

## CHAPTER XI.

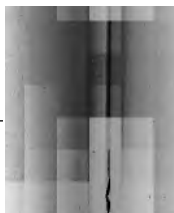
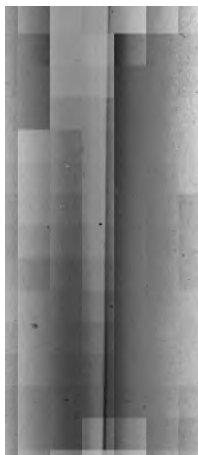
^ \* 4TZGIBBON'S second son, William, had been appointed Clerk of the County of Hastings in 1842, and had taken up his residence in Belleville, his sister and cousin accompanying him. His father, although in Montreal several times during the sessions, spent much of the intervening months with them.

The square house in which they lived, with a broad verandah round two sides of it, is still standing.\* It is situated in the low part of the town, near the river mouth, known as the Flats, and is not now a very healthy locality, owing to the spring floods which sweep down the ice and inundate the low-lying lands on that side of the Moira. Here, as the colonel's health improved, and he was able to take exercise again, he astonished his neighbors, and gained a character for eccentricity, by his athletic performances.

Club swinging, horizontal bar, and other kindred athletic exercises were not so common then as now, and the spectacle of a man turned of sixty-five years of age, clad in jerseys, swinging himself from a bar fixed across the supports of the verandah,

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\* The house has been turned about by the force of the spring floods, and its outward appearance also much altered.



doubling himself up into a ball, jumping through his hands, or hanging by his feet, drawing his body up by sheer strength of muscle, and anon leaping over chairs arranged in rows, was quite sufficient to obtain him a certificate of insanity from the majority of his neighbors.

" On the bright moonlight nights in the summer, the colonel would spend an hour or two taking such exercise," writes an old resident of Belleville. " He had a splendidly developed muscle and a fine physique. A crowd of boys and half-grown lads would congregate on and along the fence that divided the narrow strip of garden in front from the road. It was as entertaining as a circus to them. He never saw or took any notice of these spectators, but, on the contrary, appeared quite unconscious of their presence. When literally dripping from the effect of the violence of his exertions, he would wipe the drops from his face, and ' thank Providence that he lived in a quiet neighborhood.' "

His brother Gerald, the Master in Chancery in Ireland, had lent FitzGibbon £1,000 in 1841 This, with the grant voted by the Assembly to him in 1845, enabled him to discharge a considerable portion of his debts, but the long delay and the unavoidable renewal of notes, etc., and other law expenses, had increased them to a total far exceeding the original sum Among the letters from Sir Augustus d'Este is one which shows that the debts upon which no interest was accumulating were the first to be discharged. After acknowledging the receipt of a bill

of exchange for £100, Sir Augustus says, " with which 'sum it was my happiness to have been able to accommodate you at a time when it was useful." This, as indeed every other letter FitzGibbon received from this kind friend, breathed love and friendship, and an admiration that was almost exaggerated in expression.

Lady Simpson, in a letter to FitzGibbon, then in Montreal, December 18th, 1845, while regretting that illness prevented his being with them that day, also speaks of " the affectionate regard in which you are held by our dear and estimable friend, Sir Augustus d'Este, whose whole life seems to be one continued act of goodness. I have already heard from his own lips much of your history, and had with him lamented the coldness and ingratitude of those in power, who, while claiming for themselves the merit of putting down the rebellion, appear to have forgotten or overlooked the one to whose judgment and valor that happy event was mainly attributable.

" The kind heart of your excellent friend can well feel for those who have suffered, for cruelly and deeply has he been wronged, and much has his noble spirit endured, but you are doubtless well acquainted with the merits of his own case, and it is therefore needless for me to dwell upon a theme which ever fills my mind with sorrow and indignation.

" With our united kind regards,

" Believe me, my dear sir,

" Yours very sincerely,

" FRANCES K. SIMPSON."

FitzGibbon returned to England early in the year 1847, but in what part of London he lived until July, 1849, we cannot ascertain. Lady Seaton addresses a letter to him at that date, to 56 Stafford Place, Pimlico, and it is probable he had been there for some time. Charles Mackay speaks of him at that time as " his friend Colonel FitzGibbon, living for six months in London on sixpence a day, fourpence of which was spent in bread, one penny for milk, and the remaining penny for sugar, and assuring him (Mackay) that he never felt so well in his life."

This story has been repeated many times as an illustration of cheap living, some of the variations indulged in by the different narrators being widely different from the original.

The 'pension granted in 1846 was not paid until September, 1847, and then only from the beginning of that year. FitzGibbon had gone to England in June in the confident expectation of receiving the first half-year's payment in or by the end of July. Its non-arrival left him very short of funds, and he wrote to enquire the cause. Calculating the time that must elapse before he could receive a reply, he counted his cash and found, after paying for his room, he had just sixpence a day to live upon, until he might reasonably expect to receive a remittance from Canada. His success in this extraordinary economy was so satisfactory that after the money did reach him, he spent most of it in defraying the cost of the publication of several tracts and pamphlets on infant

education, and in helping to further the establishment of night schools in the poorer parts of London.

Miss Strickland, who knew him very well at this time, speaks of him as "starving himself in order to publish some papers or articles he had written on infant training." That these papers attracted some attention the following letters show :

" AMULESIDE, *November* 11th, 1848.

" SIR,-I have read your pamphlet and letter with great interest ; and I think it will please you to hear that they arrived just as I was writing the concluding portion of my papers on ' Household Education,' which are, I suppose, the papers you have seen of mine. I was actually writing upon the ' Power of Habit ;' and I have taken the liberty of quoting a passage from your tract. I knew you would not object,, as the object of us both is to rouse the minds of parents, in every possible way, to see the truth.

" I am not likely to go to London this winter, but I should like to send you my volume on ' Household Education' when it comes out. I don't know exactly when that will be, but it goes to the publisher (Mr. Moxon) next week, and it will not be very long printing.

" Unless I hear that you will have left England by Xmas, we will say, I will desire Mr. Moxon to forward a copy to the same address with this note.

" Be assured I sympathize warmly with your earnestness in regard to the important subject you have treated, and am, Sir, with much respect, yours,

" H. MARTINEAU."

" BUCKINGHAM PALACE,

"*May* 5th, 1849.

" Miss Murray presents her compliments to Colonel FitzGibbon. She was so pleased with the Remarks by 'A Colonist,' which he was very obliging in sending to her, that she has taken some pains to penetrate through the veil under which the opinions were concealed. The subject is one which has for a great many years attracted the attention of Miss Murray, and she is at this moment much engaged in considering the best mode of checking juvenile delinquency by inducing the Government to take a reformatory and educational charge of each child upon their first conviction in a court of justice. This would check the evil at its very commencement, and totally prevent the frequent recommitment of young offenders."

In the following letter from Miss Strickland, whose niece had become engaged to FitzGibbon's eldest son, a pamphlet from his pen is mentioned, which, I regret to say, I have been unable to find in any library or public depository of such works :

" AVENUE LODGE,

" BAYSWATER, *Aug.* 6th, 1849.

" DEAR COLONEL FITZGIBBON,-I have read with the strong interest natural to my family connection in Canada, your pamphlet received this morning, for which I return you my thanks. Nothing can be clearer or more concentrated than its composition. It is thoroughly readable by an idle person ignorant of the subject. Every one of that species of reader will be as much charmed as I was at the conduct of the Ohio volunteers, But, query, was their most

original behavior to their captain caused by his lack of governing power, or the impracticability of his respectable squadron ? Equal portions of both contributed to the result, *I guess*.

"The business part of your pamphlet appears to me a most salutary warning. If our Government will not listen to the voices of its veteran officers possessing experiences both military and civil, they must e'en take the result. Perhaps if the warning of friends will not be heeded, they will listen to that of enemies. The enclosed has, I doubt not, excited some alarm in our colonies, although no one seems to have noticed it here.

" As a woman, I feel that my opinion on such matters is out of place, and as a historian my thoughts seldom dwell on any matter younger than two hundred years ; but I think that the federation you propose would become more palatable to the Nova Scotians, New Brunswickers, etc., if each colony were invited to cause a resident minister to be selected from among their own representatives to sit in the British Parliament as a referee, to give information on any statistic matters under legislation. The condition that such person must be a Nova Scotian, New Brunswicker born, or French-Canadian, etc., would be gratefully received, I am sure ; the pride of the colonists would be mightily gratified, the utility would counterbalance any trouble, the colonists would tax themselves in a trifle of £500 per annum or so, to maintain their resident minister, and the situation would be a stimulus to obtain English attainments in education, and a bond of the strongest nature as to the affections of the colonists. I know personally something of the Nova Scotians and Newfoundland natives, and I know their pride is adverse to the

federation with Canada, but if they were patted and soothed as high-blooded horses are tamed, they might be led anywhere, provided their nationality be owned."

On the same sheet Of note paper, written the reverse way of the sheet, is the following :

"Aug. 13th.

" DEAR COLONEL FITZGIBBON,-I am sorry to say that I discovered this note unposted, when I thought you had had it some time ago. Such is, I am sad to own, the fate of many of my epistles. Writing them is almost a suffering to me, and when written, something I must attend to demands me, and away they go among my papers. I own I cannot keep up anything like a correspondence ; my friends are obliged to come and take my epistles *viva voce*, and agree not to think me savage if I do not write.

" I have, however, written to Lord Aylmer, for I owe them a long score of apologies for invitations not accepted, not noticed indeed, and calls unreturned ; therefore I am doing neglected devoirs as well as mentioning your work. Will you enclose one with Colonel FitzGibbon's compliments to Lord Aylmer, and the other to Lady Aylmer, she being literary, and he a firm friend to Canada.

" I am, yours very truly,

" ELIZABETH STRICKLAND

" P.S.—Lord Aylmer is, I am sure, from home, but if you enclose my letter with the pamphlet to the Eaton Square address, he will receive them in time.

" I have no objection to receive a quiet visit on Sunday. I was at church and dining out with an old friend the day you called. I dine out to-morrow and Wednesday ; on Thursday I shall be glad to see you."

Miss Jane Strickland, the 'author of " Rome, Regal and Republican," and many tales from Roman and Eastern history, met FitzGibbon frequently at her sister's cottage in Bayswater, and in her beautiful old age\* was never weary of talking of the charm of his conversation, his intense individuality and love of humanity.

" I have told him repeatedly," she said, in speaking of this date, " that he should write a history of his campaigns ; but no written page could convey the life and vim of the relation, a mere body without a spirit that 'gave it such indescribable charm. He was plain, decidedly plain, but he carried himself well, was a fine-looking man, and the moment he began to talk, all else was forgotten."

Despite Miss Strickland's avowed aversion to letter-writing, there are several letters from her among FitzGibbon's papers, and of his among hers, which betray a mutual admiration and affection for each other, expressed in the courteous, dignified language of their day.

Miss Strickland introduced FitzGibbon to Mr. John Ollivier, the editor of the *Home Circle*, a magazine then in good circulation in England. Several articles and papers from his pen on infant training were published in its columns. Ollivier also published a pamphlet for him which attracted the attention of George Combe, the phrenologist, and the following

\* She lived to be eighty-eight, retaining her faculties and wonderful memory to the last hour of her life,

letter was the beginning of a pleasant correspondence and friendship between the two men. The letter is addressed to "A Colonist" (FitzGibbon's *nom de plume*), " to the care of John Ollivier, Esq., 59 Pall Mall, London." It is written in a firm, clear, copper-plate hand, the lines straight and the words well separated—a hand that must have been a pleasure to his printers and proof-readers :

" 45 MELVILLE ST., EDINBURGH,

" *November 13th, 1848.*

" SIR,—I have read with much pleasure your ' Remarks on the Advantages of Early Training and Management of Children,' and admire the spirit in which they are written. Apparently, however, you have not had an opportunity of learning what has been written on the subject of education since you left England. Robert Owen taught us so long ago as 1820, the identical proposition contained in the third paragraph of your pamphlet, and tried to realize it in practice on a great scale at New Lanark in Scotland, and with only partial success.

" Having written and published a good deal myself on human nature and education, I beg to enclose an advertisement of my books, in some of which, particularly the ' Constitution of Man,' you will find some ideas congenial to your own.

" I am, Sir,

" Your very obedient servant,

" GEO. COMBE.

" To 'A COLONIST.' "

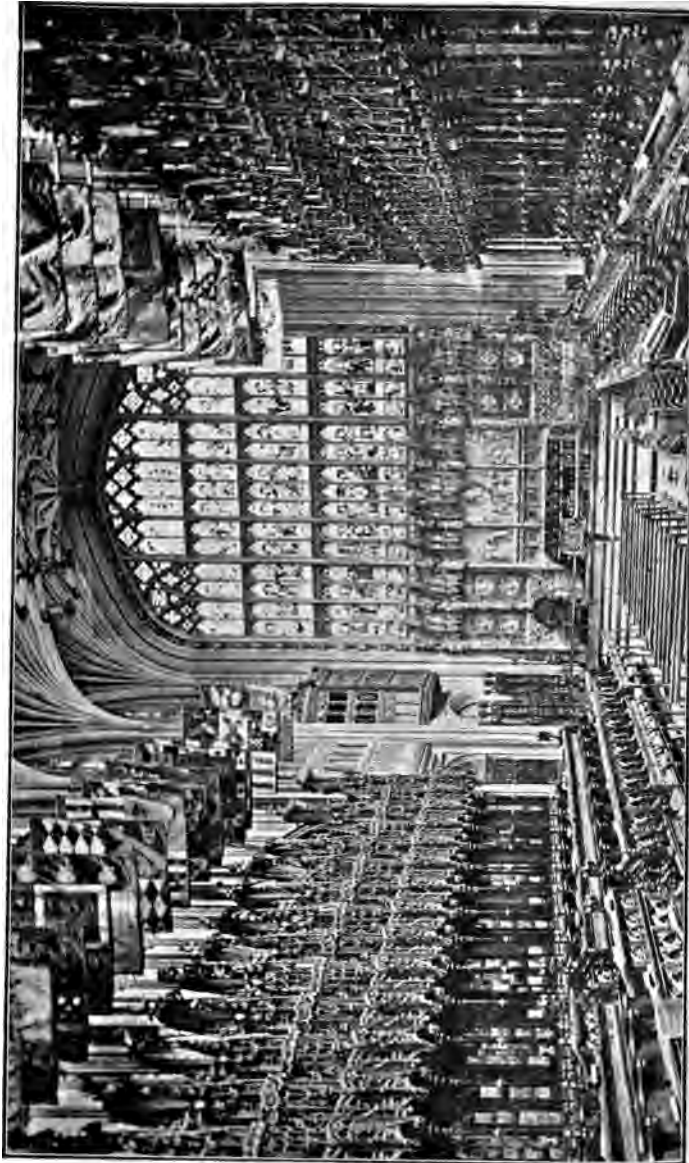
Through Lord Aylmer, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Seaton and others interested in Canada and Canadians, and

in FitzGibbon personally, he was appointed one of the Military Knights of Windsor, Lower Foundation, on May 20th, 1850, and on January 8th, 1853, was removed to the Royal Foundation of the same Royal Pension.

The Military Knights of Windsor were founded by Edward III., in the twenty-second year of his reign, 1348, for the support of twenty-four soldiers, " who had distinguished themselves in the wars, and had afterwards been reduced to straits." Appointments are in the gift of the Crown. Each member is paid a small annual stipend, and an allotted residence in the walls of the Lower Ward. The only service required of them is the attendance of a certain number daily at the religious offices in St. George's Chapel, where they occupy stalls at the feet of the Knights of the Garter. The dress is a long dark blue cloak, with a scarlet collar and a Maltese cross of the same color on the left shoulder ; a short, straight, two-edged sword or rapier with a Maltese cross-shaped hilt and lifie a scabbard of dark leather.

The residence is a cottage interior with low ceilings and deep window sills, built in the walls of the castle on the right of the main entrance towers. A tiny gate-way and narrow path lead to the low doorways which face the beautiful St. George's Chapel, where these " poor Knights of Windsor," the original designation, pay their daily devoir.

The installation is a very simple ceremony. After the first lesson of the service for the day is read, two



INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

knights, the latest installed, go out, and hand in the new one. As they enter, all three bow to the altar, turn, and bow to the dean ; the new knight is then led by the hands and placed in the stall he is henceforth to occupy.

I will not attempt to depict the beauty of the chapel, its lofty grandeur, the exquisite perfection of the carving on screen and stalls, the great east window, through whose softly-toned tints the light falls in such mellowed tenderness ; the historic associations of the rich emblazoned banners pendent from the rafters above the stalls of the Knights of the Garter ;

historic arms and mottoes of those who have left their impress on the history of their country recorded on the panelled walls ; the full notes of the organ above the screen, and the clear, sweet voices of the chorister boys from away down the long northern cloisters, growing clearer and clearer as they approach, until the sweet sounds rise above the aisles, and fill the grand nave beyond with melody.

Six of the knights are obliged to attend service once a day for a month, except in the case of sickness or leave of absence.

The pension attached to this royal bounty was small, only one shilling a day, and upon the appointment of a new Knight of the Garter, each military knight received a fee of one pound.

The chief benefit derived from it is a settled residence among their compeers, and under the immediate protection of the Crown they have served. There` is

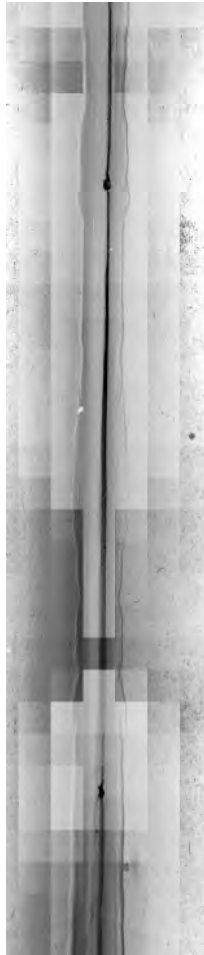
also a certain prestige about the position which helps to smooth the rough places made by poverty for those who have done their work well, without adequate worldly reward—those who, in the common language of the times, have "seen better days."

Here they have congenial society, the quiet which old age seeks, coupled with the advantage of keeping in touch with the questions stirring men's minds ; out of the tumult and strife, but within the circles of the echoes roused by the advance of science, literature and art ; within reach of the tidings from the political world, and in the time of war, of the latest news from the army.

Can we not picture their excitement and interest in the tidings from the Crimea?

What unedited accounts of bygone battles fought and won, of retreats well conducted when the day had gone against them, of marches made, deeds of daring done, hardships endured, could the walls of the knights' quarters tell ? How often the "only course" left for the men in command was laid down, argued over, and emphatically advocated by the knights as they paced the ramparts in friendly converse after service.

How every appointment was canvassed and commented upon, each bringing his knowledge of the name or man to bear upon the approval or disapproval of the "action at headquarters." How they rejoiced when a favorite or familiar regiment, or name which represented "one of the youngsters" of their day,



was mentioned in the despatches, and grieved over the untimely fall of those who had sown promise of ability in their profession.

Can we not realize how each knight represented his own old corps among them, and received the congratulations or condolences of his fellow-knights as its representative ?

FitzGibbon was an early riser now as ever, and an excellent pedestrian. A favorite walk was to Frogmore, then the residence of the Duchess of Kent. Sir George Cooper, Her Royal Highness' secretary, whom FitzGibbon had known well in Canada, had obtained him the privileged entree to the park and gardens.

FitzGibbon was never weary of this beautiful place, and went there frequently for the pleasure of sitting under the trees and walking over the perfectly-kept sward. It was also a show-place, to which he took his friends and visitors. His sister, Mrs. Washburn, who spent some weeks with him in the summer of 1851, speaks of going to Frogmore with her brother, of the loveliness of the park, and the "delicious feel of the velvety grass which made it such a pleasure to walk upon."

Another long and favorite constitutional was down the Long Walk to the statue at the end, a distance of three miles, or in the Lower Park towards Ditcham and back.

The great Exhibition of this year brought many colonists to London, and many of his old Canadian friends found their way to the knight's quarters—



some glad of the opportunity of seeing him again, others, on sight, seeing intent, very willing to visit Windsor Castle and an old acquaintance at the same time.

The Baroness de Longueuil was among the former. She had written a warmly expressed letter of congratulation to FitzGibbon upon his appointment, and Her Majesty's kindness to his daughter,\* and now took advantage of being within easy access of London to visit her old friend.

Several of his former brother officers, whom he had not seen for years, but whose friendship he had retained through all the changes and chances of their lives, also came to see him.

Among these, Captain Brackenbury, of the 49th, one of the tutors of his barrack-room university (see page 50), was one of the most welcome. They had not met since they were young men in Canada. The afternoon spent together was all too short in which to recall the old days and their recollections, or tell of all that had happened to either during the intervening years. The intercourse thus renewed was never again broken off.

He had also other visitors about whose names still lingers more or less of interest. Miss Agnes Strickland, accompanied by the artist, Melville, and her

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\*I regret much that I have been unable to ascertain the particular nature of Her Majesty's kindness, but the reference to it in the Baroness de Longueuil's letter is evidence of the soldier's gratitude to his sovereign.



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publisher, Colburn, when on a visit to the Castle in order to have one of the portraits there copied for her "Lives of the Queens of England," spent the evening at No. 9; the Rev. H. Hawtree; Major Clarke; 1. Kitterminster, who writes in glowing eulogy of the happy hours spent in "the quiet, snug room in the Castle, while the brave old man swung to and fro in his Yankee chair, relating scenes of bygone days, living life over again in all its delights, forgetting the sorrows that attended them; "of the "stroll on the ramparts watching the sun go down in a blaze of glory; "their "walks by the river-side, exchanging thoughts of this and other worlds; "of the "beauty of the landscape dressed in all the pride of spring," "the song of the lark and murmur of the river," accompaniments of their "fondly remembered intercourse."

Other friends, unable to come to Windsor, invited FitzGibbon to dine with them in London.\* These invitations, however, were generally declined, and the alternative of breakfasting with them offered. He preferred going up early to returning late, or incurring the expense or inconvenience of remaining all night at an hotel.

He had been elected a member of the Highland Society of London in 1842, and always received a card for the annual dinner held in the Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen Street, on March 22nd, in corn-

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\* Among these was Sir Allan Macnab.

memoration of the battle of Alexandria, but even this invitation was only once accepted.

He had also been admitted as a Royal Arch Mason, Ionic Chapter, Toronto, on January 12th, 1848, and to the Supreme Grand Chapter of London, England, on August 6th, 1850 ; and though there is no note among his papers of his attending the lodge meeting in London, the position in the craft gave him additional means of influence, and enlarged his opportunities of making himself heard when occasion required it, or when his advocacy could be used to benefit others.

FitzGibbon went several times to town to the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, going up by an early train and returning in time for dinner at seven, meeting many friends and calling upon others. Such a day is briefly described by his sister, who went with him on September 10th :

" Up to London by the 9.02 train ; walked to Miss Strickland's from Paddington. Miss S. had a small cottage and garden at Bayswater. She showed us the largest apples I ever saw, that had grown on her trees. Took a biscuit and glass of wine. Miss S. showed us out a short way. We walked to the Crystal Palace through the park, a most pleasant and not a long walk. We entered the Palace at half-past eleven, and stayed there until three. Met Egerton Baines from Toronto, who told us his mother was in town. Although we were pretty well tired, we walked to Brompton Row (could get no conveyance) to Lady

Barkley's. She had asked us to stay a few days with her, but we could not. We stayed nearly an hour, then took an omnibus to Regent's Circus, where we intended to take another to Paddington Terminus, but we were too late ; the omnibus had just left, and there would not be another for an hour. Took a cab, and got in in time for the half-past five train, and home by half-past six."

The first years spent at Windsor were, however, years of real privation and poverty. Small as his income was, FitzGibbon devoted the larger portion of it to the payment of his debts, reserving only what was barely sufficient for actual subsistence. There are letters extant from friends, some of them of rank, breathing friendship and affection for him ; and while at the same time acknowledging the receipt of various sums they had induced him to accept as loans during the trying time between 1838 and 1845, reproaching him for being in such haste to draw upon his so lately augmented but still narrow means.

His daughter and niece, who, with his son William, joined him in England in 1850, shared his privations, seconding his laudable ambition and enabling him to realize it.

His brother Gerald was soon his only remaining creditor, and with the exception of the last sixty pounds due, the thousand pounds lent by him in 1841, principal and interest, was paid in full before FitzGibbon's death. This sixty pounds was gener-

ously forgiven him by his brother at a time when the approach of the infirmities of age rendered him so anxious lest he should die in debt, that the fear affected his health injuriously.

These years brought other and greater griefs in their train. His son William's health had been failing for some time. The sea voyage and change had not the beneficial effects they had hoped for. He returned to Canada early in the autumn, and died at Belleville, in October, 1851. FitzGibbon felt this loss keenly, but another and a greater blow was soon to fall upon the brave old man. His daughter Mary, the dearest companion of his life, was slowly dying, although as yet her father's eyes could not see it.

In March, 1852, he writes to Miss Strickland of a visit from an old brother lieutenant, "one of my old corps, the 49th, who sold out in 1810, and returned to England to the study and practice of medicine. So strong does his friendship for me continue that he has taken upon him the management of my Mary's health, and came here to study her case for a few days."

Dr. Anderson ordered her to drink goat's milk, and later on FitzGibbon writes : "Every alternate day I walk about six miles out and home to bring to Mary a soda water bottle of goat's milk from the beautiful Cashmere goats belonging to Prince Albert, on one of the farms in the Park."

His youngest son, James, died in 1852. After having served but a few years in the 24th Regiment, he

sold his commission and returned to Canada to devote himself to the study of the law. He practised in Belleville, Ontario, and stories are still extant there of his wit and eloquence at the Bar.

Mary did not long survive, her brother, and the year closed in sorrow for the bereaved father.

There are several letters of this date from his Old friends and brother officers, full of kindly friendship and sympathy. In one of these, from Captain Brackenbury, a remarkable dream is referred to, which dream had at the time so comforting an influence on FitzGibbon's mind that he had it printed, in the hope that it might benefit others.

"In my dream I fancied myself standing in front of a golden column, brightly burnished, in which I saw my own face most clearly reflected. Delighted with the brilliant appearance of all around me, I gazed intently upon the reflected face, and soon it appeared to expand, to be enlarged, to become more expressive, beautiful, sublime, beyond all I had ever imagined of the human face. Filled with a delight beyond all power of language to express, it flashed upon my mind that I was in heaven. The first impulse was that I should prostrate myself in profound gratitude to the Almighty for having created me for such a blissful destiny. I vividly remembered the Scripture which says, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him ;'

and here I felt that it was more than realized to me, and the crowning joy of it all was that it would never end. My mind became, as it were, expanded to a vast extent, looking into eternity with mental power never before imagined by me, and with an awful impression of its boundless, its infinite extent.

" In the midst of these ineffable thoughts my mind was suddenly turned to earth, and there I saw my wife lying on a sick bed, with her five children in tears standing around it. Here then was the very state of sorrow and suffering I had so often in imagination dreaded. Yet my happiness was not in the least affected by it. Before this dream I could not have conceived how this insensibility to their suffering could be, but now I clearly comprehended why I was not so affected. I mentally exclaimed : ' Oh, it matters not, they will be here immediately ; ' and whether the intermediate time were five years, or fifty years, or five hundred years, did not then appear to me worth an anxious thought, so brief did all time appear to me compared to the eternity which then appeared before me.

" And so, in truth, it really is to a mind expanded as my mind then was. And this comparison and the consideration of it now appear to me as fraught with a consolation to suffering minds here on earth, which no other consideration is at all equally calculated to give. And, therefore, while my mind is thus so intensely and blissfully impressed, do I hasten to record 4 i

this vision, before it fades from my memory in the slightest degree.

" Now, I trust I shall not be thought superstitious by anyone to whom I may communicate what I have here written. I am delighted with the dream, because it proves to me that even in this life I possess a capacity for enjoyment of blissful happiness of which before now I had no adequate idea, and because it convinces me that in heaven no consideration of things on earth can diminish my happiness there. And here I take for granted that the Almighty has in like manner endowed every human being with latent capacities for increased happiness, whenever in His merciful will He pleases thus to exercise those capacities.

" Thus a new field for thought appears to be opened up before me, in which my mind may be further improved, and I be enabled to increase its powers and enhance its happiness. Now, more plainly than ever heretofore, do I understand and feel that man is a progressive being, and that it is his duty to avail himself of every circumstance, occurrence, or means which may enable him to advance himself in usefulness, in virtue, and piety ; and with the view, especially, of further enabling him to do good to his neighbor.

" Anyone, at the hour of death, leaving behind wife, children, or other beloved relatives, exposed to poverty, sorrow, or other suffering, having such an absolute conviction of mind as I then had, of the