



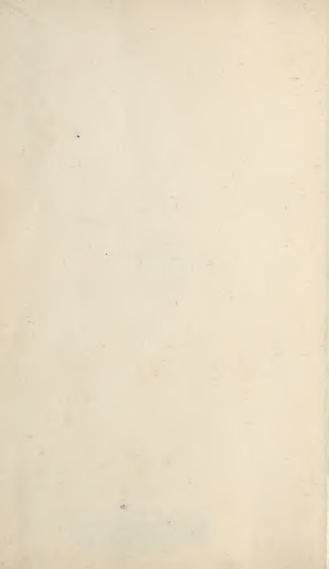
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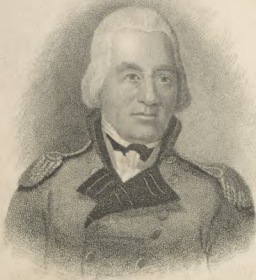


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R. Smith del.

Major Genl. And.^{ro} Burn R.M.

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MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

MAJOR-GENERAL

ANDREW BURN,

OF THE ROYAL MARINES.

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Mr. Lusk
W. B. Lusk

OF

MAJOR-GENERAL BURN.

THE subject of the following memoir has remarked, that he often reaped more real benefit and true pleasure in reading the life of some private Christian than from the studious perusal of a whole body of doctrinal divinity. This consideration induced him to commence a narrative of the varied scenes through which he passed, and to leave a record of the goodness and mercy of God, in preserving him in situations of peril and temptation, and guiding him, by his good hand upon him, into the paths of liberty and life; and the desire of adding another to the instructive and enter-

taining volumes of the Juvenile Library, has led to this abridgment of that interesting work.

Andrew Burn was the son of a respectable merchant in Dundee, and was born on the 8th September 1742. He ever esteemed it one of the greatest privileges of his life that he was descended from godly parents, and that he was surrounded on all sides by truly pious relations. At the early age of three years he went to reside with his grandfather, minister of the parish of Wester Anstruther, Scotland; and always remembered, with grateful affection, his having, when a rude unthinking schoolboy, stood at his grandmother's closet door, and heard her, in her secret devotions, pour forth many heart-affecting groans and ardent supplications on his behalf. His education was strictly religious; but he felt the exercises, in which he was under the necessity of engaging, wearisome and tedious. The Sabbath-day generally appeared as long as any other two of the week; and a sacramental occasion was dreaded as the greatest evil, because the Thursday and Saturday immediately before, and the Mon-

day after, were days more directly devoted to God, by preaching, fasting, and prayer. He was taught to lisp the infant prayer ; and by precept and example was enjoined and encouraged to preserve the form, ere he fully understood or entered into the meaning of his supplications ; and he was regularly taught that admirable system of divinity, the Shorter Catechism, which he repeated once a-week, for eight or ten years of his youth. Early rigorous Christian instruction has become unfashionable ; and the plausible theory of enticing children by more light and pleasant modes of instruction has succeeded,—which of these two may be the preferable mode we shall not here stop to examine ; but the early habits of restraint, and the consequent vigour of mind which the former practice induced, must ever rescue it from the charge of having produced those evil consequences, which have been sometimes rashly attributed to it. Such an education, it is true, as the General himself remarks, will not always restrain the vicious inclinations of youth, as many a pious father and mother know to their sorrow ; but it is,

nevertheless, a means of grace of God's appointment, and from which many have reaped the most salutary effects: the fruits may not appear for many years, yet sooner or later the assiduous labours of the godly parent will certainly in one respect or other prove beneficial. "The virtuous and evangelical principles," he remarks, "I imbibed in my youth, and the pious examples set constantly before me, though frequently slighted, and sometimes, in the course of a wicked life, entirely forgotten, yet seldom or never failed to witness against me in the wilful commission of sin, and frequently were the means of preventing its perpetration; and what prevents sin must surely be a great blessing."

With this venerable pair he remained till he was fourteen, and had made as considerable progress in his studies as he could well attain at the best grammar-school in the place; when his father deemed it necessary that he should enter into some line of life, in order to provide respectably for himself; and, accordingly, proposed to his consideration the three following professions.—Either to continue his studies at the University, with

a view to the church ; to study physic ; or to follow the law ; but rather recommended the last, on account of his having a valuable friend in that profession, with whom he could then advantageously place him, so as to be more immediately under his own eye.— Having no fixed choice of his own, he readily fell in with that of a kind parent. He soon after left his grandfather's house, went home, and was, in a few days, fixed in the office of his father's friend, followed by many a fervent prayer and earnest admonition to beware of the alluring temptations to which he would be exposed, and many an exhortation to be assiduous in endeavouring to gain a thorough knowledge of the profession he had chosen. With this last advice he strictly complied ; and having paid a close attention to business for about a year, flattered his youthful imagination, from the progress he thought he was making, that in a very little time he would be able to procure a comfortable livelihood, and, perhaps, in a few years, accumulate that wealth in which he vainly imagined true happiness to consist.

While indulging in these golden dreams, a

reverse in his father's circumstances occasioned a sudden alteration in his pursuits and prospects. Having met with many heavy losses and disappointments in trade, particularly by the foundering of a ship that was not insured, he found it impracticable longer to carry on business ; and, having no other prospect of maintaining his family, he procured, though with some difficulty, through the means of Sir H. Erskine, a purser's warrant to a sloop of war. Disagreeable as this was to a man of his disposition, necessity left him no choice, and he, therefore, immediately set off to join his ship, the M——, in Yarmouth Roads.

From this period, young Burn felt a strong desire to follow his father, and share his fortune at sea ; and, this wish increasing daily, he soon began to disrelish the slow and painful way of scraping riches together by the pen, and thought and talked of nothing but a man-of-war, of noble warlike achievements, and accumulating a fortune from the spoils of the enemy.—When his father was informed of his determination, he rather encouraged than opposed it, and only insisted

upon his first employing a few months in the study of navigation, and other necessary branches of mathematics—a request with which he cheerfully complied.

Just as Burn was preparing to set off to join the M——, then at the Nore, that vessel was ordered to Leith, to convey a fleet of merchantmen ; and he proceeded thither, accompanied part of the way by an elder brother. On his birth-day, 1758, he entered on board this vessel, having then completed his sixteenth year. His father, who knew well the difficulty there was of procuring a commission in the naval department, and how many year's service it was necessary to go through before he could be duly qualified, judged it most for his son's advantage that he should gain a competent knowledge of his own business, hoping that, with the interest he had, he might soon be enabled to procure him a purser's warrant. With this view, he was employed, during his continuance on board the M——, in the captain's cabin, to assist his clerk in keeping the ship's books and his father's accounts. His companions on the quarter-deck were of the most aban-

doned description,—his messmate, the captain's clerk, being one of the worst. But though often enticed into the paths of sin by their bad example, yet the powerful restraint of a pious father, warning him of the approach of danger, and pointing out the means of safety, prevented his being led into the commission of those gross iniquities, in the midst of which they were both constrained to dwell: and, in his latter days, he often looked back, with humble gratitude, upon the hours he had spent with his father, in his cabin, in prayer and reading the Scriptures, which, but for him, would probably have been spent carousing with his shipmates below, rioting in loose infectious conversation, and blaspheming the name of his Saviour and his God.

During winter the M——— was stationed to protect the cod-fishing on the Dogger Bank. Being constantly sick, and almost in hourly dread of perishing on a lee-shore, or foundering in the ocean, the young sailor bitterly repented his folly in leaving a promising profession at home for one so very disagreeable and precarious abroad, especial-

ly as his sanguine expectation of speedily realizing a fortune had vanished. Happily their station on the Dogger Bank did not last long. On the 7th January, they were relieved by the *Grampus* sloop, and ordered immediately to the Nore. In April, they sailed from Spithead with the *Crescent* frigate, and a large fleet of merchantmen, for the West Indies.

During this voyage an incident occurred, which he relates as a specimen of the fruit of the religion he then possessed, and a proof of the natural tendency of any deviation from the path of virtue, to pave the way for worse and more aggravated transgression. "Having, on the 16th May, crossed the tropic, the boatswain, gunner, and carpenter, my messmate and myself, got together in a cabin, to spend the evening, and drink—as they termed it—a cheerful glass; but, instead of a cheerful, it soon became a sinful one. Before the party broke up, I was, for the first time in my life, so completely intoxicated, that I lost the use of my reason, and was unable to move hand or foot. In this state, I was thrown, by my staggering companions, into a hammock.—

The next day I began to feel the usual effects of an evening's debauch. My affectionate father was very inquisitive to know what was the matter with me ; but, dreading to inform him of the real cause, I told him a direct falsehood, and said I was only sea-sick, and would soon be well. One sin is seldom committed without drawing a numerous train after it. When he began to interrogate me a little more closely, and seemed surprised at my being sea-sick when the weather was so fine, I was led, for fear of discovery, to confirm the first falsehood, by telling a dozen more. When I had thus satisfied him, I found my mind very easy, and never thought—or if I did, it was very superficially—that I had offended God by such conduct ; so little did I then see or feel of the deceitful nature and tendency of sin."

On their arrival at Barbadoes, he had a very narrow escape from being poisoned, as many are in foreign countries, by incautiously trusting to the eye, and even sometimes the taste of noxious berries. Having procured leave to take a ramble on shore for a few hours with his messmate, immediately on

landing they strolled up the country. Being at a little distance beyond his companion, under a grove of machineel trees, he hastily stooped down, and picked up some of the apples. Supposing them to be limes, he was eagerly putting them into his mouth to quench his thirst, when his messmate, though at some distance, saw the danger, called out, and prevented it, otherwise, in a few moments more, it is probable he should have drank the deadly poison.

After touching at Antigua and St. Kitt's he arrived at Jamaica, where all his worldly views and schemes were suddenly changed. Having spent a few days at Port-Royal in watering and victualling the ship, they sailed, on a cruise, round the island, full of expectation that they should not return without making some captures; but scarcely had they cleared the harbour, when, either through the ignorance of the pilot, or some unusual current or sudden shift of wind, the vessel was run fast aground. The sea-breeze beginning to freshen, she struck several times violently upon the shoals, carried away her false keel and great part of her sheathing.

By the timely assistance of the boats of the fleet she was soon got off again, towed into harbour, and ordered to be hove down. During this tedious operation, his father was seized with a slow fever, and brought so low, that he was ordered to Europe by his physicians, as the only means of saving his life. He was, therefore, obliged to throw up his commission, and, at the same time, he procured his son's discharge, notwithstanding the captain's endeavours to prevent it, who wished to retain him in case his own clerk should die, an event which actually took place shortly after, and was particularly remarked by all on board ; for, during the voyage from England, he used frequently to say among his inconsiderate companions, that, as he had formerly been well seasoned in the West Indies, he should now live to see them all in their graves ; and being appointed to read the burial service, when any one died at sea, he often swore he would perform that ceremony for none of them unless they would pay him before hand.

Mr. Burn would gladly have taken his son with him to Britain had he had the smallest

hope of providing for him there ; but as the youth enjoyed a good state of health, and was rather inclined to remain, he fixed him in Kingston as a clerk in the deputy-secretary of the island's office ; and having earnestly recommended him to the divine favour, took an affectionate leave of him on the 31st July 1759, and set sail for England. When he lost his father, young Burn lost almost all his religion ; yet he could not divest himself at once of his early impressions. In the first open deviations from the path of rectitude he enjoyed very little satisfaction ; and even afterwards, in the cup of sensual gratification, he was compelled to acknowledge the bitter at times far exceeded the sweet. Here he remained careless and secure for a few months, till an epidemical fever broke out in Kingston ; and proving fatal to numbers, awakened in his mind the fear of death so strongly, that he could neither rest day nor night till he determined to retire into the country. When he communicated his intentions to the gentleman with whom he lived, he consented to his leaving his office, and also, through his interest, procured him a

book-keeper's place upon a very healthy situation, not very far from town. This, although a less lucrative, and not so agreeable, an employment, afforded him a striking instance of the watchful providence of God. About three months after, when he had some occasion to be in Kingston, he called to see several of his old acquaintances ; but heard that one had died of a yellow fever about two months before, another of a putrid fever, and a third of a purple fever, within a few days : in short, he found, that nearly all the young men, with whom he had associated only three months before, had passed into eternity. He had left them immersed in sin ; and the wind had passed over them, and they were gone ! while his removal had probably been the means of his particular preservation. On this plantation he continued nearly nine or ten months, experiencing the same protecting mercy, yet still plunging deeper in the mire of sinful indulgence, till the latter end of 1759, when a general insurrection of the negroes took place, which proved so fatal to many of the whites. The estate on which he lived remained tranquil ; but his danger was

not the less from other causes. For several months after guards were constantly placed on all the high-ways to prevent the rebellious negroes from assembling in numbers ; during which time it came to his turn almost every other night to stand sentry for several hours in the open air, exposed to all the rains and dews of the season, which carried multitudes to their graves, while he kept his health notwithstanding the fatigue and danger of the duty ; but still he tells us, “ wilfully ignorant or criminally forgetful of the gracious power that thus sustained him : he slighted his goodness, overlooked his mercies, and deplorably departed from him both in heart and practice.” The serious impressions of his early pious education were not entirely obliterated ; but by this time they had lost great part of their influence ; and as that diminished, the darling inclinations of a corrupt heart gradually prevailed, and so far gained the ascendancy, that some of the most glaring sins, which at first appearance struck him with horror, imperceptibly lost their deformity, and became transformed into innocent enjoyments ; “ and thus,” he adds, “ advancing step by step in the dan-

gerous road of sin, I soon arrived at dreadful lengths ; drank in the deadly poison with as much eagerness as the thirsty ox drinks in water, and rushed on rapidly with the wicked multitude in the broad way to eternal ruin. O what infinite obligations am I under to the best of beings, who would not suffer me to continue on this unhallowed spot."

A powerful, and to him then, an unaccountable, impulse, occasioned him to leave that fatal island, the grave of so many Europeans. For some time he had fondly indulged the hope of making a fortune in Jamaica ; but, all on a sudden, he conceived such an inveterate dislike to the place, and every thing connected with it, that, although offered a place of £200 a-year, by the gentleman with whom he was, if he would remain, and had no prospect but poverty and distress in England, no prospects of gain or dread of consequences could induce him to stay.

On the 22d of July 1760, he left the plantation where he had been settled for nine or ten months ; and being introduced to the Admiral, as having formerly belonged to the navy, obtained a passage home in the Edin-

burgh man-of-war, about to sail with a fleet for England ; and on the 21st of August embarked at Port-Royal, thus once more setting out anew in the world, altogether unprovided for, and not knowing what plan he was to pursue. As he sailed from Kingston, to the place of embarkation, in an open boat, he was overtaken in a thunder storm, and thoroughly drenched with rain ; and as his clothes were not then on board, he was obliged to continue in that uncomfortable state the remainder of the day, which brought on a severe fit of sickness, the first he had ever experienced since infancy. Two days before the ship sailed he was confined to his hammock ; and when out at sea, was brought so low by a violent fever, that he expected every hour to be thrown overboard, with several others around him who died of the same complaint : yet, though perfectly sensible of his danger, the prospect of a future state just at hand made no impression on him ; neither did he feel the least terror at the approaching pains of death : but he was not to die like the brute that perisheth. God, who had mercy in store for him, blessed so effectually a medicine that the

surgeon administered, that when, to all human appearance, he was breathing his last, a sudden and favourable turn was given to the disorder: Nor was he a little astonished, when, on the first day he was able to get up to make his hammock, he found a large scorpion, which had been his bed-fellow probably for a considerable time, but never had had the power to sting him.

The *Edinburgh* having been many years in the West Indies, and frequently hove down, was quite worm-eaten, rotten, and leaky, when they set sail from Port-Royal. Before they got through the gulf of Florida, the leaks increased to such a degree, that when they reached the Atlantic, the hope of safety had nearly expired; and from fatigue, and the dread of sinking, a solemn seriousness pervaded the whole crew. So awfully alarming, to transcribe his own words, "was our situation, that I well remember the captain's reproving an officer for laughing. On a very moderate calculation, we pumped out at least two thousand tons a-day! However incredible this may appear, it certainly was the case for several weeks; and some days it amounted to

double that quantity. Beside the chain-pumps, that are supposed to throw out two or three tons in a minute, we had also four hand-pumps in use, and were frequently obliged to bail with buckets from the fore-hold. In this deplorable condition, on the 12th of October 1760, we sustained the shock of one of the most violent tempests that perhaps had ever been known. Those who had been at sea for many years, and we had several such on board, particularly the captain, who had been round the world with Lord Anson, all agreed they had never seen a hurricane continue so long with such unabated fury. Three days and three nights we were exposed to its uncontrollable power. To those who have never experienced a tempest at sea, it may be difficult to give a just idea of it; yet something of our distressed situation may be conceived from its dreadful and destructive effects. When it first came on, we were under a double-reefed main-sail and fore-sail, both of which it tore to pieces, and blew overboard like a sheet of thin paper; and when a new main-sail was with difficulty bent and set, it shared the same fate. No-

thing but the mast and yard now remained, and these were expected every moment to follow. At first the force of the wind was so great that the waves could not rise, but were compelled to dash and break into a white foam; so that the whole ocean, as far as the eye could reach, appeared in the day-time like an extended plain of driven snow, and at night like an immense forest on fire. This terrific scene was soon succeeded by another: the sea began to rise ‘mountains-high,’ and beat with such violence against our rotten ship, which we could scarcely keep above water *in a calm*, that it seemed next to impossible to keep her from foundering. Unable to keep her to the wind, we were obliged to scud before it, without any sail, at an amazing rate, rolling the quarter-deck guns under water, her sides separating some inches from the deck, one of the quarter-galleries being washed away, and the water pouring in in torrents, and carrying all before it. Had the storm continued but a few hours longer, we must inevitably have perished. The Lord beheld with pity our perilous situation, and (to speak in the language of Scrip-

ture) ‘ rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still,’ (Mark iv, 39.) Our astonishment was something like that of the disciples on the occasion alluded to, (ver. 41,) for almost instantaneously about noon, on the third day, the whole horizon cleared up, the wind gradually subsided to a gentle breeze, and the whole face of the ocean was changed. But not so the hearts of those on board. If I may judge by myself, very few, if any, were truly sensible of this great deliverance. I might indeed unite with some others in thanking God with the tongue; but, that, alas! was the utmost extent of my gratitude.

“ On looking round for the fleet under our care, though there were fifty-two sail in sight when the storm began, not a single ship was now to be seen. Many of them had made the signals of distress; and we afterwards learned that *seven of them were never heard of more*. We had one man washed overboard, and several much hurt; and although we did not all perish, we still continued in the most imminent danger. The uncommon agitation of the ship, during the tempest, had greatly increased her leaks; to

stop which all possible means were used, but without effect. From constant labour, and a very short allowance of fresh water, with salt provisions, the men began to fall sick ; and, what was very alarming, the leathers of the chain-pumps were nearly worn out, and every day became less useful. To heighten the dismal prospect, we were many hundred miles further from land than before the commencement of the hurricane, and were totally undetermined what course to steer. However, on the 16th of October 1760, the day after the storm, early in the morning a vessel was descried at some distance, to which, imagining her to be one of our convoy, we crowded sail, fired guns, and hoisted signals for distress. When she perceived us, she bore down within hail, and proved to be a Virginia trader, laden with tobacco, and bound to Whitehaven. A boat was immediately sent on board, with an officer, to examine whether she was large enough to hold the Edinburgh's complement of men, (which was six hundred,) with a sufficient quantity of provisions to carry them to the nearest port, in case it should be found necessary

to leave his Majesty's ship to sink at sea; but, upon examination, it was found that she had not the means of accommodating three hundred, much less our whole complement, exclusive of provisions. She was, therefore, ordered to keep company with us till the next morning, to receive despatches for the Admiralty. The captain then called all the officers into his cabin, to consult with them upon the best means which could be taken, for the preservation of the ship and the lives of all on board. The wind being fair, it was soon unanimously agreed, that we should bear away for the 'trade winds,' get into smooth water, and steer for Antigua, the nearest port, where we could be refitted. This was a very unexpected resolution to all on board, and a great disappointment to us passengers, who had no disposition to revisit the West Indies. But where life is at stake, the least glimmering of hope is eagerly pursued; consequently the inclinations of a few individuals were not consulted. About noon the next day, a signal was made for the Virginia trader to bear down for despatches and other letters for

England. However, whilst all pens were at work, it was hinted by one of the passengers, that although this vessel could not contain six hundred men, she might very easily accommodate us, who were but seven in number, and no way bound to risk our lives in a king's ship with those who belonged to her. No sooner was the thought communicated to the rest than it was eagerly embraced; and application was immediately made to Captain Langdon, requesting permission to seize on this favourable opportunity of returning to England. He readily granted our request; and one of us went on board the vessel by the first boat, and agreed with the captain for our passage to Whitehaven. A little before sun-set we all embarked, after having taken a sorrowful farewell of our unhappy friends, whom we never expected to see or hear of more. The next morning the wind being fair for them, and foul for us, we soon lost sight of each other. Before I continue my narrative of what occurred to us in the Whitehaven vessel, I must glance at what befel the ship we had just left, and reflect for a moment on the mysterious hand of Provi-

dence, which so unexpectedly removed us from one to the other. We had not long separated, before the wind became fair for us, but against them. In this very distressing situation, almost given up to despair, they providentially fell in with an English seventy-four; which greatly assisted in stopping their leaks, furnished them with materials for repairing their chain-pumps, supplied them with fresh water, and, having induced them to change their resolution of returning to the West Indies, brought them safe into Plymouth, a fortnight *before* we arrived at Whitehaven!"

The captain of the vessel in which Burn was now on board was an upright godly man, whose unaffected piety, and fervent zeal in his Master's cause, damped, but could not prevent entirely, the indulgence of his passengers in their favourite vices. For the sake of propriety, they were obliged to join with him every day in public worship; but neither his pious example, nor friendly admonitions, could prevail on them to leave off gaming, swearing, or drinking. Notwithstanding, which, however, Burn still contrived to main-

tain a strange kind of a form of religion, his conscience would not suffer him to neglect calling upon God in prayer, sometimes twice a-day; and while he thus worshipped with the lip, considered all as right, though his heart was seldom or never engaged. But conscience, which thus urged him to pray, could not, with all its remonstrances, prevent him from sinning whenever custom, or temptation, or example, prompted.

November 7th, they entered St. George's channel; but the wind blowing strong for two days right against their reaching Whitehaven, they bore up for the Irish coast, and lay for some days weather-bound in Lough Swilley: from thence they steered to Ramsay bay in the Isle of Man, where they remained some days, until the spring-tides afforded a sufficient depth of water to take them into Whitehaven harbour. On the morning of the 25th of November, the wind, which had blown exceedingly hard all the week, having subsided a little, they seized the favourable moment, and with some difficulty hove up anchors, intending, if possible, to push into Whitehaven before night; but

scarcely had they got safe out of the bay, when it grew thick and hazy, and began to blow more furiously than ever, so that they could neither regain their anchorage, nor carry sufficient sail to obtain their destined port. Having no alternative, they kept running towards it over tremendous and terrific waves. About one o'clock they assembled in the cabin to take some refreshment; but the motion of the ship was so violent it was impossible to sit at table. While thus engaged, apprehending no present danger, the vessel struck with such violence upon a sand-bank as threw most of them flat. Dreadfully alarmed, and as beings imagining they had but a few moments to live, all strove with eagerness to reach the quarter-deck. Scarcely had they reached it, when the ship struck more violently than before, and again threw them all prostrate. Destruction now seemed inevitable: the most dreadful howlings and lamentations were heard from some; while the pale distorted countenances of others manifested a more silent but deeper anguish. One, in particular, attracted the attention of young Burn. He was a passenger, who had

acquired considerable property in Jamaica, and, during the voyage, had been frequently devising plans of future happiness. At this awful moment, in the bitterness of his heart, he inveighed vehemently against the treatment of Heaven, that had made him spend so many toilsome years in a scorching and unhealthy climate, to procure a little wealth ; and when, with pain and trouble, he had heaped it together, had tantalized him with the sight of the happy shore, where he expected peaceably to enjoy it ; but now, with one cruel unexpected stroke was wrecking his life and his hopes together. The cutting reflections, and woful complaints of this rich man, presented a picture of such black despair, that he seemed liker a condemned fiend than a sinner still in the land of hope.

In the midst of this appalling scene, the captain displayed the serenity which Christian hope is calculated to inspire. When the vessel first struck, being next the cabin door, he instantly sprang upon deck, and gave his orders with so much composure and wisdom, that he appeared to be raised above the fear of death, having a smile on his countenance,

though speedy dissolution stared him in the face. His unshaken intrepidity inspired all who saw it with the most unfeigned respect; and the contrast between him and the man of fortune, which was so striking, renders peculiarly appropriate the remark, "that were there no other advantage to be derived from true religion than the composure of mind it gives in the time of danger, and the blessed hope it holds out in the prospect of death, it is worthy of being diligently cultivated by rational beings, who are surrounded every moment by every variety of danger and death." By the captain's order the vessel was immediately put before the wind, and escaped striking a third time, which must have stove her to pieces, and in a sea so tremendous, that the boat could not have swum five minutes. Upon sounding the well, it was found she did not admit more water than usual; but an awful dread still hung over them of what might befall during the long dark night just approaching, close on a lee-shore, blowing a hurricane, and afraid to carry sail to make off, lest the vessel, from the severe shocks she had suffered,

should be overstrained. The captain determined not to keep the sea that night, but to run, at all events, for the light in Whitehaven pier-head. The danger was great if he should overshoot the mark but a few yards on either side : he, therefore, took the helm himself, and succeeded in piloting them safe into the long-desired haven.

On this General Burn, at an after-period, observes,—“ The ingratitude of man, in his unregenerate state, is, beyond all conception, astonishing. Repeated terrors, and doubly repeated mercies, perils, and deliverances, will prove ineffectual to raise the sinner to a sense of gratitude. Only the Spirit of God, by his quickening influence, can effect this gracious work.”

Undetermined what to do, Burn waited three weeks in Whitehaven, in order to hear from his parents in Scotland. His father, although displeased at the rash step he had taken, sent him an affectionate letter, and as much money as would supply his immediate wants. As it was but scanty, he was under the necessity of exercising the most rigid economy ; and choosing the cheapest, rather

than the most expeditious, mode of travelling, he set out for London, December 13, 1760,—sometimes walking, sometimes riding, but mostly in the stage-waggon. He took three weeks to the journey.

When he arrived at London, totally destitute, he formed the design of returning to Jamaica ; but, calling on his father's agent, he found, to his joyful surprise, that he had been appointed purser to the *Sea-Horse* man-of-war,—his father having been appointed, but, refusing to accept it, had prevailed with Sir Harry Erskine to get it filled up in his name. Enraptured at the very unexpected good news, he set off, with all possible speed, to pay his respects to his generous benefactor ; but, alas ! how sad was his disappointment, when Sir Harry told him, that after the warrant was made out in his name, he had been able to get no intelligence respecting him ; and as the ship was ready to sail, the Admiralty had given the warrant to another person only eight days before ! The severity of this disappointment was heightened by reflecting, that if he had not left the

Edinburgh, he would not have missed it, and by hearing, that if he had only waited three hours longer in Whitehaven, he would have received another letter from his father, informing him of his appointment.

All hopes of procuring a situation in London being at an end, he opened his case to Sir Harry Erskine, who kindly promised to endeavour to get him a commission in the marines, but observed he had little hopes of succeeding. Trusting little to this promise, he returned to his determination of revisiting the West Indies, when an unexpected occurrence providentially prevented it. From Sir Harry's he went to Chelsea, to call on a Mrs. Hay, one of his father's friends; and although he had never seen the lady before, whenever she knew who he was, and understood his situation, she invited him to remain in her house, supplied his pecuniary wants, and purchased for him several articles of apparel in which he was deficient. By her advice he went on board the Royal George, where her husband was secretary to Sir Edward Hawke, with whom he remained till

his friend, Sir Harry Erskine, procured him, as he had promised, a commission in the marines.

When proceeding to join the *Royal George*, he met with an incident of which they who have at any time been accidentally placed in somewhat of a similar situation, can fully appreciate the importance. He narrates it with great simplicity.—“ Being detained on board the *Cormorant*, at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, for nearly a month, by strong westerly winds, I grew weary ; and being anxious to know something about the *Royal George*, I set off early one fine morning in the passage-boat for Portsmouth, purposely to inquire at the admiral's office if she were soon expected in port. I fully intended to return to Cowes by the first boat, as I had but just money enough left for this purpose ; but, to my great sorrow, about noon it began to blow a most violent gale, so that none of the boats would venture out for several days. Never was I placed in a more distressing situation. A perfect stranger in Portsmouth, with only a few pence in my pocket, I continued walking round and round the ram-

parts nearly the whole day, till I was so completely worn out with fatigue and hunger, that the violence of the wind almost drove me off my legs. Night was approaching.—Finding it impossible to continue in this state much longer, and being well nigh distracted, I began to devise schemes where I should rest, and how I could satisfy a craving appetite. At last I fixed on the following expedient: having a pair of silver buckles on my shoes, the gift of an affectionate sister, I determined, though grieved at the deed, to take them to some Jew in the town, and exchange them for metal ones; in hope that the overplus would procure me a lodging, and purchase some food. Just as I was stepping off the rampart to put my plan into execution, I was accosted in a very friendly manner by an old acquaintance, who shook me by the hand, and asked me if I had dined. When I answered in the negative, he replied, ‘Then come along with me—we are just in time.’ By this friend I was plentifully supplied for a few days, till the weather permitted me to return to the Cormorant at Cowes. Thus the same compassion-

ate God, who feeds the ravens when they cry, (Psalm cxlvii, 9,) was at no loss to find means to supply the wants of an ungrateful mortal, who did not then seek him by prayer, nor acknowledge the benefit so seasonably bestowed."

Lieutenant Burn joined head-quarters at Chatham 6th June; and being more settled than he had been for the three preceding years, he began seriously to consider how he could most advantageously employ his leisure hours, and laid down a plan for the regular performance of religious duties, to which he strictly adhered. He joined a Presbyterian congregation, constantly attended divine service, received the sacrament once a-month, and made conscience of strictly performing his private devotions. He was now considered by most of those who knew him a good Christian; and began, like the Pharisee, also to consider himself in this light.—“But as yet,” he says, “I was ignorant of the depth of iniquity in my depraved heart. I had but very indistinct views of the extent and spirituality of God’s holy law, and no just conceptions of the heinous nature and

dreadful effects of sin ; consequently, could not fully appreciate the value of the precious blood shed to take it away, or heartily love or believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, who was manifested to free his people from the *bondage* of sin. So far from partaking of this happy freedom, I still remained the willing slave to various sinful lusts and passions, and felt no remorse in daily doing things I should shudder to think of now." But in this state, he was enabled to cut off many sins dear as a right arm or a right eye : And on this subject he makes the following most important remark.—“ Having had great experience then and since in these painful operations, I would recommend it to those who are determined to be on the Lord's side, to be **RESOLUTELY EXPEDITIOUS**. If a limb of our body is to be amputated, and an unskilful surgeon, instead of doing it in a few minutes, should keep sawing and cutting it for a whole day, how dreadfully excruciating would such an operation be ! Just so it is in a spiritual sense : the more you prune and spare a beloved lust, the more violent it grows, and the more difficult afterwards to

subdue ; but, if you have courage to destroy it at one stroke, the soul is immediately set at a happy liberty. The state of his mind at this time must be given in his own words. It is, perhaps, less uncommon than the writer seems to imagine, and probably proceeded from the clear views of the gospel scheme of salvation, which he had received from his education, operating upon a warm imagination, and forming a lively fanciful theory out of scriptural truth, but omitting, in the plan, that important feature, the daily mortification of sin, and, consequently, that continued watching unto prayer, without which no man can for a moment be secure.—“ But while I was endeavouring to heal my wounded soul in one place, ere I was aware, sin broke out in another ; yet still I kept striving ; and at that time was far from thinking myself unsuccessful. Conceiving my state a very safe one, I was comfortable and cheerful. Indeed, I have often wondered since at the happiness I then enjoyed : the thought has sometimes almost stumbled me. I loved the society of Christians ; and sometimes had sweet communion with God in prayer and other ordi-

nances : nay, I have at times enjoyed such happy moments, such delightful intercourse with heaven, particularly in an evening, that, after having recommended my soul to God, in fervent supplication, I have lain down with the greatest serenity of mind, indifferent whether I should ever open my eyes in the world or not. My reliance, at this time, was not on my own works, but on the mercy of God, as freely manifested in Christ Jesus ; yet I remained a stranger to the quickening power of divine grace on my soul. The sound doctrines of the gospel floated in my head ; but I believe they had not fully, if at all, reached my heart. If I am not much mistaken, I was yet in a great measure carnal, unaffected, and ignorant. The world was neither crucified to me, nor I to it. I had not learned wholly ‘to deny myself, to take up my cross, and to follow Christ.’”

Preliminaries of peace being signed in the beginning of 1763, Lieutenant Burn was reduced to half-pay ; and being desirous of visiting his parents, whom he had not seen for several years, he went down to Scotland in June ; and after spending some months

with them, returned to London, with a view to push all his interest to get into full pay ; and if that should fail, to try to get into some public office or merchant's counting-house.—Disappointed in all his views, he remained nearly a year in the house of his kind friend Mr. Hay, when a proposal was made to him by that gentleman and his lady to accompany their son to France. He had left the country, as he thought, a pious Christian, too firmly rooted in his religious principles to be shaken ; and, during the first year of his residence there, was so constantly employed in the study of the language, the mathematics, &c. that he was not much exposed to temptation ; but, being deprived of the conversation of pious people, and of all the public means of grace, such a coldness and deadness of soul ensued to every thing of a spiritual nature, that the fear of God, and the power of religion, gradually wore off his mind, until a broad and easy way was made for all the mischief that succeeded. Unfortunately, an ill-founded suspicion, that Lieutenant Burn had ill used her son, was taken up by Mrs. Hay ; nor could the most respectful attention

of Lieutenant Burn, nor the mediation of her son, ever reconcile her ; and so strongly was her prejudice rooted, that some months after she went to England with her son, and left Mr. Burn behind to shift for himself in the centre of a strange country, at least eight hundred miles from home, with nothing more than his half-pay to subsist upon. This, he then thought, would have been sufficient ; but a few years trial convinced him to the contrary. Mr. Hay, the father, notwithstanding what had happened, still continued his friend, and, some time after, sent him sufficient money to carry him home. Unhappily, when this came, wrapt up in a golden dream of ease and pleasure, he had determined to spend the remainder of his days in France. But a few years after, when he awoke from his slumber, he had not the means of returning.

Card playing had been his darling vice, and against gaming he had entered into a solemn vow, which he had long kept. When Mrs. Hay had left him to himself, he had not altogether forgotten the religion he had imbibed at Chat-ham, and this prevented him from plunging directly into open sin ; but it was not sufficient

to guard him against the insidious attacks of the enemy ; and his predilection for gaming was that side which was most strongly assaulted, and which he considered he had most securely fortified. He was assailed a thousand ways. His desire to learn the language was used as an inducement. To take a hand at cards was the best way to learn common conversation. When he visited, it was unsocial not to join the party at a harmless game. But the severest trial was when he happened to be the fourth person in a company of select friends, and a hand at cards was proposed, and there was no possibility of playing without him. Immediately followed the most earnest solicitations not to deprive them of the pleasure of an innocent amusement. Perhaps two of the three would be female acquaintances, for whom he had a sincere and tender regard : these latter, with a thousand insinuating arts, would exert their skill to engage him. Even this he resisted. But, at last, he fell before an attack, before which few would have had the fortitude to stand. Situated as he was, it was hardly possible, had he been ever so disposed, to avoid company ; consequently,

he was every day an eye-witness to card playing. It sometimes happened that one of the party, being called out of the room upon urgent business, would leave his cards and money upon the table, and earnestly beg of him to take his hand till he returned. The other players would back his solicitations; and when he alleged his vow, would allege that to play for another could be no breach of it. This sophistry prevailed; and, frequently repeated, he was persuaded that his vow was rash, and broke it without ceremony.—Once broken, he proceeded headlong; and, in a short time, he ran such a length, that not only every week-day, but almost every Sabbath-day, for two or three years together, he spent his time at cards, at the billiard-table, or at the theatre. Without the least regard to the holy day, he constantly polluted it by indulgence in every carnal pleasure; and although his conscience did not fail to tell him it ought to be kept holy, and he was even so far convinced of it as to admonish others, yet so prevalent was the force of example, that, in his own language, he swam down the torrent of iniquity without interruption.

Amid these pleasures, his taste for reading continued ; but the authors he read, Voltaire, Rousseau, and D'Alembert, flattered his propensities, while they bewildered his mind with a confused train of philosophical notions, and he gradually lost sight of true religion and all revealed truth ; so that the grossest sins, which formerly seemed heinous, assumed the more engaging aspect of harmless, if not lawful, gratifications.

Errors in life breed errors in the brain ;
And these reciprocally those again.

His love of pleasure bred doubts of his religion ; and he endeavoured to seek refuge in an undefined deism, which considered God as a being so merciful and so kind, that his soul, if immortal,—for he began to doubt even this,—must be happy. His fears would, however, frequently return ; and these he attempted to drown in pleasure and dissipation. Of this remedy he thus speaks.—“ I feel impelled to stand up as an experienced witness, loudly to proclaim its total inability to administer one single grain of substantial happiness. It may, and it too often does, for

a while, in health, silence the unwelcome checks of conscience, and please the fancy with a multitude of empty dreams and promises, which are never realized. In sickness, its aspect is deformed and disgusting, and the thought of it gives pain instead of pleasure. In death, no sight so horrid and tormenting as a life spent in such vanity: it is the earnest of future and eternal misery. O! how different, and how much to be prized, is that pure and unsullied pleasure which flows from a life of faith in the Son of God! In the hour of trial it will stand the strictest scrutiny: it acquires fresh lustre at the approach of sickness, sweetens the bitter cup at death, and transforms all its terrors into joys. Jesus will at last crown this grace with glory, and eternity will never witness its termination."

From this state of sensual indulgence and unthinking security, he was first roused by a strong desire, so natural to the Scots, to return to his native country. Nothing could divert his thoughts from that subject. He lost relish for the pleasures in which he had lately taken so much delight; retired from com-

pany, and grew reserved and melancholy. But when, like the prodigal, he came to himself, and wished to return to his father's house, he found himself without the means of returning. He was in debt ; and how to discharge it he knew not : his father could not assist him, and he had no friend. He tried that desperate scheme, dabbling in the lottery, but came off a loser of twenty pounds. His last resource was to write a tragedy, having, with incredible labour, acquired a thorough knowledge of the French language, and succeeded pretty well in several essays in prose and verse in the periodical works of the day. He chose an anecdote in the history of Scotland, and laid the plan of his dramatic work. When he had contrived the plot, fixed upon the characters, measured the acts, and sketched out some of the scenes, he showed it to some of his intimate friends, who advised him to execute the plan he had so accurately laid down ; and they represented so highly, not only the profit, but the great honour, that would accrue to him from such a performance, that he laboured on earnestly, for eighteen months, to complete

it. When he had finished this mighty work, from which such great things were expected, he gave it to be corrected by a great connoisseur in the French language, who found such a number of faults, and advised so many alterations and amendments, that the second effort proved fully as laborious as the first: but the sanguine hopes of success carried him through. He then sent his tragedy, complete, as he imagined, to be perused by an author of considerable celebrity at Paris. To his judgment he thought he might safely submit; and it proved so favourable, that he was quite elated, and thought himself certain, not only of its appearing, but of its succeeding, on the stage. However, before this, he was advised to give it another revisal, which, though extremely loath, he was obliged to do. At last, after much fatigue, anxiety, and labour, it was put into the hands of Monsieur Le Kain, the first actor, and manager of the theatre at Paris. At the end of several weeks, during which time the author had suffered the most excruciating suspense, the fatal sentence arrived, "that though there were some well-executed

scenes in his play, there was also a stiffness of style, and many other blemishes, which would hinder its succeeding on the stage." This decision was like a stroke of thunder, especially as his friend, who forwarded it, informed him, that unless he could bribe the manager, and some of the principal actors, he must despair of seeing his piece brought forward. Alas! it was *money* he wanted!

Reduced to the lowest distress, Lieutenant Burn became dejected and melancholy, and avoided all company, especially that of his own countrymen, with whom he determined to have no more connection. A gentleman, however, that had lived in the same house, strongly importuning him to visit an English lady, who had been some time in the hotel where he resided, and whose company he assured him he would certainly like, he at last complied; and found her sweetness of temper, affability, and generous disposition, so attractive, that he could not forbear often repeating his visits, till, by degrees, he became her most confidential friend. His pride would not suffer him to mention to her the unhappy situation he was in; but her pene-

tration pierced through his forced composure of countenance ; and, from some unguarded expressions, she guessed at the real cause of his dejection. Immediately she formed the generous resolution of seizing the first favourable opportunity to remove it. Some months after, when she left the place, to go to Italy, she desired Lieutenant Burn to take charge of some trifling articles that were making for her, and for which she could not wait, promising to send him money from Lyons to pay for them. In a few weeks she sent him a considerable sum ; and, in the most engaging manner, insisted upon his using the overplus to carry him to England ; and this, with a small remittance sent by his indulgent father, was not only sufficient to pay his debts, but also to defray the expense of his travelling home. With a light and joyous heart he left the land of his captivity ; and, in the summer of 1770, landed on the loved shores of Britain, after an absence of six years, spent in thoughtless frivolity, criminal pleasure, and intense suffering, the natural fruit of indulgence in sinful enjoyment by a man so well instructed as

he had been. The change in his principles had produced an evident change in his conduct, which afforded subject of mirth to some of his former acquaintance at Chatham, who were glad to see that their former bigotted companion had got rid of his prejudices; while others wept in secret over his declension from the paths of uprightness.

Upon his arrival in Scotland, it was still worse. His pious father and mother, with sorrow of heart, remarked the change; and often told him, with anguish, "France has been your ruin!" These expressions, so frequently repeated, led Lieutenant Burn at last seriously to inquire, whether, indeed, it was not so; and, reflecting on what he had formerly felt, he began to suspect that all was not right. Sometimes he wished he had never imbibed sceptical doubts; and sometimes he felt a persuasion that God had left him, on purpose to root out effectually the spiritual pride which formerly so much puffed him up, by shewing him how unable he was to stand, and to what dreadful lengths he was liable to run, when left to himself. These reflections were accompanied by a

pleasing hope that God would one day restore him to his favour ; but how this mighty change could be effected he had no conception : indeed, so far from that, he was led to believe it a thing almost impossible. The whole bent of his mind, he says, was so diametrically opposite to a practical reception of the truths revealed in the gospel, that had it not been for this sweet hope that encouraged him, he should never have attempted to search after them. He attended on the means of grace : he read,—prayed ; but his heart remained just as hard and insensible, and, if possible, more prone than ever to every thing that was bad. “ But God,” he adds, “ who is rich in mercy, worketh, and none can let.” He, therefore, made use of such instruments as proved effectual to raze the foundation of all those false hopes and erroneous notions by which the devil had held him fast. The first thing that made an evident impression upon him was the letters of his pious friends : the next was the unexpected accounts of the death of an only and beloved brother, which he received after he returned to England, December 1770, and

nearly upon the same spot where, seven or eight years before, they had taken their last affectionate farewell of each other. It preyed upon his mind, and compelled him to look, though with dread, beyond the grave, towards that awful and eternal state into which his dear brother had just entered. His erroneous notions stood now arrayed in their proper colours: he saw the absolute necessity of such a Saviour as Jesus Christ; and was convinced there was no possibility of being saved any other way than by him. But not feeling, as yet, any love in his heart towards him, nor perceiving, in his glorious person, any thing that he thought would ever attract his affection, he grieved, and mourned, and wept, being well persuaded, that unless he loved Jesus Christ, there could be no hope of any salvation.

What mainly contributed, however, as a mean to effect the happy change, which he at this time experienced, was a dream. This he shall relate for himself.—

“About a fortnight or more after my brother's death, while I continued in a mournfully disconsolate state of mind, because I

could not love Christ, I dreamed a very distinct and remarkable dream, which had such a happy effect upon my heart, that I have ever since looked upon it as the principal means the Almighty was pleased to employ in bringing about my thorough conversion. I thought I was sitting, a little before daylight in the morning, with my deceased brother, on the wall of the parish church-yard, where we had lived many years together. We remained silent for some time ; and then he asked me if I would not go with him into the church. I readily consented ; and immediately rising up, walked with him towards the porch, or outer gate, which I thought was very large and spacious ; but when we had passed through it, and came to the inner door, that led directly into the body of the church, some way or other, but how I could not well conceive, my brother slipped in before me ; and, when I attempted to follow, (which I was all eagerness to do,) the door, which slid from the top to the bottom, like those in some fortified towns on the continent, was instantly let down more than half way, so that I now found it requisite to

bend myself almost double before I could possibly enter. But, as I stooped to try, the door continued falling lower and lower ; and, consequently, the passage became so narrow, that I found it altogether impracticable in that posture. Grieved to be left behind, and determined to get in, if possible, I fell down on my hands, and tried to squeeze my head and shoulders through ; but finding myself still too high, I then kneeled down, crept, wrestled, and pushed more eagerly, but all to no purpose. Vexed to the last degree, yet unwilling to be left outside, I came to the resolution of throwing off all my clothes, and crawling like a worm ; but, being very desirous to preserve a fine silk embroidered waistcoat which I had brought from France, I kept that on, in hopes of being able to carry it with me. Then laying myself flat on my face, I toiled, and pushed, and strove, soiled my embroidered waistcoat, but could not get in after all. At last, driven almost to despair, I stripped myself entirely, and forced my body between the door and the ground, till the rough stones and gravel tore all the skin and flesh upon my breast, and (as

I thought) covered me with blood. Indifferent, however, about this, and perceiving I advanced a little, I continued to strive and squeeze with more violence than ever, till at last I got safely through. As soon as I stood upon my feet on the inside, an invisible hand clothed me in a long white robe; and, as I turned round to view the place, I saw a goodly company of saints, (among whom was my brother,) all dressed in the same manner, partaking of the Lord's supper. I sat down in the midst of them; and the bread and wine being administered to me, I felt such seraphic joy, such celestial ecstasy, as no mortal can express. I heard a voice call me three times by name, saying I was wanted at home. My joy was so great and overcoming, that it soon broke asunder the silken bands of sleep, and made me start up in my bed, singing the high praises of God.

“ So much was I impressed by this remarkable dream, that from this day I was enabled to begin an entirely new life, which (as I advanced in the saving knowledge of divine things) proved as different from the life I had led for several years back, as it is

possible any two opposites can be. Old things were now done away, and all things became new. Not that I obtained a complete victory over my domineering sins all at once, or renounced all my false opinions in one day; but a bitter and eternal war was instantly declared against the one, and, as God made the discovery to me, I let go the other."

From this period he gradually increased in knowledge and peace; and his temporal comforts began to increase. He was stationed among Christian friends, raised above the dread of poverty, and at last united to the person he had loved for many years. In this state he found that prosperity has its snares. He began to lose a relish for spiritual things, and to wrap himself up in the enjoyment of his temporal mercies. From this dangerous and growing lethargy he was roused by a friendly, but severe, stroke of the rod. A swelling in his neck, at first scarcely the size of a nut, increased to such a degree, that he had to undergo a dangerous operation, and was brought very near the brink of the grave. Then the world, which he had been so fond-

ly hugging, shrunk from his embrace as a deformed thing. “ I blushed,” says he, “ to think I had been so mean as to place my affections one moment upon it; and resolutely determined, for the future, to give my heart entirely to God, who had an indisputable right to it. The finger of the Lord was so evidently manifest to me in this affliction, that I can truly say, if ever I was in any degree thankful for any of his mercies, it was for this. No sooner did I feel the happy effects of it upon my soul at this time, than I began, with more earnestness than ever, to seek after God. I longed for clear communion with him: I delighted in his courts, and in the solemn assemblies of the more select company of his spiritual worshippers. The people of God, of every denomination, poor or rich, now became to me the excellent of the earth, in whom was all my delight. I loved them from my heart, because they belonged to Christ, and bore his image; and, through his grace, I can do so still. Surely nothing less than divine power could, in the space of a few months, have thus effectually overthrown the massy bulwarks of infidelity,

which, for six years, had been continually strengthening in my corrupt heart, or have bent my vicious and stubborn will to embrace the self-abasing doctrines of the gospel. That such a change has been wrought, I am as certain as of my own existence; so, likewise, am I confident, that it was not in the smallest degree attributable to any inherent strength of my own. God alone must have been the author of it. To him, therefore, be all the glory! to me shame and confusion of face, for having so ill requited a God of such boundless compassion."

A Christian's life is a life of prayer. The annunciation of Saul's conversion was made by the angel in these terms, "Behold he prayeth:" nor is breath more necessary or natural to the new-born infant than prayer to the renewed soul. Lieutenant Burn found this; and he delighted to find that his God is a prayer-hearing God, and that even when he refused a direct and immediate grant of his petitions; of which he gives one remarkable example.—About this time he had frequently prayed, that whenever he might be called to embark in a man-of-war, he might find even there, in that

dreadful abode for a Christian, some serious person to converse with, who, by good advice and a pious example, might be the means of preventing him from falling. Shortly after, he and two other officers were ordered to embark, one in each of the three guard-ships then stationed in the Medway. Two of them lay close to the dock-yard, affording at all times easy access to the shore ; but the other, the *Resolution* of 74 guns, was moored half-way down the river, towards Sheerness, from whence, in winter and bad weather, it was troublesome to land, and sometimes impracticable. For this reason, it was natural for each of them to wish for one of the Chatham ships ; and strong interest was, accordingly, made by each of them respectively with the commanding officer for that purpose : but he finding he must necessarily disoblige one of the three, ordered them all to attend parade next morning, and draw lots for their ships. “ This,” says the general, who shall tell his own story, “ drove me to my stronghold ; and if ever I prayed with fervency in my life, it was now. I pleaded hard with the Searcher of Hearts, that he

knew my chief motive for desiring one of the Chatham ships was, that I might constantly attend the means of grace and the ordinances of his house; and I felt confidence, that if I really was a child of God, he would grant my request,—since the ‘lot thus cast into the lap’ was wholly at his disposal! The important morning came, and I drew the dreaded ship, down the river. Had I drawn my death warrant, I hardly think it would have affected me more. My prayer was now apparently rejected; and the enemy of souls, taking advantage of the agitated state of my depraved heart, easily made me draw the conclusion, either that I was no Christian, or that God paid no attention to those who professed to be such. In this gloomy desponding state, like a criminal going to execution, I embarked the same forenoon in his majesty’s ship *Resolution*, lying in a dreary part of the Medway, about two or three miles from Sheerness. I had just time to be introduced to the officers in the ward-room, when dinner came in. The third lieutenant, happening to be caterer that week, of course stood up at the head of

the table, and asked a blessing, but with so much seriousness as quite astonished me ; for being well acquainted with the customs of the ward-room in a king's ship, I had never heard any thing of the kind so solemnly pronounced there before ; and I determined to mark every word that proceeded from that gentleman's lips, in the hope of hearing something that might enable me to ascertain his character. Nothing decisive occurred during dinner ; but no sooner was the wine placed upon the table, than he was attacked by several of his messmates on his religious sentiments ; and I soon discovered that he bore the genuine marks of a true Christian, by his judicious reproofs, and the very able manner in which he confuted all their infidel arguments. Wishing, I suppose, to know what spirit I was of, they frequently appealed to me for the truth of what they advanced ; but having always decided against them, I was imperceptibly drawn into the disputation on the side of the caterer. When the allowance of wine was drunk, (for it was a sober well-regulated mess,) the purser rose, and broke up the company, exclaiming, with

an oath, ' Our new messmate is as great a Methodist as Tomlinson.* I smiled, well pleased to be associated with such a man. As two needles touched with the loadstone, when they fall near to each other among chaff, will soon come together, so this Methodist lieutenant and myself speedily came into contact. After having exchanged a few questions, we went down to his cabin in the gun-room, had an hour's comfortable conversation, and concluded with prayer, although a few hours before we had never seen one another's faces. This singular circumstance could not fail to bring to my recollection, the prayer I had so culpably forgotten, now completely granted, and I began to be reconciled to the ship Providence had assigned me ; but that God, who abounds in goodness, and delights in mercy, never confers his favours by halves. A few days had hardly elapsed, when an order came from the Admiralty, to send the Resolution up to Chatham, and one

* Lieutenant Tomlinson was a pious, sensible, and well-informed man, then well-known in the Christian world.

of the ships there to take her place. This was such welcome news to all on board, that, lest the order should be countermanded, we obeyed it the same day; for the wind and tide favouring, we weighed, and came to an anchor off the dock-yard before two o'clock. Thus my prayer, at first apparently rejected, was now completely answered; but it was in the Lord's way. Had mine been attended to, and I had drawn the ship that afterwards went down the river, I should have been miserable. So true it is, we 'know not what we should pray for as we ought.' Rom. viii, 26."

From an early period the lieutenant had kept, as is frequent among seafaring men, a regular journal of his life, in which he noted down all the material occurrences he met with, interspersed with remarks,—a practice which tends strongly to invigorate our powers of observation, and to give to them an accuracy which those who allow the day to pass over them unrecorded seldom or ever attain.

But about this period he commenced a new series, in which he intermingled accounts

of his progress or decline in the Christian life, and of the pains and pleasures arising from the conflicts he experienced in his mind between error and truth, sin and grace. He commences thus on the 15th of August 1773.—“ Oh that the blessed Jesus would grant that every day I might sail with as prosperous a gale as I have this day ! How good, how kind, how astonishingly gracious, has he been to my unworthy soul on this day of rest ! Delightful prelude to that eternal sabbath of bliss, which I humbly trust, through his blood and righteousness alone, I shall ere long enjoy in a world above ! When I went out in the morning to the house of God, my mind seemed composed, and enjoyed, as it were, beforehand, the glad sound of the everlasting gospel. But when in the sanctuary, O ! what pleasure in praying, and praising, and listening to the overtures of a merciful God and Father, in and through the Lord Jesus Christ ! And when the service was over, as I returned home through the fields, the Lord blessed me in such a manner, that ‘ my cup ran over.’ I could hardly support myself under the transporting

pressure of such ecstatic joy, such unutterable rapture. *A carnal world may laugh at these expressions, and call them enthusiastic: but all the men upon earth will never convince me but that I then really experienced a joy, to which all that the world calls joy can bear no comparison; nor can they persuade me but that the source from which this joy sprang was truly scriptural and evangelical. My eyes directed toward heaven, and my heart breathing out fervent desires after a spiritual sight of an all-sufficient Saviour, I was imperceptibly led to reflect, that far beyond the blue canopy so magnificently extended over my head, that same Saviour was undoubtedly seated at the right hand of Jehovah, and pleading for poor, guilty, helpless me. This thought struck me with such compunction of soul, and infused into my breast such a sweet and full assurance of eternal bliss, that, as I have already mentioned, feeble flesh and blood could hardly stand under it. I walked along, praising God with such ecstasy of soul, that it brought to my remembrance a carnal notion I have frequently had of the employment of the saints in heaven.

Before I knew what the sweets of religion were, I never could rightly conceive how the blessed hosts above could find so much pleasure in continually worshipping around the throne. Surely, I thought, they must some time or other be tired, or, at least, by way of relaxation, seek to vary their employment. But how differently did I think now ! What worlds would I have given to remain always in such a frame as this ! The idea that there was such a praising state of bliss, that would never have an end, ravished my soul. I could not help crying out aloud to the inanimate things around me,—Now I know what the joy of saints and angels means, and no longer wonder that they continually cry, ‘ Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come ;’ and unweariedly repeat, ‘ Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.’ O that I were among them !”

His case, like that of all the inhabitants of earth, was liable to change, and, like all who carry about with them a body of sin and death, to change for the worse. The Chris-

tian learns, by painful experience, that here is not his rest; and, during his voyage to the better country, that lieth afar off, the most favourable breezes are frequently succeeded by adverse gales, and sometimes die away in listless calms. A few instances are selected to exemplify this.

“ *September 12.*—Among the many enemies that I have to grapple with in my spiritual warfare, I find few so constant in the field, and so difficult to subdue, as spiritual pride. For some days past it has haunted me more than usual. I can scarcely apply to any duty, but it is sure to be there; and when one would imagine that such a poor, frail, simple being as I could never have any thing to do with pride; yet, alas! too true it is, that cursed sin frequently discovers itself in my heart. But blessed be the name of Jesus, he enables me to battle hard against it. And a very subtle foe it is to encounter; for where I least expect it, there it is sure to be. When my heart is big with grief, and groaning under the weight of sin, even there it mixes with almost every sigh.

“ *September 20.*—My spiritual foes are so

numerous, their attacks so frequent and unexpected, and the whole of my Christian race attended with so many various circumstances, that it is impossible for me exactly to relate the experience of the whole week, or even of one day.—Among the vast army of corruptions that lurk in my heart, I have this week found at their head an impatient, murmuring spirit, making every little trifle ruffle my temper before I am aware: and if I were not enabled by grace to set a constant watch over the motions of this spirit, it would hurry me into such sin as would bring dishonour on the cause of God, grieve his Holy Spirit, and burden my already too much burdened mind.

“ *November 1.*—Till I can get entirely above the world, its cares, customs, and snares, I never shall be comfortable: till sin is entirely overcome in my soul, by the love of Christ reigning there without a rival, I never shall enjoy that sweet peace of God, which passeth all understanding. O how have I been harassed by this dreadful enemy, sin, during the fortnight past! Who can describe the excruciating anguish of

soul that I have suffered? May the Lord, in mercy, keep me from offending him as I have too frequently done ! For several days I enjoyed a steady calm in my mind, beyond what I had felt for some time,—till, one evening, reproving a fellow-sinner for a fault, I forgot the spirit of love and meekness with which I began to do it ; and, from some circumstances that occurred, ere I was aware, I fell into the sin of unlawful anger. When I came to my spiritual senses, and began to reflect on what I had done, no tongue can express my horror for having committed such egregious folly,—to think that, instead of defending my Saviour's cause, I had injured it."—Yet the sweet recompense for trouble, which the Christian receives in settled solid joy, resting upon the sure foundation of a sinner's hope, was not seldom bestowed upon this humble servant of God.

" *November 24.*—Last Sunday, blessed be the name of Jesus, I was not disappointed in my hopes. I enjoyed a goodly portion of his love. I could ' call him Lord by the Holy Ghost,' appropriate him to myself, and securely venture my eternal all on his ever+

lasting love. O what a blessed Sabbath did I experience ! what sweet composure of mind ! what solid joy at heart ! what peace of conscience ! I was not carried out in seraphic flights or rapturous ecstasies. I felt something, if possible, more sublime and elevating within me. I cannot describe it in a more distinct and comprehensive manner, than by saying it was faith in exercise, the clearest ‘evidence of things not seen,’ and the very ‘substance of’ what I ‘hoped for.’ Christ was all to me. I held him fast, and feared nothing ; no, not death itself.

“ *April 9, 1775.*—O how pleasant, safe, and delightful, to confide in a crucified Lord ! I this day found Jesus precious to my soul in a manner that I had never done before. I saw such beauty, fitness, and excellency in him, that all the troubles, afflictions, temptations, and trials I could possibly meet with here, seemed nothing at all while I securely rested on the eternal Rock of Ages. What an inexhaustible, unspeakable treasure is Christ ! It is well worth while to sell all, and purchase this precious pearl. I may safely say, I really felt in my heart that I

loved Christ to-day. O how seldom it is I can say so ! But I trust, sinful, helpless creature as I am, Christ will soon complete the work of sanctification in my soul, take me to himself, and bless me for ever in his presence ; and then I am sure I shall eternally love him."

Aware of the danger of self-deceit on a subject so important as the concerns of the soul, Lieutenant Burn set apart stated times for the indispensable duty of self-examination ; and the commencement of a new year, the time which many devote to dissipation and revelry,—as if the marked termination of a measured period of human existence, naturally calculated to awaken serious reflection, should be only noted by superior levity and thoughtlessness,—he consecrated to this weighty and momentous object. The solemnity and earnestness with which he engaged in the work will appear.

" *January 1, 1774.*—Lord God Almighty, be pleased this day, for Jesus Christ's sake, so to illuminate my mind by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, that whilst I attempt to penetrate into the deepest recesses of my

heart, and make the strictest inquiries about my spiritual state, I may make no material mistake therein. When the question is, Whether I am born again of the Spirit of God? or, Whether I am ingrafted into Christ Jesus, as the branch into the vine, and become a new creature in him?—O let me not deceive myself in giving an answer. Remove the obstacles that lie in the way of coming to the truth in this examination. Take away pride, the fear of man, the love of praise, carnal reasoning, and a long train of hellish cavillers, that will be ready at every opportunity to cast in a word to bewilder me in this important search. But, above all, silence the accusations and wicked suggestions of the devil, that he may be confounded, thine unworthy worm humbled in the dust, and all the praise and glory redound unto thee alone, now and for evermore! Amen.—What am I? A reasonable being, born to die, perhaps to-morrow, next week, next month, next year; I cannot tell when. All that I am sure of is, I must die; yet, endued with a living principle, a spark of the Deity, an immortal soul that must exist

after death; awful thought! either happy or miserable to all eternity. All this I am convinced of in my mind. I know also that I am the son of an apostate parent, a sinner by nature and practice, and, consequently, an enemy to my Maker, a child of wrath, and an heir of hell. I know likewise, and am thoroughly convinced, (blessed be God!) that God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son; and that there is no way of being reconciled to God but by the all-precious and atoning blood of Jesus Christ, who freely gave himself as a ransom, and wrought out an everlasting righteousness for his chosen people, and will at last most certainly bring to eternal glory all who, through rich grace, are brought to believe in his name. The grand and important questions then are, —Am I one of this happy number?—Did Jesus die for me?—Have I felt the divine efficacy of his blood?—Is his righteousness my only plea for justification before God?—And shall I shortly enter into the blissful realms above, as a shining trophy of his sovereign and everlasting love?—These are the blessings I want, of all things, to call my

own. Ten thousand worlds to be able to do it with confidence. The Lord direct me here; for a mistake in this matter must be dreadfully fatal. But how am I to know these things? The Saviour himself hath given me a very plain and easy rule to go by. Let me follow it, and pray for grace to use it faithfully. He hath said in his word, The tree is known by its fruit. What fruit have I produced? Do I know of any change having passed upon me? Surely I do, and can appeal to a thousand facts for the truth of this. Do I live as I did ten or twenty years ago? No; nothing like it, in the clear sense of the expression; ‘Old things are passed away, and all things are become new.’ Has the Spirit of God ever convinced me of sin? Let my conscience, which has felt its intolerable load, answer this question. ‘Tis true, the Lord at first sweetly drew me to himself with the cords of love, and it was some time before he shewed me the dreadful nature of sin, and the plague of my own heart; but when he did, no language can express the excruciating pangs I felt, and the agonies of soul I went through, on account of

it, till, by faith in the Redeemer's blood, I experienced a blessed deliverance from it. But do I really and truly hate sin? Surely I do, with a perfect hatred; else whence should it be such a daily grief and burden to me? Let my secret tears, my bitter groans, and heart-rending sighs, let my hourly dread of falling into it, witness whether I hate it. The heart-searching God knows I hate it. But here something within me seems to whisper, Are you then without sin? Alas! no; I am a daily, an hourly sinner, the chief of sinners. 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' is my constant petition. But I trust sin has not the dominion over me."

In the month of May 1774, Lieutenant Burn paid a visit to his affectionate parents, where he remained about three months,—during which, and for some time after, his common routine of life was marked by no particular circumstance worth recording; only he continued to increase in knowledge and piety: and the year closes in his journal with the following devout and humble sentiments.—“The Lord have mercy upon me a sinner! I can see nothing but what is vile in

myself; but all fulness dwelleth in Jesus: therefore, to him I come, and on him alone will I rely; for I have learned more this year than I have ever yet done—that without him I can do nothing; but through him I am more than conqueror over all my foes. I therefore desire to conclude the year, to begin another, to continue through life, and to finish my last moments, with crying from the heart—None but Christ! none but Christ!"

Lieutenant Burn had now been stationed at Chatham five years comfortably with his family: but hostilities having broken out with America, he was, in the end of the year 1775, ordered to embark on board the *Milford*, a frigate of 28 guns, commanded by Captain Burr, and, on the 19th December, sailed from Sheerness. The day, however, proving hazy, they came to an anchor at the Warp. While waiting for a wind to carry them through the Narrows, a sailor on the foretop perceived something the matter with the topmast, and that it did not sit as it should, although he could not explain the reason. This brought on a closer examination, when

the top-mast was found so thoroughly rotten, that its own weight had carried it several inches below the iron bar on which it should have rested. A consultation of the officers was immediately called ; and though their orders were very pressing to proceed to Portsmouth, it was unanimously agreed to return to Sheerness ; which they did accordingly, and procured another top-mast. The danger thus prevented, afforded matter of thankfulness to Lieutenant Burn, whose grateful feelings were soon after also awakened on visiting Portsmouth, by the recollection of former days, and contrasting them with his then present circumstances.

“ *January 6, 1776.*—I went ashore,” says he, “ early this morning, after breakfast. The weather being fair, I seized the opportunity, sauntered about the town, and had a most agreeable walk upon the ramparts. O how my heart glowed with gratitude the instant I began to recollect that there was a time I travelled round these walls, when my situation, in every respect, was most wretched, compared to what it is at present ! Blessed be the name of the Lord, who brought about

the happy change. Then, tired out with hunger and fatigue, I passed one tedious hour after another, not knowing where to satisfy a craving appetite, or to lay my head at night. No money to purchase either, and without any solid prospect of a future maintenance in the world ; and, what is worst of all, my eyes sealed to the true light of the gospel, and my mind as yet ignorant of the saving knowledge of Christ. Now, glory to his name ! I am neither tired nor hungry. I know where to go for a good dinner, and where to lay my head peaceably at night, with a sufficiency in my pocket to purchase whatever I want. My fortune in the world is not great, but sufficient. Blessed with the woman I love, and my dear little prattling babes, I desire no more. But, what is far preferable to all this, I humbly trust the Lord hath opened the eyes of my understanding, to see my ruined state by nature, and to know and embrace the truth as it is in Jesus. Transported with pleasing reflections on what God had thus graciously done for me, I could not forbear tuning a hymn of thanksgiving to his praise, while I cheerfully tripped along

the ramparts ; my outward gesture sufficiently demonstrating what joy and satisfaction reigned within. Surely, I thought, God must be my God, or he would not thus have blessed me."

An officer of marines, during a long voyage, has, in general, much spare time upon his hands ; and as time, when spent in idleness, is seldom simply lost, Lieutenant Burn, in order to prevent the evil effects of allowing it to run to waste, knowing the pernicious influence and progressive encroachment of indolence, if not speedily checked, planned out for himself a regular distribution of his hours, as far as was possible, to profitable employment, exercise, or innocent relaxation, which he determined closely and perseveringly to adhere to, unless when sickness, or any other necessary cause, prevented.

The uncertainties of the ocean render a sailor's life particularly obvious to remarkable dangers and remarkable deliverances, calculated to strike the most careless with evidences of a superintending providence. On the 16th of January, when they were near the Edystone, the master was at the

helm, and undertook to carry the ship into Plymouth Sound that night. About ten or eleven o'clock, it was discovered, that, instead of being in Plymouth Sound, they were "hampered in Bigbury Bay," a few miles to the eastward of Plymouth; a bay which appears to offer the finest anchorage, but the bottom is full of sharp rocks, which presently cut the cables of any anchors that can be thrown out; so that few vessels that have run into that bay have ever been known to get out again. In the present case, the discovery was made at the critical juncture: if it had been a little later, or if the wind had blown strongly towards the shore, they must inevitably have been wrecked; and it is not likely that any would have escaped: but the mistake was happily discovered in time to admit of their standing out to sea; and the next morning they reached their desired port. The several hair-breadth escapes they had experienced, between their departure from Sheerness and their arrival at Plymouth, were justly regarded by Lieutenant Burn as so many instances of the divine goodness towards them.

“ *January 17.*—The Lord hath been remarkably gracious to us. O that we could but be truly thankful! The care of the Almighty has been so evidently manifested in our favour, that even those on board the ship, who have not the fear of God before their eyes, could not help observing it. I need only repeat the speech of one of my messmates to-day at dinner. ‘When I consider,’ said he, ‘how badly this ship was fitted out, the rawness and inexperience of our hands, the season of the year, the stormy weather we have had, and our last night’s affair in Bigbury Bay, I cannot account for our being here, unless it was *downright Providence* that brought us.’ Surely, and that same Providence must attend us all our journey through, or we shall never prosper.”

Men frequently meet with as remarkable preservations, when unaware, by being kept out of the way of danger, as they do when they perceive their exposure, and mark, at the moment, their precise deliverance. An instance of this the lieutenant records.—

“ *February 11.*—To-day, about noon, the mizen-yard fell down, and was within a few

inches of killing the first lieutenant and a midshipman ; but, fortunately, did no other damage than making a few dents in the quarter-deck. I cannot forbear mentioning a particular circumstance with regard to myself. It has been a constant custom with me, ever since we sailed, to walk the quarter-deck about noon ; but, to-day, (having had little rest in the night,) I lay down upon my bed, where I was dozing in safety, when the yard fell. It came down between the lieutenant and the binnacle ; the side I generally walk on when we are upon deck together.—Who can tell what the event would have been, had I been there. Surely the Lord kept me out of the way of harm."

On the 21st, they passed the island Pico, so denominated from its peak, a mountain of considerable height. Lieutenant Burn seems to have been highly gratified with its appearance.

" *February 21.*—This morning, when I went upon deck, one of the most grand and majestic objects, that nature perhaps can exhibit, presented itself to my view. I was struck with wonder and amazement, hardly

satisfied that my eyes were well open, the awful sight so much surprised me. It was the lofty *Pico*, rearing its enormous head far above the clouds, extending itself into the blue firmament, as if it would pierce the very battlements of heaven. I have been the greatest part of the day, which has been delightfully serene, contemplating the various aspects it puts on, from the different colours and changing forms of the passing clouds that almost continually hover round it.— Sometimes they encircle its middle like a girdle, leaving the base clear ; but seldom reach so high as to cover its top, which, with an air of dignity, proudly overlooks them as if it bade defiance to them all. Can this mountain be removed ? Shall it ever be shaken, and fall ? To look at it, one would imagine it impossible ; but the day is coming, when it shall flee away and totally disappear. But, happy thought ! the loving kindness of the Lord to his people shall never be removed."

Soon after, they reached Fayal ; where Lieutenant Burn went on shore, and " saw every thing worth taking notice of. The

town," he says, "is agreeably situated on a rising ground, facing the south, surrounded by very steep hills, with an extensive view of the sea on one hand, and the gigantic Pico right before it, across the roadstead, at a few miles distance. The streets are narrow, dirty, and badly paved; the houses low, irregular, and ill-built; and, what I saw of their insides, abominably dirty, and badly furnished; except the room in which the governor received us the day we landed. The country is delightfully pleasant, very healthy, and, with a little industry, might be made extremely fertile; but its unthankful inhabitants, eaten up with pride, superstition, and idleness, know not how to enjoy it. I could hardly keep my temper, when I looked into their gardens and fields, and saw them all overrun with weeds, hardly producing any thing but what nature of her own accord, with little or none of their assistance, brought to maturity. Not a single espalier could I perceive upon any of their garden walls, though exposed to the best advantage, and the climate one of the finest in the world, for producing peaches, nectarines, apricots, and

all other kinds of wall-fruits : they contented themselves with having these things sent them in their season from a neighbouring island. The beans, in the open fields, though hardly perceivable for weeds, were now in full bloom, and some of them well podded ; yet we could not get a cabbage, or lettuce, or any kind of garden stuff, in the whole island. Surely such indolent ungrateful beings do not deserve to inhabit so beautiful a country. Their oranges and lemons are extremely fine, the only fruit we had to feast upon, and we laid in a copious stock. They grew common in the fields ; and, happily for the Portuguese, require very little of their trouble or attendance. In this small town there are three or four convents of friars, and two of nuns ; and such a number of ecclesiastics of different kinds, that they make up full a fourth, if not a third, of all the inhabitants in the island. Whether it be the custom of Portugal, or the jealousy of the men, that keeps the ladies within doors, I cannot say ; but you will seldom see a well-dressed woman in the streets, except upon some public occasion, or on a holiday, going

to or coming from mass. Here they all dress in black, and mostly in one way. The churches in Fayal are quite the reverse of their dwelling-houses, extremely clean, elegantly and richly ornamented; particularly that lately occupied by the Jesuits, now in the possession of the crown. The grandeur of the adjoining convent, the number and spaciousness of its apartments, with the gardens, offices, and every thing else belonging to it, sufficiently demonstrate that they were no fools who built such a commodious place to live in. With all their wisdom and learning, however, they are now scattered over the earth, like vagabonds, hardly daring any where publicly to shew their heads. God has not suffered them to go unpunished, even in this life.

“ I have seen a procession of all the different orders of monks, priests, gentry, and laity, in the town. It was headed by six penitents, bare-footed, veiled, and dressed in white, chained two and two by the leg; one couple, with pain, dragging a long heavy chain all through the different streets of the town: the other two couple, with still more

pain, fastened together with a straight massy bar of iron. This was imposed upon them by their confessors, by way of making atonement for their sins. It is probable they were poor people, and had it not in their power to do it in a way more acceptable to the priests. After the penitents followed an image of our Saviour, as large as life, bound to the pillar, and covered with wounds, and carried upon monks' shoulders. After this came the different orders of friars, carrying large images of their respective saints, ornamented with artificial flowers; images of the crucifixion; the patronesses of the nuns, all in different attitudes, and as large as life. Then followed the *host*, under a canopy, carried by a priest of the first rank, in a golden cup; with a number of other priests singing, with music-books in their hands; and others, tossing incense in the air; with all the gentry, male and female, walking behind them, and the rabble bringing up the rear. I could not forbear offering up a hearty prayer, that the Lord would open the eyes of these deluded mortals, to see the truth as it is revealed in the scriptures. O

my soul ! what reason hast thou to be thankful, if he hath shewn thee how to worship him in spirit ! ‘ Be not high minded, but fear.’ ”

After a passage of four weeks from Fayal, and above nine from England, they reached the port of Boston. The war, which terminated in the independence of America, was marked throughout by imbecility or infatuation on the part of the mother country, the measures taken to induce the refractory colonies being too weak, if intended for coercion, and too strong, if meant to conciliate ; and, in every instance, the consequence was failure, if they did not rather accelerate the crisis they were intended to retard. In this state Lieutenant Burn found affairs on their arrival. “ God only knows,” he remarks, “ what will be the issue of this unnatural war. Hitherto he has defeated all our attempts, baffled our counsels, and given repeated, unusual, and unexpected success to our enemies. We have not a foot of ground here that we can call our own, but a few small islands, of no use, except one, on which we get a little fresh water. They be-

come stronger and stronger every day, and we weaker and weaker. What military stores they wanted we have supplied them with, not being able to hinder their taking them from us: provisions and other things, with difficulty brought from England in transports, have been seized before our eyes, for the use of their army, instead of ours; and now, after much bloodshed, fatigue, and hardship, we are obliged to fly, to avoid starving, or surrendering ourselves prisoners."

The immense accumulation of individual misery which war, in its mildest form, occasions, is truly deplorable; and although naval warfare is certainly attended with fewer miseries than what accompany the march of armies and the sack of towns, yet, how often do the little petty captures, which are scarcely noticed in a newspaper, or, if noticed, read with the utmost unconcern, carry distraction, misery, and ruin, into the bosoms of humble happy families, who have no interest in the struggle. The Milford was employed in annoying the trade of the enemy; and this duty Lieutenant Burn felt as painful as it

was unprofitable, for the vessels they took were of small value ; and they only inflicted wretchedness on others, without enriching themselves, or advancing the object of the contest.

“ These prizes,” he observes, “ are of little or no value to us, because we can get nobody to purchase them : but the poor unhappy people that lose them, lose their all. It would rend a heart of stone, to see the sorrow that is painted in their countenances when they are brought on board. Some of them retire into corners, and weep like children. If you ask what is the matter, a flood of tears is the answer. Sometimes you will hear them sob out—My wife, my children ! what will become of them ?—I have been more than once obliged to avoid the affecting sight, unable to restrain my own tears, or prevent theirs.”

But, when the captures were made after an engagement, the scene became deeply distressing. Lieutenant Burn thus describes his impressions, on boarding a conquered ship.—“ The mangled bodies of my fellow-creatures, lying pale and breathless on the deck ; some,

dying, and others begging me to put them out of their misery ; while a hungry dog was feeding on the blood that was streaming all about the ship ; exhibited a spectacle that would have extorted tears of compassion from the bitterest enemy, and the sigh of pity from the hardest heart. The captain and first lieutenant wounded, the latter dangerously ; the first pilot and ten more men killed ; twelve men wounded, some of them mortally ; but, what is astonishing, and ought to stamp lasting gratitude on the heart of every man on board the Milford, we had but one man slightly wounded in the arm ; some had their clothes shot through, some the skin grazed, and others the hair shot off their heads."

Shortly before leaving the American station, the Milford very narrowly escaped being wrecked in Halifax harbour, by a hurricane, of which Lieutenant Burn gives the following account.—

" Bless the Lord, O my soul ; and all that is within me praise his holy name, for the speedy and unexpected deliverance he wrought this day, when death, in all its hor-

rors, seemed ready to swallow me up !—When we moored the ship yesterday afternoon, having every thing snug, no foremast, no masts or yards aloft, we imagined ourselves perfectly secure. But how insufficient are all human precautions, when they oppose the ministers of the Almighty's vengeance ! We are too apt to dread the approach of danger when it is farthest off, and to think it at a distance when it is very near. We went to bed in the greatest security ; but, between three and four this morning, there came on such a violent hurricane, that, before we could well get our clothes on, the ship snapped both her cables in two, like a rotten thread, and drove with amazing velocity, we knew not whither, so that every body was looking out for instant destruction. We struck two men-of-war in our way, carried away the larboard-quarter gallery quite smooth, as if it had been cut with a knife, lifted one ship's anchor from the bows to the quarter-deck, shaved off the head of another, and a few minutes after ran ashore on a heavy surf. We began firing guns of distress, and the mizen-mast was ordered to be cut away ;

but, before it received a single stroke of an axe, the violence of the wind snapped it off a foot above the deck ; and just as we were expecting every moment that the ship would bilge or go to pieces, it pleased the Almighty to abate the wind : the sea instantly went down ; and shores being fixed to keep the ship upright, we lay quiet till day-break.—Then we found we had been driven a mile from our moorings, and had been providentially directed to a spot of sand, close to a ledge of rocks, where, had we touched, the consequence must have been fatal.”

In the latter end of the year 1778, the *Milford* was ordered home ; but as, in the preceding years, several of the marine corps had been left in America when the ships proceeded to England, Lieutenant Burn, who anxiously desired to revisit his native land, and embrace once more his wife and family, set apart a day to entreat the Lord for these things, that he might be allowed to go home in the ship,—that he might have a safe and prosperous voyage,—that he might find his wife and children in health, and growing in grace,—that he might find the children of

God, with whom he was connected, increased in number, loving Christ and one another, and blessed with every grace of the Holy Spirit,—and that, when he joined them, he might be more zealous for God—more holy, more humble, and more circumspect than ever. But, while in suspense, he strove against indulging in pleasing anticipation, or appearing to dictate to Providence. “Nothing,” says he, “that I can possibly conceive in this life could give me so much pleasure and satisfaction as being once more comfortably fixed with my wife and children. But if it be the Lord’s will to determine otherwise, my heart deceives me very much, if, after a few struggles, it would not cheerfully acquiesce in the decree of Providence. Let me go or stay, my whole heart and soul shall cry—The will of the Lord be done!” His prayers were heard; and, on the 27th of January 1778, he had the pleasure of leaving Halifax. They encountered a furious storm in the middle of the Atlantic; but, after a passage of twenty days, anchored safely at Spithead: though, on examining the vessel, it was matter of

universal astonishment that she had escaped foundering, as her main-keel was found to be broken in two.

On February 28 he joined his family, with whom he remained comfortably for ten weeks, when he was sent on the recruiting service, in which he was engaged the greater part of that year. Early in the next, he was promoted to the rank of captain-lieutenant, and ordered on active service. The *Eagle*, to which he was appointed, was destined for India; and the idea of so long a separation from those he loved, was dreadful to a man of such an affectionate disposition as Captain Burn. While the vessel lay at Spithead, there was some probability of his being relieved by another officer; and he made application, both to the general and the admiralty, for this purpose. But, though his request was granted by the general, he failed of obtaining his wish, the captain who was ordered to replace him not arriving at Portsmouth in time. Though the disappointment was acute, he bore it with patience. "I have now," said he, on the day before he sailed, "given up every hope of being relieved

from this India voyage; and I trust the Lord will, ere long, make me to see it was good for me I had not my own will." And, on the morning when the fleet sailed, he thus expresses himself.—" Now, my soul, look back, and see how the Lord has defeated all my efforts, and my hope of being delivered from this long voyage, and say, without murmuring, His sovereign will be done ! And while, through thy grace, I shall be enabled to trace thy footsteps in the various dispensations of thy providence, may I every day have fresh cause to cry out, Good is the Lord ; just and righteous are all his ways !"

Captain Burn relieved the tedium of the voyage, by endeavouring to instruct the marines entrusted to his charge, not only in their military duties, but in those higher concerns, which, by a strange infatuation, men, the more they are exposed to danger, the more apt are they to forget. He brought them, one by one, into his cabin, and, laying aside the officer, assumed the humbler guise of a Christian teacher : but he, who could lead soldiers fearlessly to a field of battle, laments, that he found himself timid when he at-

tempted to recommend a Sayiour to his fellow-sinners.

The fleet in which he sailed, on its passage, touched at Madeira. This beautiful island then presented a wretched picture of the miserable influence of the Romish superstition on a population of devotees, where priests bear rule.

“ I this morning took leave of the shore and town of Funchal, happy in recollecting I was born a Briton, and not a Portuguese; a Protestant, and not a Roman Catholic; a freeman, and not a slave. What filth, ignorance, and superstition, have I been witness to for some days past! What a pleasing, fertile spot might this island be made, if there were not such swarms of ecclesiastical locusts, priests, friars, and nuns, who eat up the fat of the land, and do nothing towards cultivating it! There are at least sixty thousand inhabitants in Madeira; but the greatest part live in what an Englishman would call a state of poverty. The clergy, noblesse, and principal merchants, fare sumptuously, while the rest starve, and are slaves. If it were possible to make the stump of an

old rotten tree walk, you could hardly distinguish it from a Portuguese peasant. The bloom of health I have not seen on any face, male or female, in all the island. The better sort, who are screened from the sun, look as if they were just recovered from a fit of sickness; and the lower class seem burnt and shrivelled to a cinder. Surely Old England is the best of climates still, and its inhabitants the happiest of people, if they did but know it."

From Madeira they bent their course towards the coast of Africa, to attack the island of Goree, where a French factory was established. The sensations of a Christian, on the eve of battle, will be best learned from his own expressions.—

"*May 1.*—The Eagle is to cover the bombs. The troops are ordered to hold themselves in readiness to disembark, among whom are sixty marines from this ship; and every other necessary preparation is making for a vigorous descent. What the issue will be, God only knows. I desire to look only to him for help and protection, while lawfully engaged in that to which his providence hath

called me. I am persuaded no evil shall befall me without his permission. I desire to go to battle in his name ; and in his name I hope to conquer.

“ 2.—The warlike preparations going on through the fleet have led me into a serious train of thinking, too complicated and confused to commit to writing with the accuracy I could wish. When death stands before me with all his terrors, the importance of a final change strikes me with such awe, that I cannot forbear sighing this mental prayer,—Lord, give me the full assurance of faith, ere it take place ! But when I reflect how many great and wonderful things God hath graciously done for me, and that it was by his appointment I came thus far, I cry out, Lord, do as seemeth good in thy sight ! This happy frame has lasted but a little while, when I begin to think of my wife and children. I am well assured the Lord will take care of them, if I should fall in battle. But they are so dear to me, it is worse than ten thousand deaths to be torn from them. While this racks my mind, and faith is struggling, I find a kind of settled peace in cast-

ing myself unreservedly, as a poor sinner, into the arms of a compassionate Saviour. Under his wings, I desire boldly to face the enemy: and if he has ordained my fall, I hope, though deserving of hell, yet through rich grace, to be with him in glory. This is all my trust: surely I cannot be disappointed.

“ 8.—This morning we made Capede Verd, and found we were only two hours sail from Goree. This threw us into a little confusion, having many things to get ready before we could engage. But every body being active, and eager to begin, the ship was soon cleared, last wills and testaments were signed, and the instruments of death all prepared for immediate use. At this scene nature seemed to shudder. My mind was somewhat agitated at the prospect of what was likely to ensue; and I longed to begin the action, that it might be the sooner over. I had no place to retire to in the ship, for every cabin was knocked down; but my heart kept up a constant intercourse with heaven, and begged earnestly for protection and victory from thence. At two in the afternoon, we anchor-

ed before the batteries; and, to our great surprise, found the island evacuated by the French, who had left it in the possession of the black inhabitants, the principal of whom came off to the admiral, to acknowledge their subjection to the king of England. It seems the French had been apprized of our design, and knowing the place not to be tenable against a large force, had wisely determined to abandon it."

Leaving Goree, they steered for the Cape of Good Hope; and, on the passage, were occasionally amused with the appearance of that singular object, the flying-fish.— They sometimes rise in shoals, like a flock of linnets out of a bush, and fly twenty or thirty yards, and often farther, to avoid the devouring jaws of their pursuers, who frequently give a spring out of the water, and catch the trembling victims in the air, if they do not fly high enough. They examined one that flew over the hammocks, on the weather gangway. It was about eight inches long; in shape something like a small whiting, but rather more taper, with scales like a herring, and of the same colour; having

two wings formed like those of a fly, very thin and transparent, with which it skims swiftly in the air, directing its course always before the wind. This devoted fish is often closely attacked by enemies in both elements: a cruel bonetta eagerly springing after it in the water, and a hungry gull hovering in the air, ready to seize it the instant it should take to its wings; and seldom, or never, is it so happy as to escape both.

August the 3d, in the evening, they anchored safely in Simon's Bay, and spent till nearly the end of October there and in Table Bay. Of the Cape, as it then appeared, he gives the following amusing description.—

“ The part of Africa possessed by the Dutch, commonly called the Cape of Good Hope, and containing a space much larger than Great Britain, is, in my opinion, one of the most desirable countries in the universe. The climate is temperate and healthy, and the soil amazingly fertile, with every thing its inhabitants wish to have—corn, wine, and cattle, with all manner of fruit, in the greatest abundance and perfection. As they cannot consume the tenth of what they raise,



they receive with a hearty welcome ships of all nations to and from India, taking care to make them pay double for every thing they sell; and yet, notwithstanding, provisions are very reasonable—mutton at three-half-pence or twopence a pound—beef and veal in proportion. The sea also contributes towards the plenty. At one haul of the sean we caught a hundred and fifty-one large fish, weighing near three thousand pounds, which served the ship's company two days. The mullet are very fine, and the craw-fish without number, some as big as our largest lobsters for a penny. They have a winter here, which some, who know no better, think a severe one, but which a northern European would accept of as a very good summer. They hardly know what frost is; and snow they only see at a distance on the tops of the highest mountains. Cabbages, cauliflowers, pease, asparagus, and other vegetables, which we raise with difficulty in the summer, they have in the greatest plenty all the year round. Lemons, oranges, pears, nectarines, peaches, all grow in the same orchard, not against sunny walls, where we

nurse them, but most of them on large standards, requiring no more attendance than a common apple orchard in England. The smell of the orange flower, and of the hedges, which are mostly of myrtle, perfumes the air so delightfully, that a morning or evening walk near them is one of the finest treats in the world. The wine, which they make in great quantities, is in general excellent, particularly that of Constantia, about twelve miles from Cape Town, where I went purposely to see the vineyards, and taste the wine in its purity ; and I must own I never tasted any thing so delicious. In all this tract of country there is only the town at the Cape of any note, and that is allowed to be a very handsome one : the streets are large and straight, but not paved ; and the houses neat and clean, and as elegant as Dutch taste can make them. The town stands at the foot of what is called Table Mountain, which is the most striking object about the place, being of an amazing height, and, unlike other hills, perfectly flat at top, having the appearance of a table about two miles long, and half a mile broad. When a

cloud covers it, they call it *laying the cloth*; and look for nothing but dirty weather till the table is uncovered again. There are two other hills, one at each end of it. That called the Sugar-loaf is the reverse of Table Mountain, being so pointed and steep at top, that you must use ladders to get up. A flag is hoisted there when ships are seen in the offing. Among the inhabitants are a great number of slaves of all complexions. The white people are, as they generally are where slavery is admitted, of an indolent disposition, and do nothing but eat, drink, and sleep. Their religion is Dutch Calvinism; but I fear they are, in general, strangers to true vital Christianity. I may, however, be mistaken: God only knows the heart. Their behaviour at church seemed decent and serious. The minister preached above an hour, extempore, with great warmth and fluency. How far his doctrine was sound I cannot tell: the only word I understood was the name of the blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ, which he often repeated. They are coming into church an hour before the service begins; and the women, who compose more

than two-thirds of the congregation, are attended each by two slaves; one, carrying an umbrella, sees them to the door, and the other enters behind them, carrying a fine gilt Bible, wrapped in a napkin. In charity, we ought to suppose they have another for common use at home, for, of many hundreds I saw at church, they all looked as if they had never been used before. But what makes me think they have little true religion, is their abuse of the Sunday. The instant they leave church, they play, sing, dance, and game, and have no idea of keeping the Sabbath holy. Yet there may be many among them who mourn in secret for the sins of the multitude; and them God will bless.

“ *October 21.*—This morning, at dawn of day, I set off, with some of my messmates, for the top of Table Land, where we arrived in about two hours and a half, with no little difficulty, having been obliged in many places to make use of both hands and feet, the ascent was so steep. But when we arrived at the extended plain on the top, the view from thence fully compensated us for

all our trouble. I never, in my life, saw any thing so noble and awful. We were elevated, not only above our fellow-mortals, but likewise above the clouds, which rolled in massy volumes far beneath us."

The signal for getting under weigh was made on the 4th of December; and the whole fleet got safely out to sea that same evening. When the new year (1780) commenced, they were off the north-west end of Sumatra; and, by the end of January, were laying in the Roads of Madras. He did not find this part of India at all agreeable.—"I have been ashore," he says, in his Journal, February 1, "at Madras for some days; but never was in any part of the world where I enjoyed less satisfaction than here. The danger of being upset in the surf, when you land, is the first disagreeable circumstance you meet with; and then follow many others, which a European cannot at first easily put up with. The excessive heat of the sun, which obliges you to keep the house during the greatest part of the day, or else to be broiled alive; the dust and sand you walk through, with which your shoes and stock-

ings are continually full, make it very disagreeable at first ; as do the strange customs of the inhabitants, so foreign to what we have been used to—such as, sleeping all the afternoon, shifting and dressing several times in the day, never using their legs, but continually lolling about in a palanquin, lying upon a hard couch all night, and, what is worst of all, held in a state of perpetual torment by that noxious animal the mosquito. However, after a little time, a stranger becomes familiarized to all these things ; and then the town is passable, and the country delightful. As to Madras itself, or rather Fort St. George, it is one of the most formidable fortifications I ever saw ; and I don't think that any power in this part of the world will ever be able to take it. It contains a number of houses, well inhabited, and barracks for many thousand men ; with one of the best supplied arsenals in India.—About a mile out of the garrison is the Black Town, where many Europeans have houses, and where reside, at least, a hundred thousand Blacks, Mulattos, Moors, Americans, and Indians, of all *castes*. Yesterday,

by order of the admiral, the four captains of marines in the fleet, with two lieutenants of the navy out of each ship, were ordered ashore, to attend the ceremony of presenting the king's letter to the nabob of the Carnatic. About eight o'clock in the morning, the procession set off from the admiral's house, in the fort, to the nabob's palace, three miles from Madras. Lord M'Leod's regiment, in their Highland dress, marched in front. The admiral's secretary, in a rich palanquin, carrying the king's letter, went next. Then followed the admiral, the general, the captains of the navy, the captains of marines, lieutenants of the navy, officers of the garrison; and a great mixed multitude bringing up the rear. The nabob received us, under a rich canopy, in his hall of audience. The king's letter was read with a great deal of ceremony; and, after the usual compliments had passed, Sir Edward Hughes introduced the officers of his squadron that went in the procession; and each of us presented the nabob with *five pagodas*, value about two pounds sterling,—a common custom by which to acknowledge subjection to his go-

vernment. He did not accept the money, which we were not sorry for ; though, when he accepts it, it is reckoned a mark of the highest favour. From the hall of audience we were ushered into three spacious rooms, where a most sumptuous and elegant breakfast was provided for us, of all kinds of fruit and sweetmeats, with tea, coffee, chocolate, &c., of which we partook very plentifully, having been till ten o'clock in the forenoon without tasting any thing. After breakfast, the nabob and his sons reviewed the Highland regiment, and then we all returned to the fort. The navy party dined with the admiral ; and, in the evening, the governor gave a grand supper and ball. I partook of the former ; had a look at the company in the ball-room ; and, when they went to dancing, I went to bed, heartily tired with all the eastern pomp and grandeur in which I had been an actor throughout the day."

An Indian climate soon began to have an effect upon his health, and rendered it necessary that he should return to Europe for its restoration. He, therefore, wrote to the admiral for leave to go home in any of the

ships of war bound to the Cape. This the admiral not only consented to, but appointed him to another vessel, the Rippon ; and, by that means, he was enabled to fulfil his sea-duty as full captain, which he could not have done had he gone home as a passenger. He left India (April 4) with the same devout prayer with which he had left America. Scarcely had they been two months at sea, when a malignant scurvy broke out in the fleet ; and as nothing but the shore and fresh diet could effect a cure, the commodore ordered the whole to make for Madagascar. On June 15 they anchored in St. Augustine's Bay, and immediately landed their sick, who had tents erected for them, and a guard appointed for their protection, the command of which was intrusted to Captain Burn. His account of this visit, and of the island, is amusing.

" *July 8.*—On the 22d ultimo came in four Indiaman from China, who, after beating some time off the Cape, and attempting in vain to get in, were obliged to bear up for Madagascar. This week the Moss, Indiaman, arrived in great distress. She had parted from the other four at sea, had been

in sight of False Bay, and afterwards, by violent storms, was obliged to bear up for this place. It is a favourable circumstance for them that they found us here, as they will now enjoy the benefit of our protection. A very remarkable providence, that so many ships, so necessary to each other for their mutual protection, should all meet at one time, from different parts of the globe, at a place so entirely out of the route they separately proposed to pursue on their respective voyages! Furious winds drove the China ships to St. Augustine's Bay: long calms, producing an inveterate scurvy, caused our coming hither. The Almighty can employ a storm or a calm, or both, to bring about the same effect. We may see the Lord's goodness to us on board the king's ships, in not suffering us to proceed at once to the Cape, as we intended; for, had we done it, it is every body's opinion we should have lost the greatest part of our hands, and the remainder would have been in the greatest distress.

“ 11.—This afternoon Captain Blacket, some other gentlemen, and myself, with an English lady from one of the ships, paid a

visit to the king, or babaw, at his own tent. They received us with great pomp, in their way, seated in an awkward posture upon the sand, at the outside of the door, the king riding astride upon the shoulders of one of his guards. They were all struck with the appearance of the lady—most likely the first white woman they had ever seen. She was, indeed, extremely handsome, and richly dressed; and old and young came out of their huts, expressing the greatest surprise at the sight. The king made her a present of a sheep, and one of his first officers of a mat. As we could not converse much with them, our stay at court was very short, and our curiosity soon satisfied, especially as we had the pleasure of his majesty's company almost every day at our tents. He is a fine looking lad of seventeen, of an open, generous disposition, but entirely ruined by drinking. He loves strong liquor, and is never easy till he has drunk more than he can bear. The knowing ones in power take the advantage of his youth and of this failing, and do just as they please. From the unlimited power and jarring interests of his favourites,

his subjects are not so happy as they ought to be. Tyranny and oppression, we have daily seen, are no strange things in Madagascar.

“ 29.—This morning the commodore made the signal for moving, and got under way before sun-rise, the whole fleet following, consisting of three men-of-war and nine Indiamen. The Lord conduct us to our destined port! Madagascar is certainly one of the first islands in the world, from its size, situation, and fertility. The inhabitants are numerous; but their Creator has so amply provided for their sustenance, that, without taking any trouble but that of collecting their food, they may live even luxuriously all the year round. It is truly a land of milk and honey. No spot, perhaps, in the world abounds more in cattle. Strange as it may sound to an Englishman's ear, a rich Madagascar farmer does not know the number of his oxen by two or three thousand. In some parts, half the cows are not milked, because they have no use for the milk. Bees breed so fast in hollow trees, that they have a sufficiency of honey for the gathering of it, of which they make a kind of mead, called

in their language *toak*. In short, were this island in the hands of a civilized people, it might supply the eastern world with every commodity that either the torrid or a temperate zone can produce ; for it lies in both. But one grand obstacle, while it subsists, will hinder this island from becoming formidable. It is divided into seven or eight districts, governed by so many kings, who are continually at war with one another ; and the principal trade they carry on with Europeans is for powder and arms to facilitate their mutual destruction. I sold my fusil, a very old one, for eight fat sheep ; and with a little powder, worth ten shillings, we purchased an ox of five hundred weight. Our fresh meat, with which the whole fleet was supplied every day for six weeks, did not cost us above a farthing a pound ; and finer beef even Old England itself cannot produce. But the destructive wars, in which the nations engage, frequently obliging them to change their place of abode, greatly prevent the cultivation of land. They were all unanimous in informing us, that the instant the fleet sailed they were going to attack a neighbouring prince, who had

frequently stolen their cattle, and carried off whole families captive. Their custom is, to sell all the male prisoners, taken in war, to the French or Dutch, who trade here for slaves. The women the captors reserve for themselves, either as wives or servants; so that a Madagascar soldier, after a few years successful war, generally becomes master of a very numerous family. It is the custom here to have several wives, though the first is generally the most respected, and has a kind of rule over the rest. But all of them are in the greatest subjection to their husband, who has power to divorce, and take others at pleasure; and when he returns home after any unusual excursion, they kneel down and lick his feet,—a mark of respect which is commonly shewn by the lower class of people to their superiors, particularly to the king, every evening when he retires to his tent. These people acknowledge one only true God, the creator, and supreme ruler of all things. They conceive him to be too great and powerful to condescend to hear their prayers, or reveal himself to any of his creatures; and, there-

fore, they suppose he has ordained four inferior spirits to transact his affairs, in the four quarters of the world, whom they call Lords of the North, South, East, and West, each according to the quarter they govern. Besides these, they have great faith in a world of spirits; every family having its guardian angel, or particular spirit, generally the soul of a departed ancestor, to whom they address their prayers, and whom, by means of an *owley*, a sort of ephod, they consult in any critical situation: and they suppose that these spirits reveal to them, in dreams, what they ought to do. They have a kind of prophets, who pretend to great familiarity with the guardian spirits; and wherever they establish this notion, they can do any thing with the credulous. It is lamentable that some attempts are not made to convert the Madagasses to Christianity. They entertain a high idea of the superior understanding and judgment of white people; and, I am sure, would be glad to learn from them. One of the king, or babaw's chiefs, a very sensible man, and able to hold a conversation in English, used frequently to dine with us. We

sometimes interrogated him about his religion, which he seemed to be rather ashamed of than attached to, often refusing to satisfy us, saying, 'White man know better; he laugh at Madagascar man pray God.' But the specimen of Christianity, in the lives of our reprobate seamen, the only white men they see, can be no inducement for them to change their religion: and they are no fools, though we call them savages. As far as we experienced, they are a sociable, humane kind of people. I have frequently travelled for a whole day, over the hills, unarmed, and met them in the woods with their formidable spears, fully persuaded I had no ill treatment to fear. They would shake me by the hand in a very familiar manner, jabber a few sentences in their language, and then, when they found we could not understand one another, walk on with a smile."

Captain Burn left the Cape, and bade farewell to Africa, on the 8th of October. On their passage home, they touched at St. Helena. As every particular respecting this rock has been rendered interesting, from its having been the last retreat of that great

troubler of the nations, Bonaparte, Captain Burn's description is inserted.—

“ St. Helena, to outward appearance, is a barren rock, without a single shrub upon it, —a mere cinder thrown up, by some violent eruption, from the bottom of the sea. It is high, and inaccessible, except on the north-west side, where it is pretty well fortified.— The town is situated in what the inhabitants call a valley, or, more properly speaking, a narrow gully, between two very steep mountains ; opposite to which, and close to the shore, ships anchor, there being no other soundings round the island. With great labour, they have made two very commodious roads, winding up the steep precipices that overhang the town ; and, when the passenger reaches the top, the scene is totally changed. The most fertile, beautiful, romantic spots that can be imagined, attract his attention in the centre of the island ; though, from the indolent disposition of the inhabitants, and the particular laws of the India Company, to whom it belongs, it is not half so well cultivated as it ought to be. Those who have only seen the town, forts,

and outside of St. Helena, must pronounce it a barren rock ; while those who have climbed to its summit, and seen the country, must say the very reverse : and, from this circumstance, the different accounts of travellers may be easily accounted for. But it is certainly one of the most temperate, pleasant, healthy islands in the world. The extremes of heat and cold are equally unknown here : spring and summer reign throughout the year : winter has no existence at St. Helena. It is about forty miles in circumference ; and contains about three thousand inhabitants, including the garrison. There are two churches, one in the town, the other in the country ; but, if I may judge from what I saw and heard, their religion is nothing more than a mere outside form. Lord ! send me safe to Great Britain, where it is to be found in purity."

The next island to St. Helena is the island of Ascension. It is uninhabited : and the ships that touch at it usually leave a note in a quart bottle, on a spot, well known by the name of the *Post-Office*. It is famous for the great quantity of turtle caught there.—

The homeward-bound Indiamen generally stop one or two nights ; and while the turtle are ashore, to lay their eggs, or to rest themselves, which they always do in the night, a number of seamen, who lie concealed behind the rocks, rush out suddenly, and turn them on their backs ; and, by that means, will carry off forty or fifty, about three or four hundred weight each. Unfortunately, they arrived too late, and durst not stay another night.

On the 9th of February 1781, they anchored in safety in the Downs, where Captain Burn received intelligence from home of the health of his wife and family, but learned that his good father had died early in the preceding year. He was allowed a month's relaxation ; which was afterwards prolonged, by his vessel being condemned as unfit for service. About the end of July, he was appointed to the *Sampson*, which joined Admiral Parker's fleet a few days after the engagement near the Dogger Bank, and was left, with other vessels, to cruize off the Texel, and watch the Dutch ; but his ill state of health induced the surgeon to advise

his going ashore to sick-quarters. Towards the close of the year he was made full captain, and remained by his own fire-side. A fortunate exchange with a brother officer prevented him from again visiting the West Indies; and, in January 1783, the news arrived, that the preliminaries of peace were signed at Paris on the 20th of that month. In August the ratifications were exchanged; and, the marine corps being reduced, Captain Burn went upon half-pay.

The years of a soldier's life passed in retirement, generally afford few materials for narration; but Captain Burn did not allow his retirement to pass away in useless idleness. During this season he had the misfortune to lose his wife;—a dispensation which he notices in his Journal as one of the severest he had yet encountered.—“Of all the trials I ever had to sustain, none is to be compared to what I have gone through for these three or four days past. My wife, in whom all my earthly happiness centred, suddenly taken from me! O how hard, to say with the heart, The will of the Lord be done! I am like one in despair; all nature seems

clothed in sackcloth. Lord, help me in this hour of darkness !”

A little while after, Captain Burn writes.—“ God be praised ! the melancholy, despairing frame of mind which my late loss had thrown me into, seems to be wearing off. And happy for me that it is so : for, had it lasted in its first force much longer, I must have sunk under it. I still find God the hearer and answerer of prayer ; and this encourages me to persevere. Like a kind parent, he has always been near, to succour me in my greatest conflicts. What a blessing to have such a God ! I should be the most miserable of all wretches if I had no access to the throne of grace. But my troubles and distresses, however great, keen, and heavy they may be, when brought there, lose all their force and bitterness.”

Perhaps to divert his mind in his affliction, he commenced writing dialogues upon the evidences of Christianity, which he afterwards published, under the title of “ *The Christian Officer's Panoply*, containing Arguments in favour of Divine Revelation, by a Marine Officer.” He also wrote an excellent, but smaller piece, entitled, “ *Who*

Fares Best, the Christian or the Man of the World? or, *The Advantages of a Life of Real Piety above a Life of Fashionable Dissipation*; by a Marine Officer." Both of these have been frequently reprinted. In 1786, he married again; and his second conjugal connection appears to have been no less harmonious than his first. On the 1st September 1788, he was called upon full pay.

Excepting a few months during the Russian armament, he was not called to active service, till the French revolution involved this country in war. About the middle of 1792, he was appointed to the Assistance, in which he made a voyage to Newfoundland, where he completed the fiftieth year of his age. On this occasion, he bears testimony to the value of that doctrine, in which, under a humble sense of his own infirmity, he placed his confidence.—“ I have now lived half a century; but how very little of that time has been truly devoted to God's glory! I am constrained to acknowledge that I am a most unprofitable servant indeed! Were it not for the atoning blood and perfect righteousness of Christ, I should despair

of ever reaching heaven. But this is a strong tower, into which I trust I have been enabled to flee, and where I find myself perfectly secure. And the more I see and feel this security, the more I am enabled to live to the praise of God."

His ill state of health again obliged him to petition for leave of absence; and he was ordered on shore duty, to superintend the recruiting service. Finding his income rather small to meet the wants of an increasing family, he endeavoured to amend it by farming; and took a lease, for fourteen years, of a cottage, and thirteen acres of meadowland: but the repairs necessary to render the place habitable, and his total unacquaintance with rural affairs and the arts of the market, circumstances which did not at first strike him as of any great importance, soon involved him in pecuniary embarrassments and the deepest distress, as he saw no means by which he could possibly be relieved, without injuring his creditors,—a sensation that can only be conceived by those, who, with equal delicacy of feeling and integrity of principle, have laboured under similar

difficulties. No way appeared open to him, but that humiliating one, of applying for assistance ; and there was no person he knew, who was likely to be able to assist him, except the Earl of B——y, whom he knew in France, but whom he had not seen for the last twenty years. To this nobleman, with a trembling heart, he ventured to write, stating his necessities, and soliciting his aid ; and, to his inexpressible delight, the generous earl returned an order on his banker for one hundred pounds : so that, at the close of the year, he had the satisfaction of saying he was out of debt. Captain Burn was recalled from the recruiting service in the autumn of 1795 ; and in May, next year, embarked at Portsmouth, on board the *Goliah*. While at Portsmouth, he breakfasted with Captain James Wilson, who commanded the missionary ship *Duff*, in her first voyage to the South Sea Islands ; and had the pleasure of hearing from his own lips, that *The Christian Officer's Panoply* had been one of the means blessed for his conversion.

The *Goliah* sailed for the Mediterranean. His situation on board he describes in a

letter to a friend, dated off Algiers, 20th May 1796.—“ We expected before this time to have been at Corsica ; but calms, contrary winds, and slow-sailing vessels, have almost exhausted our patience, and brought us no farther than the north end of Sardinia. I am doubly anxious to get into port, from the hope that some national occurrences may turn the conversation of my messmates into a purer channel. Hitherto, it has consisted of gross indecency and horrid blasphemy ; and all my poor efforts to stop the noxious stream have been of no avail, yea rather, at times, have made them worse. And yet I know, from excessive timidity, I have not been sufficiently faithful to them ; although, now and then, I have gone so far as to find it difficult to retreat without a quarrel. In short, I find my situation among them, in a religious view, very uncomfortable ; in other respects they are very kind and obliging.”

While the ship lay at Leghorn, he went ashore, with a party, to visit Pisa. His *Journal* contains an account of the excursion.

“ Yesterday, June 2, 1796, a party having been formed to go to Pisa, I could not resist the temptation of being one of the company.

The day was delightfully fine, the distance about twelve miles, through a most beautiful country, and the road as good as any about London. Arrived at Pisa, we engaged a *domestique de place* to shew us every thing worth seeing. We were first introduced into the chapel of St. Stephen, just at the time they were performing mass at one of the side altars ; but our guide, with all the unconcern imaginable, led us through the holy group, as they were kneeling, and crossing, and bowing to a bit of wafer, pointing, as he led us up the steps of a silver altar, to the most striking paintings on the walls, which were indeed well worthy of notice. From this chapel we went to the cathedral, a noble and ancient building, beautiful in the interior beyond any thing I ever saw ; particularly from the great number of the finest paintings by the best Italian artists, the gildings of the roof, and the painted windows. It is also famous for its brazen gates, cast some hundred years ago at Jerusalem, and still in the highest perfection. They are indeed magnificent, ornamented from top to bottom by a number of square compartments, each

containing a variety of figures, representing some scripture history. From the cathedral we viewed the baptiser or dome, in which is a whispering gallery nearly equal to that of St. Paul's. The font of marble, finely gilt and ornamented, is *big enough for two or three people to swim in*. The pulpit, of the purest alabaster, carved in a masterly style, is an exquisitely fine piece of workmanship. From hence we went to the famous burial-place, surrounded by a large square building, supported by pillars in the inside. The centre of the square is filled with sacred earth brought from Jerusalem, which we presumed to tread on, that we might have it to say we had been on the ground on which Jerusalem stood. The dead are interred in stone coffins, and under the marble pavement, between the pillars and the wall. The walls all around are ornamented by fresco paintings, now much tarnished and defaced by time. Those representing the resurrection, and heaven and hell, are the most striking. A Protestant can hardly forbear smiling at seeing scarcely any one on the Saviour's right hand but the different orders of monks,

popish saints, and a few crowned heads. God be praised! the church of Rome is not infallible.—But the most remarkable thing to be seen at Pisa is a tower 200 feet in height. The foundation having given way on one side, probably soon after it was built, makes it stand so much awry, that one would think the first puff of wind would blow it down, though it has now stood in that state some hundreds of years. We went up 293 steps to the top, and, from the gallery all round, had one of the most beautiful views I ever beheld."

During the winter of 1796, the British fleet cruised in the Mediterranean; and, on the 14th of February 1797, fell in with the Spanish, off Cape St. Vincent, when a splendid victory was obtained by the British, under Sir John Jarvis, afterwards created Earl St. Vincent. The details of this achievement belong to the history of Britain, and are well known. The *Goliath*, on board which Captain Burn was, had a prominent share in the engagement; and, during the battle, he evinced a steadiness and courage, which procured him, as a brave man, and a

valuable officer, marks of approbation and esteem from those who, perhaps, were incapable of appreciating the high principles by which he was actuated, or the source from whence his courage was derived. He shared in the exultation of victory ; but he did not forget to whom the day was due, for the triumph of his country, and for his own preservation amid the dangers of the fight. " God be praised !" he gratefully exclaims in his Diary, " the battle is fought, the victory gained, and my worthless life preserved ! The Goliah had two three-deckers upon her at one time, and suffered much in masts, sails, and rigging ; but, thank God, had only eight men wounded. What shall I render to the God of all my mercies for hearing my prayer, giving me courage, and protecting me in the day of battle ?"

In consequence of his ill health, and an arrangement with a brother-officer, Captain Burn was discharged from the Goliah, and appointed to the command of the marines on board the San Josef, one of the Spanish prizes, with which he remained nearly six months at Lisbon. Here his health was much improv-

ed by frequent excursions into the delightful country along the banks of the Tagus. But his soul was grieved at the awful delusion and absurd idolatry of the Romish devotees, exhibited in the grand annual procession called *Corpus Christi*, of which he was a spectator. The royal family, all the public functionaries, and nobility, attended; and thousands of priests, monks, and friars, in the dresses of their different orders, chanting, each carrying a large wax candle as thick as he could grasp, and above a yard long, lighted, in the face of a bright mid-day sun. The object of adoration, a *white wafer*! in a gold cup, at the approach of which the whole multitude bowed the knee, and worshipped, as *the real body and blood* of the precious Redeemer, who died for sinners. What particularly attracted his attention was the hat of one of their saints, bedizzened with jewels, and estimated at fifty thousand pounds sterling; and he thought, had any of the English sharpers been there, they would have made a bold push to get at the brilliants: but it was probably reserved for equally expert hands, as the images generally paid tribute

to the republicans wherever the French revolutionary armies entered ; and in less than a dozen of years their domiciliary visits extended to the Portuguese capital.

Having been senior marine captain in the action off Cape St. Vincent, he was, on his return to England, appointed to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the army, and called upon to command the detachment of marines that attended his majesty in the procession to St. Paul's on the day of public thanksgiving for that and other victories. These honours brought him additional expense, but no additional emolument ; while the long-continued illness of his wife, and other losses, again involved him in debt. But, in April 1798, he succeeded as major of marines in the Chatham division,—a promotion which added considerably to his income, and exempted him from all sea-duty in future.

In the ensuing autumn, he removed to Strood, and exerted his influence in promoting true religion amongst his neighbours and kinsmen ; and his exertions were accompanied with considerable success. Throughout the whole period, when most actively

employed in the service of his country, he had loved and longed for the tranquil enjoyment of domestic life. He now had attained this wish ; and he was anxious that the temporal blessings he had received should not too much engross his affections, and render him unmindful of his immortal expectations. " After being tossed about the globe," he writes on new-year's day 1799, " from one side of it to the other, for these last forty years, I am now brought, by the kind hand of my Heavenly Father, to a quiet and peaceable retreat in my old age, delivered, I trust, through his great goodness, from all future wanderings on this earth. But surely my deceitful heart can never be so foolish as to entertain the thought for a moment that this is to be my rest. Blessed be the name of my God, and all thanks to his rich grace, I have not so learned Christ, and the precious truths contained in his word !"

Notwithstanding the rigid economy with which Colonel Burn's domestic concerns had been uniformly conducted, the expenses of his numerous family unavoidably involved him in difficulties. At the end of 1803, he

was about sixty pounds short, and, at the same time, disappointed in expected promotion. While anticipating all the miseries of accumulating debt, relief from which had been the object of his fervent prayers, a military gentleman called upon him, and, taking him aside into a private room, made him promise he would ask no questions; which, when he had done with some hesitation, put what he thought a bank-note into his hand, with the strongest injunctions never to divulge whence it came. He put it into his pocket without looking; and, dinner being upon the table, they went in and dined, the Colonel occupied all the while about which of his creditors he should pay off first, imagining that he had, perhaps, a ten or twenty pound note. After dinner, he seized the first opportunity to satisfy his anxious curiosity; when, opening the packet, he found, to his astonishment, two notes, one of five and one of a hundred pounds!—His feelings so overcame him that he scarcely could express his gratitude; and, when his friend was gone, and he had communicated the purport of his visit to Mrs. Burn, they both wept, and, in broken accents, with eyes

and hearts directed to heaven, expressed their obligation to the God of all their mercies for this seasonable and ample supply, in answer to their united and repeated prayers. A great promotion of field-officers having taken place, he made great interest to be appointed to the Chatham division, and was promised it ; but, to his sore distress, he was fixed for the Plymouth. His disappointment was, however, for his advantage. Six officers were ordered from the Plymouth division only, to superintend the recruiting districts, and he was one of them, by which a guinea a-day was added to his pay ; but he was under the necessity of moving to Cambridge, whence, when he had just formed an agreeable acquaintance, he was constrained to move back again to Chatham, to a less lucrative situation, but one which secured his widow, if she survived him, in an annuity of eighty pounds. Yet these two removals, the losses by two sales of furniture, and in furnishing two houses, formed a considerable drawback on his comforts ; and, when it is mentioned, that with his rank, and a family of ten children, his income had not amounted

to two hundred and sixty pounds a-year, it will cease to be surprising that he should have been encumbered.

In 1805, he was tried by the death of a lively infant, a girl of two years and three months, who had so intwined herself about his heart, that the separation proved bitter indeed. But he was comforted by his two eldest daughters being received into the church of Christ, under Mr. Slatterie, Chatham.—“Yesterday,” he writes in his Diary, “they were admitted, for the first time, to the Lord’s table; where, I have every reason to believe, they were welcome guests, as being savingly united, by faith, to Christ, their living head. O the consolation flowing from such a scene as this! What a mercy to behold two so dear to me snatched from destruction, and preparing for eternal bliss.—O that I could be sufficiently thankful!”

About Midsummer 1808, he was again an applicant for promotion.—“It is not,” says he, “an ambition to rise, I hope, that makes me wish for promotion, but an anxious desire to be in a way to pay my just debts.” It did not, however, take place till the end

of the year, when he was ordered, by the Admiralty, to take the command of the Woolwich division.

Colonel Burn immediately removed to Woolwich, where, in the discharge of his official duties, his time passed almost without any break in its uniformity, enjoying the satisfaction of being freed from all pecuniary obligations, and the respect of all around him.

On the 10th of July 1810, Colonel Burn obtained the rank of major-general in the army. He was now approaching the longest term usually allotted to human life, and the infirmities of age began to be felt. He had long accustomed himself to look forward to death; but, as the time drew near, when he knew that he must die, instead of shunning, he dwelt upon the thought with more steady solemnity.

He continued for nearly five years at Woolwich; during which time he was particularly zealous for promoting the instruction of youth, and in the extension of the benefits of bible societies. His mind seemed to expand with the prospect of eternity; and the extension of the Redeemer's

kingdom became the most delightful theme of his meditations. But his children were the peculiar objects of his tenderest anxiety ; and his desire that they might be the willing subjects of the Prince of Peace, and the promotion of his glory in the world, he has expressed in several beautiful and affectionate epistles.

In 1814, when the royal marine corps was reduced, he, as one of the senior officers, was ordered to retire on full pay, without emoluments ; and the consequent diminution of income rendered it expedient to quit Woolwich. He settled at Gillingham, a pleasant village near Chatham, whence he finally was removed to that country where change is unknown. The retirement of this situation was well suited to that solemn preparation, for entering on the unseen world, to which he had devoted himself. Yet his benevolent spirit delighted to mingle in the innocent, sprightly amusements of youth, and endeavour to elevate them by religious instruction. Not many weeks before his death, on a birth-day occasion, he contributed his full share to the enjoyment of the evening ; and, by the benignity of his countenance, and

the cheerfulness of his expressions, coming from a full heart, raised the admiration and delight of his children almost to enthusiasm. And, when every heart was thus elevated and softened, he seized the favourable moment for producing religious impressions; and, repeating a hymn of praise to God, with something like seraphic devotion, he called upon all his children to join in singing it.

After about two months of sweet enjoyment in this retired situation, the family of General Burn were alarmed, early in September, by the return of his annual complaint at the fall of the year, with symptoms more dangerous than usual. This alarm was much increased when the disorder confined him to his bed, and a considerable degree of fever began to prey upon his frame, robbing him of his wonted rest, and disturbing the usual serenity of his mind. His asthmatic disease also became violent; and continual coughing left him scarcely any interval for repose.

From his uniform consistent Christian walk and conversation, his family were naturally expecting a triumphant departure for this aged saint; but he experienced none of

those remarkable foretastes of heaven, which are sometimes vouchsafed to the people of God when standing on the borders of the other world. He, however, gave more satisfactory evidence of the sincerity of his faith, when, unaided by spiritual joys, he still fastened on the Son of God as the Saviour of sinners, and expected victory over death alone through him, than any ecstatic expressions could have conveyed. A long life of consistent piety is better proof of the reality of a man's Christianity than death-bed sayings. At one period of extreme weakness, some of his infidel doubts distressed him; and he mentioned to one of his children, standing by his bed-side, that he was tempted by the thought, that perhaps annihilation would follow death. His son replied, "that life and immortality were brought to light by the gospel;" and this passage of scripture afforded instant relief.

As he had been uniformly anxious respecting the spiritual welfare of all his children, it was natural that he should frequently pray for them on his dying bed. But he had a particular anxiety for one of his younger sons, just then about to enter into the world,

that he might be truly converted to God before encountering its temptations and snares. To this beloved child he had, a little before his illness, given a bible, accompanied with affectionate advice and serious exhortation to be constant in its perusal. On his dying bed, he sent for him, and, pressing him by the hand, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and earnestly supplicated the grace of God to change his heart.

In the course of his illness he was visited by the minister he had attended at Chatham, the Rev. Mr. Slatterie, to whom he was much attached. They united fervently in prayer, and conversed on divine subjects, chiefly dwelling on the glorious theme of salvation by a crucified Saviour. The General again declared, with much feeling, that the atoning blood and justifying righteousness of Christ were the sole foundation on which he built his hopes of everlasting happiness. As he grew worse, the severity of his distemper entirely prevented any continued attention to heavenly objects; and all the venerable sufferer could do, was to pray aloud for patience, and a speedy removal to

eternal rest. He at one time expressed a desire, that, if it were God's will, he might die on the Sabbath morning, and spend that holy day in the worship of heaven. The disorder continued unabated throughout Saturday ; and, after a night of extreme suffering, he ceased coughing about nine o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 18th September. His friends saw that the symptoms of death were upon him, and he was asked if he wished to see any one in particular. He replied, with much emphasis,—“ *Nobody, nobody, but Jesus Christ. Christ crucified is the stay of my poor soul !*” These were the last words he uttered : and, at half-past nine, he gently breathed his last ; according to his desire and prayer, worshipping that Sabbath in heaven !

THE END.





