

the liberty of serving God according to their consciences, and a full security for the enjoyment of their civil rights and privileges, without persecution or molestation from any quarter. But at the very moment of the issue of the edict, the foes of the reformed faith vehemently asserted, and constantly reiterated it, that France would never enjoy the sweets of peace, and the satisfaction that is founded upon the assurance of public safety, until the Huguenots were crushed and totally suppressed. At last, the insidious arguments and importunate solicitations of the Roman Catholic party had such an effect upon the mind of Louis XIV, that, in the year 1685, trampling upon the most solemn obligations, and regardless of all laws, human and divine, he revoked the Edict of Nantes. The consequences of this proceeding were highly detrimental to the true interests and the real prosperity of the French nation, by the prodigious emigrations it occasioned among the Protestants, who sought in England, Germany, Holland, and America, that religious liberty which their mother country had so cruelly refused them.

The emigrants consisted chiefly of manufacturers and workmen, who came from Normandy, Picardy, the maritime provinces of the west, the Lyonnais, and Touraine.

England is indebted to those who landed on its coasts for the introduction of several new manufactures, which ultimately contributed greatly to the public wealth, and to the improvement of others still in their infancy. Before that period, the paper made in England was of common description and greyish colour; and the better qualities of glass-ware, hats, and a number of other articles of every-day consumption, were imported from the continent, and especially from France. The refugees taught our forefathers to manufacture these superior qualities for themselves; and, moreover, showed them how to produce silks, brocades, satins, velvets, light tissues of linen and wool, surgical instruments, etc. etc. The Bill of Rights, which, in 1689, conserved the liberties of the people and guaranteed individual property, further added to the happy influence exercised by the refugees, by giving the signal for an immense development of English manufacture, commerce, and navigation.

Of all the manufactures with which the refugees endowed this kingdom, not one acquired so magnificent development as that of silks. First, in the quarter of Blackfriars, at Canterbury, skilful workmen from Tours and Lyons established themselves. By the year 1694, their numbers had so greatly increased, that they possessed no less than a thousand looms, giving employment to two thousand seven hundred persons; but the majority finally settled in London, in the district where had stood the priory and hospital of "Our blessed Lady St. Mary Spital," now called Spitalfields. This district they entirely peopled, and their descendants still inhabit it.

Hence they propagated their manufacture to Dublin, where it assumed an unexpected importance. England and Ireland then presented the memorable sight of a manufacture borrowed from

the foreigner, and consuming foreign materials, but which, nevertheless, succeeded in equalling and even surpassing the products of those countries where it had long been cultivated.

Some of the French artisans had brought into this country models of looms similar to those of Tours and Lyons. They taught us improved modes of weaving, and showed us how to make brocades, satins, very strong silks, known as paduasos, watered silks, black velvets, fancy velvets, and stuffs of mingled silk and cotton. The figured silks which proceeded from the London manufacturers, at the end of the seventeenth century, were due almost exclusively to the industry of three refugees—Lanson, Maricot, and Monceaux. The artist who supplied the designs was also a fugitive, named Beaudoin. A workman, Mongeorge by name, brought here the secret, recently discovered at Lyons, of giving lustre to silk taffety. The French ambassador, in pursuance of the express orders of Louis XIV, made Mongeorge brilliant offers to return to France, but without avail.

The descendants of the Huguenots long remained as a distinct people, preserving a nationality of their own, and entertaining hopes of return, under more favourable auspices, to their beloved fatherland. In the lapse of years these hopes grew gradually fainter, and both habit and interest drew them closer to the country of their adoption. The fierce wars of the republic, the crash of the first revolution, and the threatened invasion of England by the first Napoleon, severed the last ties which bound them to their own land, and their affinities and sympathies being for the most part English, there was an almost fusion both of race and name. Ligonier, Prevost, Labouchere, Lefèvre, Romilly, Layard, and many other family names now identified with English history, were borne by French Protestant Refugees.

In Spitalfields, French usages and memorials now almost wholly survive in traditions of the past. No longer is the French language spoken; the Protestant places of worship are shut up or in decay; and the descendants of the refugees are merged in the general population. Generous attempts, however, have lately been made, not without success, to revive an interest in the great principles which once brought honour to the locality. One of the French Protestant pastors of London has special services for the operatives, when they are reminded of the truths for which their forefathers suffered. Here, with an open Bible and full religious liberty, the old doctrines of the Reformation—the atonement of Christ, justification by faith, and the work of the Spirit in producing newness of life and obedience—are heard as in the days of the Huguenot pastors who led the French invasion at the close of the seventeenth century.

OUR OLD SALLY.

A PORTRAIT FROM LIFE.

OUR old Sally belongs to a race fast becoming extinct; for, to quote the oft-repeated expression of modern matronhood, "there are no such servants

now-a-days as there were when I was a girl." Such being the fact of the age with regard to its waiting damsels, it may not be amiss to give a sketch of our Sally, who is a genuine specimen of the old servant genus, before the few remains of her class are swallowed up, along with stage coachmen and a host of others, in the abyss of the past.

She is close upon the completion of her three-score years and ten, a little above the middle height, of which she does not sacrifice a hairbreadth. Many times and oft, during my own childish days, has Sally's erect carriage been a positive eyesore to me, from her peculiar straightness having been pointed out to me as a model for imitation. My mother used to bid us children look at her, and be ashamed to see an old woman more erect than ourselves.

But old Sally says she should "hate herself" if *she* were seen lolloping about on a seat, as many a lazy mix do now. So she sits bolt upright on her chair, (I had nearly said *in*, but that would never do, considering her limited acquaintance with back and elbows,) while I would give anything to see her fairly lolling in it, just to be enabled to observe how she would look in what I deem a comfortable posture for an old woman.

Our old Sally is a thin spare woman; her snow-white hair is parted evenly under a cap as snowy, with a wonderful amount of bordering quilled and crimped into snuggness, a plain black ribbon across the head-piece being its only ornament. Her eyes are grey, and though she complains loudly of their dimness, it is difficult to believe in such a falling off, since they are always bright enough to discover the smallest modicum of dust left by "those idle baggages," as she unceremoniously denominates the other servants. And woe betide the sluttish offender if the cause of complaint be not speedily removed! She will quickly discover that whatever falling off there may be in Sally's sight, there is none in the tongue.

Sally's nose and chin have become nearer neighbours than they once were, owing to the loss of teeth; and there are traces of a visit which the small-pox paid her, fifty years ago, still visible through the wrinkles. But there is a mixture both of shrewdness and kindness in the dear old fresh-looking face; for even old age has not quite robbed her cheeks of their wholesome healthy hue. And there is a pleasant cheery gleam, too, from her keen well-opened eyes, which in its season contrasts very delightfully with the piercing look-you-through sort of glance which she bestowed, half an hour ago, upon the culprit in the matter of dust, and the almost withering scorn they often express when she catches sight of any new article of modern apparel assumed by her juniors.

Her own gowns are not made high to the throat, in accordance with the present fashion, but are sufficiently low to exhibit the white muslin kerchief, always of spotless purity, neatly folded and crossed over her bosom. It is only quite of late that she has been induced to adopt a black silk gown for her *very* best; and then it was done rather to oblige my mother, who put the said dress in the guise of a New Year's gift, which she could not well refuse

to wear, than from any preference for the material. Even after accepting it, however, she declined using much more than half the quantity originally provided for the purpose. "That length made her a gown when she was young," she said, "and she is not going to turn extravagant now she is older and ought to be wiser." The remainder made two ample aprons, to preserve the somewhat narrow-skirted dress from spot or blemish.

Though she has long been in a manner pensioned off, our old Sally does not like to be excluded from all share in the household work. She still manages to pop her finger into the domestic pie now and then; and though her joints have lost their suppleness, and her somewhat withered hands tremble a little, her exceeding care and orderly habits render her a valuable auxiliary, since we are sure whatever she pretends to do will be well done.

But poor Sally is always sadly dissatisfied with the result of her labours; and, when comparing the amount of work she has accomplished with the time expended upon it, she shakes her head, and wishes she were twenty, ay, or even ten years younger; *then* she would set a different example to the juniors. She forgets, at these times, that she *has* set an example, and a truly valuable one, of faithfulness, honesty, untiring industry, and cleanliness, joined to moral worth and irreproachable character, to the servants of two generations. And it is pleasant to see how the children and grandchildren of her old master have been trained to treat with respect and honour the white-haired domestic, though they may sometimes smile at her old-world notions and methodical ways.

But they are all telling her she ought to rest now; though, when she feels that such a head and hands, so skilful as hers once were, would be especially useful in cases of domestic emergency, she sighs and grudges growing old; though less for her own sake than for those to whose service she has devoted the best energies of her life.

To us young ones there is something that savours of austerity in our old Sally—our model of uprightness, in every sense of the phrase. But my mother says we must remember that Sally was brought up under the old parental regime, which was a much sterner one than the present, and assures us that she is far more indulgent to youthful peccadilloes now, than she used to be twenty years ago.

As may be supposed, Sally is truly great on the subject of servants' dresses. Allude to *them*, if you wish to experience the full tide of the old dame's eloquence, and you will not wait long before being amply satisfied. "What did *she* wear when she was young? Something different from the new-fangled fal-lals that girls think becoming now. *She* wear white stockings and petticoats on week days, and stick-out things under her gown! No. A linsey-woolsey petticoat and black worsted stockings were thought good enough in her young days; and many a time has she done her work in the summer without any gown at all, but with a checked handkerchief over her neck, and a Kerry apron to protect the linsey-woolsey. As to covering her arms, she never dreamed of such a thing: she thought

then, as she does still, that people who really mean to work, double up their sleeves to it."

Her indignation on the crinoline question is excessive, though Sally would scorn to give it that name. She says she cannot "tongue it," and I believe her; for, were she to make the attempt, her wrath at the bare idea of the "stick-out-thing" would fairly choke her utterance.

Sally was once induced to do what she calls "a very foolish thing," namely, to enter into matrimony. She was not long away from her place, though; for "luckily," as she says whenever she mentions the subject, "her lord and master only lived a year after their marriage; but in that brief time she went through misery enough to last her life." Consequently, her anti-matrimonial tirades are unsparringly, but, I believe, most conscientiously, levelled against all those who aspire to enter the "holy estate." When her remonstrances prove fruitless, as indeed they are pretty sure to do, old Sally pities their wilful blindness, hopes, poor silly things, they mayn't eat rue-pie before the week is out, and bitterly laments that there is no putting old heads on young shoulders.

Like most other elderly people, Sally does not believe that anything is made so well now as it was when she was a young woman. You may dilate upon modern improvements as long as you please, but I will venture to say her faith in the superiority of old ways over new ones will remain unshaken. She will hear you to the end, quietly and respectfully—for our old Sally prides herself on her good manners, and would not contradict anybody, except, perhaps, a mere chit of a girl—but you will find, after all, that you might as well have spared your breath.

Suppose, for instance, you have been expatiating on the cheapness of clothing, you will probably obtain no immediate reply; but Sally will march to her box, take the key from her capacious pocket, and, triumphantly displaying some of the articles of dress, ask whether you can match them in quality now. There is the chintz-patterned print—"a linen print—none of your flimsy cotton things—in which she was married: more's the pity it was ever used for such a purpose. It was her best gown for years and years, and would wear out two or three of your cheap ones yet. To be sure, it cost three-and-sixpence a yard—the price of seven cotton prints—but what of that? It would wear out the seven; and then there was only one making, so that it was cheaper in the end. Besides, it would look good and keep its colour so long as a rag was left." One who bears a higher name than Sally has called this "the age of veneer," and it is only her opinion differently expressed.

As with things, so with persons. On no point does she insist with so much pertinacity as on the superiority of a former generation over the present. Our grandfather, "old master of all," was superior to our father, who is the "old master" of the present day; and the "young master," though he is a fine youth, and "would be bad to beat," is, of course, in no respect to be compared with what his father was at his age.

We had great difficulty in inducing our old Sally to enter a railway carriage; but she has at length been brought to acknowledge the utility of this mode of conveyance, inasmuch as it saves time. Still, she has never travelled by any but the parliamentary train, and considers that as rather too fast for an old woman. She also objects to the proximity of the telegraph wires, entertaining very peculiar ideas of that invention. At first, indeed, she was apt to attribute the invisible transmission of messages to diabolic agency. The boys, however, have taken great pains to explain the matter to her, and have so far succeeded, that she now considers it only "a tempting of Providence."

As I said before, our old Sally is never idle. Stocking-knitting and darning form her staple employments; and she is never contented with less than such a pile of these articles as will, when spread out, cover the back of her chair. This is the only matter in which she can be accused of untidiness. Thinking of what she has been, rather than of what she is, and forgetting that age has numbed her fingers and stiffened their joints, she brings out as much work for a day as her most persevering industry will require a week to accomplish. But we do not interfere with or remove any part of it, for it seems to comfort the dear old woman to make all this preparation; and the sight of so much work in store has a business-look with it, evidently pleasing to her imagination. Deeply does she regret the banishment of the spinning-wheel, at which her busy fingers were wont in by-gone days to find abundant occupation, and very proud is she when the "mistress" openly avows her preference for home-spun linen, and says she can buy none like it, either for wear or substance.

Sally has an unconquerable objection to all sorts of pastes, creams, oils, or whatever they are called, which are advertised as infallible furniture polishes. The only unguent in which she has any faith is what she styles "elbow grease." So, whenever the tables will not shine as they ought to do, she insists upon it that the girls have not used enough of that strictly personal application. "*She* could always make things bright enough with it; but, to be sure, if they were to rub as hard as she used to do, they might fetch off all the mahogany." This remark is intended as a cutting allusion to the superficial character of modern furniture in these veneration days.

Old Sally is very superstitious, and a great believer in signs. You might preach for ever ere she would credit that the "death-watch" is only a little harmless insect, making the ticking sound as a signal to its mate. "She knows better. Didn't she hear it the night before old mistress died, and again when baby was taken home?" Old Sally can also foretell an approaching death by many sinister omens in the candle; while a ring in the same is an equally infallible token of a wedding. She considers it particularly unlucky to meet a woman first when starting on a journey, and has more than once begged my father not to proceed with any matter of importance if such a mischance should happen to him, as his business

would be sure to terminate badly were her advice neglected. It is plain, therefore, that, in spite of Sally's doleful experiences with regard to one lord of the creation, she still regards the male as the lucky "sect."

On Christmas and New Year's days she would not on any account permit a woman to enter the house first in the morning. The old customs are dying out fast, and the younger servants only keep them up for the fun of the thing; but our old Sally takes care that no ceremony shall be forgotten, the omission of which could by any chance affect the luck of her master or the family in general. So, Cerberus-like, she stations herself near the door until an old man—once her fellow-servant—comes in the early morning, that he may be the first to cross the threshold, when, having duly ascertained that he is the right person, she lets him in, and the two talk over old times together.

When she is in an especial good humour, and the other servants manage to turn her "the right side outward," she tells them wonderful stories of ghosts and witches, in which she is a thorough believer, as wiser heads than hers were in the more ignorant times when her beliefs were formed. While we were children, my mother was very careful to keep us out of the way while Sally's supernatural fit was upon her, as she dreaded the effect of the old woman's communications on our juvenile imaginations.

Often since have I found it a hard matter to conquer my risible inclinations when I have heard her tell "how one of the old master's horses would not eat, and that her brother, who was groom then, was sure it was bewitched, because he had seen a certain old woman—a dealer in nuts and gingerbread—steadfastly regarding the creature over the paddock gate. Further, how, in order to undo the mischief this evil old woman had committed, her said brother proceeded in the gloaming to the witch's residence, under pretence of purchasing nuts; that, as they were handed to him, and the seller was intent on taking the money from his left hand, he, with his right, managed to inflict a wound on hers sufficient to draw blood; that the old woman overwhelmed him with abuse, and said he thought her a witch, but she was none so cunning, for, if she were, he should suffer for what he had done; and how, in fine, he returned home to find the unbewitched animal consuming its food with great relish, which was, of course, owing to his undaunted courage in braving the representative of the evil one, and quite independent of any means the farrier had used for the creature's cure." This is but a slight and much abridged specimen of our old Sally's stories, chosen, too, because it is of a very mild nature compared with many.

But besides these, she has tales of the old war, of the visits of the pressgang, and of the doings at elections in the old time, all of which are vastly amusing, for her memory is wonderfully good. And she remembers the old patriotic songs, and sometimes, as she sits knitting, she hums over these ditties in a tremulous but still rather plea-

sant voice, which makes us feel sure that when she was young and going about her household work, she warbled like any nightingale.

But far better than all this. Our Sally has a wonderful knowledge of the contents of "the Good Book," as she reverently calls the Bible; and, when a word of comfort is needed, or sickness and trial visit those she loves, she has always a stock of consolation to administer, derived from that, the best of all sources. And while preparing simple remedies or savoury messes for the invalid—a task at which she is still unsurpassed—we feel that, let her be taken from us when she may, she will be both missed and wanted. Heaven bless her, and grant that her white hairs descend peacefully to the grave! She has her faults and prejudices, like the best of us; but to her many excellences it would be hard to do full justice. I can but add, that she possesses the respect and affection of every member of the family she has served so faithfully; and to a modern mistress, I can hardly wish a better boon than such a servant as our old Sally.

VANCOUVER THE VOYAGER.

THE Pacific Ocean having, as it appears, been very wantonly disturbed by an aggression altogether inconsistent with its name, we may aptly beguile half an hour with a retrospect of circumstances more immediately connected with the spot where this invasion has threatened the peace of kindred peoples. We will shut out politics as much as practicable, though it is impossible to be blind to the scandal of risking so much of human happiness for the sake of outrage in so bad a cause—a cause, too, which could not be advanced towards a just arrangement by the means employed.

Here we are startled by a glance back at the earlier times when these coasts became known to us; when the illustrious Drake explored the Pacific to that very degree of north latitude upon which this offence has been committed, and gave the name of New Albion to shores now ceded to the Stars and Stripes, but with which, it seems, the owners of that ensign are not yet contented. Two centuries elapse, and Spain has occupied the land and seaboard; our next noble figure is the gallant and ill-fated Cook, who was murdered by the savages at Owhyhee, on Valentine's day, thus saddening the merry quip, that it was all right the Sandwich Islands should be discovered by a Cook! But alas! the retrospect is dimmed when we discern so many of the bravest of the brave of British sailors flitting like ghosts athwart the gloom, and remember how they have perished in the service of their country, upholding the glory of her flag, maintaining the honour of her name, or spreading the blessings of science, civilization, and Christianity over the uttermost corners of the earth.

Of Captain Cook's three sons, all were dead within fourteen years after their father's loss; and two of them found their graves in the element his daring career so splendidly distinguished. George Vancouver was a midshipman on board his ship the "Resolution," and partook in all the labours and perils