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THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

TIMOTHY GORDON.

TO WHICH IS APPENDED

PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF LOCAL CELEBRITIES.

BY JAMES ANDERSON,

AUTHOR OF "GABRIEL LINDSAY," "WIDOW AIKMAN'S STORY," "LEAVES
FROM MY DIARY," &c.

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P R E F A C E.

THE "LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF TIMOTHY GORDON" was first printed in the columns of the *West Lothian Courier*, where it appeared week after week.

It was not my intention when I wrote it to publish it in a separate form, but a number of my friends thought it would make a very readable book, seeing it described a country very little known to the people at home. When I made up my mind to publish, I set about correcting it for the press; but business pressing hard upon me, and being so much from home, I was obliged to send the "copy" to the printer as it had appeared in the *Courier*.

Many might suppose that *Timothy Gordon* is a work of fiction. Such is not the case—Monteith the schoolmaster, Laird Watt, James Glen, Barney, Falkland Jim, and Don Pedro are all real characters, and not overdrawn.

It was my misfortune, while I resided in Buenos Ayres, to be confined in the *Policia* for not taking off my hat in honour of the procession which annually takes place during the *Carnival* time. It was there, as I have described in the following pages, I met in with Barney and Falkland

Jim. My description of the jail and its inmates is strictly true ; indeed, I have kept back much, for I have witnessed scenes that it would be unseemly to describe.

It was my intention to have published a few more Pen and Ink Sketches, as they appeared in the *Weekly Telegraph*, but the story took up more space than I anticipated. I intend, however, to publish in a separate form "Visits to our Local Churches," and will incorporate the Sketches, making a neat, handsome volume.

I have to thank my numerous friends for the prompt and kind support given me in bringing out this work. In *seven* days I sold over *four hundred* copies, which at once relieved me from all anxiety about its success financially.

J. A.

CHAPEL STREET,

AIRDRIE, 1st November, 1880.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF TIMOTHY GORDON.

CHAPTER I.

TIMOTHY GIVES AN ACCOUNT OF HIS ANCESTORS, AND THE
COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF HIS PARENTS.

I SUPPOSE when one commences to write the history of his life he must give some account of his ancestors. Some can look back with a certain amount of pride to their forefathers—the fame they won on the battle-field, or the fine estates they once possessed, but were robbed of in a cruel manner by some unprincipled member of the family. I have been often amused when I listened to some storyteller narrating to his friends how his great, great, great-grandfather's second cousin fought at Bothwell Bridge against Claverhouse and his bloody dragoons, or that his great, great, great-grandmother was a distant relation to the Duke of Hamilton, or that he was a descendant of the great Sir William Wallace. Alas! for me, for I cannot boast of any great or wealthy ancestors. I never knew who my grandfather was on either side. That I had two grandfathers there cannot be any doubt, but their lives must have been very humble when their fame and doings did not descend to the third generation. There cannot be any doubt, however, about my father and mother. Though the worthy pair have now been dead some thirty years, I have still a lively and

vivid recollection of them. My father's name was Josiah Gordon, and I believe my mother's name was Mary Jenkins. I say I believe such was her name, but I have no guarantee that it was. I can remember of her saying that she was an only daughter of Robin Jenkins, a weaver, whose habitation was in the auld toon of the burgh of Airdrie. I can yet remember that my father always called her Mary, so by putting the two circumstances together I think I might be quite safe in saying that my mother's maiden name was Mary Jenkins. When I try to go another generation back, I have to admit that my information is very scant. I do not suppose it will matter much to the world if I cannot gratify my readers on this point, but it may afford them pleasure when I inform them that I have a hazy recollection of having seen my grandmother on my mother's side. I pause now as I write this for the purpose of conjuring the old lady before my mind. I now see her before me. A little woman, tottering, and leaning upon a staff. Her eyes are deeply sunk, but age has not impaired their brilliancy. How deep are the wrinkles on her face, and how furrowed is her brow, and how pale! Long ago she had lost her last tooth, so her lips are fallen in, and when she speaks I can scarcely understand her. Her dress is a print gown of a dark colour, relieved, however, with a yellow leaf with a red stem. She wears round her shoulders a little worsted shawl of sober grey, but without fringes. Her head gear always puzzled me, and at this distant date I have a distinct recollection of it. She wore a brown wig, which changed its position daily. Sometimes it was set far down on the forehead, while at other times it was high set, disclosing an abundant crop of short grey hair. Over this head-gear she wore the usual white *plain* mutch. I emphasise the word "plain," for I wish the distinction to be observed. The most of my readers must know that there are two kinds of mutches worn by our Scottish housewives. Those worn by young guidwives are sometimes very expensive. I can yet remember one of my mother's—(I believe she had two)—the strings were button stitched, or rather, I should say, scalloped all round, and at the extremity of the tie there was a lot of fancy sewing. Round the centre of the mutch

there was a piece of sewed insertion, and the crown had fancy stars wrought out with the needle. Such a mutch had generally three narrow frills, which were carefully puckered on a small Italian iron. The other mutch, such as my grandmother wore, was quite plain, and had *only* one row of frilling. They were made larger, and the material was generally of a better quality. Round such a mutch my grandmother always wore a black silk handkerchief, which contrasted strangely with the whiteness of the other. I can only remember one thing more about my grandmother, and that was her perpetual motion. Her head always shook. In sleeping, eating, and talking, it never rested. Regarding the sayings and doings of my venerable ancestor I cannot say anything, for she was called away to the better land when I was of tender years. My grandfather, Robin Jenkins, died ere my father knew my mother. At one time I tried to gather some information about him, but all that I found out was that he was a keen Radical—one who believed that Rochsoles should have fallen to him; but instead of becoming landlord of this estate he was confined for two months in Hamilton jail. After being liberated, he fell into a desponding state, from which he never recovered. One morning he was observed to be particularly fervent in his devotions. He had prayed for those who were hiding in distant lands for the sake of freedom; for those who were confined in prison, and languishing there because they wished to deliver their country from a grievous yoke; but suddenly his voice ceased, and when his helpmate went to his closet she found that his spirit had gone to where all factions are alike—where Radical and Tory must agree, and forget the former scenes below. I do not think I have anything more to add about my ancestors by my mother's side. The information I have conveyed is certainly meagre, but scantier still is the information about my father's house. I think I have said that my father's name was Josiah, but I blush to own that I do not know his father's name. My readers might infer that it was Timothy, but such was not the case, as my readers will find out if they take the trouble to read on a bit. As far as I can recollect, I never remember of hearing the names of my grandfather or grandmother

mentioned, and to invent names for people I knew nothing about, and to put sayings in their mouths which had no existence, would be departing from the truth, a thing I do not mean to do in this narrative of my life and adventures. I believe my father, when a young man, originally came from Lanark, where he learned the trade of weaving, which trade he continued till his death. When he came to Airdrie he was poor—I might say almost completely destitute—and would perhaps have died of hunger in this Christian land of ours, if it had not been for my poor dear mother. My mother, it seems, had gone to the end of the house to get some coals for the fire, when she got a fright by seeing a young man sitting on the ground, pale, and apparently far from being well. My mother was about to cry out, but in taking a second look at the poor man, her tender heart was melted, and summoning up all her courage, she demanded what brought him there. My father, hearing a voice, lifted up his heavy head, and looking blankly at the person who addressed him, only said, “I am hungry—I am dying!” My mother was dumfounded at the speech of the young man, and scarcely knew what to do. My father again relapsed, and was unconscious of where he was. “Deeing,” says my mother, “for the want o’ food; my God, can this be?” She ran into the house and brought out bread and cheese, and shook him up; but alas, he could not eat. My mother was now in a high state of excitement, but it is said a woman’s wit is never exhausted. She ran and got whiskey, and made it into toddy, and got him to swallow some of it. This had a good effect of rousing him from his lethargy. At last he became conscious, and was able to converse with my mother. Gradually he regained his strength, when she prepared for him warm milk and bread. Ere the evening came on (she had brought him into the house) he had nearly regained his strength. At this time my grandfather was dead, and my grandmother was on a visit to Widow Blair—a visit of condolence, for John Blair was like my grandfather, a keen Radical, and had suffered for the cause like himself. My father said he had travelled from Lanark, and had not broken his fast since he left his native town. He was by trade a weaver, and came to Airdrie

to find employment, hearing that the gingham trade was brisk in the place. My mother asked him if he had any money, but he said he had none, and knew not where to pass the night. My mother was a prudent woman, and felt, like a prudent woman, the delicate position she was in. She had a mind to ask him to stay all night where he was, but what would her mother say? What would the neighbours say? Just as she was trying to solve this problem, her mother came home, her eyes red and swollen, as if she had shed a river of tears. So ill was she, that for some time she did not observe my father, who was seated in the late Robin Jenkin's high-backed chair. "Wha is that?" she exclaimed, "A puir man, who was dying, an' I brocht him in," says my mother. "Guid preserve us a', ha'e ye no a tongue, man; ye sit an' glower, as if ye were leuking at a warlock, instead o' a human being; whaur dae ye come frae, an' whaur are ye gaun?" "Whist, mither, an' I'll tell ye, for the young chiel is blate, an' no richt cam' tae himsel', it's no a long story."

My mother told the little all, and in telling her story she threw all the feeling of a sympathetic nature into it. My father felt grateful for the interest my mother took in him, and her little speech laid the foundation of a deep and lasting love in my father's heart. "An' you are a weaver, an' seeking wark? I dinna think ye need gang far tae get what ye are leuking after. My husband, honest man, (here the tears commenced to flow) was a weaver like yoursel', aye, a guid weaver as ever drove a shuttle. His loom is ben the shop, an' nane ha'e sat on the *seatry* since he died. You are welcome tae the stance, young man; God forbid that I should put up a barrier in the wie' o' ony wha want tae dae weel. Ye can sleep in the loft—the 'prentices used tae sleep there—and when ye get settled ye can leuk oot for a mair comfortable hame." My father's reply was a burst o' tears. I have heard it said that it is womanly for a man to weep, but I am of the opinion, when the heart is sore, and finds a sudden relief, that it is not unmanly to give vent to the feelings by shedding tears. Be that as it may, when the shades of night came on, my father found himself in a comfortable bed carefully prepared by my

mother. Morning came. My father had slept so soundly, that when he awoke he could scarcely believe that it was morning, it seemed so short a time since he went to bed. The sun, however, sent in his rays to the loft through a pane of glass in the roof, and to all appearance it had travelled high in the horizon. To put an end to his doubts, if he had any, about the sun being mistaken, he heard the well-known click of the weavers' shuttle below where he lay. He instantly jumped out of the bed, and was soon in the kitchen. My mother was busy over the fire, making what our poet terms the chief of Scotia's food—porridge. She received him kindly, and told him to be seated. In a few minutes he was at a substantial breakfast, after which he got his instructions how to proceed to obtain work. George Andrew, the weaving agent, when he heard my father's story, and where he intended working, gave him a web and kindly advanced 10s to "bring him ower." My father had a grateful heart, and never forgot this act of kindness done by a stranger. Matters now went at a smooth pace, but, alas! my mother's heart was no longer her own. From the first night my father loved Mary Jenkins, and as they became intimate, he declared his love, when he found the embers had been long aglow in my mother's heart as well. With the entire approbation of my grandmother, the day was appointed, and a happy day I believe it was. They were cried the usual three times in the Parish Church of New Monkland (Dr. Begg was minister then), and duly married by the Rev. Mr. Sommerville, minister of the Wellwynd U.P. Church, on a Monday morning. The happy pair did not remain long in Airdrie. My father had a strong love for the country, and at the time of his marriage a number of Airdrie weavers had resolved to remove to Wattstown—a village about three miles from Airdrie—and this exactly suited my father's idea, he resolved with his young wife and his mother-in-law, to go with them, and be half farmer and half weaver. I have now faithfully recorded all I know about my parents, and in the next chapter I will give some account of my own youth and early childhood.

CHAPTER II.

TIMOTHY GIVES THE PARTICULARS OF HIS BIRTH FROM OLD
FAMILY RECORDS.

MY parents, as I have already stated, retired to the country, where they lived in humble but contented happiness. The place where they had taken up their abode had no romantic beauties, no towering mountains, no meandering stream, no glittering lakes or dark background of woods, or valleys richly laden with the bounties and beauties of nature. A more sterile part they could not have selected for their humble abode. Before the house lay a moss, dark and dreary, the appearance of which the smiling sun never changed; the view, winter and summer, was alike. As far as the eye could reach not a single solitary tree stood—a bird could scarcely find shelter in a storm, or a twig to sit upon to pour out its song. Yet the village of Wattstown was a prosperous one when my parents first settled there. Many weavers in Airdrie, finding the times to grip, sought shelter there. The fees were cheap, and the weavers, by doing a little farming and a little weaving, managed to eke out an existence. There was another inducement. Weavers—I speak of 42 years ago—were great politicians, and when they gathered together, as they did in the village of Wattstown, they had great political arguments, and so hot would they get at times, that they would forget to till their land or finish their webs. Some were keen Radicals, who took an interest in the passing of the Reform Bill; others again were lukewarm, while others again leaned to the Tory side, but this class being very unpopular, they dared not give full scope to their political leanings. Nearly all the weavers

went to some denomination, but the majority waited on the ministry of that excellent man of God, Dr. James Begg, parish minister of New Monkland. Newspapers then were not so common as they are now. The *Weekly Examiner*, a weekly Glasgow newspaper, a strong advocate of the Liberal cause, found its way to the quiet village once a week, and was read by nearly all of the inhabitants. Wattstown being only three miles distant from Airdrie, any important news generally found its way ere the *Examiner* made its appearance. My father took to the ways of the place, and soon came to be one of the originals of the village. Four years passed away without any change. In the year 1840, when the young year would only be some nine hours old, my father might have been seen standing at the back of the house in deep and earnest meditation. It was winter, and the frost was keen and piercing. The beather on the moors was clothed in white, and the gardens were desolate and forlorn looking. The roads were hard, uninviting, and cheerless. The domestic animals, such as the fowls, went about picking their steps and looking as if they had made a mistake in leaving their roost. The dog—for my father was a lover of all kinds of animals—closely kept the house, and all that could be seen of him was the forepaws, which protruded over the door, and even these would have been withdrawn had there been room in his humble abode. Now and then, just by way of frolic it would seem, a cold biting blast would sweep over the place, which had the effect of sending to shelter all animated nature. Such, then, was the nature of the morning of 1840 at 9 A.M., Wattstown time. Had any stood and watched my father, he or she would have seen that there was something very important passing in his mind. The cold he did not seem to feel, or if he did feel it, it did not annoy him. At times my father's countenance betrayed deep anxiety, while at other times it was wreathed in smiles. Hour after hour passed, yet he was at his post. The sun had by 11 A.M. shown itself behind the moors in the cold wintry glow. He had a narrow cycle to go, and he had nearly completed the half of it, or in other words, it was near 12 o'clock when Mrs. Slyslip came out of the house, and going up to my father, said—

"Josiah, Josiah, Mrs. Josiah has had a fine son, and baith o' them are daeing weel. Ye canna come in yet but ye ha'e tae tak' a step oot and tell elder Paterson, Johnnie Shanks, and David Waddell, and ony mair ye like, and by the time ye come back a' will be richt; and, Josiah, as it is the morning o' the New Year, ye can invite them in tae tak' a dram." When Mrs. Slysip had done speaking she returned to her important charge, when my father, being left to himself, so far forgot his dignity as to throw up his Kilmarnock bonnet in the air, and shouted and laughed until the very poultry were amazed, and even the dog ventured out and barked at the unseemly conduct of such a staid man as his master. "Tae think," says my father, "after four years o' married life I shud ha'e a son after a'. It has ta'en awa' the reproach o' my house, it has ta'en awa' the reproach." My father's joyous outburst by-and-bye subsided, still he felt in a very buoyant condition, and manifested his joy by calling upon Jack to come out to be patted; but Jack had seen enough, and when called upon, retreated as far as he possibly could into his house. My father adjusted his Kilmarnock, and prepared to call upon his friends to tell them of the good fortune which had happened him. I cannot find in his journal any trace of what he said, and how his important information was received, but I find carefully set down all that passed when the neighbours met in my father's house on the New-Year's morning. I find that elder Paterson occupied the "big chair," and David Waddell faced the elder. Laird Watt was seated before the fire conversing with Johnnie Shanks on the merits of blending whisky, and the kinds to use. My father had been "ben" the house seeing for the first time his first and only child. Having satisfied his curiosity, and having been complimented by Mrs. Slysip that it was a "bonnie wean," and as like the father as twa peas were like ither, my father joined the village worthies to send round the dram and act the part of a generous host. From a small press in the wall my father drew out a large bottle, which would contain not less than three ordinary bottles. I can remember it still, for it being an heirloom of the family, it was greatly venerated, all the more so as it was the identical bottle which the

Radicals used when they met in solemn conclave to discuss the affairs of the nation. When the bottle came forth, all eyes were fixed upon it. It had a sonsy look, and the reputation it had that it was never seen dry caused no little sensation when it was placed on the table. Elder Paterson being the senior of all present, and having a position in the church as "ruling" elder, was offered the first glass. It is a common custom with the people in this country, and I suppose it is even customary with town and city people, never to drink a glass right out without a little pressing. It happened so in this instance. The ruling elder only drank half, and was planting his glass down on the table to be filled for another guest, when my father, as usual on such occasions, said, "Tak' up your glass, John, it's no every day sic an event happens in my house; and, besides, it is the New-Year's day, when the first glass has aye tae be ta'en up. You will find it real guid, for Sandy Reston, wha I had it frae, said better couldna be got. The elder took up his glass, when, the ice being broken, one and all took it freely, then lighted their pipes, and commenced to discuss the affairs of the village, and latterly politics were taken up and warmly discussed. Mrs. Slyslip being anxious to join the company to show "aff the wean" tae the laird, soon came ben. The laird was an old and confirmed bachelor, and disliked being quizzed by the fair sex about his single and solitary condition. Now, Mrs. Slyslip was a widow, and was still under forty though nearing it. There had been a report in the village for some time that the laird was looking after the widow, and it was currently believed that the laird had only to ask the dumpy hand, when Mrs. Slyslip would have fallen into his arms, and given herself freely. There was no denying the fact that she longed to be Mrs. Watt, and to be known in the district as the laird's wife, but somehow she could never get an opportunity to speak to the laird by himself. To show me to the laird was a capital excuse, so when all were drinking, talking, and smoking, the fair widow made her appearance suddenly with me in her arms.

"What, what, what is a' this!" exclaims the laird in an excited and bewildered manner, "it's no' a wean ye ha'e in that bundle o' clouts?"

“Deed it’s a wean, laird, an’ as braw a wean as ever you saw. Ah! sir, we were ance weans oorsel’s. They are cheery things tae ha’e in the hoose; ye ken, sir, the warld wadna lang exist withoot them. It’s a dreary hoose where there’s no a wean tae be seen or heard.” Here the widow gave the laird a melting look, and hobbled me up and down in such a masterly or motherly manner, that all smiled, and even dounce David said, “it was a pity she hadna a family herself,” which caused her to blush, and to exclaim, “that sic remarks werena prudent in sic company.” The laird insisted that Mrs. Slysip should take a dram, but the fair widow said she never took whisky unless for a cholic, or to break the wind, or when she felt low in spirits, which didna often happen. The laird insisted, when the fair being at last gave way—she “couldna refuse the laird, and wha could?” The company were enjoying themselves in a sensible manner, and Mrs. Slysip was making considerable progress with the laird, when the window was suddenly obscured by elder Scott. Had a shower of hail fallen, or a bucket of cold water been poured upon each, it could not have caused a greater effect. Elder Paterson was enjoying himself in his usual manner; David Waddell, who was the village lawyer, had just explained a remarkable case, which had just been decided in the way he had foretold. Johnnie Shanks had found my father’s whisky to be his favourite blend, and was endeavouring to listen to David Waddell, while he eagerly watched the proceedings of Mrs. Slysip. But, alas! for human happiness; the presence of elder Scott had stopped the flow of mirth, and my father has it recorded that if Mrs. Slysip could have inflicted any punishment on the unlucky elder, she would have done so. Elder Scott was not a popular man in the village. It was customary for mothers when their children proved refractory to threaten them that elder Scott would be sent for, when the threat, as a rule, had an instantaneous effect. Scott was by trade a shoemaker, but he was too lazy to abide by his trade. When jobs were sent him he would willingly take them, and promise faithfully they would be done by a certain day and hour, but he very seldom kept to his promise. The people had great patience, but their patience at last became

exhausted, and as there was a good opening for a young man, one was advised to try it, and he being smart and intelligent, and, as a rule, true to his promises, his trade increased, while elder Scott's decreased. At last he left his trade, and took to labouring, building—in short, doing any odd jobs which chance and kind friends put in his way. Elder Scott was a peculiar looking being. He would be about 6ft. 2in. in height, but had not width in proportion. His face was also peculiar. His cheeks were flat, so flat that his head had the appearance of being at some time of his life pressed in some hydraulic machine. His eyes were large, and protruded half out of their sockets. They were intensely black, and had a woebegone expression. His brow—I cannot overlook it—was high and rugged, but narrow. On its surface it had deep furrows which never changed, but rather deepened and got blacker. His hair was grey, stiff, and uncultivated. I believe he never put a comb through it. His lips were thick and hanging, disclosing immense front teeth. Add to all this—he was never known to smile. It was currently reported he smiled once, but I have heard it contradicted. A young man had presented him with a bottle of whisky for attending the death-bed of his mother-in-law, and also for attending the funeral. Out of gratitude, it is said, the young man gave him what his soul delighted in—whisky; and when he saw a whole bottle of this precious liquid all his own, none to share it, he smiled. Elder Scott was a drinker in the true sense of the word. At a “booking” he was sure to be there, and though he never got drunk, yet it was said he could stow more whisky away than any other. At a funeral, as an elder, he was present, and he was never known to allow the glass to slip him. At a death-bed he would give the consolations of religion, and afterwards go home well nigh drunk. Though all knew him to be a hypocrite of the first water, yet none cared to expose the man. The better classes of Wattstown shunned him; it was only among the lower classes he managed to pick up a living by his grovelling deceit. Elder Scott had got the scent that a son and heir was born to my father, and shrewdly suspected that a dainty glass would be going upon the eventful occasion. When the elder made his appearance, Laird

Watt remembered that he had a call to make at Pinwinnie. Widow Slyslip told him to keep his seat, but the laird, taking another look at the tall stoic, remained firm to his first resolution, and left. Elder Paterson and elder Scott, though holding the same office, seldom spoke, and the former making an excuse that he wanted to see the laird, he also left. Scott, when Paterson had gone out, took the big chair, and after he got properly fixed, he gazed solemnly round, and said—"friends, another year has gone; we are entering upon another year, and yet we are left—we are left." The elder, as he uttered the last words, spoke so smoothly and so plaintively that it would have convinced a stranger that he was a saint. "And yet, my dear friends, we should rejoice. We have been amply provided for in the past, then why should we fret as we look forward? This is a season of joy and gladness. It is a time the heart should be merry and glad. O! my friends, let us rejoice; let our hearts leap with joy. God has provided us with many creature comforts, even that which is contained in this (whisky) vessel is provided by Him. My friends, we should rejoice; yea, rejoice abundantly." If whisky was not handed the elder, and it on the table, he would solemnly help himself, and only himself. He was the pure personification of selfishness. One by one my father's guests dropped away, and left the sainted man in the snug corner, and there he sat till the shades of the evening fell, when he took his leave well nigh drunk.

CHAPTER III.

TIMOTHY IS BAPTISED BY DR. BEGG, AND IN THE COURSE OF
TIME SENT TO MR. MONTEITH'S SCHOOL.

THOUGH a small child I continued to thrive, which was a great consolation to my happy parents. Three months had passed away since I had entered this world of joys and sorrows, when I was to be baptised. This is a great event in all humble homes, for in Wattstown it was not considered "proper" for the mother to appear in public until the child was "taken out." My father had never appeared before the tribunal for baptism, and was sore perplexed how to answer the questions which would be put to him. I have it from good authority that my respected father studied studiously for fourteen days, Fisher's Catechism, and that my poor mother put the questions to him from time to time until he could answer them without a stammer. On Saturday my father had to appear at the manse, and as he had a considerable distance to go, he got up early, and having carefully shaved (which operation he did only once in the week) he dressed in his Sunday's best, or rather I should say, he put on his marriage suit, which he only wore on very special occasions. I have, even at this distance of time, a vivid recollection of my father's marriage suit, for up to the time of his death it was almost as good as new, though much antiquated in style. The coat was dark blue, with broad swallow tails. The buttons were of clear brass, and shone like gold, for my dear mother burnished and polished them till they glittered like the precious metal. The vest was a fancy vest, single breasted, and of a salmon colour; the buttons were also of brass, but small, and of a fancy pattern. My father belonged to the old school, which, at the time of

my birth, was fast dying out, yet he clung to it all his days. His trousers were black, but terminated a little under the knee, being buttoned with three jet-black buttons. He always wore dark stockings, fur-rigged, and shoes without the buckle. The style of waistcoat then worn displayed to great advantage the purity and texture of the shirt. My father was very particular about his shirts being clean and good. At the time I refer to, "dickies" were unknown; it belonged to the new school to introduce this abortion for a shirt. The shirt had always an ample upright collar, which left room for a square black silk handkerchief to be twice wound round the neck. In these days moustaches were never seen. The mutton chop whisker was worn by the wealthy and the poor. It never penetrated the brain of the good people then to wear an underbeard or moustache. Pardon me, kind reader, while I relate an actual fact which came under my own observation about whiskers. A young man in a large establishment ventured to allow his beard to grow on his chin. Some fourteen days passed when no notice was taken of this daring youth, but ere three weeks had expired, he was called into the sanctum of his employer, and there questioned about it. The youth stammeringly said to his chief by way of excuse, that nature had put it there, and *he* saw no harm in letting nature take its course. This fairly roused the bile in his employer, for he said, "Sir, I have seen much in my time, and in my experience I never saw a young man succeed in business who wore a beard; and, sir, unless you shave it off at once you cannot remain in my employment. I may state that the young man refused to shave, when he was actually discharged without any warning. *

But to return to my subject. My father had got his head fixed to his content in the silk socket, and my mother had put him through Fisher's Catechism on baptism for the last time, and to all appearance, looking at my father's complacent countenance, one would say he had nothing to fear from the

* NOTE.--In 1854 a member of the police force had a sore upper lip, and was compelled to allow his moustache to grow. After it healed he did not shave, and for so doing *was discharged*. Up till recently no Draper in London was allowed to wear a moustache and beard, and in old aristocratic establishments the employers insist that the razor should be used.—T. G.

worthy doctor's heckling. Just as he was preparing to go out, giving his satin hat a rub the while with the sleeve of his coat, my dear mother said to him—

"But what are ye gaun tae ca' him, Josiah?"

My mother had a reverential respect for my father's good sense and wisdom, and very seldom interfered with anything he said or did.

"That's true, wife; what wi' this and that I ha'e never thoct about a name."

Here my father resumed his seat, and looked inquiringly at my mother and grandmother.

"Ca' him Robin, Josiah; ca' him Robin. It was the name o' my first and only love; it's a nice name, and in the family." Thus croaked my aged and palsied grandmother.

"I dinna like Robin," said my father. "I ha'e kenn'd a lot o' Robin's that never did muckle guid. For instance, tak' oor poet Burns, and there was Robin Tamson, the smith, that was found drooned in the moss last year, having got ower muckle drink at Luckie White's; and there was Robin Yates, wha hanged himsel' because Jessie Millar widna ha'e him; and, grannie, no tae throw ony disrespect on your ain guidman, his life had mony ups an' doons, if I am no mis-ta'en. I wadna like tae ca' him Robert, Robin, or Bob."

"Weel, weel," says grannie, "tak' your ain way; but Robin was a guid man tae me, and my auld heart warms when I hear the name."

"What say ye tae John, Josiah? I had a brother o' that name," says my mother.

"I dinna like John, wife; I'm wrang, John is a nice enough name, but in common life hoo seldom dae weans get their name. When weans are at school its Johnnie, and when they grow up its Jock; besides, wife, I couldna ca' a wean o' mine by the same name as Jock Brown, wha nearly ruined us wi' the law plea about the bit o' ground."

"Weel, weel," says my easy mother, "ye ken best; ca' him ony name ye like."

My father, after sitting for a few minutes in deep and anxious thought, rose and went to the little shelf placed above the door, and took down a Testament, saying to both, who were 'wondering what he was after, "I'll alloo the

Testament tae open o' its ain free will, and the first name I read, the same will I ca' the wean." The moment was a solemn one, and all seemed impressed upon the occasion. The Testament was allowed to open, when it did so at St. Mark's gospel.

"The first name I read is Mark. Mark Gordon, wife, hoo wad that sound?"

"I dinna like it, Josiah. *Mark* Gordon does seem strange. What is the next name on the same page, Josiah?"

"Elias—Elias Gordon. I'm dooting, wife, if that is ony better."

"That will never dae. Dae ye no see ony ither?"

"Yes, there's anither name in the same verse."

"Read it, Josiah,"

"And there appeared unto him Moses and Elias——"

"Moses Gordon. Moses; did ye ever ken onybody wi' sic a name?"

"I canna say, unless the great law-giver himsel'."

"I wadna like him called Moses. Turn up the Testament again."

The book was closed and allowed to open, when my father read the first verse with names in it. "When, therefore, Paul and Barnabas——"

"Hoo wad ye like Paul, wife? It's a nice name, and sounds weel—Paul Gordon."

"I canna say, Josiah; please yoursel', but it wadna dae tae ca' him Barnabas Gordon."

"Dinna ca' him Paul, Josiah, whatever ye dae. Paul was a wicked man in his time," says my grandmother.

"That's true," says my father, "and as we ha'e nae miracles noo-a-days, it micht be risky tae ca' him by that name. I'll jist open the Testament again."

Again the sacred book was opened, when the first sentence with names was—"Paul commendeth Timothy——"

"That's it," says my father, "Timothy—Timothy Gordon."

"Yes, that's a nice name," says my mother.

"Not sae nice as Robin though," croaks grannie.

"Mother-in-law, Timothy was a noble youth, and knew the Scriptures weel. Though he was weel acquaint wi' Paul, he was not a Jew, but only half o' ane."

And so it was settled from henceforth I was to be known as Timothy, or rather as "Tim," which name I went under after that memorable discussion.

I cannot find among the papers left any particulars about the interview my father had on that Saturday afternoon with Dr. Begg. There is only a scrap—a few words—and being short, I copy them for the edification of my readers. "I answered every question put to me fluently, which quite astonished the doctor. He asked me from what source I got my information. I told him that I had consulted Fisher. After a long chat he brought out a bottle, and though he took a sparing dram himsel', he said as I had a lang road tae gang I wad be nane the waur o' a guid sough o' the bottle. The stuff being prime, I took a dainty dram, which kept the March winds frae daeing me ony harm." A baptism forty years ago was a different affair—especially at New Monkland—from what it is at present. It seems in the doctor's days there was an interval—i.e., two sermons—but an hour was allowed for refreshments. My father went to both of the services, and as he had to appear in the desk during the afternoon, his friends advised him to take a toothfu' tae gie him courage. I can yet remember of the interval services of the New Monkland. It was an hour of hard drinking, eating, and business.

It was no uncommon thing to see a farmer, or even an Airdire weaver, enter the kirk after the doctor was in the pulpit, half tipsy; and I can yet remember the stern looks of the docter as he spied one or more of his flock sneaking to their pews, holding on for fear they stumbled and fell. Perhaps these remarks will scarcely be credited, but I dare say they can be verified by many who took part in these unseemly revels long ago. In my father's papers he acknowledges that he had "ower muckle" drink in Jack's, and that his head swam while the psalm was being sung, but ere the sermon was brought to a close his senses came together again. My baptism passed over like many more, in a good fuddle in Jack's, and a further fuddle at home. Forbes M'Kenzie had not risen up in these days; indeed to see a worshipper (?) staggering home after hours was not considered much out of place; further, it was considered

quite orthodox that dram drinking should take place after a child had been admitted as a member of the visible church. I must, however, clear my father from the imputation of being a drunkard. *Then* it was not considered a sin to get tipsy, but my father very seldom went that length. He took drink because it was the fashion. In these days the bottle was produced when we entered the world, and when we departed for our silent home it was again produced, and upon both of these great occasions those who really were grieving for the departed found solace in the bottle, and those who rejoiced at a birth added to their joy by imbibing freely themselves, and urging their friends, if they loved them, "not to spare the bottle." My grandmother was a careful and experienced nurse, and under her care I grew up to be a fine boy; but, alas, while yet tender in years, I lost a good friend when she died, which took place when I was about three years of age. My worthy parents did not make any headway in the world, nor yet did they go back any. I was the only child my mother had, and from what I learned the burden was heavy enough for them. I will not dwell much longer on my infantile years—suffice it to say that I was like other boys, perhaps a little fonder of practical tricks than my companions. At an early age I was sent to school.

The nearest school to Wattstown was in Riggend, which was kept by a Mr. Monteith, a young man who had settled in the village, but where he came from, and who were his parents, was kept a profound secret. It was whispered that Mr. Monteith's father was a wealthy man, and he was brought on the stage of existence through a foolish act of his father; be that as it may, Mr. Monteith would never enter into particulars, and when closely driven for an answer by some imprudent person, he would manage to elude in some way their questions. The schoolmaster was a genial pot-bellied, dram-liking, well-educated man. His school being the only one for miles around Riggend, it was well attended, and though the fees were small, and often never paid, he made a fair living. Many of the schoolmasters in these days were petty tyrants, and used the "taws" oftener than they should, but Mr. Monteith seldom struck a child except when compelled to do so; if he felt ruffled he would repair to the

inn and calm his spirits by imbibing other spirits, which did not fail to put him in the best of temper for some time at least. I very seldom saw him angry, but one day he flogged a little boy most unmercifully. It happened thus. After the Bible class was over he held a grammar class, and at the time I was in it. He always took a great interest in this class, asking questions, and answering correctly when we were unable to do so. He would ask what part of speech water, fire, I, was, &c., &c.; but one day after having been at the inn, and feeling quite refreshed, he asked a smart little boy, of the name of Russell, what part of speech was whisky—"A noun, sir." Good; yes, a noun. Well, boy, go on. "Singular number." Yes, good, go on; singular number. Well, sir? "Masculine gender!" Stop, stop. Why, sir; why do you make it masculine, sir? "Because—be—be—be—because." "Why, sir?" "Because, sir, you take it." Mr. Monteith fairly lost his temper, and gave the urchin a severe beating. For a short time he left the school, and when he returned his feathers were smooth, and calling up the boy he gave him some money—I forget the amount—as compensation for the flogging he had inflicted. I can remember that I mastered my A B C quickly, and ere twelve months passed away I was in the "Testament." My aptitude made me a great favourite of Mr. Monteith's; but I suspected, at least I do so now, that his Saturday visits had also something to do with me being such. Every Saturday afternoon he paid us a visit, and my father knowing his weakness—his love for a dram—always set down the bottle "to help himself." Poor fellow, he was then in his glory, and being a great hand in fine points of theology, and other ologies, he was most respectfully listened to. The two things combined—viz., plenty of the mountain dew, and eager listeners, put the worthy soul in the best of humours. Upon such occasions, when his eye happened to rest on me, he would exclaim, "Smart lad that of yours, Josiah; yes, Mrs. Gordon, you will yet be proud of Timothy. As it is I am proud of him as a scholar; he is a model to my school—*boni pueri discunt*. I hope he will continue; yes, Tim, my lad, learn while you are young, *carpe diem*. I had a chance, but I threw it away like a fool. Yes, Josiah, we are

all foolish, and it is only when too late that we see it. *Jacta est alea.* It is not so with you, my lad. You have youth; a fresh mind, free and untainted. So work, my lad, and by keeping at it you will reach the desired haven. *Labor omnia vincit.*"

"Aye, Maister Monteith, you should tak' a wife. What a pleasant hame it would be, a smiling wife waiting for your coming hame. Weans are a great blessing. It seems like anither warld since Timothy cam' hame.

"No wife for me, Mrs. Gordon; *sine cura.* A schoolmaster has plenty to do to attend his school. I have as much pleasure in my scholars as many a father has in his family. *Sua cuique voluptas.*"

Our home was a happy haven for the schoolmaster, but alas! pleasures do not abide with us. A few years bring about great changes—changes the poor schoolmaster did not anticipate.

CHAPTER IV.

I OBTAIN A PRIZE AT MR. MONTEITH'S SCHOOL.

I MADE rapid progress in my education, and still continued a great favourite with Mr. Monteith. The system of education provided forty years ago formed a strong contrast with that of the present day. The school-rooms in my young days were weavers' shops, old barns, or useless old hulks of dwellings; they were generally well attended, and when all the scholars were present there was a difficulty in the schoolmaster moving about. Boys and girls were mixed together; boys teaching girls, and *vice versa*. The noise—the nasal noise, proceeding from so many, to those who were not accustomed to it—was deafening. The schoolmaster was king; his power was absolute. If he coughed or spoke, timid, pale, and anxious faces were raised to look at him. Parents very seldom called in question his authority; they held the “maister” in too much awe. If he gave a boy a whipping with the taws which made him really unwell, the parent would say he deserved it or else he would not have got it. I have seen the boys and girls at play in the field opposite the school, when, perhaps, one would talk loudly; the “maister” would be watching the group, and by the way of amusing himself perhaps he would throw the “taws” at the group, when the sight of them spread consternation and fear. One had to take the “taws” to the master, while the others followed like sheep going to be slaughtered. For a trifling fault the punishment would be light, perhaps one “liffy” each, but of a graver nature the skin would be ruffled ere the vengeance of the mighty potentate would be appeased. I had

only the "taws" thrown at me once, and as I was not aware of being guilty, and as the school was nominally closed, I lifted them and took them home. That evening we had a visit from Mr. Monteith, but the sight of the bottle rubbed out any little ill-feeling he had against me. I may mention, however, that he never tried the experiment again.

The schoolmasters of my young days were not ignorant, though many of them were self-taught. As a rule, their caligraphy was splendid. "Copies" of the present day are bought "set," and give the master no trouble, but thirty or forty years ago it was different. After the school was over, the teacher had two hours hard work setting the copies for the following day. As I pen this I have before me an old copy headed with Mr. Monteith's writing, and at this distance of time I cannot but admire the beauty and finish of his caligraphy. Though it was written with a quill, the hair strokes were remarkably fine, while every letter is regular and well turned. Besides being good at the pen, the dominies of the olden time were good English scholars. When they spoke to their scholars they used plain, properly pronounced words and sentences. Mr. Monteith knew his "Murray" well, and had a peculiar knack of communicating the knowledge to his pupils. If his pupils were not grammarians it was not his fault, but the fault of the parents taking their children from school as soon as they were able to read and scratch their names. Mr. Monteith also taught Latin. He read Horace, Cicero, Ovid, Tacitus, Pliny, and a host of other Latin authors. He longed to get pupils so as to get up a class, but no sooner had he got a few youths together than they melted away. Parents argued that holding the plough or fencing the fields was more profitable and useful than the dead languages. I was one of the few who rejoiced the heart of the little despot by attending his class. There was a youth who was my rival, and who was exceedingly jealous of my success and intimacy with the master. His name was Willie Scott, but he was better known among us as "Sneaking Wull." Scott was about a year older than I was, of a stronger build, and the son of a farmer. Many a time it came to blows, but neither of us could claim a victory.

When I was twelve years of age, perhaps nearer thirteen, Mr. Monteith gave out that he would have an examination. For about two months before the great event, the school was drilled in such a manner as I had never seen before. No excuse was taken if lessons were not properly learned, and the "taws" were brought into constant requisition almost every hour of the day. To give the school high tone, and I suppose to show the learned men of the west how he could teach, and that he had also material or soil good for seed, he gave out that the Latin class (!) would require to prepare a poem for such a date. We were at liberty to take any subject we thought fit, and to make it either long or short as the fancy suited us. "Sneaking Wull" was a bit of a poet; his verses had made their appearance at the school, and were much admired. I was led to understand that one had appeared in print, so that when I heard that there would be a fine prize for the best poem, I was sure "Sneaking Wull" would carry off the palm. My father had often said to me—and the words then uttered have remained engraven on my heart—"Timothy, lad, never write poetry unless ye can mak' it guid; it will never be your calling, my son, and tae be a poet ye maun ha'e the gift. A few fools *think* they ha'e got it, and sae pass their lives write writing a lot o' nonsense. It's a Divine gift, Timothy, lad; it's a gift Divine." I remembered my father's advice, and had no hope I could succeed in writing a poem. I mentioned my difficulty to my father, when he said, "Timothy, lad, I dinna want ye tae be a poet; I would as soon see ye a'maist in your grave. Yet, as you are only a bit callant, and trying it for ance only, I think you shud try and write a wee ane; and Timothy, lad, dinna let Willie Scott beat you!" This was touching the sore when my father mentioned Willie Scott. That evening I set to work to write my poem, but alas! my imagination was barren, and would not yield one thought. The following day I tried again, and again failed. My father seeing me in tears, and asking the reason why, I said that I could not write one word of the poem. "Tuts," says my father, "think *first*, Tim; you want to write and think afterwards. Gold is valuable, because it is scarce; diamonds are precious,

because they are difficult to be got at; so Tim, my lad, you must think, you must work; you must endure, and put yourself to a lot o' bother if you wish to excel. Keep on thinking, and though you cannot get an idea at once, one or more will come, when you will produce something. I ha'e faith in ye, Tim, and mind and beat Willie Scott." About nine days after this conversation I heard that "Sneaking Wull" had written his poem, and handed it in to Mr. Monteith. Others had handed in theirs, and I was the only one left who had not written one. By this time I had tried at least a dozen, but had rejected them all. At last an idea struck me. I went to my little desk, and wrote out at one sitting my poem! It did not altogether please me, but the subject I thought was a touching one, and I was well pleased that I could at least make an attempt.

The morning came for the examination. It was a beautiful morning in July, when nature was clothed in her loveliest garb. The master was dressed in his best, and, what rejoiced the heart of many, the dreaded "taws" were locked up. Shortly after twelve o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Archibald, parish minister, and Mr. Watt, session clerk, drove up, and were received by our master, who was all smiles and complimentary talk. A few parents of the scholars were seated in the school, looking very foolish and unhappy, though they smiled incessantly. Laird Watt, Elder Paterson, and a few others were present, and as they sat and leered at us, we felt very uncomfortable indeed. I must not omit to mention that Mr. Josiah Gordon was present, and dressed in his best—his veritable marriage suit. My father had managed, by moving about four inches every five minutes, to make over to my place, and whisper in my ear, "Tim, my lad, cheer up; dinna get doon-hearted; your mither, Tim, wanted to come doon, but she said she couldna stand to see you fail. You won't fail, Tim; keep a brave heart, even though you are beat. Never say die, Tim. See, they are examining the poems. Well, it will be the first prize Willie Scott ever got past you." They were indeed reading the "poems," six in number. Three were handed to Mr. Monteith at once, and put into his desk. By this I understood they were rejected. Mine was still

retained. Again the remaining portion was read over, when *one* was handed to the master, which he put into his desk. Mine was still retained. How I felt! Yes, Willie Scott and I were the only competitors. Again the two were read, when there was much talking and whispering. Mr. Monteith pointed me out to Mr. Archibald and Mr. Watt. At last Willie Scott's poem was handed to the master, when he put it alongside of the others. Mine alone remained. I felt very excited, yet I had the presence of mind to turn to Willie, who was sitting near me; his face flushed, while his eyes seemed riveted on the examiners. My father seemed very anxious—indeed all the school were deeply interested in the examination. After a silence of about five minutes, Mr. Archibald rose up, and addressed all in the school as follows:—"The examination commences to-day with the poems written by the senior class. We have examined the six very carefully, and I have now much pleasure in saying (here I was called up by Mr. Monteith) that Master Timothy Gordon has obtained the prize. (Cheers.) As there are a number of parents present I will read the prize poem by Master Gordon." I have still the original copy, so I give it a place:—

THE AGED FARMER.

A farmer sat by the ingle-side,
 His locks were thin and grey;
 His eyes were dim, and by his side,
 His withered arms they lay.
 His fragile frame he could not move,
 But he sat there each day.

The farmer sat by the ingle-side,
 And smiled at an infant's play;
 The child it gambolled by his side;
 And at the close of day
 It kneeled beside the old man's chair,—
 'Twas there it learned to pray.

The farmer sat by the ingle-side,
 And watched the busy throng,
 But he did not smile at the human tide,
 It cheered him not their song;
 But he smiled when he saw the chubby face
 Of his grandchild, fair and strong.

He could not stroke the sunny hair
 Of the child that clasped his knee,
 But he gently spoke, and spoke with care
 To the child so full of glee;
 And the little child looked up to his face,
 With that love we seldom see.

"My little child I was once like you,
 As young, and quite as fair,
 And I sat there as you now do,
 Beside this old arm chair;
 And I thought, as perhaps you have done,
 I'll never have snow-white hair.

"But a few short years soon passed away,
 Ah! passed away like a dream,
 I still was young, and loved to play
 With the youths upon the green;
 I was then a boy of strength and weight,
 A lad of seventeen.

"In heedless youth the years they fly,
 Which bring us unto men,
 Ere well I knew, the time was nigh,
 I had to fight with them
 The battle of life; but I was strong,
 And I fought it again and again.

"When I came home from my day's toil,
 And sat in this old chair;
 Your father was then a little child,
 And had your bright fair hair:
 My arms were strong, and I bore him aloft,
 He had, like you, no care.

"Again the years they passed away,
 And your father played on the green,
 These white locks you see were then only grey
 But the dark were yet to be seen;
 But my dear child, when life's on the wane,
 It passes quick as a dream."

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Thus spoke the aged sire; he spoke no more,
 His spirit passed away to the longed-for shore,
 The child, awe-struck, to its parents fly,
 The parent pair see not the Christian die;
 Like corn full ripe he now is gathered home,
 And has renewed his youth before the throne;
 All's joy now! his friends he meets once more,
 While all with one accord the Lamb of God adore.

Such was the poem which took the prize. After Mr. Archibald had read it he presented me with a fine copy of the Scots Worthies. Up to this time I had read very little. In our little library at home we had Boston's Body of Divinity, Ambrosse's Works, Harvey's Meditations, the Pilgrim's Progress, and a few other such works. These I had read because I was told to read them, but their contents, with the exception of the Pilgrim, were wearisome to the flesh. My presentation book was an endless source of delight—I never wearied reading about how our forefathers suffered and bled at the battles of Drumclog, Airdsmoss, and Bothwell. One book led to another—I was fortunate in getting an old copy of Goldsmith's History of England. With what interest I read this book I can yet well remember. A new world of thought opened up to me—fields were open which I had never trod, and the aspect they wore was fresh and inviting. My evenings were spent by the ingle-side poring over the great poems of God. Ah, these were happy, happy days, and the happiness I felt was shared by my anxious and loving parents. One evening I had retired earlier than usual to my bed. My parents thought I had fallen asleep, for they commenced talking about me. My mother's ambition was that I should be a minister; but my father, always sensible, said he would like well for me to come out for the Church, but he could not see where the means could come from.

"I wad work," says my mother, "yes, I wad work till I fell doon; we ha'e only ae son, Josiah, and it is oor duty to gi'e that ane a guid education."

"That's true, wife, but it canna be. I am far frac being strong, an' tae gi'e Tim muckle mair education will only unfit him for his position in life."

Alas! for the well-laid schemes of the sons of men. An event shortly occurred which upset all my visions, but I must narrate my heavy calamities in another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

I FINISH MY EDUCATION, AND MEET WITH A SAD LOSS IN
THE DEATH OF MY FATHER.

AFTER I had taken the prize I felt most uncomfortable in the school. Willie Scott and a few others insinuated that I had never written it; that others must have composed it for me, or that I had copied it out of some book. One day they were particularly hard on me, which sent me home in tears. My father, seeing me in such a disconsolate state, asked what was wrong. I told him, when he said, "Tim, my lad, ye canna expect to get through this world easy. Up tae the present you have been a child, and the world has been too busy tae tak' notice o' ye, but noo when you are coming intae notice, ye will be sure tae find enemies. Tim, my lad, keep a stout heart. In a' matters keep tae the right, and ye will ha'e naething tae fear. A' they are doing at present will recoil on their ain head." This soothed me, and I determined to abide by what my father advised. Matters came to a crisis sooner than I expected, which finished my school career. The crisis came thus. In my young days steel pens were not in vogue; quills were only used. For mending the pens of the school, Mr. Monteith kept two penknives, one for making quills for coarse writing, and the other for fine writing. The one for coarse writing was, when the class was up, in constant requisition, so he kept it in his pocket; the other, being seldom used, he kept in his desk. The one kept in his desk was a beautiful pearl-handled knife, and I had often expressed a wish that I would like to have it. Penknives were then not so common, more especially in small places like Wattstown. One fine morning the writing class was called up as usual, and after all had taken their seats, Mr. Monteith came round to

examine their pens. At last he came to Willie Scott, whose pen was split, and required immediate mending. Scott was, like myself, in the head class. The schoolmaster went to his desk for his fine pearl knife but he could not find it. He searched and continued searching, but at last the fact dawned upon him that it was not in the desk. He left the school for the house, but he soon returned, muttering to himself. He searched his pockets over and over again, still no knife. After he had done all he could to find it, he shouted out, "Did any of you see the pearl knife I keep in my desk?" No answer, but perfect stillness. Again he cried out, now losing his temper, "Did any of you see my knife? It *must* have been stolen out of my desk, and I *must* find the boy out?" Still no answer, though many pale faces stared at him in breathless excitement. At last the writing class was called up, and formed in a circle, in the centre of which stood Mr. Monteith. "Now, my boys, I am going to search each boy here, for I am convinced that some of you have my knife." The searched commenced. What an emptying of pockets—beans, marbles, tops, old knives, buttons, strings, &c., &c. At last it came to my turn, when Mr. Monteith dropped two of his fat fingers into my pockets. Never can I forget the sensation I felt when he pulled out the pearl knife from my jacket pocket. Mr. Monteith was as much astonished as myself. For some time the utmost silence reigned; all were awe-struck at the awful deed I had apparently committed. At last the little demagogue blustered out.

"You, Timothy Gordon, a thief—a common, low thief."

My tongue was dry, I could not speak, while my head ached in a fearful manner. Mr. Monteith continued—

"You, Timothy Gordon, whom I placed so much confidence in, to do such a mean thing. What induced you, sir, to steal my knife?"

I could not answer, and I suppose being silent was to him an acknowledgment of my guilt.

"Answer me, sir."

No answer.

"Will you answer me, sir; do you wish to treat me with contempt?"

I tried to speak; my lips moved, but again my tongue failed to do its office.

Mr. Monteith was now furious, and lifting his powerful arm he felled me to the ground. He lifted me up, and after shaking me violently, again said—

“Will you speak?”

My face was burning hot; though I felt cold.

“For the last time, sir, will you explain to me why you *stole*—yes, *stole* my knife?”

I again tried, but failed. I felt weak, and could scarcely stand, for I was not a strong boy.

Mr. Monteith was now more than furious. At the time I sincerely believe he took me for a consummate rascal, and was determined to punish me. The punishment was near at hand.

“Did any boy here see Timothy take the knife?”

No answer.

Willie Scott at last said, “I did not see him take it, but he has often said he would like to have such a knife.”

“I’ll punish you as a thief.” He then went to the desk for a stout little cane, and lifting me on the ridge of the large desk, he flogged me till I fainted. A little fair-haired boy I had oftener befriended, the son of a widow who lived at Riggend, I afterwards found out, essayed several times to speak, but was afraid to do so, till he saw I was *dead* (fainted), when he rushed forward to the schoolmaster, weeping and crying—“Oh! dinna kill puir Tim, an’ I’ll tell ye a’ about it!” Mr. Monteith by this time observed he had gone too far, and I suppose having a lurking regard for me, he now listened to what my little friend said.

“What do you know about it, Sandy?”

“I—I saw——”

“Saw what?”

“I saw Willie Scott in your desk this morning before you came in.”

“You saw Willie Scott in my desk, did you?”

“Yes, sir, and so did Johnny M’Pherson.”

“John M’Pherson, come forward, sir. Did you see Willie Scott in my desk this morning?”

“Yes, sir.”

"Did you see him take anything out of my desk?"

"Yes, sir; I saw him take out your knife."

"What more?"

"Naething mair, sir."

"And why did you not tell me of this before?"

"I was frichted, for Willie Scott said if I told he wad droon me in the moss."

By this time I had revived, and was able to sit on my seat, and though wounded in spirit as well as in body, yet I was keenly listening to what passed. I observed Willie Scott—or Sneaking Wull as he was known amongst us—was as pale as death, and stood shaking like an aspen leaf before the master. Mr. Monteith's attention was now directed to him, and young though I was, I could easily see that he saw that Scott was guilty. He was called up, when the master, looking sternly at him, said—

"Did you take the knife out of my desk and put it into Timothy Gordon's pocket?"

"No, sir; but I took it out of your desk."

"And how did it come into the possession of Gordon?"

"I gave it to him. He asked me to get it for him."

"Are you on such good terms with Gordon as to become a thief for him?"

I will not tire you, kind reader, with all that passed. Suffice it to say, that after a patient hearing Sneaking Wull was found guilty, and after having received a firm thrashing, he was dismissed from the school. After matters were thus settled, I was called upon and asked why I did not speak. I told him I could not find words. I was told to resume my seat, but I requested permission to go home. This was reluctantly given, and when leaving the school he slipped a small sum of money into my hand, which I had the prudence to refuse. I felt, from the severe beating I had got, that I could scarcely walk, and ere I got half way home I felt sick. A mist came over my eyes. I staggered to a sunny spot behind the hedge to lie down until I felt better. This would be about twelve o'clock. I then became insensible, and must have remained so for a long time, for the sun had gone far to the west. The pain had gone, but when I tried to rise I found I could not move. I lay for some time longer,

and as I lay I watched the clouds chasing each other over the blue vault of heaven. All was still. The hum of the bee had ceased. The cattle were seeking repose. How still, and yet how beautiful, everything looked. Even the sombre moss was tinged with the flowers of the heather. I lay and watched with increased interest the sun dropping lower and lower. The white clouds were fringed with gold. Inland seas with their still waters appeared far away, and in the blue loft mountains reared their heads, and melted away in lakes of purple and gold. How the young imagination expands, and is pleased with every day occurrences. I lay in a sort of listless state, feeling neither cold nor hunger, and might have lain much longer, had I not been found out by those in search of me. It seemed that all that had transpired had been told my father, and as I did not return home, the utmost anxiety was experienced by him. They waited hour after hour for my appearance, but as I did not turn up the neighbours kindly went with my father to find where I was. I was carried home in loving arms, and never can I forget my fond mother following up, sometimes smiling, sometimes weeping, and ever and anon passing her tender hand over my brow and exclaiming, "My bonnie bairn, my bonnie bairn." I was soon comfortably housed, when the mothers of the village sat in our house, and with the wisdom of sages discussed my case. They all agreed that Mr. Monteith was wrong, and that I should not be sent back to his school, to which my parents assented.

The shades of night were falling when the well-known rap of the schoolmaster was heard. He was admitted, but he did not receive the usual warm welcome he was wont to get. He expressed a warm concern for me, and apologised for his conduct, at the same time saying that my innocence was fully proved. My father, however, could not be appeased. He said that a man who could not govern his temper was not fit to train children. He was obliged for his services in the past, but he could not trust me under his charge after what had happened; and further, he was to consider that his conduct to me that day severed completely the bond of friendship which had formerly existed. Mr. Monteith pleaded his cause hard, but my father was in-

flexible. Poor Monteith! he never seemed to prosper after I left his school. Various reasons could be assigned for this. Higher class schools were becoming fashionable. The Airdrie Academy, built by Mr. Alexander of Airdrie House, was drawing a vast number from the country, and the better class entirely forsook the old class schools and went to the new. About the time the Free West Academy was commenced. Mr. Gillespie was appointed head master, while Mr. Steele was for the Airdrie Academy. These gentlemen were well known for their abilities; this was amply verified from the great success which attended their labours while they remained in Airdrie. Another cause was his fondness for drink. After I left the school he seemed to imbibe more, hence his duties were not attended to as they ought to have been. My case, I believe, did him a vast deal of harm. In country places news fly quick, and often become magnified. He still continued his school, but, alas! he ended his days in the home of a stranger, poor and despised, with no loving hands to close his eyes, or to whisper words of peace to his departing soul. He never married, and in later life his habits severed many ties, so that when he left this for another sphere, few, if any, felt his departure.

But I am digressing. It was not long till I was as strong as ever, and as I was not put to any school, I roamed about with a book, lying in sunny nooks, drinking from the vast stores of literature. Ah! these were the happy days. I am not yet a very old man, but during my career I have experienced many joys (also sorrows), but the days of youth were exquisite. No after joys could compare with them. They will ever remain as the sunny spots of my life.

Shortly after I left the school, a distant relation of my mother came to live a short time with us. He was a young man, and was struggling to bring himself out for the medical profession. His name was John Todd. He only wanted one year to complete his course, but his resources were nearly exhausted, and having few friends and fewer relations, he found us out, and my mother gave him a hearty welcome. Poor Todd did all he could to repay my parents for their kindness. He saw that I was fond of books, and directed my attention to what I should read, and how. I remember

one day he gave me Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" to read. Up to this time I had never read Sir Walter Scott's works, so the mine was a new one, and formed for the time being an ample source of pleasure. It pained me, however, when I read "Old Mortality." From what I had read in the Scots Worthies I had the utmost reverence for those who stood firm and fast to the truth. The life and martyrdom of the godly James Renwick, Guthrie, Brown the Christian Carrier, and a host of others, had early impressed my mind, so when I read the flippancy of Scott, I was often moved to tears. In vain did Todd reason with me that the author only took a worldly view of the state of affairs then, and that Howie had overdrawn many of his heroes. Todd owned, however, that the language used was too strong, and that, perhaps, Scott would have been dearer to the hearts of Scottish people had he never written "Old Mortality." Though I did not agree with Sir Walter, his book had a strange fascination for me. The "Antiquary" was my favourite, so was the "Lady of the Lake." Morning, noon, and night, I was reading fiction, history, and travel. What I did not understand John Todd explained. A wide field I saw lay before me. I longed to explore the world; I longed to come in contact with the scenes I had read. Alas! too soon I was sent adrift on the ocean of life to endure misery in every form. Up till I was thirteen I never knew what sorrow was, but in the summer of 1853 my father was laid low with fever, and it being of a malignant kind, and not being taken in time, I lost my best friend. Troubles and sorrows followed which I felt hard to bear.

CHAPTER VI.

I LEAVE WATTSTOWN FOR AIRDRIE. AIRDRIE AS I FOUND IT
IN 1853.

THE death of my father changed the current of all my thoughts. I never knew how I loved him until he was laid in his narrow home. He always made me his companion and friend, and though young, he conversed with me as if I knew as much as himself. While I grieved for my dear father, my mother was plunged into a greater sea of grief. In vain did the kindly neighbours gather around her, and speak words of peace; for decency's sake she listened to all they said, but their words—their sympathy—did not impart any consolation to the heavy and stricken soul. My dear mother was no longer the cheerful, busy housewife; her heart seemed to be completely crushed under the great misfortune which had happened to her. One day she said to me, "My dear boy, we must leave this place, I canna bear it. At times I forget my loss, and expect to see your father as usual. I canna bear this, Timothy, I maun awa' back tae my native place, and there brood ower my sorrows." I was too young to gainsay anything advanced by my parent; indeed, my own feelings, I well remember, coincided with hers. I had only been once in Airdrie, and was deeply impressed with the magnitude of that town, and there was a feeling that something to our advantage might crop up if we went there. My mother's decision soon spread through the village; some persuaded her against it, while others advised her that it might be the best plan after a'. We sold a few of our things, and early one morning—long before there was any stir—we left the place where there had been great joy and happiness, but also great grief and sorrow.

Airdrie of 1853 was a different town from Airdrie of 1880. For the edification of my young readers, and to refresh the memories of my older ones, I will briefly describe how I found Airdrie when I first settled in it. From the old cross, eastward, the greatest change has taken place. The four corners of the Cross have changed. Many of my readers will remember of the boot and shoe shop kept by Robert Millar, and can perhaps recall the fair forms of his lovely daughters. The old tenement which the first Dr. Rankine occupied has been taken away, and on the site of the venerable pile there has been raised an expensive modern building, which beautifies the old town. To the left many changes have taken place. When I first came to Airdrie, Bailie Fleming held first sway; but with the fall of the weaving trade and the introduction of gas, the two combined uprooted the Flemings, and now strangers reign in their stead. Facing the old Cross (eastward) there stood a long one-storied house. Many years ago it was pulled down, and on its site there has been erected a handsome pile, which were the offices of the ill-fated City of Glasgow Bank. This house, I believe, had a little history of its own. It was the birth-place of our local poet, and many of the founders of old Airdrie were born in it. This is considered the oldest part of Airdrie. To the left of the Bank there used to stand an old "biggin" which was built by Zacharias Anderson, half weaver and half farmer. Zacharias, it seems, was a very industrious man, for in his life time he acquired a vast amount of property at the Cross. In the year of 1762 he purchased from William Dick, flesher, that tenement leading into Chapel Street, for the sum of thirty pounds sterling. It may amuse my readers to learn that the rent of the ground draws twenty pounds per annum at the present day. In my young days Chapel Street was a busy street. From the Bank east to the graveyard there was a row of weaver's shops, which were occupied by the remnant of the olden time. Every door entered into a weaver's shop, and if one walked up the street nothing could be heard save the click, click of the weaver's shuttle. They were a happy and contented class. Their wants were few, and being frugal they were able to eke out an existence

which the rich might have envied. During my life I have mixed with all grades of society. I have been deep in the secret lives of those who had wealth, influence, and who stood high in the estimation of their fellow men; yet, withal, they were not as happy—they did not enjoy the world or God's bounties to the same extent as those humble weavers who occupied the "old thatch row." When the weaver's toil was over for the day he went to his garden, and took a keen delight in aiding nature to develop her resources. As a rule, besides being keen politicians—nearly all radicals—they were no mean florists. Besides having plenty for the pot, they reared flowers of every hue, and to pass an hour in their gardens was to me an endless source of delight. At the foot of the gardens attached to the thatch row there stood Fruitfield Cottage, a lovely spot ere it was broken up by the coal workings. In 1853, the cottage was occupied by Gillies Mack and his sister Jean. Neither of them ever married. Their father was the first provost of Airdrie, and, if I mistake not, the only writer when he occupied the civic chair. The Macks were the aristocracy of Airdrie, and got much of their own way in all matters. Gillies, the ex-provost's son, tried to fill his father's shoes, but either from the want of ability or an easiness of disposition, he never got a practice. The two became almost hermits of the cottage, and very rarely took part in any of the affairs of the town. Gillies kept a strict watch over the policies belonging to Fruitfield. Many of my readers will remember his "spy glass," which he used when he saw any daring youth enter upon his domains. The youths of the place held him in constant fear. Stories were told by imaginative companions how Mack had shot a boy and kept his skeleton in the room he slept in. As the town increased, and the coal workings opened up, Gillies was less strict, and latterly he allowed the boys of the place to romp and play on the once sacred ground. Chapel Street derived its name from the Chapel of Ease which once reared its head in the street. It was not a venerable pile, as many suppose. If I mistake not, it was built in the year 1790, and was the only church of the Establishment in the town. The last minister it had was once a slater, but, thinking he had a "gift," he

came out for the ministry, and when placed in the Chapel he managed to preach the pews empty in a short time. Many stories are left on record of this cup-loving divine. As this chapel is one of past reminiscences, perhaps I will be pardoned for introducing an anecdote or two of the last minister of it.

The minister was invited to a supper got up by one who loved the good things of this life. They were old acquaintances, so he was invited to this special feast. By all accounts it was a jolly supper, and it is said when the sma' hours came on some could not lift themselves, but had to be carried upstairs, where they were huddled together. The minister, however, had been more watchful, or perhaps he was better used to the strong waters than his discomfited companions. Instead of being carried upstairs, he buttoned up his coat and said he would walk home. He was pressed to remain, but after expressing himself that he was never more sober in his life, he was allowed to take his solitary way home at the hour of midnight. The divine had not calculated on the refreshing midnight breeze, for by the time he had made the Bore Road he found to his dismay that his legs refused to obey his will. In vain did he make the attempt, but the under members struck work and absolutely refused to move one step further. Seeing there was no help for it, the good shepherd looked out for a cosy nook (it was the summer time), and having spied such a place beneath a venerable beech tree, and sheltered by a goodly hedge, he managed to creep to it, and was soon fast asleep. The sun rose and chased the darkness away, but he slept on. Higher it rode up the heavens, when its playful beams danced on the flushed face of the sleeper; but the sleeper heeded not the playful gambols of the great orb of day. At last footsteps are heard; it is one going to his work. Nearer and nearer he comes. He is about to pass the hallowed spot, when his attention is attracted by a loud snore emanating from the thicket. He is about to proceed, when a louder snore is wafted to his senses. He approaches the spot, and is horrified to find his minister lying there. Scarcely believing his senses, he stood gazing at the sleeper. Yes, it is him. How soundly he sleeps; and his thoughts must be

happy ones, for a smile at times mantles his ruby countenance !

"Did onybody ever see the like o' this," exclaimed the bewildered Hodge. "What will the Session say to this, for I canna hide it; but I maun wauken him up an' get him hame before folk are steering. Mr. —, rise up, man. Dae ye ken where ye are? Rise up like a guid man."

No answer.

"I say man, will ye rise, an' no be makin' a fuil o' yoursel'. The deil tak' ye, but ye maun ha'e had a guid soup o't, or else ye wadna be sae sound. Will ye rise?"

"I'm no that fou, I'm no that fou,
But jist a drappie—drappie—drappie——"

"Did ony sinner ever see the like o' that?" Here Hodge lost all respect for the cloth, and shook the sleeper violently.

"What—what is all this about? Where am I? You here, Hodge? How does this come about?"

"Ye can explain that best yoursel', Mr. —. If I may be so bold to say so, I think ye have had ower much drink. Aye, Mr. —, my heart is wae for you. Yesterday—or rather on Sabbath last—ye preached a godly sermon, with which I was much edified, an' noo ye are lying behind a hedge. I canna say the words."

"Tuts, tuts," said the divine, "though the lantern is broken, Hodge, mind the licht. I tell ye, mind the licht!" Suffice it to say he got home, but he did not escape free from observation, but many knew of his little weaknesses.

I will only relate another anecdote; as he has long since gone from this to another world, there cannot be any harm in giving it publicity. In my youth I think we had frosts of a longer duration than what we have now. This may be imagination, still I am of that opinion. Be that as it may, the "roaring game" was engaged in by all well-to-do classes of the community, from the clergyman down to the douce weaver. All distinctions were forgotten, the question being—who was the best player. The Rawyards loch was the great rendezvous for the farmers around, and when a boy in Wattstown I have often tramped the distance to witness the players at their play, and often shared in their repasts. Upon one occasion the clergyman already referred to played

when I was present. I afterwards understood he was a keen han', and could throw a stone with a sleight of hand which was quite astonishing. I can yet remember the eagerness with which he plied the game. He was the skip on the one side, I forget now who it was on the other. The game was drawing to a close, yet they were peels. The last end was being played—all had played but one man. There was great excitement on both sides, and I can yet remember the frantic state of Mr.——. I think I never saw a man so eager.

"Do you see that stone?"

"Yes."

"Now, Robert, I want you to pay attention to what I say. They are lying game—they have three in. Now, Robert, if you play gently and just touch the shoulder of this stone we will get game. Take time." The player looked intently at the position, and was about to throw, when Mr.—— again shouted out, "For the love of all that's good, take care—sce, if ye take the shot I'll gi'e you a bottle o' brandy." Robert again pauses; at last he lifts the stone slowly, and with perfect ease throws it out of his hand. Majestically the stone moves on. It is met half way by the frantic parson, shouting, "It looks bonnie, men; it looks bonnie, we'll hae the shot; sweep the — up, or else we will lose the game, sweep him up, I say!" All rush before the stone, sweeping as if they were doing so for their dear lives. On the stone comes. What strained eyes are watching it. Nearer and nearer it approaches, when it gently knocks the opposition stone out of the way, and like a thing of life takes the place assigned for it by the reverend divine. The noise and confusion which ensued baffles one to describe. The winning side shake hands with one another, and drink copiously to each others health. The other side look as if the cold weather had taken a sudden effect, they look so dejected and miserable. The sun has disappeared, and is already streaking the darkening sky with his departing glory. Both parties leave the ice, and adjourn to some ingle-side, and discuss the day's sport, and fix sides for another game on the coming day.

The Rev. Mr. —, though he had his peculiarities, was highly esteemed as a man, if not as a minister. One thing can

be said in his favour, he was not a hypocrite. If he took a "glass" he did not hide or deny it, as some do. He was a man, and had the feelings of a man. *Humanum est errare*. Poor fellow, when he left Airdrie he went to the north, and afterwards, I believe, went to Australia, where he died. *Requiescat in pace*. Long ago the old chapel has been taken down, and at the present day not a vestige of it remains.

Though Chapel Street was the stronghold of weavers, only one shop now exists in the street. The rustic quietness which used to prevail has fled for ever. The meandering burn which flowed by the side of the street is now no more. Time, with its magic wand, has changed the current of Airdrie life, but I question if the change has improved it.

CHAPTER VII.

I AM APPRENTICED TO THE WEAVING TRADE WITH JAMES
GLEN, AN ELDER OF THE FREE CHURCH.

AFTER we removed to Airdrie, my mother did not improve. She was always melancholy, and I observed that her health was giving way, yet she did not complain. It was my intention to seek out for some kind of employment, but she was against it. "You are young enough to begin the battle o' life, Tim; perhaps there might be a change soon." I still continued my studies, but my happiness had flown. I was no longer the same joyous, sanguine boy; a something seemed to hover over me, and though I tried to throw it off, the effort dragged me deeper down. I noticed as the winter came on that my dear mother was getting thin and wan. The rosy hue which used to mantle her cheek was fading away, and though young I could not but observe that there was something seriously wrong. When the weather was good she still managed to go about, but ere the winter set in she took to her bed, from which she never got up again. One November evening when the snow was falling, and the wind moaned drearily, I was sitting by a cheery fire in our humble home. The flames lit up everything in the house, and disclosed to me the form of my mother lying as if in a sound sleep. How pale and wan was her face! Her fragile form was scarcely seen in the bed, but her face had a ghastly look about it—it had the appearance of the dead. I shuddered as I gazed at her, yet somehow there was a strange fascination about her appearance. I crept over to where she lay and gazed at her calm and tranquil countenance. I noticed

a tear sparkled on her cheek, and at times her lips moved as if in prayer. While I stood looking on, she suddenly opened her large dark eyes and turned them on me; what a look of love was there! I could not speak, my heart was too full, and I have no doubt she saw this. At last she stretched out her thin arm, and taking my hand in hers she said, "Tim, darling, I think you know what is going to happen. I never liked tae tell you, for I did not wish to add to your sorrow, but the truth maun be tauld soon. Tim, dear, not long since you lost the best o' faithers, and ere lang yer mother maun follow him tae his narrow hame."

"Mother."

"Tim, I feel for you, feel for you keenly. Mcthink's were it not for you, I would willingly die. Your lot will be a hard one, dear, but He who careth for the sparrows will care for you. He is a father to the fatherless. To His care, lang since, I ha'e handed you ower, and I am convinced He will watch over an' guide you while you live."

I could only weep.

"Puir Tim, I had great plans laid oot, but when God wills ither things we maun submit. Listen, dear, tae what I ha'e ta'e sae, for I may no ha'e strength at anither time. When you ha'e nae langer faither or mither, and be depending on strangers, Tim, dear, remember this—be honest, be truthful, be diligent, be obedient, an' abin a', be a good man. An honest man has naething tae fear, an' though the world may jostle him hard noo an' then, a' will come oot richt in the end. I ha'e seen it, an' my heart tells me I am richt. When aye nears the portals o' the unseen world it is wonderfu' hoo clear they see between the richt an' the wrang. A puir man, Tim, when he is on his deathbed, if he has done his duty to his God, is a happy man. He is leaving a world o' sorrow and disappointments; a world o' poverty an' want, for a home o' endless joy! Place in the dying man's hands a' the wealch o' the Indies; tell him he has the rarest jewels, an' that honours are at his command, the glazed eye will not sparkle, nor will death relax its hold for him to enjoy them. Sorrow here is the puir man's lot; but yonder, Tim, he has rest. But my dear, dear boy, let me tell you what to do when I am gone home. Jamie Glen has promised to look

after you—in short, he has promised me that you will become one of his ain family. This has taken a great weight off my mind, an' I almost feel happy that I am leaving you where you will be so well cared for. But don't forget me, Tim. You know where your dear father lies—there will be my hame sune. When spring comes an' the leaves clothe the trees; when the birds commence tae sing, an' the daisy tae lift its heid frae the grass, visit my grave. An' when the lang simmer days come, if ye come at a' come in the twilight an' sit on my grave. I used tae sit on my faither's grave on a summer's evening, an' listen tae the murmuring o' the leaves, an' watch the sun setting wi' a' its glory, an' as I sat I used tae wonder if the beautiful sky, which was all purple an' gold, was the hame o' the blessed. Often I ha'e sat when a young girl till the mantle o' nicht fell ower this fair earth. The gravestanes wad stand in bold relief in the grey darkness, yet I was not afraid. Hoo still an' peaceful a' things were. When I pass awa, Tim, visit my grave; an' if it be the spirits o' the departed can watch ower those they love, I will be there, and though unseen I will bless you an' guide you."

I was much affected during that night, thinking over what my mother had said. I was convinced she was dying, an' that ere long I would be left an orphan. It happened sooner than I expected. Ere fourteen days had passed away my mother was lying beside her husband in the New Monkland churchyard. After she was buried, James Glen came and took possession of all in the house. Glen was a weaver, and was known for his sanetity and his good works. He attended with the greatest zeal the dying, and his prayers were long and replete with quotations from the Scriptures. Those who did not know him considered him one of the best of men, and many arguments took place between those who knew him and those who did not. Since then I have come in contact with all classes of men, but in all my experience I have never found one who carried hypoerisy so far as he did. When I first knew him he would be about 45 years of age. He had a dark complexion, bushy whiskers, and stiff upright hair. He had small, glittering, cunning eyes, a low forehead, deeply wrinkled, a large mouth, which could not cover two

rows of small shark-like teeth. He was stout, and rolled as he walked. He was in the habit, when walking along the streets, of placing his hands behind his back, while he gazed upwards, which showed the yellow white of his cunning eyes. If a little child belonging to the better classes happened to pass him he would stop it, and clap, with his soft dumpy hand, the little innocent on the head, exclaiming as he did so, "God bless you, my sweet child; be a good child!" then he would pass on, wearing a bland and heavenly smile! Glen, as was to be expected, was great in the church. He was an elder, and a ruling one. He dictated to the minister and to his brethren of the Session, and unless they all gave in to him he made matters very unpleasant. He was fond of quoting Scripture, and when he advanced any argument he found passages to suit his own ease, and defied them to go against the Word of God. Glen was not fond of work, but exacted the utmost amount from those he had under his charge. He was a tyrant of a master, yet he was careful to hide this from the eye of the public. When I went to Glen he had four sons and two daughters, and a faithful slave-working wife. Mrs. Glen was a firm believer in her husband's goodness. For him she toiled from early morning till late at night, and she was more than repaid by his smile and his approval for the work done. Many now do not know how weavers twenty-five years ago managed to exist, and were puzzled when they left large sums of money. It is only two years ago since a poor weaver died. On his deathbed a kind friend brought him a bottle of wine, thinking he was unable to procure it for himself. It was gratefully received and partaken of. Other kind friends brought him nourishing food; this was also gratefully received; but death was in the cup, and he died. His family thought he had money, and when they searched his trunk they found over £800 in paper money carefully stowed away; and further, the house he lived in was found to be his own, and free from a bond. All this he saved from the weaving, and yet this man at the utmost could not earn more than eight to ten shillings per week. How could this be done my reader will ask. I will explain Glen's system, which was generally carried out in my young days. I have

already said that Glen had six of a family; four were at work, while the two youngest were at school. The house he occupied was a six-loom shop, with room and kitchen attached; for this, along with a large garden, he paid £7 per annum. The shop being wide, other two looms were placed in the centre, making eight looms in the place. He occupied four with his own family, and the other four were filled by apprentices, who were clothed (?), lodged, and boarded in the house. The youngest in the shop got a "darg" to perform, which had to be done though it was the small hours ere it was completed. This "darg" for a twelve hundred was ten yards per day, or eight ells. A twelve hundred in 1853 was paid at $2\frac{1}{2}$ d per ell, so that a child of nine years of age had to earn each day one shilling and eightpence, or ten shillings per week. When the apprentice was put to the craft at eight or nine years of age, he got his web "dressed" and "laid up" till he was tall enough to do it himself. Eight looms earning say nine shillings per week, would be £3 12s, and this they would easily do on an average. But these eight were to be fed; but the food, in my young days, was vastly different from the present. We got up in winter and summer at six o'clock, and wrought till nine, when we were permitted an hour for our meals and "play." The usual breakfast was porridge, accompanied with a piece of oatmeal cake, and when a "scone" took the place of the "cake" we crowed with delight, and devoured it (without butter) with the greatest relish. At two o'clock we were called for dinner, which generally consisted of broth and potatoes, and we were more than satisfied with this if we got sufficient, which was not always the case. At six o'clock we had the morning meal repeated, minus the bread, but instead of it we were allowed rather more of Scotia's favourite food. My readers will see from this that a number of young people could live on a very small sum. I have heard Glen say he could keep his house on thirty shillings per week, and pay rent and taxes. Thus it was weavers could make money, and become their own landlords, and even have a dainty sum lying in the bank. The new Education Act has dealt a direct blow to the handloom weaving. Twenty years ago a poor man was considered lucky when he had a large

family; but at the present time the reverse is the case. A weaver now-a-days cannot bring up his family by his own earnings; hence it is that Airdrie, which was once famed for its textile goods, is now as empty of weavers as any town in Scotland. After my mother's funeral, Glen took me to his house, and told me that my parent had requested him to learn me the weaving. I was to be regularly "bound" to serve five years, and for my labour I was to be clothed and fed the same as his own family. This was a sudden pull down to all my castle building; yet, though my prospects were not cheering, I consoled myself that something would turn up to my advantage during that time. From the start I never liked Glen. I detected the lurking hypocrite in him ere I was long in the house; yet I was in his power, and had to obey him in all things. It would be about a month after I had commenced with him that I had asked his permission to attend Mr. Sheirlaw's night school.

"And who is to pay your wages, pray?"

I said the wages would be a mere trifle.

"But wha will pay them, youngster? Dinna for onysake believe I'll dae sic a daft thing. Can ye read?"

I said I could.

"And write?"

"Yes, I was a fair writer."

"Weel, if ye can read and write, ye are far enough for a weaver. If ye ha'e ony time on yer han's I'll find wark for ye."

Mr. Sheirlaw had taken a fancy that I should attend his school, so when I told him that Glen would not pay the wages, the schoolmaster kindly waived the matter of wages, and told me to ask his permission. I did so, but he sternly refused me liberty.

"You are mine, body and soul, for five years, and during that time ye maun work. Set ye up gaun' tae a school; my weans are jist as guid as you, maister Timothy, an' I jalouse they hinna got the half o' what you ha'e got."

This was a heavy blow to me, for I looked forward to attending the evening school as one of the joys which was to enlighten the time I had to serve with Glen. From this time we distrusted each other. I got to be morose, shy,

and taciturn. When I looked at my employer I could never do so pleasantly. This was noticed by him, and understanding my feelings towards him, his ire was raised towards me. The schoolmaster had a number of interesting books, and knowing my intense desire for information, he gave me the life of "Alexander the Great" to read. This was to me a great source of pleasure, and to get at my book I rose early and wrought hard, and managed to finish my "darg" about six in the evening. When my task was over I flew to my book; but Glen, wishing to annoy me, and I suppose to show his power, told me to close my book and go out and turn up the garden. I did so without a murmur, thinking that each would require to take his turn, but in this I was mistaken. Whenever I sat down to my book he ordered me to some kind of work. I felt highly indignant at this treatment, and was resolved to speak to him about it when he stopped me from reading again. The following evening I had just opened my book, when he ordered me to go for a web, which the carrier was bringing from Glasgow.

"It is too soon, sir."

"It is not too soon when I tell you to go."

"But it is wet. In two hours I will be in time."

"Go now, or——"

I felt the blood rushing to my face when he threatened me, but I did not reply but kept my seat.

"Will you go, sir?"

"I will, but how is it whenever I take a book to read you always take me away from it? I do my "darg" the soonest of any, and the only enjoyment I have got is to read when my work is done."

"You have no right to read unless I give you permission. Your time is mine—it is not your own. And, youngster, allow me to tell you to be less cheeky when you speak to me. You think you are something, but I want ye aye tae keep in mind that you are my apprentice."

"But why not allow me to read?"

"I have no right to give you my reasons, but since ye ha'e made me speak on this matter, I ha'e tae tell you that you must not read any kind of book here or elsewhere."

"Ony kind?"

"Aye, ony kind; not even the blessed Bible without my permission."*

My heart sank within me.

"Sheirlaw has been putting a lot o' nonsense in your head. Return him that book, for if ye dinna, the next time I see it in your hands I will put it in the fire, and burn it before your een."

I was compelled to obey the despot, and returned the book according to his wish. What passed I told Mr. Sheirlaw, when he was highly incensed; but he saw I could not get any redress. He advised me to be cautious, and to give him no cause for taking offence.

"I must read," I said, "I could not live in the house unless I had some book to direct my thoughts."

Mr. Sheirlaw, after thinking for a while, said—"I have a pocket edition of Johnson's lives of the poets. Could you manage to hide it from him if I give you a volume."

I said I was sure I could. I had never read the book in question, and when the tiny volume was handed me I put it in my bosom, and thanking the kind-hearted schoolmaster, I plunged out into the darkness with a light heart, though the burden home from the carrier would be a heavy one.

* Such was an actual fact.—T. G.

CHAPTER VIII.

MY LIFE IS NOT ONE OF HAPPINESS. GLEN BECOMES MY ENEMY.

JACK, the Airdrie carrier, was a well-known character, and when the weaving was brisk he held an important position in the burgh. A carrier forty years ago was a paying occupation, and those who were engaged in it would have realised a handsome competency had it not been for drink. This was the ruin of all or nearly all who were engaged in it. Poor "Jack the carrier" was not an exception. He loved his dram so much that he very seldom came home sober. Often I have seen him lifted from his cart when sleeping, or rather intoxicated, and carried into the house. The money then would be taken from him, and the weavers paid their balances by some of the family.

It was with a light heart I ran to Jack the carrier's, with the precious volume in my bosom. I was too soon I knew, but Mrs. Jack, I was sure, would allow me to sit by her blazing fire until the carts came home.

"Puir thing," said Mrs. Jack, "what has brocht you oot in a nicht like this?" Could Jamie Glen no' come himself? Come your wa's ben, and sit by the fire; you'll be a' wat, puir thing."

I was soon seated by the fire, and in a short time I was deep in the little volume. I well remember, the first life I read was Cowley. How interesting, and what an insight I got of the mighty past. The next life I commenced to read was Milton. This interested me far more than the other. Cowley was a stranger to me. But I had heard of the Puritan Poet—of his "Paradise Lost," &c.—and the impression on

my mind was that he was something great—a man to be venerated. I was deep in his life when the carts came up unnoticed by me. Being first, I was first served, and having got my heavy bundle fixed on my back, I trudged home, wet, and lonely, but not unhappy. Glen was waiting; so, throwing down my bundle, I retired to my usual corner.

“Did you gi’e Sheirlaw his book?”

“I did.”

“Well, remember you must not borrow any more from him. I have given you a fair warning, and again I repeat it: if I see another book in your hand it goes into the fire.”

I did not reply. All the apprentices were seated in their respective places, wearied and restless, anxious to get to their beds. We all knew that we would not be allowed to retire for some time.

Glen conducted family worship every evening, and I must confess, if he was inconsistent in many things, he was consistent in acting the hypocrite regularly. None of us were allowed to go to bed a single evening without taking part in this mock ceremony. I have seen Glen nearly tipsy; and when in this state, we all hoped he would let us off for one night, but we were mistaken. When, say “half-over,” Glen was particularly devout; there was a sanctity about him when the whisky was brewing which would have been very edifying to those who did not know his real character and who were piously inclined. When about to engage in family worship we formed a wide circle. Glen occupied the big chair, Mrs Glen sat next, and next to her her family, followed up by the pale, wan, wearied, and sleepy apprentices. The big Bible was brought down, while each of us had our society bible, ready to turn up the psalm our employer gave out. Glen led the music, but it was the same tune year after year. How he managed to get the mastery over Coleshill always puzzled me, for he had no music in his composition. I was not long with him till I noticed this curious fact. When he had got a good dram, he always selected melancholy psalms or paraphrases. Jamie White, one of the apprentices, knew him so well that he could turn to the paraphrase, when a little on, ere he had given it out. His favourite when he had a good glass was the paraphrase—and methinks I can see him

yet, with closed eyes, leaning back in his chair repeating that beautiful hymn—

Few—are—thy—days—and—full—of—woe,
O—man—of—woman—b-o-r-n.

He always repeated two lines by two lines, and at the end of the line he pitched his key-note, so that his reading and his singing blended into one. When Glen was very much the worse of drink he would make us sing the whole of this paraphrase, which would nigh make us laugh. After the singing was over, he gave out a portion of the sacred word, but after he gave it out, he handed his Bible to Mrs. Glen—believing woman!—who conducted this portion of the service. Her lord and master made himself comfortable in his seat, and it often happened that he fell fast asleep. Then followed the prayer. Glen was particularly strong on this point. He roared so loud that he could be heard at a long distance. He never seemed to get weary when on his knees. How tired we all were; and it often happened that some of us fell sound asleep when our master was so engaged. This was a heinous offence, and had it not been for Mrs. Glen we would have got many a beating. After the interesting (?) services were over, we were allowed to go to our roost, when, being tired and fairly done up, we fell into a sound sleep. I can yet remember that often I could not believe that morning had come, when our mistress would softly cry up, “weans, its six o’clock, come awa doon tae your wark.” Though the spirit was willing, the flesh was often weak, and if we did not respond to her call she would then ascend the ladder and cry out, “weans, get up, for if Glen hears me, and you late, you will catch it. Rise like guid bairns, I ha’e a nice fire in the shop.”

Glen never rose till nine a.m., and when he got up his temper was none of the best.

I have already mentioned that we got an hour for our breakfast, and an hour for our dinner. The days being cold I seldom went out, but wrought my meal hours, which enabled me to get sooner released when the evening came on. Now I sat on my loom and read, and if my master did make his appearance I slipped the book out of sight, and though he might have his suspicion, the time was my own,

and not seeing me with a book he could say little. In this way I read through the first and second volumes, and was on the third, reading the life of Savage, when I missed my book! I always hid it about my loom, and it was clearly away. I went to Sheirlaw at once and told him. He was amazed, but did not blame me. He advised me to ask Glen if he had taken it, and to let him know what he said. I observed all that day my master kept eyeing me, and his little cunning eyes sparkled with pleasure as he noticed the troubled state I was in. During the evening I asked him if he had seen the book.

"Did'nt I tell you you were not to read."

"You did."

"And you have been reading; I said I would burn the first book I saw you with. Did I not?"

"You did."

"Then why have you not obeyed my commands?"

"Because I think they are tyrannical."

"You think so."

"I do."

The moment I had spoken he felled me to the ground with a blow.

How long I was insensible I did not know, but when I came to my senses I found myself in bed and the sun shining through the pane in the roof. I had a severe pain in my head, and a buzzing in my ears as if thousands of insects were flying about my head. Still I lay and listened to the click click of the shuttles of those weaving below. At last Mrs. Glen made her appearance, and softly came over and stroked my burning and feverish head.

"Puir thing," she said, "you and Jamie dinna draw weel. I am wae for you, puir lad. Jamie is wrang, he maun be, but he kens best hinsel'. Hoo dae ye feel, Tim?"

"My head is sore."

"Weel, jist keep your bed, and I'll bring up your supper, and I have nae doot you will be better in the morning."

"Mrs. Glen," I said, "tell me if master burned my book."

"Did he no' tell ye? for he meant to tell you—your book was put in the fire; so ye maun gi'e up reading like a guid lad, for it only gets you intae trouble."

I did not feel the pain I was suffering from, so intense were my feelings against Glen for having acted in such a dastardly manner.

In the morning I commenced my work. Though not well I felt a good deal better, and as I knew I would have to make up what I had lost, I wrought hard till late at night. I managed to see Sheirlaw, who said little, but advised me to act with more caution, and to my astonishment he gave me another volume, only saying, "be more careful, Tim; I don't think he will burn it." The next day one of his scholars brought Glen a letter. I noticed from his face while he was reading it, the contents were not pleasant.

"Did the maister tell you tae wait for an answer?"

"He did."

"Weel, tell him frae me that I won't replace the book, and that if he gives books tae my 'prentices tae keep them aff their wark, that I'll burn every one."

"The boy went away to deliver his message, and when I called upon Sheirlaw, he asked for the book I had. Having it on me I handed it up at once.

The following day Glen got a letter by the afternoon post from Cross, the writer, then the head man in his profession in Airdrie. I afterwards happened to see the letter: it was short and to the point. It ran as follows:—"You are requested to replace the volume destroyed by you, and which belonged to Mr. George Sheirlaw, teacher. Failing to do this, Mr. S. intends suing you for the original price of the whole book."

When Glen got this letter he was perfectly livid with rage. I got through my "darg" rather early that day, intending to go over to my parent's grave, but the moment my task was over he came over to me. His face was pale, and the foam was actually flying from his capacious mouth. I had learned not to be afraid of words, but his blows made me tremble.

"You are the worst rascal ever I had in my charge. You think you can do as you like, you fool, but I'll learn you different. What do I care for Sheirlaw. You traduce me to him, I ken, but (here he shook his hand in my face) I can be a match for baith o' ye. You want to read! Though

you lived in my house for fifty years you would never be allowed to take a book in your hand. I'll torment you, you upstart."

A week passed away, when Glen was fairly upset by receiving a summons for the sum of £1 2s 6d for the price of the book. Prior to this Mr. Sheirlaw had sent up the five volumes, only stating in his note that Mr. Cross had taken the matter in hand, and it could only be settled by him. Glen saw the matter was going too far, and as he dearly loved to be thought a religious man, it would never do to be exposed. He went to the schoolmaster, but Mr. S. said he could not interfere in the matter. After a vast amount of running about Glen promised to replace the volume, and for that purpose he went to the great city; but after spending a whole day wandering about among second-hand book shops, he failed to get what he wanted. It was late when he came home, and when he did make his appearance, he was quite fuddled. The moment he entered the house he commenced to abuse me, and used language which would be unseemly for me to put in print.

That evening when we assembled for family worship, instead of singing "Few are thy days and full of woe," he gave out the 69th Psalm, much to our astonishment. It was sung, however, to the old tune of Coleshill. One verse he sung twice over, and ordered us to do the same. Ever since the verse has stuck to my memory—

The men that in the gate do sit
Against me evil spake;
They also that vile drunkards were,
Of me this song did make.

His prayer that evening I can also well remember, for the burden of it was against Sheirlaw and myself; but I knew the man so well that I gave little heed to what he said or did. But I must finish up about the book. Glen went to Cross and said he could not procure one the same as he had destroyed, but Mr. Sheirlaw gave way so far that he would take another edition of the poets. This was agreed to, and as Glen could not get a second-hand edition, he purchased a new one, for which he paid twelve shillings, while the other expenses amounted to £1 12s 6d, making a total of £2 4s 6d he had to pay for his freak of burning the book.

Ever after this my master did everything in his power to annoy me, and my life would have been unendurable had it not been for the kind and tender heart of my mistress. I got the most difficult webs to weave, and I verily believe he procured for me webs with as many shuttles in them as he could get.

Looking back upon these times I often wonder how I bore up, why I did not leave him at the outset. But the idea of running away never entered my mind. About six months after the book affair—I think it was the month of August—I was making for the Monkland when Glen asked me where I was going.

“To my parents’ grave,” I said, half filling up as I answered him.

“Why not ask my permission?”

I said I had never asked it on former occasions, that my “darg” was completed, and I had nothing to do.

“Well, Tim, I’ll give you something to do which will suit you better than running aboot the kintra, and wandering like a ghost in the kirkyard. Wash these brushes; this will keep you fully employed for an hour or sae.”

This was considered hard work, and was generally done by Glen himself. I did not say anything, but commenced to clean them, while the tears fell burning hot on my blue, cold hands. This was Saturday evening. On Sunday we had all to follow our master to church, but I had made up my mind to ask Glen for permission to go to the Monkland. I did so, but as I anticipated, was refused.

“Gang to the Monkland on a Sunday; ye may as weel gang tae Ruglen fair. There’s nae marrow or fat yonder. Gang tae the Monkland. I could never haud up my head in society again if I was seen in sic a place on the Lord’s day. Gang tae the Monkland. If I was a dealer in corn or calves, bullocks or sheep, I micht gang for my worldly guid, but there’s nae spiritual marrow tae be got there noo-a-days.”

I had made up my mind, however, to give Glen the slip, and visit the graves of those I once loved, let the consequence be what it might.

CHAPTER IX.

I PAY A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF MY PARENTS.

IT was with a heavy heart I went to the Monkland. I knew that Glen would be fearfully angry ; but conscious that I was only doing my duty, I felt as I proceeded on my way much easier and happier. The morning in question was one which could not fail to make one happy. The corn waved its golden head to the gentle wind that blew, while the whispering leaves and the murmuring brook blended in sweet and soothing harmony to the ear. Up in the blue loft, on "dewy wing," the lark poured forth its song, which could not but cheer the heart of man. All was still save the hum of the bee as it left some juicy flower in quest of another. In silent flight the butterflies would sail over fields of buttercups and gowans, and the cattle lay sleepy and contented amidst plenty of Nature's own providing. I soon forgot all my wrongs as I gazed on this fair scene—indeed, I felt quite happy as I tripped along to the Monkland Kirk. When I arrived I was too soon, but the "farmers roun'" were before me. They were spread over the churchyard in groups, talking about their horses and other kinds of live stock. Others were engaged in earnest conversation about their crops and their probable yield to the bushel. As I drew near I heard the following dialogue :

"A fine morning this, Pinwinie."

"A braw morning, sir ; and if the weather only hauds on the craps will be daintie an' guid."

"Hoo's the tatties wi' ye? I ha'e a wee thocht o' the disease, but I think I'll steer clear o't this year."

"Weel, I canna very weel say, for I hinna turned up mony yet—I was ower frichted."

"Raebog tauld me ye had a coo deid last week ; is that true?"

"Aye, deed it's true, I regret to say, but I got it shoved awa tae an Airdrie butcher before it drew its last."

"Did ye man?"

"Hoots aye; I ha'e slipped awa mair than yin in the same wie. There's aye a back door open tae the man that wants tae dae weel."

"Are ye aye inclined tae sell me the three-year-auld, or can ye spare it noo since ye lost ane?"

"Hoots, aye, if ye gie me the price."

"What are ye seeking noo?"

"Weel, it will be yours for £10 10s."

"Na, na, the times are ower hard; but if it was ony ither day I wad be inclined tae mak' a bargain wi' you."

"Sae wad I."

"But when we are here I dinna suppose there can be muckle sin in talking about it. Wad ye no tak' aucht notes?"

"I would as sune cut its thrapple and saut it down for the winter."

"Ye are gie an' near the bane; but the bells have commenced, and we have not muckle time. Say aught ten."

"Na, na, say nine ten and its yours; and tae tell ye the honest truth, if it hadna been on Sunday morning I wad ha'e socht mair."

"I canna gi'e ye that; the bell's stopped, we maun gang in. Say nine notes, for not a bawbee will I gi'e mair."

"Weel, I dinna want tae be hard, sae it's yours. I'll meet ye at Jack's wi' the beast the morn at twal, if that'll suit."

"Jist the thing; but the minister's in."

Another group were carrying on an animated conversation about the war; but the stopping of the bell sent them in.

About this time a deadness in spiritual matters had crept into the church, and the new minister—the Reverend Mr. Archibald—did not exert himself to counteract the influence at work. Mr. Archibald at that time would be about forty-five years of age. He was a rustic-looking man, and had it not been for his white tie—the only clerical thing about him—he might have been taken for a peat laird or small farmer. After he got the Monkland charge many asked why he got

it, but the general reply was, "it was the rousing sermon that did it." Dr. Begg used to have an interval, and preached two rousing sermons every Sunday, but Archibald abolished the interval, and only preached one. This suited both parties, and here the proverb held good, "Like priest, like people." Seeing the innovation went down so well, he shortened his sermons, so that they rarely exceeded much over twenty minutes. This, again, suited the easy going people, who only came to church because it was the use and wont, and it gave them an opportunity of meeting to talk matters over, and perhaps drive a bit bargain.

After the service was over, which lasted about thirty minutes, I went to my parents' grave. The grass had grown long, so that it was with difficulty I could make out where they lay. I sat for a long time, and as I sat I mused on my forlorn and wretched condition. My mother said if she could be near me she would. Long I sat, solitary and alone, brooding over the past and present, and in endeavouring to pierce the future, but the gloom was too thick for me to do so. I must have fallen asleep for a short time, for I was awakened by an old man laying his hand upon my shoulder. He was a stranger to me, but his looks quelled my fears.

"Child, why are you sitting in this forlorn spot? Such a place is for the aged such as me; it must be my home soon."

"I am sitting on my parents' grave. I promised my mother ere she died to visit her grave."

"Your parents are dead."

"Both dead."

The old man mused at this and bowed his head. At last he said, "Do you live with friends?"

"I have no relation in this world."

"Are you happy?"

"I am miserable."

"Poor boy. You look pale. Come, my lad, and tell me your sorrows. I am a solitary old man myself, but feel for the woes of others, especially young folks like you."

We both sat down on the stone wall, and I told him my little all. After I had done so, the old man with a kindly smile, said—

"I believe what you have said, Timothy, and feel for your

position. Your employer Glen is a hypocrite, but so long as you continue to do what is right, do not suffer him to beat you. I live in Glasgow. I am only staying with a friend for a day or two. See this card. Keep it, and should it be that you must leave his employment, call upon me, when I will do something for you. It is now late. Go home, my lad, and though spoken to harshly, do not answer. Remember the wise advice, "A soft answer turneth away wrath." You have not got any money, I suppose. Well, Tim, here is a pound for you. Hide it, and only use it when forced to do so. God bless you. Good-bye."

The old man went his way, and when out of sight I threw myself on my mother's grave and thanked my heavenly Father for sending me a friend. While on my knees the sudden thought came into my mind—could my mother influence this stranger? She said if she could she would be near me. The thought of this awed me, and I had the feeling that the ground I stood upon was holy ground. Many years have passed since then, but the conviction has sunk deeper in my mind that the departed at least know our affairs if they cannot influence them. Few, I believe, have passed through more than me, yet there has been a guiding and protecting power always near me.

On my way home I felt happy, and not even the thought of facing Glen could dispel the sunshine in my heart. When I put in an appearance my master was sitting in his big chair, and all were seated, each having a book in their hands. The blinds was carefully drawn, for it was a heinous offence to "keek" out on the Lord's day. I remember one of the apprentices going out, and not returning. Search was made, when he was found reading the Pilgrim's Progress on the green. The grass was long, which made a soft bed. The sun shone, and the air was balmy and mild, which the tired youth enjoyed. On Monday, Glen called the boy in question, and as "it lead to a bad example," he was compelled to punish the youth, which he did most unmercifully. How was I to face him? I had disobeyed him, and broken (?) the Day of Rest, Glen scarcely took any notice of me, but I could see from the faces of the youths that my crime was considered a serious one. Poor Mrs Glen stole a look, and I could read

from it that something was in store for me. I gave myself little concern. My mistress rose, and was about to give me my dinner, when Glen interposed by saying, "Don't give him any food, he is not deserving it. He has disobeyed God and man, and must be punished, which punishment I reserve till Monday. Put the dinner away." My poor mistress was compelled to obey, but she purposely left a large piece of bread, while she gave me a look as much as to say, "Take that Tim, lad." I was hungry, and managed unperceived to put in my pocket the piece of bread.

Monday came, but as my master was not an early riser, I had a considerable portion of my "darg" done ere I saw him. Somehow I felt quite at ease, but I had made up my mind that I would not allow him to beat me. Though Glen hated me with a bitter hatred, I was too good a hand to lose. To lose me would have been a spoke out of his wheel. This I knew. After I had got breakfast, he called me over and said, "Did I not tell you to go to *my* church?"

"Yes."

"And why did you disobey me?"

"My mother on her deathbed said I was to visit her grave at times, especially on the Sabbath days."

"Did your mother not give *you* into my charge?"

"She did."

"Then why did you go?"

"I have said so already."

"But you have not given me a sufficient reason."

"I weary to visit my parents' grave."

"Do you know you break the fourth commandment by going over to the Monkland?"

"I was not aware of it."

"You have done so, and punish you I must for three reasons—first, you have broken the fourth commandment, and disobeyed me; second, as an elder of the church I cannot overlook the desecration you have been guilty of; and third, you have set an unholy example before my family."

Glen brought from the corner of his chair the usual piece of rope. All were silent—so silent that a pin could have been heard if it fell on the floor. I was bursting with

rage, and was determined that I would not suffer him to beat me. It was now my turn to speak, and I did speak. I must have looked strange, for Glen looked with surprise.

"You have beat me before, and I am determined you won't do so again when I am not guilty of any offence. Touch me with that rope, and I will strike you. You have insulted me, sir; you have humbled me, but God is my witness if ever I wronged you or yours. You don't think I have friends. Thank God I have them, and they are willing and able to help me. Touch me, sir, and I will claim the protection of these friends."

"Idiot, fool, more than fool! This is Sheirlaw's doings."

"It is not. My mother, who is in Heaven, sent—(here I burst out in tears)—me a friend, a man who is wealthy, and who told me if you did beat me, I was to appeal to him. I will do so."

"Dinna touch Tim, Jamie; dinna touch Tim. He is the best haun' we ha'e got. He'll no' do it again," said my kind mistress.

"But I will. I mean next Sabbath to visit my parents' grave, and nothing will prevent me."

Glen seemed thunderstruck at me rebelling, and more so at my bold language. Again Mrs. Glen interposed—

"It is but natural for the lad tae gang tae his mother's grave. If it is wrang for him tae dae it, you ha'e dune your duty by speaking tae him, sae let him gang his ain gate if he works his work and works it richt."

Glen's selfishness overcame his animosity. I saw he was afraid to proceed. I knew the man well, and knew also that I would suffer in many a form for daring the hypocrite before his own family. At last he said—

"I won't punish you this time, but I will take care that you are punished in some way. You understand me."

I said, "Perfectly," but I continued that "There might be a loom to let if matters were carried too far," and so the matter blew over, and for a long time I reaped the benefit of the *fracas*. I told Sheirlaw of the whole affair, when he highly commended me. He advised me to obey my master in all things which were lawful, but he saw no harm in reading

openly when my work was done. I took his advice, and was pleased to find that Glen did not wish to see me reading. The worst and most difficult kind of work I got to do; but I was young and strong, and having a clear conscience, I rose with the lark, and with a light heart finished the day's toil allotted me.

CHAPTER X.

I CAUSE GREAT MISCHIEF, AND ESCAPE FROM THE HOUSE
OF BONDAGE.

WHEN I had been about eighteen months with Glen, a new apprentice arrived. His name was William Graham, and he belonged to Glasgow. Willie's father was a gingham manufacturer, but died when his son was only ten years of age. It was the request of the father that he should step into his shoes; and to prepare him for this he left instructions that his son was to serve three years at the weaving; and as he originally belonged to Airdrie, and knew Glen, he was to serve under him. When Willie came to Airdrie he would be about fifteen or sixteen years of age—tall and fair, with a winning and pleasant manner. Glen, with Willie, was all smiles; the Christian, the philanthropist—in short, he was as sweet as honey; but to us he was the old thing—the tyrant and the slave-master. Graham had the room, we had the garret. The new apprentice was told not to work too hard for fear that it might do him harm—out of us he could not get enough of work. Willie Graham was well educated; and though his fare was better than ours, yet he did not presume the gentleman, but mixed with us freely, took part in our games, until we quite forgot his social position, and treated him as we would have done any other. To me the appearance of Willie was a great boon. He had lots of books, and as I had none, I courted him, showed him how to proceed with his work, explained away

any difficulty, and for doing all this I was allowed free scope with his library. My companion was a great reader—not a reader of novels, but fond of history, travel, and Scott. Here we agreed. The long winter nights were coming on, and as it was getting too cold to play, Willie asked me to come into *his* room and there read.

"But what will Glen say, Willie? Do you know, he won't allow me to read even in the garret?"

"You don't say so."

Here I told Willie all that took place about the burning of the book, and how he dared me to read at any time.

"I pay for the room, and it is mine."

"True, Willie. *You* will be allowed to read or write, but it is different with me. I am poor, you are rich. Glen knows the distinction too well."

"I will ask him to allow you to read beside me."

"You may ask him, but he won't allow me."

"We will see."

The next day I noticed Willie speaking earnestly to Glen in the shop. Owing to the noise of the looms I could not overhear anything that took place; but in the afternoon Willie said—

"I spoke to Glen, and I find you are correct—he will not allow you to visit me. I put it strong, but his hatred towards you is too great. Tim, my lad, you must have given Glen some great provocation, for he told me he had a great hatred towards you. Strong language for an elder of the Church! At last I told him that unless I had a companion to pass the evenings with, I would go home at once."

"And what did he say to that?"

"He said I could take any other, but I could not get you."

"Well?"

"Well, to tell you the honest truth, Tim, I don't like Glen, so I said to him, "Mr. Glen, since you are fain to have your way, I can be firm also. I will leave on Saturday first."

"What did he say to that?"

He said that twa wad be at that bargain. I felt roused at this, and replied, "If my mother knew you as I know you,

she would not allow me to be one hour in your house. My desire is to learn my business, and unless you allow Timothy to share my room during the evenings, go I will."

"Well?"

"He turned away pale with rage. Depend upon it, Tim, he will be at you; but don't give in, throw all the blame on me."

After my "darg" was over, I crept into the kitchen, where I found my master speaking to a poor woman whose husband had been killed in the pit.

"Mrs. Stark, dark and mysterious are the ways o' Providence; but we maun bear a', and kiss the rod which strikes us."

"I ken it's a' true, Maister Glen; but I want your faith. What will come o' my puir weans? When I see them a' sleeping in their beds at nicht—hoo innocent looking—I feel—Oh, Maister Glen, I canna tell ye hoo I feel. I kiss them a', then I will sit doon beside them, and try tae console my mind. I think o' the promises—a' aboot the ravens and the birdies, also the lilies o' the field; but I maun confess that I canna get faith, Mr. Glen."

"Your spirit is haughty, Mrs. Stark; you are not in a proper frame o' mind. Whom He loveth He chasteneth, my good woman. Has the minister called upon you?"

"No."

"Then, as I am your elder, I will wait upon you at your own house to-morrow after dusk. Perhaps earnest prayer, Mrs. Stark, may avail to bring you to a proper frame o' mind."

I was sick at hearing Glen speaking so to the poor woman. I knew he would not give her a cent though she and her children were starving; yet he was the good, the pious, and holy man. Glen was a most accomplished hypocrite; and in acting his part so often, I actually believe now that he thought he was what he really professed to be. As he left the poor woman his eye rested on me. In a twinkling, his face changed from its serene and holy look to that of a man who had strong and evil passions raging within him. I cared little for all this, for my mind was made up: if he abused me I meant to leave him at once.

"What are you doing here, sir?"

"My 'darg' is done."

"Why have you not gone to the garret?"

"I thought there would not be any harm in remaining here, as it was early."

"Timothy Gordon! ever since you came here you have tried to annoy me. I find you have put evil in the head of Willie Graham about me. You have defied me; but, as the Lord liveth, I will make you suffer. You think you will get into the room and sit and read with him. No, I would sooner burn it. You must tell Willie that you do not wish to enter the room. Will you do this?"

I knew he was afraid of Graham leaving, so I said—for the sake of peace—I would mention to him that I had no desire to share his room; but I was afraid that Willie would not be easily overruled.

"Woe betide you, sir, should he leave my house through you."

Hungry and sad I crept up to the garret, and being tired with my day's task, I soon fell fast asleep. As I had promised, I advised Willie to overlook the matter. I could see, however, that he had a mind of his own, and that he was determined to take some kind of action. I do not think I have mentioned that Graham went home every Saturday evening, and remained till Monday. When Saturday came—the Saturday he promised to leave—he left off work about twelve o'clock, went to his room, and packed up his things. Glen asked him what he was doing.

"I am going home."

"But you don't require to pack up your things though you are going."

"But I mean my things to go with me."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you not remember our conversation on Tuesday last?"

"Yes, but did not Tim say to you he had no desire to occupy your room."

"Yes, and pled for me to overlook the matter for the sake of peace."

"Well."

"That I don't mean to overlook the matter. I pay you a handsome price for your room, that you know."

"Tim objected to you using the room. All I objected to was that Tim should not be allowed to enter it."

"Precisely, but as I cannot agree to your terms, I must look out elsewhere."

"And you really mean to go."

"I do."

"Suppose now that I allowed Tim to share the room with you, would you pay anything extra?"

"Listen, sir, you take me for a boy, but boy as I am, I can quite understand you. I know your greed, I know your hypocrisy, and all in the house know your tyranny. Had you allowed Tim to share the room with me during the winter evenings, I would have remained, and heeded you not; but now, suppose you gave me the room for nothing, and allowed Tim to share it, I would not remain in your house."

"This is Tim's doings."

"No, sir; but it is *your* doings. Ask your own black heart, sir, who is to blame. You would like the world to believe that you are good and pious—in short, that you are a saint, but I know what you are. You are a wolf in sheep's clothing. Nay, do not put on your ugly faces at me. I am not Tim, who has no home, and has to remain here. Thank God, sir, I have one—one you will never pollute by entering."

"If it were not for your youth I would smite you."

"You smite me! All hypocrites are cowards, and I do not fear you. But I have spoken enough to you. Here is the man for my things."

"Your things will not be removed until I am paid."

"You are paid and more than paid. Touch one of them at your peril. Tim, goodbye, I hope you will soon find a better home. Do not fail to call upon me should all else fail you."

Willie, having taken goodbye with Mrs. Glen and the other members of the family, walked out, not deigning to answer Glen, who shouted after him as he passed out. It was with a heavy heart I went back to my work, for I knew

well that Glen would vent his spleen on me the first chance he had. I had now been with him for two years—two years of hard work and degradation. I anticipated that Glen would rush in and use violence, but I was mistaken. About eight o'clock on Saturday evening I had my "darg" wrought, and was making my way for the garret when my master called me into the kitchen.

"Timothy Gordon," he said, looking at me with rage and hatred, "you have been the means of me losing one of my best hands. I won't punish you this evening, for I have not yet thought over the best kind of punishment to give, but punish you I will. Do not think you will escape, for as sure as there is a God, so sure will I punish you for your conduct."

I did not reply to Glen, but when I went to my solitary bed I wept. I thought on my past life, and when I remembered the happy days I spent in Wattstown with my parents, and the misery and hard work I endured now, I again wept long and bitterly. I was now nearly sixteen years of age, tall for my age, though not robust, yet I was healthy. When lying thinking it flashed suddenly into my mind, "why stand to be so abused?" Yet, when I thought of the dark leap I would require to take into the sea of life, I recoiled at the idea. Again the thought would enter my mind, "others have done it, why not you; you are a coward if you suffer yourself to be trampled upon; be a man, and shift for yourself." That night I formed the resolution that when I had my Sunday clothes on I would start for Glasgow instead of going to church. After I had arranged it all, a fear would steal over me which made me waver; but as I thought over what I must endure in the three years I had to serve, it carried me on to take the step I had decided on.

Sunday morning came, and with it family worship, after which we all washed and prepared for church. When ready to set out, Glen said to me, "you will follow me, sir. I will not permit you to go to the Monkland any more." I did not reply, for I knew when he neared the church I could easily give him the slip and take the road unperceived. And so I did. I lagged behind, and when I saw he entered, I turned my face towards the west and fled. It was a cold, damp, raw morning, but I was so intent with what occupied

my mind, that I did not heed what kind of morning it was. I had never been in Glasgow, but I knew the direction well enough, so I trudged on until I arrived at Baillieston, when a young lad about my own age accosted me.

"I say comrade, as we have all the road to ourselves, and as we seem to be going the one way let us have a talk."

"I am going to Glasgow."

"So am I, my hearty, I am going to join my ship lying in Glasgow. I should have been there yesterday."

"You are a sailor."

"A bit of one. But, comrade, what port are you looking for? By your rig I should say you have cleared out foul."

I did not understand very well what my companion said, but I told him what was true. I did not mention that I had any money.

"Your master is one of the land sharks to be met with now and then. You did right to clear out, and as you are a stranger to Glasgow I don't mind giving you a hitch or a bite until you are able to float. I am going to a sister who lives in Govan. If you come along with me you will get a night's lodgings and some ballast."

I sincerely thanked my companion, but as it began to rain hard we both pushed on and talked little. When we arrived at our destination about five o'clock in the afternoon, my companion only remained to take some food, when he left for his ship, which lay within a short distance of his sister's house.

The sailor's sister and her husband were very kind to me. They asked me many questions, and as I saw they were in a respectable position, I freely answered the questions they put. They asked if I had not any friends. I said I had not one, I showed them the old man's card given to me in the New Monkland graveyard; "good," they said, and advised me to call on Mr. Andrew Smith, Argyle Street, on Monday morning, and to come back and tell them the result, which I promised to do.

Not being accustomed to such a long walk, I felt tired, and my new friends seeing this, showed me to my bed; but before closing my eyes I knelt down and thanked Him who had guided my wandering footsteps to a home and friends.

I felt grateful, and the thought struck me ere I rose from my knees, "Is my mother near." This thought filled me with awe. I crept into bed, and soon fell fast asleep, and only awoke when the bright sun shone into my bedroom.

CHAPTER XI.

I MEET WITH A FRIEND AT LAST.

IT was with a heavy heart that I went to the great city to find out Mr. Smith. The morning was chill and dreary, and the smoke seemed to hang over the buildings like a great cloud. When I got into Eglinton Street, the bustle, din, and confusion made me quite stupid. Frequently I asked my way to Argyle Street, and though put on the right road time after time, I managed in a most singular manner always to go wrong again. I had never been in Glasgow, and had no idea that such a busy place could exist. Surely, I thought, it must be a holiday when so many were on the streets. Everyone seemed to have something in view; one jostled another, and pushed along as if something great was at stake. About eleven o'clock I reached O—— Court, in Argyle Street, and was pleased to read the name of the person I was in search of in large gold letters over the gateway of the court. This cheered my drooping spirits mightily.

Further up the court I again saw the name, and made my way to the door, where I saw two men busy hammering away at a large sugar cask.

"Is Mr. Smith at home?" I asked.

"Wha?"

"Mr. Smith, an aged gentleman. He desired me to call upon him."

"Mr. Smith, an aged gentleman, and he desired *you* to call upon him? I say, Bob, is this country bumpkin trying to make a fool of us?"

"Speer at him what he means. He seems a quiet sort o' a chiel. Puir thing, he's cauld and anxious looking."

I again said—

"Mr. Smith gave me this card, and told me to call upon him when I came to Glasgow."

"Show me the card" said the first speaker.

"I say, Bob, I declare this is one of the old gov'nor's cards."

Turning to me, he asked how I got it. I told him. At last he said—

"Young man, Mr. Smith is dead; he died eight months ago."

My heart sank within me. I stood for some time lost in thought, and was greatly preplexed. I saw there was not any use in speaking further to the men; but at last Bill, the second speaker, said—

"Oor auld maister is dead, but his son is noo at the head o' the firm. I wad advise you tae see him. He micht dac something for you."

The speaker showed me the way to the counting-house, and telling me what to do, left me. I knocked at the door of a dingy counting-house, when a voice from within shouted "Come in." I found a man about thirty years of age seated in a large easy chair, with a pile of papers before him. I noticed that he was dressed with great neatness, had on a spotless white shirt, and wore a handsome signet ring on one of his fingers. He seemed busy with his papers when I entered, and as I walked forward he lifted up his eyes, but the moment he saw me, a frown clouded his handsome features. Again I was in despair, and could not summon words to address him. I felt relieved, however, when he spoke.

"What do you want?"

"I may be intruding, sir, but I was directed to this office for Mr. Smith."

"Well, I am Mr. Smith. What do you want? Speak, for my time is valuable if yours is not."

I placed the card before him, when he gazed at me with a look of astonishment.

"Where did you get this card?"

I explained to him.

Mr. Smith sat for about five minutes absorbed in deep thought. At last he said—

"I suppose you have run away from your master."

"Yes, sir."

"And you expect me to help you?"

"No, sir. I expected to see Mr. Smith senior. He told me to visit him should I come to Glasgow."

"Have you not any friends?"

"Not one living."

"No father nor mother, sister or brother."

"None, sir," I said, while I broke down and wept.

Again there was a silence, but I observed he was now and then glancing at me keenly.

"Did my father give you any money?"

"Yes, sir; he gave me a pound."

"Of course, you spent it."

"No, sir; I have the same pound in my pocket."

As I was speaking I placed the pound before him, but he told me to put it in my pocket again.

"Can you read, Timothy?"

"Yes, sir."

"And write?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know anything of arithmetic?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you profess a great deal. Write your name on this piece of paper."

"Write your name and something else."

I wrote—"Timothy Gordon, born in Wattstown, on the 1st January, 1840."

Mr. Smith looked surprised at the writing; so much so, that he asked me if I actually wrote what he saw.

"This is capital. Now for your arithmetic. Jot down three cheeses weighing 2 cwt. 1 qr. 5 lbs. at seventy-two shillings per cwt. Now, Tim, how much would this come to?"

In about a minute I said "£8 5s 3d."

"Good, my lad."

Mr. Smith put a number of questions to me, which I answered correctly. At this point he rang a small hand-bell, when there appeared a young man.

"Mr. Davidson, you were speaking to me the other day about the lad you had, that he was not doing his duty. Is he doing any better?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Davidson. "He has not appeared this morning yet."

"Well, when he comes in pay him his wages, and let him go about his business."

"But, Mr. Smith, we would require another hand first."

"Of course, and you see I have been mindful of this."

"When could the new hand come? I really hope he will be steady."

"I will guarantee that he will be so—at least for a time; but city life, as a rule, makes sad havoc in country lads."

"Then he is from the country."

"I think you will admit he is, for he is before you. At all events, his tailor is from the country."

After Mr. Smith had done speaking, Mr. Davidson stuck on his eye a piece of glass (I had never before seen anything of the kind in my life), and examined me from the crown of the head to the soles of my feet. After he had carefully inspected me, the glass dropped from his eye of its own accord, and turning to Mr. Smith, he said that he did not think I would suit.

"Why, Mr. Davidson?"

"He is so green looking."

"Do you mean by that he does not know enough? That can scarcely be a fault with you. Why, the lad you have is too knowing, according to your own statements."

Mr. Davidson could not stop inspecting me. The glass was in constant requisition, but I could easily see that I did not please him.

"I don't think he will do, sir; you must excuse me, sir, but I don't think he would be of any use."

"But why? you must give me some reason why he won't suit."

"He could not make up an invoice, or check the day-book."

"What do you think of that writing?"

"It is splendid."

"Well, sir, that is his writing."

Up went the glass again, when he inspected me for the tenth time.

"What do you think now, Mr. Davidson?"

"You can give him a trial."

"That is what I mean to do, but as he cannot appear in the counting-house or go a message dressed as he is, take him to a ready-made clothier and get a suit of clothes and pay same. I will bring him into your room in a few minutes."

After the cashier went out Mr. Smith addressed me as follows:—

"Young man, I mean to give you a trial. It seems my father took a great interest in you, and for his sake I would willingly do so. I am glad to find, however, that you possess a fair education—quite good enough for the round of a counting-house, so that on your own account I give you a seat in my counting-house. Bear this in mind, that you must be honest and truthful. Again, you must be careful of your company; if you get into fast company you will soon learn to be untruthful, then follows dishonesty, and then disgrace. You must also learn to keep your own secrets; if you do this, you will know not to disclose those of your employer."

Mr. Smith went on at great length, telling me to be careful, to be neat with my clothes, and to be prompt at coming to my business. He asked me if I fully understood all he had said. I told him I thoroughly understood him, and thanked him, for I knew it was for my good he had spoken. He seemed pleased with my answer.

When he was rising from his seat I said to him—"I am afraid, sir, Glen will find out where I am, and if he does, he will force me back to serve out my time."

"Don't be afraid, Tim; I think I know him. At all events, I will see that he does not annoy you. But come along to the counting house, and Mr. Davidson will get you your clothes and select lodgings for you."

Mr. Smith did little more than introduce me, but taking

aside the cashier he spoke a few words to him and then left us.

"Your name is Timothy Gordon; a droll name, ain't it? You and I will go and take a walk; so hold this glass, will you, till I part my hair. There, that will do. Aye, but you are green; but you will soon learn. I say Tim—or Timothy—do you see anything wrong with my eyes?"

"Nothing particular; they are a little red and watery-looking."

"Do you know what makes them so, Tim?"

"No, unless you have caught a cold."

"Do you feel any smell in the place? Come closer to me; now, do you feel any smell?"

"No, sir."

"Do I look as if I had wanted a night's rest?"

"Yes, sir, you are tired and flushed looking. Did your cold keep you from sleeping last night?"

"I suppose you don't know what a nip is?"

"No, sir."

"Or a soda, I suppose?"

I pleaded ignorance.

"Now, Tim, we are going out, and I am glad that we are, for I do feel so unwell with that cold. As I must take something for it, we will go into a house by the way, but you must not tell what you see or hear; this is never done in business."

I remembered what Mr. Smith said, and made up my mind to keep silent.

I was soon fitted with a nice suit of clothes, with shirt and cap all complete. We both went to a house in George's Street, kept by an old woman, of the name of Brown, or Widow Brown. Mr. Davidson asked her if she had a room to let. She had. Could he see it. He could. We were then taken along a passage, and she opened the door of a small room with a small bed, small fireplace, small washing stand, and two small chairs.

"This is for a single gentleman."

"I see, Mrs. Brown, but you seem to forget your friends—your old lodgers. Don't you know me?"

Mrs. Brown took a good look at Mr. Davidson.

"Lor, if you are not Tom, I do declare. I'm glad to see you. How manly you look—how fresh. Why, you are quite a gentleman, I do declare. Are you married, Tom—I mean Mr. Davidson?"

"Not yet."

"But you mean to be soon. How you have improved. Why, you were only a boy when you came to me. Will you step into the parlour? you ken it, sir. The pranks you played on old Mr. Kyles in that room. Do you remember when he threw the teapot at you, and you ducked down, and the warm contents went over his pet dog. How it howled, and how he howled, I never heard the like of it."

"What came of Mr. Kyles?"

"O, he got married, but as the two did not pull together, and as they took too much drink, they went to the wall. Kyles went to New Zealand, and the wife is a waif, I am sorry to say. But you must take a taste of my bottle. What will you take, brandy or whisky?"

"It is rather early, Mrs. Brown. I could do with a soda. I had a few nips last night, you understand, and I feel the buffs a little warm."

"How fast you young men are; but as long as you take it in moderation there's not much wrong. I keep a drop in the house for my friends, but I never taste unless anything vexes me, or on receiving a visit from a friend such as yourself. Will I put a small drop of brandy in the soda? It will qualify it."

"Just a drop, Mrs. Brown."

"A half glass?"

"Yes."

"It is a pity to divide it. You don't often call."

"But you must keep me company, Mrs. Brown. What are you going to take?"

"It is early; but, as it is a congenial meeting, I'll take a drop of spirits."

"And now, I must be off, Mrs. Brown. This young man the gov'nor has taken notion of, and has desired me to obtain lodgings for him, and knowing you to be an exemplary lady, I brought him here."

"I am so obliged, I will be to him a mother."

"He will be here after office hours."

"When will his trunk come?"

"He carries his wardrobe on his back. He must get time to grow, Mrs. Brown. He is green, Mrs. Brown; he comes from the land of weavers and radicalism."

"Where may that be?"

"Airdrie, where little good comes out of."

"Don't say that, Mr. Davidson, for though I say it, wha shouldna' say it, I think Airdrie has produced many clever men."

"Then you claim Airdrie for your birth-place."

"I do, Mr. Davidson, I do claim it, and my heart warms to a' who come from it."

"I ha'e heard it said that the Airdrie bodies are clannish, and now I believe it; but pray, Mrs. Brown, mention to me one, say one eminent Airdrie man in Glasgow."

"Name one, I could name a dozen. The present governor of New Zealand belongs to Airdrie."

"Hem!"

"One of the wealthiest men in Melbourne belongs to Airdrie."

"Yes, Mrs. Brown, but mention one in Glasgow."

"The largest manufacturing house in Glasgow, one of the partners belongs to my native place, Mr. H. of T—— & H——."

"Well, that is one, mention another."

"The M——s at the Cross of Glasgow, they all belonged to Airdrie; but I could mention many more. The largest manufacturing house in Belfast, the proprietors a' belong to Airdrie. In short I could mention many more, Mr. Davidson, but I hope you now see that my native place has done something to add to the fame of your city."

"Well, goodbye, Mrs. Brown, and look well after the youth who will take up his abode with you."

"Will you not take a 'taste' ere you go away?"

"By no means, Mrs. Brown, you are very kind——."

"Just a taste—it is not often you call."

"Well, Mrs. Brown, I can hardly refuse you, but really——."

"You will find it excellent, Mr. Davidson."

"Many thanks, but I must go."

In half-an-hour we were seated at our respective desks; and now that I have introduced the cashier, allow me, and briefly, to add a few particulars more concerning him. Davidson had entered the house as a boy, and had risen to his present position of clerk and cashier through the post becoming vacant more than being specially qualified for it. He was an only son; his father died when he was young, and his mother, who lived in the country, struggled hard to bring Tom up, and give him a good business education. He had a fair salary, and though his mother was not overburdened with this world's gear, Tom sent very little to her. For a long time he used to go home once in the fourteen days, and in these visits he generally gave his mother some tea, and if his visit happened to be after the pay, he would slip a pound into her hand when he left on the Monday morning. Tom was not what one may term a close-fisted young man, he was the opposite to this. In company he was anxious to stand, and it "cut" him to be considered mean. He was always the first to stand "his round," and when the drink was in his head his fits of generosity knew no bounds. For a long time after he came to Glasgow he steered clear of company, but having plenty of money to spend, companions forced their way upon him, and ere he well knew he was caught in the trap by which many a promising youth is ruined. At the time I was introduced to him he was living a fast life, and had imbibed a certain liking for strong drink and late hours. When he found I did not communicate anything he told me, he became very free and communicative, and to me it seemed he took great delight in going over what he had done the previous evening.

"Had a glorious night of it last night, Tim. Don't feel altogether well though, and I won't feel well till I get a brandy and soda. Ah! but we had splendid fun. Snooks, who is in business for himself, called at my lodgings last night, and brought two friends with him. They were flash chaps, and made the money spin. We went and had a game of billiards, when I met Tom Spence and Jack Lawson—these are the chaps, Tim, who know life. Well, we played at billiards, and I lost about three shillings; but then Snooks stood the drinks; and what is three shillings for a night of it now and

then? We all went to David Brown's and had a glass of toddy, and heard some jolly good songs, mind I tell you. We were turned out of there at eleven o'clock, but we made steady tracks for a hotel, where we had supper and some beer. After supper we took a walk through the town, when we got some more beer. I don't remember when I got home, but when I awoke this morning I had a splitting headache, and my mouth was as dry as a baker's oven. Before I could speak I had to get a brandy and soda to loosen my tongue, but I feel much better now, and once I had my dinner I'll be all right."

This will give an insight to Tom Davidson's character. How long poor Tom stood out to this kind of life will be seen if the reader will take the trouble to follow me up.

CHAPTER XII.

GLEN FINDS ME OUT, AND WANTS ME BACK WITH HIM TO
AIRDRIE. AN AIRDRIE GENTLEMAN COMES TO THE
RESCUE.

IN the course of a fortnight I found myself quite at ease in my situation. I noticed Mr. Smith took a great interest in me, and my desire to do my work well and expeditiously gained me his esteem and protection. Tom Davidson, when he found that I could extend and make out an invoice correctly, gave me this work to do, which greatly relieved him, more especially when he did not find himself particularly well. I loved my work, and besides, the gratitude I felt to my employer nerved me on to greater exertion. At home, in my lodgings, I had much my own way. Mrs. Brown was a worldly woman, it was true, but I soon found out she had withal a kind heart. She earned her living by keeping lodgers, and though she had her own private opinion about them, she took care to show it as little as possible. Somehow she took a fancy to me, not, I believe, a seeming fancy, but a real loving interest for my weal. This she showed by giving me extras without charging, by mending my clothes, and by doing many odd things she did not do for others. One thing pleased me much, the room I had all to myself. When I closed my door I was lord and master of my own actions. None dared to say, "what doest thou?" My evenings I spent in my little room in reading and cultivating my mind, and often when so engaged I would recall the bondage I endured when under Glen's roof, and when I did so tears of joy would steal down my cheeks. I was

truly happy. Alas! how few can say this. Since then I have had money, and mixed in the higher walks of life, but I cannot think on a happier period of my existence than when I had £25 per annum, and had to watch that my expenditure did not exceed my little income. When a new loaf was brought in I notched it—so much for Monday, so much for Tuesday, and so on until it was finished. By adopting this plan I could always live within my income, and have a spare shilling for books and papers to learn the news. I have said Mrs. Brown took a great fancy for me; so one evening I had to tell her my little story, and when she knew that I had not a relation in the world, the good honest soul shed tears. When I told her about Glen, and what I had suffered under him, her indignation knew no bounds. "Timothy, lad," she said, "depend upon it, Glen will try and find you out, and try and get you back to serve out your time. Have you told your story to Mr. Smith?" I said I had.

"'Tis well, Tim—he will protect you, I am sure. Continue as you have commenced, an' you will be sure to make headway in the world, and though only a poor woman, yet the little I can do for you I will cheerfully do it."

I thanked Mrs. Brown for the interest she took in me.

When about a month with Mr. Smith, one morning I noticed the burly form of Glen pass up the passage to the private counting house. The moment I saw him, a chill, an undefined fear, crept over me. The figures in the invoice I could not distinguish—I felt, in short, quite paralysed and could not move. I was the only one in the office at the time, for Tom had gone out about some accounts. At last I crept off the stool, and opened our door and tried to hear what was passing, but could not make out what was being said. The anguish I felt was intense, and each minute seemed to me an hour. When Glen had been with Mr. Smith about fifteen minutes, he rang his bell, which I always answered. I was glad to make my appearance, for the intense excitement I was labouring under I could not have borne much longer. The moment I entered and closed the door, I staggered, and would have fallen had not my employer stepped forward and caught me. I felt sick and faint, but

after getting a little water I revived. There was a silence on both sides. I looked at Glen expecting to see that he had relented; but alas! it was the opposite of this. He looked grandly stern, and I could easily read from his countenance that he was determined to take me back to Airdrie if he possibly could. I gained more courage after a little, and met the frowning looks of Glen with indifference. At last the conversation commenced, my employer saying to me.

"Do you wish to go back and serve out your time?"

"Certainly not."

"Why?"

"Simply because that I could not bear his petty tyranny."

"Mention how."

"I dared not read in his house. He even forbade me reading the Bible."

"And he an elder of the church."

"Timothy lies. I certainly had a right to forbid him reading trashy books when it interfered with his duties."

"Certainly, Mr. Glen, but you don't consider the Bible a trashy book."

"By no means. This is only an invention of Tim's; he has deceived more than you by his cunning and lies."

"Indeed! if he is such a bad servant, it seems strange to me why you want him back again. I know I am always too glad to get quit of a bad servant."

"It is principle, sir, that induces me to force him back. His dying mother gave him to be under my charge, and as I promised to be to him a father, I wish to exert a father's power. Sir, it is to make him a useful member of society; it is to fulfil my promise to my dying friend—nay, to a dying relation; and last of all, sir, I wish him back, so that his example may not be followed. You may stand in his way, but the law, sir, the law, sir, will *compel* him to serve out his time under me."

"The law is certainly on your side, but one thing is clear to me, that justice is not. It is quite evident that you have ill-used the lad, and my humble opinion is, that you only wish him back so that you may wreak your vengeance upon him. You are an elder; forsooth! I don't think that is any

recommendation to you. In country towns it is an easy matter to become an elder. It was only the other day, in your own town of Airdrie, that a man was elected to the eldership whose language at times would pollute the worst society. I know him. In his calm moments he will purr like a sleeping cat, but when roused he will so lose his temper as to lift his hands, and use the vilest language. This is known, but it is overlooked, and when spoken about the infirmity of the flesh is brought forward as an excuse. Allow me to tell you, Glen, that I consider you a hypocrite of the first water. I know little about you, but it is clear to me you have two great faults, and the first is, that you are a hypocrite, and the second is, that you are mortally lazy. You want Tim back. Well, Glen, he will remain here until you force him. Do your best, and I will do my best; in the meantime I will feel obliged if you will leave this room, and you will confer a further favour on me if you never enter it again."

"Sir, you are impertinent and rude. You think that position and money can protect you, but thank God a poor man can claim the law. My character is too well known for you to do me harm. And you, Tim, as sure as there is a God in Heaven, so sure will you serve out your time under me. You are a sneak; you never looked after my interests, but always tried to traduce me to your friends. You have told lies about me, and hurt my character, but I thank God my character cannot be injured even by my greatest foes."

At this point a rap came to the door. It was Tom with a card, saying, a gentleman wished to see Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith slowly read the card over, "Mr. William M——, Cross, Glasgow." Tell him, Tom, to come in. If I mistake not, Mr. M—— is from Airdrie, and perhaps he will be able to bear testimony to your many virtues. Mr. M—— is a shrewd man, and not easily deceived. As I think of it, I will be guided by him, and if he says you are what you profess to be, then Tim will go back with you, and I will apologise for my rudeness. Is this not fair, Mr. Glen?"

My late employer did not answer, but resumed his seat, assuming a dogged and determined look.

I did not know Mr. M——, though I knew his father and

other members of his family in Airdrie. Their position there was considered the highest. I had heard, however, about the success of Mr. M——, and Mrs. Brown, (my landlady) who knew the whole family, was never weary of extolling the praises of the senior member of the firm. As it will prepare my readers, for Mr. M——'s *debut*, I will give a specimen of her admiration. I may state that when Mrs. Brown was in good humour she always spoke in her native Doric, and as it seems to me more natural to see her in this garb of speech, I will faithfully give her own language.

“Nae wonner the M——'s got on. Nae doot they boo and beek tae the rich an' the gran', but they are equally ceevil tae the puir. This is the seeret o' their success. I ha'e seen my cousin, Jamie Shaw, come doon tae Glasgow—he is a bit timid body Jamie. Weel, when he wad come tae the Cross, his heart wad fail him tae gang in, the place was sae gran' an' big; but I, wha kenn'd better, got the body in, and Maister M——wad actually leave gran' dressed folk and come forward tae us, and speer hoo the folks in Airdrie were, an' hoo the weaving was keeping, an' if ony echanges had taken place in the auld toon. In a wee while Jamie wad quite forget where he was, and in a wee while langer he wad be laughing and chatting the same as if he stood in his ain house. He wad again tak' us through the place and show us this and that, mak' dressed chieels fly to serve us in some sma' affair, which made a body like Jamie quite prood. After a' this, he wad mention his errand, and it was attended tae as if it had been a big and paying order. But the best was tae come. After matters were a' settled he wad ask us tae his house for tea. Distinction was quite set aside, and the hale o' them sae acted as if they didna occupy a higher position than their guests. Noo, wi' the M——'s this is not a matter of policy. A' decent folk coming frae their native town they treat as freends, and as far as I can understaun', William, the eldest o' the family helps oot o' his ain private purse mony a puir Airdrionian.”

Such, then, was the gentleman who entered Mr. Smith's sanetum. When I saw him I was pleased with his frank and cheery look. At this time he would be about thirty years of age. He had a quick eye, rather dark complexion,

firm set mouth, whiskers neatly trimmed, and at a glance one could see, without being a fop he was particular about his dress. It was remarkably neat, but plain. Upon the whole he had the appearance of being a smart and intelligent young man. When he noticed Glen he looked serious for a moment, gave a look to Mr. Smith—a look of inquiry—and finished up by scrutinising me. At last he said—

“I am afraid I am intruding, but I will look in again.”

“By no means, Mr. M——, you are the person I want to see.”

“Indeed.”

“Allow me to introduce you to one who belongs to your native place—Mr. James Glen!”

“I know Mr. Glen—we do not need an introduction.”

“Good! Now I will give you an explanation if you will kindly listen. I know you are always interested about those who belong to Airdrie. Pray take a seat, Mr. M——.”

My employer, in a lucid manner, explained my position. After he had done so, he asked his opinion.

“Well,” said Mr. M——, “I think if I had two or three minutes private conversation with Mr. Glen I could remove all difficulties.”

Glen looked fierce.

We left the room, but had only done so for about five minutes, when we were recalled.

“I knew I would manage it. Mr. Glen has promised me to give up all claim on Timothy Gordon. Have you not, Mr. Glen?”

“Owing to your intervention, sir.”

“Quite so. Now, seeing that matter is arranged, perhaps I may be permitted to have a business talk with you, Mr. Smith.”

Glen left, and I returned to my desk, flushed and nervous, but very happy indeed.

I afterwards found out that Mr. M—— had spoken very freely to Glen. He said he knew him—knew him to be a hypocrite and a drunkard. He recalled to Glen’s remembrance an old account standing against him, and that payment was very desirable. If he forced me back to serve my time out, he would expose him, and sue for his account,

which he knew he could not, or was unwilling to pay. Mr. M—— further said that he knew his minister particularly well, and if he went forward in this matter, he would consider it his duty to expose him there also. On the other hand, if he allowed me to remain where I was, and would send in the indenture to him, he would not expose him; and further, he would pay his account to the firm, and send a receipt upon the receipt of the other. Glen saw that I was too powerfully protected, and fearing he might make a worse bargain, he agreed to Mr. M——'s terms, and so I was free.

I cannot do better than make this chapter the closing history of Glen. He continued praying and drinking for a few years longer. As the weaving trade got worse, he could not get apprentices, so he had to work himself. This went against the grain. At last the whole family emigrated to Australia, and the last accounts I heard of him was that he had taken to the streets for bread. His black bristly hair was grey, my informant said, and his appearance spoke of want and misery.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PANIC OF 1857—A STRANGE ADVENTURE, IN WHICH
I TAKE A PART.

TWO years passed away without anything occurring. I was pleased with my situation, and was further pleased that I was giving Mr. Smith every satisfaction. Tom Davidson up to this time had been leading a very fast life. Frequently I had spoken to him of the folly of doing so, but though he was not angry at the remarks I made, I failed to make any impression on him. Tom was fast undermining a sound constitution with drink and late hours. Though Tom said nothing to me, I felt convinced that Mr. Smith had of late noticed his irregularities. Our cashier had been brought up in the house—the two were boys together—so that their intimacy was beyond the general rule of master and servant. I noticed that a coolness had sprung up between them, for instead of Mr. Smith calling the cashier by the familiar name “Tom,” it was now “Mr. Davidson.” They used to have long conversations, not on business altogether, but politics and religion used to engage their attention. When our employer gave us the usual morning visit with the letters, &c., he gave Tom his instructions in a cold, formal, business manner, and then retired. It was evident Tom was hurt at the change in Mr. Smith’s manner, but he did not say anything to me; and, as it was no business of mine, I did not say anything to him. We had got over the crisis of 1857, which will be long remem-

bered by those who were in business at the time. Firms of long standing, and which were considered as good as the Bank of England, at this time went to the wall. Through the break down of the Western Bank many were reduced to poverty who had retired and were living on their hard-earned competency. Fortunes were lost, hearts were broken, and many never recovered the shock sustained. If any of my readers visit George Square in Glasgow, they will find the most handsome block of buildings in the City, facing the Square, and fronting Hanover Street, Ingram Street, and Queen Street. This huge pile was built by an enterprising firm (D. & J. M'Donald), who occupied the whole of it as a sewed muslin warehouse. It was commenced in 1854, and finished in 1856, when the firm left Canada Court and occupied it. None in the great City suspected that such a firm would suspend payment or go to the wall, but the crisis of 1857 was too much for them. The Western Bank, which discounted their paper—bills of any kind—caved in, and the great firm of the M'Donalds came down with a crash, causing ruin and misery to many happy families. Smaller fry followed suit. The panic once commenced, grew in magnitude, until business was completely paralysed, and none knew whom to do business with. Those who took a gloomy view of matters said that good trade would never visit us again, that Great Britain was done as a manufacturing nation, and that she would require to give place to other countries who were making goods cheaper and better than we. The crisis of 1857 did, in my opinion, much good. At this time, and long before, a rotten system had got to be established of paying by bill. The head of the house would draw upon one of the clerks, salesmen, or any other of his employees, at six months, and get the paper easily discounted at the bank. The acceptor was never looked to, it was sufficient if the "house" presented a bill—it was melted, and passed to the credit of the account as a matter of business. Many of my readers will remember that the Western Bank, in 1856 I think, was paying nine per cent. for deposits. Something of this kind had to be done to keep the stream full to supply the never-ending demand. Many of our large concerns were doing a large

and increasing business. Their warehouses were large and costly edifices; the clerks and salesmen were paid handsome salaries. The turn over was great, but none knew exactly whether the sales were *bona fide* or not. The men at the helm only knew. A bill was never dishonoured; no difficulty ever stood in their way. Their private residences were ducal palaces. It was said that a manufacturer who gave way to the pressure of 1857 had a rare collection of art treasures, and one picture in his collection was valued at £2,000. What would be the value of the whole! They rode in their carriages, and were supposed to be Baron Rothschilds in wealth; but the whole of their wealth consisted in paper, pen, and ink. Suppose that D. & J. M'Donald, for they were a type of many, had £20,000 to meet on Monday the 4th. They would gather all their legitimate bills, which perhaps would only amount to £12,000; cash in hand, or with their bankers, £3000; showing a deficiency of £5,000. These bills, amounting to £20,000, had to be met; but having only £15,000 to meet them, they had to forage for the difference. Mr. Jones, the head salesman, is sent for. He draws a splendid salary of £250 per annum. He enters the sanctum of his employer wondering what is up, and is afraid that he will get his "warning," but he is agreeably relieved when he sees his employer smile, and is further so when he is told to take a seat. At last the conversation opens.

"Mr. Jones, we find we are a little short this month—only a mere trifle—and I have sent for you to see if you will sign this paper for £2,000. It is only a matter of form. You know these banks are very particular. There is no risk, Mr. Jones; it is only a formal matter of business."

Mr. Jones knows nothing about bills, but he has unbounded faith in the wealth and prosperity of his firm. He is too flurried to think, and the little thinking he does makes him feel that he is honoured at being asked to sign for £2,000. He replies—"Certainly, Mr. M——; it will give me great pleasure indeed to do this small matter." Mr. Jones signs the bill, and is about to retire, when Mr. M—— calls him back, and says—

"How much of a salary have you now, I really forget?"

"£250, sir."

"Ah! well. As you are pleasing well, Mr. Jones, we will make it £300. Of course we know that you will make yourself as valuable as you possibly can."

Mr. Jones retires all smiles, unable to contain the joy swelling in his heart.

£3,000 is still short. The word is passed to send up Mr. Robinson, the cashier, when he signs for £2000, though there will be £12,000 already running on the Western with his name. £1,000 is still short. Another hand is called up, who signs for £2,000 more, when all the liabilities are met, and £1,000 at the credit of the firm. Such was the style of doing business when the Western Bank gave way, which discovered this nefarious and reckless system. My employer being a man of means, curtailed his business at this time, and gave more heed to the getting of accounts than to the getting of orders. The result was that he made very few bad debts, and when the times got better we were in a good position to take advantage of the markets. When I went to Mr. Smith's we had only two in the office, but at the time I write we had four clerks all fully employed, Tom being chief, and I second in command. It was in December of 1859 that a sad affair happened, which I deeply regretted, although it was the means of improving my position. We took stock only once a year, and that was in the middle of December. The men who took the stock put down the weight and brand of the articles, leaving the counting-house to affix the prices and extend the amounts. These rough sheets were then copied by the junior clerks into the large stock book. Tom always put in the prices, while I extended the accounts. The whole of the sheets came in, when Mr. Smith said he would like the balance struck as soon as possible. Tom said—we were busy at the time—that he would do it after hours. Mr. Smith thanked him and retired.

"I will help you, Tom."

"What good can you do, Tim?"

"I'll hunt up invoices, and get the prices for you."

"Tut, I can do that as well as you. You will get the entering to do."



"True."

"But you have the advantage over me, you can take the sheets home, but I require to be here to examine the books."

"You will be lonely, pray let me come."

"Tuts, no. I'd be talking about this and that. I'll work better alone; it will only take two or three nights. Leave the keys with me, Tim. I'm obliged to you, however, for your offer."

"How long will you remain, and I will look down for the keys."

"Call at ten o'clock, not before. They will miss me in the billiard room; perhaps I'll be none the worse of doing two or three nights' penance."

I did not suspect anything, though at the time I thought it strange why he refused my company—a thing he never did before. I ordered Tom's tea, and left him, and I went home. After I had supper, having nothing particular to do, and as I had to go down at anyrate, I thought I would just look in and see how he was getting on. The night was wet, and the wind was piercing; but, putting on my overcoat and cap, I faced the storm. About half-past eight I entered the court and was about to proceed to the office, when my attention was arrested by a female figure standing under one of the windows of the warehouse. I cautiously approached nearer. Yes, it was a female, and she was speaking to some one in the warehouse. I at once concluded that something was wrong. I approached nearer, and could hear them speaking, but could not make out what was said. The night was dark, so I crept nearer still, until I was within a yard or so of the speaker. The rain fell in torrents. The voice I heard from the window was that of Tom Davidson.

"Make haste, Tom," said the female, "for I can't stay here longer."

"You are sure no person is near?"

"Sure, of course. Who would be prowling about in a night of this kind?"

"True."

"Drop the parcel and let me away. Be sure you put my address on it, so that none will suspect."

A parcel was dropped, which the speaker caught.

"Now, Bella, be off. Come back the same hour to-morrow night and you will get another."

The female glided past me, and in the darkness was soon out of sight. I was horrified at what I heard and saw, and scarce knew what to do. Would I follow her up? No, she was coming again next night. I will watch and say nothing till then.

I left the court in a perplexed state of mind, and wandered about I knew not where. My attention was arrested by a clock striking ten. I hurried to the office and found Tom locking up. I was glad he could not see me, for I was pale, and drenched to the skin. I was afraid to speak.

"You are late, Tim, my boy. What kept you? It is after ten."

I said I did not think it was so late.

"It does not matter. You are one of those steady chaps, or else I would ask you this cold wet night to take one. Will you take a half, Tim?"

"No, thank you. I want to get home at once."

Next morning, when Tom was not observing me, I watched him carefully, but I could not trace anything like guilt in his countenance. He was rather cheery, and in better spirits than usual. During the day, while he was out for dinner, I went into the warehouse, and to the window, to see if I could discover anything. Piles of grocery goods were stored near the window, but I could not see anything of great value. I was coming away when I observed a pile of small chests of fine tea, each chest holding about twenty pounds, and value for about £4 sterling. Something told me that the female carried away one of them. I scarcely knew what to do. Would I inform Mr. Smith? Where was my proof? After thinking the matter over, I concluded it would be better to wait and see what transpired again. The whole day I fretted, but I did not let Tom see that anything was wrong. When closing time came—seven o'clock—I told Tom I would look down at ten o'clock, but not before.

I hurried home and got supper, and immediately came back, and hid behind a large cask which stood near the wall. Though the night was dark I could see objects near the window. It was very cold, but I scarcely felt it at times,

being so excited. About half-past eight o'clock the same female appeared, and after glancing all round the court she threw peas or something else up at the window. In a minute or so the window was cautiously drawn up, and I could see Tom at it.

"Well, Bella, is all clear?"

"Of course. You are a timid fellow."

"One must be cautious."

"Tip over the parcel and let me be gone."

Another parcel was dropped into the woman's arms.

"Bella, come back in an hour, and I will have another."

"You are improving, Tom, but I don't know if I can come back; but if I am not back in half an hour don't expect me this evening."

"Yes, come back in half-an-hour, for Tim may drop in at anytime."

"I don't think I will be back, but I will try."

Again the female glided out of the court, but I did not follow her. In a moment I had made up my mind what to do. I crept cautiously out of the court, and repaired to my lodgings. Fortunately I found Mrs. Brown alone.

"Can you oblige me with a dark shawl, Mrs. Brown?"

"A shawl, an' a dark ane. What in a' the world dae you want wi' sic a thing?"

"I will explain that again. Can you give me one?"

"I'll gi'e you my marriage plaid—the best I ha'e—if that'll please you, Tim, my lad."

"No, give me your dark shawl. I want it for a particular purpose."

"Weel, weel, Tim, there it is, tak' it; but I canna' see what you want wi' it."

In a few minutes I was in the court again. I put the shawl over my head; and taking some barley from my pocket (I also got this from Mrs. Brown), I threw up some at the window. Tom soon appeared.

"Hush," I said. I may mention that both always spoke in a loud whisper, so that I could easily imitate it. "Have you the parcel?"

"Wait a moment, Bella."

In a moment the parcel was dropped.

"Come back again to-morrow—twice—for it will be my last night."

"Will you be up to-night?" I said.

"No, I won't come up till Saturday, better to keep away."

I left in the same manner as Bella, but when out of the court I came back again, and hid the shawl and parcel in the empty cask, and hid again behind it. I was anxious to see if Bella would return. I waited till it was near ten, when I crept out and again came back, and I went up to the office for the keys. I found Tom in excellent spirits, and after a bit of chaffing he closed up, and we parted for the night. I again returned to the court, when I lifted the parcel and shawl and made for my lodgings. On my way home I made up my mind I would tell Mrs. Brown the whole affair. I knew that I would get an honest advice, but apart from this, I could not see how I could escape without an explanation of my strange conduct. When I got to my room I asked to see Mrs. Brown. The good woman was all anxiety to know my little something, but when I told her, the good-hearted soul burst out in crying.

"Puir fellow, I ken him weel. It's drink an' company—it's a' the drink. I'll never taste a drap again. Puir, puir fellow."

"What would you advise, Mrs. Brown?"

"What would I advise? Gang tae Mr. Smith an' tell him a' as ye ha'e tauld me. Stop! ye got the box here; when does he come tae the office?"

"Nine o'clock prompt."

"He will pass along Argyle Street a wee before nine."

"Yes."

"Weel, Tim, I'll take a step doon, and tell him you want tae see him before he gangs tae his place o' business. He can come up here; you have got the parcel here, and can show it to him. He can then tak' steps as pleases best himsel'."

I thought over what Mrs. Brown said, and as I felt to face Tom, I thought her plan good. I was sure Mr. Smith would come when I said it was something very particular. Having talked a long while, and strengthened our little plot, I retired for the night, but not to sleep till morning. Mrs.

Brown knocked at my door about eight o'clock, and informed me she was going out on the errand, and that I should be ready to see Mr. Smith. About half-past nine Mr. Smith made his appearance, quite bewildered at the strange summons. We were left to ourselves. A cheerful fire burned in the grate, and giving my employer a seat, I told him all that had transpired. After I had told him everything, I never saw a man so cut. For a long time he did not speak; at last he said—

"Tim, I knew that Tom was going astray, but I never thought he would have done what he has done to me. Poor fellow, I knew him as a boy; and up till the time he took to company, billiards, and drink, he was a smart, active, and I am sure an honest young man. You have done well, Tim, acted most prudently. I cannot commend you too much. What to do I do not well know. I cannot punish Tom, and yet I would like to punish the female, but if I punish her, it would involve Tom. I cannot give it into the hands of the police if I want to save Tom. When you have done so well Tim, can you suggest anything?"

"I have been thinking already about that, sir. How would it do to visit the young woman, make her confess, and restore the stolen goods?"

"Do you know where she lives?"

I had overlooked the parcel. I now brought it forth. It was addressed Miss B——, Duke Street. He opened the parcel, and found it contained a package of our finest tea.

"I don't think we can do anything else, and it must be done at once. Come along with me to the woman's address."

Being close at hand, we were soon at the address, and found that Miss B—— was in.

"Could she be seen?"

"Was it anything very particular?" said an old yellow crone.

Mr. Smith said that he must see her.

The old woman hobbled away, but soon came back and told us to step in. We were led into a back room, which had a nasty damp smell. In a few minutes Miss B—— appeared.

"You are Miss B——," said Mr. Smith.

"That is my name."

"Good! You saw Tom Davidson last night?"

Miss B—— would have fallen had I not run forward to her support.

"You saw him the night previous?"

Miss B—— could not speak.

Mr. Smith continued—"It is all known. I am his employer. You have been watched—nay, you cannot deny it, so pray do not speak. Listen, I have known Tom since a boy, and knowing him so long, I do not wish to punish him. Saving him, I cannot but save you, though I would like to punish you in particular. If you give up the stolen property without any trouble just now, you will hear no more about it; but if you do not, my young man here will at once bring in the police, and take you to jail."

"Will you allow me to see my mother first?"

"No, you must lead us to the goods just now; we will not trust you out of our presence."

Miss B—— made a spring at the door, but as I anticipated this, I was before her.

"I will only give you two minutes to show me my goods. I know I am dealing too leniently with you, but for Tom's sake I am willing to hush it."

Miss B—— saw that she was in a fix. At last she said—"Be it so; I will hand over all; follow me."

We followed close at her heels, and she took us to another back room, where we found twelve chests of tea, representing over £50. We got a porter, and had them conveyed to the warehouse at once. The thing was so quietly done that none suspected what we were about. When I entered the office Tom looked up from his book and cried out—

"What has made you sleep in this morning, eh, old fellow?"

A messenger opened the door at this point, and said Mr. Smith wanted to see Mr. Davidson at once.

I well knew why he was wanted, and trembled all over as if I had been the guilty person. An hour passed, but Tom did not make his appearance. At last a message came for me. When I entered Mr. Smith's office I found Tom bathed in tears. He did not look up. My heart melted when I

saw him. My employer at last said—"You can hand over your keys to Timothy. He will bring out your hat. You see, Tom, I cannot keep you. My heart is sorry for you. May God not forsake you, Tom. I would advise you to leave the country, and I will pay your passage money to any place you fix upon. I will also give you a small sum to start with. None know what has transpired but Tim and his landlady. The secret is safe. Don't see me again, but you can write me. Drink has been your ruin, but you are still young, and this lesson, I hope, will make you a changed man. Good-bye, Tom; may God bless you. I deeply feel your position."

"Oh, Mr. Smith, I now see my ruin. I will never forget your kindness. I cannot say anything more. I am an unclean thing in your presence. May God Almighty bless you."

Tom, turning to me, said—

"I do not blame you, Tim, for doing what you did. You did warn me, and I felt the probe, but it was too late. At your age I was as honest and as upright as you, but drink and companions have been my ruin. Do not drink, Tim, and it will save you from evil companions. Good-bye."

And so Tom left, and I got his position in the counting house. A week transpired, when he wrote Mr. Smith that he had made up his mind to go out to Melbourne in the "Great Britain." Mr. Smith secured his passage, and he sent him £20, telling him that nothing would cheer him more than to hear of his success in the new world.

After he landed he wrote me, saying that he went to the diggings, but he had not met with success so far, but he hoped luck would favour him. A year after I got another letter, and the last. In it he said that he did not like the diggings, so he left and went to —, where he had commenced as an auctioneer, and had been more than successful. He remitted Mr. Smith £40, telling him in his letter that should he ever need money that he would share his last penny. Tom is still living, and continues prosperous. I was talking to a gentleman from the same place about two years ago, and I asked him if he knew Mr. Davidson, an auctioneer.

"Know him, of course I do. He is one of our wealthiest colonists. A better man never stepped in leather."

I did not tell the gentleman I knew him in the old country.

CHAPTER XIV.

I MAKE AN ENGAGEMENT TO GO ABROAD.

IT was with a vast amount of diffidence that I took Tom Davidson's situation in the counting house. I was young—scarcely nineteen years of age—and my experience was not what it should have been for such a responsible position. One thing was in my favour, and that was willingness to learn. Mr. Smith made great allowances for my youth and inexperience, and when I did make a blunder he would smile and say that I was aye getting older, and that by-and-bye matters would come out right. Shortly after Tom Davidson left, I renewed my acquaintance with Willie Graham. I met him by chance in Lang's famous restaurant, but he had so grown up, that I would not have known him had not a friend of mine who knew him introduced me to Willie. When the introduction was over, we stood and stared at one another without speaking, much to the astonishment of our mutual friend. No doubt I was greatly changed, more so, I think, than Graham. I was smartly dressed, and had the cut of a thorough business young man. I made out Willie, however, before he made up his mind as to who I was. At last he drawled out—

"Your name is Mr. Gordon—Mr. Timothy Gordon?"

"Yes, sir, that is my name; yours is Mr. William Graham?"

"Yes. I think I know you—at least, I knew a Timothy Gordon."

"Indeed; it is a peculiar name. I would like to know another."

"This Timothy Gordon was a weaver lad in Airdrie."

"Quite so, and the Willie Graham I knew wrought in the same shop."

In a moment we were shaking hands heartily, asking one another questions, and not waiting for answers.

"And, Tim, lad—for I can't help calling you Tim—how did you manage to leave Glen?"

"It is a long story, but if you come along to my lodgings to-night I will tell you."

"I can't come to-night, but I can be with you to-morrow evening."

After some small talk we parted, and the following evening when Willie called we had a long *tete-a-tete*, and recalled the unpleasant memories of the days gone past. Willie laughed heartily at Glen's defeat, and reproached me for not finding him when I first came to Glasgow. I found in Willie Graham a model companion, and in his parent a second mother to me. I spent many happy evenings in their house, and at this distance of time I look back on these days as the happiest I ever spent. Time glided swiftly away; two years had again rolled on, when, sad to relate, my esteemed employer died suddenly of fever. We scarcely knew of him being unwell when we heard that he was dead. This was a sore blow to me, and one which changed the whole current of my life. Mr. Smith was a bachelor, and lived with two unmarried sisters older than himself. He died without a will, and the ladies having ample means, resolved to sell the business without delay. Though I was very intimate with my employer, I had only been in his house once, hence his sisters were almost strangers to me. The business was advertised for sale, and I had a busy time of it in answering questions put by intending purchasers. Latterly it was purchased by two gentlemen, and I was informed, a week after they took possession, that I would require to vacate my position as cashier, as one of the partners intended taking the duties upon himself. I anticipated something of this kind, so I did not feel the blow so keenly as I might otherwise have done. My new employers were very kind in offering me an engagement. They said they would still retain me in their employment, and for one year at least give me the same salary as I had had before. This was

more than fair, yet they could not be losers by such an engagement. I knew the business thoroughly, and knowing the standing of the customers, as an adviser my services became valuable. Though I had the same salary, I had not the same position, so I felt unhappy, and became discontented. I was wrong, far wrong, but youth commits great blunders which are often regretted through life. Daily I poured over the columns of the *Herald*, and wrote many letters for situations, but I could not obtain one to my mind, and to many of my applications I never got any answer. At last my eye caught the following advertisement:—

“Wanted, a steady active young man, who has a thorough knowledge of the grocery trade, for a store in Rosario, South America. One who has a knowledge of soft goods preferred. Apply, stating full particulars, to Messrs. ———, King Street, Liverpool.”

When I posted my application for this situation, I had not the faintest idea that I would ever hear anything more about it, but about nine days afterwards I received the following brief communication.

“Temple Buildings, King Street, Liverpool,

“Mr. Timothy Gordon.

“Dear Sir,—Your application has been considered. Please be at our office on Tuesday, the 19th inst.

Yours respectfully, &c.”

I had no idea where Rosario was until I turned up the map, and found it to lie about 200 miles above Buenos Ayres on the Rio de la Plata. I felt flurried about this new prospect opening up, and having, I may say, only two friends, Willie Graham and his mother, I hastened to them to obtain their opinion. Willie's mother advised me strongly against going abroad, and counselled me to continue where I was until something else turned up. Willie was of the same opinion, but as I could not see the matter in the same light, I made up my mind to go to Liverpool, and at least find out what kind of situation it was. They said there could not be any harm in taking this step; but they warned me not to engage till I consulted with them. On the evening of the 9th, I left Buchanan Street Station for Liverpool, and arrived safely next morning at Lime Street Station. I had never been so far from home before, and I could not help

feeling my solitary position. I had not one relation in the world, and only one or two friends. When on my way to King Street, I was on the point of turning back, but the thought that I had so few friends, and no relations, was in favour of my going abroad. What, thought I, if any accident befell me even now : none would shed a tear. When on my way, I made up my mind that if it was a fair offer I would accept it at once. I was soon at the address, and the principal being within, I was ushered into his presence. Mr.— was a middle-aged man, who had been in South America. I liked his frank, business manner. He asked me many questions, and I frankly replied to them, concealing nothing. Mr.— said he was sure I would do ; but as he had to consult his partner, he asked me to call at the same hour the following day. I amused myself by seeing the sights in Liverpool, and never having crossed the border before, everything was a novelty. The vast shipping and the docks excited my wonder. I had often read of the greatest shipping town in the world, but I was not prepared for what I saw. The vast stores filled with grain, cotton, and barrels, seemed to me without end, and at the same time the thought struck me, Great Britain must be a great power to find a market or outlet for such quantities of goods. The day being freezingly cold, I was compelled to make for my hotel, and being somewhat fatigued, did not venture out again. The following morning I called upon the firm, when I found the principals waiting to receive me. They asked many questions, and I truthfully replied to them all. They then conferred together for some time, when the senior of the firm said—

“ We are pleased with you, Mr. Gordon, and we are quite satisfied with your answers and your ability to serve us. If you have a mind we will engage you for three years at £150, £200, and £250. The salary is not very large, but you are young, and for the first year you will have much to learn. If you accept the situation, could you go at once ? ”

I told them I would accept the situation ; I had a nominal engagement with the firm I was with, but I had no doubt they would release me.

“ We would like an answer at once ; could you telegraph,

Mr. Gordon? Don't fear the expense, we will pay it; just sit down there and pen it."

I sent a long telegram to my firm, explaining how matters stood. This I showed them, and they felt pleased with it. In three hours I got a very brief reply. It was as follows: "Being willing to serve you, we relieve you. Accept the situation if it will better your position." The same day the engagement was written out and signed.

"And now, Mr. Gordon, we ought perhaps to have mentioned it before this, but we intend to establish you in our Buenos Ayres house instead of Rosario. You will have more scope in the former than the latter. Whether would you like to go by steamer from Southampton or by a sailing vessel?"

I said that I was such a novice I left it for them—I was in their hands.

"You see, Mr. Gordon, the steamer goes out in a month, and a sailing vessel takes from fifty to seventy days. We have a vessel chartered, the 'Lady Alice,' going out direct in ten days. At present she is taking in a cargo of beer at Glasgow, and she comes round here to fill up with our own stuff. The captain of her is a Scotchman—M'Duff is his name—the crew was shipped in Glasgow, and another young man we have engaged is going out in her. We would prefer you going by her, but should you wish to go by steamer you can do so. Frankly speaking, Mr. Gordon, if I had my choice, I would go by steamer; there is actually less danger, at least I think so, but you young men love a bit of excitement, and there will be only two of you; you will have a good deal of your own way."

"What kind of a man is the captain?"

"Captain M'Duff is a genial-hearted honest man. He loves his glass and his ship, but he is a safe man to sail with."

I said I would go by the "Lady Alice."

"Good. She will sail on the 21st of this month. It will be dirty water at this time of the year, but you will soon get into warmer latitudes."

As I had made up my mind to leave Liverpool at once, I told my new firm that I must bid them good-bye—that I

would be in Liverpool again in a week. We parted mutually well pleased with each other.

I will not take up your time, kind reader, with my reflections—they were of a mixed character—but hasten on with my narrative.

The following day I called upon the Glasgow firm, where I was warmly received. We parted the best of friends. I then waited on Mrs. Graham and Willie. I told them I had accepted the situation. Mrs. Graham shed tears, but did not reproach me for acting as I did. I paid them a visit daily, and when I left St. Mungo both of them accompanied me to the train. There was one person I was afraid to tell what I had done, and that was Widow Brown, my landlady. She considered me as one of her own, and took a thorough interest in my welfare. I felt to tell her; my mind misgave me for not taking her into my confidence. I knew there would be a storm, but it had to be borne. When my supper was brought in the following evening, I requested the servant to send Mrs. Brown to me. She soon made her appearance, sour and sulky looking; in short, she was in the "sulks" with me for not telling her where I was, and all the particulars.

"I sent for you, Mrs. Brown, to have a chat with you."

"Is that all, Tim. Perhaps it might be better to have a chat wi' your new frien'."

"You are the oldest friend I have in Glasgow, Mrs. Brown."

"You dinna treat me as such, Tim."

"I am to blame, Mrs. Brown, but I did not want to vex you."

"Vex me!"

"Yes. I am going to leave you."

"Weel, sir, perhaps my hoose is no' gran' enough for you, but I jist hope you will be as comfortable in your new place; is that a', sir, ye wanted tae see me about?"

"No, Mrs. Brown, I am speaking seriously, and I want you to listen." I then told the good soul the position I was placed in with the firm which succeeded Mr. Smith, how uncomfortable I was, and that I had accepted a situation in Buenos Ayres, and intended sailing in a week.

When the widow heard this she broke down and cried like a child. From my heart I felt sorry for her. I spoke words of comfort, and at last said that when I left I would make her a handsome present of money.

"Siller, did ye say, Tim. Siller, dinna think I served ye for siller. Sin' my only son died I thought my heart would never love anither being again. I dinna ken hoo it is, Tim, but you ha'e worked yoursel' roun' my forlorn heart, as close as if you had been yin o' my ain. Puir thing, you ha'e nae faither or mither; kenning this, and feeling for you, I became your mither, Tim. Yes, believe me, daily when you were at wark I planned your meals to please you. I had a pride to see you prim an' braw, and when I saw you in the street I secretly said to mysel' that is my Tim. Yes, you ha'e endeared yoursel' to me in a thousand ways. You ha'e born wi' a' my sulks an' petty scoldings, an' only smiled when I railed; but, Tim, when I sharply spoke tae you, all the time I was prood that you respected me. I canna blame you for the step you ha'e ta'en, but you micht ha'e tauld me. Weel, wcel, I dinna blame you, I ken your heart is in the richt place. There will be a lot tae dae to get you ready. Stockings tae darn, shirts tae wash, and I dinna ken what. I will awa' an' see aboot them at ance."

And so the storm blew over. I was much affected at what I heard, and I resolved that I would never forget her who cared so much for me.* I did not visit Airdrie, for Sheirlaw, the only friend I had there, had left for Australia.

By the time promised I was in Liverpool, and the same day I put my luggage on board the "Lady Alice," which was to be my home until I arrived at my destination.

* Mrs. Brown died shortly after I left: She met with a severe accident on the street and never recovered.—T.G.

CHAPTER XV.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

THE morning of the 21st November, 1860, was cold, cheerless, and frosty. I had just got up, and when I went upon deck I was hailed by the captain with the usual cheery "Good mornin', sir." I saw there was something astir, because all the sailors were active, while the captain and mate were giving their orders freely to the men.

"Anything wrong, captain?"

"Naething that I ken o', sir; but it is time noo, I think, we were clearing oot o' this place."

"Then you mean to sail at once?"

"As soon as the ither chiel' comes on board the tug will tak' us doon the Mersey a bit. I wish he wad come awa'."

At this moment my employers, with the young man, came alongside the vessel, and he was introduced to me as Mr. James Scott of Glasgow. His luggage was sent on board the day previous, so all we wanted was his person to complete our wants.

As it was extremely cold standing in the open air, we all went below to drink success to our voyage. My new employers were exceedingly kind. They told Captain M'Duff, so long as we did not meddle with the working of the ship, we were to have all kinds of liberty. They had sent us on board for our special use all kinds of drinks, and many delicacies, so it seemed we had nothing to do but eat, drink, and be merry while we were on board of the "Lady Alice." We all drank a right good bumper, and after wishing us a

very successful journey, our employers left us. The tug was blowing off her steam by our side like a thing of life, impatient at being kept waiting. Our moorings were soon cast off, and in a few minutes we were being slowly taken down the Mersey *en route* for the Western Continent. My companion and I stood upon deck, though it was cold, gazing upon the yellow turbulent waters, and thinking as we looked at the shore, would we ever see them again. I admit I had sad feelings upon leaving my native land, yet I was young, and hope was strong on the wing. Though I was sad at times, at other times I felt quite buoyant that I would in time come back to dear old Scotland and spend the remainder of my days in or near my native place. Just allow me, and that briefly, to describe my companion James Scott. He was about my own age—if anything a little older. He was a young man of sound principles, and had the makings of a true friend. Mr. Scott was tall, with black curly hair, and merry twinkling dark eyes. He was always smiling—indeed, I scarcely ever saw him angry. If he had a fault, it was that he was too generous, and too fond of practical jests. He was fond of fun, I might say fond of mischief; but when he caused an injury to any, he made up for the injury in such a manner that the injured would like it to occur often. I was different from my friend. I was fond of reading—thinking and brooding of the past, present, and future. We both stood on the little poop of the “Lady Alice” until we felt almost petrified with cold. Though I felt it, I did not feel it as a great inconvenience. My thoughts were busy with the past, and as I recalled how I had been guided by the Great Unseen Hand, tears of gratitude filled my eyes.

“Don’t you feel cold, Mr. Gordon? It seems to me it would be more sociable like if we went below instead of gazing upon the flat cheerless shore yonder. The captain has not got much to do, I think. Suppose we ask him down to take a ‘nip’ of brandy. See, the stove is quite red in the cabin—there it will be warm. How ‘blue’ the Captain’s nose is. I could bet ten to one he is waiting yonder for us to ask him. I have got two dozen of brandy, one of whisky, and one of Holland’s down below. As I can’t drink them

all myself, let us ask him. He is a Highlander, ain't he? Well, sir, I never saw a Highlander yet refuse real, honest *eau de vie*, or the mountain dew of his own glens."

We soon had the captain in his chair of state, while we sat on each side of him. We told him, as the day was cold, we wanted his company to drink a glass while he had time. Scott asked him what he would like.

"Weel, young frien's—for I maun ca' ye sae—if it be a' the same tae you," says the smiling captain, "I'll jist tak' a bit sup o' whisky."

A bottle soon came on the table, when Jack Daw, the cabin boy—was called to bring down a jug of boiling water. The Captain did his duty well, but though he drank four times the quantity of us both, the only difference I noticed on him was in his nose. It was no longer blue, but had changed into a fiery red. Scott plied him with questions about our voyage, how long it would take, and if there existed any danger. The Captain answered all our questions freely. He said we could not have left at a worse time of the year, but once they got beyond 40 latitude north we would have good weather. He anticipated dirty weather in St. George's Channel, but once out of it and plenty of sea room he had no fear of the "Lady Alice" though a little overloaded. He further added that he should make the journey in sixty days to Buenos Ayres, but he would not grumble though he took ten days longer. Regarding the danger, the captain said he had now been a sailor for forty years, and he was living still. The Captain was a pawky, cautious Scotchman, with only one fault, and that was his love for whisky, brandy, and rum. I must, however, say this to his credit—when he had a duty to perform he took very little. He was ever watchful and careful of his ship and the interests of his employers. The bottle vanished—the contents did—and for the first time in my life I felt, if not exactly tipsy, next thing to it. Scott laughed, sung songs of Scotland; three cheers for the land of the bonnie blue bells. The old Captain felt a little excited and sung some Jacobite songs, and one in Gaelic to the inexpressible delight of Scott. The fun was getting fast and furious, and a second bottle was meditated upon, when the mate, Mr.

Edwards, looked down and told the Captain the tug was about to throw us off. M'Duff at once sprung to his feet, and we did the same, but he told us as they were about to set sail we were better where we were. The noise, with shouting, tramping, &c., on deck, was something fearful. We heard the old man's voice alone in the din shouting out, "Set the mizen spanker, and look sharp about it. We have the wind, lads, and as it is not too strong we must catch every breath of it."

While the tug carried us on, we scarcely felt the vessel moving, but now the empty bottle reeled upon the table like a drunk man. Scott was determined to see what was doing on deck, and rose for the purpose of going up when the lurch of the vessel pitched him right across the cabin with such force that he split the panel of the bath room door.

"Holloo," I shouted, "are you drunk, Mr. Scott?"

"Drunk, not I, but this vessel is drunk, or perhaps the Captain is. I say Gordon, help me up; I think I have fractured my skull. If it is not cracked it is made of thicker and better material than I thought it was."

"Why, you've split the door."

"Better the door than my head; something had to give way, and I am glad it is the door. My head is confoundedly sore. I say I am as sober as a judge now, but I am dry, Gordon. Give me a glass of brandy so that I can find my legs. How this cockle-shell pitches; how are we to get along if she goes on this way."

We got on deck, but what a change. Almost every stitch of canvas was put on, and the wind blowing in our favour, we went plunging along at a fine pace. Up to this time I had no idea that a vessel needed so much sail. Above there was quite a sea of canvas, which was filled with a fine steady breeze. The captain now came over to where we stood. "What dae you think o' that, lads? If this wind wad only haud on, we would soon get oot o' the channel." Turning to the mate he said, "I think she might stand the spenser on; it is easy taking it in if it comes on harder; let me know if any change takes place. We maun get a bite o' dinner now."

Dinner was soon on the table, but the "Lady Alice"

was pitching at such a furious rate (to our minds) that we had to get the guards on the table. All this was strange to us, but we did not say anything. Jack Daw helped both of us to soup, but we found it impossible to get along with the bowl on the table. We imitated the captain, and held it in our hands, but we could not get along so well as he. Whether it was owing to the blow Scott got, or the whisky he drank, I cannot tell, but the progress he made was very slow. A crisis at last came. While he was balancing his bowl the "Lady Alice" gave a lurch which sent the contents right in his face. I never saw such a ludicrous sight in my life as poor Scott. He sat for some time with a bowl in the one hand, a spoon in the other, while his eyes spoke terror and amazement. We soon got him right, when the Captain explained to us how to watch the motions of the vessel; for his part, he said, he could take his food and drink his grog as well in a storm as on land. Scott eschewed fork and knife, saying he would not imperil his eyes or his throat with such deadly instruments while the vessel was behaving in such a manner. Dinner was got over, when the captain went on deck. The short day was drawing to a close. How dreary everything seemed to be. Scott did not feel well, and retired early to his cabin, and did not appear till next morning. I went on deck and watched the rolling, noisy waves, tossing and sending up their spray to the dark sky above. As it was intensely cold, I was forced below, when I tried to read, but the novelty of my situation quite upset me. I lay down on the sofa and fell fast asleep, and did not wake up till it was late. When I awoke the lamp was dimly burning in the lonely cabin. The wind was moaning, and the vessel careered along on her trackless journey. Next morning the cheery voice of the captain was heard—

"It is a fine morning, gentlemen. You had better get up an' have a sniff o' the sea air before breakfast."

Both of us were soon on deck, but the spray bounding now and then over us, we were compelled to go below. To our left we could see land. The captain told us that it was the extreme point of South Wales, and the gap or channel was Bristol Channel. I was astonished at our slow progress, but I was told we had made good headway. We had now

breakfast, but I felt queer; and Scott, poor fellow, had got up to please us, but it was evident he was very unwell.

"Ye maun tak' a taste o' speerits, gentlemen," said the Captain. "It will drive awa' the sickness."

We both applied the remedy, but it was back water. Not so with M'Duff. The captain at all times could do with a stiff one, but we novices could not face our morning. Scott soon got to be very sick, and though I struggled hard against it, I had at last to succumb. I think I never in my life passed three days in such a miserable state. Scott, poor fellow, was worse than me; indeed, I was sorry for him as he lay and tossed and moaned day and night. The Captain did all he could for us, and still maintained that "a drap o' whusky was as good a thing as we could take," but neither of us could look at it. The fourth night I had a good sleep, and when I awoke I felt hungry, and was able to rise. "I must see how poor Scott is," I thought. I went to his cabin, and found him lying staring at the water rushing past the portholes. Beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, yet it was cold and clammy. His attention was arrested when I entered. He now stared at me. At last he said—

"Would you, Mr. —? I—I—really forget your name. "Gordon."

"Yes—Mr. Gordon. Would you kindly send a telegram to my mother that I would like to see her?"

I saw the poor fellow was not joking. There was a strange light in his eyes.

"Would you, Mr. Gordon, bring me to-day's *Herald*? I have not seen one this week."

I saw at once that weakness had impaired the mind of poor Scott. I hastened on deck and saw the Captain, and explained to him his condition. I said a cup of strong tea would help him. This Jack Daw soon brought, and Scott eagerly drank it. I then sat by his bed, and was glad to see a change for the better taking place. Turning to me with a smile, he said—

"Did I tell you to telegraph for my mother?"

"What has put that in your head?"

"I don't know, but I am under the impression that I have been talking nonsense."

I told him I was only just up myself; that I had, like himself, an attack of sea sickness, and was glad it had abated. We both got gradually round, and though the vessel pitched most unmercifully, we had got more accustomed to it. The following day we appeared at the breakfast-table, when the Captain apologised for the want of attention to us. He then informed us we were now in the open sea, and that a strong gale was blowing, and that he had to close-reef and take in sail; but the weather was not worse than he expected. We both went on deck. What a sight! The "Lady Alice" plunged and reared in a fearful manner. The waves leapt on deck, and broke with a crash which quite petrified me. At one time she sank in the trough of the sea, and when down a wave would burst over her; the next moment she would emerge from her watery covering and ride high on the top of a ponderous billow. It was a strange sight to me, and my wonder was why the good ship was able to stand the buffeting of the waves as it did. Neither of us could read; we could not amuse ourselves by inspecting the ship or talking to the men—all seemed to be busy splicing ropes and repairing the damage done since we left port. An incident occurred which kept us in excitement for some time, but I must relate it in another chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

THE tenth morning after we left the Mersey, the Captain called upon us to get up, for the storm had somewhat abated, and the wind was in our favour. "And," continued he, "I have two glasses of rare old Jamaica rum for your morning, with a cabin biscuit and butter. Now, get up, lads, and keep me company for 'an hour before breakfast." We were now both well, but the weather being so rough, we were compelled to pass the most of our time below. I was therefore extremely glad to hear that we had caught a favourable breeze, and one which was likely to last. We were soon with the Captain, who gave us our "morning," which we were now commencing to enjoy wonderfully. The morning was raw, but not so cold as when we left Liverpool; moreover, we had to some extent got our sea legs, and could march up and down the poop though the "Lady Alice" was heaving heavily.

The three of us were standing near to the helm, gazing at the wake of the vessel, when the Captain said to us, "Don't you think that is a vessel following us?"

We both strained our eyes, but could not make it out. The Captain got his glass, and after gazing through it for some time, said it was a vessel, and they were signalling us, but he could not make out the signal.

"Is it not a pity that we must lower sail after getting this fine breeze? I don't know if I will do it."

"But you must do it, Captain," I said, "perhaps it is a vessel in distress."

"I must first find that out ere I shorten sail."

Again he looked through the glass, and closing it with a bang, said, with anger, "It is a vessel in distress, and I must shorten sail."

Orders were given, when in an incredibly short time all the sails were taken in, save the studding and main topsail. The distressed ship soon made its appearance, crowded with sail. We were moving on at a slow pace waiting to see what help was required from us. We had not long to wait. On the vessel came, reeling and staggering like a drunk man. It was alongside of us, when the sailors shortened sail to be equal with us. It was evident that the Captain of the doomed ship was wishing to board us, but on our Captain observing this, and being afraid that the vessel might sink and drag us down along with it, he shouted out—by this time they were quite near—not to come nearer. The Captain of the sinking ship either did not hear, or did not wish to hear our old man; but M'Duff being now fully roused, rushed down to the cabin, and bringing up his revolver, again cried out that if they did not keep off he would shoot them. If they did not hear him, they at least understood his meaning, for they did not approach nearer. The usual questions were then put and answered—

Captain—"What ship is that?"

Stranger—"The *Yarrow*, from Shields, bound to Rio de Janeiro with a cargo of coals."

"What is wrong with you?"

"We have sprung a leak, and the last time we sounded we had twelve feet of water."

"Why not use the pumps?"

"The pumps are stove in, and won't work."

"Launch your boat, and we will take you on board."

"We have not got a boat; we lost it in trying to launch it. We tried to make a raft, but the sea was too high. Send us your boat."

Our jolly boat was lying amidships, but was not in a condition to put to sea. This is a common occurrence with our merchant life boats. We told the ill-fated crew that our boat could not live in such a sea five minutes. When we announced this there arose a cry of despair, the like of which I never heard before or since. The captain, mate,

and all the men were standing on the poop looking at us with looks of despair and misery. One man I noticed—I found out afterwards it was the mate—was reading a book. He would read for a short time, then fall upon his knees and lift his hands towards the heavens, as if he were soliciting the aid of Him who holds the seas in His hands. A youth, I noticed, remained on his knees very quietly the whole time, others were wringing their hands and crying with voices of despair, "Help us, for the love of God help us; do not allow us to perish." I was strangely moved—moved even to tears. I went to M'Duff and asked if he could not do *something*. The old man was not without feeling, for tears stood in his eyes as he said, "No, Mr. Gordon, I canna help them, but perhaps God will." All this time we were sailing side by side, but the sea was very high and rough. The "Yarrow" was now pitching heavily; at times we could see her keel as she was tossed up by the billows, but when she sank with the waves, we almost stopped our breath thinking she had gone down. Again and again they cried in moving and melting words for help. They asked if we would not send our small boat. Our Captain said he would gladly send it, but a small boat would not live a minute in such a sea.

"Will you try it," they cried to us. Our Captain, turning to his men, said, "Boys, I will not ask you to go, for I believe my gig would not stand such a sea, but if any of you volunteer to save these poor men, I will gladly give it, though it is our only boat.

None moved, but each looked into the face of his companion—nothing was said or done.

"Then these men will perish," says the captain.

"God forbid!" said a young man, named Wilson. "With God's help I will save them."

"You, Wilson; this is only your first voyage. Na, na, Wilson, aulder hands than you must go."

"With your permission, sir, *I will* go. I am not the least afraid."

When he said this he stepped forward, pale, but with a fixed and determined resolution in his countenance, which clearly indicated that if they could be saved it would be by Wilson.

"Weel, weel, sae be it, young man. You may succeed while ane o' mair experience might fail."

Orders were given to launch the gig, but great care had to be exercised so that it might not be carried away by a receding wave, and not smashed against our own vessel. What suspense we endured! The moment arrived. The boat was poised on the wave, Wilson in it; next moment it was carried away far out of our reach. The cry got up that Wilson had no oars. This was true. In the excitement this was overlooked. We gave the brave lad up for being lost, but we observed him tearing up the fore and aft of the boat. He managed it, and with this rude oar to steer his tiny craft he neared the "Yarrow." A rope was thrown him, and in a short time he was on board. As far as I can remember the "Yarrow" had nine souls all told. It was impossible to save them all at once. So he took five in his boat, and having got oars, he struck out for the "Lady Alice." We all felt proud of the daring youth, and as he neared our ship, our sailors—the captain included—raised a hearty cheer, which was heard above the storm. With much difficulty we got the men on board, and Wilson returned to save the remainder. We urged him to allow one of the saved to do so, but he would not do it. The next trip he took off the captain and three of the men, the last of the crew. These were also safely landed. We had now on board the whole crew of the "Yarrow," and when I looked at them I could not keep back tears of gratitude at their being saved. Some when they came on board at once went down on their knees and thanked God for their deliverance. The young man I have already referred to quietly slipped below to the sail room—the place assigned for the wrecked men—and I have no doubt there he thanked his God for his preservation. Some, however, soon forgot the danger they were in. They laughed and talked, and drank their grog, as if they had been heroes instead of poor shipwrecked sailors. My attention was now directed to the ship. We kept near, so as to send a full report of her. We had not long to wait. About an hour after the last man had left her, in one of her plunges she went suddenly down with her sails set. It was a strange sight. When the masts were about half down they stood

for some time so, but suddenly plunged out of sight. M'Duff said the reason why she did not sink all at once was that all her compartments were not full. The Captain and crew were very anxious that we should turn back and land them at Lisbon, but M'Duff would not hear of this for two reasons—first, it was difficult to navigate to that city; and second, as the breeze was in our favour, it would be going against the interests of his employers to do so. The Captain said he would put in at the town of Funchal (Madeira), and they could be taken home by the first steamer. This they were pleased with. Madeira, I found, was in latitude 33 north, longitude 17 west. The breeze we now had was steady, and in ten days we arrived before the town of that island.

Though it was the middle of December, it was delightfully warm, and in the bay where we lay not a breath of wind stirred. We prepared at once to land our men, but the soldiers in the castle, which is built close to the sea, and commands the bay, ordered us not to land until the officers of health inspected us. We were kept waiting for a long time, but at the last the officials came to us in their boat covered with an awning to protect them from the sun. (December.) After a few questions and answers we were allowed to land in the surf boats, ours being of no use. After paying a visit to Mr. Heywood, the British consul, who paid M'Duff for boarding the men on his vessel, we left and had a roam through the quaint town of Funchal. It scarcely comes under my province to describe the scenery and products of this famed island. I was only one day there—Sunday—and as the churches were emptying and filling, Scott's attention and mine was more taken up with the lovely (?) Portuguese maidens than with the fine sights that lay before us. I have written the word lovely. It is generally understood that the Spanish and Portuguese ladies are handsome, but to me they are far from being so. I scarcely ever saw a beautiful Spanish lady, and I only saw one beautiful Senora, and that was in Funchal. No doubt the Spanish ladies have a bewitching grace in walking. I have often observed this, and was particularly struck the first time I saw a lady walking. I have no doubt Spain and its Republics have many fair daughters, but truth com-

pels me to say I have never seen them. I have wandered through their churches in the Carnival time, when thousands of ladies of all classes thronged them, but I could never find what our romance writers have written. I have said I only saw one, and though near eighteen years have passed away, the sweet looks of the fair Portuguese haunt me still. We enjoyed the day of freedom with abundant relish, but before we went on board we purchased a vast quantity of fruit, and some of the famous wine of the island. The men who were wrecked came to the shore with us, and after drinking to our health and we to theirs, we shoved off and were soon on board again. The weather being now good, and having the cabin to ourselves, and the right to wander where we pleased, we soon made the acquaintance of the men, and as Scott was now himself again, he commenced to play off many of his practical jokes.

CHAPTER XVII.

WE ENJOY OURSELVES.

WE left Madeira on a beautiful winter morning, but as warm as a day in June. We set our sails, and getting a favourable breeze, we bowled along at a splendid rate. Both of us had fairly recovered from our sea sickness, and now that we had the cabin to ourselves, and no one to molest us, we commenced to enjoy life at sea. Up to this time I had not an opportunity of making friends with those on board, but now, as the weather was good, and matters going on smoothly, I was soon amongst the men listening to their yarns, while I gave them land yarns in return. Our cook was a negro—a real pot black curly-headed negro. At one time he had been a slave, but had escaped in an English vessel, and like his tribe, he had taken the situation of cook, being quite unfit for anything else. Washington—this was the only name I ever knew him by—was about fifty years of age. His wool was getting grey, and his once sable beard was frosty with years. I think I never met with a man so innocent and childlike as poor Washington. At first Scott used to tease and annoy him for the sake of getting him roused, but it was of no use. Both of us used to spin him long yarns—impossibilities. Washington listened eagerly to all that was said, and drank in with childlike faith the greatest nonsense ever uttered. At the conclusion of a yarn Washington would look up in the narrator's face and exclaim, "Dat is so, dat is true; my heart be berry berry sorry." When we saw that Washington believed all we told him, we left quizzing him to quizz others. The negro was a splendid cook, and for "de gentlemen in de cabin,"

Washington did his best to please—to show his gratitude for the little we had done for him. I was often amused at the zeal he displayed for us. If it happened that he was doing something for either of us, and a seaman wished him to leave off to do something for him, Washington had no hesitation in refusing point blank. “De gentlemen in de cabin must be served first—you second.

“I only want a little boiling water, Washington,” the seaman would say.

“Go away, and come back again in two or three minutes.”

“I tell you, Wash., I must get the water now. I have no right to wait; so come along.”

“Come along; you go to the debil, and tell him cook sent you. You no gentleman; you touch boiler when I rap your fingers sir. De gentlemen in de cabin are gentlemen; you none, go away, sir.”

Many an hour I spent in the company of this poor unlettered negro, and though my companion was a humble one, it did me good to look in his face and see the calm contentment and honesty which beamed in his countenance. The mate was a young hot-blooded Irishman—a capital sailor, at least I thought so, and the Captain admitted he scarcely had a better hand, but his temper was his ruin. He was aware that his temper was none of the best, and I verily believe if he made up his mind once to reform it, he did so a hundred times, but seemingly it was of no use. I have been often amused, while at the same time I have felt vexed, at the way he treated the men. He would call a seaman to do some job—mix paint, splice a rope, or something else. His language at first was calm, nay polite and affectionate, but if the seaman made a mistake, and followed up by making another, or doing the job in a slovenly manner, *then* his wrath waxed warm. His oaths were something fearful, and while he uttered them he would be pale and livid with rage. Often I have seen the men biting their lips to keep down some retort; indeed, I sincerely believe had I not spoken to the men while they were off duty to forbear retaliation, there would have been mutiny on board the “Lady Alice.” Upon one occasion, while the Captain was down below looking over a chart, one of the men, naemd

Felix, a very quiet and orderly fellow, had done something to cause annoyance to Edwards. I stood and listened to the fearful oaths of the mate, and my wonder was why Felix did not resent the hard names which were hurled at him. I believe he would have been passive had not some of his companions stood near and heard the fearful names he was called. In a moment Felix stopped his work, and going up to the mate, quietly said that if he had him on land he would teach him a lesson he would not forget, and perhaps he would get the chance soon. If Edwards was angry before, he was fairly wild now. He could not speak for passion, so, seizing a piece of rope, he struck the poor sailor over the face such a blow as made him reel. In a moment, however, the poor fellow recovered, and walking quietly up to the mate, felled him to the ground. It must have been a fearful blow, for Edwards lay as if dead for some time. The boat-swain was for informing the Captain at once, but I would not allow it. I said that the mate would not be long in bringing matters to a crisis. He soon recovered, when he ordered Felix to be put in irons. An old sailor called Jack objected, and said that he had not the power to put any of them under arrest without the sanction of the Captain.

"This is mutiny."

"It is not," said Jack. "If the Captain orders you to tell us to do it, we are bound to obey the order, but all of us will refuse until you get that order."

At this point the Captain made his appearance, and seeing that there were something wrong, he at once made for the scene.

The mate commenced to tell his story, but M'Duff ordered all the men to the poop. He asked me if I had seen what happened. I said I had.

"Then be good enough, Mr. Gordon, to remain and give your evidence."

Edwards stated his case, but left out the language he had used to the man, and the great provocation he had given. The men who had witnessed the assault also gave their evidence, and I admired the candid way they gave it. Though they hated Edwards, they were too manly to bring an unjust accusation against him. It was evident to me that the case

was going against Felix, and though I had faith in the sound and clear judgment of our Captain, yet I could not see how the offence could be looked over, and I felt sure the poor fellow would be put in irons. I felt the blood boiling within me, but as I well knew it would not do for me to say one word until invited to do so by the Captain, I smothered my indignation as well as I could. At last M'Duff asked me what I had seen. I was determined to be plain, let the result be what it may. I said—

“The language used first by the mate was something fearful; no man—no slave—could listen to it without retaliating. Before the man spoke, my wonder was why he stood it—why he did not knock the blasphemer down. You have asked my opinion, sir—well, I will give it. When you arrive at Buenos Ayres discharge this man (the mate), for he who is not fit to command his temper cannot command others. Felix, I consider, did right, and my only wonder is, why he kept his hands off him so long.”

When I had done speaking my eye fell upon Washington, who was standing up with the group, weeping like an infant. He stole round to me, and taking my hand in both of his, he whispered—

“Dat is right, massa; he be bad, bad man. Swear God Almighty awful.”

I was quite astonished, when silence was restored, that the mate commenced on me; said that I had the men in a state of mutiny, and concluded with some stinging remarks about my person. His language was exceedingly offensive. The Captain ordered him to be quiet. He said he was Captain, and all must obey him. Calling up Felix, he said to him—

“Return to your duty, and be careful with your language. I overlook the matter, but as discipline must be maintained, I cannot do so again. You, Mr. Edwards, must come below, for I want to speak to you. Yes, you may also come, Mr. Gordon.”

I had no idea that old M'Duff could speak so firm and to the point. He laid the case open, and in winding up he made the mate apologise for his intemperate language to myself.

The men of the "Lady Alice," I suppose, were like other seamen, and do not call for me to say anything special about them. Jack Daw, the cabin-boy, was a handy, good-tempered, lively fellow. His duties were to attend to us and keep the cabin in good order, and to bring the meals from the cook. The Captain, in my hearing, told him he had nothing to do with the working of the vessel, and if asked to do so, it would be his own pleasure. Now Jack, if he hated any one on board, it was Edwards, the mate, who had often asked him to bear a hand, and used to ratten him when he was sullen. Often he told me he would have revenge in some way, and he had it to his full satisfaction sooner than I expected. The whole of us dined in the cabin, viz. :—the captain, Scott and I, with the mate. The captain sat facing the companion way, with Scott on his right hand and I on his left. The mate sat opposite, near the entrance to the cabin. Every day we had soup; some days preserved soup, but as he was fond of pea-soup it was oftener on the table than anything else. The day the accident (?) happened there was a heavy swell on, and we were all seated waiting for Jack to place on the table the soup. Punctually he made his appearance, pausing to balance himself as the vessel made a lurch. On he came with the large tureen; the vessel rolled, and the hot contents fell on the head of the mate. With a howl and a volley of oaths the animated pillar of pea-soup rose from the table, and, snatching a knife, followed in pursuit of Jack, who had left the cabin the moment the catastrophe happened. We could not help laughing; indeed, the men were highly amused at seeing the strange spectacle blindly moving about with a large knife in his hand. Jack was hidden somewhere, but the mate could not find him out; and as the men pleaded ignorance, Edwards saw the best plan he could do was to wash himself and change his clothes. Fortunately, he was not burned, nor had it taken away his appetite, for he soon made his appearance, and did ample justice to his dinner. The mate hated with bitter hatred four objects. I was the first, Felix the second, Jack the third, and the *pig* the fourth. I believe though his hatred to his own race was deep and sincere, his hatred to the pig was greater still. Up to this I had always

thought pigs stupid, but ever since I came in contact with "Bob" my opinions about these useful animals have undergone a change. If Edwards hated the pig, the pig hated and feared him. I have often seen "Bob" walking along the deck in a quiet, meditative mood, meddling with none, and none meddling him, when his attentive eye would see the mate going his way. "Bob" would not dispute the right of way, but with a grumph of displeasure he would clear out with all speed, and when he thought he was free from the rope's end, he would turn round, cock his ears, and solemnly gaze at his foe. It often happened—and "Bob" knew this well—that the mate sometimes gave chase. When he did this "Bob" would utter the most unearthly yells, which had the desired effect of bringing his lawful master—the captain—upon the scene, when "Bob" would suddenly become dumb. He knew he was safe. Sometimes, when Edwards was asleep during the day, Scott would get hold of the pig, tie a string round its leg, and pull against it, which made "Bob" squeel in a dreadful manner. This was done close to the mate's berth. The noise would be sure to awaken him, and as the cries of both continued, and rose to the top scale, it generally ended with the appearance of the mate breathing slaughter against the pig and its master. "Bob" belonged to the captain, and had made several voyages with him. He was a strange animal. When the weather was cold the captain would say he was too lean to be killed, and when we got into warm latitudes it was too warm to kill him. In time the brute got to be a capital sailor, and knew the snug and secret places of the deck so well that the mate was often baffled to find where he had gone to. When I left the ship the last object I saw was "Bob" on a hencoop taking a parting view of his friends who had often protected him against his bitter enemy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I CONTINUE MY VOYAGE, AND CATCH A SHARK.

WE had crossed the line, and had met with a fine breeze up to this, when it calmed. The sails flapped against the masts, and though the superstitious captain and sailors whistled for wind, they still continued to flap, while we lay like a painted ship on a painted ocean. The sailors, having nothing to do, were set to mend the sails, a thing they disliked. Scott and I sat on the little poop trying to read, and at times to amuse ourselves, but it was of no use. It was a dull life, and we sighed for land, and vainly turned our eyes to where *terra firma* lay. One morning I was lying looking over the stern of the vessel amusing myself watching the rise and fall of the ship. On the South Atlantic, even when the weather is calm, there is always a heavy swell. The ship will rise on the waves, then sink so low that one can almost dip their hands in the blue waters. While I was thus watching the motions of the good ship, I noticed several little fish darting backwards and forwards with amazing rapidity. I could not make out what they were, so calling the Captain I told him to look, and when he did so, he said they were pilot fish, and that a shark must be close at hand. When told this, Scott and I were in the greatest state of excitement. Neither of us had ever seen one, and living the monotonous life we were doing, the smallest event was welcomed as an interesting change.

"I wonder where the green-eyed monster is," said Scott; "perhaps you are mistaken, Captain."

"Na, Na, he maun be aboot, depend upon that; an', frae the number o' the wee fish aboot, I jaloose he is a gie big ane."

The Captain told Edwards, the mate, to get the hook ready, and to bait it with pork.

This was speedily done, but though we peered into the waters till our eyes were sore, we could not see the shark.

The hands being told that a shark was following us, the men, forgetting all discipline, rushed to see it. I expected the Captain would order them to their several posts, but he allowed them to follow their own sweet will. "The chieils ha'e little tae dae, an' sae lang as we are no sailing, they get dull. I dinna find fault wi' them taking a little freedom the noo, Mr. Gordon."

For long the whole crew watched and watched, but it was in vain. Two hours passed away, when Scott, losing all patience, shouted out that he would give a bottle of brandy to the man who first shouted out he saw the shark. This was glorious fun for us, as the men, for the sake of the brandy, gazed eagerly and anxiously, hoping to gain the prize. Other two hours passed away, yet the pilot fish darted backwards and forwards, but no shark was to be seen. The Captain maintained that the fish was near, and was of opinion that he would see it ere the sun went down. The Captain was correct. The men had left off watching, and Scott and I alone remained, now and then casting a glance to where we thought it should be seen. At last I observed a dark object moving ten fathoms from our stern. Could this be it? I called Scott's attention to it. Yes, it was the shark. It came nearer the ship, so that both of us had a good view of it. I can quite understand why sailors detest and abhor this fish. I shuddered as I gazed at it. It was slow and steady in its movements, turning neither to the right or left. What an ugly mouth it had! There was something diabolical about it. After we had gazed at it for a little, we sang out, "The shark! the shark!" Soon the Captain and crew were at our side; the bait was thrown, and we anticipated soon to have him on board, but he was either not hungry or the bait was distasteful to him. Now and then he would turn on his back and taste the pork, but feeling it not to his liking he would slowly turn on his belly again, and follow the bait in a sleepy careless manner. We were all astonished at this, and the Captain was sorely

puzzled at its behaviour. We re-baited the hook, but with the same results. Night came on. Sudden darkness compelled us to seek our lonely cabin, much chagrined at our non-success. By the streak of day on the following morning we were up to see if Mr. Shark was still in our rear, when we were much pleased at finding him in the same position as we left him. Here was a day of excitement before us. Again the Captain brought out his bait, but the shark would not look at it. He would turn on his back and appear just about to swallow it, but for some cause stop. This was exceedingly tantalising to us, and very trying to our patience.

The Captain lost all his patience. I said to him, "Put out all the rope; I think the sight of the vessel has something to do with it."

"What do you ken about catching a shark? I ha'e caught hundreds, while you ha'e only seen this ane."

"I think Gordon is right, however," said Scott; "it gives in to reason."

"Tak' the bait and mak' a kirk or a mill o't for me, but I can tell ye, ye will never catch him."

Here the Captain indignantly walked away, and left us to do what we liked.

"I say, Gordon, the Captain is in the huff at us for calling in question his abilities for shark fishing."

"Let him huff; but I say, Scott, I think somehow we are right. See, we will lengthen the rope; hand up the end of that one, and we will get a man to splice it."

I called a man to splice the rope, but the Captain, who had been eying us, told the man to mind his own business; he was Captain, and would not be interfered with.

Scott burst out in a fit of laughter at seeing the Captain acting so pettishly. This displeased the old man more than ever, and seeing he was getting very angry, I told Scott to take no notice of him. We spliced the rope after our own way, and tying the end of it to a spar, we let it out till the bait was not seen. The bait had not been out of sight a minute when there was a great strain. Could we have caught it already! We tried to pull it in, but could not. Scott shouted out "We have caught the shark." Soon the

Captain and men were at our side, scarcely believing it to be true.

"Deed, lads, ye ha'e got him fast enough," said the Captain; and, turning to me, he said, "Ye maun excuse my temper for getting a thocht hot. Ye ha'e a guid head, Mr. Gordon, an' it's a lesson tae me aye tae be learning, e'en frae them we dinna expect tae get information frae."

We pulled the shark in, but we were unable to get him on deck.

"What will we do, Captain?"

"Weel, we maun droon him!"

"Drown him!"

"Yes, that's the only way we can do with him. You see, if by sheer strength we drew him up, the catch might gi'e way, an' we would lose him. The best way is to droon him."

"The men then drew his head out of the water, perhaps a little more, and a rope was passed half way down his body. He was then drawn up clear out of the water. I have already mentioned that there is always a heavy swell on the Atlantic. Sometimes the shark would be under and sometimes out of the water. His mouth being kept open with the hook, he had not any power—i.e., he could not exercise his natural functions in the same way. For two hours we kept him in the same position, till we saw he got weaker. At last, by a great effort, we managed to get the monster on deck. What a sight! What ugliness! Every time he lashed the deck with his tail the vessel vibrated. The carpenter being sent for, he was ordered to cut off the tail. This was done, when out poured a quantity of dark blood. It was fearful the struggles he made, but the mutilated animal received little sympathy from the onlookers. For about an hour he showed signs of life, but at last he lay quiet. His head was then severed from his body, but before it was cut off, Scott measured the shark, when we found it, making allowance for the tail, to be twenty feet long. The carpenter, who was an Irishman, commenced to skin it, the skin making excellent sand paper. When in the act of cutting the skin off, the shark became as lively as ever! It leaped about on deck headless and tail-less, to the great consternation of us all, more especially of the carpenter.

Joe—that was his name—was the picture of despair and wonder when the headless monster leaped up, sending him sprawling on his back. He gave the animal one wild look before he fled, and as he flew to his berth he cried on the Virgin and the saints to protect him from the power of the evil one. This, however, was the last effort of the expiring monster. The carpenter was brought out, the matter explained, but Joe would not tackle it again, and having no further use for it, we threw the mangled remains overboard to become food for his living brethren.

About two days after the affair of the shark (we were still becalmed), after having partaken of a hearty dinner, I drew the Captain's attention to the state of the water we were drinking. It had particles floating in it like tea-leaves. The Captain said that the water in No. 1 tank must be done, but that he would order No. 2 tank to be opened at once. He told Jack Daw to send Washington to the cabin. The sable cook soon made his appearance, when he was told to open the other tank and draw a fresh supply of water. In about five minutes he returned, his wool actually standing on end, stating that No. 2 tank was empty. Without a word being spoken we all got up and went on deck and examined the tanks for ourselves. It was true, there was not *one* drop in No. 2 tank, and No. 1 tank was nearly empty. We afterwards found out that one of the tanks had never been filled, this having been overlooked. This was a very serious matter, and Scott and I felt particularly out of sorts at the state of things.

"I say, Gordon," says Scott, "how do you feel? I feel very thirsty; the idea has made my tongue and throat dry."

"It is a very serious matter," I said; "but perhaps we can run in to some island and get a supply."

"Yes, run in without wind. See the sails. It seems to me we are caught, and will have a yarn to spin if we escape."

"If it would freshen up—a breeze of any kind—we could perhaps make Bahia or some other port."

The men were very serious, and seeing Washington, our cook, standing gazing at the sea, I went over to him, and touching him on the shoulder, I said—

"Well, Wash., how do you take to the news; how do you think it will turn out? Your occupation in the meantime is gone, Wash."

"Yes, Massa Gordon; it look bad, berry, berry bad. De water won't last two days, and den all mad wid thirst."

"What will we do, Wash.?"

"De Lord only knows. I be not afraid. Washington is bad, berry, berry bad; he forgets de Lord sometimes, but de good Lord does not forget poor Wash."

I felt like a guilty wretch as I stood before Washington. Here was a man who could not read, but had faith that our lives were in the hands of a greater Being than ourselves. He gave me a look as I stood thinking about my own littleness and my want of faith. Touching me on the shoulder, Wash. said—

"Berry sorrow for you and Scott. Who cares for a poor nigger like me?"

"My dear Wash.," I said, "we are all alike in His sight. Jesus careth as much for *you* as *me*."

"All people don't think dat."

"But it is true, Wash."

As I said this Washington's black eyes filled with tears, and coming close to me he said in a whisper—

"Hab you de good man's book, Massa Gordon?"

"(I had one, but it had never been opened since I came on board.) I said I had one."

"Excuse me, Massa Gordon, but dere is something about still waters, and fear none evil for de Lord is with us, and," continued Washington, looking earnestly at me while the big tears rolled down his dark cheeks, "I would like, massa, if you would read me dat place." I hastened to my cabin and brought my Bible to the cook. His eye glistened when he saw it, and never will I forget the contented look he had, as he sat, while I read and explained to him the important truths of the Sacred Word.

"Now, read about de still waters, Massa Gordon."

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside still waters."

"Yes, yes, dat's it, dat's it. Dat is de Lord who leadeth us by still waters. Read more, Massa Gordon."

I read the whole psalm, and having done so, the poor negro rose up, and taking me by the hands, earnestly said—

“De Lord will not forsake us; I feel it. It’s all right, Massa Gordon, a door will open. Glory hallelujah.”

I left poor Wash. and joined Scott and the Captain. I did not tell them what passed between the cook and myself. My heart was too full. The Captain plainly told us that we could only be saved by a miracle.

Night came on, when we all retired to rest, but I could not sleep long at a time. When morning came I hurried on deck and found the sky cloudy and looking like rain. Scott was by my side. Fervently did he pray for rain. As we stood on deck gazing at the sombre sky, a few large drops of rain fell. I could have cried with joy. The Captain came forward, when I pointed to the rain drops. “Yes,” he said, “the barometer is going back a little, but very little, and I don’t anticipate much rain.”

“Oh yes, Massa Gordon, it is coming, it will be here soon. I will hab a good dinner for you to-day. De Lord at the helm, Massa Gordon.”

As he stood the sky got darker, and large drops of rain commenced to fall. Ten minutes had not elapsed when the rain poured, not rained, but poured down. The carpenter made rhones, which caught the rain as it ran off the poop; this he led into the tanks. Now I cannot describe the emotion I felt at the time. All were pleased, and I went to the pantry, where I found Washington busy among his pots and pans.

“What are you doing, Wash.?”

“I be getting ready de dinner, Massa Gordon.”

“You believe the Lord sent the rain.”

“Surely de good Lord heard our prayer, and sent de rain.” Here was faith.

It rained all day, and long before it stopped our tanks were filled with excellent water.

I had my own thoughts.

That night as I lay down I mused on a passage I had read—“But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and

things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and the things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh shall glory in His presence."

The following day a breeze sprung up, when we bounded along for our destination.

Nothing particular occurred during the remainder of the voyage. When we entered Rio de la Plata, we took a pilot on board. I was amused at watching the seals ducking in the river—so like human beings at a distance. In due time we got into the roads, and on the 14th of February, 1861, we left the "Lady Alice" with tender hearts. Poor Washington came forward as I was about to step into the boat, the tears running down his cheeks, and taking me by both hands, in a choking voice, said—

"Good-bye, Massa Gordon, I will nebber see you again—nebber see you more. De Lord keep you; de Lord preserve you; in Heben, Massa Gordon, we may meet." In a whisper the good honest soul said, "Mind poor Wash. in your prayers; he will mind you; good-bye."

We ploughed three miles of the sea in our little boat, when we were landed on the famous mole of Buenos Ayres, the largest, and perhaps the most wicked, city of South America.

CHAPTER XIX.

BUENOS AYRES.

BUENOS AYRES, the metropolis of the great Argentine Republic, is the largest city of South America. Viewing it from the river it has a pleasant look, and when seen as the sun rises with all its beauty and freshness, one cannot help exclaiming, that is the place to be happy in. Most of the houses in the city are built in the Spanish style—flat roofs with inner courts. The rooms are all entered from the court or *patio*, and generally running along the walls there is a verandah, where the fair *senora* in the heat of the day takes her *siesta*, and in the cool of the evening walks or chats with some friend who may step in by the way on a visit. Though, as I have said, the city is fair to look upon at a distance, the enchantment flies when it is approached. No doubt it has some splendid buildings—buildings which can vie with the finest at home, but they are the exception. While we may be in a place where the occupant is wealthy, and where wealth is rampant, the outside of his house in all likelihood is little better than a dunghill. The authorities do not seem to have any regard for the health of the people. Strange to say, though the city lies on the margin of one of the largest rivers in the world, where a drainage system could be carried out at little expense, it is not provided with any. It will be scarcely credited that the only system they have for carrying off the refuse of the household is by digging large pits, something like our wells at home, and allowing the matter to find its way there as it best can. The result of this system is that the whole of the town is impregnated with a fetid matter

which breeds fever and other diseases. Yellow fever at times visits the city, and cuts down thousands of the inhabitants. In the year 1870 I was in Buenos Ayres when the yellow fever was at its height. If I mistake not, 500 men were dying daily, and hundreds were buried as they died, with their clothes and boots on, huddled in a large hole, and covered with a little black earth. It was a sickening sight to see the cart moving along the road with its load of human beings. What a ghastly look the palpitating mass had, as the cart jolted over the rough and impaired road! Cholera is also another visitant of this place. In the year 1867 I was on the pampas, where it raged with unabated fury. Scarcely a shepherd's hut was clear of it, and so afraid were the people of this disease that they would not approach any hut or *puesto* to see how their friends were getting on. The only way we could find out that cholera was in the house was by the horse standing at the post in the same position for some time. If it stood for a whole day in the one position it was a sure sign, and if it remained in the same position the next day, the matter was made certain, and steps were at once taken by the *patron* to have a clearance made. Some daring youth would run up and cut the *soga* and let the horse free, when it would gallop away to its feeding ground. Burning pieces of wood would then be procured, well dipped in grease, and thrown on the roof of the doomed *puesto*. The roof being composed of a long grass called *paja*, and it being very dry, it caught the fire at once. In ten minutes the little hut was burned down, and the occupants, perhaps a man, his wife and family, burned to a cinder. Can this really be true? Often, while the flames were raging, I have thought I heard the feeble cries of a child. It may have been imagination, but now as I think over what often transpired, I am inclined to think that hundreds were burned alive.

Buenos Ayres (good airs) has a population (in 1874) of 180,000 souls. It has a mixed population, and it is said, of this 180,000, five thousand are English, Irish, and Scotch. All speaking the English language are known as English (*Ingles*). It has a fair sprinkling of negroes, who are all free. It has, French, and Spanish Basques are nume-

rous, but the bulk of the people are the descendants of the old Spanish stock who emigrated from the old country. The language spoken is Spanish, and all foreigners have to conform to it, as little else is spoken. The city has a number of excellent hotels, the only good and well-conducted institutions in the country. One can fare well for thirty paper dollars per day (five shillings), and at each meal have his bottle of *vino de pasto* (common wine). Like all Roman Catholic countries, it is great in churches—great in its priests, who try to grasp at the secular as well as the spiritual laws of the land. Much against their wish, other forms of religion are allowed. The United Presbyterians have taken root there, and Mr. Smith of Buenos Ayres, the esteemed pastor of the flourishing congregation in the city, is a man who has done much for his countrymen, and by his kind deeds he has made himself respected by those who are opposed to his creed. In *la Guardia*, or as it is sometimes called, Chascomus, there is another Presbyterian Church, the pastor of which is the Rev. Mr. Ferguson. At present Mr. Ferguson is labouring there, and has done so now for upwards of twenty years. His parish is an extensive one, ranging over fifty miles, but Mr. Ferguson manages to preach at all his stations, at set times, with much acceptance. The Wesleyans have also a church there—an American branch I think—the pastor of which was Mr. Goodfellow, but I am told he is now dead. He was well named Goodfellow, for a better man I think never lived. All who spoke the English language, if they came to him in their trouble, would be readily listened to; he would advise them, and as far as he could, in really deserving cases, would aid them with money. Goodfellow was a household word in the town, and during the time I lived in the town I never heard one speak a hard or unkind word of him. The Episcopalians have also taken root in Buenos Ayres, but the pastor of the charge, though much esteemed by those who attended his ministry, was not so popular with the English-speaking community. As I have said, the religion of the country is Roman Catholic, and the bulk of the people follow its creed. They have some splendid churches—the one in *Plaza Victoria* (Square of Victory) being the principal one. There is an-

other church in *Calla Defensa* (Defence Street) which is very popular with the people. It is a plain edifice outside, and one thing strikes the stranger as peculiar in the short spire of the Cathedral, viz. :—a number of cannon balls half indented in the wall. When General Whitelaw fought against the city, it was in *Calla Defensa* the Argentines made their stand, hence the name of Defence Street. The British poured in their grape and shot, but the plucky soldiers stood their ground and drove the British general out of the city with great loss. In 1807 the British tried to recover the city, but again they were driven out with greater loss, and though the church was almost demolished, it was soon rebuilt, when they built in British cannon balls in the tower or spire to commemorate their great victory. The Buenos Ayreans, finding they could cope successfully with such a great foe, in 1810, I think, threw off the yoke of the mother country (Spain), and set up a Republic of their own.

Priests swarm in the city, but their power is now decidedly on the wane. No doubt they try, and do all they can, by their enchantments, to enthrall the minds of the people; but the country is getting too enlightened to be deceived by a class of men many of whom lead a life not strictly up to the moral code they teach. An incident happened while I was in the outside—i.e., away in the interior—which will illustrate or bring out the state of matters existing in the Argentine Republic. A young lady of high connections, for reasons I cannot tell, sought and found a monastic life. Her friends endeavoured to persuade her it was delusion; but a weak sentimentality, and her mind being, no doubt, prepared by her confessor, nothing else would suit her but a holy life within the walls of a nunnery. In course of time it was whispered that one of the “fathers” was on too intimate terms with the fair recluse, and this coming to the ears of her friends, they were determined to find out if the reports circulated were true. It is said where there is a will there is a way. Some of her relations found their way into the nunnery, and watched, unperceived, the conduct of the one blamed. Their zeal was rewarded. They found that a criminal intercourse was taking place between the two, and

being satisfied of this, they quietly retired, and communicated what they had seen to their friends. The fact roused the indignation of many of the people, and catching the zeal of the wronged ones, they went to the nunnery and demanded that the guilty one should at once be handed over to their tender mercies. I cannot pretend to say how they got possession of the poor wretch, whether the spiritual fathers, being afraid that greater harm would befall them, or whether they thought it right to purge themselves of the fallen one—I say I cannot tell, but he was given up to the hands of his enraged enemies. For a few days they kept him securely in a prison, and taking the law in their own hands, he was sentenced to be shot. The poor man was then taken to Plaza Victoria in the morning, and a mark put on his breast over the region of his heart; but before the fatal bullets did their work, one of the relations of the young lady went up to the doomed man and asked him how he felt now. "*Muy Amargo, Muy Amargo*; it is very bitter, very bitter." The order was given, when a flash and a sharp report were seen and heard, and the guilty one fell dead. It is evident, however, that the days of priest-craft are over, and if the clergy of the Roman Catholic Churches abroad wish to retain their power, they can only do so by conforming to the times, as the clergy do in this country. I think it was in 1872, but I am not sure of the year, that the people again got incensed at the doings of some of the priests, and burned one of the churches or nunneries. Still, with all this, the people are the devoted slaves of the Church. They believe in it, but they will not allow its priests to commit any flagrant act of injustice.

A word about the City of Good Airs. Their summer is our winter. The month of December is their hottest month, and the month of June their coldest. In the houses they have not any fire-places as we have; stoves are used, but in the common houses stoves are only used in the kitchen, so that it is very uncomfortable sitting in the houses in winter. Many have the idea that the winters in 35 latitude south are quite warm, but such is not the case. I have often seen the water in my bed-room a solid mass of ice when I got up in the mornin g. It is said out there if you wish to feel cold

enter the house, but if you want to get warmed go outside. A strange anomaly, but it is quite true. The want of fires in the houses makes it exceedingly cold, but when the sun has got up it is much warmer to go outside and share its warmth. Though it is exceedingly warm in the summer time, the heat is not so oppressive as in a warm summer at home. The feeling I had was like standing before a fire. The atmosphere is dry, and does not cause the same lassitude as the heat does in Great Britain.

Morality is at a low ebb in Buenos Ayres. One cannot pen the gross and impure doings which are openly done. The proverb goes, "Like priest like people," and this is verified. Being a seaport town of great magnitude, men give way to every loose passion. Drink is exceedingly cheap. White rum or caña, which is as strong as our whisky if not stronger, can be bought for fourpence a large bottle. A drink which would make a man reel who is not accustomed to it, costs twopence. It can be conceived what the result will be when that which inflames the passions, and all that is bad in man, can be got so easily. It cannot be said that there is such a thing as a Sabbath in South America. Their translation of the word Sunday is a day of pleasure. It is true, *divine* service is held in all the churches, and the shops are supposed to be closed for an hour or so, but drinking and riot all the while are going on, though in a subdued manner. In the Saturday papers, even in the English paper, the *Standard*, and the Spanish *Papel Periodicoes*, advertisements in large type set forth that Juan Fernandez, auctioneer, will sell by auction, on Sunday at one o'clock, a rich and valuable lot of oil paintings; or, Fermin Reineso, on Sunday, will sell by auction a valuable lot of cattle at the estancia of Senor Don Angel Gomez. A special train will run, and refreshments will be had at the sale. An Englishman advertises that on Sunday he will sell at the well known stores of Messrs. Jones, Robinson & Co., a valuable consignment of clothing of the newest fashion, and just landed by the mail steamer "Duro." Another advertisement holds forth that the Opera House will be opened with a new company just arrived from Paris. All the cafés are open; billiards are being played in the French style;

songs are being sung in all languages ; indeed, as one passes along the streets of Buenos Ayres on a Sunday afternoon, the idea would strongly impress one that it was a great holiday.

Perhaps I have said enough to show my readers what kind of place the city is, and where I spent some years.

In my next chapter I will resume my adventures, in which I will take up the peculiar customs and habits of a country which, strange to say, is but little known to us.

CHAPTER XX.

WE MEET WITH STRANGE ADVENTURES.

WHEN we landed on the famous Mole of the city, I was struck with the noise and confusion of tongues which assailed my ears. During the voyage I had been trying to learn Oldendorf, but I could never settle down to the task. Scott, however, had attended the classes in Glasgow, and though he had not advanced very far in the Spanish, yet he could make some way, while I could make none. When we got our pile of boxes together, a stalwart negro came forward to take them to their destination. He spoke hasty broken Spanish, which floored Scott completely. It was in vain he tried to make himself understood. At last the negro said, "Mi hebler Ingles Senores, mi peck Ingles bueno." This was about the extent of his linguist accomplishments. We made him to understand, however, that it was not our intention to go to our hotel for an hour or so, and if he came back then he could take charge of our effects. Our reasons for not going to a hotel at once, were that we did not well know which would be the best, and we thought that by waiting where we were, chance in some way would direct us to a respectable place. Again, the novelty of the scene impressed us so strongly that we would not tear ourselves away. The river Plata, as it is generally called by the English speaking public, comes close up to the walls of the town, but there is no quay or landing place for goods. All the shipping lies in the "Roads," a distance of three miles from the city. Vessels cannot come any nearer than this, the Plata getting too shallow. When vessels discharge their cargoes, they do so in small vessels, which, by the way, are handled admirably, but even these cannot get close to the

shore, but discharge their cargoes into carts, which go into the water for their loads. The first thing that drew my attention when I landed was about one hundred horses and carts standing in the river. The horses in some cases were nearly immersed. One would think that it would not be an expensive matter to make a quay for these small vessels. Certainly this could be done, and the Government officials are always talking about it, and if one asks when they intend doing so, the usual reply is *mañanà* (to-morrow). This may mean to-morrow or the next century. It is a lively scene, the river Plata, with its thousands of boats flying in all directions, and the volatile boatmen, all foreigners, generally French and Spanish basques, singing songs of home, and of the loved ones left there. When I knew the language, it was one of the delights I indulged in to go on the Mole and listen to the *amantes* (lovers) singing the songs of love. The following is a literal translation of one of them :—

Margarita, my soul longs for thee,
 When will I hear thy voice again ?
 Thy voice to me is like the whispers of angels ;
 It soothes me after my day's toils.
 Thou art far away from me, love ;
 But my spirit is ever near thee.
 When will we wander again beneath our blue sky,
 And sit under the vines our fathers planted,
 Never to part again.

The hours we communed together—
 Our hearts then were very near ;
 Our hearts then were full of love.
 Margarita, thy loving, meaning eyes I see still ;
 They burn and melt my soul.
 In my dreams I see thee, thou nerv'st my arm to do its work.
 In all I do, fair one, I see thy smile—
 That smile which makes me happy,
 And makes me oblivious to the world's cares.

We were both much amused with all we saw and heard. At last our negro came up to us again to take our luggage to our hotel. We had been so busy gazing that we had not been making many inquiries about a hotel, but seeing a young man standing near us, whom we took to be an Englishman, we made up to him and asked if he spoke English.

"Certainly," he said.

"Perhaps you are a countryman, sir?"

Eying us closely, he said he belonged to a city called Glasgow. Perhaps we knew of such a place.

"Why, we both belong to Glasgow."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and we have just landed, and wish to be recommended to a good hotel."

"Then I'm your man. At present I am paying Buenos Ayres a visit. I come to the city once in the year."

"Then you have been some time in the country?"

"Yes, I have been over ten years in this country."

"And how do you like it?"

"Like it; why, I would never live in the old country again. Here a man can do as he pleases. But, friends, it's time you were at your hotel. At present I am living at the *Hotel de la Pax*, one of the best hotels in the city. Please yourselves, but I would recommend you to it. It is close at hand, and this black skin will soon bring on your luggage."

"Please ask him how much he will take for carrying it."

"*Setenta pesos*," (eleven and eightpence). Our friend managed to bring him down to seven and sixpence. I only mention this to show the interest our new friend took in us. We exchanged names, and found the name of our friend was James Frew. We considered ourselves particularly fortunate in having found such a friend. Mr. Frew would be about thirty years of age, tall, with a bushy beard, and dressed very fashionably. Several rings, and seemingly of some value, sparkled on his fingers; over his breast he wore a massive albert chain; indeed, taking in the whole man, he was impressive; but there was a something about him, a something I could not define, I did not like in him. He was obligingly frank, and really anxious to do all in his power to serve us. At the end of the Mole the custom house officers are stationed to search all passengers' effects. Frew drew our attention to this, and asked us if we had anything in our boxes—anything out of the way.

We said we had only clothing and some British gold. He said they would pass that, and this we found to be the case.

We found the *Hotel de la Pax* all that we could wish. The bedrooms had very little furniture, but the beds were clean, and the rooms cool. Both of us had made up our minds to play the truant for the day, and not to report ourselves till the day after we landed. Frew said the house could not blame us for taking a day, so we gave ourselves up for one of sight-seeing. After breakfast, Frew said he had some wool to sell, but once he had got over his little business he would show us the lions. Mr. Frew represented himself as an *Estanciero*, near Chascomus, and that he came to the city once in the year to sell the wool of his sheep farm. We asked many questions about sheep farming; the value of sheep, cattle, and horses, on the pampas. Our friend gave us every information, and freely invited us to his *Estancia*, *Saint Mungo*, when we could find time and get fairly settled down.

When left to ourselves, Scott said—

"What do you think of the town, Tim, and of Mr. Frew? Don't you think we are particularly fortunate?"

"Yes, it seems we have been fortunate, but I can't say I like Frew. He is not my man. By the by, Scott, you have got some gold, and so have I. Don't you think we should go to the bank and lodge it?"

"Not to-day. Don't you see, man, that the house will put us right about it. Have patience. The firm will give us full value, whereas if we went to the money changers, we might get dropped upon."

"There is some truth in what you say, but the fact is I do feel uneasy having £200 lying in my box. I wish I had passed it through the bank ere I left home, but I suppose there can't be any harm in keeping it where it is for another day."

"Not a bit."

"I am anxious about it, that's the fact, but I must throw away that anxiety. My box is securely locked. I have got the key here, so I can't lose anything."

"Why, Tim, give up that croaking about your money. You see wealth brings its cares. I have got only about £20 in my box, and I am not the least afraid it will bolt."

About one o'clock our friend came back to the hotel. He

said he had sold his wool to some advantage, and if we had no objections he would call for a drop of something hard, by the way of friendship. Wine and brandy were called, when we spent a pleasant hour in general chit-chat about home. We went out for a walk. Frew took us along San Martin, and pointed out to us the places of interest in the street. We then passed on to Calle Victoria, where the Cathedral is, and where the famous Policia (police office) is situated. I will have something to say about this place further on. We then went on to Calle Defensa, where an incident happened which startled us not a little. Calle Defensa is a busy street, something like our Gallowgate, in Glasgow; narrow, full of shops, and a busy throng always hurrying along it. We had just passed a boot and shoe shop when we heard the report of a pistol. We looked back and saw a young soldier stagger out of the shop and fall dead on the pavement. A bullet had passed through his brain. We were horrified at the act, and felt astonished at the little concern displayed by the passers-by. Some stood and looked at the young man, then passed on, others only looked but did not stop, a few grouped round the body, and we joined the few. I felt very excited, so did Scott, and as a few were in the shop, the three of us went in to see the murderer, who was busily explaining the cause of the quarrel to his friends.

In a few words Frew laid before us the cause of the murder. The young soldier was hard up, having gambled away his boots, and as he stood in need of a new pair, he went to the shop to get a pair, tried them on, and said they suited him very well, and he would just keep them on. The shoemaker said he was quite agreeable, and said the price of them was 120 pesos, or £1. The soldier said they were not dear, and he would call and pay them soon. The shoemaker said he could not wait, he must have the money or the boots; he never gave credit. The soldier laughed at this, and said now that he had them on his feet, it would be exceedingly difficult to take them off. The shoemaker, who was an Italian, fired up at this, and told the soldier if he did not take the boots off, or pay them, he would shoot him at once. The soldier laughed at this again, and made for the door. In a moment the Italian brought out a small pistol,

and again warned the soldier, but the soldier not heeding the warning, the shoemaker fired, and the bullet passed through his head. The group who listened to the story, sympathised with him, and told him though he would be taken to the policia, he would not remain long there. The man was only a *soldado*, and instead of protecting the laws, he had infringed them, and deserved all he got. While we stood listening to the hurried speech of the Italian, two vigilantes came in, and asked him to go to the policia. The murderer demurred, but the police said he must go.

"Before I go I must have my boots back again."

"That's fair," cried the crowd.

"Will you go quietly if the boots are taken off?"

"I will."

One of the vigilantes took the boots off the dead man, when the Italian went with them to the policia, where he remained only a few days, being acquitted of the crime.

We asked our friend if such deeds of violence were common, and he told us they were too common. In the common lodging-houses he said fearful scenes took place, which never reached the ears of the authorities.

After walking along Calle Defensa, we retraced our steps, and having expressed a wish that I would like to take a walk along the banks of the river, our friend said that Pase de Julio was to Buenos Ayres what Clyde Street was to Glasgow. It was the home for the sailors. We were to imagine, however, that Pase de Julio was a hundred per cent. worse than Glasgow, because no check was put on the lawless lot who frequented it. The Pass of July is one of the dirtiest streets, I believe, in the world. The cart road is a sea of mud, and the pavement is little better. In wet weather one can scarcely go out, but fortunately for the inhabitants of this street, they have long spells of dry weather; so they forget the miseries of the wet. There are some splendid shops, however, in the street, but cafés and lodging-houses, all selling drink, predominate. Almost every shop is a café, which puts forth its peculiar claims. One is kept by a German, who invites his countrymen to good meals and a clean bed. Italians invite their countrymen, and the English are also represented in the person of

Mrs. O'Rorke, who keeps a café, and lodges her countrymen for five shillings per day, which sum includes two good meals and a glass of caña at bed-time, and a glass in the morning. This den is the rendezvous of all classes—in short, it is a place of woe. Being a place where the English resort to, and where so many rows take place, it is particularly watched by the vigilantes; but these gentlemen require to exercise a good deal of caution when they enter the home of Mrs. O'Rorke. An Englishman, however degraded, seldom resorts to the knife. His tongue is generally the worst of him, but when he has to fight he shows pluck, and though he uses no weapon but his fists, he commands a considerable amount of respect. I have seen as many as eight vigilantes demanding admittance to the widow's house, and when the inmates had settled their dispute, they would turn their attention to the officers of the law, and demand what they wanted. Perhaps only five or six would fearlessly open the door and face the armed men, and tell them to go about their business. If the officers persisted in taking some one to the office, the English would rally, and by freely using their fists would scatter the police right and left. Mrs. O'Rorke's house was the dread of the officers of the gaol, and if they could pick up a stray one of her lodgers committing a fault, they were not slow in putting him up for five days.

CHAPTER XXI.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE, WHEREBY I LOSE ALL, AND BECOME
DESTITUTE.

IN my last chapter I left off when we three were enjoying a walk in Pase de Julio. Along this street, on the side of the river, there are a number of trees, called the trees of Paradise. They form a grateful shade in the summer time. The grass under the trees is green, being sheltered from the rays of the powerful sun. It is a pleasant spot on a summer's day. Lying before you is the noble river Rio de la Plata, thirty-six miles broad. On its surface are numerous boats loaded with exports and imports. The boatmen are a merry class, and always singing as if care never sat on their shoulders, or grief ever touched their hearts. The trees above are whispering to each other with the gentle voice of Nature. In the back-ground the throng are busy drinking, swearing, and fighting, making a dark blot on the fair picture.

"I say, *Caballeros*," says Frew, "suppose we take a seat under yonder tree of Paradise and have a look at the river and its shipping. I assure you I often come down here—it is quiet, free from the bustle and din of the city—and smoke a cigar, and meditate a wee bit. One's mind gets clearer, at least, mine does; so, if you have no objections, I will take you to my favourite place, and I am sure you will thank me for it. I presume you smoke a weed, gentlemen?"

We both said we smoked a cigar.

"Good. Then we will have one, and after a smoke, a bit of gazing. We will then go up to the hotel and have something to refresh the inner man."

Scott and I, after we were seated, lighted our cigars and puffed away, though neither of us were great smokers, but

our cigars were mild ones, and we could, without getting sick, smoke for some time. We had just fairly commenced, when Frew said to us—

“Where did you get these cigars?”

I replied that I had a box presented to me ere leaving, and I had still a lot left. “Don’t you think they are good?”

“No, I don’t. The smell is detestable. What else can you expect? In the old country a really good cigar can scarcely be got. Now, look at the one I am smoking. The smoke is quite aromatic, the ash is as white as chalk, and the cigar is as firm as a piece of bone.”

“It looks well, but it is dark; is it not too strong? I am not a confirmed smoker. I am only learning,” I said.

“The cigar I am smoking is extra mild—the mildest that can be got. It is a pure hand-made *Habana*; but, gentlemen, will you do me the favour to try one?”

We both said, “With pleasure.”

Mr. Frew pulled out his cigar case and gave it to us.

Each of us selected a cigar, lighted it, and smoked away. It was very pleasant, though I felt a strange, dreamy sensation while smoking.

“Well, gentlemen, how do you like them?”

Both of us said they were excellent, and if all cigars were like them, we would become confirmed smokers.

“They are the best cigars that can be got.”

“How much do they cost you, Mr. Frew?”

“About a penny each.”

“So cheap?”

“Yes; but I take a lot at a time.”

“Would you get a box for us?”

“With the greatest of pleasure.”

We three pulled away at our cigars, but after a time I felt a queer sensation creeping over me.

“How do you feel, Scott?”

“Jolly, Tim. I am as near drunk as possible.”

After a little my mind commenced to wander. A horrid suspicion flashed through my mind. Was the cigar *drugged*? I rose to my feet, but I fell. I tried to rise but could not. I looked at Frew, but he sat complacently smoking away. I could see that a fiendish smile mantled his countenance.

"I say, Scott," I shouted, "get up man; we are drugged with the cigars. Help! help!"

No help came.

I can yet remember Frew bending over me; I can yet remember of him putting his hand into my pockets, and smiling at me while he did so. I had not the power to resist. Oblivion came on, when Frew had free scope to do his work. How long we lay in this state I cannot say, but when I came to myself the sun was dipping in the waste of waters like a huge ball of fire. We must have been insensible for five hours—at least I felt cold when I awoke, but being anxious about Scott, who was lying by my side in a sound sleep, I got up, but reeled as if I had been drunk. Frew was gone.

It was with great difficulty I got my companion to awake. I tried shaking and shouting but they both failed; a little cold water from the flowing river, however, had the desired effect.

"Do you know where you are, Scott?"

"Not exactly. Let me see—river, trees, a town. Oh, yes, I know now. But where is Frew? Aye, Tim, I had a fine dream. I would not have missed it for a thousand pounds."

"Perhaps it has cost us plenty."

"What do you mean?"

"Where is your watch?"

"It is gone."

"And so is mine."

"Have you any money?"

"No; it is also gone."

"And so is mine. I say, Scott, we have been duped by that man Frew. He has robbed us—in short, we are two ruined blockheads."

"But your money is at home; I mean you have got yours locked up in the hotel, and so have I."

"Yes, I know, but my keys are gone. I suppose yours are."

"By the powers they are. Tom, this is serious. Let us go to the hotel at once, and if he has rifled our boxes, we must give it into the hands of the police at once."

"Are you able to walk?"

"Of course."

"Well, we will go to the *Hotel de la Pax* and see if he has taken our money. Oh, we have been fools.

"I say, Gordon, I can't walk."

"I was the same at first. Try; we must get to the hotel at once.

After a bit Scott was able to get up, and we both made for the hotel. We flew to our trunks, but, alas! alas! our money was gone.

"We are done, Tim. I am sorry for you. My loss is not great, but yours is."

It was my first great loss, so I sat on my trunk and wept like a child. How careful had I been in saving what was now lost! It had been the work of years, and now it was taken from me when it was most needed.

I summoned the waiter, who spoke English, and asked him if he knew Frew. He said he did not know him: never had seen him before.

"But was he not staying at this hotel before we came?"

"No. He introduced himself as your employer."

"The villain. What more?"

"That you were to be well attended to, and he would see that your bills were paid."

"And you believed him?"

"Of course; what else could I do?"

"Do you know he has stolen all our money?"

The waiter only shrugged his shoulders.

"And we are ruined."

Another shrug.

"Could we see the proprietor?"

"Certainly; but he does not speak English."

"Well, but you can become our interpreter. I want to put a few questions to him."

The proprietor, a little, sallow-complexioned man, perhaps about fifty, soon made his appearance. I explained all to him, and he showed more concern and sympathy than the waiter. After a lot of talk, he summed up by saying—

"You have lost your money, and will never see it again. You may go up to the policia and give in your case; I will

go along with you ; but it will not do a bit of good. It is late now, *senores*, but I would advise you to go to your house the first thing in the morning, and tell them all that has happened you. You can remain here, and welcome."

We thanked the little Frenchman, who took his leave of us as if we were the wealthiest of the land.

"I say, Tim, this is a bad affair. I am sorry for you, but cheer up, man. The money is gone, but you will soon make more. We can draw two months' salary at once—£20 ; this will lift us up a bit. If I had Frew I would——"

"You would do what?"

"I would put a bullet in him, and think I had done society a good turn. He has sold us completely, and in a horrid manner. Who ever heard of one being drugged by a cigar? I say, Tim, I'll never smoke again. That smoke has cost me my watch, chain, and money—in all about £40, and it has cost you about £220.

"Where do you think he will be?"

"Gone over to the other side. Do you remember of him going out saying he had some wool to sell?"

"I do."

"Well, it was only to prepare his plans."

"We have not a penny."

"Not one. Stop, I have got a gold piece in my watch pocket if the villain has not taken it. I am in the habit of separating my money at times. Yes, it is all right, Tim : a glorious sovereign, with the blessed picture of her gracious Majesty on it. Let us call dinner, and we can have a stroll, and by the way we can call at the warehouse in *San Martin* and see what like it is."

"I suppose we may as well do so."

After dinner, or supper, we went out. The sun had gone down, but the moon shone bright—so bright that we could distinguish every object quite clearly. As we passed along we saw a man the worse of drink leaning against a boat. The man was a German—we found this out after—and having a good many notes on him he had gone to a quiet spot to count his money and secure it about his person. The poor fellow was very intent, and did not observe a young man—an Italian—creeping up to him. We saw him, but

we did not think that anything would happen. We stood and looked on, and at last the young Italian rushed suddenly upon the German, drew his knife, and plunged it into the poor fellow's bosom. The knife must have pierced his heart, for he fell without a groan. In a moment the Italian snatched the pocket-book and made off, but he was seen. A crowd soon collected, and I was pleased to see several vigilantes pushing forward. A glance told them what had happened. They rushed to secure the young man, but there being a number of boats on the beach, he managed at times to hide himself, and baffle the vigilantes. I expected some of the crowd would help the police, but not one moved; indeed, the people seemed to enjoy the fun, for now and then as the police were outdone they would raise a laugh, in which the murderer joined. This continued for about an hour, but at last they caught the Italian, and he was taken to the policia, there to await his trial for murder. I was informed that after being in jail for two days he managed to escape by climbing the walls along with others. We looked on this with perfect astonishment. We were awe struck at such doings. Scott, turning to me, said—

“Tim, Frew took a better plan; though he took our purses, &c., he left us our lives, which, you must confess, was very decent in him. See, they are lifting the poor German. I hear they are taking him to the *casa de muerto*, or dead house. I suppose they will require such a place in such a h—l as this.”

I felt sadly depressed. A heavy weight lay on my heart, and do what I liked I was unable to shake it off. That morning we had only landed, but in that short time I had seen and suffered more than I had done all my life.

Scott and I went along *San Martin*, and lingered about the place we were to enter upon on the coming day. Crowds were hurrying to the Opera House; the cafés were filled. Men of all nations were singing songs; some were fighting; indeed, I felt as if I was moving over a slumbering fire.

We did not remain long out, but soon got back to our hotel; and being fatigued and crushed with the events of the day, I sought my bed, and soon forgot all my trials in a sweet sleep.

CHAPTER XXII.

MY PROSPECTS WAX GLOOMIER.

THE following morning we dressed ourselves very carefully, and set out for San Martin to have an interview with our new employers. We had already found out the place, so we were soon at the warehouse. Clerks were busily employed, so we handed our names to the cashier, stating we wished to see the principal of the firm.

"He has gone to England by the last mail."

"Indeed; but he must have left word about our coming."

"He did mention that two young men were engaged; but I presume you are not aware what has transpired."

"No."

"It is a pity. I am sorry to inform you that the firm is bankrupt."

"Bankrupt!"

"Yes; and I am afraid it is a bad affair. The creditors have already taken possession, and I am only here to furnish them with information."

"Is there no hope?"

"I am afraid not. The firm has had large dealings in Monte Video, and the war going on between the Blancos and Colaradoes, and the unsettled state of the Government, has ruined many good firms here."

"Neither of us have a penny."

"Indeed."

We informed the cashier of all which had happened us, and frankly asked his opinion what we should do.

"I really feel at a loss how to advise you. That you will be paid something out of the estate I have not the least

doubt, but it will be some time before a settlement takes place."

"And in the meantime?"

"In the meantime you cannot receive anything from the firm. I am willing, however, to help you out of my private purse."

"You are very kind."

"How much would you require?"

"Really I feel to take anything from you, but both of us are completely destitute."

"Have you a wish to remain in the country, for I think I could manage to get you sent home?"

"I would like a little time to think over this first. Is it not possible for us to obtain another situation?"

"Almost impossible. The fact is, there are hundreds such as you prowling about the city. They came out here with great expectations, but finding a difficulty in obtaining employment, they settled down as 'sponges,' or, in other words, as gentlemen beggars."

"They could not obtain work."

"Not the kind of work they wanted, and they were too proud to go to the Camps."

"The Camps! What do you mean by them?"

"I mean the outside, where the sheep farms are. There a man can learn to catch sheep, cure them, shear them, and kill them."

"There is no other kind of employment?"

"O dear, yes. Some go to the Camps as schoolmasters."

"That is better."

"Yes, but the pay is small."

"How much?"

"Well, the highest is from £2 10s to £3 per month, all found."

"That is better than starving."

"I should say so."

"What kind of education do the Camp people generally want?"

"Oh, some of them are well educated. A friend of mine, an Estancierio, has an M.A. teaching his children."

"But he will be well paid for it."

"I think he has got £2 10s per month, at all events he has not more than £3."

"And an M.A.! This seems strange."

"You will find many a strange thing in this country if you remain in it."

"It is not hard to believe *that*; but about the M.A.?"

"He is a countryman of yours, a minister, and held a good position, but being too fond of drink, he was quietly disposed of by his congregation, and to hide his shame and nurse his sorrow, he came out here."

"We are certainly obliged to you, and as we are quite out of money, we will feel deeply grateful if you can lend us a sum. We will give you a note so that you may recover it."

"Will £5 do you any good? Of course, I mean for both of you."

"Quite sufficient."

"I would gladly give you more, but I have no more at hand. If something does not turn up, call again, when I will do all I can to help you."

"Well, Scott, what do you think of all this," I said, as we walked towards the hotel.

"I am easy, Jack easy. Fortune has done its worst, and now that I see the bottom of our misfortunes, my mind is made up."

"To do what?"

"To leave this God-forsaken town. I am anxious to shake its dust from my feet."

"Then you intend going home?"

"No, I am not such a fool."

"Where, then, do you intend going?"

"To Monte Video, and then to the Estancia which my brother has. I will be all right when I get with him. I say, Tim, come along with me. We will have a jolly time of it."

"No, Scott, I think I will remain in this country for some time. I would prefer to be independent. I am young, able and willing to work; and something, I am sure, will turn up."

"Well, Tim, I won't press you. Come along to the office

with me till I find out when the steamer sails for Monte Video."

We went to the office, and found the steamer sailed at twelve o'clock.

"I say, Tim, I am off with the twelve o'clock steamer. Come along with me, like a good fellow."

Scott pressed me very hard to go along with him, but after thinking the matter over seriously, I again refused. We went to our hotel, when Scott packed up and got his things down to the Mole. I pressed upon Scott to take half of the money, but he would not take any more than pay his fare, and a few pesos for expenses. It was a sorry parting. He gave me his address, when I promised to write as soon as I got fixed. We shook each other by the hand warmly. Tears stood in our eyes; we could not speak, but just as Scott stepped from the Mole on to the little steamer he cried out, "God bless you, Gordon; may God bless you." We blessed each other and then parted.

I can scarcely describe my feelings as I turned towards the city. I felt lonely and bitterly sad. All that I had in the world was £3 10s, and a few clothes. All day I wandered up and down the city in deep thought, giving little heed to what was passing. At last a crowd attracted my attention, when I made for it. I saw coming down the street a number of priests dressed in large grey cloaks, with shaven heads and bare feet. Immediately behind the priests another gang carried on their shoulders the image of the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Jesus. I had never seen anything of this kind before, and I felt deeply interested in the procession. While gazing at the strange sight I was suddenly aroused by a heavy slap on my shoulder, given by a sword of the vigilantes. The officer, in hurried language, and in Spanish, told me to take off my hat, but not knowing the language, I could not understand what he meant. Again he fiercely shouted to me, "take off your hat, sir," but as I did not understand him I only stared. Again he gave me a hearty slap with his sword, which fairly roused me. Blind with passion, I closed my fists and dealt him such a blow as sent him reeling among the people. Another vigilante came up, and tried to cut me down, but seeing his intention I

closed with him, and in less than a minute I had him insensible. I tried to slip away, but as the crowd now felt interested in the fight, it closed and would not allow me to pass. More vigilantes came forward; and now, having had a little time to think, I deemed it the wisest plan not to resist the law (?), but quietly go with them to jail if they desired it. Very savagely four sprang forward to seize "Johnny Bull," as they called me, but seeing I was quiet, they only took me by the arms and dragged me along.

In a few minutes I found myself in Plaza Victoria, and in the office of the Alcalde (Justice of the Peace).

The Alcalde, looking up at me, asked a question, but I replied, "No entender, senor." A few words were exchanged, when a young man went out, and returned with another young man, who, I found, was to act as an interpreter. I was asked my name. Fortunately, I knew my name in Spanish, so I replied, "Timoteo Gordon." I was then asked what country I belonged to, when I said, "Escocia." All this was carefully written down. The Alcalde then asked the vigilantes what they had against me, when the four broke out with such a torrent of language that the judge had to stop them. He then addressed himself to the one I first knocked down, when he glibly commenced to give his evidence. While he gave it I observed the Alcalde now and then steal a stern glance at me, while the vigilantes looked fiercer than ever. When the evidence was over, the Justice asked some questions from the others, which they readily answered. I was then asked if I understood Spanish. I said I did not understand one word. Why did I not take off my hat when the procession passed? I replied that I did not know it was a fault to keep my hat on.

"But you were told to take it off."

"I did not understand what was said to me."

"Would you have taken off your hat if you had understood the vigilantes."

I did not reply.

"Reply, sir!"

"I cannot say what I would have done. In my country we don't expect the Roman Catholics to conform to our ceremonies."

"What is your religion?"

"I am a Protestant."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"I only landed yesterday."

"Where do you live?"

"*Hotel de la Paz.*"

A long discussion in Spanish followed, when I frequently heard the word "*policia.*" At the mention of this place I trembled with fear, and the fear of me going there made me say—

"If it is your intention to send me to the *policia* I must appeal to our consul, Mr. Frank Parish."

I was told to be silent.

Another consultation was held, after which I was told that I had to go to the *policia.*

I cannot now describe the bitter feelings which possessed me when I knew I had to go to such a den of infamy. I appealed to the *Alcalde*, but he would not listen to me. I was then taken into a small room, when the *vigilante* took off me all that I had. The interpreter stood beside me, and I thought he felt for my position.

I asked him if I would be long detained in the *policia.*

"It depends upon circumstances, sir. Your case is a bad one, and if the *Spiritual Court* tries it, you might require to be years in jail."

"But I will appeal to the Consul."

"You will appeal in vain. Young man, you spoiled yourself when you said you would not take off your hat even though you had understood the *vigilantes.*"

"But I did not say that."

"Well, you said pretty nigh it."

"Do you know when I will be tried?"

"I cannot tell; you may be tried in a month, and you might lie in the *policia* for twelve; it all depends upon circumstances."

"I will defend myself when I am tried."

"You will be tried, and your case disposed of, when you are unaware of it. A prisoner is not allowed to be present at his own trial."

"How is that?"

"I can't tell, it is a Spanish law. But you must now go inside. Take some of the money—for I am really sorry for you—it will buy you some food or drink while you are in prison."

I thanked the interpreter.

The other vigilantes now came forward and pushed me up a narrow passage. A large gate was opened by a negro soldier. I was thrust in, the door was locked, and I found myself in a South American jail, the companion of murderers and thieves.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PRISON LIFE.

MUCH has been said about prison life in South America, but though this has been done, little is actually known of these awful dens of infamy and vice. Nearly all the prisons of the south are alike. The one in Buenos Ayres is very large—the court yard, or exercise ground, will not be less than ninety feet long by sixty wide. All the cells run off the court. The doors of the cells are common gates, which are opened at sunrise and closed at sunset. The cells are little tunnels, and the gateways being large, have the appearance of stores below our railway arches. The floor is of brick, which, in the warm weather, is covered with vermin. Light is only admitted by the door, there being no windows. The authorities do not provide bedding or places for beds. If a prisoner is lucky enough to get a sheepskin, he is considered a fortunate man. The coat or anything bulky is used for a pillow, but when the winter comes on every stitch of clothing is needed to keep out the intense cold. A man, it is said, never goes to bed in the policia. When he wishes to woo the drowsy god he lies down, closes his eyes, and waits till nature steps in and wraps the poor prisoner in oblivion. I have seen many who were badly clothed, and when the morning came they could not rise, their limbs being stiff with cold. It is wonderful how one gets used to it. When I first entered the policia, I purchased an old sheepskin and a rug. It was a miserable affair, but it was a luxury in such a place, and often I was envied for having such wealth, and on more than one occasion I had to fight for my possessions. I had also to purchase the place where I slept. Opposite the gateway in

the winter time was scarcely bearable. I was fortunate enough to get a corner, which I kept during the time I was an inmate of the government hotel. In the policia there are eight cells. One is claimed by the English. When an Englishman enters the prison, he at once makes for the English cell, and if he is a stranger he soon finds out where it is. There is also a negro cell, which adjoins the English one. Any negro coming in makes for it in the same manner as the English. The Germans also claim one, so do the Italians. The natives have got two. At the foot of the court there are two cells rarely occupied, they being very damp; yet when natives expel one of their number for theft or some other crime, he has to take refuge in one of them, or pay his comrades a heavy fine for the act he committed.

No sooner does the sun rise than the jailor comes round and unlocks all the gates, and there is a rush for the yard. What shouting and yelling; what a strange sight it is to see four hundred men of all nations mixed together. There is a negro with all his peculiar characteristics; passing him is a stately native of the better class, dressed in his chiripa and poncho, and round his waist a rich fagi, and passing through it a huge facon, the handle of which is of pure silver. Woe betide the person who insults him as he strides along in all his native dignity! Behind the native there stands a group of Italians. They are miserably clad; it is said they have lots of money, but they are never seen spending a single peso. Loitering at one of the gateways there stands half a dozen of men all busily smoking their pipes. They have blue eyes and fair hair. From their haughty looks one can easily see that they despise the negroes, who are trying to amuse them. They are well clad and clean looking. Four men are passing through the throng, and as they pass they push the Italians and negroes aside; even the stately native, if in their way, they will drive to one side, though he mutters deep oaths, while his glittering eyes follow them, showing the full depth of his hate. "Johnny Bull," as they call all those who speak English, has a poor opinion of the fighting powers or pluck of all he meets. He never carries a knife, but his fists are as much dreaded as the facon, and

he uses them with all his skill when he feels himself insulted by any in the motley throng.

Such is a brief sketch of a South American prison, and in such a place I found myself the same day that Scott left me for Monte Video.

No sooner was I in the prison than a lot of men rushed on me at once, and ere I knew what they were doing they had my coat off. Again they came on to strip me of my vest, &c., but feeling very indignant, I started to my feet, rushed to the wall, and planting my back to it I prepared to defend myself against the miserable thieves who came rushing on. On the first who touched me I planted a well aimed blow which brought him to the ground. Another came on, whom I luckily enough levelled in the same way. On they came, however, laughing and swearing, and would have soon mastered me had not a strange being opened up the crowd and stood by my side. When he made his appearance the crowd fell back and soon dispersed.

My friend was a man about fifty years of age. In height about six feet two. He was a gigantic form and very muscular. He had no hat or cap on his head, the only covering was a shaggy mass of uncombed grey hair. He was dressed in dirty linen trousers, and on his feet were a pair of zapatas, or linen shoes, minus stockings. His upper garments consisted of a well-worn jean shirt, the sleeves of which he wore tucked up, disclosing a powerful hairy arm. His face was sun-burned, and half hidden by a matted beard and moustache. The only redeeming thing I could see about this strange man was his eyes. They were blue, very blue, and clear, and had an intelligent, humane look about them. I tried to read the man by his eyes, and after I had gazed for some time at them, I came to the conclusion that I could trust him.

"Well, my lad," said my strange friend, "you can use your fivers well anyhow. The moment I saw the first go down I could have sworn you belonged to the old country. Bad cess to them mongrels. I wish I had the shaking of half a dozen of them. You've lost your coat; well, it must go I am afraid, but I'll just have a bit ov a talk wid them, and try if they will give it up."

Big Barney, for I soon found out the name of my friend, went to a group of natives and talked with them. I noticed that at times he got angry, and when so the natives kept at a respectful distance. After a good deal of talking my coat was brought to me. I certainly felt thankful to Barney for obtaining me my coat, and was determined to reward him as well as I could. He soon came up to me.

"Well, my boy, I am glad you have got your coat, for it is getting mighty cold them nights."

"You don't seem to be very well provided for yourself."

"That's so, but I am an old stager, and you are young at it; but come along to the English cell, and we can have a bit ov a talk, and after a bit I'll introduce you to the boys that belong to us."

We went to the cell, and sitting on the step we viewed the strange forms before us. Barney, I could see, was anxious to know something about me, so he commenced at once to put questions.

"Well, my boy, I am sorry, sorry to see a young man like you in such a place as this. What brought you here, my boy? Tell me the truth, my lad; it may be that I can help you, and if you are candid wid me I will help you."

I told Barney all my misfortunes.

"I pity you from the bottom of my soul, I do, and I believe all you have towld me. Your case is a bad one, much worse than mine, though mine—bad luck to Widow O'Rorke—is bad enough."

"What is you case?"

"I'll tell you in half a dozen words. Do you know what a stevedore is?"

"I have an idea."

"Well, that is my employment, and it is a good enough job in this country if one could only let alone the drops ov drink."

"I suppose so."

"I am not a married man, and never was. I once loved, but Rosy is dead, long, long ago, and sleeps in the dear ould counthry, while her Barney is living an outcast in a foreign land; but, sir, as I was saying, I am not a married man, and boarded with Widow O'Rorke, and paid her well. Well,

sir, now and then a lot of engineers belonging to the Navy slip their cable when they are paid, and having a lot of money they spend it on shore. Two of them always puts up with the Widow, and there they eat and drink till they have not a cent left. The two I refer to, one day came and said they wanted beds, but the house being full, the widow asked me if I would share my room. I said I would if I was paid for it. Being half over, they drew out of their pockets a lot of paper money, boasting they would pay and could pay; and what was more, they could buy up any land lubber in the house. All day they drank, and I drank, and when night came none of us could bite our finger. In the morning I found myself in bed, and when I got up, I found my two companions fast asleep. I did not disturb them, but quickly got out of the house after taking my morning. When busy at my work the two vigilantes came up to me and said I was wanted. They told me the two engineers were robbed of £20, and that I was blamed. Other four policemen came up, and looking very fierce, they told me I must go quietly to the policia. I saw it was of little use knocking them down. The fact was, I had a splitting headache, and felt out of sorts, so to their astonishment I quietly went along with them, and here I am."

"How long have you been here?"

"About three months."

"And you have never been tried?"

"No. I won't be present when my trial comes off."

"So you don't know when you will get out."

"I have not the least idea, but I must agitate it soon."

"What kind of food do you get here?"

"Food! it is poor food, my boy. We get two meals a day. The first meal is at eleven, and the second at four o'clock."

"What kind of food do you get?"

"Always the same kind. Breakfast consists of a piece of boiled beef or mutton, and two hard biscuits."

"And supper?"

"The same again."

"Do you ever get a change?"

"Never. It is eternally the same, and if one does not look smart after his meals, he will require to fast."

"I don't think you will ever feel hungry in this place."

"You think so, but you will get accustomed to the place in time, and have a good appetite for all you get."

"I suppose you are allowed to buy anything you want—I was led to understand so."

"Yes, but what is the use of this privilege when one has not got any money."

"But I have got some."

"You have!"

"Yes, and I will gladly share it."

"If it is a fair question, how much have you got?"

"Two pounds."

"Blessed Virgin! we will have a drop of caña now."

"Can you get it?"

"Get it! Aye, a hundred bottles if I had the money. If you have no objections we will get two bottles at once, for to tell you the honest truth I am getting dry, mortal dry."

"How much is the bottle of this caña or rum?"

"Fivepence per bottle."

"In ten minutes the two bottles were brought to Barney, and as he came to me with them, his face was radiant with pleasure. I had no love for drink, but I was pleased at seeing the one who had befriended me so happy. We now left the door step, and retired to a corner of the cell, where we could not be very well seen. Barney was soon at home, and after taking a long long pull, he handed the bottle to me, saying that he had never had such a pleasant drink in his life. He asked me to take a swig, but I only tasted it, then handed it back to Barney.

When my eyes got accustomed to the darkness, I saw a form lying at full length on the floor. I asked my companion who it was, when he told me it was an American, but he was unwell.

"Could we not rouse him up, and offer him some?"

Barney did rouse him up, when I found the American was a young man about thirty years of age, tall, and rather good looking. He told me he was sick, but he felt better after his sleep. Like Barney, he could take a long pull at the bottle. I could see an anxious shade pass over the old man's face

when the American was pulling away at it. Again I had to tell my story to the American, when he told me his. When on the spree in his boarding house, he had wounded his mate severely ; but he could not tell me if he died of his wounds. They were close companions, and had never quarrelled before, and strange to say, he could not remember of the quarrel. All he knew of it was, that he had struck his companion, and when he came to his senses he found himself in the policia. In a short time the two forgot all their misfortunes, and as they drank they sung songs of their country, and talked tall of the deeds they had done. In the midst of this I felt sad, yet not altogether hopeless. I had a clear conscience, I had youth on my side, and surely, as I had reasoned with myself, help will come; the God of my fathers surely cannot forsake me. While Barney and Jack (the Christian name of the American) were drinking and singing in came a young, tall, good-looking man known as Falkland Jim; but I must defer a description of this worthy to another chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

STILL IN PRISON—A SKETCH OF FALKLAND JIM.

BEFORE I proceed to give an account of the sayings and doings of Falkland Jim, I will give a brief sketch of his career previous to the time I first saw him.

Jim's father held some kind of government post in the Falkland Islands. If the reader takes the trouble to turn up his map, he will find these islands in lat. 52 south, near the straits of Magellan. It was on one of these islands that Jim was born—if I mistake not it was called the "Great Swan." It is well known. The coast teems with all kinds of fish, and in certain seasons of the year penguins and seals are killed in great numbers. Though the islands make up about 6,500 square miles, they have only—I refer to the year 1871—803 inhabitants, of whom 519 are males, and only 284 females. As far as I could learn, Jim's father was a very worthy man, and having only the one son, and his wife being dead, Jim had every indulgence, which, no doubt, did much to make him the greatest rogue and vagabond in the world.

Schoolmasters not being very plentiful in these islands, Jim received his education from his father, and when only twelve years of age, the promising youth could navigate the barges or small schooners to Buenos Ayres.

Vessels from New York, and even from London and Liverpool, were sent out to the Falkland Islands for their products. At certain seasons the penguins swarm on the islands, and as these birds yield a large quantity of fine oil, the sailors do nothing else for several weeks but kill them for their produce. After they take in their cargo, they will

call at Monte Video, Buenos Ayres, and Rio de Janeiro, and take in a cargo of sugar, hides, or anything, in short, they are offered for a cargo. Jim's father being a man of position, his son had a good bit of his own way with the captains and sailors, and the father being too indulgent, he often overlooked the many faults he saw creeping up in his son's character.

At the age of fourteen Jim longed to see a bit of life. He was told what a fine city London was. He had been at Buenos Ayres, but the more he saw the more he longed to see. His father did all he could to keep him at home, but finding mild measures had no effect, he used hard measures; but Jim's temper could ill brook to be ruffled. He bluntly told his father he would go to Liverpool or London in the first ship which left the island, and that if he could do anything for him well and good, and if he did not give him money, he would go without it. Seeing his son determined to go to London, he at last told him, as his education had been neglected, he would be sent to a school to complete his nautical education. This pleased Jim. In due time he arrived in the great city, but instead of going to school he plunged into all the vices of London life. He was hypocrite enough to write long letters to his father, and in these letters he spoke of his progress at school.

About a year after, according to Jim's own account, he determined to turn over a new leaf, and actually went to school, and made rapid progress. Being remarkably handsome, his face and a pleasant address got him in to good society. At this time he seemed to be in a fair way of becoming a useful member of society, but companions and the love of drink in a few years caused him to become a wreck. He had now been in London for three years, and his father writing strongly for him to come home, he was about to embark, when one of his companions, the evening before, called upon him and advised him strongly not to leave London. This advice suited the mind of Jim. His friend told him he could get a place for him in a large wholesale warehouse at a fair salary to begin with.

Next day Jim called, was engaged, and entered upon his duties as a city warehouseman. While he was in the house

he gave every satisfaction, not only to the head of the department, but the principals of the firm took notice of Jim's intelligence and his anxiety to please. It would have been well for Jim if his employers had never taken notice of him, but allowed him to remain an inside hand, instead of putting him on the "road."

The house he was engaged with trained their own commercials, and thinking, with Jim's fine face and pleasant address, he would succeed in making a good one, he was put on the road, which soon made him a complete wreck. For a time, and only for a short time, Jim did well; but he got to be irregular, and his accounts did not at all times tally with the statements sent out. The secret of this was that Jim was leading a fast life, and the restraint which he had put on himself for some years he now threw off, plunging into the seething and deluding gulf of immorality. This could not last long, and this Jim saw. He was already far behind, and lifting a few more accounts, he left the "road" to hide himself in one of the houses of shame he frequented. The firm felt annoyed, no doubt, but they had been bitten in the same way before, so they did not trouble themselves where Jim had gone to. Finding he was not "wanted," he went to Portsmouth, where he acted the part of a crimp, by which he managed to pick up a good living, but the money he made all passed away as soon as it came to him. He soon came to be known as a sharper. It had turned up that several sailors had been fleeced, and when last seen they were in his company. Even the boarding houses, which lived by the crimping system, gave him the cold shoulder. They required a certain amount of respectability to carry on their business, so they were compelled to throw Jim off.

Finding Portsmouth too hot for him, he (along with a few friends) went to Liverpool, where they carried on a very successful trade. In a short time, however, the same luck which attended him at Portsmouth followed him up in Liverpool, so in time he had to leave. He next tried Hull, (even to London he paid a professional visit). Newcastle, Greenock, Glasgow, and other places, came in for visits, and in each place he left his mark.

About this time he would be about twenty-two years of

age—young in years but old in sin. He one day saw an advertisement in an English paper that a young captain of experience was wanted for a gentleman's yacht. He showed it to his friends, who all agreed that he should apply, and if he got the situation, he could engage them. Raising the wind, he went to Weymouth, and had a long interview with the owner of the yacht. Jim was an adept at deceiving people. The gentleman asked all about him, when Jim gave a long story, part of which was true, and, of course, part false. He told him that he could navigate a vessel with any man. He further said that he was born in the Falkland Islands, so that from his earliest years the most of his time was passed on the sea. The gentleman only took the trouble to prove his skill in navigation, and being satisfied that he was quite capable of taking charge of his yacht, he at once engaged him. They then visited the yacht, when Jim was delighted with it. It was quite new, and found in all things requisite, even for a long voyage. His employer told him he was going up to London to make some purchases, and when these arrived they were to be put on board. In a week he would, along with his lady and two friends, be on board, when he hoped the "Arrow" would be ready for sea.

Jim once more found himself an honest man, but no sooner did he find property committed to his trust, than his busy brain commenced to hatch schemes how he could apply it to himself.

The same evening he wrote four of his friends to come to Weymouth, for he had obtained the situation as captain, and he needed four men at *once*. He hinted that they must appear respectable, and dressed as sailors in good rig outs, and they could give the town the benefit of being creditors till after the voyage. He told them in his letter the yacht was bound for the Mediterranean, and they intended finishing up with Alexandria and Beyrout. He expected provisions on board for nearly twelve months.

Three days after he wrote the four men appeared, and no fault could be found with their appearance. They were clean and smart looking. Jim was allowed to make any purchase he thought might be needed, so he gave the local tradesmen the benefit of a new order.

The day that Jim expected his employer down, he received a letter in which he stated that it would be four days yet ere they would sail; meantime he was to get all ready for the voyage. Two days before the luggage came, boxes of all sizes and shapes were taken on board; everything in short was got ready for the voyage.

When the evening of the same day set in—the day the luggage came—Jim called his men down to the cabin, and told them that he had an “idea.” He asked the men if they could tell him, or guess, what his idea was; when one said perhaps it was to run away with the yacht.

“Exactly,” said Jim, “such is my intention. Why, the yacht is worth £2,000 at the lowest calculation, and the stuff in her hold is well worth £1,600 more.”

“When does Mr. — come on board?”

“In two days he will be here. Now the breeze is favourable for us, and if it continues on till night what is to hinder us to slip out of the harbour and be four hundred miles on the Atlantic ere Mr. — arrives?”

“Where would you go?”

“That’s the point I want to consult you about.”

“The news would soon reach large seaport towns.”

“Certainly. I am at a loss to know where I can go. One thing is clear; once we make up our minds, we must sail to it with all speed and sell the yacht.”

“But where *can* we go to?”

“I have an idea; why, what say you to Cuba?”

“The very place,” they all exclaimed.

The same evening the sails were set, and when the morning sun rose the “Arrow” was speeding its way o’er the vast Atlantic.

The runaways had a good voyage, and in time landed in Havana. During the voyage they had matured their plans. One was to act captain, while Jim was the *patron*. His master’s wardrobe happened to suit him well, so that, with his good looks, education, and knowledge of the world, he had no difficulty in passing as a wealthy gentleman who was out enjoying himself. Jim spoke Spanish well—this being the language of the Falkland Islands.

The first step Jim took was to locate himself in the

Hotel Cheval de Blanco. Soon he found his way to the best society in Cuba, and stole the hearts of many a black-eyed senora. Still Jim had an uneasy feeling, and though he did not advertise his yacht in the papers, he took every opportunity to say to his friends that if he got a good price for the "Arrow" he would sell her. A purchaser turned up, when he got 12,000 hard dollars; or, in our money, £2,400. The five soon met, when he gave to each £300, reserving the balance to himself.

All were now anxious to quit Havana, and there being a Spanish steamer in port sailing at once for Spain, they took their passage in it. In due time they arrived at Madrid, where Jim and his companions lived a fast and loose life. To write all his exploits would take a volume, but suffice it to say, that in eight months he had squandered all his money away, and was again poor. Before he left Madrid, however, he managed to get hold of some money, when he left for Paris. Not knowing the French language he did not get on so well, and was in fear of starving had he not shipped before the mast for Buenos Ayres. In due time he landed there, when he deserted from his ship, and remained hidden till the ship left. For a time he had all his own way. He crimped for several boarding houses, and had more money than he could well spend, but he was getting to be too well known, and before he found his way to the policia, he was pretty well played out. I could not find out for what crime he was committed, but I had no doubt it was for theft. On this subject Jim was very quiet. When I first met him, he had been in the policia for six months, and he had found so much favour with the keeper that he had been advanced as cook for the prisoners. When I first saw Jim I was quite astonished that so respectable looking a young man should be in prison. He was tall and slender, but exceedingly well made. His hair was curly, and parted over a full brow; his eyes were large and dark; his mouth small and well formed. Strange to say, he did not smoke, so his teeth were white and well set. He was also very particular about his dress. If he had little, it was always clean and fitted well; in short, in person he was a gentleman, but in heart he was the greatest scoundrel in Buenos Ayres.

"I say, Barney, who is this you have got here, eh? Why, you have been drinking. Have you got any left?"

"Why, Jim, there is a drop left in the bottle; but be careful, like a good lad, for we may not see a drop again for ever so long."

The bottle was handed to Jim, when he drained it to the dregs.

"You have not left a blessed drop, Jim; but, my boy, you will wink ere you get another drop from me."

I may say that Jim ruled all in the cell save Barney. He was afraid of the Irishman; at all events, he did not resent the hard things he said at times.

"But I have money, Barney, my boy; see there," displaying a lot of dirty notes. "We will have half a dozen in to-night; meantime, I will send for a couple just to wet our lips with."

The two bottles were got, when the American, Jim, and Barney—these were the ring-leaders—issued out to the yard singing songs, and boasting of what they had done, and what they could do if they were called upon. Though we had a number of English in the cell, they belonged to such a degraded class that I kept by myself. Worn out with the fatigues of the day, and anxious to drown sorrow, I took a long drink of the rum. Spreading out my skin, and covering myself with my rug, I soon fell fast asleep, and did not awaken till morning.

CHAPTER XXV.

PRISON LIFE.

AFTER I had partaken of the caña, or rum, I slept, as I have already said, till morning. When I awoke the grey dawn of the morning found its way through the gate, showing but imperfectly a hundred sleepers stretched on the damp floor of our cell. It was a strange sight to me, and filled my mind with a horror which I can never forget. Big Barney and Falkland Jim lay close to me. A single glance showed me that both had been drinking the evening before. Eight empty bottles were lying on the floor beside them, and two with the corks drawn were placed at Barney's head, Falkland Jim was quite comfortable (for such a place), but Barney lay without even a Jacob's pillow or a single stitch of covering. Soundly both slept, and loudly both snored, till the governor roused them up. I had a splitting headache, the like of which I had never experienced. This was owing to the caña I had taken. I had heard it said that a glass cured one who had freely imbibed the evening before, and, being anxious to take anything to ease the pain I felt, I lifted one of the bottles which stood at Barney's head. It was more than half full—no doubt the sleeper was keeping it for his morning. Taking about a glassful, the effect on me was quite instantaneous. My headache vanished. I felt warm and comfortable, and once more in a better frame of mind. I sought my bed, and lay down and waited for the opening of the prison gates. I had not long to wait, for when the sun was fairly up, and its warm rays had penetrated our dreary abode, the governor, with sword in hand, walked into our cell, and in a commanding voice ordered all to rise and

clear out. Nearly all obeyed, but Barney, Jim, and Jack the American, slept soundly on. Seeing these three worthies lying, he went up to them, and poking them gently with the point of his sword, said something in Spanish. The three awoke, and in English demanded who it was that was annoying them. The jailer in hurried speech replied, and Barney, jumping to his feet, took the little fellow by the shoulders, and giving him a drive, sent him sprawling on the floor, muttering to himself—

"You would annoy your betters, you yellow pig, bad cess to you. I'll teach you better manners next time."

I expected a row; nay, I thought the jailer would make a rush forward and make a drive at Barney, but the little chap only shook his sword at a safe distance, and distorted his features in a horrible manner, which only caused Barney to laugh at the jailer's antics. I noticed the other prisoners scarcely paid any attention to what was passing. From this I inferred that it was not an uncommon occurrence a fight between Barney and his keepers.

Barney had now some time to devote to me.

"Well, my boy, how do you feel? You slept sound last night, anyhow. They were for waking you up, but I would not allow them. Your bones will be sore, but it is a blessing you will get used to it. We had a jolly night of it I can tell you. What is that blessed jailer doing so early in the morning. He is coming this way. Surely he can't be asking men to go out to work so early in the morning."

"Do they ask you to work?"

"They do, my boy, but I won't do it, and never will."

"What do they ask you to do?"

"A hundred things. Cooking, carrying wood for firewood, cleaning out the yard, drawing water for the day—in short, you are asked to do a hundred things. Don't be afraid, Mr. Gordon, I won't allow them to take you."

"But I think, Barney, I would prefer being taken out to work. I am not known, and it is possible I might give them the slip; but apart from this, Barney, as I don't know how I could pass my time in this den, I would rather go out if I am asked."

"You will be asked, don't fear, my boy, and you say it

will pass the time, and you may get away. Lots slip them who have got money."

"I could go away if I choose," struck in Jim, "but I prefer, for certain reasons, remaining for a month or two longer."

"And what are your reasons, Jim, if it is a fair question?"

"I don't mind giving you the hint. I have an idea where there is a bit of money lying, and if I can manage to secure it, it would not be this place that would hold me."

"How could you escape?" I asked.

"Prisoners escape daily by climbing on to the roof. In ten minutes, if I choose, I could be outside."

"It is dry work talking. Is there anything in the bottle, I wonder. I feel as dry as if I had lived on salt junk for a month of Sundays."

The two bottles were inspected, and it was found that they had one bottle of drink left. This put them in the best of humour, and while laughing and singing, the jailer came cautiously up and spoke to me. I did not understand a word he said, but Barney told me I was wanted to bring in firewood; but if I did not wish to go, I had only to say so, and he would send the jailer about his business. I jumped up at once, and joined about a dozen who were selected to do some kind of work. Two of us were handed over to a half-caste soldier, who carried his gun and marched out of prison to Plaza Victoria, where lay a pile of logs. We were told to go to work, and as we went to and fro, the soldier marched by our side so that we might not escape. It was a novel situation, and really I could not but feel amused when I saw myself being guarded, and wrought like a slave. The soldier was a fair specimen of what the Argentine Army is composed of. He was a young man, thoroughly uneducated, yet he was as proud as Lucifer, and as he walked at our side he would not deign to speak a word or give a sign, save crying "parada" (halt), when we had to empty our barrows, and when ready to start again he would shout out "marchar." Again, when we got to our pile of wood, with all the dignity of a soldier, he would shout "parada, colmar" (halt, fill up), and we would do so. The soldier, while we were doing so, would ground arms, and look on with a grave and austere

dignity. Again, the barrows would be filled, when he would shoulder arms and shout out "marchar." It took us about three hours to take in the wood, and having completed our task, we were taken back to prison and pushed in.

The Argentine soldier is a curious animal. Animal, you call him! Well, kind readers, he is only a little elevated above the brute creation. Not one say in ten hundred can read. They lead a purely animal and sensual life. When not on duty, they are gambling; and when not gambling, they are eating and drinking; and if they have money they are doing something worse. It is amusing to look at a regiment of these soldiers. Though the Government supplies them with the necessary clothing, this is soon gambled away. It is no uncommon thing to see a soldier in the ranks with his bare feet and a ring on his finger. Our friend "Marchar Parada" wore a ring, and seemingly of some value, but his clothes would not bring two shillings in Paddy's Market.

When I got back I found all the prisoners preparing for breakfast. The Spanish people only take two meals each day, eleven and four o'clock being the meal times. A certain number of tin basins and spoons are given out, and these are supposed to last and serve any number of prisoners. When the prison is thronged, of course plates can't be found for them all, so two have to sup from the one dish, and if you can't get a friend to be so accommodating, the alternative is to starve, or roll your piece of warm mutton or beef upon a piece of cloth; but when the prisoner has not a plate, he loses the dirty water called soup.

I found I had not a plate, and feeling the ravages of hunger, I hunted about the cell for one, but I hunted in vain. I told Barney I could not find a plate, when he said—

"Is it a plate you want, poor boy? and sure you will be hungry after your work. Come along with me and I'll get you one."

Passing along the prisoners, he stood before a copper-coloured young man—I found out afterwards he was a Malay—when he asked the one he had. The mild, black-eyed son of a tropical clime said to Barney that he had use for it. I could not make out what passed, but Barney, seemingly getting the worst of the argument, put an end to it by taking

the plate from the poor Malay, and knocking him on the head with it. How quick the attitude of the Malay changed. The mild eye glittered and spoke revenge. Slowly he moved his hand to his back for his facon, but Barney was too old a hand for him. In a moment his strong fingers grasped the little demon by the neck, and there he held him until he was pale in the face. By the way of emphasis, he lifted him off his feet and hurled him with great force against the wall. The poor Malay was now thoroughly frightened, yet his eyes glittered, and said plainly—revenge.

I said to Barney I thought he was too severe.

"Severe, did you say—it may seem so to you, but he is a deceitful creature. Not a cell would take him when I took him in; he would have lost his life one day, but at the risk of my own I saved his, and all I ever asked him by the way of a favour was the loan of his tin for a day, when he refused, the dirty blackguard."

"Will he not be dangerous?"

"He will, and it's nasty. If he would come up to me with his knife openly I would not be afraid; but, sir, it is when one is sleeping these creatures will take the advantage."

"What will you do?"

"I am just thinking. Well, my best plan is to put him out of the cell."

During the conversation I observed that the Malay was keenly observing us both. Barney, turning round to the other prisoners, explained to them what had transpired, and ordered them to push the Malay out of the cell. In a moment a dozen were on their feet, but the creature ran to a corner of the cell, and there stood at bay with a huge facon or knife in his hand.

"Now for a bit of fun," said Barney.

None would approach the Malay, and Barney forbade any to use harsh measures. In vain one would try to approach him unawares, but the quick eye would detect him, when he had to beat a retreat. Suddenly I saw a bottle fly through the air. It was thrown by Falkland Jim at the Malay. By chance it did its work in a most satisfactory manner, having struck and made powerless the Malay's right arm. In a

moment he was bundled out, when several in the yard struck him, but he at last took refuge in the murderer's cell opposite.

In a short time the little scene was forgot by the keeper and Falkland Jim crying "Desayuno, desayuno!" (breakfast).

What a panic—what confusion! I rushed to the gate, and there I saw two huge cans and a bag filled with biscuits in the centre of the square. Over the cans Falkland Jim presided, and over the bag of biscuits the jailer stood sentry. What nationalities were grouped in one—Italian, French, and Spanish basques; Irish, Scotch, English, Swiss, German, &c. Jim had in his hand a huge ladle, which he used now and then over the head of some daring intruder. Jim kept crying out—

"Inglese priméro, Inglese priméro." (English first.)

Barney, the representative of the English (?) shed up the crowd and presented his plate, when Jim put in it a huge piece of beef and a piece of mutton, and some soup. I came next. Jim gave me a plentiful supply, when, as each was served, they retired to some quiet spot, and satisfied the cravings of hunger. It took about an hour to serve all, and after being served, a great quietness prevailed. *Siesta* followed. Wherever the sun touched, there prisoners lay, perfectly satisfied for a time. By the way of a dessert, Barney took a half bottle of rum, and coiling himself up in a corner, fell asleep. A death-like stillness now prevailed, and I was about to succumb to the drowsy god, when I observed the Malay creeping in to our cell.

CHAPTER XXVI.

STILL IN PRISON ; BUT I MANAGE TO ESCAPE.

THE moment I saw the Malay make his appearance, I knew at once he meant mischief. To escape notice, the moment he came in he lay quietly down with the rest of the sleepers, but only for a short time. Cautiously he crawled on his belly nearer and nearer to where Barney was sleeping. I saw that something must be done, and that quickly. I was exceedingly careful that the Malay should not see me, and to escape his watchful eye, I had more than enough to do, but somehow I managed. To try and awaken Barney was out of the question. The half bottle of rum he had taken made him drunk ; and to awaken Jim, who was well on, or the American, was, I considered, needless. The idea in my mind was: if I did appeal for help, the Malay would rush forward, and do the deed ere he could be prevented. My mind was soon made up what to do, and that was, when he approached near me, to seize him myself. No sooner had I made up my mind than I felt I had been rash ; yet, there was some glory to be won—the glory of doing an heroic (?) deed in a South American prison. Slowly, but surely, nearer came the Malay ; and when opposite to where I lay, I suddenly sprang upon him, and clutched him by the throat. The little fiend tried to get at his knife, but I observed his move, and happily wrested it from him ere he could do any mischief. In a minute I had him in my power, when I shouted out, “Barney, Jim, Jack, Bill,” and continued repeating these names till the owners answered them. Barney was the first to rise, but it took him some time ere he came to his senses. In a few minutes the whole in the

cell were on their feet, howling and shouting; and I verily believe the Malay would have been murdered on the spot, had I not prevented it. When Barney came to his senses, and understood what had happened, he relieved me at once of my task. Jim was for lynch law at once, but the prudent objected to this; even Barney, who was very angry, would not allow Jim to speak in that way.

"I'll tell you, friends," says Barney, "it would never do to murder this poor soul; but the truth is, friends, my life is unsafe while he is in the same prison. I really don't know what to do."

"I'll tell you what to do," says Jim, "bind him hand and foot; and we will manage to give him a fright when the gate is closed."

This was done; and the Malay, seeing he could not help himself, quietly submitted.

"Well, Mr. Gordon, my boy, I am eternally obliged to you, and I won't forget it, depend upon that; you did a plucky deed, and I question if one in the cell would have done as you did."

Somehow I felt quite pleased when Barney flattered me.

During that day our attention was entirely taken up by speculating what kind of punishment Jim had in store for the Malay. I was grieved to see that a stock of rum was got in; once inflamed with drink, the Malay's life would not be safe. Shortly before sunset the drinking commenced, and as usual Jim drank heartily, so did Barney, but instead of the drink having a soothing influence on the former, it seemed to rouse all the evil passions which possessed him. At last the sun went down, and the jailer came round and locked the gate. Up to this time Jim had not said a word about the punishment, but I noticed that a little before sunset he was busy driving large nails into the wall. This was soon explained.

The candle was lit, when the Malay was shoved from the corner of the cell. Never can I forget the look of horror which rested on his countenance. No mercy was shown him, though he pleaded for mercy loud and long. Jim at this time was a perfect demon, while Barney was so stupid with drink, that he scarcely knew what was passing. The

Malay being dragged to the top of the cell, he was tied to the wall, the nails serving for holdfasts. After being tied up he had all the appearance of one being crucified. What could Jim mean? All were shouting and yelling in a fearful manner, and looked upon the punishment of the Malay as a piece of rare fun.

The poor fellow was placed at the end of the cell as a target, and from the other end, six empty bottles were to be thrown at him.

Jim took it upon himself to throw the bottles.

Oh! how I longed to be out of the cell—to be anywhere but where I was; but there was no escape. I tried to cover myself, but I could not.

The burning candle was stuck on the wall close to the Malay's head, to give the marker light. The first bottle was thrown, when the Malay gave a shriek, which startled the most callous. Thank God, Jim had missed him—the wall was indented close to the victim's head. Uttering a fierce oath, the second was thrown with great force, when he shrieked again. I looked up with fear and trembling, but breathed freely—he had again missed! The broken glass lay on the floor, on which the Malay stamped and struggled, lacerating his feet in a horrible manner. The whole six bottles were thrown, but strange to say, Jim missed with them all. Falkland Jim was in a terrible rage; throw more he would, but several more humane than he interposed, and told him they would not allow him to throw more. The victim was unbound, and fell, thoroughly exhausted, on the floor.

More caña was brought out, and instead of trying to sleep, they took to drinking and singing, which was kept up till an early hour.

Next morning the jailer opened the gate as usual, and though he knew that something unusual had transpired, he was too much afraid to say anything. Anxious to escape from the fearful place, I stepped forward as one to be taken out to work. A gang of us were taken to Plaza Victoria Church, where we had to wash and dry the altar. Having helped to do this, the next job I was set to was drawing water for a convent. Water is only obtained in Buenos

Ayres from wells and the Rio de la Plata. The wells are very deep, and as the water is lifted by a rope and pulley, to one not accustomed to it, it is a painful and tiresome occupation. I had not been long drawing water till my hands were skinned with the friction of the rope, and thinking I might on this account get leave, I showed my hands to the guard, who very kindly rang the bell of the convent, and explained to a young priest my request. To my surprise, the priest spoke to me in fair English in the most insulting manner. He said he would make me wait till the cistern was filled—that I was a heretic, and if he had his will he would keep me working till late. Common sense whispered to me that my best plan was to work away and say nothing to the taunts given. The young priest seeing me acting with caution, got to be thoroughly annoyed, and I believe, had it not been for one of his brethren who had overheard him, I might have fared very bad indeed. By this time the blood was flowing from my hands, and my friendly priest seeing this, ordered me home to the policia at once. My life was thoroughly miserable, and to escape I had tried every plan, but in all I had failed. I am sure I wrote a dozen letters to Mr. Frank Parish, the British Consul in Buenos Ayres, but he either did not receive them, or if he did receive them, he did not think it worth his while to aid me in any way. I had not been in prison fourteen days till I found my life quite unbearable. Along with a few others I tried to escape by climbing the roof, but the old rope broke when I had nearly succeeded. My fall confined me to my cell for nearly ten days, but during all that time Barney did all in his power to aid and comfort me. My constant wail was "Liberty, liberty," but as each day came round hope faded the more.

One morning when lying in my bed (?), Barney came up to me and said—

"Tim, my boy, I have it; I have it, my lad."

"Have what?"

"An idea about getting you out of prison; but it will take some money."

"I have got some left."

"How much?"

"Well, about fifteen shillings." (Ninety paper dollars.)

"More than sufficient. Tim, my lad, send for a bottle, for my idea deserves a dram."

"I may state that Barney knew I had a little, but to do him justice he never asked me to spend a farthing. Falkland Jim generally gave the supplies, and when his funds were exhausted they all became stiff total abstainers.

I sent for a bottle of caña, which put Barney in the best of humour. Going over to a quiet corner of the cell he said—

"Do you see that man lying drunk on the floor?"

"Yes; but what has *that* got to do with it?"

"Patience, Tim; patience, lad, and you will see. Now this man's name is Tom Peacock, a Scotchman, and like the most of your countrymen abroad, he is fond of drink. By good luck he is not known to the vigilantes. He is brought to the policia for being drunk and incapable. The fine is fifty paper dollars, and if the defaulter can't pay this sum he is locked up for five days."

"Well, well——"

"Patience, Tim. Well, at the end of five days, the jailer will shout out, as you know, Thomas Peacock. Now, Tim, I want you to step out and say you are Thomas Peacock."

"But, Barney, Tom Peacock will be only too glad to answer his name when it is called."

"Yes, I know, if *sober*; but if he is *drunk* he would not hear it."

"And your idea is to fill him drunk so that I may escape?"

"Exactly."

"But I don't like the idea."

"Tuts, man, he will soon get out. I know him well."

"When do you purpose commencing with him?"

"As soon as he awakes. He is so fond of drink that he will never suspect what we are after. The money you have got will be sufficient to carry my idea out."

The following day I left Barney and Tom together, and I could see at a glance they were getting on well. A bottle stood between them, and behind Barney two full ones were in readiness. Up to the fifth day Tom Peacock was helplessly drunk—I may say stupidly drunk. Immediately

after breakfast those who are to be liberated have their names cried, and great was my excitement when Tom's name was shouted out.

"Is your name Thomas Peacock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come on, then."

I was led away by the officer to an office, where I found seated a fine-looking young man. When I went in he did not lift his head. I waited for some time, when he abruptly asked in Spanish my name. I said I did not understand Spanish.

"Do you understand English, then," he said, in excellent English.

"Yes."

"Your name?"

"Thomas Peacock."

"What were you confined for?"

"I suppose for being drunk and incapable."

"Here is your name, but the description does *not tally* with the books."

I did not speak, but trembled.

"There is *some* mistake. Is your name Thomas Peacock?"

"It is not, your worship."

"And who the — are you?"

"My history is a strange one, sir, and if you will listen to it I will frankly confess all."

He thought for a moment, and then said, "Well, be brief, and say your say."

I then told the magistrate all that had happened me.

"Is this all true?"

"You are at liberty, sir, to call at *Hotel de la Pax*, or on Mr. — of Calla San Martin, which is close at hand."

"Just retire for a few minutes."

I did so, my guard following me up.

In about an hour I was recalled, and the magistrate in a kind and feeling manner said—

"I found your story to be a true one, but I am in a fix. Your case comes before the Spiritual Court, and at your name I find : red cross."

"Is there no help?"

"There is only one way, and that is for me to discharge you as Thomas Peacock. The inquiries I made about you none know of. You say Barney helped you?"

"He did."

"This man should have been discharged a month ago. Is he still in prison?"

"Still in prison."

Here the magistrate rang a bell, and an officer appeared, when he spoke in a hurried and angry manner to him. I could make out that he was to bring Barney to the office at once.

In five minutes my uncouth companion appeared, not very sober. He was a sorry sight, and contrasted strangely with the place he was in. The moment he saw me his lip fell, and his countenance wore a downcast and dejected look.

The magistrate, turning to him, asked his name; he gave it, when he was told he was at liberty.

"Is my character cleared, your honour?"

"You are not guilty."

"Thank God for His mercies, and may He give Widow O'Rorke her due."

"Is this young man's name Thomas Peacock?"

"Yes, your honour. I have known him since——"

"Is his name not Timothy Gordon?"

Barney stared at me, then at the magistrate, and finally sat down quite overcome.

"Come, Barney, I know it all, and as a friend to you both, I would advise you to clear out for the Camps at once."

We warmly thanked the magistrate, and with grateful and gladdened hearts we soon found ourselves standing by the broad, restless river, where we went to consider matters before we left the town.

"I say, Tim, my boy, how did you manage it?"

"I told him all."

"Faith then, truth is best," said Barney, scratching his head; "but, after all, one needs to tell a lie at times. You see, Tim, had you not acted and told the lie, you would not have had an opportunity of telling the truth. Thank God, we have escaped from the policia."

"Amen, Barney."

CHAPTER XXVII.

I SEEK MY FORTUNE.

WHAT a glorious thing is liberty ! Though I had not a cent in the world, and though I had not a single friend save the cashier in the bankrupt firm, I was happy—yea, supremely happy. What was money, and what were fine clothes and all that—could I not work ? Had I not youth, a strong constitution, and what though I would require to rough it ! Had others not done so who were born and brought up in a sphere much higher than I ever knew. And then I would see life—I would live on the pampas of South America, purchase horses, and lead for a time an Indian life of it. These thoughts, and a thousand others, passed quickly through my mind as I sat by the River Plate, with Barney by my side. I had made up my mind, if Barney went to the Camps I would go along with him. Poverty throws strange companions in our way—but what could I do ? Barney was the better man—he could speak Spanish like a native—he knew the Camps, and as far as I could learn he was a handy man. It is true, I could be a schoolmaster, but I found out this profession was despised by all classes on the pampas. The thought of this determined me not to be a schoolmaster if any other work turned up. Barney had only one fault, and that was the love of drink. Give him a bottle and you made him a happy man : the want of it made him miserable. I had good cause to know afterward that Barney really loved me. Poor old fellow, he had few who did love him, and I suppose the reason why he loved me was, that if I had a dollar, and he dry, I never refused him a drink. But I must go on with my adventures.

"I say, Tim, my lad, the interview I have just had with his honour up there has made me as dry as a whistle. You had a narrow shave, Tim; but you have done me another good turn, boy, and Barney is not the man to forget it."

"I am sorry you are dry, Barney, for I have not one cent left."

"The more's the pity; but, Tim, is it not possible for you to raise the wind a bit. If I went to Widow O'Rorke's I could get as much drink as I choose, but after the dirty trick she played me, I never want to see her more."

"Rest here, Barney, and I will call on my only friend in Buenos Ayres, and if I get money you will share it."

This was my only hope. I was very fortunate in finding my friend in, and was agreeably surprised at him receiving me in a cordial and affectionate manner.

"Strange things have happened you since you landed, Mr. Gordon."

"Then you know about my misfortunes."

"I only knew about your sad business to-day. Had I known some time ago I could have helped you. Why did you not write me?"

"The fact was, I felt ashamed to do so."

"What do you intend doing now?"

"God knows—I am thinking of going out to the Camps."

"Schoolmastering?"

"No, verily. I mean to go out as a working man."

"Bravo. Any person going with you?"

"Yes, an old stager."

"Well, Mr. Gordon, seeing you don't intend going home, I think your plan is the best. Hundreds of educated men are out of situations in Buenos Ayres. They are too proud to go and work in the Camps, but they are not too proud to borrow from every Englishman they meet."

"Then I am one of them."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, sir, I came to you to borrow."

"You don't require to do so, Mr. Gordon. I am instructed to pay you at once two months' salary. I put your case pretty strong."

"Then you can let me have £5 right down."

"Twenty if you like."

"But I don't want £20. Kindly give me £6 in pesos, or 720 paper dollars; and if I want more I can write you, when you could send it."

I agreed with my friend that if I made money in the Camps I would send it to him, when he would bank it in my name. We parted good friends, and in a few minutes I was with Barney again. Barney was a sad sight to look at. His trousers were nearly gone, and his shirt was in tatters. He had no cap on his head: the covering he wore was a shaggy coat of grey hair. He did not see me as I went up to him; seemingly he was meditating on the past, for his face had a sad look about it. I was in the best of humour, but I determined to trick Barney by saying I could not raise a penny. Going up to him, with a sorrowful countenance I said—

"Barney, I have seen my friend, and it is of no use. He won't advance a penny. What will we do?"

"Do, Tim, why, my boy, we must foot it at once for Chascomus; but really I would have liked just a drop ere we started."

"And I feel hungry."

"Then, my boy, the sooner we leave this blackguard and ugly town the better. Once in the Camps you cannot starve, thank God."

"But, Barney, could you not manage to get a different rig-out?"

"No, lad, no—I must wait; but come along."

"Wait—I have got a *little* money, but only a very little."

"Will it buy a bottle of caña?"

"Certainly."

"Praise be to God—He has heard my prayer!"

"Where can we go to?"

"Here is a palperia; we can get a drink here."

We both went in to the palperia, where we found clothes, meat, and drink. It was a general store. I had made up my mind to rig out Barney on the cheap. A pair of linen trousers and a jean shirt, along with a hat, would not cost more than 150 paper dollars. Barney called for a drink and a piece of bread and cheese. I had some bread, cheese, and

wine. Again the poor Irishman was a happy man. Calling the palpera aside, I managed to tell him in Spanish to bring me clothes which would suit a big man. Having selected the few things, I turned to Barney and asked him if he would oblige me by doing a certain thing. Barney gave me a long stare, and at last said he would do more for me than any living man.

"But will you do what I want you?"

"Yes."

"Well, Barney, you must leave off your caña, and go into the back yard—I can see the well from here—and give yourself a thorough washing. I will do the same."

"Is that all, my boy?"

"That's all, Barney; and after you are washed you must favour me by putting on these trousers and this shirt, and top the whole with this hat. They are bought and paid for. I said I had only a little. This is so far true; it is only a little; but as we mean to tramp it to Chascomus, I thought I should put the train money on your back. In conclusion, Barney, I will buy two bottles of caña to last you *en route*. There, now, I don't want you to say one word."

"But I will say a word, Tim. Don't think I am insensible to all your doings for me. You will not repent of this, if God spares me my health. I'll say no more, but time will prove my devotion to you."

"One word, Barney. Could you not do with less caña? I don't speak for the expense, for that is a trifle; but, really, it will hurt you, so much of it."

"Don't fear a bit, Tim. Good drink taken in moderation, as I take it (!) will never do a man harm. Never fear for me, my lad. Now for the well. Water is a capital thing for washing, Tim; but depend upon it, caña is the only thing which should be taken inwardly."

I saw it would be a hopeless case to make Barney a total abstainer, so ever after I allowed him to go the length of his tether, but when at work he did not take so much.

After he got a thorough wash, I scarcely knew my grey-headed companion. In his youth he must have been a very good-looking man, for he looked remarkably well after the transformation.

It was well on in the afternoon when we started, and as a sure guide to our destination, we took the railroad, which went all the way to the place we intended going to—Chascomus. We were soon out of the city, and right glad I was to shake the dust of it off my feet. Outside of the city there are a number of chacaras, i.e., places for growing vegetables for the town. At these places cows, fowls, &c., are kept and fattened, when they are sent to the town, where they command a good price. It is said that a good chacara pays as well as anything in the country.

I knew several Scotchmen who carried on large concerns of this kind, and made lots of money. But ground is now very dear in the neighbourhood of the city, so that small capitalists have not the chances they would have had twenty years ago. As a class they are not hospitable. I never tried them, but I can quite understand that they will be very cautious with their hospitality. If they kept an open table, being so near Buenos Ayres, they would have all the needy ones of the city out in no time. Apart from the giving, there exists in such towns so many thorough bad characters of the Falkland Jim type, that it would be exceedingly dangerous to be on friendly terms with strangers. Barney said it was not a bit of use asking lodgings from a chacara man, and as the night was warm we could camp out, and another night would bring us to the Camps.

No sooner does the sun with all its beauty dip in the west than darkness sets in, when myriads of insects commence to chirp and make a noise. Man then stops his toil, and in the Camps seeks repose.

Ere the sun had went down we selected a spot where the grass was long and dry. Having some provisions with us, we commenced our frugal supper, and then lay down, but I could not sleep. For hours I lay and watched the stars so bright, and the moon walking the bare heavens. Though the insects chirped, how still everything seemed. I felt very cold, so cold I could not sleep. In vain I wooed the drowsy god. Barney snored loud and long—how I envied him! Would a drop of his caña do me any good? I resolved to try it, and took a long pull, after which I no longer felt the cold and soon fell asleep. I slept till the sun appeared again

on the other side, and had the usual penalty—a headache—which wore away as the day advanced. We were now fairly in the Camps, and I have to confess that I was disappointed with their aspect. Imagine yourself out at sea and out of sight of land—so it is with the pampas. While the sun glares everything is as silent as the grave. The grass which covers these dreary plains is burned up by the sun, not a green blade meets the eye, not a tree is to be seen. Away in the distance is a dot, and one wonders what it is, when Barney says it is a shepherd's hut. The occupant will be living the life of a recluse, and perhaps will not see a friend or foe for weeks. His only companions will be his dogs, horses, and sheep, and his sole occupation will be going now and then to the housetop to see if his sheep are all right; and if there is likely to be a mixture, he will mount his horse and drive his flock to a safe distance. Few cattle are yet seen, but Barney says we will see plenty by-and-bye. The sun is hot—how hot. I call Barney's attention to something on the railway line, when he tells me it is a flock of sheep. Sheep, he says, love the bare ground when the weather is hot.

"Is there not great danger of their being run over by the train?"

"Yes, but not so much now as there used to be when the railway was opened at first. It was fenced on both sides, but somehow the sheep managed to get through, and when the engine came up they could not escape and were run over. The fences were taken down, and the sheep now get free exit when the train comes up."

"But does it not put the train off the line?"

"No. You will see by-and-bye that every engine has a huge guard before it. Suppose the engine runs into a flock of sheep, this guard sweeps them to the one side and clears the rails."

"And kills the sheep?"

"Why, yes, a good many of them. But that is the owner's look-out."

One thing particularly struck me, and that was the huge thistles I saw. It is no uncommon thing for shepherd's huts to be quite hidden by these thistles. I have seen them

ten feet high, and when in full leaf they have the appearance of little forests, which in fact they are. The cold weather soon strips them of their verdure, but they furnish firewood to the shepherd, for when mixed with bosta they make a very good fire. I soon got tired of gazing on the same kind of scenery, and being footsore I was anxious for the journey to be ended, and was seriously contemplating taking the train to Chascomus, though it would make a hole in my very slender purse; but Barney was in the best of spirits.

"I say Tim, lad, are you getting tired?"

"I am pretty well done up, and would fain put up for the night; but I don't see a single place for us to rest in."

"Patience, Tim. Look—don't you see a speck yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, Tim, that is the Palperia de Azul, or the Blue Palperia. We will get rest there for the night, and a drop, if it please God, to cheer us up a bit."

In about an hour we got to the Palperia, and both of us being very hungry, we fell to and satisfied the cravings of nature. Barney asked if we could remain for the night, when the native showed us a back-house full of sheep-skins and a lot of bags. Barney had soon two comfortable beds made, and being thoroughly tired—the sun was nearly down—I went to bed and soon fell fast asleep, and slept soundly till morning. Barney was up before me, and in the store getting his morning. I was anxious to get along, and told Barney so, but he told me it would pay us to remain where we were.

"How?"

"This palpera wants a house built, and he has asked me if I could and would build it."

"And what did you say?"

"I said I was a regular hand, and that you were an adept."

"But, Barney, I—I—"

"Tuts, it is true about myself. I'll put up a house with any man in the country. I'll just tell the chap *you* have consented to do the job for him. He offers five shillings per day (thirty pesos) with meat and lodgings. It will take us at least two months, and put us in funds."

"So be it, Barney ; but I know as little about building a house as a donkey."

We were regularly engaged, and were to start the following morning as builders—Bernard O'Neill as builder, and Timothy Gordon as architect !

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I COMMENCE LIFE IN THE CAMPS.

AS we were not expected to commence work till the following morning, Barney had time to give me ample instructions how to proceed.

"You see, Tim, my boy, these Spanish don't know much about real work. Just you pretend you know, and as you are the architect, don't be afraid, lad, to give me a blowing up when the Don comes out to inspect our doings."

"But do you think you will manage to get up a decent looking house?"

"Of course. Give me time, and I'll build a house the Queen of England might live in."

I may mention, though I had never learned a trade, yet I was not considered an unhandy person. When I was with Glen I had to do many a kind of job, and when my poor father was alive he was loud in his praises about my handicraft.

All day Barney thoroughly enjoyed himself—in fact, I never saw a man who could throw off dull care, and enjoy the comforts of this life, like him. As the weather was still very warm, we both sat under the rough verandah, Barney smoking his pipe and drinking his rum like an old Rhenish philosopher; while I, full of doubts and fears, was ever and anon asking questions about the work we had taken in hand.

"You are a timid lad, Tim; a timid lad, but once you have lived as long as I have, my darling, you will learn to take the world easier. The fact is, boy, we often conjure up difficulties when none exist. Difficulties are really difficulties when they come on us, but we should not make them. Suppose, Tim, you had known you would have been knocked about as you have been, you would have gone mad; but you

might have fared worse. A trip to the bottom of the sea, serving as a decent meal for a shark, would have been worse for you than all you have passed through. Learn to take all the pleasure out of the present, my lad, and never fret about the coming day. That's my advice, and though I am not book-learned, I have learned that."

Barney was a rough fellow, but it will be seen that he had a fair share of common sense, and though I could not cast off dull care like him, his advice did me good. How often have I said to myself—"I am young, able and willing to work, and why should I despair? The God of my fathers was in this strange land watching over me as if I had been in the land of my birth. Fortune had been against me, but I was young, and could still make headway. *Nil Desperandum!*" For a time I would be quite happy, and forget what I had passed through, but it often happened that a cloud would pass over my mind, which, for a time at least, nearly overwhelmed me. I can yet remember that a song, one of our tender and pathetic Scotch songs, did much to cheer me. The song was "Ilka blade o' grass keeps its ain drap o' dew." I have often thought that instead of calling this a song, it might be classed with our hymns. Often, when sitting solitary by the camp fire, I have sung this song, and drawn sweet consolation from these words, "Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind," &c. As I pen this, methinks I can see Barney sitting by the palperia door pretty well tight, yet quite conscious of what he said. At times Barney would sing a song—a song he had sung to his Mary, long since dead. His heart was yet green, though his head was grey. Barney never liked to talk about the past, it uncovered the wound, and brought tears to the old man's eyes when he sung of home, and of her whose sweet spirit had long since fled to a fairer and happier land. At the time I refer to, he sung his favourite song, and as his broken voice leaped over the words, it could be seen that he felt keenly what he was singing.

"Tim, lad, I am foolish at times when I think of the dear old place—the little cabin with the roses climbing up the walls, and peering out of the little window the prettiest face man ever saw."

"Is she dead, Barney?"

"Yes, lad, she is dead, and in her grave lies the manhood of Bernard O'Neill. God knows I loved her, and who could have helped it! Now, I can see her large, blue, tender, loving eyes, so full of meaning. Now, I can see her smile—the smile of love and sympathy. Even now I can lay my head upon her bosom and tell her of my sorrows and cares, and I can see yet her look of sympathy, and hear her voice, like an angel's whisper, telling me to cheer up; and I can feel now, on my burning brow, her fair hand; and as I look up to her angelic face, and see it beaming with sympathy and love, my cares fly away, and I feel a better and happier man. Ah! Tim, I am old now, and you may think it weak in me to speak thus, but often as I sit thinking, the fair vision of my Mary will rise up as fresh and as beautiful as ever."

Next morning both of us were up before the bright sun had appeared, and Barney, making his way to the kitchen, was soon discussing a maté, of which the natives are very fond.

As maté takes the place of our tea, I cannot do better than say a few words about it here. Yerba, from which the maté is made, comes from Paraguay, near the Argentine Republic. It has not a very inviting appearance, being of a dirty greyish colour. A small quantity is put into a vessel, over which is poured boiling water—the water must be boiling. The water finds its way through the yerba, and is soon impregnated with the strong herb. When very hot it is sucked through a bumbillow, sometimes made of tin, but the wealthy classes have them of silver. At the top of the bumbillow there is a perforated knob, which admits the fluid, and excludes the yerba. When I first tasted maté, I found it so bitter and so hot that I could not take it, but in course of time I got so fond of it that I never refused a maté when offered.

When Barney and I went to the kitchen, we found several assembled there, so drawing a bullock's head forward for a seat, we soon joined the circle, and waited for a maté which was passing round. If eight or ten are seated round a fire, one maté, or rather I should say the one vessel and bumbillow

serves the whole. When the bumbillow soughs, the drinker fills the vessel up with water, and hands it to his neighbour, only saying, "Toma, señor." When he has emptied it, it is filled again, and passed to the next. All suck out of the same bumbillow or tube without the least repugnance.

In the Camps, I have often seen a wealthy Spanish estanchiero suck his maté after a poor man had emptied it. I never saw a maté refused, or a rich man refuse to use the bumbillow handed to him by the poorest on his farm. At first I certainly had a great repugnance to putting in my mouth the piece of tin fresh from the mouth of a dirty native, but this feeling wore off ere I was long in the country. The rising of the sun is the great time-piece in the Camps. When this great orb rises, as it were from its dewy bed, fresh and glorious, all must go to work, and continue at work till breakfast, which takes place at eleven o'clock a.m.

At the palperia we had plenty of wood, nails, tools, in short we wanted for nothing. Barney had asked his employer what kind of house he wanted, but he got a very vague reply. He was not particular as to size, if it had two apartments decently large. Having plenty of scope, Barney and I set to work, I with great fear and misgivings, but my companion having full faith in his own abilities, did not feel as I felt. The first thing we did, and which took us a whole day, was to cut to a proper length, and fix in the ground, the three principals. I found it hard work digging the holes, and pommelling the earth after the principals were in. The next day we ran a piece of wood over the three principals, which, I suppose, was meant for the rigging. I need not give all the particulars; suffice it to say, that it took us near fourteen days to get the skeleton of a house made. I thought our progress was very slow, but our employer, I was pleased to see, was quite satisfied with the progress we made. Barney, when fully employed, did not drink so much as formerly; indeed, he was too much taken up with his work to drink any. The most of the houses in the Camps are built of mud, and are called ranchos—it was such a house we were employed on. Having the skeleton made, we had now to prepare the mud. This is done by digging up the black earth near to the house, and after throwing water

copiously on the dug up ground, it is beat up by horses. After the pulp is properly made, it is mixed with hay or alfalfa, which gives, when dry, great firmness to the mass. Along the standards of the house small pieces of wood are nailed, something like the form of a ladder. On the lowest rail, a long piece of mud is hung, another is laid alongside, and so on all the way. This is repeated with the rail above, and so continued till the walls are completed. In a country where the sun is so powerful the whole soon dries, and becomes a hard solid mass. Having some taste, I soon surpassed Barney at the laying on, so that the preparing of the mud and bringing it to me, fell to his lot. The walls being up, we had to go to a pajanal to cut *paja* to cover the roof. *Paja* is a sword-like grass which grows in low-lying ground. Sometimes it grows very long—I have seen it over eight feet in length. For thatch it suits admirably, but it must be used when it retains its moisture. This was the sorest job we had had, but Barney consoled himself now and then by taking a hearty swig out of the bottle, and if the truth must be told, I found some consolation now and then in the same remedy. The roof is done much in the same way as the walls. Small pieces of wood are strapped on the couplings, when the *paja* is doubled over the wood and then tied. Barney did this part, while I threw up the material in proper-sized bundles all ready. This was a very tedious job, but our employer was more than satisfied with the progress we made. At last this was done, when we plastered outside and inside, using for plaster horse-dung and black earth. This was put on with a trowel, and gave to the whole a stone finish, so that a stranger, had he not known, would never have thought that the house was built of mud. The doors and windows we managed wonderfully; indeed, when the whole was completed, both of us were rather surprised to see it look so well. On the house we were engaged for eight weeks, and neither of us having lifted a single dollar during all that time, we had coming to us 2,880 paper dollars, or in English money exactly £24, or £12 each. This was quite a lift. Our employer, time after time, said he was highly pleased with the job, and his friends whom he brought to see it, likewise said it was the best rancho in the

place. £24 was certainly not a large sum; but to men who had not a cent it was something. I began to get anxious about payment. Speaking to Barney on this subject, he agreed with me that we should get our pay, and as I now knew a little Spanish, I could easily express myself on such a subject. Barney desired me to be the spokesman, as I was to be cashier. The moment I said to the palperia that we wanted our money, in the most gentlemanly manner he made up the time, when he handed me the money with a smile, and expressed himself as being much obliged to us. Barney seeing matters going on smoothly, came forward and asked him if the job pleased him, when our employer said it pleased him so well that he would give us each a suit of clothes, and boarding for another week or a fortnight if we wished it. This put us in the best of spirits, and Barney called for a bottle of Cognac to stand a treat. This he offered to pay, but the palpera would not allow him; indeed, the whole time we were at his place, he would not allow us to spend a single dollar. I only mention this to show that if you treat a Spaniard well, he will be sure to return the compliment. The house being completed, we helped to remove the stores, which took some time; this, we were paid for, and the palpera being thoroughly satisfied of our honesty, he would not allow any other to do the job but ourselves.

Our workmanship had given such satisfaction that another palpera about twelve miles south asked us if we would put up a house for him. We agreed to do so at the same wage, with food and drink as the other had given.

On the day appointed we were sent for. Two horses were brought, saddled, all ready to take us to Palperia Blanco. Having parted with our kind friend, with some £30 in my pockets, and good horses under us, I commenced to feel that fortune was once more going to smile on me.

We were soon at the White Store, and made welcome; and being shown our place of abode, we at once took possession.

"Now, Tim, my lad, what do you think now?"

"Why, Barney, how do you feel?"

"I am satisfied."

"Now that we are settled again for two or three months, it will be as well for me to give you your money.

"What money?"

"Why, your share!"

"Keep it, Tim, till I ask for it."

"I'll do no such thing, Barney. I have got £15 belonging to you, and I feel uneasy so long as it is in my possession."

"If you give me the £15, Tim, I will soon spend it or lose it. I was meaning to make you a present of my share; for, Tim, you have been kind to me."

"I am more indebted to you, Barney, than you are to me."

"Nonsense; didn't you save my life?"

"True; but did you not suffer through me?"

"Did you not get me out of prison?"

"True; but did you not suggest the plan of escape?"

"Did you not give me money when in prison to buy a drop of comfort?"

"True again, Barney; but did you not save me when I entered the prison?"

"Well, Tim, my boy, what can we do with the money. Suppose you sent it to your friend?"

"A good idea; he could lodge it in the bank for us."

"Then, Tim, send it in when you have a mind; only, don't speak to me any more about it."

About three weeks after the above conversation I sent the money to my friend, who wrote me a kind reply. Barney could get his share when he wanted it.

This arrangement gave my companion the utmost satisfaction. We were three months with the job we had taken in hand, and we had the good fortune to please our employer—I believe, more so than the former. At the end of thirteen weeks we had 4,680 paper dollars coming to us, or nearly £40. Fernandez paid us without a grumble, and, like our other friend, he rigged us out in superior suits of camp clothing. Fernandez did a good trade, especially on the Sundays. Sunday in the Camps is a great day; and as some of the scenes may be new and amusing, in my next chapter I will give an account of a Sunday spent at a palperia.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A SUNDAY IN THE CAMPS.

THE third Sunday we spent at the White Palperia was a gala day—a day appointed for a great race, and a lot of minor ones after the great one was over. Before I describe a native race, I will give a brief sketch of a palperia and its visitors on such an occasion. A palperia has not anything very inviting about its appearance. Imagine a one-storied building, covered with thatch, and, perhaps, the walls whitewashed. At the end of the building there generally stands a small corral (or pen) for enclosing the horses when one is needed. At the other end of the building may be seen a long fence, the posts being very strong. These posts are for tying up the horses of those who visit the palperia. Near the building, the ground is bare, the only thing seen is perhaps the bleached skeleton of a sheep, or the fragments of empty bottles. Gazing from the door, nothing is seen on the Camps save sheep, horses, and cattle. Not a tree is seen, not a hill breaks the monotony of the dreary plains; not a sound is heard, save the bleating of the ewes for their lambs. During the week, life at a palperia is very solitary, but when Sunday comes the place is completely changed. When the sun rises, visitors flow in from the north, south, east, and west. Looking in any direction, men on horseback may be seen making for the one place—the palperia. By eight o'clock I have seen over two hundred horses tied up, representing two hundred men, who were eating or drinking, making bets, or settling old scores. To me this was all new, but Barney was quite at home, and did not seem struck with the confusion and babel of tongues which never ceased

chattering or shouting. Of course I did not know anyone. I was a stranger in a strange land; but in such a place, if one has a mind, they can soon make friends, especially where drink is so cheap. If I did not know anyone, Barney knew plenty. On all sides, old friends cried out, "Hullo, Barney, what are you doing here? When did you come out to the Camps? Come and have a drink, old chap." As a rule, all speaking the English language group together, and keep together during the day. By ten o'clock, I daresay, there would be about five hundred at the palperia. Rich and poor, old and young, conversing freely with one another, and taking on bets for the coming race. "What are the English doing? Surely they will not disgrace themselves; surely they will not bet and run races like the natives on such a day." They will. Two are sitting beside me discussing the coming race, and offering bets. They are both Scotchmen, the one hails from Dumfries, and the other was once a warehouseman in a large wholesale firm in Glasgow. They are shepherds to a Scotchman, and they have left their sheep to take care of themselves for the day to see the fun, and if possible to make some money.

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars that the *Malacara* will win."

"Done. I'll bet you a hundred dollars the *Oscura* will win. The money to be paid at once—I mean when the race is over."

"Certainly, I have got the money here."

"I say, Barney, have you got any pesos?" shouts a tall, haggard-looking young man.

"What good will it do you, my boy, if I were to tell you."

"Only this, Barney. I have a hundred dollars, and will go home with two hundred or none. If you are game to bet, I'll bet you on either of the horses. They say the *Malacara* is sure to win; now, I'll bet you on the *Oscura*."

"Keep your money, my boy, or if you cannot keep it, you better pay me the little you got from me over two years ago."

The tall, pale young man, when Barney had done speaking, slunk away without replying.

"Who is that man, Barney? you seem to know him well."

"That I do, Tim. Why, he is a doctor."

"A doctor!"

"Yes, a doctor. He is known over the Camps as *Medico*."

"What does he do? He seems too broken down looking to follow after his profession."

"I can't tell what he is doing at present, but when I was in the Camps two years ago he was schoolmastering."

"A schoolmaster. How much would he get for that?"

"300 dollars per month, or £2 10s."

"What has reduced him?"

"Drink, Tim, drink. He was a pest at home, and is a pest here. When he landed in this country he got a good place in the Argentine army, £365 per annum, all found; but he could not stop drinking, so he was discharged, when he drank his instruments, clothing, and all the money he could borrow. At last he took to the Camps, and he is now a waif—a nothing—yet people say he is learned, and I know he can set a broken bone right well."

"It is a pity to see a young man so far gone. I suppose he will never refuse it."

"*Medico* refuse drink. No. He would never be sober if he could get it. I have seen him drink five bottles of strong rum in a day and night, and the fellow is so selfish that he would not give a person a drop if he had ten bottles. But for his selfishness many would respect the man for his profession, but all respect for him is now gone."

"I would like to speak to him."

"I will be happy to introduce him to you, but you must promise me not to lend him money. Give him drink till he falls, but don't give him money."

I promised.

I was struck by a number of men curiously dressed, when Barney told me they were wealthy *estancieros*. A wealthy native is very particular about his dress, and as it does not in the least correspond with ours, I cannot do better than describe it here.

The hat is like our felt hats, but of beaver. Two silk cords are attached to it, which are tied together under the lip. At the end of the cord two tassels dangle. He wears

a very fine shirt, and beautifully white. The breast is often elaborately sewed by the hand. Over his shoulders falls his poncho, which is composed of fine black cloth, and fringed with tassel lace. Round his waist he wears a curious belt of great value. It will be eight inches broad, and has inside a number of pockets. The value of the belts consists in their adornments. They are nearly all covered with gold and silver pieces, and the centre part is generally composed of Mexican gold pieces of large size and great value. Instead of trousers, the native gentlemen wear the chiripa. This is a long piece of black fringed cloth passed between the legs and fastened below the belt. The chiripa leaves part of the legs exposed, but he wears a white pair of calzoncillos (drawers), beautifully trimmed with sewed insertion. A Spaniard, as a rule, has neat feet, and these he loves to encase in patent leather Wellingtons. His facon is the only portion left to describe, and according to his wealth, so is the value of his knife. The vayna (sheath) is generally of silver, but I have seen them of pure gold. The handle of his cuchillo is of the same material as the vayna. As a rule, he wears his knife behind, but I have seen them worn stuck in front of their belts. His spurs are deadly instruments, and are very large—so large that they have a difficulty in walking with them on. I soon found that they were more for show than use. If they were to apply their spurs in the same way as the English apply them, the horse would not be long ere it would die with wounds.

I have often seen the poor man ape the manners and dress of his more forward countryman, and appear on a Sunday clothed with a dress and belt, which would cost over £40. During the week he is clothed like a beggar, but on Sunday he is a butterfly.

At eleven o'clock the mile race was to take place, and the hour was fast approaching. Two men were standing beside me; one was dressed in a fashionable manner, and was the alcalde of the district, the other was a young man, not so well dressed, of a rude appearance; but they seemed to know each other.

"I'll bet you 500 dollars that Don Pedro's horse wins," said the young man.

"And I will bet you 500 dollars that Don Guillermo's horse wins."

"Bueno," they both exclaimed, and resumed smoking their cigars. At this point up came the two horses, bare-backed. This was the first time I had seen them. Don Pedro's horse was an *oscura* (dark brown), and a perfect model. It was small but had a powerful chest, neat fetlocks, well rounded limbs, and eyes almost human. Don Guillermo's horse was a hand higher than Pedro's, with a narrow chest and a heavy-looking head. It was, however, long in the body, and in a short race it had the reputation of being the fastest in the partido. When the horses appeared the betting commenced in earnest. French, English, Italians, natives, and Spaniards, pulled out their paper money and gesticulated wildly, shouting loudly for bets on their favourite horse. It was evident that Don Guillermo's horse was the favourite, and those who wished to bet on Don Pedro's had no difficulty in getting a bet on almost for any sum. The race was for a mile—starting a mile from the palperia, the winning post being opposite the store door.

The horses being at their post, the signal was given, when off both flew. What shouting and yelling, the like of it I never heard. We could see that the malacara had gained at the starting, but the *oscura*, ere the race was half over, was creeping up. The yelling and shouting had increased, and all were eagerly—how eagerly—straining their eyes at the running horses, quite forgetful of everything else. When the *oscura* had crept up nearly alongside of the malacara, hundreds became almost frantic. On they came like the wind, and with a fearful rush they came up to the winning-post; but the favourite had lost, and the little *oscura* had gained the prize of £40. The horses were now neglected by the men settling their bets. The two by my side commenced to settle their scores. I could not, from my imperfect knowledge of the language, make out all that passed between the two, but it was evident that the *alcalde* refused to pay the 500 dollars, for the young man was due him more than this amount. In vain the young man demanded the money, but at last the *alcalde* smoked his cigar and paid no heed to what was said to him.

"Pay me the money, senor, for unless you do so, by the blessed virgin, you will never see the light of another day."

No reply.

"Will you pay me the money?"

Still no answer.

"I demand my money at once. Remember."

The alcalde still smoked his cigar as if no one addressed him.

Pale with rage, the young man took from his belt a small Italian pistol, almost like a toy, but ere presenting it he again said—

"Will you pay me the 500 dollars, for it is the last time I will ask it?"

The alcalde only smiled.

Quick as lightning he fired his pistol in the face of the alcalde, then rushed to his horse, which was close at hand. The wounded man gave a great cry, clutched the air, and fell heavily on the ground. I could see the pallor spread over his face, his eyes turn up, and then he lay as if he slept—he was dead. When his hat was taken off a small wound appeared on the forehead; from the wound there exuded the brains. By the time the people understood what was done, the murderer had gained his horse, and was speeding on his way. Fifty, or more, seeing this, with a yell sprang to their horses to catch him; but the murderer was now a good bit on his way. I could see him while his horse was at full gallop take off his *recado* (saddle) bit by bit, so as to give his horse less weight to carry. It had the desired effect. The horse, freed from the heavy camp saddle, gained at every stride, and the pursuers, seeing they could not overtake him, turned their horses' heads once more to the palperia. The poor alcalde was removed to an outhouse, and a cart was sent in the afternoon and the body taken home. I thought such a vile deed would arrest the fun and frolic, but it only did so for a short time. While the corpse lay at the store the fun got to be fast and furious. Races were run for short distances as the day advanced, and not a few were nearly overcome by strong drink. Barney kept himself well out of scrapes, but not a few fights took place; and in some instances the facon was drawn, but I did not hear of any more lives being lost.

As the day waned many took the road for home, and when the sun grew large ere it dipped in the west, nearly all had left. A few stragglers remained, who hung by the counter and drank till they could not stand. To get the store closed they were dragged outside and placed in an old shed, where they slept till morning. I must confess I was not so sorry for the drunkards as I was for the poor horses. The poor dumb brutes had been tied up all day, and had not tasted food or water; and while they ought to have been feeding they were tied to a post with huge Spanish bridles in their mouths.

Exhausted with the excitement of the day, I made for my sheepskin bed. When I entered I heard the snores of Barney and another. Who could the other be that had taken possession of my bed? Cautiously I crept in, but I found the sleepers were too sound to be easily disturbed. Unfortunately I had not got a match, so I shouted on Barney, but the only reply I got was "two to one on the oscura; two to one, who will take me?" Fortunately I got a match, when, having lit my vela, I applied it to the face of the stranger, and I found it was the doctor.

As there were plenty of skins in the shed, I made up another bed and allowed Medico to keep possession. With an aching head and heart I lay down, resolving that as soon as the job was finished I would leave off working for palperas.

CHAPTER XXX.

WE LEAVE THE WHITE PALPERIA, AND SEEK WORK IN THE CAMPS.

WHEN finished with the store we were about to depart, when the palpera urgently asked us to build an addition to the house we had just completed. As he had been more than kind to us we could not refuse, and, though exceedingly anxious to get away, yet, when asked to do this, we could not well refuse doing the little he wanted us to do. It took us, however, about a fortnight ere we had completed the addition; and for the second time we were about to leave, when the palpera asked us to take our pay. Now, Barney and I had agreed that we would not ask or take a cent for the last job, so I said in broken Spanish that we had made up our minds not to take anything. The palpera was quite astonished at this unwonted liberality, and insisted that we should take our money; but we were both firm in refusing it. Seeing we were determined, he then asked us--

"But you have not horses, and how do you expect to go about the Camps without them?"

I told him that we intended walking.

"It will never do. No man walks in the Camps. Beggars ride on horseback, and you can afford to purchase good horses and *recadoes*."

"But where can we purchase them?"

"I could sell you two, *muy mansito* (very tame). I can also give you two English second hand saddles, *muy carato* (very cheap.) Say the word and I will get the *manado* driven in and show you the horses."

"What do you say, Barney? Shall we speculate? I suppose we can't get along without a horse of some kind."

"The palpera is right. The truth is, my boy, I never thought of it; but now that I think on the matter, horses we must get, or else we will be despised."

"How despised?"

"A man travelling on foot in the Camps is considered a jail bird, or one who has climbed over the walls of the policia."

"Then they would not be far wrong, Barney."

I told the palpera to show us the horses; indeed, as well as I could I said to him we would leave ourselves in his hands.

"Good, gentlemen."

Two horses were selected, and as they seemed tame and in fair condition, we asked our employer to put the saddles on. This was soon done, when I pulled out my purse to pay him. To our astonishment he would not take payment for the horses, only for the saddles. This quite overwhelmed us, and though we remonstrated that this was really too kind, yet the little sallow-complexioned fellow only smiled and shrugged his shoulders. Thanking him warmly, we mounted and were about to start, when Barney discovered he had forgot to lay in a stock of rum.

"Do without it, Barney."

"Do without it! No, I must have a couple of bottles, for our bed may be the Camps, and without a drop I would die, lad."

At last Barney got his beloved two bottles in his saddle bags, when we left the palperia for ever.

"Where for, Barney?"

"I was thinking of going to La Guardia. I was only in it once. It is a small town, but it has in it lots of priests, and a Presbyterian minister—the Rev. Mr. Ferguson."

"Then let us go there."

Off we started at a gallop, and to my astonishment I managed to keep my seat with the greatest of ease. I may mention here that the Pampa horses never trot like ours at home. They either walk or gallop—not the spanking gallop, but what we term the lady's gallop. The motion is very pleasant, and even a novice can keep his seat easily.

The novelty of being on horseback, and at the same viewing the country, kept down the talk. Now and then we made a halt for Barney to get a "tasting"—he declared his horse went better after it. About two hours before sunset we landed in La Guardia, or Chascomus, and we made for a fonda, kept by a Scotchman. In the fonda we met with a great many Camp people, principally Scotch and Irish; but being a stranger to them all, and having the sense to see that they wished to squeeze a lemon, I did not court their friendship. Barney, however, joined the company, and stood for the evening; and for doing so, was declared by one and all a jolly good fellow, while dark looks frowned on me. Next morning I called for our bills, and was astonished to find that we were charged 100 paper dollars for the evening's entertainment. I showed this to Barney, but he was not astonished. I told him I could not see our hard-earned cash slip out of our hands so easily, and advised him to lift at once. Barney pled for one night only, which I reluctantly agreed to. During the day I called upon the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, whom I very fortunately found at home. He received me warmly, and told me his little history. I asked him where his church was, and he informed me it was outside of the town.

"Your congregation will be small?"

"Yes, it is not large; but it is a very intelligent one."

"I suppose they will turn out from great distances?"

"Yes; some of my members attend regularly every Sunday, and ride over sixty miles."

"Your parish will be large?"

"Much larger than the Highland parishes you have heard about; yet I manage to visit them regularly, and preach at stations too distant for them to attend the church."

"Who supports the church?"

"The sheep farmers settled in the country. Each agrees to give a certain sum, and they never fail to do so."

"And how do you like the country?"

"It is a poor country for an intellectual man. Here one hides his candle under a bushel, and no mistake; but for a poor man it is a land of Goshen. Here a man cannot be poor, or rather I should say starve."

"Then you mean to remain here?"

"Why, yes. I am now attached to the people, and as some one must fill the place, I may as well be that one. As a man gets up in years ambition fades, and at home I could not get the same stipend now. The roving life I have led in the past would unfit me for settling down either in a city or great town."

I found Mr. Ferguson had a nice young family and a quiet affectionate wife. In Chascomus he is much respected, and in the Camps the minister is venerated. During the day I took a stroll through the town, and found several stores kept by Scotchmen. The Roman Catholics have five churches there, but about the best of them there was a musty, sickly, dirty look, which was far from inviting. The houses are built in the Spanish fashion, known as *azotea* (flat roofs). The streets, as in all the towns in South America, are kept in a shameful state. After a fall of rain it is almost impossible to move along, but as the people don't seem to complain, nothing is done to improve them. Chascomus, upon the whole, has a sickly look about it. I noticed a number of houses unoccupied and falling into decay.

Since the railway connected it with Buenos Ayres it has partly revived; but sheep farmers now prefer going to the city to make their purchases rather than pay storemen large profits. A vast amount of money, however, is spent in La Guardia by peons, who, when they have some money, fly to the town for company and a debauch. Though there are a number of Scotch and French *basques* (also German) about the place, the Spanish language alone is spoken. All conform to it, and without a knowledge of Spanish it would be impossible to get along.

When I got back to the fonda I found Barney and his lot of companions pretty well on, and singing songs of their own dear native lands. What fools drink makes us. When Barney was sober I could reason with him, and being a man of sense, I could always get him to think in the right way, but when under the influence of liquor he was stupid as a mule and as perverse as a donkey. I saw at a glance that it would be useless to cast pearls before him, so, when he ordered in the rum, I let him do so to his heart's content.

Next morning I found my aged companion on the stool of repentance, and anxious to get away. We were due a heavy bill, and as he had in his cups told his companions the money he had, they were exceedingly anxious about their drink and pot companion. To their disgust they saw we were for the road; so bidding them adieu, we at once left Chascomus for the Camps.

It was now the month of October, the commencement of the busy season for shearing the sheep. It is true, I could not do anything to sheep-shearing, but I could learn as well as others, so I was not down-hearted. We were told that a large native estancia engaged a large number of hands, and it was about thirty miles south in a direct line. To this place we directed our course. Barney, poor fellow, for once had a splitting headache. So coming up to a palperia, he had to dismount to get a hair of the dog that bit him. He was hard to lift, but once more we got on the road, when unfortunately we lost our way. On we went, thinking we would fall in with the landmarks we were told about, but as the sun neared its bed we could not see any trace of them. At last we went up to a native puesto, and asked *por la comino*, when we were told we were three leagues from the estancia. On we pressed our tired brutes, and as the sun set we plunged into a pajanal. We thought it could not be broad, so we urged on our horses, but the paja got to be taller, and the water deeper, as we moved along. The sun set, when darkness soon came on. To add to our discomfort the wind rose, and with it came a drenching cold rain. I never felt so miserable, and it added to my misery to see my horse nearly done up. Barney fortified himself with his caña, and did not feel as I felt, but I could see he was anxious to be out of the pajanal. On we went, splashing, dashing, thinking every moment we would reach *terra firma*, but it was not to be for some time. Barney thought he knew his way, and guided his horse accordingly, and this was kept up till we could not see an inch before us. The wind howled, the rain poured in a terrible manner. I felt my horse was fast giving way, and at last looked upon matters in a serious light. I told Barney it would be better to give the horses the reins, and see if they could get us out

of the dilemma. The experiment was tried, and in ten minutes we were free. Thoroughly done up, we were preparing to pass the night on the wet ground, when I saw a light in the distance. Leading our horses up to the light, we could make out that it was a puesta. Barney being better up to giving the salutation, shouted out—

“Ave Maria.”

In a moment a voice in English shouts out, “What do you want?” My heart leaped when I heard my mother tongue. I now cried out, “We have lost our way, and have escaped out of a pajanal. Can you let us pass the night with you?”

“Tie up your horses and let us see you.”

We did so, and were ushered into a large room, where half-a-dozen men were seated round a fire, which burned in the centre of the floor.

We were keenly scrutinized by all, and the impression we could see was favourable. I told my simple story of our day's adventure, when they laughed heartily. A bottle was brought out, and we were told to take a “snig” to keep out the cold. Barney, nothing loath, took his, when I felt myself refreshed by taking a little as well. Meat was now put before us on the asadors, and being very hungry, we both set to and did the asado ample justice. Feeling in a better frame of mind, we now commenced to take notes of one another. A young man of education I found was a camp schoolmaster out of a place. Another was a wealthy man's son at home, who was roughing it for his health, and was soon going back to Scotland. Another was the son of a Glasgow manufacturer, who once held a good position. Another was a dentist at home, who thought that a fortune was to be made Westward ho! but he found the people on the Camps preferred to keep their teeth. The other was the shepherd's brother, who was on a visit. I was glad to find myself in such good company. I could see that they could appreciate my company, and all reserve being gone, the bottle was again brought out, and sent merrily round. Our host turned our horses into his quinta, where they would be safe and unable to escape. My mind thus freed for once, I joined in the song and the bottle. Being all Scotchmen with the

exception of Barney, we sung Scotch songs, and vied with each other who would sing his native doric the best. "Gae, sing tae me the auld Scotch sangs," "Cam' ye by Athol," "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw," &c., &c. My heart thawed as I listened to the songs of my country being sung, and sung so well. Far on in the night we sung and recited; and when in bed, I happened to make the remark that I could recite "Tam o' Shanter." It was enough. I had to get up, and by the light of the dying fire, I had to recite to those lying in their beds (?) Burns' famous piece.

Next morning we had all sore heads, and on examination it was found there was not as much as give each their morning drop. We all felt sorry, but Barney came to the rescue, and produced four bottles from his saddle bags. He got a vote of thanks from all present. Each having got their morning, and feeling somewhat better, breakfast was put on, and by the time the asador was stuck in the ground we were all hungry.

We were pressed to remain another night for Scotland's sake. To do them justice, during the day none took drink, but engaged in games, or repaired their riding gear. A stock of rum, however, was got in for the evening, when we passed a pleasant and happy night.

Next morning, after breakfast, we took leave of our friends. Our horses were in excellent condition, thanks to our host, and by nine o'clock we arrived at the estancia San Domingo, when we were at once engaged for three months—Barney to shear, and I to bundle wool as the sheep were shorn.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SHEEP-SHEARING.

THE harvest in Old England is a time of very much rejoicing. When it has been a good one, all classes of the community rejoice—the wealthy because they will add to their gains, and the poor because they will be able to purchase food at a cheaper rate. Though on the plains of South America they do not grow any kind of grain, yet they have their harvest—of wool. From the 1st October till 1st January the shearing goes on, which causes a circulation of money, and it is then the saving man can lay past something for a rainy day. As a rule, hands are scarce at this time of the year. The experienced and the inexperienced can find work if they have a mind, and those who know nothing can easily earn 6s. to 10s. per day, with food.

I mentioned in my last chapter that I was engaged to bundle or tie up the fleeces of wool as they were shorn. To facilitate matters, each one has his own department. There is one who catches the sheep and ties them for the shearer; one gives out the *latas*, or tins, which indicate at the close of the day the number the shearer has shorn. There is the tier who has a hard job of it, and he is sorely twitted if he cannot tie for a certain number. The wool is taken from the galpon to the wool press, where it is packed in bales, and then put on bullocks' carts for Buenos Ayres. Though the native will not work during the year, when the sheep-shearing season comes on, he will throw off his poncho and beaver, and set to work in a determined manner. The natives, at the shearing, far excel any incomer, and can earn in some cases, 15s. per day. The galpon, where the sheep

are shorn, is near the coral. It is not unlike a mason's shed. It is all front, where a small pen is made to hold a point of sheep. When the point is shorn, they are allowed to go out to the Camps, when another point is brought in from the coral close at hand. The native, while at work, is strong at chaff, and when they get a soft greengo, they tantalise him in a fearful manner. "Greengo bruto," they will shout out, and if they fail to raise his bile by using these epithets, they will resort to stronger ones, by calling his mother, his father, and all his friends not very respectable names. A stranger in the shearing time has to submit, for should he resent or retort, it causes a laugh, followed up by harder hits. I remember, when I was two days at the shearing, a young native, of twenty or so, annoyed me exceedingly. When he wished to create a laugh, he always selected me for its object. For a day or so I paid little heed to the vile names he flung at me, but as he singled me out as the butt at all times, I got to be annoyed, and commenced to think of revenge. One day—it was a very warm day—some forty of us were seated in the *cocina grande* (big kitchen) taking our breakfast. About the close, the chaff always commenced, and at this time the young native took the lead by commencing with me. His hit was greatly appreciated, and the young fool was vastly pleased at calling forth the approbation of his seniors. Though I had made up my mind to pay no heed to the young fool, some of his words stung me to the quick, and no doubt this was seen by his companions, for when I felt particularly annoyed they laughed the more. The native failing, however, to get me roused, drew his *facon*, and endeavoured to intimidate me, thinking thereby to open up a new source of amusement. I could not any longer control the anger I felt. In a moment I rose to my feet and struck the youth a severe blow on the head. It was no longer fun. When he recovered, he made a thrust at me with his knife, but fortunately, I quickly stepped aside, and closed with him at once. I wrested the *facon* from him, and hurled him with all my force against the bare wall of the kitchen, when he dropped insensible. I was now thoroughly roused, and cared not what turned up. All in the *cocina grande* had by this time

got on their feet, and the native portion were anxious to get me into their hands. A glance showed me my life hung by a thread, but I was determined not to show the white feather. Very fortunately for me, five Germans sprung to my side, and drawing their knives, and one pulling out his revolver, compelled the natives to think a bit ere they made the attack. My old chum Barney, at the time of the quarrel, was taking his siesta under a large ombu tree; but when he heard what was going on—one of the Germans had informed him—he hurried into the kitchen swearing in Spanish and English at a great rate. The first person he met was the youth who had occasioned the tempest. Seeing him scowling at me, and knowing how I had been teased by him in the past, by way of exercise, he lifted him up as if he had been a sheep, and pitched him out of the door. Barney would not be less than six feet two inches, and broad in proportion, and when thoroughly roused he was a dangerous man. Without the least fear he stepped up to the natives, and bluntly told them if they harmed one hair of my head, he would murder every one of them. Barney did not say this by way of boasting. I knew the man, and I trembled for one of them making the least demonstration.

My companion's bold front had the desired effect, for they commenced to state their case, and endeavoured to show Barney that I was to blame; but in turn, he showed them how I had been annoyed, and put it to them if any one of their number would like to be annoyed in the same manner. So far, matters had gone on smoothly, and in a short time the whole were seated round the fire sucking the maté of peace, and by the time we went to work all traces of the storm had passed away. I may here mention that the *fracas* coming to the ears of our employer, the young native was sent about his business, to my great satisfaction. Before going to work, Barney came up to me, and taking me by the hand, and looking at me intently, said—

“Tim, my boy, you have the pluck in you. I am sorry I missed the fun. Depend upon it, you have won your spurs now; and, though you may be chaffed a little, they will take care.”

“I am exceedingly obliged to you for coming to my rescue,

Barney. But for you, I don't know how matters would have gone."

"Obliged to me! Tim, believe me, I would risk my life for you at any time, but at this time I did nothing. You turned the scales yourself, and the Germans helped you. I know the length and strength of these copper-coloured rascals; and just now I would like to exercise my arms a bit with a half-dozen of them."

"Peace is better."

"Troth it is, my boy; but a true Irishman loves a round as he loves life."

"I am glad it has ended as it has done."

"Well, perhaps it is best; but I can't deny, Tim, that I feel a little fluttered."

I knew what he was driving at. Barney had laid in a stock of caña, and he promised not to taste a drop without my sanction. I could depend on his word, so I said—

"I suppose you want a drop, Barney?"

"If you please, Tim, for I am mighty dry after this little affair."

The Germans were called in, and the bottle was set down, and, as I anticipated, they did no more work that day. Barney and the Germans got roaring drunk, but the next morning all set to their work as if nothing had happened.

I have already said that the natives are very speedy at shearing, but it is often at the expense of the poor sheep. It often happens in their haste that they clip a huge slice of skin, but this only causes a laugh. The lata boy is close at hand with a pot of tar, which he puts on the wound. This is done to keep the flies off. It often happens that the sheep are restive when being shorn, and as this impedes the work, the shearer takes effectual means to make the animal quiet. If it kicks, he lifts the sheep high up, and dashes it on the ground. The poor animal being stunned, is thus shorn. I have often seen the native in a rage pass the facon through the sheep, and then commence quietly to shear it.

A flock generally consists of two thousand, and when it is shorn a lull takes place. Accounts are then squared, and some pay as they go along. This is a bad plan, for it leads to gambling, and retards the shearing; but the native estan-

cerio is not particular about a day. It often happens that a native will commence to gamble with his newly-earned money, and rise in a few hours without a peso as if nothing had happened. When he earned more he would commence afresh, and would be cleared soon again. I have known an employer and his peon set out with a point of cattle to the market—the employer had perhaps 200 paper dollars (33s), and as they rested by the way he would challenge the employee to a game. In the spirit of fun they would commence. The stakes would be small at first, but if the small capitalist won, the employer staked heavier ones. If he lost again, the double and quits principle would be resorted to, and if it again went against the employer, he would stake his last penny. I have known a man start in the morning a wealthy, well-to-do farmer, and return a poor man. All his flocks would be gambled away—even his wife would be transferred to the winner.

Time passed away very quickly, and upon the whole I enjoyed myself very well. By the end of December (the summer there) the harvest was over. Previous to this I had made up my mind to go further south, and split partnership with my old friend. The estanciero had offered Barney a puesta with a wage of £3 per month and all found. I strongly advised him to accept it, but while I did so the poor fellow asked me what I would do. I told him I was anxious to see a bit of the country, and I would soon be back again, when his puesta would be my home. Barney was hard to convince, but I got him at last to settle down as a shepherd, under a kind employer.

The parting day came. The night previous we had a lot of friends who met, when songs were sung till the morning sunrise. When the parting came the poor fellow fairly broke down.

"I have not a friend, Tim, in this wide, wide world; not one. I love you, boy, as a mother loves her child, but God's will be done. Don't forget me, Tim. I am rough, but my heart is true to you. Tim, lad (here the old man cried), farewell. Write me; it is true I can't read, but I will get your letters read, though I have to go fifty miles to find a man to do it. If you want money at any time, Tim, you

will get all the old man has got. Farewell, and may God bless you."

We thus parted. I could not hide my sorrow, and the tears rolled down my cheeks as I shook his large, hard, horny hand.

When I got a mile away I turned round, and there stood Barney still, and as long as I kept in sight the poor fellow remained.

CHAPTER XXXII.

I FALL IN WITH ANOTHER FRIEND.

THE morning I left Barney was a beautiful one in the month of December. As I rode out over the vast Pampas, how silent everything was. Not a tree was to be seen; not a bird gushed forth its melody; no music from the running brook; no mountains nestling their hoary heads in the clouds above; no human voice to break the great stillness; no snug cottage, and at the door playing rosy-cheeked children; no rosy buxom maiden appeared on the scene, singing the sweet songs of home. No. How still! Everything appeared as it came from the hand of the Great Maker. For thousands of years, the scene before me had never changed, unless by the changing seasons. The sky appeared without a speck, not a wreath sailed on the canopy of blue. As I gazed before me, the sky and land met, as we have seen at sea.

I could have enjoyed myself in this vast solitude, had it not been that I was suffering from a severe headache, caused, no doubt, by the evening's conviviality with my friends. As the day advanced my headache got worse, and by noon it was quite unbearable. The heat by this time was intense, and to add to my sufferings, I became very thirsty. It is a strange thing, one no sooner feels thirsty or hungry, than it grows with rapid intensity. This arises from the fact that the appetite cannot at the time be gratified, hence the craving. I had never felt thirsty in my life—or, I should say, I never felt the pangs of thirst; but then I commenced to realise what it was to be a thirsty traveller in a parched land. I had depended upon obtaining water in some laguna, but as I rode on I found all the lagunas dried up. In vain I searched for water, and rode my horse up to the belly in mud, but I could not find one drop. I scanned the horizon

for a house, but not a speck, not a dot on the surface of the prairies could I see. Exhausted with the heat, my brow burning with intense pain, my mouth parched for the want of water, I scarcely knew where I was going. To settle my brain, I resolved to lie down, and if possible also catch a little sleep. Dismounting, and taking off my recado, and taking the huge bit out of my horse's mouth, so as to allow him to feed, I made my bed, and strange to say, fell at once into a troubled sleep. I dreamed that I was once more home in Scotland, and stood under a waterfall, whose waters shone like silver in the rays of the sun. I followed up the flowing rivulet through tangled briar and hawthorn bushes for miles. At times the tiny brook would seek shelter beneath the old oak trees, whose broad branches protected it from the sun. Here the brook widened, and lay calmly like a sheet of glass, reflecting on its bosom all the surroundings. How deliciously cool were its waters. Every drop was as pure as silver, and as the drops fell in the quiet pool, how the little circles widened and played on its bosom. With a heart overflowing with thankfulness, I bathed my aching head and drank copiously of its health-giving powers. At this point I awoke, and as I sat up and gazed over the dreary plains I found it was all a dream. Reader, you cannot imagine how bitter my thoughts were. My tongue was as dry as a piece of timber. I could not speak. Oh! for one draught of the cool water I had been dreaming about. For one drink I would give my all—yea, for one drink I would be content to die. At the time I must have been labouring under some disease, for when I tried to rise I found I could scarcely move. I knew it would never do to give way, so by making a great effort I managed to get on my feet. My horse, which I had hobbled, was feeding at a short distance; calling upon it, the kind and affectionate brute made up to where I stood. After a time I managed to fix my recado—I had parted with my English saddle—but to get mounted, I did not know what to do. My horse was a remarkably tame one, and I had made it more so, by always treating it kindly; but for this, I could not have managed to climb on its back. Ascertaining before I mounted what time it was (this I did by making a circle in the ground, and using my knife as an

index), I pushed my horse forward in the hope I would fall in with some *puesta* ere night came on. Just as the sun was about to sink in the bosom of the great Pacific, I saw a *puesta* in the distance. My horse had spied it as well as myself, for it pushed on at such a rapid rate that I could scarcely keep my seat. When I came to the *puesta*, my heart sank within me. It was not inhabited. In vain I cried "Ave Maria," but no one answered. I did not feel hungry, but my thirst was now intense. I dismounted, and again hobbling my horse, I went in quest of water. Thank God, I found a well. How will I get water out? The house was deserted, the walls partly broken down, and not a vestige of furniture remained. I looked down the deep well, and I could just make out that it was swarming with snakes. There was water—I could see my pale face reflected on its dark bosom, but I could not quench my thirst. My thoughts were very bitter ones. Afterwards I found that I could have taken the water without bad effects, but this I did not know at the time, and in my ignorance I turned away, and sought out a corner of the desolate hut, where I spread out my *recado*, and being thoroughly exhausted, I fell into a deep sleep. When I awoke it would be about four o'clock, the sun was appearing in the east. Again calling my horse, which was also suffering from thirst, I again mounted, and made direct south. My object was to gain the Welsh settlement of Bahia Blanco, on the Rio Negro. I was very thankful that my sore headache had gone. My thirst was greater now than formerly, but the fever having left me, I could bear it better than the previous day. On I rode, and by twelve o'clock I fell in with an *arroyo* (small river). In the centre of the *arroyo*, there appeared a small stream of water like a thread of silver. My heart overflowed with thankfulness when I saw it. In a moment I was off my horse, and was speedily scooping out the sand for my horse to get a good drink. This was soon done, and in a minute or so, the hole filled up with clear water. How eagerly I plunged my head in the water, but I as quickly withdrew it. The water was intensely salt, *muy salado*. I led my horse to the water, but it only touched it and withdrew. In my anguish I threw myself down on the banks of the *arroyo* to

die. This may appear as a foolish transaction, but it is only those who have felt extreme thirst that can understand my position and feelings. How long I lay I cannot now well say, but I was aroused by a voice asking me in Spanish if I felt unwell.

"Yes, señor, I am very unwell—*muy enfermizo y muy sed.*"

"*Malo, malo, yo tener un poco Cognac, eau de vie. Toma un poco, señor.*"

I swallowed the proffered brandy at one draught—there would be about a gill of it. It was not well down till I felt a strange sensation. I thought I could have leaped up to the sky. I shouted, laughed, and cried, I suppose, like a madman. My little friend looked calmly on in pity. I could see and mark, that after a time I got to be more calm, and asked the stranger if his horse was near at hand.

"Yes, señor. About two leagues south I live. Are you an Englishman?"

"Yes."

"I thought so," said my friend, in excellent English.

"And you are ——"

"A Frenchman; but mount your horse, and we will soon reach home."

Home!—how strange this word sounded in my ears. My horse seemed to gain new vitality as it sped along. It knew it was going to a home. We did not speak, but went on like the wind, our horses needing neither whip nor spur. At last the house hove in sight; it was small looking, but to me it was a chateau—a palace!

Having arrived, we tied up our horses, and sped into the house. Knowing my horse was very thirsty, I could not rest till it got a drink. The little Frenchman, seeing this, said—

"*Mon ami*, leave your horse to me. I will put him in this field of *alfalfa*, where there is plenty of water in the tanks at the well. He can't escape."

When my horse was turned in he made for the water, which he drank for nearly five minutes. For a long time he lingered about the tanks, but at last he commenced to feed on the rich pasture. Once more we entered the house, when

I was introduced to Madame, a blue-eyed, lady-looking person. She could not speak Spanish, and knew very little of English. Her husband told her how he had found me, when the good lady at once left the room. In a short time she returned with a warm drink smelling strongly of Cognac, meal, &c. It was the most pleasant drink I ever drank, and at this distance of time I can look back to that drink as the true elixir of life. I was at once restored, and felt quite happy and satisfied. I was quite astonished at the furniture of the room I was in—it was so unlike Camp furniture—and as I sat and stared, I could scarcely believe what I saw. Before me stood a fine piano and stool, and on the stand or music frame pieces of French music. Over the mantelpiece was a full-sized picture of Napoleon the First, and facing it another portrait of Napoleon the Third. The dead wall was covered with the finest paintings; and as I had always a taste for works of art, I could not but feel fascinated with what I saw. My host seeing this, said—

“You seem struck with these paintings. Art is a passion with me, and to part with one, even the smallest, of these paintings, would be the severest blow I could feel.”

“Could you give me an idea of the value of these paintings?”

“Scarcely; yet I believe in a proper market they would bring several thousand pounds.”

I stared, and my host seeing me incredulous, said—

“I don't blame you for not believing me. See that small picture of the angel resting over the sleeping orphan child? that is by Leonardo da Vinci; the other by its side, representing Christ in the wilderness—see the man of sorrows and the evil one hovering in dim outline in the distance—that is by Michael Angelo. See that noble looking man; what a man; what dignity; that is Joseph, the husband of Mary. He has just dreamed, and is about to proceed on his way. It was painted by Vasari. Look at yonder picture, it is that of a virgin. What innocence and beauty! What a mind the painter must have had to embody such an idea. No evil lurks in her tender bosom; see her eyes, they are soft, dreamy, and trusting. Ah! the soul is pure. It was painted by the prince of artists—Raphael. But I need not

tire you, *senor*. I hope you will rest here for a day or two ere you proceed on your journey, and when you are completely restored I will go over my little world of treasures, for nothing delights me more than to do so."

We both took a turn outside, and having gone the round of his place, we sat down under the verandah and smoked some excellent cigars. The evening was delightful; and feeling remarkably well, and being anxious to repay my host by giving him my confidence, I asked him if he would like to know my little history.

"I would feel highly gratified and honoured, *senor*, by your doing so. I am the only one who understands English. Madame, you see, does not understand a word. I was always going to teach my daughter.

"Your daughter!"

"Yes, *senor*, but I have always put it off."

"Pardon me, sir, I have not had the pleasure of being introduced to your daughter."

"She is not at home just now, but she will return to-morrow. Camila is my greatest treasure. But your story, *senor*."

Strange to say, my thoughts were fully occupied with Camila. What was she like? She must be an accomplished young lady. I understood the piano and music now. I soon pulled in my wayward thoughts, and told my friend my whole history.

My host was a generous man, and when I had concluded my little history, he took my hand, saying from henceforth I was his friend, and if I chose I could remain with him, at least for a time. I was young, he said, and it would be wrong for me to pass my life on the dreary Pampas—an idle life. My host continued, "For your confidence I will give you the bare outlines of my history. I am a Frenchman, and was born within sight of England—Calais. When I was a child my father removed to Paris, and commenced business as a wine merchant. When he died he left me a good-going business, a considerable amount of property, and a fair sum of money——"

At this point a peon came up to my friend, which interrupted our conversation.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FRENCHMAN'S HISTORY—FOR THE FIRST TIME I FALL
IN LOVE.

WHEN interrupted by my peon, I had only commenced my history. Pardon me, senor, I overlooked to give you my name, though it is of little importance. I am known here as Don Pedro Thiers, or rather, as Don Pedro the Frenchman. After I commenced business, my success was all that could be desired. My house exported wine largely to London, and having an old manager, upon whom I could put the greatest dependence, I allowed him to manage the English Department. My man, however, was not equal to the task I assigned to him, and this I soon found out to my cost. My eyes were soon opened when several bad debts took place. I then investigated all the accounts, and found to my sorrow that my manager had trusted firms largely without inquiring thoroughly into their position. Seeing how matters stood, I went to London and tried hard to make them pay; but, alas! I found out to my grief that they were nearly all firms of straw. My losses were very severe, but at the time I could stand it. I resolved that I would manage the English department myself, so I was often in London—hence my intimate knowledge of your language. From this date my English business commenced to pay well, but, most unexpectedly, two large French firms became bankrupt, and with them I was deeply involved. This coming to the ears of the trade, my credit was severely hurt, though I was quite solvent. It is said it never rains but it pours. Another large failure took place, by which I lost over 50,000 francs. This was the most serious blow of all,

yet I met all my accounts as if nothing had happened. My credit by this time was seriously impaired. When I made a purchase, cash was demanded, or good security. My feelings were hurt, so to ease my mind, and clear up all doubts, I called a meeting of my creditors. I laid before them a statement of my affairs, and they all said they were perfectly satisfied, and many added that they would still continue to do business with me as formerly. By this time, my health had given way, and my medical advisers recommended me to seek a warm climate if I wished for a speedy recovery. My mind was soon made up. At the time I had received a letter from my sister-in-law telling me of my brother's death in Buenos Ayres, and asking my advice how to act. This was an open door, and at once I resolved to emigrate to this country. Again I called a meeting of my creditors, and told them my health would not allow me to carry on business, and asked them to release me. They were all sorry to hear of my resolution, and prayed for me to reconsider the matter. I replied that my mind was fixed, and they, seeing my determination, at once agreed to take the business off my hands. I had several small properties—all belonging, however, to Madame—these were sold, and they realised in your money over £2,000. With a heavy heart we left la belle France for the west. Intending to set up house in Buenos Ayres, I took with me my best furniture, and all my pictures. In due time we landed in the most corrupt city of the world—Buenos Ayres—and I went at once into my brother's affairs. I found out to my sorrow that his affairs were hopeless, and after discharging all obligations, only a small sum of about £500 or so would fall to the widow. This was another blow, but it is seldom misfortunes come singly. In a few months I wound up my brother's business and sent his widow home, but I resolved, at least for a time, to remain in this country. What could I do? I was heartily sick of business, and longed for a quiet life. I met a friend one day who suggested that I should try sheep-farming. We were all horrified at the idea, but my friend stuck to his proposition and said it was the very thing for my misanthropic mind. Madame longed for home, but I had a perfect loathing of the old haunts I used to frequent. One thing staggered

Madame, and that was, my health had gradually improved in this country. It is said by many of your countrymen that our domestic ties are very loosely tied. This is a mistake. When the French *love*, they love with an intensity you English can scarcely understand. In our case we were a loving couple. My wife lived for me, so that my restoration to health was the strongest argument that I could use. She longed for home—for her old companions; this was natural, and my sympathies went with her; but on the other hand, my old complaints had vanished; and Madame, seeing this, was willing to sacrifice all for me. My friend drew the brightest side of Camp life, and vowed if he were not so tied up with business, he would leave the din of the city for the bracing air of the Camps. One obstacle stood in the way I could not get over, and the same obstacle still remains; I refer to my daughter Camila. Nurtured in a city, accustomed to mix in society—young, and her education incomplete—I shrank to drag her into these desolate wastes. I could not think of leaving her in the city, where vice was looked upon as virtue. Could I not send her home? We had friends—wealthy friends who would be only too glad to give her a home; so at last we made up our minds to part with her. She was our only child, and the agony and pain we felt at the prospect of a separation almost crushed us. We considered we were acting for the best, and what parent is not willing to sacrifice all for the welfare of his only and beloved child? When we had made up our minds, we communicated the plan to Camila, when she at once stood out against it. We had not calculated on this, and her refusal to leave us endeared her all the more to our hearts.

“It is my duty,” said Camila, “to be with you. You say you are only studying my happiness, and looking forward to my future welfare. I grant this, but I can only find true happiness by living with you and helping you when you need my help. I have hitherto obeyed you in all things, but in this matter I cannot obey you.”

We pressed the matter closely, but all our arguments only recoiled on ourselves. Camila throwing her arms round her mother and clinging to her, made her promise to think no more about it. Madame could not resist the pleadings of

her only child—of her own heart, and so consented. I had still to be won over. Camila too well knew that this portion of the task would not be hard, for I could never refuse my child anything. Turning to me, she laid her snowy arm on my shoulder, and looking into my face with her bright blue eyes—they were filled this time with tears—she asked me how I could part with her. I smoothed her fair hair on her pale brow as she spoke, for my heart was too full to speak.

“Who would look after all your little comforts, father? I love to work for you, and my heart leaps with delight when I see you smile. You would not part with your little Camila, father?”

The tears now coursed down her pale cheeks, and hiding her face in my bosom, she fairly gave way to her pent-up feelings. I assured her, and so did Madame, that we would never part, so she smiled, and we were all happier than before. A few days passed away, when our friend drew our attention to an advertisement in the Spanish paper of a small estancia which was for sale. I made inquiries, and found that I could have as much ground as would feed four thousand sheep for £500. This, by competent parties, was considered a bargain, and so I have found it. I at once took the train for Chascomus, where we engaged horses to this place. The boundaries were pointed out, and as it appeared all right, I agreed at once to make the purchase. In a few days the money was paid, and the title deeds of the property handed over to me. As there was not a house on the land, save a native rancho, I had to build this one; you see it is small, but it is large enough to guard and keep in order. After the house was finished, I got out my furniture and pictures. I soon got the farm stocked with 4,000 sheep. I have now been four years here, and upon the whole I may say that I like the free and independent life I lead. My income I cannot well spend. I read, do a little with the brush; and when I feel lonely, I mount my horse and visit a countryman of yours; and it was when returning from paying such a visit, I found you lying by the side of the Salt River. Now, Mr. Gordon, you have my history, but it does not equal yours—you have suffered want and privation, and experienced life in a South American jail.”

"Yes," I said, "that was the bitterest part of all."

"I believe you, sir. I presume you are a Protestant?"

"I am."

"I expected you to be so. It is very seldom one meets with a Scotchman who belongs to the Roman Catholic Church."

"Yet, many Scotchmen are Roman Catholics."

"Then, they are not lovers of their country."

"This from you!"

"Yes. I belong to an old sect—you must have heard of the Huguenots?"

"Certainly, and the sufferings they endured."

"My forefathers suffered, though I never did for my religion. The Protestants in France are gaining ground, and those who are in business are respected, more so than those who follow after the national creed."

"But the priests still hold an immense power."

"In name only. The religion of France is only respected for age and its associations, but it is not venerated through its priests. Their day is over, and they must conform to the will of the people."

"But the lower classes?"

"Yes, with the lower classes, the Church holds sway. But this in time will pass out of their hands. It is said that your Henry VIII. dealt Romanism the deadliest blow of any, but I think France hurt Rome more than your voluptuous king."

"How do you make that out?"

"Did you ever read the life of Napoleon the First?"

"No."

"Then, read it. He exposed the iniquitous system of Romanism, by breaking the doors of the Spanish Inquisition, and allowing to escape many a poor prisoner, who soon spread over the world the beautiful practices of the ghostly fathers, who pretended to point the road to Heaven. Ere he became Emperor he defied the Pope, laid waste his territory, and ruled in his stead. The present Napoleon has had his fling at Pope Pius IX.; in short, his children have stabbed their ghostly instructor, then left him to recover of his wounds as best he could."

"Then, you are an enemy to the church of Rome."

"I am an enemy to the system, but not an enemy to the poor deluded men and women who believe in Rome's infallibility. In this country, the missionaries of Rome, at one time, took great pains to teach the people, but they no sooner got them to be *Christians*—that is, to learn a few prayers, to believe in saints and the virgin, and above all, that money and confession can clear away all guilt—than they left them. What are they now? Why, senor, a native who has taken an umbrage at you will cut your throat with the greatest of pleasure, and say his prayers after! Religion in this country is only a name, but it serves to lull, and at times to ease, the conscience of those who profess it. You will never see a priest in the Camps. They—the people—are already Christians, and the priests know right well when they come to die they will be sent for, or more likely the poor fellow nearly dead will be taken in a bullock's cart to get absolved ere he passes away. For this the dying man will require to pay a round sum, or if he is too poor, his friends will come to the rescue."

You will now have an idea, reader, of my host, and as he will play an important part in the coming chapter, I have been careful to bring before you all, or nearly all, our conversation.

When the sun went down, the window shutters were closed, and the supper laid on a snow-white cloth. Madame was a cheerful body, and though she did not understand English, she was willing to learn; and in her attempts to keep up a conversation, we all had at times a hearty laugh. After an excellent supper, we retired to the comedor, which was used as a drawing-room as well, where we had music. Don Pedro had an excellent library, and in it I found Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens' works in English. This, to me, was a great treat, for I had not seen an English book for nearly a year. Don Pedro, seeing me itching to get at them, told me to take any book which I liked; and as I would be tired he would show me to my bed-room. Early next morning I was up with the sun, thoroughly refreshed by a good sleep. My host was also astir letting the sheep out of the coral. A point was kept in to get cured of *con-*

sarna, and as the peon did not come up in time I offered to help Don Pedro if he would accept of my services. Just as we were finishing the last sheep my attention was arrested by a lady making for the estancia. Would it be Camila? My heart said—yes. Strange to say, I felt very excited. She rode up to the coral, laughing and shouting with the greatest of glee, but seeing a stranger there instead of the peon, she at once stopped her hilarity, much to my grief. Don Pedro, in a few hurried sentences, told her in French who I was, and much more I suppose. Leaping off her horse, she went into the house, but soon came out again with an open hand to give me a welcome. She could speak Spanish, so we managed to get along in a wonderful manner. Ere the day closed I was over head and ears in love. One day—nay, only a few hours—had completely changed me.

The description of Camila's charms must, however, be deferred for another chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CAMILA.

AT this distance of time, even I think I can see Camila standing before me. Beautiful is too common a word to express what she was when I first saw her. She was tall, and her form was cast in an exquisite mould. Her flowing hair hung over her shoulders in rich profusion; her blue dreamy eyes had on me an effect I cannot describe; her brow was broad, smooth, and without a speck to mar it; her mouth was small, so were her lips, but both were neatly and classically formed. Rich as was her person, her mind surpassed the body. The moment I saw her, it is needless to say, that I fell over head and ears in love; but after due reflection, reason asserted its sway, and clearly said that Camila could never be mine. She had a noble person; her father, though only a sheep-farmer, was only so from a whim. He had only to leave the Camps for France, when he could resume his position, and his fair daughter would be courted and loved by the greatest in the land. I was a weaver's boy. I had not a house to cover my head, and I had only an imperfect education. Thousands like me could be easily found. I had no right to aspire to such as she. These thoughts rushed through my mind in less time than I have taken to pen them, but the fact remained, I was unhappy. Why did I see her? If I had never seen her, I would have been so happy. As I thought and thought, Don Pedro had seemingly been taking notes of the absent state I was in, for he shouted out—

“Timothy, what is wrong with you? We will go in, and I will again introduce you to my daughter, for I see she has gone in. What do you say?”

"With pleasure, Don Pedro. You are a happy man in having such a gem."

"You admire the gem, *senor*."

"I do."

"Well, come along. By-the-bye, it is dinner time. I hope you and Camila will get along well together, for I must tell you, *senor*, she is very particular, and can manage to form a fair estimate of a person's character."

When we went into the dining-room, the dinner was waiting, and Camila was busy giving the finishing touch to the dinner arrangements. I need not say how awkward I felt. She could not speak English, and I think I never spoke Spanish so badly. We both laughed heartily over my mistakes. Before the dinner was over I felt more at home, and ere the day closed Camila and I were as old friends. The following day, after dinner, when Don Pedro and I were smoking our cigars under the verandah, I was startled at him asking me if I thought well of Camila.

"Your daughter is charming, *senor*."

"She is scarcely twenty, yet she has had twenty offers of marriage."

"Indeed!"

I did not know well what to say, but my pulse beat quick.

"Yes, *senor*, and she has refused them all."

"I would not have thought there would have been so many lovers in the Camps."

"You are mistaken. Our next neighbour, Ivan Gomez, is a young and high-spirited Spaniard, of pure descent. He is wealthy, for he owns twenty-eight miles of land. About two months ago he offered his hand and heart, and all he possessed, if she would be Madame Gomez."

"And she refused?"

"She did, and I was astonished at it. She would not give a reason, and I do not care to ask one. Why, *senor*, gentlemen all the way from Buenos Ayres have asked her, but strange to say she will not listen to one."

"She is yet young."

"True, but old enough to love. She must fulfil her destiny, however. Perhaps she has not seen him who is to be her lord and master."

"You are not anxious to part with her?"

"I am anxious, and yet I am not. I am anxious to see her settled in life; but when she leaves me, the light of my home will be gone out. To make her happy I would freely give all I possess; in short, senor, if she is happy I will be made so."

"And Madame?"

"In speaking of myself I am speaking of her. We both love our child. She is our only one, and may God preserve her."

"Amen."

"I can quite understand that *you* will think her charming. Nay, don't blush. You are young, and your heart will be susceptible to the tender passion. It is the lot of us all. Camila takes to you wonderfully—more so than any other. I am puzzled at this. You have neither position nor money, but the ladies do take strange fancies."

"I can never hope to aspire to the hand of your daughter."

"I am afraid not. You see I am talking freely to you. All I have will go to my child, but my money would not give her the position in society I would like to see her move in. But, senor, if you can manage to stay a month with us, I have a proposal to make. Camila does not understand English—it is your native language. Would you accept a situation for one or two months, and teach her?"

This proposition quite staggered me. At last I asked—

"Is it *her* wish?"

"It is, entirely hers. When she made the proposition I said I would teach her, but she only laughed at me. Madame backed her up, so you see I have not my choice."

"I am afraid I will scarcely be qualified."

"Tuts, nonsense. Where you are deficient, zeal will come to your aid. Say, is it a bargain?"

"I am willing."

"And the pay—say £10 per month, and all found."

"I will not take a peso."

"But you will, or else you will not teach my daughter. It is a commercial transaction. Of course, I will not be offended if you refuse the offer."

"I will gladly accept it."

"Good. Now, senor, I trust to your honour that you will only *teach* my daughter. Perhaps you comprehend me?"

"I understand you perfectly, Don Pedro; and you may depend on me from this moment—I will be your employee and not your guest."

"I am glad you understand me so well; but with me you must be my guest."

The following day I entered upon my new duties, and found it very awkward indeed. Camila knew more than I suspected she did, but a diffidence kept her from using the knowledge she had.

I had only two hours' teaching each day—one hour in the morning, and one hour when the work was over for the day. As I look back on this time, I consider they were the happiest days I spent. Ere the first month closed, I felt I could not live without my fair companion. I longed to tell her I loved her, and at times I was about to declare the state of my heart, but I had promised her father, and then how would she act? My health eventually suffered, and though prudence and common-sense told me to rise up and go hence, I could not. I was like the moth with the candle, and suffered like it. I had been six weeks with Don Pedro, and as we one day were seated on the rustic seat under the shadow of the clustering vines which clothed the verandah, we both observed a man making for the house. This was not an uncommon occurrence, but the object in question was a strange looking being. Don Pedro, calling for his telescope, tried to make out who the rider was, but failing to make anything of him, he handed me the glass; and I had no sooner put it to my eye than I found out that it was Barney. I felt exceedingly annoyed, and Don Pedro, seeing that something was wrong, asked me if I knew the rider, when I told him who he was. Don Pedro had a hearty laugh.

"Your friend won't leave you; but how could he find you out here? Don't be annoyed at seeing him. I'll go inside and tell them your only friend is about to make his appearance."

I felt annoyed at Barney appearing on the scene to break the harmony of the family. But what could I do? I

could not hurt the poor man's feelings. In a few minutes he came up, and shouted out "Ave Maria." I went up to him, when he stared at me as if I had been his father's ghost.

"By the powers, Timothy, my boy, is it you—really you? What are you doing here, lad?"

Glancing at the surroundings, he exclaimed—

"Faith, lad, you know where to roost; but I say, what are they? Are they English, Scotch, or Spanish?"

"Neither."

"Neither, and yet they must be Europeans."

"They are French."

"And what are you doing here, Tim?"

"Schoolmastering."

"Schoolmastering!" said Barney, with scorn, "is it that you are come to? How many do you teach?"

"One."

"And the pay, Tim?"

"£10 per month."

"Whew!"

"Better than sheep-shearing."

"I believe you, my boy; but Tim, lad, I see a young lady—she is a beauty, who is she?"

"My pupil; but get off, and I will introduce you to the patron."

"Tim, lad, you were born to make your fortune, and that young lady will yet be Mrs. Gordon."

"Hush, here is Don Pedro."

My employer had formed a fair estimate of Barney, for he at once came up to him and told him to go into the *cocina* and get something to eat and *drink*. Once more we both resumed our seats, when Don Pedro relieved me by opening the conversation about Barney.

"Your friend has found you out, and seems right glad to see you."

"I do not think he will remain long."

"I presume he is honest?"

"Thoroughly."

"And can fight?"

"He is an Irishman."

"Well, senor, I need a hand, and I think your friend would suit me. This part of the country is a little wild, and as I have so many valuables in the house, it might rouse the cupidity of the half-breeds. Have a talk with him, and if he is willing to remain, I will give him fair terms."

This I promised to do, when Don Pedro again retired, and left me to my meditations. I was soon aroused by the well-known voice of Barney, who came smacking his lips and looking remarkably comfortable.

"I have been in this country before you were born, Tim, and in all my wanderings I never got such a good meal. Tim, lad, your pupil is an angel; she puts me in mind of *Sheiling*, and of her who lived under its humble roof."

"Would you like to live here, Barney?"

"Troth, and I would, my boy."

"But why did you leave the other puesta?"

"I'll tell ye, Tim; you know I am fond of a drop, and once the idle fellows had gambled away all their money, they came to me and would not leave me, so I left them. That's the whole truth. I thought I would like to see you again, and knowing you were making for the Rio Negro River, I thought I would follow up, and so I am here."

"Well, Barney, I am glad you had the sense to leave these drinking, gambling fellows, for they would soon have cleared you out. Now, Barney, listen. When I first came here I told them my little history. I told them all about you; and as Don Pedro is in want of a peon, he has promised to engage you."

"Are you speaking truth, Tim?"

"It is truth, only I can't tell you the wage, but I am sure it will be a decent one."

"What about the wage; sure you have plenty, and I would be a baste to take a penny when you are getting so much."

"But he will pay you. Here comes Don Pedro."

It was soon arranged. Don Pedro offered Barney £4 per month and his grog, but this the poor Irishman would not listen to—£3 after the shearing was the wage, and more he would not take. Don Pedro, not to be outdone by my humble friend's generosity, agreed to add one bottle of caña

daily. This put Barney in raptures, and brought tears of gratitude to his eyes.

The time passed away, and Camila made rapid progress in the English language. We now conversed freely in my native tongue; and as she was fond of history, I had to answer a thousand and one questions about the kings and queens of old England. I will not detain you, reader, about the state of my heart. Suffice it to say, that the thought of parting with my fair pupil almost made me mad. One thing was clear, I could not remain much longer, and at the close of a morning's lesson I said to her—

"As you are now so proficient, Camila, I must leave your father's house, and become a wanderer once more."

I noticed when I said this she was startled, and her cheeks were covered with blushes. Could it be that she had *some* regard for me?"

"Are you anxious to get away, Timothy?"

"Anxious to get away! No; I could live here for ever."

As she spoke she turned her face to me, but her eyelids dropped, and her beautiful face was spread with blushes. I saw I was not distasteful to her, and as I thought so, I felt so happy I could scarcely speak. We both sat, and both inwardly thought. At last I said—

"Camila, I promised your father on my honour I would not converse with you upon any subject but your lessons. I must keep that promise; but, oh, Camila, you little know how I feel. I will see your father at once, and leave this happy home early to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Yes, but we will meet again. I am young, able, and willing to battle with life, and I will gain the victory sooner or later. Perhaps we may be able to speak again ere I go, but should we never meet, Camila, I will ever think of you."

I did not wait for a reply, but rushed out of the room to seek Don Pedro. I found him and Barney busy at work. I at once opened up the subject.

"I am sorry you are going, Tim, but I can't blame you. I will give you a letter to a companion of mine, who has an estancia about sixty miles south of Dolores. I know he wants a major-domo, and I am sure you will suit him."

That evening I had only a few moments with Camila, but those few moments brought me the greatest joy I ever felt. She loved me. With this secret locked in my heart, I was willing to go—to go anywhere. As I parted from her that evening, she handed me a little book, which I found out to be a copy of the New Testament, richly bound, and, strange to say, an English copy. On the fly leaf, in a neat hand, the following words were written:—"From Camila, who possesses another copy like this."

The following morning I was all ready to start, when Barney came up to me, saying—

"Where for, Tim?"

"I can scarcely tell, but I have got to go some 150 miles due south."

"Will you soon be ready?"

"I am ready to go now; but, Barney, what do you mean?"

"Mean? Nothing. I am only going with you. I always get on well with you. When left to myself I go to the dogs."

"Have you told Don Pedro?"

"I told him last night."

"What did he say?"

"He said I should remain here; they are all good to me."

"Stay, here is Don Pedro. I was advising Barney to remain."

"Which Barney is not going to do."

"Troth, sir, you are right."

"Would you like him to remain, Don Pedro?"

"Very much, indeed."

I took Barney aside, and very hurriedly said to him—

"You mean well by me, Barney, but you would serve me better by remaining here than going with me. She would like if you would remain. Do you understand, Barney? You might be of great use. My heart is here, and she is here, and as a friend I want you to stay on the ground."

"Say no more, Tim, and may God bless you. If an old ignorant Irishman can do you any good, he will do it, though it should cost him his life. I won't leave here."

We rejoined Don Pedro, who was right glad I had got Barney to remain.

As we parted the kind Frenchman thrust a handful of notes into my hand. Madame came out with a heavy pair of saddle bags, which contained many good things. Camila was not there, but I could understand that. Heartily shaking all by the hand, I mounted my horse, and as I turned the corner of the house I saw Camila standing below the old Ombu tree. She waved her handkerchief and I waved mine. In a few minutes I was once more a sojourner on the dreary plains of South America.

CHAPTER XXXV.

I MEET WITH A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

IT was with a light heart I went on my way the morning I left Don Pedro. My prospects looked bright, and the consoling thought which kept uppermost in my mind, was that I had one to care for me—and such an one. As I rode on mile after mile, what castles did I not build? I could not contain myself with joy, and to the astonishment of my horse and the grazing cattle, I burst out into song. As the day advanced I calmed down, and as I was anxious to give my horse a rest, I dismounted and allowed him to feed. Feeling somewhat hungry and curious, I opened my saddle bags, when I was cheered with the contents. I had abundance of food, and a small bottle of *eau de vie*, and another of dry wine. Seeking the shelter of a block of huge thistles, I enjoyed a good meal, and having taken a siesta for an hour or so, I again resumed my journey. One thing I found in my saddle bags pleased me more than anything else. This was a small revolver, richly cased in silver, and of modern construction. Along with the revolver there would be about two hundred cartridges. It was a beautiful little weapon. The thought struck me at the time—who could it be from? From Madame?—no. Don Pedro?—I think he would have mentioned it. At last I concluded it would be from Camilar; and I found afterwards that such was the case.

The first evening I was lucky to find lodgings with a young couple, whose parents were Scotch. They were remarkably kind, and when I spoke about leaving the following morning, they strongly advised me to give my horse a day's

rest; and as the horses are only fed on the grass of the Camps, and cannot stand out to long fatigue, I consented, and so spent the day with the kind young people. The following morning, however, I set out again, and was soon alone on the dreary Camps. It is a very tiresome thing galloping hour after hour, with nothing to relieve the eye save a flock of sheep, a manada of horses, and a point of cattle, or the remains of some dead animal. The time, however, passed away, and I was congratulating myself that I would reach the estancia of a Scotchman ere nightfall, but I was doomed to disappointment. About four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun was shining in all its beauty, a *temporal* came on, which nearly carried me off my horse. Suddenly the sun became obscured. The wind, unchecked, swept over the open prairies, followed by a heavy pour of rain. At home the war of elements startles the most stolid; but in a tropical country, when the elements get angry, the terrible roar of the thunder, the awful flashes of lightning, followed by torrents of rain, make the stoutest heart to quail. In a short time I was wet through, and sat a dead weight on my tired horse. Unfortunately for me, I could see it would be soon dark, and to pass the night on the wet ground was not a very inviting prospect. Riding what I considered to be due south, I had the vague hope I would fall in with a Scotchman's estancia; but as the shades of evening thickened, I at last gave up all hope of passing the night under a roof. On I sped till it grew so dark that I could scarcely distinguish my horse's head. The rain still fell in torrents, and as it was late in the year, the cold through the night was intense. I had a small bottle of brandy in my saddle bags, but having so little of it I was loath to touch it. What if I required to pass the night in the Camps? I would require it all and more. My horse, now thoroughly tired, only walked, and throwing the reins on his neck, I allowed him to wander at his own sweet will. When almost despairing, in looking up to scan the dark Camps, I saw a light. How my heart leaped with joy! My horse needed no whip to make to where the light was. In a few minutes I stood before a small rancho, and the light I had seen was the fire burning on the floor. I

shouted out "Ave Maria," when the hide was thrown aside (this was the only door), and out stepped three villainous-looking men.

"What do you want?" they cried in Spanish.

I replied in broken Spanish, for I did not wish them to know that I understood the language.

"No understand your language; hungry, want house."

"What country do you belong to."

"No understand," but I understood them perfectly well.

"Do you want to stay here all night."

"Very tired, very hungry, want house. No understand."

"Dismount, and come in."

Even this I did not profess to understand, and one of them coming forward, undid my *recado*, when at last I professed to understand they were willing to give me a night's lodgings. My object in not understanding them was that I might put them off their guard, so that they might speak freely in my presence. The *rusè* succeeded admirably.

My first duty was to see my horse all right; this was soon done, for the horses on the Camps don't require grooming nor prepared suppers. They are never under cover summer nor winter, and their food is always the dry prairie grass.

I was pleased to find my *recado* was dry; the leather covering having protected it from the rain.

My heart sank within me as I entered the miserable rancho. It is true there was a fire, but it emitted very little heat, being composed of animal fat and thistles. The rancho was totally void of furniture. The only seats were four bullocks' heads, one of which I sat on. The rain came pouring down the walls, and formed little lagoons on the damp earthen floor. The only traces I could see of a bed, were a few sheepskins rolled up in the driest corner. I would have been glad even for this miserable shelter, if my hosts had been less like cut-throats. The first right glance I had of them told me I had fallen in with the vilest class, viz.—civilised Indians. I knew not what to do. I could see, as they gazed at me, they were taking stock, and guessing my value. I knew perfectly well I had as much on me as would appease their conscience for doing the bloodiest deed; but as I sucked

their maté I appeared quite unconcerned, though all the time I was quaking with fear. Various times they tried to open up a conversation, but it was cut short by me saying I did not understand them. My three companions would be about forty years of age. Their hair was long, and of a dark blue colour. Their brows were narrow and low. Their eyes were small and glittering, but sunk very deep in the head. The cheek-bones were high and prominent. Their mouths were small, and betokened craftiness and cruelty. They were dressed in the usual Camp dress, viz.—a round beaver hat, chiripa, and poncho. On their feet they wore the intestines of the cow, which are put on when taken from the animal, and allowed to dry on their feet. While I sat with them, when not smoking they were sucking their maté, which I took when it came to my turn. At last I got tired, and asked one of my companions if I could get a sheepskin to lie on. With the greatest politeness they unrolled the bundle, and taking two from it they handed them to me, and pointed to a dry corner where I might lie down. Having thanked them as I best could, I spread the skins on the floor, and taking off my wet coat, I lay down, covering myself with the blankets of my recado. I had, however, no intentions of going to sleep, though I felt tired and sleepy. Unperceived I got out my little revolver, and my small bottle of cognac. Taking a hearty pull of the brandy, my Dutch courage gained on me at once. I carefully felt my revolver, and was much pleased to find it was perfectly dry, and in good working order. I now lay quiet, and being in a dark corner I could see the three better than they could see me. An hour would pass, when they commenced to talk in whispers. In vain I tried to catch what they were saying, but I could not pick up one word. I was satisfied, however, they meant mischief, so I lay ready for the attack. The time passed slowly away, and I was commencing to think they did not mean mischief, when I heard one say, "Will he be asleep yet?" "What does it matter whether he is asleep or not, we can easily manage him." They were getting regardless, and commenced to talk openly. "He is a greenhorn, and is sure to have lots of money." "How will you do it?" "Cut his throat." My blood run

cold as I listened to the cool savages. They seemed to think it a small matter to put me out of the way. Keenly I watched the proceedings, and as I watched I saw one of them examining his facon and trying it on his hand. I took another pull of the cognac, but I scarcely felt it. My head was burning hot, and my tongue was as dry as a piece of wood. What if my revolver missed fire? The thought of this almost drove me mad. I had not a knife, and the weakest of the three seemed stronger than me. As I lay and listened, I tried to fix my mind on the great hereafter, but it was a failure. My whole soul was concentrated on the group sitting by the fire. They did not move a finger but I observed it. The slightest movement they made caused me pain—the suspense was more than I could bear. Another hour had gone, but since I lay down I had not made a single movement. My fingers still clutched my revolver, and I was ready to fire on the first indications they made. The time seemed to be near, for the three had done speaking, and kept looking to where I lay. “Ahora,” whispered one. No sooner was the word spoken than the one with the facon arose and slowly approached my bed. I breathed thick and heavily. Nearer he came, and when he was within a yard of me he drew his glittering knife. I could see the piercing cold eyes of the two watching his proceedings. Nearer he came, when I lifted my arm, and ere he was aware, I fired. “Thank God, it has not missed,” I cried, and sprung to my feet. The would-be murderer, when I fired, gave a great yell and fell heavily on the floor—the bullet had entered his brain. The two sitting by the fire for a short time did not seem to realise how matters stood; but when they saw their companion lying upon the floor motionless, and me standing at bay against the wall, they rushed on like beasts of prey. I was now remarkably cool, and all nerve, the fever having left me. Again I took good aim and fired, and another fell, uttering a fearful yell. The last now paused, but I did not hesitate, for as he tried to escape I fired at and hit him, but he managed to get away. I soon made for the fire, carefully watching the door. I did not hear any noise, and fearful lest the villain would hamstring my horse, I went out. Hearing groans, I found out the poor wounded wretch, and

dragged him into the rancho. He was sinking fast, and in less than ten minutes he was dead. The whole three lay upon the floor, inanimate pieces of clay. A reaction soon followed, and the question arose in my mind, "Was I justified in taking the lives of the three men?" I am well aware some will blame me, but what could I do? If I had given them all my money, they would have murdered me for my horse. I knew perfectly well I could justify my conduct before any tribunal; but it occurred to me, my best plan would be to leave the rancho as soon as possible, as the dead men might have friends, who would take deep revenge if they could find the one who did the deed. The storm had now abated, and the moon being full, I saddled my horse and was soon on my way, and by the time the sun rose in the morning, I was many a mile away from the awful place. My horse was very tired, for I had ridden it hard, so when the sun had climbed the heavens a bit, I gave my horse a rest, and refreshed myself from my well-stored saddle-bags.

Several times I passed the rancho afterwards, and upon one occasion I shouted out "Ave Maria," but none answered. While I was in that part of the country I never mentioned what I had done even to my own countrymen. The first man I mentioned the affair to was my old friend Barney. Poor fellow. As I related all that befel me on that night, the tears ran down his rugged cheeks, and when I had done speaking he took me by the hand, and looking me fairly in the face, said—

"Tim, my boy, God is wid you; but it's sorrow to my heart I was not with you that awful night. Did you ever hear any talk about the three who had lost their lives?"

"I never did."

The same evening I reached the estancia of Don Pedro's friend, and was well received, and engaged at once as major-domo of his large farm.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HORSE-FARMING.

I FOUND Senor Don Juan Inez to be a kind, easy-going, and unselfish man. I knew very little about the duties of a major-domo, but Don Juan gave me very brief instructions, and by following them out he said I could not go wrong. It was the slack time of the year, and my principal duties were to see that the shepherds did their work properly, and that all the cattle and horses were looked after. Don Juan did not understand one word of English; but I knew Spanish so well—at least the speaking of it—it was a matter of little consequence. Shortly after I got fairly into harness, my employer left for Buenos Ayres, without leaving me any instructions, but the capataz del campo knew his work, and being an honest sort of native, I had no fear but matters would move smoothly. For days I had nothing to do but smoke my pipe, and now and then pay a visit to some friend; but though it was the custom of the country to take matters easy, I soon got tired of this listless idle life, and calling up the capataz one day, I asked him the number of cattle he had.

"We had, senor, about two thousand heads of cattle when we counted and marked them three months ago."

"And yeguas (mares)?"

"Eleven hundred."

"So many!"

"Yes, senor, and they are increasing fast on our hands."

"Can we not use them for some kind of purpose?"

"It is never done, they are only kept for breeding."

"But when they increase, as they are doing, we will be overrun. What then?"

"Feed the pigs with them."

"You don't say so."

"Fact, however. Last year I killed over forty to fatten the pigs."

"Do you ever sell them?"

"Who would purchase them? We have a contract with Government to supply the Indians with mare's flesh, but that is the only outcome we can get."

"Do the Indians eat horse flesh?"

"It is the only kind of food they get; and to keep them from plundering, the Argentine Government give them what they require for food only."

"Are there any Indians close at hand just now?"

"Not just now, but I anticipate them soon."

"When they come this way I would like to pay a visit to their Camp. Let me know when they come. How many caballos (horses) have you got?"

"About 1,500 tame and wild."

"Have you any to break in just now?"

"Plenty, senor; and this is a good time to do it."

"Have you got a peon who can act as domador de caballos?" (tamer of horses.)

"I do that myself."

"Good. Bring in the manada to-morrow morning, when we will pick a few to break in. We must be doing something."

Early the following morning, all the peons were astir bringing in the manada, and when in the coral I selected two to be broken in. They were piebalds, and would match well for Don Juan's carriage. I intended to surprise my employer when he came home. As one could only be tamed at a time, the whole manada was let out with the exception of one. The capataz was prepared for his work, and I could not help admiring the strength and daring of the fellow. The horse knew right well that something was up, for it ran wildly round the coral, and frequently tried to leap the barrier. Roberto followed it up, crying, "My poor horse," but the more he spoke the wilder the animal became. All the time the capataz had the lasso in his right hand, holding the coil in his left. He was watching for a favourable chance

to throw it. At last it arrived. The loop circled in the air, and fell deftly over the horse's head. Now came the tug of war. The horse no sooner felt itself being gripped than it rushed everywhere, but the domador held on, and, though dragged over the coral, he managed to keep his hold. The continued tightening of the lasso round the animal's throat in time had its effect. The horse's legs at last trembled; its breathing got to be loud and short, and its eyes protruded. At last it fell with a heavy crash. In a moment the domador was up to the horse and swiftly tied its legs—to prevent it from rising the four were drawn together in one clump. The lasso having done its work was then cast off, and the horse, feeling relieved, tried to rise, but of course failed. The animal being now secure, the domador with his peons took a maté, smoked their cigarro, and chatted about the animal before them. It was the first time I had seen a horse tamed, and as I looked at the terrified brute, no doubt suffering pain, I could not help pitying it. The natives took it as a matter of course, and when the horse struggled and fell back again with a heavy thud, it only caused a hearty laugh. The capataz and his men, having had their maté and a chat, again resumed work. The next thing to do was to bridle the horse. I noticed that the capataz took from the pocket of his belt a small piece of raw hide, something like a shoe lace. This, he put into the horse's mouth, passed it round the under jaw, and, before tying it, he attached a rein to each side of the mouth. He then drew it tight—so tight, that the under lip swelled greatly. A bridle is never used at first—the horse would break the strongest Spanish bridle in no time, and at the same time completely destroy its head. While the horse is still lying upon the ground it is saddled. The first article put on its back is a piece of a blanket, the next a piece of square leather, then follows the bastos, which gives the seat a shape. Over the whole is drawn the chincha, which passes round the animal, and is then drawn tight. To complete the whole, a sheepskin is put over the chincha to make the seat soft. The skin is kept on by a narrow piece of hide passing round the horse and tied. Of course, it takes a long time to saddle a wild horse, as they have frequently to lift it up to get the gearing

properly fastened. When matters get this length, all have another maté and a cigarro. Having refreshed themselves, a peon mounts a very tame horse—the swiftest on the estancia—to follow up the wild one. The domador now takes off his native boots, rolls up his calzoncillos, bares his arm, and casts off his poncha. The lasso is now uncoiled, when the horse is free! It lies stretching its legs, glaring wildly, scarcely knowing that it is at liberty to rise. A kick from a peon, however, recalls the wandering senses of the animal. With one bound, it springs to its feet, and the moment it has done so, the domador leaps on the animal's back, and catching the reins firmly in one hand, and a short, stout whip in the other, he shouts and yells, and strikes the horse till it is so maddened that it flies out of the corral, and being once more on its native soil, it flies like the wind, not knowing where it is going. The peon on the tame horse follows swiftly after, to turn the wild one when it is going a wrong direction. On, on the terrified brute flies. On, on the more the excited rider shouts and yells, and strikes the maddened horse. Quicker they go. On, on they fly till the poor animal flags; but it must gallop, it must not flag. The lash is applied, and it renews its long strides, but only for a short time. The tame horse comes up and turns the terrified one towards the estancia. Again the lash is applied, but the poor animal is so done up, so terrified, that it needs not the fearful cuts it gets. When it arrives at the estancia it can scarcely stand. The ribs protrude, and the belly has fallen in fearfully. One would not think it was the same animal, it is so thin and naked looking. The domador, considerably fagged, dismounts and scrutinizes the animal. If satisfied, he tells his employer so; and if he thinks it will not turn out well, he lets it off for another year. If the horse has stood the severe test, the recado is taken off, the bridle or thong is taken out of its mouth, and a head-piece put on. It is then tied to a post, but is not allowed to get any food.

The following day, about the same time, it is again saddled, but it does not require to be thrown down to get the saddle on. I have often seen horses, after the first trial, tremble with visible fear when the capataz came near them. The second gallop is not so severe as the first one. It must be

remembered the horse had not tasted food, and could not endure the same severe test. Generally, after the second gallop the domador can turn the animal by the reins, and when this is accomplished it may be said the horse is tamed and ready for use. I have often seen a horse—a refractory one—four days without food, and the food so near that it could touch it with its foot. Nothing tames an animal so much as hunger. I have often seen horses which no amount of thrashing could tame, but once they were tied up four days without food, they became quiet and docile. When the wild horse has gone through all the same tests, it is allowed to join its manada, and a proud animal it is when it gets again with its companions. They are seldom brought up again before a month, but when once the lasso touches their necks they will stand trembling, and quietly allow themselves to be saddled, and obediently carry their riders.

During one month I tamed six horses, and did not lose one. It often happens that if the domador is careless he will choke the animal; but my capataz, Don Roberto, was a very careful man, and having a good reputation as a domador, he was often asked out. Finding him willing to give me information, in return I allowed him a day now and then, which made us the best of friends. I was particularly fortunate with Don Roberto. If I wanted anything done—it did not matter how long the journey was, or how difficult the job was I gave him to do—he always went about it in a cheerful manner, which was quite refreshing to see.

Horses on the wide prairies of South America are, even at the present day, very cheap and good. A good horse can be purchased for £3, and this is the only outlay the purchaser has to make. He does not require hay, oats, or straw. Horses there would not eat oats. I have often tried them with pieces of bread and hay, but they would not eat them. The dry grass of the Camps is their only food, and on this they thrive very well, and are always in good condition.

It is a strange fact that I never saw a biting horse. It is quite possible that such may exist, but I never came in contract with them. Some are very good at kicking, especially those kept by Englishmen, but a native would soon cure his of this propensity.

Though the horses in the Camps are only fed on grass, they are very enduring. I have frequently ridden one 70 miles at a time, and at the end of the journey it would be wonderfully fresh; but I never cared to exact too much of the willing and active prairie horses. No one, it matters not how hard up he may be, need want a horse. I had a great number of manadas, and in them, I would from time to time find strangers, the marks of which I could not make out. These, of course, I could not claim; but, if need be, I could use them for estancia work, or give them away to a friend if I chose. In this way I have helped many a poor countryman who had spent his all on the strong waters of the country.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WITH THE INDIANS.

MY time passed away very pleasantly in my new place. I was happy, and thought I would have been completely happy if I could have called Camila mine. About the month of August, if I rightly remember, I made up my mind to send a letter to Don Pedro. What could I say? He did not know my sentiments towards his daughter; and if he did suspect that I was in love with her, he would never dream she was in love with me. By writing him, I had the vague hope that Camila might write me. I had no sooner come to this conclusion than I penned a short note, stating that I liked my place exceedingly well, and thanked him for introducing me to his friend. I expressed a hope that Madame and Camila were well, and that my old friend Barney was doing his duty faithfully. I sent the letter by a son of Don Roberto's, the capataz, called Domingo. He was a sharp lad, and I could depend upon his prudence. I told him to throw himself in the way of the young lady. Domingo smiled, and though he did not say anything, he thoroughly understood the object of his visit. He was absent three days, and returned with two letters. How my heart throbbed when I read my name beautifully traced by the delicate and fair hand of Camila. Don Pedro, in his note, said he was very happy to learn that I was getting on so well. All in his household were well, and sent their love. Barney was a great acquisition to him, and spoke frequently of me. I next broke the seal of Camila's note. It was very brief, and as it may interest my readers to know its contents, I give it in full.

"Estancia, Santa Maria, 30th August, 1862.

"MR. TIMOTHY GORDON—My Dear Sir—I am your old scholar, and take the liberty of showing you the progress I have made in English since you left. I converse with Barney daily, and it is amusing to hear him flattering you. My father and he were building an out-house the other day—a place to store the wool—I think they call it a galpon. A dispute arose between the two, my father maintained his way was the best, while Barney maintained his was the best, and added that Tim did it his way, which, of course, settled the matter. I can only add one word, and I tremble to add it; but in charity to you, I cannot withhold saying that my sentiments are the same to you now as the day you left. My father does not know, or at least he does not appear to know, my sentiments towards you, but long since I made my dear mother my confidante. I have her sympathy; and I know my dear father loves me so well, he will not be a barrier to our happiness. This note leaves Camila well, and she breathes a fervent prayer that he who will receive it is enjoying good health.—CAMILA."

"Thank God," I exclaimed when I had finished her letter. "She does love me, and is mine."

All that day I could not help pondering over the mysterious ways of Providence. My lot when I entered the country was a hard one, and my prospects were gloomy enough, but the dark cloud had rolled aside, and the sky was now bright and clear.

One day, in the month of September, as I was sitting on the top of the house with my telescope in my hand, I observed in the distance a group of people in the Camps. Who could they be? I examined them through the glass, but I could not make them out. Ordering my horse, I at once mounted and made for the strangers. When about two hundred yards from them I was observed, and one breaking from the group came flying toward me on a swift steed. What could he mean? I got my revolver, Camila's gift, and had it ready. The Indian—for such he was—put several questions to me, but I could not understand him. I spoke to him in Spanish, but this he did not understand. He pointed his lance to the north, and motioned me to be gone. As the fellow was on my employer's ground, I could not see the force of obeying him. He insisted, however, that I should make myself scarce; but turn I would not. Without warning, he threw his lance at me, and it passed my head within a inch or so. The sound was not a pleasant or comfortable one. I now got thoroughly roused and covered him

with my revolver, and would have shot him, but I feared his companions, who were unpleasantly near. Somehow he managed to get a hold of his lance, and was about to hurl it again, when I fired. The lance dropped from the savage's hand—the tiny bullet had broken his arm. The onlookers seeing what I had done, all rushed upon me, and I would have been murdered on the spot had not a young man stepped out from their midst and cried something to them, when they all implicitly dropped their lances and waited his commands. Surely I had seen the face before. The Indians were a dark copper colour, but their leader or chief was as white as I was. When our eyes met we stared at one another for more than a minute, but neither of us spoke. The face was familiar to me, very familiar, but I could not name him. At last I said—

“It strikes me I have seen you before.”

I said this in Spanish, and in the same language, but spoken in a superior manner, he replied—

“I have seen you somewhere, but I cannot tell where.”

In a moment I knew my man. It was Falkland Jim, my fellow prisoner in the policia of Buenos Ayres.

He read what was passing in my mind, for he at once said—

“You know me now?”

“Yes, Jim, I do know you,” I replied in English.

“In the name of God who are you?”

“Don't you remember Timothy Gordon of the policia.”

“Yes, yes. Then you are he. So you are. How are you, old boy? What on earth has brought you here?”

“I am major-domo of yonder estancia.”

“The deuce you are.”

“I certainly fill that position, and yonder cur nearly sent me on the misty journey for doing my duty.”

No sooner did Jim know my position than he turned to his followers and in a strange tongue delivered, what to me seemed, an impressive discourse. It had an immediate effect. All the men came forward and presented arms, and bowed in humility while they did so.

I looked for the Indian whose arm I had broken, but I did not see him. The whole tribe now went back to their

camping ground, leaving Jim and I to ourselves. I was burning to ask him a thousand questions, so I commenced at once, and was pleased to find Jim not the least reserved about his position. His story was a brief one. After I got off from the policia, Jim managed to escape, and made at once for the Camps on a horse taken from a gentleman's stable. When in Chascomus, without money or credit, he managed to live for a few days, but luck came to his aid. A young man from the Camps with a considerable sum of money put up in the same café, and when in his cups he vaunted that he had 10,000 pesos in his pocket, and much more at home, Jim thought it was too much when he had so little, so he made up his mind to have at least part of it. The young man was soon overpowered with drink, so Jim set to work, and actually took from his pockets 10,000 pesos, or £80. Taking pity on the lad he refunded 2,000, and calling for his horse he was soon on his way south. In Dolores he had a jolly good spree, and lost all his money at billiards and cards. This did not put Jim much about, but money he needed, so he managed to get another sum in the same way, but not quite so much. Jim's idea was to make for the Welsh Settlement on the Rio Negro River, where he hoped to find a vessel bound for the Falkland Islands. On his way south he met with a tribe of Indians, who intended to attack the settlement, and Jim knowing their language, and knowing something about their habits, agreed to attack the settlement if they made him their chief. Their late chief had been shot in a previous engagement. At first they would not agree to this; but finally, after much tall talk, they did agree to be ruled by the pale warrior, who, they said, was born near themselves, and who was at war with the pale faces. Jim cared little what he did, provided it suited his own inclinations. So he led on his dusky warriors against the Welsh Settlement, and managed to carry away great spoils, which raised him high in the estimation of the tribe. He had now been eight months with them, and he loved the life well. His camp was further south; but his men having pouches and salt for sale, he had accompanied them north more for change than anything else.

"And now, Tim, spin your yarn."

I told Jim my adventures, but kept out about Camila.

"But how do you get on without your rum?"

"Why, I have abundance of it in the camp close at hand. The squaws have charge of it."

"Squaws. Then you have women with you?"

"Why, yes, and some good-looking girls we have."

"Have you a squaw?"

"I have got half-a-dozen, but only one here, who is my favourite!"

"I am dying to see her."

"Then you will soon do so; but first of all, Tim, send up to your place for a mare for supper, or rather dinner, though it will be a late one."

"I suppose it is our place to provide you with horse-flesh."

"The Government has so ruled it."

I at once sent up an Indian who could speak Spanish to my capataz to send at once a young mare.

"Do you eat horse-flesh, Jim?"

"Certainly, and why not? It is as clean as a cow, and much cleaner than a pig."

"Certainly."

"At first I felt reluctant to feast on the noble animal, but I prefer it to sheep, and like it as well as an ox. But come along, and I will introduce you to my squaw."

The chief alone had a tent, which was very small. Making up to it, Jim clapped his hands twice, when the canvas was lifted, and there appeared a young woman, Jim's wife. She was very young, not more than fifteen or sixteen. Had she been white she would have been exceedingly handsome, and even with her colour I could not remain insensible to her charms. She was tall and slender, with mild, loving, gazelle-looking eyes. Her mouth was neatly formed, and there played about it a winning smile which was quite seductive. She was very plainly dressed. A poncho of Indian make hung gracefully from her shoulders, but in her hair there glittered ornaments of gold, curiously engraved and made. As she could not speak Spanish I could not converse with her, much to my sorrow and chagrin. I noticed that she hung on Jim's words. It was quite evident that the poor savage loved him with a pure and disinterested love. When

I left her I could not but feel sorry for her lot. Jim would soon throw her off when he got tired of her.

"You say you have got six wives, Jim. Are they all as good-looking?"

"No, Niña is the best, and the best looking. Why, I really believe I have some love for the dark thing."

"She certainly loves you."

"I daresay she does."

"Are these women moving along there—I mean those carrying the burdens?"

"Yes, these are squaws; but they are not young—an Indian woman fades very quick."

"I suppose so."

"Yes, at twenty they are at their best, and at thirty they are ugly-looking hags."

"How is that?"

"Some say it is the climate, but I am inclined to think it is the exposure they have to submit to, coupled with hard work."

"Indeed."

"Yes, they have got to carry all the burdens, do all the cooking—the last to lie down and the first to get up."

"Are they kindly used?"

"Do you mean by their husbands?"

"Yes."

"No, they are treated as dogs; but come along and have a smoke. The novelty will be worth something."

The portion of the tribe with Jim would number sixty souls. They were fine looking men, over rather than under the usual height. One thing struck me, the great stillness which prevailed in the camp. The sixty men and women were broken into groups. Each of these sat in a circle, a pipe being allowed for each group. Jim and I joined a small lot of aged warriors, men about fifty, and when he sat down the pipe was handed to him. I cannot give a better idea of the pipe than by comparing it to the walking-stick pipes to be seen in our tobacconists' windows. The bowl was much larger, and some of them I noticed were beautifully carved. The tobacco used was grown by themselves, and very mild. After Jim had taken a draw or two, he handed me

the pipe, and told me to smoke till sunset if I had a mind, but I soon handed it to a grave warrior, who in turn passed it to his brother, without a word being exchanged.

We would pass about an hour thus smoking away, when Jim directed my attention to some one coming with a led horse. Up sprung a warrior to meet the messenger, but he soon returned. I was pleased to see my capataz, Don Roberto, with a young yegua. After handing over the animal to a warrior he was ordered to return, and would at once have been sent back, had I not asked Jim to allow him to remain. The first thing done to the poor animal was to lasso its legs, then throw it down; but I must reserve a description of an Indian feast to another chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WITH THE INDIANS—(CONTINUED).

NO sooner was the poor mare thrown down and its legs tied, than the oldest warrior of the tribe approached with a sharp knife, and opened the jugular vein. The moment the vein was opened the warrior applied his mouth to the wound, and allowed the blood to flow into it. Having imbibed his quantity, the next in power applied his mouth, and drank with ardent relish the life of the poor dying animal. As the poor mare felt its life ebbing away, it would now and then make frantic efforts to regain its feet. When it did so, the warrior would quietly wait till the paroxysm was over, when he would resume his disgusting meal. One after another drank the blood till it ceased to flow. I have seen many a strange feast in my time, but I never witnessed one which disgusted and pained me more than this Indian one. No pity touched the Indians as the poor brute curled its lip in the agonies of death. They all looked on the affair as a matter of course, and were ready to repeat it at any time. Jim noticed that I was deeply interested and pained, for when the blood ceased to flow, he said—

“You don’t seem to enjoy the sight, Tim.”

“I had no idea a human being could do so. Is this done regularly?”

“Certainly. I should be the first to drink, but though I can eat horse flesh, I can’t drink the blood.”

“Then, it is a matter of distinction to drink?”

“It is. You noticed the old warrior who took the first sip. He was the late chief’s brother. The next in rank followed, and so on till the blood ceased to flow. But, pray, watch what follows, for you will be interested.”

The old warrior—the chief’s brother—returned to the

dead animal, and with his long sharp facon, slit open its throat. Taking a handful of salt in his hand, he thrust it downwards, and mixed the salt with the heart. Passing his facon downwards, he severed the heart, took it out and brought it to Jim as the royal portion. After Jim had received it he took it to his tent, and Niña commenced at once to cook the bloody present for her lord and master. The cutting up was now left to the squaws, who set about it in a business-like manner. The warriors again resumed their seats and smoked their pipes, but seldom a word escaped them. Slowly they smoked, slowly they moved, and slowly they spoke. I could not help admiring the dexterity with which they skinned the poor yegua. The skin they carefully preserve, for it serves as thread to make reins, and other portions of horse gearing. All the fat was carefully laid aside for fuel. Huge steaks were cut off and laid on the grass, ready for roasting, but up to this time I had not seen any fire. I had not long to wait. Four squaws at this time came into the camp with bundles of cardos (thistles) in their hands. The fat was now brought forward, and a portion of it mixed with the cardos. To this was added the *escremento de animales*. A light was struck with the flint and steel, and the piece of cotton fanned into a flame. The moment this was applied to the soft, dry cardos, the flames burst up, and the fat melting, a roaring fire soon resulted. A squaw brought forward what was called asadors—long pieces of iron, about four feet long by one inch broad. The asadors were stuck in the ground, and on the point of them were placed huge pieces of yegua flesh. The roasting now commenced, and as the fire got low, more cardos with pieces of fat were applied. The poor squaws had a busy time of it, but they knew what they had got to do, and they did it and said not a word. At last the evening meal was ready, but the warriors stirred not; and though the braves were very hungry they did not betray the least sign of impatience. "Toma," shouts a squaw, throwing a huge piece of roasted flesh at my feet. "Toma" again is shouted, and another piece falls at the feet of another. Very gravely a warrior takes up the piece of flesh and cuts off what he thinks he can consume, and hands the remainder to another, who in

turn does the same. "Toma" is again shouted out, and another piece takes another direction, and so on till all are served. At first I felt a considerable amount of repugnance when a brave handed me about a couple of pounds of *carna*; but feeling hungry, and being curious to taste horse flesh, I commenced, and finding it *really good*, I was soon as busy as any in disposing of my share. In about an hour all were done, when the most of them lay down and took a siesta. Having seen and tasted an Indian's feast, I rose to leave. Just when I was about to mount my horse, an old warrior came forward and in respectful language told me for the time being I could not leave.

"Why?" I asked.

"The chief will tell you, *senor*."

"But I must go."

"You can't, *senor*, without his consent."

"But we are old friends."

"It does not matter: it is our law."

"Call your chief."

"We can't call him; he is now sleeping."

Much annoyed, I again resumed my seat, but fortunately Jim at this time made his appearance.

"They say I can't leave, Jim, till I get your consent. Now, I must be off; I wish you all luck; glad to see you at any time yonder."

"I am afraid you can't leave just now, Tim."

"Pray, why, Mr. Chief?"

"I told you we had gone north to sell salt and native-made ponchos, but this is only partly true."

"But it does not matter to me what you sell. I want home."

"Listen. Do you see yon old-looking woman bound hands and feet?"

"Well!"

"Thereby hangs a story, and a painful one. Look at her carefully. Would you suppose that twenty years ago she was as beautiful as my *Niña*?"

"Certainly not."

"Such was the case, however. Look to the east. Do you see in the distance yonder white *estancia*?"

“I do.”

“The owner of yon estancia is a certain Don Guillermo Robson, a young man, and a half-breed. Listen. About twenty-three years ago this tribe used to occupy these grounds, but government having purchased the land from the tribe, it moved further south. About this time a Scotchman, named John Robson, came to the place and settled down as sheep farmer. Sheep were then cheap, land on the Indian frontier could be had for the asking, and Robson, being a greedy, saving man, soon got to be wealthy. Our tribe, though it should have settled further south, still hung about their old hunting grounds, and Robson had the wise policy to remain on good terms with them. The chief had only one daughter, but had several sons. This daughter was beautiful, and Robson being a single man, his heart caught the flame, and nothing would do but to get her for his squaw. In vain the old chief protested, but Robson weighed down all the obstacles. At last it was finally agreed to give Cassandra, but she would require to be legally married—that is, married Indian fashion.

The ceremony at last took place, when Robson supplied food and drink in abundance. This smoothed matters, and secured to your countrymen strong allies. Time passed away, when the beautiful Cassandra gave birth to a noble-looking boy. Robson, with all his faults—and I understand he was a very selfish man—loved his little Guillermo with all a father's love; but it could be noticed, as the lad grew up, Cassandra was less thought of by her husband. The boy in turn loved his father, and it is possible he might have loved his mother as well, but he was studiously taught that the Indians were much inferior to his race, and that if he wished to rise in the world he would require to cut the connection. When he was about ten years of age he was sent home to Edinburgh to be educated. I don't know anything of his history there, but when about eighteen years of age he returned—a finished, educated, and selfish young man. Old Robson never tired speaking about his son—he was his all, the light of his life. Cassandra by this time was almost entirely neglected, and though allowed to remain on the estancia, she was considered by all as a poor slave who did

all the menial work. The poor woman, however, had a heart, and a heart that loved her son with an intensity none could understand. Her son scarcely acknowledged her, and when he did address her it was in a surly tone, which almost broke the poor woman's heart. She was willing to remain on the estancia, she was willing to do the meanest kind of work, if he would but speak to her. Was he not her son—bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. Did she not nurse him, and sing the songs of her tribe to hush him to sleep. Her plaintive look, the subdued expression into which grief and oppression had moulded her looks, had no effect on her son. She was allowed to remain on the place, but it could easily be seen that if she went back to her tribe it would be a great relief to both father and son.

When the son was about 22 years of age, old John Robson died, and left, by will, the whole of his wealth to his only son, Don Guillermo. In a country of this kind possession is never disputed when it is known that the son is really the son of the deceased. Lawful wedlock is never called in question. Cassandra now thought her son would recognise her position, but she was mistaken. Matters went on as usual till Don Guillermo brought from Buenos Ayres a lovely young woman, whom he introduced to one and all as Mrs. Robson. I never saw her, but I am told she is young and very beautiful, but very heartless. Poor Cassandra was overjoyed to see her son married, and to such a loving being, but she soon found out that the lovely women could sting to the quick. Guillermo had never told Julio, his wife, that his mother lived on the estancia, and when she found this out the imperious beauty demanded that she should be sent about her business at once. I have reason to believe that her husband was somewhat loath to put away the humble drudge—his mother. But Julio would listen to no other course. About fourteen days ago Cassandra was mounted on a horse, and, accompanied by two peons, appeared at our camps. Her brothers did not at first know her, but when they wormed the history out of her, one and all swore vengeance. Several times Cassandra tried to escape. I suppose she wished to warn his son of the danger that threatened him; and it is to frustrate this that she is now bound. Now,

Tim, this is a little incident by the way. I hope it will amuse you, and I hope you will accompany us to see the fun."

"I have been deeply interested in all you have told me ; but pray, Jim, why drag me into it? It would certainly hurt me very much with my employer."

"Not a bit. Listen—Don Guillermo, if left in the hands of the tribe, would be murdered for a certainty, and his fair bride would become the squaw of some one. Now, Tim, I know I am an awful dare-devil ; but, believe me, I do not wish to take away life. I have always avoided *that*. I want you to save Don Guillermo, and indirectly I will help you. The tribe is bent on calling him to account. I can't prevent this ; but you can and may help matters a bit."

"But really, Jim, why drag me into this fray? You have given one reason, but though it is a good one, I fail to see that I am justified in risking my reputation and my life."

"There is another reason—you are a prisoner."

"A prisoner !"

"Yes. But no harm is meant to you."

"Pray explain this riddle, Jim."

"It is easily done. Our people suspect that Don Guillermo is aware of our hostile intentions, and if such be the case he will send to you for help ; but as you know, if you are absent, and the Capataz del Campo absent, no one will stir. Perhaps you are not aware that you are *bound* to render help to the whites when the Indians make an invasion. I did not wish to mention this at first, but I hope you will see it to be the best policy to accompany us though you do not take an active part in the affair."

"When do you make the attack?"

"When the sun goes down."

"The moon will not rise till eleven."

"I know. We will send out a scout, who will find out if Don Guillermo suspects what we mean to be about. But I must go in and see what Niña is doing."

When Jim turned into his tent the shades of night were enclosing us gently. The sun had already dipped in the west, and the only trace of his departing glory was seen in the coloured clouds, which ever and anon changed their

colour. Now there are mountains of burnished gold; but in a few moments these would melt away and be followed by rivers of silver; quickly these would change, when sombre seas would be seen, and floating on their still bosoms stray clouds lit up with the departing rays of the sun, resembling at times some stately ship. No sooner did the imagination convert the tinted sky into mountains, seas, and ships, than it suddenly changed. A grey mist would pass o'er the scene, then deepen into darkness. Wave after wave chased away the lingering light in the western sky, and in a short time darkness reigned supreme. On the night in question few stars appeared—indeed it was so dark that I could scarcely see Jim's tent, though I was within a few yards of it. I now began to feel very cold, and to keep up the circulation I had to walk smartly about, for I had not my poncho with me. Though I had my liberty to walk about, I was closely watched, for when I went out into the darkness I never failed to find four dusky warriors at my side. I saw it would be foolish to try to escape, so being tired going about I sat down beside a dusky form without knowing who it was. How still everything was. As I was sitting thinking over my peculiar position, a voice quite close to me whispered—

“Cut the sogá, senor?”

“Porque, senora?” (Why.)

“Cut the sogá, senor, quick.”

In a moment it flashed through my mind that it was poor Cassandra who was speaking to me. In a quick whisper, full of eager desire, she again said—

“Por el amor de Dios cortar la sogá.”

“Su Nombre, senora?”

“Cassandra Robson!”

The poor woman was securely tied hands and feet with pieces of raw hide. I had no hesitation in coming to the poor woman's aid. No doubt her son was to blame, but he had a bad adviser, and perhaps he would learn a lesson from that night. Cassandra whispered to me that she wanted to warn her son of his danger. Unseen by any, I slipped my knife down and severed her bonds. Cassandra, when she found that she was free, lay for a few minutes still as death.

Slowly she, in a serpent-like style, crawled from the place till she was lost in the darkness. When she was gone, I slipped to another part of the camp and lay down. I must have fallen into a sleep, for on a sudden the camp was up and in the greatest state of excitement. The scout had returned, and now all the warriors were on their feet, armed and ready for the road. Jim was giving direction how to proceed, and as we were about to march he came up to me and said—

“Don Guillermo does not expect us, so we will have an easy conquest. It will go hard with the young man, but I will do all I can to save him. Plunder is my object, and I don't disguise it. There is your horse, Tim, so you can mount and ride by my side.”

The moment I had got in my saddle the air was rent with a great cry, and the burden of the cry was—Cassandra had escaped !

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A SKIRMISH WITH THE INDIANS.

TO say that I was not afraid when I heard the shout that Cassandra had escaped, would be untrue. I was afraid; and taking advantage of the darkness, I slipped from the throng, and moved quietly towards Don Guillermo's estancia. I had not gone many yards when a rider came up to me; but my heart bounded with joy when I found it was Don Roberto, my capataz. We could yet see the dim outline of the warriors, rushing backwards and forwards, and momentarily we anticipated being found out; but we kept steadily on, and could only know where they were from their shouting. Owing to the grass being very thick, our horses were not heard, and trusting to this we put them to the gallop, and were soon out of reach. I was truly thankful we had so escaped; but up to this time I had not made up my mind how to act. A moment or two's reflection soon decided me.

"Don Roberto, could you find your way to the estancia?"

"Which, senor?"

"Our estancia."

"Certainly."

"How can you manage it?"

"I have only this moment passed the arroyo, which leads to our place, and being nearly dry, I will keep to the bed of the river."

"How could I find my way to Don Guillermo's?"

"Easily. The same arroyo passes his estancia. You would require to go east, while I would go west."

We then sought out the arroyo in question, and easily found it.

"Don Roberto, haste to the estancia, and gather all hands

together. It is possible that these fiends may attack us after they have done with Don Guillermo's.

"And do you not intend coming along with me?"

"No, I think not. It is my duty to apprise Don Guillermo of his danger, and to help him if he needs my help. Should anything go wrong you can explain matters to Don Juan."

I parted from my capataz, and applying the spurs to my horse I hied to the white estancia. Half-an-hour's hard riding brought me to a monté. This I was sure was Don Guillermo's place, so leaving the arroyo, I went up to the patio and cried—

"Ave Maria."

No answer.

Again I shouted, "Ave Marie."

Still no answer.

What could this mean? Not a light could be seen. How quiet everything was. I was afraid to dismount, for the law of the country is, if a man-rider dismounts without being asked, he is liable to be shot. I was quite nonplussed. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves of the grim ombu trees that stood like giant sentries at the entrance of the patio. I thought and thought over a plan to attract attention, for I felt convinced that some one was in the house. At last I cried out in English—for Don Guillermo understood English as well as myself—

"Are you not at home, Don Guillermo? I came to warn you of your danger. The Indians are on their way to murder you. I am major-domo of Don Juan Inez's estancia, and your friend. For the love of God make your appearance."

I had no sooner done speaking than a figure flitted before me, and a voice close at hand said—

"I am Don Guillermo. Pray dismount."

I did so with alacrity, and was about to tie my horse up, when Don Guillermo said—

"Let your horse go home, he will easily find his way in the darkness. If you tied him up they would ease you of him. He will be in his manada in half-an-hour; and in the morning, if it please God to spare you, I will give you one to take you home."

No sooner was my horse free than it looked around, and having ascertained its bearings, made straight for home. Don Guillermo took me to his house, where I found all his peons—in short, the sala was quite crowded with people. Candles, the only light used, were lit up in every part of the room. Taking me by the hand he led me to a small room off the sala, when I was introduced to Senora Doña Julio Robson. In a few words I will describe the lovely but terrified pair who stood before me.

Don Guillermo would be about twenty-five years of age. He was tall, standing about six feet two inches. His hair was dark; his eyes were large, and burned like two pieces of coal; his features were decidedly handsome, and to my mind, the Indian blood, which could easily be seen, improved his looks. His dress was the dress of the country, but rich though plain, and sat well upon him. His features denoted a strong will, and his compressed thin lips indicated that he was not a man to be trifled with.

The senora was born in Buenos Ayres, though of Spanish parents. I think I never saw lovelier features, though there was a hardness about them I did not like. She was not tall—rather under the usual size—but she was gracefully formed, and her manners were charming. I am sure she would not be over seventeen years of age, but though young she had a matronly air about her which suited her well. The senora did not understand a word of English, so our conversation was carried on in Spanish.

I had not been in their company more than two minutes when I told Don Guillermo that he would require to provide for the safety of the ladies. Julio's sister was on a visit, and was also present.

"Would they not be safe on the top of the house, Mr. Gordon?"

"Certainly not. What if they set fire to the house? Your *monté* is large."

"Yes, but I don't think it would be a safe place to put them."

"Have you not an outhouse in the *Monté*?"

"Not one. Stay; I have it; but don't say a word to Julio. I will put them in my father's grave. His body is

not there now, and the place is open and quite dry. It is built of brick, and I noticed—for I happened to pass it this morning—that it was lined with dry grass."

"Then let us put them there at once."

The ladies were anxious to go to a place of safety, but I noticed that Julio lagged behind, and wept as she leaned on her husband's arm.

In a few minutes we had them safely hidden in the vault.

Once more we returned to the house with the object of clearing it out, and appointing to each their several duties. When the sala was cleared out, I noticed a dark bundle below a sofa. What could it be? It moved! Calling Don Guillermo's attention to it, he said he believed it was the old woman who brought him word.

"You mean Cassandra?"

"You know her, Mr. Gordon?"

"I happen to know your history, sir, and I must insist that your mother be placed along with the others. There is not a moment to lose. It must be done."

"Pardon me, Mr. Gordon, you are in the right. If I had done my duty this would not have befallen me."

"Mi madre" (mother).

The moment the poor woman heard her son calling on her, she sprang from her place of concealment, and taking him by the hand, she covered it with kisses; and while she wept and kissed his hand, she cried—

"My son, my morning light, never mind me. Fly my son. You are dearer to me than life. I am the withered trunk—you are the green branch. You must not die, my son. You lay on this bosom once. When a child you smiled on me. I shielded you from every danger, and your mother will protect you now. Can Cassandra fight? Rob the tigress of her cubs; will she fawn on you? No! I cannot hide, Guillermo, while you are in danger. While I fight for you I am protecting myself, for you are dearer to me than life. Do not put me away, my son. I will be of some use."

"What do you think, Mr. Gordon?" said Don Guillermo.

"She might be of some use."

"I will, caballero. I will watch they do not approach the hiding-place of my son's wife."

It was agreed to allow Cassandra to shift for herself, though I had my misgivings about it.

I may mention that every estancia has got small cannons about the place. At one time they were always kept loaded, but as the Indians went further south, and were less troublesome when they came north on a visit, the cannons were laid aside, and in many instances they were lost. I was much pleased to find that Don Guillermo had three—the smallest one being a tidy little brass piece, which was kept by way of ornament in the verandah. We found we had plenty of powder, but no shot. Here was a fearful blunder. Luckily, when searching for shot, I came upon a bag of rivets, which are used for clasping the hoops of the wool bales. The very thing. We soon had the three pieces loaded to the muzzle with grape shot; and woe betide those who faced the fire.

All our preparations were carried on with the greatest of caution. Now and then we stopped to listen; besides, we had four peons out to warn us.

We were now quite ready for them. All the peons had guns with rivets for shot. Cassandra was on the outlook—her son informed me that she would detect their approach quicker than any other. Fortunately, or unfortunately, it commenced to rain; and the few stars which shone dimly now disappeared. It was so very dark that I could not distinguish Don Guillermo's features, though he walked by my side.

While both of us were walking up and down the patio, a voice whispered softly, "They are coming."

"Which way, mother?"

"Right before you. They are within a short distance."

Don Guillermo at once put his ear to the ground, and listened intently for some time. Rising up, he said to me, "They are very near. I am sure they have tied their horses at the outside of the monté, and they come on foot. Get the cannon ready, Mr. Gordon, and in the name of God let us fire."

Cassandra took it upon herself to ascertain their exact position. In a few minutes she returned, and told us they were all gathered in the rincón of the estancia, and were preparing for an assault. We had not a moment to lose.

Don Guillermo knew the place better than I, so he pointed the cannon for the rincón and told me to fire. The old piece did its duty. After the report there came a terrible cry of terror and pain. The flash of the piece lit up the whole place. In a moment we had the other piece bearing on the same spot, and again fired. The report was followed up with another awful cry—methinks I hear it still. We had the small brass piece left for an emergency. Our men who had been on the outlook now came in, when we placed them to guard the house. Cassandra again approached us, and volunteered to find out what they were doing. Her son took her by the hand and would not let her go. Poor thing, she was cold and wet, but go she would. Again she returned, and told us they had left, but she thought they intended to attack the house from the monté. We asked her if she found any dead, but she could not approach near enough to see. Again the mother went out to spy their proceedings, and was so long absent that we feared she had been taken; but just as we were despairing, she glided to our side and told us they were slowly coming down the avenue in the monté, directly opposite the house.

By this time we had the two old pieces re-loaded, and when we found out where the Indians were, we got them conveyed to a position that would sweep the whole avenue. We were not a moment too soon. Again the cannon belched out, and told a fearful tale. I was sick at heart, but I knew that we had to fight *now* if we wished to save our own lives. Silence again prevailed. Again our faithful scout went out, and came back with the cheering intelligence that a few men had ridden away, but she could not say if any remained behind. Shortly after this the moon appeared, and though dark clouds hurried over it, it gave sufficient light to show the fearful havoc we had made.

During the long night we kept a careful watch, but were not disturbed again. At last the streak of dawn appeared in the east, and in a short time the glorious sun himself, fresh and beautiful, climbed the heavens. Having satisfied ourselves that no living person was near, we set the ladies free, who were haggard and pale. We next visited the battle field. What a sight! Over forty bodies lay without life,

and a few still breathed. Was Jim amongst them? Curious to know, I searched among the dead, and, lying under a hedge, I found Jim dead, and by his side lay the beautiful form of Niña! At first I thought that both were dead, but such was not the case. I had no sooner satisfied myself that it was Jim, than Niña sprang to her feet, and, drawing a knife from her faja, made a plunge at me. I cannot understand even yet how I moved aside with such agility, but had I not done so, I would have been numbered with the slain. When Niña saw she had failed, she drew herself up and addressed me in passionate language, frequently beating her heart while she spoke; but I did not understand one word she said. I pitied the poor thing, and would have helped her, but I saw it would be useless. After having addressed me, she looked down at the calm and beautiful features of him she loved, and, savage as she was, knelt at his side, and kissed his cold, cold lips, while her warm tears fell on his stony features. Taking off her poncho, she threw it over Jim, and, taking a lingering look at his form, she left, and I never saw her more.

Don Guillermo sent a peon to the alcalde of the district, who sent carts and took all the dead bodies away.

And so ended my first and last fight with the Indians. The government, to prevent the like occurring again, sent out a number of soldiers, which had the desired effect. Don Guillermo took his mother home, and became to her a dutiful son. Cassandra and I became great friends. Julio acknowledged her mother-in-law, and received kindness from her hands.

CHAPTER XL.

CAMP LIFE.

THE reader must suppose that three years had glided away since my encounter with the Indians. During that time I had seen Camila three times, and the last time I saw her we arrived at a clear understanding about our future prospects. Camila advised me to speak to her father. Don Pedro received me with every mark of affection, and after a long interview, he said—

“I anticipated that Camila would have arrived higher in the social scale; but frankly, Tim, if you had money and position, I would prefer you to all others. As matters stand, I accept you as my son-in-law, only you must have patience. Don Juan has not any family—indeed, I have reason to believe he has few relations, so that you have a fair chance of coming in for something. Over and over again he has told me you are his right hand man, and he would not want your services; and if you get married he will see that you are provided for. Keep to Don Juan. Act as you have done in the past and you will get on.”

“Don Pedro, Don Juan has a large house, and I am the only occupant. Now that you have made up your mind that we should be one, why delay?”

“I cannot part with Camila just now, Tim. Wait for two years longer, and she will be yours.”

“It is a long time, Don Pedro.”

“Yes, Tim, to look forward to two years seems a long time, but it flies away, alas! too soon.”

Such was Don Pedro's reasoning, and I had to be content to abide by his decision.

Camila had little to say. She was too good a daughter to gainsay her father, and when I urged upon her to reason the matter with him, she quietly said—

“Tim, dear, if I consulted my own heart I would go with you now. I feel your destiny is mine, that your happiness is mine—in short, love, I feel you are part of myself, but on the other hand, I know the great and tender love of my father’s heart, and can feel for him. He will part with me—he has promised to do so in two years—and should he fail to keep his promise, then I will do all you want. And, now, Tim, farewell. Send word to me often, for your letters are like the bright dawn of the morning to me.”

It was with a light heart I rode back to my place after this interview. Barney accompanied me a long piece on the way; and as the reader may like to get a glimpse of this faithful fellow, I will allow him once more to speak.

“Are you happy, Barney, where you are?”

“Happy, did you say? I was never happier in my life. Tim, my boy, Camila is an angel. If she had wings she would be complete. You are a lucky boy, Tim. I hope the good God will preserve you, and that you may be happy.”

“Camila has not a bit of pride. Since she has learned English she is all chat, and she will laugh so merrily that one is compelled to laugh with her. Why, only last night she tould me to catch a turkey. ‘Wait,’ I says, ‘till it is night, when I will catch it, my darlant.’ ‘Oh, no,’ she says, ‘I want it now.’ ‘But how can I catch it?’ ‘By running after it,’ she says. ‘But the turkey can run quicker than me.’ ‘Yes,’ she says, ‘but lasso it.’ ‘Deed, I never thought of that.’ ‘I’ll help you to catch it.’ ‘Will you,’ I says. ‘I will; so come along, Barney.’ Now, Tim, I got hold of a lasso, and commenced the chase. The turkey went round the house with the greatest of ease, while I was puffing and blowing like an old porpoise. How Camila laughed at my exertions. To tell you the truth, Tim, I got a little angry, and when the dear crathur saw this she helped in the hunt; and to see both of us blowing—Camila with blooming cheeks and laughing eyes, and her beautiful hair all down, covering her shoulders, while I stood now and then to wipe my face, and clean my eyes—it would have done you good.”

"And did you catch it."

"In troth *she* did, but I didn't. She took the lasso from me, and in the first throw she had it taut."

"Have you any strangers at the place, Barney?"

"Whist my darlant. Every now and then we have some, and all after Camila, but she seldom sees them, and if compelled to appear, you would not credit how she acts. You have won her, Tim, and I believe though you had searched the whole of the ould country you would not have found one with such a pure, loving, and true heart as Camila."

"Many thanks, Barney, for your good opinion. You are now one of us, and I hope we will never part."

"How warm it is, Tim. Suppose we dismount here and ease our horses a bit, while we could refresh the inner man."

Barney had his bottle with him, and in honour of my coming or leaving, he had been supplied with an extra bottle of caña. We sat long, and chatted about the loved ones we we had left. We drank the health of Madame, Don Pedro, Camila, the old country, and to the memory of one who for long had lain beneath the sod, but in the rugged breast of the old man whose memory was as green as the day they parted.

At last we parted, I for my solitary home south, and Barney for the home I would fain have called mine.

After my return from Don Pedro's, the shearing season commenced, but as I have fully described this process already, I will take up the remainder of this chapter by describing a bullock hunt on the prairie.

In the sheep-shearing time, a large number of hands are employed, and as it saves time, and gives more satisfaction to the men, a young bullock is generally killed every morning. No one, however, not even the capataz, can take this liberty without the sanction of the proprietor or major-domo. Mutton is the recognised food in the Camps, so that beef comes to be a luxury to the men.

About ten o'clock in the morning I generally went to the capataz, and rode out with him to the herd, and selected the one to be killed. We came back, when he made his arrangements to get the animal caught and killed. A peon is selected—and he is very proud of the honour—to lasso

the animal. The manada is brought in, when his favourite horse is caught, one tamed for such work. He very carefully puts on the camp saddle, called recado, and after he has made all sure, he vaults on the horse's back and rides up to the estancia. A lasso is then handed to him, the end of which he secures to the recado. He then coils up the lasso, holding the coil in the left hand, while with his right hand he holds the other end, which has a large loop intended for the animal's neck or horns. He guides his horse by giving it a touch on the neck. Before he leaves, the natives badger the peon that he will miss the first throw. Some will bet that he will miss, and it often happens that large bets are made on the throw. The peon, however, takes all in good part, and taking good-bye, he flies off on his willing steed. To let those on the estancia see the throw, he is supposed to drive the herd close to it. This also saves dragging the dead carcass a long distance. He at once makes for the animal selected, and it is astonishing how it comes to know that it is wanted. Feeling itself chased, off it starts from the herd with double speed. Now the horse's metal is tried, and well does it understand its work. The object of the peon is to get round it, and turn it towards the estancia. Ere he can manage this he has hard work, but it has to be done. Once the bullock is making for the house, he sees that his lasso is all right. The bullock by this time is getting a little blown, so the horse creeps up to it. Nearer the rider comes, and standing in his stirrups he feels his way. At this point all the native peons on the estancia have got their eyes fixed on the hunt. The rider knows this well, and is careful not to make a blunder. Again he stands up in his stirrups, and swings the loop over his head, but a swerve made by the animal has spoiled his aim—he won't risk the throw. He stands up again, he swings his lasso, and this time the loop is circling in the air, like a large hoop, and falls with unerring aim on the horns of the bullock. The horse sees that the deed is done, and gallops closer to the animal, then makes a stand, putting out its feet to withstand the shock. The animal, feeling a something on its head, rushes blindly on, but when it gets the full length of the lasso, it is caught up, and makes generally a neat fall. Now its temper is

fully up—in a moment it is on its feet, rushing away in another direction. Again it is brought down. This is repeated perhaps five or six times, till at last it stands facing the horse, the lasso being taut. The rider now comes off his horse, and cautiously makes for the bullock. The horse is now doubly watchful, but it knows its duty so well that the owner has no fear. Sometimes, as the peon approaches the animal it will fly off, perhaps in the direction of the horse. The horse keeps out of the way, and withstands the shock it gets. Again the peon goes warily up, with his huge glittering facon in his hand. Nearer and nearer he gets. His facon is as sharp as a razor, and if once he gets near enough the work will soon be finished. At last he stretches out his arm and hamstring one leg. The animal feels the wound and tries to make off, but its leg snaps, when it is compelled to stand still. The lasso is still tight, and having less fear, he creeps up and plunges his facon in the neck of the bullock. The horse—and this is the amusing part of the scene—knows full well that the fight is over, for it will slowly come up to the carcase and have a look at it. In a few minutes it is dead, and the peon again vaults into the saddle and drags it up to the patio. One might think, according to my description, that it takes a long time to do the work, but from the time the peon goes out till he comes back it should not be more than twenty minutes.

Two peons set to work and skin it. This is soon done, and in a few minutes the quivering flesh is roasting over the fire. All then get seated to enjoy their morning meal, which forty minutes before was grazing peacefully on the prairie.

At first I thought this style of catching their breakfast was very cruel, but in time I got used to it, and enjoyed the hunt as much as any native. Frequently I tried the lasso, but I never could do what a native could. From their infancy they are familiar with it. I have often seen naked little children with a piece of cord lasso the poultry going about the house, and in doing it they would show a vast amount of skill.

CHAPTER XLI.

JOHN SMITH, THE SCOTCHMAN.

ONE Sunday morning after I had got my washing done, I set about my usual mendings; and just as I was engaged in a delicate piece of workmanship on a pair of trousers, my needle broke. Such an event at home is a very small matter, but the breaking of a needle in the Camps—especially if it is the last—is a very serious matter indeed. Needles are hidden by the peons as if they were diamonds; and, unless one is the special friend of a peon who is the happy possessor of a stock, there is little use in asking the loan of one. When my needle broke, I thought I had a spare one, so I searched and searched, but none could be found. I went round the hands to see if they would oblige me with one, but all said they had not any; if they had, they would have great pleasure indeed in making me a present of their stock. Of course, I knew the full value of what they said, and seemingly swallowed all for being truth. “Could I not make a needle?” This I have done, but the experiment cost me so much toil, and the result arrived at was not at all satisfactory. I was loath to make another attempt. The usual plan adopted to make a needle is very simple, and some experts make all they need. A large common pin is selected, when the head is cut off. The top of the pin is then hammered till it is hard and thin. A small hole is then easily bored through. A file is then used to file the pin narrow again. The natives often use this needle, but of course they are not equal to Birmingham make.

When I found I had broken my needle, and saw that I could not pick up one, I ordered my horse—“Bob” I called him—to be caught and saddled. This was soon done, and

in a few minutes I was on my way to the White Store (*palpera blanca*) which lay twelve miles north of Don Juan's estancia. Twenty-four miles' ride for a needle was a long distance, but on the plains when an article is urgently needed this journey has often to be taken. It was not my intention to go out that Sunday, but when out, I made up my mind to call on John Smith. John Smith was a very intimate friend of mine, and had been so since I left Don Pedro's. As I pen this, methinks I see him before me. John was tall, about six feet two inches in height. At the time I knew him he would be about sixty-five years of age. His hair was a coarse mixture of black and white, or what is generally termed an "iron grey." His face was innocent of whiskers: for every Wednesday and Saturday morning John went through the operation of shaving as carefully as if he lived in town. I have said John was tall, but I should have added that he was equal in proportion, and when young he must have been a powerful man. During the time I knew him he had always one kind of clothing, and that consisted of black moleskin. When he went to Buenos Ayres—and he took this journey twice in the year—he put on his best moleskins with horn buttons, and capped his head with a real Kilmarnock bonnet, with a huge red ball nodding in the centre of it. John was a Scotchman, but when only sixteen years of age he had left the quiet village of Cumbernauld, where he was born, and emigrated to the Camps of South America. His father died shortly after he landed, and hands being scarce, young John had little difficulty in obtaining work, though the pay was not great. His mother—he was an only child—married not long after his father's death, but she was very unfortunate in her second and rash venture. His mother was cruelly treated, and this becoming known to John, he went to his father-in-law to give him a bit of his mind. The father-in-law, not relishing this interference, ordered him out of the house; and John, hinting that he would leave when he had a mind, his relation commenced to use force, but he found he had caught a tartar in the young giant. Feeling for his mother's wrongs, and having no sympathy for her husband, he rushed on him, and ere he could be dragged out of the house, he had nearly killed his

unfortunate relative. Being fully determined not to leave his mother behind him, he procured a horse, and took her to his humble hut. A short time after this her husband appeared at the *puesta* and ordered his wife home. John's blood boiled at such a fellow calling his mother *his* wife, and as his language was insulting to both, he could not help being at him again. The father-in-law had provided himself with a pistol, and as John came forward, he fired it at his head, but the powder flashed in the pan, and ere he could prime again he was felled to the ground. Again his relation, a sadder if not a wiser man, left, and a short time after this he was gratified to learn that death had claimed him in a legitimate manner. Smith being a pushing lad, took every opportunity of making money, and ere he was thirty years of age he was owner of a fine *estancia*, the husband of a charming wife, and the father of two lovely children. At this time sheep farmers got a good price for their wool, and land being cheap, they could not help making money. Finding the battle won, John turned his attention to horticulture, and having a decided genius for this branch of industry, in a few years he had the finest garden in the country. His peaches were the largest and finest to be got. His apples were eagerly sought after; in short, he grew every kind of fruit, and the soil being the finest in the world, it all grew to perfection. Surrounded with every comfort, and having sufficient for his simple tastes, John's days glided contentedly away. Mrs. Smith—she must have been a very exemplary woman—brought up a large family, and was careful to give them a religious training; for, strange to say, *all* her family turned out well. Just when she considered she had fought her battle, and should have enjoyed the twilight of life in peace, she was called home. This was a heavy blow to the good man. For a year he never entered his garden, but wandered aimlessly about, as if in search of something which he could never find. His children knew too well the deep sorrow of their dear father, and never called in question his strange whims, or his sudden bursts of anger. Reason, however, asserted its sway, and in time his children were pleased to see him returning to his favourite pursuits, believing—and they were correct—if his mind once more was

occupied he would soon be himself again. When I made the acquaintance of old John, it would be about six years after his wife's death. Though he left his native home when very young, I never knew a man who loved his country better than old John Smith. When he knew that I was born in Wattstown, a place near Cumbernauld, he actually danced with delight. He put a thousand questions to me, and the first time I was in his company I had to remain all night. The following morning he was at my bedside asking questions about "hame," as he called it. Very fortunately for me, I knew Cumbernauld well, and more fortunate still, I knew some of the old people he knew. The old man wept like a child when I mentioned the names of some. John had one peculiarity—it was certainly a weakness, but a harmless one—and that was, using the Scotch tongue. To hear him speaking, one would have thought he had been newly imported from the Main Street of his native town and set down in the Camps. His dialect was perfect; indeed, some of the Scotch words he used puzzled me at times to make their meaning out. At the time of my visit he had still two stalwart sons and one charming daughter living with him. Maggie would be about twenty-two years of age, and was courted by many a farmer, who would have given much to have claimed her hand. Willie and Sandy—for the father never called them William or Alexander—were tall, noble-looking fellows, and without pride. To have the father's friendship was to have theirs. They had every faith in their parent, and this could be seen as they listened to him when he was talking on subjects of general interest. The estancia was not like other estancias. It had all the appearance of one of our Scottish homesteads. The kitchen was large, and had—what is rarely seen in that country—a large open fireplace. In the corner there ticked a brass-faced old "grandfather's clock," and Maggie—it was a wonderful piece of furniture to her—had its face shining like burnished gold. It was a striking object in the kitchen, for when the sun with its bright rays struck upon its old face, it put everything else in the kitchen in the shade. It was *the* piece of furniture, the only connecting link of home. "Ye may laugh, Maister Gordon, but my heart gangs a wee

swaft-like as I think that that same clock ticked, ticked the same in my ain hame auchty years sin' as it is daein' noo." Off the kitchen was a room with set-in bed, a table in the centre, and on the table a neat bouquet of flowers, which refreshed one as they entered the room. Everything had the appearance of home, and on a winter's evening, as we were all seated round the fire, it was hard to bring the mind to think we were in the centre of the prairies, and that the Indians were within a few miles of us. Such, then, was the friend I intended to visit when on my way to the Palperia Blanca.

Bob was in splendid condition when I set out, and starting at full gallop, in less than an hour I was standing before Caledonia Farm, shouting out "Ave Maria." In less than a minute John made his appearance, and looked keenly at me; but in a moment, seeing who it was, he cried out as he came running towards me—

"I am astonished at you, Maister Gordon, shouting out Ave Maria on the Lord's day. Ye ken weel, man, we are a' glad tae see ye; glad, did I say, aye, sir, glad as the dried earth is o' the rain o' heaven. Come off, come off, and dinna sit there. I see ye are glad tae see me, for your faae is a' sunshine, sae you heart maun be glad. We ha'e jist got ower the morning's worship, an' for your ain sake, Maister Gordon, I wad ha'e liked if you had been wi' us sooner. Tie up the beastie, and we will attend to him in a wee."

In the large kitchen I found Sandy and Willie, and quietly going about the house was Maggie. They were all dressed in their best, while John had on his Sunday mole-skirts. I noticed lying upon the table the big ha' Bible, and on the page the spectacles (horn ones), which belonged to the head of the house. When I visited this good man's house, I always felt the better of the visit. I was morally strengthened, and saw wickedness in its true light, and was able to withstand temptation with greater firmness when assailed by it. There was no romance in visiting such a house. Our conversation was not of hairbreadth escapes with Indians, though such tales could have been told. John, of course, took the lead, while his children most respectfully would sit and listen, and only speak when asked a question,

or ask one for the sake of information. John was strong on the church, though he could only worship in one twice in the year, and that was when he was in Buenos Ayres, when he took the opportunity of hearing the Rev. Mr. Smith of the Scotch church there. I waited till dinner time, one o'clock, when I had dinner, after which I rose to leave.

I need not trouble my readers with the conversation that passed. My object in bringing up John Smith was only to show that the salt has not lost its savour on the dreary plains of the Far West. The old man was one of my best friends, and to him I could unburden my whole mind. I told him my connection with Camila, and very fortunately he knew Don Pedro, and warmly advised me to secure my prize. Poor good man. About six years after my visit—this particular visit—his house was surrounded during the night by the Indians, when he was dragged out of bed and murdered along with the fair Maggie, who went to rescue her aged father. Unfortunately the two sons were from home, and the Indians, taking advantage of this, secured an easy prize. I was not with Don Juan then, but I heard of the horrible deed two days after, and formed one of the gang who revenged the awful deed, and revenge it they did. Sandy and Willie were mad. They gave no rest to their eyelids till they had revenge, and deep they took it. Fifty of us were mounted, each with a spare horse, revolvers and swords. On we pushed south, but though we met traces of them we could not find them. On we pushed, determined to find them out, though we should enter Patagonia. At last we sighted the Rio Negro river, where we found over a hundred Indians with their plunder. Sandy and Willie were eager to commence at once, though the horses were tired and in bad condition for much fatigue. Fortunately or unfortunately for me, my horse fell into a hole, when I was thrown, and was unable to rise. At the time I was exceedingly annoyed at this, but two of my friends seeing my bad condition carried me to a place of safety, from which I was able to leave the following day. My accident did not, however, impede the eager desire of my friends to fall on the Indians, and they, having their plunder to fight for, showed fight, and fought like demons. Nothing could, however,

withstand the impetuosity of the settlers. On they rushed like a mighty avalanche, and having a superiority of weapons, the Indians fell on all sides. At last the remainder lost their stoic disposition and cried for quarter, and the more humane of the settlers were willing to let them go; but the sons of the old man, reeking hot with the blood of their victims, and waving their red-dyed hands, cried out—

“No quarter for murderers of old men and women—they must die, though we are left alone to do it. Think, men, of our once happy home, and think of her we have for ever lost. God cannot blame us—we sin not in exterminating such a race of men. If we do not cut them off now, they will murder our helpless wives and families again. They must die now. They must all die ere the sun sinks in the west. Think of John Smith you all loved, and who befriended you all; and oh! think of her who tried to save him and lost her life by doing so. On men, on! Right is on our side—they must all die.”

With a ringing cheer the most of them rushed on the helpless victims, and in a short time all the hundred warriors who were singing songs of their heroic deeds by the banks of the Rio Negro, were now food for the vultures, which were already hovering near. Fully satiated, the settlers secured all the horses belonging to the Indians, and a number of them being wounded, they passed the night in the Camps, and the following day, having got from a Welsh settler, near Bahia Blanca, a bullock cart, all left the field with the re-captured plunder.

A short time after this I called on Willie and Sandy, and they told me the home of their youth, the home where they had been so happy, was now so distasteful to them that they had made up their minds to dispose of it as soon as possible. The fame of old John's garden brought in many offers, one of which was accepted, so that Caledonia Farm at the present day is in the hands of strangers.

Sandy and Willie rented a sheep farm near Chascomus, and this being in the market after a time, one of the brothers purchased it, and at the same time he got married; but ever since the murder of their father and sister both were greatly changed. They were no longer the frank, generous men;

they were gloomy and taciturn ; though when I gave them a visit, which I did always once in the year, I received a warm and hearty welcome. Such, then, was the man—John Smith—I paid a visit to on Sunday morning when I went to the Palperia Blanca. His fate was a sad one; but though many white settlers have lost their lives since, and in a great many instances by their own carelessness, the excitement soon dies away. When a gross murder is committed a great rush is made for revolvers, but at times these weapons are allowed to lie and rust for the want of being looked after, and when needed they are not of any use.

CHAPTER XLII.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

WHEN I arrived at the palperia it was well on in the afternoon. Few people were there, but those who remained were intoxicated. While I was in the palperia, three natives of a low and vulgar caste sat down on the benches before the door. This was nothing new, so I paid little heed to them. Presently, one of them, having a guitar, struck up a tune, while they all sung the praises of Englishmen, and of me in particular. This was done to elicit money or drink—in short, the singers were beggars of a certain class, but they were so bare-faced with their begging that it required a great amount of moral courage to deny them. I had a thorough contempt for the scoundrels, and made up my mind, though they sang my praises till midnight, they would not get a peso from me. The songs these gentlemen beggars sing are extempore, and run something like the following:—

The English are very rich,
And very fond of wine,
(Twang, twang);
The English are gentlemen,
And other people's swine!
(Twang, twang).

This Englishman is beautiful,
His heart is good and true,
(Twang, twang);
He never drinks his glass of wine
As other people do.
(Twang, twang)

He bids us all to taste a glass—

Sometimes two or three,

(Twang, twang);

And pays it all—for he is rich;

There's few like him we see.

(Twang, twang).

And should he a little money get,

His pesos he will give,

(Twang, twang);

And we will sing to him all day,

As long as we shall live.

(Twang, twang).

Such are the doggerel verses these men pour out into the ears of the English. Some cannot withstand the compliments, and are foolish enough to give them wine and money, but I had such a thorough contempt for them that I never gave them anything. When at the store I had made several purchases, and as I was about to leave, I told the storeman to give me a glass of *vino seco*. This was soon put upon the counter, but ere I could touch it one of the minstrels stepped forward, and in a moment had it over his throat.

This was cool, but I did not say anything. I ordered another glass—tumbler I should say. No sooner was it placed upon the counter, than the same lout came forward and whipped it up. I felt the blood tingling all over my body, and, with right goodwill, I could have felled the fool; but I restrained myself, and only said—

“Why take my wine? I did not offer you any. Don't do so again.”

The Spaniard saw I was angry, but he only smiled and resumed his seat, when they all struck up—

“The English are very rich,” &c., &c.

Again I called for another glass of *vino seco*, but as it touched the counter, up sprang another and drank it off! I could no longer control myself, so in a moment I felled the scoundrel to the ground. I saw my mistake as soon as I had done it, but it was now too late. Very unfortunately I had not my revolver with me—only a short whip, and this could do little in the way of defence. The man who received the blow in a moment sprang to his feet, and, drawing his facon, rushed at me. The other two, seeing how matters

stood, and, being inflamed with wine, also rushed on me. What could I do? I soon made up my mind, and that was to clear out and mount "Bob." Once on his back I would be safe. Very fortunately for me, as the three were making frantic efforts to close, two of them fell over a form, and, dealing the third a stiff blow on the head, which seemed to confound him a bit, I cleared out and at once made for my horse, which was tied to a post close to the palperia. The moment I got on Bob's back I felt I was safe, for my horse was the swiftest in the partido, though I was too heavy for him. Soon I was scudding on my way, and well did Bob maintain his character. He knew that something was up, so he laid his ears back, put his head out, and tore over the ground at a fearful rate. When about a mile from the palperia I turned round, and, as I expected, the three were after me! Now for it, I thought; "wire in, Bob, and save your master's life." I did not use the whip, for Bob was doing his very best. Another mile would be cleared when I again turned round, and was pleased to find that I was gaining ground. On, on we flew; but poor Bob, when about half way, commenced to flag. At first he had the best of the race, but it was now clear to me he was losing fast. I did not strike him—I did not urge him on—I could easily see that the poor animal was doing all he could, and to urge him beyond his strength might lead to something serious. My pursuers, who were well mounted on broad-chested horses, were fast closing upon me. I could see them striking their horses with their facons, and heard them yelling at a fearful rate. On they came; nearer and nearer they crept up, till I saw there was no hope. Though I saw my case was a hopeless one, I still continued on my way, trusting in Him who over-rules all.

In my time I have faced death in many a form, but in this instance I felt cowed—I felt my nerve and confidence give way. If I had but a knife I would have turned on them and chanced the three, but even this weapon I had not got. As I rode on, and looked up to the spotless sky, it suddenly changed into blood. The waving prairie before me changed its colour—it was now red. At times everything would assume its natural appearance, and as this change

came I would glance behind me. I saw there was not a chance of escape—no door seemed to open up.

When the Spaniards would be about four hundred yards behind me, an idea, like a flash of lightning, came into my mind. "I will do it," I cried. Right before me there was an arroyo (small river), the banks of which were very steep. Would Bob leap it? I would try him. I may mention that I had accustomed my horse to leaping, and bravely he would take a fence, and seemed to enjoy the fun as much as I did. It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, that a prairie horse will not leap over wire a foot from the ground. They have got no idea of leaping a fence no matter how small it may be. I knew this, and it determined me to try Bob with the arroyo. I was not disappointed with my poor horse. Tired as he was, he did not hesitate a moment, but sprang into the river. Fortunately it was dry, but his hoofs sank deep in the sand. Ere he came to himself, the three Spaniards came up, and seeing me crawling up the other side, urged their horses to take the leap, but they would not. Mad with rage, they went back for a hundred yards, then turned round, and at full gallop charged the river once more, but with the same result—their horses put out their fore-feet on the margin, and would not take the leap.

Seeing that they could not get at me direct, they all made for the "pass," but as this would take them about three miles off their road, I was sanguine I would make the estancia ere they could overtake me. Having tightened up Bob, and allowed him a little time to take his breath, I set off again and reached the estancia before them. Poor Bob was fairly done up, for the moment I took the saddle off him he fell down, but in a short time he revived, and the next morning I found him in his manada all right. I was much pleased to find that Don Pedro had arrived, but he was not a little astonished to find me in such a state of excitement. I soon explained all to him, and just as I had done speaking, up rushed the three Spaniards to the patio, shouting and yelling at a fearful rate. They leaped off their horses at once, (which by the way, were sorely cut up), and tying them to a post rushed into the cocina grande, expecting, I suppose, to find me there. Not finding me, they came out, swearing and

flourishing their facons, telling all the peons what they would do for me once I fell into their hands. Don Pedro all this time was in my room, and as he heard the braves shouting and yelling, he said, "I will soon settle them, Don Timoteo."

"The quarrel is mine, Don Pedro. I can easily manage them with the men—now the danger is past."

"Excuse me, Don Timoteo; I want a bit of fun; and as these fellows disturb the country, and as they clearly sought your life, I want to make an example of them. Where is your revolver?"

"Surely you don't mean to shoot them?"

"No, but I mean to do something with it. Are the six chambers all filled?"

"Yes, the revolver is loaded."

"Good. Stay where you are; you can easily see from here what I am about to do."

Don Pedro, when he left my room, made straight for the three panting horses, and coolly put a bullet in each. They fell with a heavy thud, and were soon dead.

When the last shot was fired the three Spaniards rushed upon Don Pedro, but he pointed the revolver at them, when they fell back. Don Pedro called upon the Capataz, Don Roberto, and ordered him to disarm the three men. The Capataz soon managed this, and the three fallen ones, seeing their little game was up, went into the concina grande, and sucked their maté as if nothing had happened them. Next morning the bullock cart was yoked, and they were taken before the Alcalde of the Pertido, when they were sentenced to serve seven years on the frontier as soldiers. I can never forget the look of hate they bestowed on me when I gave my evidence. The look meant vengeance, but I only laughed at them, thinking the danger was over; but I soon learned otherwise.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN DANGER.

FROM a youth upwards I have been fond of dogs, and dogs have been fond of me. To have an intelligent dog as a companion is better sometimes than having one of our own species—at least I have found such often to be the case. Dogs, on the plains of South America, are almost as plentiful as rats. Every shepherd has three or four, and sometimes half-a-dozen. On my estancia I never knew the number we had ; some unknown face was always cropping up, so that I made few friends with them. I had one old favourite called “Negro.” He was a Newfoundland, and as wise as a human being—certainly a great deal wiser than many of the natives. Negro was very fat, and I am sorry to say, very lazy. I was the only person he would condescend to follow, and sometimes it took a little coaxing to get him to start. For a short distance he would jog along as fast as his fat sides would allow him, but when he warmed up and felt a difficulty in breathing, he would halt and cast a long lingering look to the estancia in the distance. This was a sure sign that he wanted to be off, but if I spoke to him, he would make a great effort to keep up. The moment my eye was off him he would turn about and quietly go home. Once on his way, no coaxing or bullying would make him turn ; nay, Negro would not condescend to pay any attention to my shouting. On he would trot in a *douce*-like manner, and never stop till he got under the shade, when he would amuse himself by having a hunt in his shaggy coat after his enemies. Negro was the only dog I allowed into the house ; and, honest chap, he was quite sensible of the honour

granted to him. Should another of his tribe make its appearance, Negro would cease his hunt, show his teeth, and in dog language tell him to be gone. If a dog would persist in coming in, he would use his teeth, and often he did this to some advantage. Negro had a good bit of the miser about him, and I often expostulated with him on the absurdity of hiding little bits of flesh when he could get it fresh at any time. He was particularly fond of sheep's tongue, and as five or six sheep were killed daily, he had them all, or else there was a row. When a sheep was being killed, the peon would cut out the tongue for him; but if another dog stepped in and snatched the dainty morsel, woe betide him. Negro could never forgive or forget this liberty; and if the guilty dog ever presumed to be present at the killing when he was there, a fight would take place, when Negro would chastise the imprudent one severely. I never saw my friend eat a tongue on the spot. He would never allow his dignity to come so low. After he got them all, he would manage to carry them to some quiet spot in the garden, where he took a sensible meal; and what he could not eat at the time, he carefully laid past. Negro was also general superintendent over his fellow-mortals, and when a rat hunt took place, and some forty or fifty dogs were flying wildly about, my sable friend took it cool, so cool that even a stranger could see that he was something superior. It must not be imagined that he did not work, for when we found out a new hole he had to get the first smell; and if satisfied that vermin were below, he would commence to scratch, but alas! only to show an example. He soon found out it was too hard work, and left off; but as the others would continue their frantic efforts, he would look on approvingly, and if time permitted, he would give chase to his old enemies, which tormented his life. When the weather was very hot, Negro retired to his favourite spot, which was under the bosta stack. No one could coax him out of this retreat, once he had made up his mind to have a siesta. I tried it often, but failed. I have even held a sheep's tongue up before him, but though he gazed long and earnestly at the epicurean feast, and wished me to throw it to him, he would not move. He was as regular in taking his siesta as

any of us, and his favourite place, as I have already said, was below a huge pile of sheep's dung, which was cut in the form of peats for fuel.

For two days I missed Negro, and as the hours passed, my wonder increased at his absence. Where could he be? I caused all the peons to search for him, but alas! he could not be found. The following day I happened to pass the bosta stack, when I found the prop on which it was built had given way. Poor Negro, when taking a quiet sleep, had lost his life by the stack coming down on the top of him. In removing the debris about three months after this, all I found of my friend was his shaggy coat and a few bleached bones! I was so affected at the loss of Negro that I remained dogless for a long time. By and by, however the feeling wore off, and seeing one day a dog all cut, and licking its sores in a contented manner, I spoke to it in a soothing way, which quite astonished it. Féo (ugly), was a mongrel, but he had a good deal of the staghound about him. He was remarkably swift, remarkably sulky, but remarkably honest and grateful. All the peons on the place hated Féo, and he hated them in return. He had a sulky look with him, and when spoken to he would not turn his head—only give a look with his cunning grey eyes. I think I never saw Féo wag his tail like his companions; and for his incivility a peon would cut him with his facon. If Féo dared he would have sunk his tusks in the leg of his tormentor. Poor Féo was the Ishmaelite among the dogs—his companions knew this, and kept him in the background. Seeing such a forlorn creature, and wishing to try the experiment of kindness on the poor animal, now and then I gave it a pound or two of roast mutton, and while I gave it I spoke in a quiet, familiar manner. At first he was very cautious about receiving my advances. He would give me a look with his grey eye, but he would scarcely move his head. At last I made an impression on him, and without manifesting any dog-like feeling of attachment, he followed me wherever I went. He was very fleet, and never seemed tired with the long journeys I gave him now and then. At the door of my room there was a stone about two feet square. Once Féo and I became friends, he took up his abode on the stone,

and this he did not leave till the sun rose. When the sun set Féo might be seen making himself comfortable, and when darkness set in he would not allow anyone to enter my room. I was touched at the dumb animal's attachment, and became kinder to him than ever. One evening my patron wished to see me about cutting down some trees in the quinta, and was about to pass in, when Féo called him in question. At the time I was sound asleep, having had a stiff day's work. I did not hear my employer shouting. I was awakened at last by hearing repeated thuds over my head. I shouted out—

“Who is there?” (The houses there are all flat on the roof, and go under the name of *azotea*.)

“Open the door and send away that dog of yours. I want to see you.”

I got up and found Féo quite alive and quite determined to keep the field. A word from me made him lie down, and my patron passed in. He told me that he had walked up to my door, but had to halt by hearing a low, deep growl. He tried to frighten him away, but he showed fight; and not wishing to abuse the faithful watcher, he went to the roof to rouse me up.

Matters continued thus for a long time, and Féo became known as the “master's dog.”

One beautiful summer night, about six months after I had the race for my life, I was tossing on my bed and could not sleep. I tried, but tried in vain, to woo the dreamy God, but it was of no use. Sleep I could not. I got up and sat at the door (I had not a window in my room, so I often kept the door open), and watched the full moon wandering over the grey vault above. It was so clear that I could read the smallest print. For an hour or so I sat at the door and smoked till I got tired and sleepy at last. Féo lay on his stone, but he was not sleeping. Now and then he would lift his head and give me a loving look, then relapse again. When I got back to my bed it was not so warm, so in a short time I fell into a delicious sleep. How long I slept I cannot exactly say—perhaps about an hour—when I suddenly awakened by a great and painful shout. I sprang from my bed at once, and snatching my revolver

from the table, I rushed to the door, when I beheld a strange sight. Fèo had the hold of a man by the arm—firmly he held him, but not a growl he uttered. What could it all mean? One glance explained matters. The native wished to take my life, and trusting to my door being open, he had crawled up to the door, and just as he was about to enter Fèo sprang upon him. Faithful dog. The native was so thunder-struck at what had passed, and suffered so much pain, that he lost his presence of mind, and continued shouting out "For the love of God; for the love of the Virgin, take off your dog." I picked up the glittering facon which lay at my feet, which, but for the dog, would have been sheathed in my body. One word from me and the dog resumed his position on the stone, but he lay so that he could see what was passing inside.

I was curious to know who the would-be assassin was, but I had to suppress my curiosity till I dressed the wound. By the time he got his poncho off the arm was swollen. Having some brandy in the house, I dipped a piece of cotton cloth in the liquor, and applied it to his arm. When the brandy touched the wound I thought the fellow would have gone mad. His shouts and yells could be heard far enough; indeed, all the peons of the estancia were up, but I satisfied them that a man was hurt, and I was dressing his wounds. "That's nothing," they said, and went to their beds again. After I got his wounds all dressed I said to the would-be murderer—

"So you intended taking my life?"

"Yes, senor."

"Pray, what harm have I done you?"

"Don't you know me?"

"No."

"Do you not remember striking a man in the Palperia Blanca?"

"I do."

"I am that man."

"You are?"

"Yes."

"What is your name?"

"Fermin Gomez."

"Well, Fermin, I think it would be only fair play to put a bullet through you now."

"This is your chance."

"Could you blame me?"

"Certainly not."

"Now, look here, Fermin. If I shot you now I daresay I would not be doing a wrong act, but I was never taught to do what you intended doing to me. To a certain extent you are already punished, so I will spare your life."

"Mil gracias, señor."

"Now, answer me, Fermin. Were you not banished to the frontier?"

"Si, señor."

"And you escaped?"

"Si, señor."

"With the intention of taking my life?"

"Si, señor."

"And suppose now that I did not give you up to the *Alcaldia*, but allowed you now, this moment, to go where you wished, would you again attempt to take my life?"

"Nunca, señor."

"Good. Go then, but mind you leave your facon with me. Stay one moment—have you any money?"

"Nadie, señor."

"There's twenty pesos for you, and take this brandy. I hope we will be friends after this."

Here Fermin fairly broke down. He went on his knees; kissed my hands, and swore by a great Spanish oath that he would serve me till death if I would only allow him.

Could I trust him? The novelty of the case made me try the experiment. To win a native was a great thing, and in a moment I made up my mind to try him.

"Find a place to lie down, and in the morning I will examine your arm, and dress it for you again. I again sought my bed, but I could not sleep. Slowly the night passed away; but the blessed dawn at last appeared, when I sprung up and refreshed myself with a good wash, and Féo with a good breakfast.

When I got all my hands out I sought for Fermin, and found him in the grease house fast asleep. I got him up,

dressed his wound, and allowed him to loiter about the estancia till it was better.

Speaking to him after he was able to mount his horse, I asked him if he did not intend to seek work.

"Will you not allow me to work for you—I don't want money?"

"I will give you work, Fermin, but I will pay you the same as others."

And so ended the attempt on my life. I found the native faithful and true, and on more than one occasion I have heard he has stood up for me when evil tongues spoke against me. If I told Fermin to go a message, he spared neither himself nor his horse. He always anticipated my wishes; in short, he was to me a second Barney.

CHAPTER XLIV.

SETTLED AT LAST—CONCLUSION.

ONE morning, when curing a point of sheep, I observed in the distance a strange-looking object approaching the estancia. Who could it be, we all thought. Vain were our speculations, and it was only when the rider approached us I could make out that it was my old friend Barney. A chill came over me when I saw who it was, for the thought struck me—was all well with Camila? I stood in fear and trembling, and eagerly waited for my old friend to answer the question. Yes; Camila was well, were Barney's first words. Love is selfish, for I did not ask if all the members of Don Pedro's family were well. It is needless to say I left off work, and soon had Barney into my room, asking him a thousand and one questions about the one I loved.

"Yes, Tim, Camila is well; but Don Pedro is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, Tim, dead. I saw him die; and, bad luck to me, it was my fault."

"Your fault, Barney?"

"Yes, mine. I told him not to mount the horse, but he would do it. And yet I might have prevented him; but I suppose God willed it."

"How did it happen?"

"We were taming a horse, and Don Pedro would mount it, thinking it tame enough; but it took a fit and threw him, and he lost his life. He only lived five minutes, and died in my arms."

"When did this happen?"

"Only yesterday morning. I made the coffin yesterday,

and last night Madame called me in and told me I was to go for you at once. I have rode all night, and do feel very tired."

"And Camila—what of her?"

"She has never left her father's side since it happened. She is all sorrow, poor thing! Don Pedro was a good father to her, and she was a good child."

"And I have to go back with you."

"Yes, Tim. Get four fresh horses—we will need them; and we will start at once."

"But you will need rest and food."

"Och, bother rest and food! I have not tasted a blessed drop since I left home. If you have anything about you let me have it, Tim, and I will be ready at once."

"Help yourself, Barney. I'll give orders about the horses, and acquaint Don Juan of the affair. You know he is an old friend of Don Pedro's."

I left Barney with the bottle, and sought Don Juan, whom I found in his own room reading a French novel. In a few words I acquainted him with the whole affair, and when I closed my narrative, my patron seemed downright sorry at the event.

"I'll tell you what, Tim: go and remain as long as you have a mind, but come back again."

"I cannot say what may happen, Don Juan. It is possible I may require to leave you. All will depend upon the will of others."

"I understand all, and can feel for your position towards me; but listen. Before you came to me I never made one peso off my farm, and I can understand how. The sheep were never cured of the consarna, hence little wool, while the expenses were going on all the same. You have changed all this. Last year I cleared, after paying all expenses, over £500 of your money. I am not blind to your value, and I do not mean to let you go unrewarded. I am now an old man and cannot live long. I prefer a town life to a Camp one; and I propose to you, if you pay me £300 of an annuity, I will leave you this farm and all on it."

"Don Juan!"

"Oh, I am reasonable enough; I have not a relation in

the world, and whom could I leave it to? Say, is it a bargain? If you say so, I'll get the papers drawn out and handed over to you, to make matters sure."

"But I have not done anything to merit this, Don Juan."

"Tuts! Don't you see I will get £300 out of the farm, a thing I never got before. I will be the gainer, and by good management and economy, you will too. Say yes, and go; give my love and sympathy to Madame and Camila."

"I accept your offer with a grateful heart, Don Juan, but you must not be too generous."

"Perhaps I am selfish enough in making the bargain. You will soon be married. Tuts, man, don't blush! I am an old bachelor, and now deeply repent I did not marry when at your age. I can conceive how a man who marries while young has purer ideas, and is less exposed to the temptations of town life. He has one to care for him—to watch over and love. Who cares for me? I am a piece of lumber in the way—good for nothing. Go, Tim, but return soon, when I will go into the city and get matters arranged."

When I rejoined Barney I was quite in a maze, and scarcely knew what I was doing. Barney noted it, but ascribed it to my grief for what had happened. In an hour the four horses were ready. We mounted, and were soon on our way to the house of mourning.

As Barney had been my confidant in the past, and as we rode side by side, I could not contain myself, but told him all that Don Juan had said to me.

Barney, who, by the by, had a bottle of cognac with him—two if I remember rightly—said he would not move a single step till he drank my health. I spoke to him of our serious mission, but the poor fellow, with tears running down his cheeks, said that though he was dying himself he would drink my health on such an occasion.

"And these broad lands are yours, my boy. May God Almighty bless you, Tim. You are now a man, and a rich one. God bless the Policia of Buenos Ayres. Here's its health, Tim. Take a drop; well, there will be more for me. Here's Don Juan's health. He is a gentleman and no mistake."

I need not describe our long dreary journey during the

night. Next morning I felt tired, but having changed horses, I was refreshed. About noon we arrived at the estancia, and were warmly received by Madame. I asked for Camila, but she had gone to bed. I felt so done up, more by thought than bodily fatigue, that I threw myself on the sofa, and soon fell asleep. When I awoke the first rays of the morning sun lit up the room. How quiet everything seemed. I got up, but found a difficulty in doing so, for kind hands had covered me over with blankets without end. Was it *Camila*? A letter lay on the table addressed to me. I broke the seal. It was short, but I felt satisfied.

"I let you sleep, dear Tim, knowing you were tired. I will see you at 7 A.M.—CAMILA."

How I longed for that hour! How attentive the kind heart was. A Spanish lamp was burning, and over it coffee was boiling. Close at my hand was abundance of water—in short, I wanted for nothing. My heart was full—I felt I did not deserve all these tokens of *love*; for where love is it will show itself. I could not help sitting down to think over the past, and as I thought I could not but thank the Giver of all Good for His great kindness to a poor and forlorn waif. The more I thought my heart filled the more, and at last I felt constrained to fall upon my knees and offer up to God my heartfelt thanks for all His goodness. In that prayer I prayed for all my friends, and for her I loved so dearly. I next remembered Don Pedro, and here the past came so vividly before my mind that I broke down. When I rose to my feet I was struck dumb at finding Camila kneeling by my side. At first I felt ashamed at her finding me in such a position, but when I looked at the resigned, angelic face, so traced with sorrow, I felt our lot to be one. With a sad, sweet smile she rose to her feet, and taking me by the hand she led me to look at the dead one. It seemed to me—at least I felt so—that this act united us more and more to one another. We both gazed at the pale, calm face of Don Pedro, but neither of us spoke. Gently covering the corpse, we both knelt down, when I inwardly prayed for all good to attend the family in their sore trial. We now returned to the parlour, where we found Madame busily preparing breakfast, and Barney, who seemed to be quite at

home, was cleaning up as gravely as if he had been brought up to housekeeping all his days.

Breakfast being over, we now consulted about the funeral. Madame's idea was to bury in the English burying ground in Chascomus, but Camila would not hear of it. At last it was agreed to bury him in the quinta, under the shade of two mulberry trees, planted by Don Pedro when he first settled in the Camps. As the weather was warm, we resolved to bury him that afternoon ; so Barney was sent at once to invite a number of friends to the funeral. Up till the funeral I saw little of Camila, for I had to dig the grave and attend to other matters. In the Camps one requires to do many a thing, but this labour was a labour of love. About five o'clock some half-dozen friends came, all dressed in their ordinary attire—mourning is never worn there. Don Pedro being a man much respected, all the friends felt sorrow for his fate. I was pleased to find four of my countrymen, and though not personally acquainted with any of them, I was pretty sure Barney would have told them who and what I was.

It was agreed that the Church of England burial service should be read over the grave, but I could not find an English copy in Don Pedro's library. Very fortunately for me I knew it nearly all by heart—at all events, I could remember consecutively the portions of Scripture it was taken from. Having carefully marked these in my English Bible, I was able to go through the service with credit. I commenced reading, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord ; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord."

At this point all uncovered. It was a solemn moment. I continued to read, when deep drawn sobs were heard from those who seldom wept. Madame and Camila stood by the grave

during the whole of the service, and only left when the peon laid on the last sod.

The shades of night fell when the friends left. I told Camila and her mother I would not intrude upon their company that evening, but trusted to see them in the morning. They appreciated my motives, so I retired to my room where I thought and read a little. Barney dropped in after a bit, and his company helped me to pass the time.

The following morning I rose with the rising sun, and made for Barney's quarters. I found him up, with the fire burning brightly, and over it singing the maté kettle. I took a seat beside my ancient companion, and as we had little to do but chat, we commenced at once to build castles in the air.

"You are a wealthy man now, Tim; you have got *two* fine estancias. You will be forgetting poor Barney."

"You are counting my chickens before they are hatched, old boy. I have no right to claim either. I am still poor, but circumstances may alter my position, and if they do, you will always be the same to me—my home will be yours; you have been faithful and true, and we can never separate."

"I believe your heart is right, Tim. I am now getting old and stiff, but I can yet do some good work."

"You are worth two young men yet. Few could have stood out to the long ride you had the other day, for I was knocked up."

"An' sure it was a drop ov the crathur which kept me up. Everything in its own place, lad; but I see Camila is up, Tim, and will be looking out for you."

I found Camila and Madame dressed, and breakfast on the table. In the Camps they breakfast early, though a much heavier breakfast is taken about eleven o'clock, and dinner about four. I received a kind and warm welcome from both, and all our minds being busy thinking—at least mine was—the conversation flagged considerably. After breakfast, Camila removed the traces of our early meal, when we all sat down to converse about our future doings. It was a delicate subject, and I felt to commence; but Madame, who was a woman of sound practical sense, at once began—

"I am well aware, Mr. Gordon, of your attachment to Camila; and to be frank with you, I would rather your marriage took place at once than that it should be delayed. There is no use of any delicacy now. We are unprotected here, and we would feel ourselves in greater security if we had you with us."

When the mother had done speaking, I glanced at Camila, and, as I expected, her lovely features were all aglow at her mother's plain speaking. My heart was too full to speak; indeed, the tears rose to my eyes—tears of unfeigned joy—so, rising to my feet, I went over to the mother, and taking her by the hand, I said—

"Madame, you make me the happiest man in all the Camps. Camila is superior to me in all respects, but I hope I will make her a good husband, and to you I will ever pay the homage of a dutiful son."

I then went over to Camila, and leading her over to her mother, we both knelt down, when the good woman blessed us with an overflowing heart. We were truly blessed, and the blessing entered our souls and made us happy. Up to this time I had never said a word about Don Juan's offer. We were once more seated, when I told them of it. Madame was all joy, but Camila did not seem to like it so well. Madame said—

"Of course, Tim, we will require to live on the estancia. The house is much larger than this one, and the quinta, I understand, is very fine."

"The garden is in excellent order. It has thousands of peach trees, apple trees, pear trees, in short, all kinds of fruit grow in Don Juan's garden. It is a perfect Eden."

"You are forgetting, mother, that my father is lying here."

"I am not forgetting it, child; but Tim cannot afford to throw away a chance like this. It is too good to be lost. Don Juan is now an old man, and can't last long. If we be spared we could come back to the old home. I would rather remain here, but duty calls us elsewhere."

Camila said to me in English—

"I'd rather you had not got the estancia, Tim. I liked you well enough without it."

It was finally agreed that the following day we would set out for Buenos Ayres, and there be married by the Episcopalian clergyman, and return at once to Don Pedro's estancia. Meantime Barney was to pack up all Don Pedro's valuable pictures and books, Camila's piano, and other things, and get them sent forward. By the time he had done so we would be back. When I communicated all this to my old friend Barney, he felt his importance, and readily undertook the job.

"And what are you going to do with me, Tim, tell me that?"

"Why, Barney, you are to be major-domo of Don Juan's estancia. You will require to dress a bit better, and get another peon under you. You will have the entire responsibility of the place, and I know you will manage it well."

"In troth I will, Tim, my boy, and I will be easily paid. I have neither chick nor child, lad, and require little money sure; only a few pesos to buy a drop ov the crathur."

Having given full instructions to Barney, I set to work along with him, and helped so far. Next morning we started for Buenos Ayres, where we arrived on the same evening, and next morning we were married—we were made one! I cannot describe the emotions I felt then. In the brief space of five years I was independent, and married to a lady the proudest in the land might envy. Only five years before I was a prisoner in the Policia of Buenos Ayres, without a dollar, and without a single friend. Then I never thought that my prospects would be brighter—it was the height of my ambition to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water; and being without a trade in such a country at the time, I considered I would be lucky if I could get employment of any kind. How strange the course of events! I was now independent at the age of twenty-five, and the master of a happy home.

It was our intention to return to the estancia the same day, but Madame had so many friends to visit, and being satisfied that Barney would see everything right, they easily prevailed upon us to spend a few days in the city.

Madame introduced us to the best society in Buenos Ayres, and at that time I formed the friendship of not a

few who have been my friends ever since. Sight-seeing cannot always last, so that in nine days we found ourselves at the estancia of Don Juan. My employer gave us a hearty welcome, and after remaining for a few days he left for the city, where he died within six months. He kept his word, however. The estate fell into my hands without the least trouble. After Don Juan's death, Camila longed to be at her old home—near her father's grave. I had much the same feeling, though Madame could scarcely see it, but acquiesced in it at last. We made several additions to the old home, so that for miles "Caledonia" Farm could not be equalled. Here Camila had her first-born, but when only a month old it was laid beside its grandfather, Don Pedro. This was our first great sorrow, and though we had wealth, and all that wealth could bring, we thought ourselves the most unhappy of mortals! Time, however, healed the wound, but even yet Camila laments the loss of our little one. Four now have gathered around us. The eldest I named after my good old father—Josiah, or in Spanish, Josias. Our girl, aged ten, we have named Mary or Maria. Our third is a boy, and he carries his grandfather's name, Peter or Pedro; and the fourth, a lively little black-eyed chirp, we have called Edmund or Edmundo. We are a happy family, and though we have been fourteen years married, our love for each other is as great as ever it was. At times I long to see my native home, but though I make up my mind to visit it, a something comes in the way which prevents me from taking the journey. I expect in a year or so I will visit the place of my birth; but who can tell, or as we say here, *quién sabè*. Madame is now very frail, and frets when the children speak to her. She has taught them all to speak her own language—French; and the English language being invariably spoken at home, they have all acquired it, and speak it fluently. Of course, they are adepts at the Spanish, and excel even myself. Don Guillermo the half-breed, kept to his promise, and treats his mother well. La Senora has taken kindly to Cassandra, but perhaps this is owing to her taking charge of the children, and doing all the work she ought to do. I found Guillermo to be good-hearted and an agreeable companion. Cassandra, his mother, has

never forgotten me. When we meet she has always the look of gratitude on her copper-coloured countenance. Scott, my companion during the voyage from Liverpool to Buenos Ayres, I met one day, but I scarcely knew him. He was quite grey, and the world had not used him well. He had made fortunes and lost them. When I saw him he had just lost one, for he borrowed £50 from me, which has never been repaid. Barney is now major-domo of Don Juan's place, and is a most important man. Strange to say, in his old age he has taken a fancy to wearing knee breeches, a striped waistcoat, and a blue coat with large brass buttons. It was a curious whim, but he says it was the dress of his father, and it would ill become him not to wear it when he can afford to do so. Barney is now an authority in the Camps, and since he has taken leave of his old habits he has nearly given up his tippling ones. I find he has been a most valuable servant to me. It is true that he is not a little self-willed, but I wink at it. If one heard us conversing, Barney would be taken for the patron, and I the major-domo. I know that a word from me would break the spell, but I will not say that word. All the peons know Barney's power with me; and it would do one's heart good to listen to his yarns in the concina grande—how he spoke sharply to me the last time he saw me. Though Barney takes my name in vain, woe betide another who may attempt it. He is getting very old and stout. His hair is now very white, and so is his patriarchal beard, but his eyes are still clear; and though he has led a fast life his intellect is still unclouded. Once in the year he pays us a visit in *his own carriage*. The whole time he remains with us the house is in an uproar—the children are so delighted with *Don Barney*! He comes loaded with sweets and toys for the little ones. To see the old grey-bearded man tumbling and amusing himself with the children, the supposition would be that he was mad. Camila is as fond as any to see the old man, but Madame says he is foolish. I could never reside in the old country now. No doubt it has many endearing associations, but if a man—especially a working man—wishes to raise himself in the social scale, he should leave home. A few may be successful in struggling up the ladder of life at home, but

very few manage. The avenues are pretty well closed up in the old country; but here if a man is steady and willing to work, there is room to rise, and in a few years he will find himself in a position he never would have attained though he had laboured hard at home.

And now, reader, I must bid you a long adieu. We have travelled a long round together, and I trust my rough sketches have been, if not instructive, at least amusing.

THE END.

Pen and Ink Sketches

OF

LOCAL CELEBRITIES.

JAMES THOMSON, ESQ., J.P., ARCHITECT, AIRDRIE.

AIRDRIE, some forty or fifty years ago, wore a different aspect from what it does now. We do not know a single town in Scotland which has undergone so much change. Forty years ago the click, click of the weaver's shuttle might be heard in every dwelling; and at meal-hours the douce head of the house might have been seen standing at the door smoking his pipe, or, if politically inclined, he might have been found sitting on the big stone, anxiously and eagerly engaged reading the sober pages of the *Examiner*, then edited by Dr. Smith. In the gloaming, when the days were long, and the sun had set, leaving hues of his glory behind him, Auld Airdrie might have been seen in his bit yard, looking at his favourite flowers, or carefully freeing them from weeds and slugs. About this time many of the Airdrie and Langloan weavers were extreme Radicals, so much so, that their whole time was taken up discussing what Government should do, or be made to do. While at work, two politicians would be roaring at the top of their voices, and settling the affairs of the nation, with as much devotion as their M.P.'s were doing at St. Stephen's. Many bonnie lassies at this time thought it no shame to weave and help their parents to fight the battle of life. We can stretch back our memory to these times, and recall the happy, smiling faces of many a fair girl who rose with the

lark and went to work, and after toiling all day at the loom would help their mothers in the evening to make things look snod and braw. Many of these lassies are now grand-mothers, and some we could point out occupy high positions in life; and when their young days are mentioned, days of hard work and plain fare, but uncorrupt innocence, they smile and exclaim—

“Yes, those were happy days, but they are gone!”

It is to be questioned if our working-classes are any happier with all the help of science and education. In the past, the most of the class we refer to were “lairds,” and in the stocking, hid away somewhere by the thrifty guidwife, would be a handsome sum, which would have astonished many of the wives now-a-days! Of course, we do not despise all that science can do, nor yet we cannot overlook the fact of the importance of education, but the changes which have taken place have quite revolutionised the habits and the ways of living of our once contented people. Steam has brought us the spices of India, and a thousand and one luxuries, which our fathers were in blissful ignorance of, Fifty years ago our working classes were content with what our own land produced; but now the man who earns but a very common wage must have luxuries which do him more harm than good. Fifty years ago a working man, if blessed with a large family, could battle out life better than he who had none. Plain fare was the order of the day, and when the young ones got up to be eight or nine years of age, they were put to the loom, when they earned more than kept them, the surplus going to the blue stocking.

The subject of our sketch belongs to this old but respectable school. When the weaving was brisk, agents were established to give out webs. One of the most notable was “Jamie Tamson, at the wast end o’ the Auld Toun.” Mr. Thomson at one time had a large connection with weavers. and being a shrewd business man, and knowing well the class he had to deal with, in time he acquired a decent competence. Mr. Thomson, however, lived to see sad days come upon the craft with which he had been so long connected. In 1855 he departed this life, severing one of the links of the olden time.

Mr. James Thomson, J.P., was born in 1822, at the west end of the auld toun, and his father, seeing that his son was gifted with a mechanical turn of mind, instead of putting him to the weaving, bound him as an apprentice to Robert Loudon, father of the late Mr. Matthew Loudon. "Young James," however, did not neglect his education previous to this. The first school he attended was Mr. Muirhead's, of the Quarry. At this school he made considerable progress, and many are living who can testify he was no dunce. After leaving Mr. Muirhead's he went to Mr. Main's school. It was at this school he got the remainder of his education, though he never left off educating himself in connection with the profession he intended to adopt.

During his apprenticeship, every spare moment he devoted with the idea of one day becoming an architect. Though tired and weary after his day's work, he walked to Coat-bridge every evening, and attended the drawing classes of Mr. Solomon Bailie. This alone shows how determined the boy was to learn, and it also shows the great love he must have had for acquiring knowledge. In 1843, when only twenty-one years of age, Mr. Thomson married Miss Janet Miller, a daughter of an old and much respected weaver, called John Miller. We can remember "old John," though it is many years since he died. His position in society was always considered above the common. Being an "elder," and a shrewd, well-read man, he not only showed his children a good example, but he gave his numerous children as good an education as his means would permit. It very seldom happens that a young wife, if well brought up, is a drag to her young husband. Mrs. Miller, instead of discouraging her husband to stop his mad pranks, cheered him on, telling him success would be his some day, if he only persevered. We cannot tell the amount of self-denial the young wife had to submit to, to allow her husband to attend the classes to finish his education. Both must have pinched themselves, but where contentment reigns, and a proper understanding exists between young people, the battle is more than won.

About this time, if we mistake not, Mr. Thomson studied mathematics, under the able master of the New Monkland School, Mr. M'Arthur. Having now reached the age of

manhood, and having taken unto himself a wife, and feeling the grave responsibilities he lay under, he put forth his whole energies while under Mr. M'Arthur; and his old tutor can testify that a better scholar, or one more apt, never passed out of his hands. Previous to this he drew plans of buildings; indeed, while only an apprentice, he drew the plans of a house in Graham Street, and they were adopted. Later on, while he was working as a journeyman wright, he planned the "Little Sanctuary," which the Rev. Mr. Somerville built after he left the Wellwynd congregation. This place is now occupied as the meeting-house of the Town Mission. Mr. Thomson was not actuated to do this kind of work from a pecuniary stand-point: he did not charge anything for his work. His care was to try and prove himself, and in doing so we can discover the great anxiety the young man felt for the position he was about to fill.

In 1844 or '45, he went as a joiner to the Airdrie Cotton Works, Mr. Armour being manager. The young couple at this time lived in a room and kitchen in Mack Street, then a most respectable street, and considered rather aristocratic. Mr. Armour, seeing how anxious the young man was to improve himself, did what very few employers do, allowed him to absent himself from the mill for one week and work the other. One week Mr. Thomson went to Glasgow, where he studied hard; the other week he went to the mill and worked at the bench. Such great perseverance, such pluck could not but bring its reward. In 1848 he went to Edinburgh, and there passed his examination as a surveyor for the city and county of Edinburgh. At the age of twenty-six, after struggling hard (for at this age he was the father of a small family), he gained the end he was striving for.

Mr. Thomson did not rest here. On he pushed, and Airdrie being a rising place at this time, he took advantage of the tidal wave which has carried him on to success. The subject of our sketch is now fifty-seven years of age, and is the oldest member of the profession in Airdrie. From his earliest years it might be said that he has been an architect, and being a practical joiner, it gives him a great advantage over those of the theory school.

We have already exceeded our space, but we cannot leave him without adding a touch or two to his character.

Mr. Thomson is a U.P., a strong Voluntary, and of course a Liberal of the first water, or rather we should say, that he is a refined or educated Radical. He honestly hates Lord Beaconsfield, and can see no beauty in the man, or any of his political actions. To get Mr. Thomson in earnest, and to draw him out, we only require to flatter our mercurial Legislature, when he gets to be truly eloquent. He is a remnant of those who have gone before, and so deeply is he dyed in his political colours, that there is no fear of them being washed out by bribery of any kind. As might have been expected, Mr. Thomson is well read, and can converse with taste and judgment almost on any topic. Some time ago he was made a Justice of the Peace, which office he fills with great credit.

We had almost overlooked his love for the modern classics. When a younger man he used to quote Shakespeare, and it has been hinted to us that he could have done credit to another profession if he had had a mind.

Here we leave the subject of our sketch, by saying that Mr. Thomson's career points the way to the young men of his native place. He had none to help him, but, unaided, he has obtained an honourable position, while none can say but that he has honourably earned it.

THOMAS GOLDIE, ESQ., J.P., AIRDRIE.

MR. THOMAS GOLDIE, J.P., the present proprietor of the Airdrie Cotton Works, was born in Catrine in 1834. As this town has had a peculiar history, we will very briefly relate the little we know of it. Catrine in 1790 consisted of the country blacksmith's shop and a meal mill. Then it was neither a village nor a hamlet, nor had it even a name. About the year 1795, Claud Alexander, (of Bal-

loehmyle), a gentleman who had made a large fortune in the East Indies, and, like most Scotsmen, came home to his native land to pass the evening of his life in peace and quietness, having purchased a considerable piece of land, the spirit of the merchant revived within him, and it occurred to his mind—"How can I add to the value of the land?" He fixed on having a cotton mill, but not understanding this branch of industry, he, in the year 1801, took Mr. David Dale into partnership, with whom it was carried on till it passed into the hands of the present proprietors, Messrs James Finlay & Co., of Glasgow. There is in connection with these large works a good library, while there exists a public library which contains over 3,000 volumes. The education of the young is not neglected in the busy town of Catrine. The present school-houses were erected at a cost of £2,000. Near Catrine is the town of Mauchline. This town is celebrated on Burns' account. When the poet left Moss-giel of an evening he had only a short distance to go to the famous "public" kept by John Dow. This house is still standing, and is situated opposite the church-yard gate. There is another house of great interest, that of Mrs. Gibson, which was the scene of "The Jolly Beggars." The kirk of Mauchline is the scene of the "Holy Fair," but it has long since been swept away, and on its site is built a handsome gothic building with a fine spire. We cannot afford space to dwell at greater length on this romantic place, but must introduce the subject of our sketch. Mr Goldie's father was a tenter in the works we have already referred to, but having a large family to provide for, and his wages being small—though it was his earnest desire to give his family a good education—he was compelled to send them early to work. Thus at a very early age the subject of our sketch was drafted in to do odd and end work in the mill, but instead of grumbling, he set to work with a will, and his first pay made his heart proud, and no doubt brought the sympathising tear to a fond mother's cheek. After he had gained strength he was apprenticed to the engineering department of the works. This kind of employment was very congenial to his mind, and ere his apprenticeship was finished he had gained the name of being an experienced workman. Desir-

ous of pushing on, he left the engineering for the tenting, the same occupation his father was engaged in. Without having any special aim, he exerted himself to the utmost to become full master of his new craft. Being a mechanic, gave him a lift over his fellows, and having a clear head and a vast amount of untiring energy, it was soon declared that Thomas Goldie was at the head of the other workmen. Finding he was now proficient in his calling, his thoughts turned on the great city, where he would have greater scope for his abilities. Leaving his native town, he went to Glasgow, and fortunately secured a situation in Messrs. Grant's mill, at that time the largest in the city. Mr Goldie was not content merely resting upon his oars. He could see that by working hard he would gain a position, and as an employer is always ready to advance men of talent and industry, the Messrs. Grant were not slow in perceiving the many good qualities of the subject of our sketch, and advanced the young man from the country to be under-manager of their large works. This gave him a position, and as there is a tide in the affairs of all men, Mr. Goldie fortunately took advantage of his, for while a young man, some twenty-four years of age, Messrs. John Houldsworth & Co. offered him the entire management of their large cotton mills in Airdrie. This was too good an offer to be refused, so, leaving the Messrs. Grant, he went to Airdrie as his own master to rule over a thousand hands. At this time the cotton mills of Airdrie were not paying, and it was said that if Mr. Goldie failed to make them pay, the company would close them up. The task the young man took on hand was a herculean one, and could only have been borne by one who did not know fear—a man of courage and perseverance—and fortunately Mr Goldie possessed all these. When he came to the Airdrie mills he found the employees calmly and contentedly passing their time without troubling themselves about the progress of the age. Everything was "weel enough," and it "wad jist dae unco weel." Unfortunately, the previous managers sailed in the same boat with the employees, hence no progress was made, so that the mills in Glasgow could produce cheaper and better goods. At a glance Mr Goldie saw all this, and was at once determined

to make a change. "He is a foolish young man, and his whims will dae him oot o' his place. For yin, I winna dae what he wants, it wud ruin the firm." Often the old hands would in solemn conclave meet and discuss the merits and demerits of their young manager. The wise men of the East, however, had made a mistake. Though their manager was young in years he had a clear head, and had been taught in a good school. To their astonishment, they were told that unless they obeyed him and conformed to his wishes, they could not remain where they were. This was a crisis. Would they rebel, and save the firm from ruin? Clearly the young manager was mad, and he ought to be looked after. Minds were getting quite unsettled in the mills. For years they had worked away in peace and quietness, and now a firebrand had been flung in their midst. Mr Goldie saw and felt the opposition, but he also saw he had a task to perform, and unless he mastered that task he could not expect success. In a short time the men themselves saw the changes working wonders, and those who objected to the innovations at last said, "There was something clever in the chiel, but it was dootfu' if he could hand oot." Years passed away, when about twelve years ago Mr Goldie, owing to the non-demand for their staple article, tried a number of experiments for the making of wincey. In this he was entirely successful. The samples of wincey he sent to Glasgow procured abundance of orders, so that the mill was kept busy at work. This new feature made a great alteration in the machinery, and almost entirely changed the nature of the mills. It was the best hit Mr. Goldie ever made. At the present time the Airdrie Cotton Mills stand first in list of mills for making first-class goods. When he became manager, the class of goods made was Spanish cloth, but the demand falling off, as we have said, Mr Goldie turned his attention to wincey, and now the mill makes winceys, shirtings, skirtings, gingham, &c. About twelve months ago Messrs. John Houldsworth & Co., being anxious to get quit of the mill—having given up their Glasgow establishments—offered Mr Goldie the works he had so long ably managed. Being in a position to accept the offer, he at once did so, and is now proprietor of the

extensive works he came to manage when a young man. About five years ago Mr Goldie offered himself as a candidate for the Town Council, and was elected. When a year in the Council he was nominated as a Bailie, an office which he filled with great acceptance and with much satisfaction to the public. Owing to the increase of his business, he was, about two years ago, compelled to retire from municipal life. When the School Board was formed, Mr Goldie offered himself as a candidate, and at the poll he stood high on the list. While a member of the School Board he did good work, passing many an hour in selecting the best men for teachers, and in a general way helping on the work of the Board. When his term expired, Mr. Goldie retired, so that others might have a chance to share in the work of the public. Only a short time since Mr. Goldie was made a Justice of Peace for Lanarkshire, and those in whom the appointment lay could not have selected a gentleman more worthy to occupy so honourable a position. There is one feature in Mr. Goldie's character we have not mentioned. We refer to his generosity. To all good schemes his hand is ever ready to give. A poor man who gains his ear can soon find the way to his purse. Though a member of the United Presbyterian Church, he gives freely to those of other denominations; and recently he presented to the burgh a plot of ground which has helped greatly to improve the road to Rawyards, and is a decided public boon. Being a U.P. (his uncle, Dr Hamilton M'Gill, has occupied a prominent position in this Church for forty years), Mr. Goldie is a keen Liberal in politics. He has been blessed with a numerous family, and in Mrs Goldie he has a wise and judicious partner; and perhaps it may be, as is often the case, that she has had her fair share of helping on, by her prudence and tact, the prosperity of her fortunate husband. It only remains to be added that Mr. Goldie employs over one thousand hands in his mills, principally young girls, who, if the works were closed, would have great difficulty in finding employment in this district. Although there has been great depression in trade for the past two years, a change has now taken place for the better, and we hope continued prosperity awaits one who has done so much, in

many ways, for the benefit of our good old town of Airdrie, and we sincerely congratulate him on his success in business.

BAILIE JOHN HARVIE, AIRDRIE.

WE believe there is not a town in Scotland where so many men have risen from the ranks as in Airdrie. The population of this town is a working one, and those who are steady and plodding, and anxious to succeed, seldom fail to occupy a fair position. It is to be regretted that many men amongst us—clever, intelligent men—do not rise, but rather sink in the social scale. This is not owing to trade being bad, or that they do not get a proper share of it. Many causes are at work. Some love the social cup; some are busybodies, knowing other people's affairs better than themselves; others again are content with their position, and put forth none of their energy. We believe every working-man can better his position if he has a mind. It is an old saying, but it is a true one, "where there is a will there is a way." Not very long since there died in Airdrie one who was thought a very poor man. Many kind-hearted people pitied the poor fellow when they saw him wandering the streets on a cold winter evening. The person we refer to was a weaver, and his help-mate wound the pirns. For over forty years they had toiled together, and during that time they had reared and sent out to the world a numerous family. We have been informed that the highest wage the head of the house could earn was only ten shillings per week. After some fifteen years of married life, to the astonishment of many, they built a house, but at the time it was thought they must have borrowed the greater part of the money. They did not make people any wiser, but plodded along in their own quiet way. After some forty years, the wife was called away, and her solitary companion felt his position keenly. Still he kept to the loom, and

when the shades of night came on he would leave his house and take a solitary walk—often to where she lay; and, though the frost was bitter and keen, and though the snow fell in large and fleecy flakes, he would pass many an hour at her grave. He was not long till he joined her, and here comes the point of our story:—when the old family chest was opened the sum of £900 was found, all saved from small sums—little by little, till the handloom weaver had accumulated, with the property, over one thousand pounds! We only mention this local anecdote to show what can be done if one is determined to succeed. Many of our working-men and their wives would be a great deal better off if they would mind the pennies. The wives could do much, and perhaps the men could do more, if they spent less in self-gratification, and attended to their work as it ought to be attended to.

The subject of our sketch is a fair sample of what can be done by perseverance and industry. Bailie John Harvie was born at Eaglesham, a small town about ten miles south from Glasgow, and eleven from Paisley. His father, George Harvie, was for over forty-two years in the employment of the Earl of Eglinton, and died in the service of the late Earl. When very young, John was sent to Dumbarton, and was there apprenticed to an apothecary. Having served his time, like many more he went to the great western metropolis, where he remained for about two years. In 1848, the year the cholera was in Airdrie, the late Dr. Torrance was in the zenith of his fame, and finding he had too much to do, he looked out for a young man to take charge of his shop. It might be mentioned that Dr. Torrance supplied the profession with drugs, &c., at this time, and his business, besides being a lucrative one, was one of the largest in the district. For about seven years Mr. Harvie managed the doctor's business, and during this period he applied his mind to it, and having saved some money, in 1855 he resolved to commence for himself. Dr. Torrance was very unwilling to part with one he had been so much benefited by, and offered him a partnership, but it was refused. Mr. William Johnstone at this time had made up his mind to retire from the trade, and making an offer to Mr. Harvie, he became the purchaser.

From 1855 up till the present time the subject of our sketch has been in business in the same locality. He has never aimed at being anything great in his profession, but he has had good sense to keep plodding on and on, and time has given him a most prominent position in the burgh of Airdrie. Two years ago Bailie Forsyth retired from the Town Council, but, seeking re-election, a number in the Third Ward advised Mr. Harvie to stand. A stiff battle was fought, but the latter gentlemen came off with flying colours, and so defeated one who had a considerable amount of influence in the burgh. No sooner had Mr Harvie taken his seat than he went to work. Every meeting he attends, and being of a practical and shrewd turn of mind, his advice is much respected by his coadjutors. A year ago he was raised to the bench, and we have been informed by those who are capable of judging in such matters, that his decisions are always just, and that he allows no party feeling to enter his mind when he gives a sentence. By many Bailie Harvie is considered a Conservative, but such is not the case. Up till the last election he always voted for a Liberal member, but he could not, at the last general election, see his way, for several reasons, to give his vote to Mr Ramsay. Though Bailie Harvie is not a total abstainer, his sympathies lie in that way, and not long since, if we mistake not, he kept a sharp look out for those who contravened the Forbes M'Kenzie Act.

Many of our readers will remember last winter that the poor in the town suffered severely, and there is no saying what the climax would have been had a soup kitchen not been opened. In this matter Bailie Harvie acted with characteristic energy. As treasurer, he hunted up subscriptions, and kept it alive when it might have been dead. Upon several occasions we paid a visit to the market buildings, and it was there we saw the amount of work the Bailie had to go through. Very many of the Airdrie poor during last winter had to thank our energetic Magistrate for the food they got, and we believe they were thankful.

Whatever Bailie Harvie takes in hand, he does it, and does it well. He is possessed of a great amount of determination; and if he sees his way, nothing will stand as a barrier in that way to effect his purpose.

There is another good feature in the Bailie's character, and that is the want of false pride. Many men when elevated to the bench can scarcely be approached, but the opposite is the case with Bailie Harvie. He is alike to all ; those who were intimate with him in the past, say of him that now there is no difference in the man. He is civil alike to rich and poor. It is to be hoped that Mr. Harvie will in time advance to greater honours. Being born in 1830, he is still in his prime ; he has yet, we hope, a long career before him.

We may also remark that Bailie Harvie has all along taken a deep interest in the Volunteer movement. Joining as a private when the movement commenced, he gradually received promotion, and for a long time held the position of senior lieutenant of D Company. On the captainship of B Company becoming vacant, a year or two ago, he was promoted to the position, which he still holds. He is also a crack shot, and at one time got into the 60 for the Queen's prize at Wimbledon.

In our opening remarks we made reference to how men could rise by thrift and abstinence. There is nothing in Bailie Harvie's career particularly striking, but it shows what can, in an ordinary way, be accomplished by perseverance and industry. Mr. Harvie is the builder of his own fortune ; none stretched out the hand to give him help, and surely what he has accomplished others could, if they had a mind, if they would only exercise similar self-denial and prudence.

WILLIAM MILLAR, ESQ., CROSS, GLASGOW.

WHEN a man has risen from the ranks, and has earned a name and fame, it is often discussed how he managed to succeed so well ; and the remark is often made, " Well, well ; if he had to commence life now, he would find it a different thing. When Mr. So-and-so commenced busi-

ness there was not the same competition ; but trade now-a-days is run to seed, and it is difficult for the honest man to pay twenty shillings in the pound." Of course this is a fallacy. Even in the present times we know men who are making money, and who commenced life with but little, and we have no doubt thirty years after this people will be found saying the same thing of 1879. We will suppose two men in a country town commence business at the same time. Both know their business well ; both are pushing and steady, and to all appearance they are getting on well. Two or three years pass away, when a whisper goes about that one of them is in difficulties. On the suspected one pushes, thinking the dark cloud will roll aside ; but alas ! his difficulties increase, and he is compelled with a sorrowful heart to call a meeting of his creditors. The other goes on ; increases in wealth, and in time takes a prominent position in the affairs of the town. He is known as a monied man, and takes his place by the side of those who have been successful in life. The query is—Why did the one who failed not succeed ? No one can answer this question, but undoubtedly there would be a screw loose in the business qualifications of the man. We have invariably noticed the successful man is an exact man in all his affairs. His accounts are kept in a careful manner, and nothing is left for chance to do.

In a large village not very far from Airdrie we saw this exemplified only the other day. A particular friend of ours managed in his business to make a decent competence, and having done so, he retired and gave the business to one of his young men. The young man to all appearance got on well for a while, but in time he found himself in difficulties. Friends came to the rescue, and put him on the clear road ; but difficulties came again, which ended in a bad bankruptcy. Now, this young man was steady, pushing, and was considered to be a cleverer man than his old employer !

The subject of our sketch had to fight his way under very adverse circumstances, but in the battle he has been so successful that his career reflects credit on the place of his birth.

Mr. William Millar was born in Airdrie in the year 1822, and is now 57 years of age. His father, Mr. Robert Millar,

was nearly half-a-century in business as a boot and shoemaker in Airdrie, and William, in his tenth year, had to help his father to carry it on. Perhaps not caring much for the trade he was engaged in, or wishing to get higher up the ladder, he applied to his uncle in Glasgow, Mr. John Millar, for a situation in his drapery establishment. His uncle, seeing something smart in the lad, took him, learned him his business, and in a few years he found his young nephew to be his right hand in his growing trade. Time passed away, but William had been careful to improve it. Instead of idling it away, as many young men do, he had been teaching himself in a hundred different ways. At the age of twenty-eight years few could surpass him in making or forming an estimate of what a bargain should be. About this time he thought fit to commence business for himself, so, leaving his uncle, he took a single shop next his uncle's. Many feared that he could never succeed, seeing his uncle's gigantic business was close at hand; but Mr. Millar had no fear. His brother Gavin, a few years younger than himself, was taken into partnership, so the new firm was named W. & G. Millar. The two brothers kept hard at business, and having a first-class country connection, they were careful not only to keep it, but to extend it. In a few years they found the single shop too small for their growing business, and, in looking about them for a suitable shop or site to build upon, they daringly fixed upon the Cross—the old John M'Intyre corner. Many thought it great presumption of the young firm to take on hand with this famed corner. John M'Intyre had been long in business, but his business had fallen away, and many thought it strange why they should take it. No doubt their plans and calculations must have been well laid. The old building was torn down, and on its site was built the present handsome pile. From the time they took possession of their new premises, their success has, we believe, been unprecedented. Almost every year they have added to the original, and at the present day, we believe, it is one of the largest businesses of the kind in Great Britain. Mr. Millar has for many, many years been a member of the Town Council, and was raised to the bench, but, we believe, he has retired from all civic work. In like

manner, he does not exert himself in his business as he used to do. In the summer months, having a fine chateau at Cove, he retires to it, and enjoys the laurels he has won so well.

Though Mr. Millar was born and brought up in South Bridge Street, Airdrie, he very seldom visits his native place. He left it early in life, and it may be owing to this, and the absence and death of old friends, that he stays away. But though he does not visit Airdrie, he does not forget it, or those belonging to it. For a number of years he has given out of a fund, established by himself, certain sums to the poor belonging to his native place. Many aged Airdrionians are now enjoying Mr. Miller's bounty. We had occasion not long ago to bring before him a family who were destitute. He promptly sent the writer a pound; and fearing this would not relieve them for the time being, he sent other two, and, at the same time, told us that he would give a small sum monthly for life! We know of many cases where he gives money, and has continued doing so for many years. We, however, think that Mr. Millar should favour Airdrie with a visit now and then. 'Tis true, he would find very few in life he once knew, but to visit the Auld North Burn, the Auld Pump Lane, and many other similar spots, surely would amply recompense him for his visits. We have often thought that Mr. Millar might have taken a greater interest in the affairs of the burgh. We have a free reading-room, and the committee at times find a difficulty in getting ends to meet. We do not know if any one applied to the Bailie for help. Mr. Millar, we know, loves to give his gifts quietly, without ostentation, but we feel if the committee had brought the claims of the reading-room before him, he would be only too happy to help them in a substantial manner. Few men have been so successful in life as the subject of our sketch. We cannot point out how he has been able to succeed so well, but while others have tried to climb, and failed, he has done it, and done it so well as to call forth the admiration and wonder of all. There is one fine trait in Mr. Millar's character; we refer to his natural affability. To all he is alike. The poor man or woman who enters his establishment, he treats as if they were wealthy. No distinction is

made between the lady who drives up in a carriage and her poor sister who has never entered one. In bygone years he used (and perhaps still) to invite his humble friends to take tea with his family, and though his guests were surrounded with things they did not know the use of, his free, unassuming manner made them feel in a short time quite at home. Herein lay the secret of part of his great success. We understand his disposition remains unaltered, and any Ardrionian finding his way to his Castle at Còve would be heartily entertained, if they only mentioned they cam' frae the auld toon o' Airdrie.

REV. ALEXANDER BARR, AIRDRIE.

THE other day we had in our hands a copy of the same edition of the Episcopalian Prayer Book as used by the Dean of Edinburgh on Sunday, 23rd July, 1637. The sight of this old book brought up the scene before our mind, with which we have been familiar since a boy. The day already mentioned was the one fixed upon to introduce the service book, and just as the Dean began the service Jenny Geddes, who kept a vegetable stall in the High Street, rose up and shouted out with an angry voice, "Villain, dost thou say mass at my lug?" Having said this, she rose from the stool she was sitting upon, and, lifting it up, hurled it at the Dean's head. It is said that Jenny caused such a storm that the preacher fled for his life, and the Bishop, thinking that his position would be respected, tried to appease the angry multitude, but they turned on him and pelted him with sticks, stones, and other missiles.

When we lifted this old black-letter book, we could not help observing to a friend of ours, "What would Jenny say if she listened to a modern preacher?" Great innovations have taken place since the days of the liturgy; now it is considered the right thing—at least, very few objections are

raised if a minister takes to reading. When on this subject we would like to say a few words upon it. The Church of Scotland seemingly has no objections to its ministers reading their sermons. The daughter of the Old Church (Free) does not approve of it, and it will be noticed that very few of this denomination use the paper. The MS. is freely used by the U.P.'s, and most of the young ministers of this denomination take as freely to reading their sermons as they do a chapter of the Bible. We remember of a student, in the Wellwynd Church, preaching for Mr. Paterson. The sermon was a good one, laden with the most choice marrow of literature. Jenny would not have understood it, simple soul; it would have been too profound, too learned. As it was, we were quite struck how the young man managed to gather so many flowers, peaked mountains, floating clouds, and lovely valleys into such harmonious groups, but he did it, and did it well. The feast was a rich one, and it took the young man all his time to follow up his manuscript; so much so that we question if he once looked off. At last he closed the Bible, and with it the sermon, appending the unusual remark, "May God bless the *reading* of His Word!" A titter passed through the congregation, and the young man, finding out his mistake, corrected himself, "May God bless the *preaching* of His word!" For our part we have no objection to the manuscript; indeed, in some cases we prefer it. Men are not all gifted alike, and it often happens that very intelligent men could not commit a sermon to memory, and there are others again who, if they commit one, are so constituted that when they came to deliver it the substance would pass away like vapour. We would not have one word to say against them, but we think there is no doubt that many ministers hurt themselves by being too slavish in their reading. It will be noticed that those who closely read can never give a good extempore address at a meeting, nor can it be otherwise. The mind of such a person is not trained, and though he may write and preach fifty sermons in the year, the store-house of his mind is quite as barren as ever.

We will suppose a minister who writes out all his sermons and carefully commits them to memory—this preacher's mind will be stronger, and it will contain apt and suitable

Scripture quotations which can be used in any emergency. We would say, then, those who can commit a sermon have certainly the advantage over those who constitutionally are unable to do so.

The subject of our sketch, in every sense, belongs to the Jenny Geddes school. The Rev. Mr Barr never uses the manuscript, nor does he take into the pulpit a scrap of writing. We have been informed that every sermon he delivers is carefully written out, and, when written, is as carefully committed to memory.

The subject of our sketch (who, by the way, is the oldest minister in Airdrie) was born in Dunlop, a small village about two and a half miles from Stewarton. At a very early age his father, who was engaged in the leather trade, removed to Beith, a town still famed for its trade in tanning and preparing leather. We believe one of the largest firms in Scotland is owned by a Mr. William Barr, but we cannot say if he is any relation to the subject of our sketch. In Beith, Mr. Barr received the rudiments of his education, but he was not intended for the ministry. Mr Barr, sen., being anxious that one of his sons should be a preacher of the Gospel, sent the eldest to the college, but just as he was about to be licensed, the young man died. This must have been a crushing blow to the fond parent, but with a vast amount of self-denial he at once determined to "bring out" Alexander. So he was taken from his occupation as a weaver, and sent to Glasgow. Forty years ago students in the humbler walks of life were not very particular about their lodgings or the food they got. We once heard of a student who lived nearly on oatmeal during the time he attended college, and it is said of the late Dr. Begg of New Monkland, that between the sessions he wrought at the loom to pay the fees and to purchase a stock of food. Mr. Barr's parents managed to bring him through, and in 1843 they had the satisfaction to see their son a minister of the Gospel. Three months after he obtained his license he received a call from Graham Street Church, vacated by Mr. Ferrie, who had gone to Canada. At this time the congregation was very far down, and when the young minister viewed the state of things he had serious misgivings about accepting

it, but after a consultation with the Session, he was prevailed upon to throw in his lot with them. At this time the building did not belong to the congregation, but shortly after Mr. Barr was placed it was offered to them for the sum of £600. This offer was accepted, but ere it was finally closed, a number of the members objected to the entrance and the right of way. This led to a serious dispute, which ended in a number of the leading men of the congregation leaving the church. Those who kept to Mr. Barr resolved to leave Graham Street Church (by the way, a most unfortunate building), and build a place for themselves. A site in South Bridge Street was selected, and in six months their present fine meeting-house was opened. This gave an impetus to the congregation; in a short time it continued to thrive, and at the present day Mr. Barr has one of the largest congregations in Airdrie.

Mr. Barr as a preacher is certainly second to none in Airdrie. Every sermon is carefully prepared, and delivered with great earnestness and intelligence. We have had the pleasure of hearing him repeatedly, and we were struck each time with the knowledge he possesses of the Word of God. When he wishes to prove any statements he advances, he never seems at a loss for suitable quotations. We have heard him repeat verse after verse from memory from various portions of the Bible, and all going to prove and illustrate his subject. Mr. Barr must be a diligent student of theology, for in his sermons we found him making reference to authors whom we thought would have been beyond the reach of a country minister. We sincerely believe that the rev. gentleman as a preacher would be second to none if his delivery was equal to his other qualifications. To a stranger his delivery does not take, but once this is got over, the able manner in which he handles his subject attaches his hearers to him. It has been our opinion for a long period now that if Mr. Barr had a platform instead of a narrow, confined pulpit, it would greatly improve his mode of delivery; and perhaps it is a great pity the two clergymen of the U.P. body in Airdrie could not exchange pulpits occasionally.

Mr. Barr keeps up the good old fashion of teaching a Bible Class. When at home he never fails to attend the

Sunday School and share in its duties. His scholars are much attached to him, and the sound information he conveys to the young cannot fail in bringing a rich reward.

We have already said that Mr Barr is of the old school, and though not an extreme Calvinist, his sympathies lie that way. Though Mr Barr has got his own ideas of theology, he is in no way bigoted. He is willing at all times to recognise others who are fighting for Christ and His kingdom; and when called upon to occupy other pulpits, he does not scruple to do so.

Like the late Dr Anderson, he is not guilty of visiting his members too often; but if sent for, when sickness is in the house, he leaves his desk at once to offer consolation at the sick bed. This is one eminent trait in Mr Barr's character. At any hour he is ready and most willing to visit those who are afflicted, and we understand at the dying bed his sympathies are keen and watchful, and very often they have been greatly blessed. When he does visit any of his congregation, he can make himself quite at home, and chat with the old or young folks in such a manner as to banish all fear of the "minister." We have been informed that if Mr. Barr visited his members as often as some do, his church would be crowded. The subject of our sketch is now sixty-one years of age, thirty-six of which he has passed in Airdrie. Though getting down the hill of life, he is still vigorous, and as able as in former days to hold forth. The neat church held by the congregation is entirely free from debt, and not long since a manse was purchased from the late Bailie Ferrier.

An old author has written, if we wish to judge of a man's piety we must judge him in his prayers. Mr. Barr in prayer is earnest, devout, and fervent. He seems to realise his position when engaged in this important duty, and as we listen to his devout and reverential utterances, we cannot but feel that he is a good and earnest man. On Sunday last we made it a point to hear him, and in his opening prayer we were struck with the earnest petition offered up, and were still more struck with the respectful and earnest worshippers who followed him as he spoke. On the forenoon of last Sabbath he took for his text Romans chap. vi. and

23rd verse. We were not disappointed with his discourse ; it was full of pathos, and in many instances his descriptions were truly graphic. His picture of death, we observed, riveted the attention of his hearers, and his remarks on man's fall and his connection with sin had the true ring of the good old doctrine. We were pleased to see such a good turn-out. Though the day was stormy, and the rain fell in torrents while on our way, the church was well filled ; indeed, it might be said that the turn-out was "extra." We scarcely saw an empty pew.

At present a move is on foot to build a new hall, and we understand the plans have been prepared by Mr. James Thomson, architect, who has done the work gratis. A new hall is certainly much needed.*

REV. WILLIAM FULTON, BAPTIST CHAPEL, AIRDRIE.

THE Rev. William Fulton was born in Eaglesham, in the year 1813. His father was born in the same place, and from a private memoir lying before us we find in his early years he was a weaver, but he afterwards turned farmer, a portion of land having been in the family for several generations. Mr. Fulton, senior, belonged to the Cameronians, and for about thirty years he was an elder of this intelligent sect. As might be supposed, the end of such a man was peace—death having no terrors—he fell asleep, having full faith in the joys of the great hereafter. The Rev. William Fulton was the eldest of the family, and at an early age was sent to the village school, where he was taught the rudiments of his education. As he was not destined for the Church, or any other learned profession, he was taken from school while very young, and sent to Paisley to learn the grain business. It seems Mr. Fulton at this time was a pushing lad, and was eager and anxious to learn the work he had taken on hand. It seems also that the good example

* An elegant hall has just been built.

which he had been taught under his father's roof was not forgotten, for he attended regularly the ministry of Dr. Symington, the acknowledged head of the R.P. Church. Like all enterprising young men, Mr. Fulton thought he could make more headway in the great city, for in 1832, when only nineteen years of age, there we find him engaged in the same trade, making his way slowly but surely up the commercial scale. In 1836 he married a Miss Begg, a niece of the late Dr. Begg, of the New Monkland Parish Church. It may interest our readers to know that she was a sister of Dr. Begg, who was a practitioner in South Bridge Street, Airdrie, prior to Dr. Herbert. This proved an exceedingly fortunate event for the young tradesman. As we remarked in a previous paper, when a young wife is anxious for her husband's success in life, if that husband puts forth all his energy, he will be cheered and helped on by his loving helpmate, though she deprives herself of many comforts, and though she may be a prey to many fears and doubts. The two must have been very saving and prudent, for at the age of twenty-four, only one year after his marriage, he left his situation and commenced business on his own account as a grain and provision merchant. Though much concerned about his business, and one would suppose it must have occupied a good deal of his time and attention, yet it seems he had time to spare and spend on theological subjects. Up till now he attended the Church his father had attended, but his attention was given to the subject of baptism. The more he thought over this question, the more he became convinced that baptism by immersion was what was taught in the Word of God. Having given the subject a careful consideration, he made up his mind to sever his connection with the R.P.'s and cast in his lot with the (then) small sect. In 1839 he was baptised by the Rev. Dr. Paterson, of Hope Street Church, Glasgow. It seems the attention he gave to the subject roused him to do evangelical work in that large city. He felt himself quickened, and the light which he himself had been favoured with he was anxious that all should enjoy in like manner. On and after this all his spare time was devoted to the teaching of God's Word, but though anxious to do his fellow-

men good he did not allow his business to run to seed. It continued to prosper alongside with his evangelical labours. His work at last came to be noticed by the denomination, and as he was doing good he was appointed co-pastor with Mr. James A. Begg, in the Baptist Church, in Eglinton Street, Glasgow. For thirteen years he laboured with Mr. Begg, and gained a vast amount of experience in this new field. When the Irish Revival took place in 1860, Mr. Fulton first visited Airdrie, and preached with much acceptance to the congregation there. It seems the reverend gentleman from the first must have had a partiality for the congregation and the congregation for him. He paid Airdrie frequent visits, and each time occupied the Baptist pulpit. In 1865 the congregation being in want of a minister gave the subject of this sketch a call, but as he was extensively engaged with his business, and as his son at this time was carrying it on along with him, he could not see his way to tie himself down to one place. Time passed on, and the son who helped him took unwell, and the day he died a deputation waited upon Mr. Fulton asking him to become their pastor, which he did in 1869. It might be mentioned here that Mr. Fulton in his time has had many trials and bereavements. Out of eight of a family only one girl remains, and she who was the partner of his early struggles, and helped him on with cheering words, also died. Many a one would have been crushed by these sad bereavements, but obtaining help and consolation from a higher source, he held bravely on his way, which fitted him more and more to become a minister of the Gospel and a consoler to those who had suffered like losses. Some time ago Mr. Fulton found a congenial help-meet in Miss Mitchell, a sister of our much-esteemed townsman, Mr. David Mitchell, agent for the Bank of Scotland in Airdrie. When the rev. gentleman came to Airdrie he found the Baptist Congregation badly organised, few in number, and much dispirited at their want of success in the past. The task was not an easy one to raise it up, but Mr. Fulton set to work with his usual energy and zeal, and the result has been that to-day the Baptists in Airdrie are in a flourishing condition, respected by other denominations, and the first to take part in every good work. Mr.

Fulton as a preacher is eminently practical, plain, and earnest. He strives to set forth the whole Gospel to his people, and having an intimate knowledge of the Scriptures, he is enabled to do so in a marked degree. It might be naturally supposed that the want of a University education would be a stumbling-block, but anyone hearing Mr. Fulton would never suppose but that he had been a minister all his life. His pronounciation is remarkably good and correct, and the language he uses is that of a well-read, thoughtful, and educated man. In appearance Mr. Fulton is truly clerical. His silvery hair, open, frank, and genial countenance stamp him at once as being a man well fitted to soothe the path of others who are in doubts and fears, or in trouble or distress. The members of his congregation, we understand, are devotedly attached to their minister; all speak of him with respect, and venerate him as their teacher and spiritual father. The reverend gentleman is a firm, zealous, and consistent advocate of the temperance cause. In the year 1831 he signed the pledge, and since by example and precept he has done all that lay in his power to advance temperance. He was the last Secretary of the West of Scotland Temperance Association, which became amalgamated with or superseded by the Scottish Temperance League. We understand that Mr. Fulton sometimes makes very good use of his pen. Recently he contributed to our local papers a series of articles on—"Cyprus and the Euphrates Valley,"—which took remarkably well. He has also published a number of sermons, but we have not seen them. We have glanced, however, at one preached in memory of his old friend James A. Begg, and we were pleased with the feeling language made use of. By his brother clergymen he is much respected. He has filled the pulpits of several, and not long since he helped the respected pastor of the Wellwynd Church in his Communion Services. It is to be hoped that Mr. Fulton may be long spared to go in and out in our midst. In every sense of the word he is a "self-made man," and this short story of his life proves that any man can accomplish much if he strives to keep to the right, and in his youth avoids the snares and pitfalls which are set for the unwary.

REV. ALEXANDER OGILVY, M.A., FREE MIDDLE CHURCH,
COATBRIDGE.

THE Rev. Alexander Ogilvy was born in the parish of Clova, about six miles from Kirriemuir. In this parish, if we mistake not, is Cortachy Castle, the summer residence of the Earl of Airlie. Mr. Ogilvy's father, who is still alive, is manager of an extensive sheep farm there. From his earliest years Alexander was fond of his books, and when tending his sheep on a fine summer's day, he would take them and study with a view of one day being able to attend college, and ultimately to become a minister of the Gospel. At an early age he became a student of King's College in old Aberdeen, and was so very fortunate as to obtain a first-class bursary, which helped him considerably in his career. Like many young men who have to push their own way, he became a private tutor to those who required his services, so that by working hard, and no doubt living sparsely, he succeeded in becoming a minister, and was duly licensed to preach the Gospel in July, 1866. In October of the same year he received a call to the mission work in connection with Dr. Thomson's church in Paisley. This kind of work was very congenial to Mr. Ogilvy's taste—for it was not long till his labours were signally blessed. By his fostering care the Mission grew, and many were benefited by his watchful ministry. For eighteen months he laboured in connection with Dr. Thomson's church, when in 1868 he received a call from the Free Church in Eyemouth, to be colleague and successor to the Rev. Mr. Turnbull. Eyemouth is an ancient little seaport town, lying about eight miles north of Berwick. The port is a very ancient one, it having been a place for shipping in the time of Alexander II. When smuggling was common, Eyemouth took the lead; but at the present time it is a place of order, more so, perhaps, than any other place. When Mr. Ogilvy went to this famed little town, he found the congregation to which he was appointed at sixes and sevens, and numbering not more than about one hundred and twenty members. Mr. Ogilvy's experience of mission work stood by him in his new field.

When once in harness he wrought hard and in deep earnest to further his Master's cause—nor was he unsuccessful. We understand that the subject of our sketch was greatly loved by the members of his flock, and this to a large extent was proved by the number of presentations he received during his ministry in Eyemouth. We have no doubt Mr Ogilvy has still a warm heart for many in the little town, and he yet lives to think of his past labours there, and the loving help he received from his friends in the work. We may mention, while Mr. Ogilvy was in Eyemouth, that he was elected Chairman of the Parochial Board, and when the Education Act came into operation he was at once chosen as a member of the School Board of the district. Though Mr. Ogilvy was very successful in his own congregation, and visited his flock regularly, his love for mission work and the education of the young, led him to extend his usefulness. In every good work he was willing to take an active part, and being thoroughly sincere in all he did, success always crowned his efforts. After labouring for about nine years in this quiet retreat, he received a call to become the successor to the Rev. Mr. Henderson, of the Middle Free Church, Coatbridge. In April, 1877, he accepted that call, and since then his labours in this district have had much acceptance. Mr. Ogilvy is an earnest preacher of the Gospel, and he takes a hearty interest in the Sunday school, Bible class, prayer meetings, &c. It may be mentioned that his Bible class has *over* one hundred scholars. This in itself is a small congregation, and tends to confirm what we have already said, that he must take a deep interest in the welfare of those placed under his charge. Mr. Ogilvy thoroughly believes in visitation, and his past experience fits him for this kind of work. We believe that it is a minister's duty to visit often the members of his congregation, for by doing so he learns of their condition, and can preach to them with more effect when he sees them in their pews on Sabbaths. We believe that Mr. Ogilvy has done much good by visiting the members of his flock in their own homes. He sympathises with them in their affliction, and, if tempest-tossed, he gently guides them to where they will find rest and peace. Mr. Ogilvy is a total abstainer, and a member of the Coatbridge Total

Abstinence Society. Although a total abstainer, he is not an "extremist." He believes, however, that the drinking practices of this country tend to much evil and hinder the spread of the Gospel—hence his example of abstinence. Our friend, though he visits his flock, is yet very careful in his pulpit preparations. Every sermon Mr. Ogilvy preaches he carefully writes out in full, and only takes notes to the pulpit with him. He leaves himself open for impressions while he is preaching, and often he is very happy in bringing some apt illustrations in support of the subject upon which he is speaking. As a preacher, Mr. Ogilvy is often eloquent, and always impressive, while his delivery is excellent. Since he became minister of his present congregation, the membership has increased, and the schemes of the church are all in a flourishing condition. It is earnestly to be hoped that he may be long spared to minister unto others; and, if so spared, his labours cannot fail to prove a blessing, labour where he may.

REV. WILLIAM REID, BROOMKNOLL, AIRDRIE.

THERE is not anything remarkable in the history of the Broomknoll congregation. In 1806 the present church was built, and the first minister it had was the Rev. Robert Torrance. Though the church has been built in this century its style of architecture belongs to the last. The question may be asked, why our forefathers built such unsightly and uncomfortable buildings: was it to save money, or to do penance? We believe it was neither. Up till the close of the last century there existed a deep-rooted aversion to the Church of Rome in all its bearings. It is well known that it appeals to the senses: its fine ritual, its pictures, its music, and the richness of the architecture of its countless churches. While the followers of the "true Church" kneeled at prayer, the sturdy and angry Protestants stood; while the former

stood while singing, the opposition sat. While the Church of Rome built its fine churches, rich in gold and silver, relics and pictures, the Protestants built their grim walls, their stiff and uncomfortable seats, and were content to suffer, so that they might show the world that God did not dwell in temples made with hands: that it was the heart He looked to. We can sympathise with the strange views held by our fathers. Perhaps it was necessary for the times to draw a sharp line between the two; but now, when we see light more clearly, we can discriminate what to adopt belonging to "the church," and what to leave alone. There cannot be any doubt that it is a good thing to have a fine church, comfortably seated; and the architecture, to please the eye, should be beautiful; and it should be our duty to do all we can to decorate it with art—art seemly for such a place. In all large towns, when churches are now built, the first thing looked to is comfort, the next elegance of design. What a difference between a modern church and that of the Broomknoll! It seems to us that such a place of worship is dishonouring to God. It was all very well with our fathers, but now when we can understand the true position of affairs it alters the whole case. When the Sabbath comes round every church-goer puts on his best. (The working classes are more particular in doing so than the middle or upper classes). And the idea is, or should be, that by putting on our best we are only doing our duty to our God—we are giving our best offering. The analogy is the same. The ancients built their fine temples for worship of the true God, and even the Pagans poured out their treasures on their temples to the unknown God. Surely then it becomes us who know His revealed will to build places honouring to His great name. We have thought fit to preface this article with a few remarks about the present building now occupied by the Broomknoll flock. It is high time it was pulled down, and another built worthy of the congregation. Some say that the congregation is too poor to do it, but we do not believe this. Mr. Reid has a membership of 400, and 170 adherents, making a total of 570. This, if we mistake not, is one of the largest congregations in Airdrie, and we are convinced if all pulled one way a new church would be the

result in less than two years. We sincerely hope the day is not far distant when such an event will take place.

The Rev. Mr. Torrance, the first minister, was an easy-going, laughing, good-natured man. It is said that at first Mr. Torrance had no regular stipend, and was quite content with the collections made at the door. At no time did he make much progress; but so long as he kept matters floating he was content. In 1834, after having been minister for 26 years, he died, and was succeeded by a Mr. Findlay, who was the opposite of the gentle and good-natured Mr. Torrance. Mr. Findlay soon came to be known as a fiery preacher. In every sermon he preached he brought in the terrors of the Law, but becoming dissatisfied with the Old Lights, or the Old Lights becoming dissatisfied with him, in 1838 he went over to the Establishment, taking the congregation with him. From 1838 to 1843 he continued to preach his favourite views, till he was arrested by the great Disruption. Finding he could no longer occupy the pulpit of Broomknoll, he was translated to Whitevale Free Church, where he continued to preach till old age compelled him to relinquish his charge. He is still alive, though very old and very frail.

The next minister was the Rev. Mr. M'Gown, who represented the Free Church, the building being purchased from the Establishment. Mr. M'Gown was an earnest, hard-working minister. In season and out of season he did his Master's will, looking for no reward but the reward of an approving conscience. But though Mr. M'Gown was acknowledged as a good man, it cannot be said that he was ever popular. He had a firm grasp of the Word of God; to him it was always an interesting study; and it was his delight when preaching to prove all things by it. The "delivery," which the Scotch people take a delight to criticise, was in him decidedly monotonous. His voice was always pitched on one key, and those who were not acquainted with his style did not like him. Hence, when he died, the membership had fallen down to about 180. The congregation being without a pastor, and at such a low ebb, several *interested* in its welfare were for amalgamating the 180 with the two prosperous Free Churches in the town, but happily the

generous advice was not acted upon. Candidates were heard, and the one chosen is now the pastor.

In November, 1866, Rev. William Reid received a harmonious call, which he accepted, and in January, 1867, he was ordained. The first year of Mr. Reid's ministry wrought a marked change in the congregation. Working with all the zeal of youth, and burning with an eager and earnest desire to do good for his Master, a new spirit took possession of all. The elders commenced to work, and the deacons following suit, the Sunday School and other institutions soon felt the benefit. The machinery of the congregation, which for a long period had been rusty, was now polished up, and made to move in the right direction. Mr. Reid was not content to rest upon his oars after having done so well. The more he did he saw the more lying for him to do. Again he put his shoulder to the wheel, and being ably helped by his hard-working session, he has been led to accomplish wonders. In these sketches we have already made the remark that in a mining district it is a hard matter to keep a congregation up in numbers, more especially if the congregation is composed of the working classes. Mr. Reid is continually losing members through the fluctuations of trade, but he gains more than he loses. At present the membership on the roll is 400, and the adherents 170. Twelve elders look over the spiritual affairs, while twenty deacons look after the secular. This speaks for itself, and requires no comment from us. It has been our privilege to have known Mr. Reid for several years, and our only wonder is why greater success has not been his, for it is our candid belief that if he had the same charge in Glasgow he would have had an overflowing congregation. We are sure we are correct when we say that there is not a minister in Airdrie of the same literary acquirements. His sermons are not easily got up; every one he preaches to his congregation costs him long and careful study. We believe every sentence is thought over and so adjusted as to give due weight to the arguments he handles. The ministry, to Mr. Reid, is not a bed of roses. In every department he takes the lead, and bears the burden, and as he does all this in a conscientious manner, he must have more work than he is well able to bear.

As far as we know Mr. Reid has never published any of his writings, though he must have ample material ready for the press. About six years ago he had a course of lectures, and the one we attended was a sketch of Rev. E. Irving, London. The sketch of poor misguided Irving was an admirable one, and though it took Mr. Reid over ninety minutes to deliver, we remember we were sorry when the lecture came to an end. Judging from the essay we heard him deliver, we came to the conclusion that Mr. Reid's style was far beyond the common. His flow of language was like the flow of a clear, deep-running river. Many writers mar their writings by using language beyond the reach of the people. In this George Gilfillan of Dundee erred. George could or would never write a sentence without being pedantic—a desire to show people his learning and the extent of his knowledge; but Mr. Reid is the same on the platform and in the pulpit as he is when he speaks to the poorest member of his flock. He is always plain, but in that plainness he can describe the beauties of nature with all the grace of a poet. Many of our readers must have noticed that in all Mr. Reid's utterances there is a deep poetic vein running through them. He is never at a loss in bringing nature to his aid when he needs it to illustrate his subject. In every sermon he preaches traces of the poet can be seen, but it is to be feared in a place like Airdrie the poetic portion will be overlooked.

Though Mr. Reid spends a great portion of his time in his study, he is indefatigable in visiting his flock. Those who absent themselves from the church are promptly visited by him; those who are in trouble he consoles; and to those who are stretched upon a bed of sickness he tells the story of the Cross. His prayer meetings—a true sign of the prosperity of a congregation—are well attended. This in itself is a small congregation.

On Sabbath last we went to hear Mr. Reid preach in his own church. Owing to the fineness of the day many must have taken advantage of it, for the attendance, we are told, was far below the average. The 100th Psalm was given out, and read in a clear emphatic manner. The congregation joined in the singing with a hearty will to the good old tune

of Old Hundred. Prayer was next engaged in, which occupied nearly fifteen minutes. The 53rd chapter of Isaiah was next read, also the first six verses of the 63rd chapter. Again a Psalm was sung. We may mention here that Mr. Reid gained a first prize for elocutionary reading while a student attending the class of the late Harcourt Beatty Bland. The text the rev. gentleman took was Isaiah 63rd chap. and first verse, "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength," &c. The preacher divided his subject as follows:—1. That the same is Jesus in all his ineffable glory; 2. That the same is Jesus in all his bloody and victorious warfare. Under this head Mr. Reid in burning language described the temptations our Lord went under when he fasted forty days in the wilderness. He also pourtrayed the agony of our Saviour in the Garden, and his sufferings on the Cross. 3. That the same is Jesus in all his matchless and saving power. Here Mr. Reid drew a hideous picture of sin, and warned his hearers if they continued in their sins what their doom would be. In his application his words to believers and to unbelievers were powerfully put, and surely could not fail in carrying conviction to many.

It is with deep regret that we cannot afford more space to dwell on the able sermon we heard. We can only add that we were not disappointed, and saw no falling off, but rather the opposite. The sermon was rich with Gospel truth, and the plcadings of the preacher were touching and graphic.



