Mr. Alexander drew beautifully and faithfully in water-colours, and omitted nothing that was Chinese, from the human face and figure, down to the humblest plant, and so true were his delineations, that nothing before or since could be compared with them. The groups of boats and vessels, with the multitude of persons of both sexes, that were introduced into the pano-