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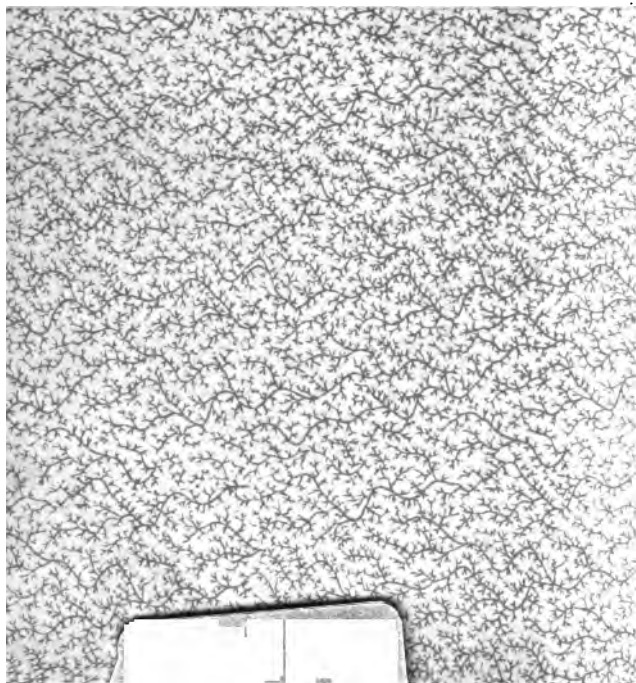
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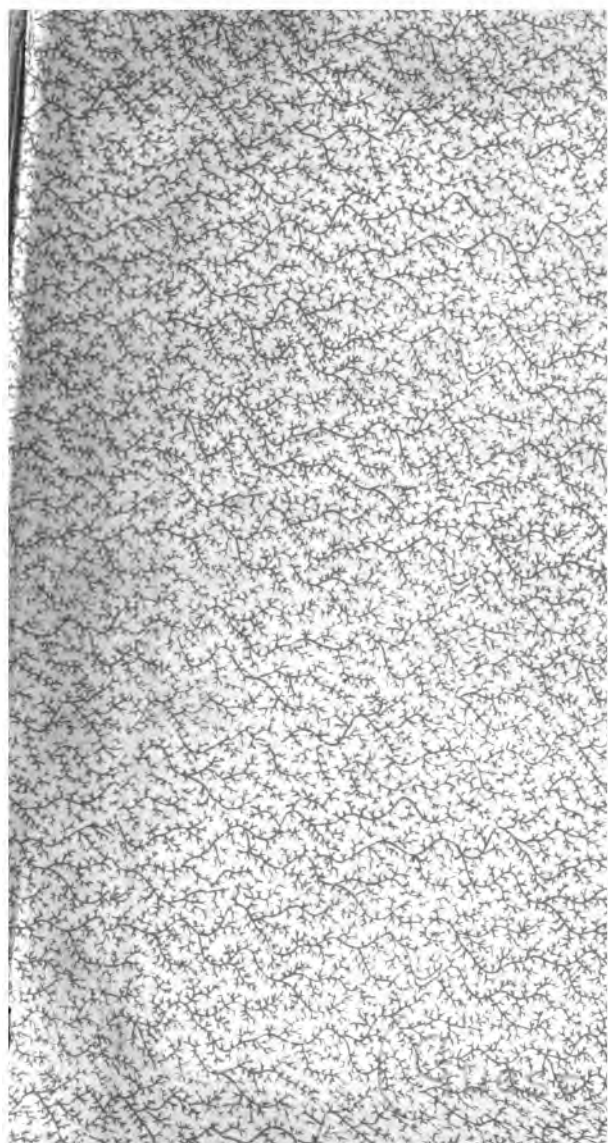
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# POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED,

## Extracts from a Journal

LEFT BY THE AUTHOR WHILE HE FOLLOWED THE SEA,

AND DURING A

JOURNEY FROM NEW-BRUNSWICK, IN NEW-JERSEY,

TO MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

---

BY MOSES GUEST.

---

SECOND EDITION.

CINCINNATI:

*Looker & Reynolds, Printers.*

.....  
1824.



still for extracting fresh water from sea water, which he formed when at sea, and in distress for want of water; the construction of which is so simple that it can be made in a short time by any common sailor, and when put in operation, with proper management, will produce a supply of good wholesome fresh water, sufficient to prevent any ship's crew from perishing for want of that article.

The Author, in June, 1823, had twelve hundred and fifty copies of this work printed. In five months from the time they came from the press they were all sold. The encouragement afforded by such a rapid sale, has induced him to issue a second edition, which has been carefully revised and corrected.

If any thing which is contained in this work, should aid the cause of religion and virtue, it will be highly gratifying to

THE AUTHOR.

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## POEMS.

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### *Acrostic.*

**G**reat noble Chief, thy venerable name  
**E**ver shall shine first on the roll of fame;  
**O**f thee the ages yet unborn shall sing,  
**R**esound thy praise, whilst Britain mourns her king.  
**G**lory to thee, great leader of a train,  
**E**ngaged the cause of freedom to maintain;  
**W**hilst with thee blest, what tyrants need we fear?  
**A**nd Heaven in smiles bids thee at helm appear.  
**S**lavery herself with her perfidious band,  
**H**eartless appears in freedom's happy land.  
**I**mmortal honours shall thy name secure,  
**N**ever to fail, whilst Sun and Moon endure.  
**G**reat heroes, kings, to honour shall combine†  
**T**he greatest, best, and worthiest, of mankind.  
**O**ld Greece and Rome, who mighty heroes sang,  
**N**ever produced so great, so good a man.

The above was written, Nov. 10. 1781, soon after Lord Cornwallis with his army, had surrendered to General Washington, in Yorktown, Virginia.

† Soon after the close of the revolutionary war, Frederick, King of Prussia, made a present of an elegant sword to General Washington, on which was the following inscription :

*From the oldest General in Europe,  
To the greatest General in the World.*

*On the death of Captain Peter Voorhees.*

Alas! grim death has caused us to deplore  
 The brave, intrepid Voorhees, now no more;  
 He's gone! we grieve, the generous youth has fled,  
 Untimely sent to number with the dead;  
 Just as gay pleasure, dressed in all her charms,  
 With youth and beauty, fearless of alarms,  
 Sat smiling by the youthful soldier's side;  
 But death, ah cruel death! it him denied!  
 Just in his bloom to death become a prey,  
 His icy hand no longer would delay.  
 So the loved meads, which flourish in the vale,  
 All gay appear, waved by each gentle gale;  
 But when the mower with his scythe comes on,  
 He cuts—they fall—and all their beauty's gone.  
 Long, long, blest shade, will freedom's sons admire  
 The virtues which did once thy breast inspire.  
 Thy aged mother mourns her absent son,  
 And sorrowing goes e'er since the deed was done;  
 Thy beauteous sister, too, with grief o'erspread,  
 Laments, alas! her friend, her brother dead;  
 She with the hapless maid\* whom thou designed  
 E'er now in love's blest nuptials to have joined;  
 Together oft lament thy cruel fate,  
 As the fond turtle mourns her absent mate.  
 But why lament the Sun, though set so soon?  
 Since spotless laurels deck the hero's tomb;  
 He stands aloft high on the roll of fame.  
 Voorhees, brave Voorhees, yes, that is a name  
 To Patriots dear, and New-Brunswick's boast;  
 Defending which he fell by Britain's host:†

\* Captain Voorhees was engaged to be married to an amiable young lady.

† He was killed on the 25th day of October, 1779, within half a mile of New-Brunswick, by a party of English horsemen, commanded by Major Stewart; Col. Simcoe, who had commanded them, having been previously taken prisoner by the author, who has given a particular account of Simcoe's expedition in his journal.

Those cruel tyrants bravely did oppose,  
 Has oft in battle dealt them deadly blows;  
 All toils and hardships freely did endure,  
 'Gainst savage tribes his country to secure:  
 But now we trust his soul has gone to rest,  
 In realms above, and happy with the blest  
 Angelic host, from war and tyrants free,  
 In bliss complete, where all is harmony.  
 O! may we meet again on that blest shore,  
 And join in hymns of praise to part no more.  
 Nov. 10, 1779.

---

*Simcoe's Expedition occasioned the following Lines.*

His object was New-Jersey's favorite son,  
 The great, the patriotic Livingston;\*  
 Howe and his minions wished to lay him low,  
 To stop the gall which from his pen did flow:  
 But yet fair freedom's son in safety stands,  
 Whilst Britain's Champion now is in our hands;  
 And in this great, this daring enterprise,  
 Brave Simcoe quickly fell a sacrifice.

---

*On hearing the Militia called in derision Jobunkers.*

Militia men are honored still,  
 E'er since the battle of Bunker's-hill;  
 Renowned in arms, these sons of fame,  
 Jobunkers they are called by name,  
 In memory of that brave exploit,  
 Where Britons, though not vanquished quite,  
 Were forced that day to agree  
 As slaves we ne'er would conquered be.  
 Sept. 15, 1778.

\* He was then Governor of the state of New-Jersey.

*Charity displayed, or the Good Man's Pumpkins.*

A widow, plundered and distressed,\*  
 Bereft of all that she possessed,  
 Devoid of power to provide  
 For three small children by her side,  
 Dwells in a small town, which is seen  
 On Raritan's smooth gliding stream.  
 Touched with the pity-moving scene,  
 Her sore distress and sorrow keen,  
 The neighbours round, as it should be,  
 Were blest with sweet humanity.  
 They with the poor could sympathize,  
 And hear the helpless widow's cries;  
 They each subscribed, or gave her something,  
 But hark the story of the Pumpkin.  
 Hard by a wealthy wight did dwell,  
 Who, when he heard it was not well  
 With this poor widow, but that she  
 Was left in wretched poverty;  
 And though she was no relation,  
 But of the same congregation,  
 Moved with compassion, gen'rous man!  
 Said he, "I will do all I can,  
 To aid this widow, whom I prize,  
 Though wicked men may her despise."  
 Then to his cellar did repair,  
 And when he had got down the stair,

\* A poor widow in New-Brunswick, in an inclement season of the year was plundered by a party of British soldiers of every thing she possessed; and had three small children to provide for. A wealthy farmer from the country came to visit her, and in a very feeling manner sympathized with her, and promised when he came to town again he would not fail to afford her some aid. In a short time he came down, and gave her two small pumpkins, neither of which was quite sound, which was all she ever received from him.

On Pumpkins twain, of middle size,  
This worthy man he fixed his eyes:  
Said he, "with these I mean to bless,  
The widow and the fatherless;  
With lib'ral mind I'll with them part,  
To cheer and warm the widow's heart:  
I've often to my neighbours said,  
The virtuous poor should have our aid,  
My precepts to example joined,  
Will have more influence on the mind,  
The aged and the youth inspire,  
To catch the bright celestial fire."  
Thus he resolved, and that same day,  
Brought them down with him in his sleigh!  
He with his pumpkins gave a blessing—  
(An eastern blade would like such messing;)  
—And tho' they both were somewhat rotten,  
I hope that part may be forgotten;  
For it's alone the giver's heart,  
Does value to the gift impart.  
Dear man, I hope he long may thrive,  
And thus to help the poor may strive,  
And as I often have been told,  
That those who give, will get fourfold,  
I hope that this will, soon or late,  
Be this good man's happy fate:  
May his corn grow, all his hens hatch,  
And thrive as may his pumpkin-patch:  
May he in richness still increase,  
Be blessed with pumpkins, ducks and geese:  
I hope he long may live and shine,  
And flourish like a Pumpkin-vine.

December 20, 1781.



*A Cooper's humble Petition to the Hooped Ladies.-  
Written April 20, 1782, when Hoops were in fashion.*

Dear Ladies, I'll with your permission,  
Present to you a short petition:  
Ye brightest part of the creation,  
Attend awhile to my relation:  
My calling is a Cooper's trade,  
I'm poor, though honest, it is said;  
My business dull, I think it best,  
In this petition to address  
Ladies hooped, to you I write this,  
Others are not worth my notice.  
Me to employ should you think right,  
You 'll find me ready day and night:  
I'm used, Ladies, to working  
At hogshead, barrel, butter-firkin,  
Not any thing that's hooped can be  
Unwelcome or amiss to me.  
Your mode of hooping I admire,  
In gazing on it never tire;  
It's the best fashion in the world,  
For sails look best when they're unfurled:  
And Cynthia, beauteous queen of night,  
When full 's most pleasing to the sight.  
Barrels unhooped are little worth,  
Ladies without them seem uncouth;  
But when you 're pleased your hoops to wear,  
Of far more consequence appear;  
I am so taken with the fashion,  
In forming hoops I've great ambition;  
My Adze, my Horse, my Drawing-knife,  
Are all prepared, upon my life;  
Should you employ your humble servant,  
You 'll find, dear Ladies, none more fervent;  
Then I'll be ever bound to pray  
For you, as I'm inclined this day.

On the 4th of July, 1789, there was an elegant bower erected in front of the White Hall tavern, in New-Brunswick. It was made with pine and cedar bushes: the front of the bower consisted of eleven handsome arches, emblematical of the states which had then accepted the new constitution. The following lines were printed on cards, and put over the arches of the states they were designed to represent:

## NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Her active sons, a hardy race,  
All friends to freedom will embrace.

## MASSACHUSETTS.

Fell discord now no longer there is seen;\*  
The Arts now flourish, all is now serene;  
A potent friend her sister states doth know;  
The scourge of tyrants,—Britain found her so.

## CONNECTICUT.

All useful arts throughout this state are spread;  
And idleness ashamed to shew her head.

## NEW-YORK.

This state is honoured with the federal seat,†  
And anti-federals now must own they're beat.

## NEW-JERSEY.

When Howe had fairly done his best,  
He said this was a *hornet's nest*.

## PENNSYLVANIA.

This state in federal measures took the lead;  
In war's alarms, for war her sons decreed.  
In times which tried men's souls they firmly stood,  
And nobly sealed their freedom with their blood.

\* Alluding to Shayee's insurrection.

† At that time the seat of Congress.

## DELAWARE.

This little state, when in the darkest hour,  
Threw in her mite, and did all in her power.

## VIRGINIA.

She can justly boast the birth  
Of the greatest man on earth.

## SOUTH-CAROLINA.

Although by Britons overrun,  
Yet they could not subdue;  
For when they thought their task near done,  
Then *Greene*\* made them look *blue*.

## NORTH-CAROLINA.

This state in clouds of darkness lies,  
Though in five months her sun will rise.†

## GEORGIA.

This feeble state, distressed by savage band,  
Her sister states should lend a helping hand.

---

*On seeing a Fop pass the street.*

What thing goes there? it looks as gay  
As flowers that spring in rosy May;  
In men's array—what sex, I wonder?  
It looks as of the doubtful gender.  
Such glitt'ring things do often please,  
Like small change are passed off with ease—  
But this will not my friends surprise,  
For we oft sport with butterflies,  
And like those insects of a day,  
The flutt'ring Fop soon dies away.

\* Alluding to General Greene:

† This has reference to a convention which was to meet in five months from that time, in order to take into consideration the new constitution.

*On seeing the Mast of a Vessel converted into a Pedestal  
for a Pulpit.*

It may perhaps seem strange to tell,  
That now in Brunswick town does dwell  
A man, of whom with truth 'tis said,  
He twice a week climbs to mast-head;  
And when exalted to our view,  
Does from round-top harangue his crew;  
Points out the rocks and shoals which we  
Should strive to shun, if we 'd go free.  
His two Lieutenants, S\*\*\*t and Talmage,  
Remain on deck the crew to manage,  
And sometimes in a moderate gale,  
When night comes on would make more sail:\*  
But he, more prudent, thinks it right  
Rather to shorten sail at night;  
And this, says Jack, by him is done,  
Lest we our port should overrun.

---

*On the death of Mrs. Cornelia Van Emburgh, who died  
April 2, 1790, aged 81 years.*

Why should we mourn our friend? she is not dead,  
Although her flesh low in the dust is laid;  
Quite full of years, prepared and ripe for death,  
She long had wished to yield her fleeting breath.  
Death, dressed in smiles, shook off her sickly clay,  
And Angels took her to the realms of day.  
The sacred Scriptures were her chief delight;—  
These she perused at morning, noon and night;  
From which, no doubt, she had a foretaste given,  
Of happiness she now enjoys in Heaven.

\* He was sometimes requested to preach at night: but he seldom complied with the request, on account of his not being in a very good state of health.

Though zealously religious, she was free  
 From superstition, and from bigotry;  
 Her every action to some good did tend,  
 A tender parent and a faithful friend;  
 She in her friendship always was sincere,  
 And prone to wipe from sorrow's cheek the tear;  
 With the afflicted she did sympathise,  
 Prompting to look for bliss beyond the skies.  
 But how can all the virtues be express'd  
 Of her who's happy now among the blest?  
 My feeble pen can a small glimpse but give;  
 Then let us all, while on this earth we live,  
 Follow the bright example she has given,  
 That we with her may praise our God in Heaven.

---

*On the death of Doctor BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, who died  
 April 17th, 1790, in the 35th year of his age.*

'Tis done—death triumphs—FRANKLIN yields his  
 breath,  
 Columbia mourns—of father, friend, bereft;  
 Oppressed with sickness, and fatigued with age,  
 He viewed us free, then left this mortal stage.  
 Who can recount what he for us has done?  
 No tender parent for an only son—  
 But stop, my Muse, such similies are faint,  
 His worth—our loss—my Muse can never paint.  
 But O! 'tis hard, in silence thus to part  
 With him who reigned in every patriot heart;  
 Who can forbear to drop a tender tear  
 O'er the remains of one they loved so dear?  
 Gallia, Columbia, Holland too, and Spain,  
 Shall, emulous, his greatness all proclaim;  
 Each patriot bard throughout those realms shall sing  
 The sage's praise, who did to Gallia bring

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# *Benjamin Franklin*

*Born Jan<sup>r</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> 1706 Died April 17<sup>th</sup> 1790*

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ASTOR LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Those sacred sparks, which have not dormant lain,  
 But now are kindled to a noble flame.\*  
 May that flame spread like his electric fire,  
 Although to quench it tyrants should conspire,  
 Till Europe, Afric, Asia, all are free,  
 And all enjoy the bliss of liberty.  
 Immortal Pitt, Great Britain's favorite son,  
 Cato and Brutus, both beloved by Rome,  
 Tho' they were great, FRANKLIN was greater still:  
 We can't express—but we his goodness feel.  
 In manners easy, and in taste refined,  
 Columbia's friend—the friend of all mankind—  
 His knowledge such as made the world his school:†  
 Had Newton lived, he'd learned by Franklin's rule:  
 For, ere he rose, could man, in all his pride,  
 E'er turn the dreadful thunderbolt aside?  
 And, to draw vivid lightning from the sky,  
 He could the worlds, both old and new, defy.  
 'Twas his to bring a wond'ring world to see  
 The strange effects of electricity;  
 'Twas his, thus to direct the lightning's fire,‡  
 Disarm the clouds, and make the world admire.§  
 Illustrious shade, thy venerable name  
 Shall sounded be, by the loud trump of fame,  
 In every climate, and in every age,  
 While freedom's sons preserve historic page;  
 Each patriot breast thy story shall inspire,  
 And many strive to catch thy heaven-born fire.  
 May 1st, 1790.

\* At the time this was written, the patriots of France had the good wishes of every son of freedom. America, particularly, took a great interest in her cause.

† Doctor Franklin rose by his own ingenuity and indefatigable industry, from a journeyman printer, to be one of the first statesmen and philosophers of the times in which he lived.

‡ Alluding to his Electrical conductors.

§ His Electrical Kite.



*A Tanner's Epigram, addressed to a Physician, on his  
prescribing the Peruvian Bark.*

When well, of bark I have my fill,  
But that is nothing new;  
When sick, then it's my portion still,—  
You 'll *tan* me through and through.

*Jack Frost, the Bridge builder.*

Much had been said, but nothing done,  
To build a bridge o'er Raritan;  
The Brunswickers asleep had dropt,  
And snored till Parker waked them up:  
He said he 'd build a bridge above them,  
And this he 'd do because he loved them.  
At this they all were much surprised,  
They quickly roused and rubbed their eyes,  
And said they would not thus be beat;  
The bridge should be at French's street.\*  
Some thought that he meant to destroy  
The town, or float it to Amboy;  
Whilst others said the man they knew,  
He only had himself in view.  
Jack Frost, who had as yet been mute,  
After they 'd had a long dispute,  
He interposed, and in one night,  
He built a bridge both firm and tight;†  
To neither party did incline,  
He built it at the Town and Mine:  
And though some say the stuff is brash,  
Yet it is firm, and took no cash;

\* Commonly called Albany street.

† The Raritan river was froze over very hard in one night.

Tho' built at night, and in bad weather,  
 Yet it is neatly put together.  
 This famous bullder from the pole,  
 I like his plan—he takes no toll.

---

*On hearing of Mr. Benjamin Cooper's being married,  
 at the age of 97, to his sixth wife.*

Love's all powerful charms engage  
 The peasant and the king;  
 See blooming youth and hoary age,  
 Own its a pleasant thing.

'Tis true love's fire can't burn so bright  
 When life's decline appears;  
 Nor can there e'er be much delight  
 Enjoy'd at fourscore years.

But still unto life's latest hour,  
 Love some small charms will have;  
 And man will own its pleasing pow'r,  
 Till wedded to his grave!

---

*“From envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness, good Lord deliver us.”*

Alas, what havoc have these vices made!  
 In every clime their dire effects are seen;  
 In every age the historic page has told,  
 From Abel's death, down to this present day,  
 How oft has man, when prompted by those fiends,  
 Oppress'd fair virtue's sons, e'en caused to bleed—  
 The blessed Jesus bled at every pore,  
 When in Gethsemane's garden he was seen;  
 And when, at last, he bowed his sacred head,  
 Envy and malice their triumphed aloud,  
 And cruel Jews, in league with hell, were pleased.

These vices rooted deep in slanderer's hearts,  
 When they are fully with their venom charged,  
 So anxious they are oft to give them vent,  
 That they recoil on their devoted heads.  
 Where virtue with a pleasing brightness shines,  
 And in meridian splendour is admired,  
 Fell envy lurks, full armed with slander's darts,  
 Oft dressed in smiles, it aims a fatal wound.  
 Not so we find the poisonous rattlesnake,  
 For he, more generous far than envious man,  
 Sounds an alarm before he gives the blow.  
 Ye, who in defamation take delight,  
 Let not your blistering tongues be loosed on me;  
 Deprive me not of my fair reputation:  
 Rather than that, I'd have you fire my house,  
 Take every farthing, lop off every limb,  
 But spare my more than life, spare my good name!  
 For it's a treasure wedded to my soul,  
 Of far superior worth to life itself,  
 Or all the treasures which this world can boast.

The above lines were occasioned by some evil-minded persons having attempted to injure the reputation of an Episcopal Clergyman of an unblemished character.

---

When it was proposed to have the streets of New-Brunswick paved, there was a party who gave it much opposition, which occasioned the following lines:

To pave, or not to pave, that's the question;  
 Whether it be better for us to pave,  
 And by such paving cleanse our dirty streets;  
 Or still bespattered must we trudge along,  
 Thro' thick and thin, as we've oft done before;  
 A poor, deserted town would be excused,  
 But one fast thriving should not thus appear.  
 To pave, I know 'twill cost some pounds, but then

Can money e'er be put to better use?  
 My house, my lot, in value'll be enhanced,  
 They'll be worth more 'tis plain, by all the cost;  
 And I will see and feel its good effects  
 Throughout my life, whene'er I walk the streets.  
 It must be so—I'll pave—but where's the cash?  
 Ah there's the rub!——  
 But not to pave—my friends, *ah there's the mud!*  
 The want of cash, no doubt, will make some pause,  
 But they will meet with aid in such a cause;  
 'Tis not for us to trample in the mire,  
 Turtles and swine such elements require,  
 I'm now resolved, and cheerful will unite  
 To pave our streets, and have some lamps to light,  
 That I may walk secure by day or night.  
 July 27th, 1790.

---

*On the Death of Captain William Cook,*

When Cook in the Elias\* put to sea,  
 Bound for Jamaica, not eternity,  
 How bright the prospect which he had in view,  
 How pleased his vessel was well rigged and new,  
 With royals set, and every gallant sail,  
 All spread with joy to court the favoring gale;  
 Swiftly he sailed upon the foaming main,  
 With golden dreams, perhaps, of future gain;†  
 But O! how soon the clearest sky's o'ercast,  
 One cruel, sudden, unexpected blast,  
 Laid low his bark, she could not right again;  
 Her tow'ring masts were buried in the main.  
 Experienced Cook could not delay his doom,  
 He quickly sunk into his watery tomb.

\* Name of the vessel.

† He was asleep in his cabin, when the brig upset.

Each wooer viewed her conquering charms,  
 And fondly wished them in his arms.  
 I cannot say it would be fair,  
 To talk of castles in the air;  
 But each one hoped to share her power,  
 And flourish in a golden shower.  
 By many lovers she's surrounded;  
 Though some, we find, are badly wounded;  
 Some call coquette, and say they're jilted,  
 And thus with much abuse she's pelted.  
 Some pigmy lovers she'd scarce hear,  
 And some dismissed with flea in ear.  
 Of all the crowd but three remain,  
 Who are in hopes her hand to gain;  
 The offers which they make are great,  
 She's tempted with a golden bait:  
 This her guardians will consider,  
 And give her to the highest bidder;  
 This is the custom of the times,  
 And with this thought I'll end my rhymes.

---

*On Pride.*

What has man to do with Pride,  
 So prone to every lust;  
 So near to filthy worms allied,  
 The offspring of the dust.  
 Why should proud men presuming boast,  
 And think their God will spare;  
 When he's consigned angelic hosts  
 To regions of despair.  
 When we on heights of Zion view  
 A preacher filled with pride,  
 Himself he preaches, he does show  
 Not Jesus crucified.

O! may the watchmen on the walls  
 Of Zion, faithful be;  
 May mankind hear their faithful calls,  
 Drest in humility.

Let Jews and Pagans swell with pride,  
 But Christians should be meek:  
 He who for wretched sinners died,  
 Washed his disciples' feet.

May we with blest humility  
 Be clothed from day to day;  
 And that our sins may pardoned be,  
 We fervently should pray.



*On the death of Minah J. Voorhees, aged 41 years.*

Pardon, blest shade, the friend who knew thy worth,  
 If in poetic strain his mourning muse  
 Attempts, though feeble, to speak forth thy praise.  
 How was an interposing Providence  
 Displayed in thee, when thou from steeple high,  
 Dreadful to think! fell headlong to the ground.\*  
 And yet, how wonderful! thy life was spared,  
 And, happy we can add, not spared in vain:  
 For when proud Britain shook her galling chain,  
 And fain would have enslaved Columbia's sons,  
 His noble soul with just resentment fired,  
 The patriotic band of heroes joined;  
 In freedom's cause he zealously engaged,  
 Nor quit the field till Heaven's high hand had  
 crowned  
 This favoured land with victory and peace.

\*He fell 64 feet, from the steeple of the Episcopal Church in New-Brunswick.

And when he from the hostile field returned,  
 New-Brunswick found in him a faithful friend:  
 Whether in council, or more active scenes,  
 Wisdom and prudence marked his various plans:  
 His time and talents freely were employed,  
 His native city's interest to promote.  
 All who knew him feel they've lost a friend,  
 But none so keen, so sorely feel their loss,  
 As that unhappy, much-loved maid,\* who's long  
 By wasting pain and sickness been oppressed.  
 'Twas not the blooming cheek, or sparkling eye,  
 Raised his pure flame, or made it burn so bright;  
 But heaven-born friendship, such as angels feel,  
 To fickle-minded mortals seldom known.  
 O, who can speak the poignant grief of her  
 Who mourns the fate of her departed friend,  
 Torn from her heart—the wound is deep indeed;  
 He's gone, for whom alone she wished to live;  
 He's gone, who kindly checked the rising sigh,  
 Bore half her griefs, and even pain disarmed—  
 Fixed to her couch by obstinate disease,  
 And grief as wasting, not to be expressed.  
 Just so the ivy round the oak entwined,  
 Low withering lies, when its support is gone.  
 This life how short, how transient 'tis at best,  
 His sun has set 'midst its meridian blaze;  
 The glim'ring taper to the socket burnt,  
 Sees the full blazing lamp of life expire.  
 Ah! what is life, by mortals so much prized!  
 'Tis but a bitter, nauseous draught at best.  
 Thus 'tis ordained, to teach mistaken man  
 That happiness, the anxious wish of all,  
 Cannot on this side heaven be enjoyed.

\* He was engaged to be married to a Miss Forman. She had been,  
 a considerable time previous to his death, confined to her bed with a  
 consumption.

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**GEORGE III.**

*King of Great Britain.*

*Published Feb 11, 1792, by Messrs. Robinsons, Paternoster Row.*

Then since on all things vanity's inscribed,  
 And friends must fall and moulder in the dust,  
 Let's look beyond this transitory scene,  
 To our Almighty never-dying friend,  
 The great, the glorious Saviour of mankind.

---

*On hearing that Mr. Fox was appointed Prime Minister of Great Britain.*

Ye sons of freedom now beware  
 For Fox from North has got the chair;  
 In flattering strains he talks of peace,  
 But let their Fox ne'er prove us geese.  
 June, 1782.

---

*An Epigram on King George the Third, on his acknowledging the Independence of the United States.*

England's third George, how full of grace  
 He's now inclined to be;  
 He snores no more, but now awakes,  
 And says we may be free.  
 His heart waxed soft like Egypt's king,  
 To let the people go,  
 But by the proof his life doth bring,  
 His head was always so.

---

*On seeing a Pig marked with thirteen stripes, emblematical of the American Colours, which at that time displayed that number of stripes.*

What virtuous man can ever be  
 Opposed to free America;

Which brutes do honour all they can—  
 Shall they upbraid ungrateful man?  
 For now at Charleston may be seen  
 A Pig that's marked with stripes thirteen.

*On hearing of the death of the above mentioned Pig.*

Alas! poor Murfy now is dead!  
 I hope he always was well fed;  
 For he would ne'er his colours strike  
 To any foe, by day or night:  
 His worth increased while he had breath,  
 Nor ceased to serve us after death.

*On viewing fifteen Stacks of Wheat, on the heights at Brunswick.*

There's federal hats,  
 And federal caps,  
 And many a federal thing that's new,  
 And why not federal stack-yards too?

Columbia's sons go hand in hand,  
 They are a truly federal band,  
 Where'er we walk, in street or green,  
 Some emblem of their union's seen;  
 But none so pleasing or complete  
 As fifteen stately Stacks of Wheat,\*  
 Which now on Brunswick's heights appear,  
 And more than stripes or stars do cheer.

July 23d, 1791.

\*There were then fifteen states in the Union.

*Jack's Reflections on seeing a House at Anchor.*

What's this I see? a house at anchor, -  
 Not rigged, nor have the lubbers planked her;\*  
 They cannot, sure, fear shoals or rocks,  
 Whilst thus she's fast upon the stocks—  
 When launched and cabin has good store in,  
 'Twill then be time to think of mooring.  
 She looms quite large, a double-decker;  
 Must be taught gale to upset her.  
 But 'vast, what's this has been to pay?  
 Her upper works have given way:  
 I think her owners might afford,  
 To keep a petty watch on board;  
 A hand or two that's strong and able,  
 If storm should rise, to pay out cable.

---

*The Challenge.†*

Courtney sent Bompard a challenge,  
 Bompard soon did Courtney manage;  
 He could not stand the Frenchman's fire,  
 Hot breakfasts he does not admire;‡  
 His laurels fade, he bore away—  
 Bompard pursued, and gained the day.  
 May all such boasters as Courtney,  
 Remember August, 'ninety-three.

\* A new building not yet weather-boarded. An anchor was put out to prevent its being blown down, as the frame was large and high.

† Bompard commanded a French frigate, and lay at anchor in New-York Harbour; Courtney commanded an English frigate, and was cruising off Sandy-Hook: their vessels were nearly of an equal size.

‡ The battle commenced at nine o'clock in the morning.

*On hearing of an insurrection in Pennsylvania, occasioned by a tax on Whiskey.*

Life without freedom is no blessing,  
 Nor all earth's treasures worth possessing;  
 For none are happy but the free,  
 Bliss must flow from liberty.  
 E'en life, and wealth, and all we prize,  
 For freedom we should sacrifice.  
 But sure that people must be tipsey,  
 Who say they 'll fight and die for whiskey.

---

*Acrostic.*

A pretty charming little creature,  
 N eat and complete in every feature,  
 N ow at New-Windsor may be seen,  
 A ll beauteous in her air and mien.  
 B irth and power, wealth or fame,  
 R ise not to view when her we name.  
 E very virtue in her shine,  
 W isely nice, but not o'er fine.  
 S he has a soul that's great, 'tis said,  
 T hough small's the body of this maid;  
 E 'en though the casket is but small,  
 R eason proclaims the jewel's all.

October 8th, 1794.

The above lines were written after spending an evening with Miss Brewster. At the time I saw her she was twenty-four years old, and measured only two feet eight inches in height; all the features of her face, her air, her mien, together with her neat fashionable dress, were expressive of the woman. She was handsome and well proportioned, and very agreeable in conversation, and appeared to possess a great degree of sensibility. She did not increase in size after she was five years of age. At the time General Washington was encamped at New-Windsor, Mrs. Washington gave Miss Brewster an invitation to spend an afternoon with her; but she supposing it proceeded rather from curiosity than respect, refused to go: but notwithstanding this, on Mrs. Washington's hearing of her very amiable character, she prevailed on her to become one of her family.

*On hearing of a number of Weddings in December, 1798.*

When winter's chilling blast arrives,  
The lads, we find, then get them wives;  
For which, I'm told, they give this reason,  
It helps to moderate the season.

---

*On having a man on board whose name is Comfort, on  
a passage to Albany.*

What though our situation  
Small comfort does afford,  
We have the consolation,  
That Comfort is on board.

What though on chests and leather  
We have to make our bed,  
And though we've had foul weather,  
And winds are oft a-head—

And though we are oft fretted,  
Yet still it is as true,  
That whilst we are thus vexed,  
We've Comfort still in view.

But soon will Comfort leave us,  
And land on Newburgh shore;  
Alas! to part will grieve us,  
Perhaps to meet no more.

October 10th, 1795.

---

*The Ropes'-end.*

When sailors their time in idleness spend,  
Or otherwise faulty, they oft get the rope's-end;  
It's judg'd a correction for sailors most fit,  
And applied as landsmen would cane or harte whip,

But though I've been civil, it may you surprize,  
 I got the rope's-end from a man whom I prize,  
 But he did it in kindness, for I know he's my friend.  
 And I heartily thanked him for the rope's-end.\*

Albany, September 25th, 1798.

---

At the time HENRY LAURENS was a prisoner in London, much artifice and intrigue were practised by some British courtiers, in order to induce him to abandon the cause of his country; but all the offers which they made to him, were, in the true spirit of an American Patriot, rejected with disdain. This furnished the topic of the following lines.

When Laurens,† blest with noble mind,  
 In Tower of London was confined,  
 Then British minions strove in vain  
 Columbia's favorite son to gain.  
 Firm as a rock we've seen him stand,  
 The faithful friend of freedom's land;  
 At all vile offers from our foes,  
 His virtuous soul indignant rose.  
 'Mongst all Columbia's sons around,  
 But one false Arnold could be found.

\*The author was in want of a piece of rope, which was given to him by his friend.

†He was a citizen of the state of South Carolina, and had been President of the Congress of the United States, and was appointed by that body to solicit a loan in the United Netherlands; and also to negotiate a treaty with them. On his way thither, he was taken by a British frigate, on the 8th of September, 1780—and was confined in the Tower of London, where he remained until the close of the year 1781.

*On the death of General Washington, who departed this  
life December 14th, 1799, aged 68 years.*

Columbia mourn, your loss deplore,  
Your guardian chief is now no more.  
Great WASHINGTON, alas! has fled!  
He's gone—he's numbered with the dead!

But stop, my muse, he could not die,—  
E'en death the hero may defy;  
He's now in glorious realms above,  
In bliss complete, where all is love.

In every heart he sits enthroned,  
Where'er his godlike deeds are known;  
His name shall sound through every age,  
And gild the bright historic page.

Millions unborn shall loud proclaim  
His matchless deeds, his noble fame;  
And by his great example fired,  
Heroes shall rise as if inspired.

But hark! from realms of endless day,  
Methinks I hear the patriot say—  
“Why all this grief, why all those fears?  
“Why are there shed such floods of tears?

“Weep not for me, I'm high in heaven;  
“To you was lent, but was not given;  
“I've passed o'er life's tempestuous sea,  
“To the great source of liberty.

“Cease then to grieve, you've still at hand  
“A glorious, truly shining band;  
“In freedom's cause they're firmly fixt,  
“Tried patriots of 'seventy-six.



" Let discord no where find a place,  
 " Let union all your councils grace,  
 " And Virtue all your actions guide,  
 " With blest Religion by her side.  
 " Let foreign influence no where reign,  
 " But strive your freedom to maintain;  
 " Then look to the great One in Three,  
 " And He 'll preserve your liberty.  
 " Then, should earth's tyrants all combine,  
 " From pole to pole, in every clime,  
 " Fear not—kind Heaven will grant success,  
 " Columbia's favoured sons will bless."

---

*The Mammoth Cheese; or, The Wonderful Patriot.*

Ye patriots now, of every state,  
 What wonders have ye seen of late?  
 Great Leland\* rises to our view,  
 A patriot son, and reverend too.  
 His patriotism has been found  
 To weigh more than twelve hundred pound;†  
 'Tis made of milk—it's wondrous strange!—  
 From cattle that do pastures range;  
 All pigmy patriots of the fed's  
 May now hide their diminished heads;  
 Laid in the balance, they'd appear  
 As light indeed as empty air.  
 This patriotism, a full load  
 For horses twain on level road,  
 Has been conveyed to Washington,  
 A present there for Jefferson.

\* A clergyman of the state of Massachusetts.

† The weight of the cheese.

'This Mammoth Cheese, a sight for all  
 True patriots, both great and small,  
 This priest attended day and night,  
 Lest fed'ral rats should get a bite.  
 No wandering pilgrim ere could be,  
 When bound Mahomet's tomb to see,  
 More anxious than this Cheshire son  
 To see his prophet, Jefferson;  
 Whenc'er he preached, this was his text,  
 "Of all earth's cheese sure this is best,  
 "I'll take it on to Washington,  
 "An offering for fair freedom's son."  
 This was the text he most admired,  
 In preaching from it never tired;  
 'This was his subject night and day,  
 Could broach no other all the way.  
 Arrived—he made a great parade,  
 And much in flatt'ring strains was said;  
 Could now his idol safely greet,  
 His happiness was now complete;  
 He now could view his heart's desire,  
 And hear the gaping crowd admire.  
 Some said 'twas Jefferson's intent,  
 'T' erect it as a monument,  
 In central part of fed'ral city—  
 To eat such cheese would be a pity.  
 Whilst others said it might be eat,  
 But should preserve the rind complete,  
 That armed band therein might enter,  
 And lie concealed—this they might venture;  
 Should war commence, and we be beat,  
 And forced to sound a quick retreat,  
 This cheese, like Trojan horse of fame,  
 Might serve our city to regain.  
 But others said it would be handy,  
 In case of war 'twould be the daudy,

Columbia's sons no doubt 'twould please  
 To have a battery formed of cheese;  
 It might be called, and without flattery,  
 The patriotic Leland's battery.  
 This worthy man heard all was said,  
 And viewed the wonderful parade,  
 Then raised his voice, and thus addressed  
 The wond'ring crowd, which on him pressed:  
 "This cheese, my friends, was made in Cheshire—  
 "Come, clear the way, why all this pressure?—  
 "Intended for fair freedom's son,  
 "My much beloved, my Jefferson:  
 "This cheese was formed to be cat,  
 "And for my Solomon a treat."  
 'Twas then presented in due form—  
 He gave it as a "pepper-corn."\*  
 His free-will offering now was made,  
 And he in gracious smiles was paid.  
 What though he'd left his flock and home;  
 And full five hundred miles had come;  
 He now enjoyed rapturous scenes—  
 The end must sanctify the means:  
 What patriot son will ever dare,  
 With the great Leland to compare?  
 His fame shall sound from shore to shore;  
 When Mammoth Cheese shall be no more;  
 Millions unborn shall catch the flame,  
 That raised to honour Leland's name;  
 From east to west, from north to south,  
 Each patriot's offering shall come forth;  
 Brewers no doubt will take the hint,  
 As they will see it now in print,  
 Inspired by a reverend sir,  
 No doubt to-me they'll make a stir,

\* In presenting it to Mr. Jefferson, he said he gave it as a pepper-corn.

And quickly send on at a word,  
 A tun as large as Heidleberg;\*  
 So that with store of cheese and beer,  
 Our President may have good cheer;  
 For surely it would be a pity,  
 Not to live well in fed'ral city.

---

*Jack Frost, the Doctor.*

When an Almighty, sovereign God,  
 Sent forth of late his chast'ning rod;  
 When Philadelphia, and York city,†  
 In deep distress excited pity—  
 When black despair, and sorrow keen,  
 In almost every face were seen,  
 When every aid from man proved vain,  
 And hundreds by disease were slain;  
 And thousands forced were to roam  
 In sorrow from their native home,  
 And many looked on all as lost;  
 Then came the much-loved Doctor Frost,  
 As messenger from heaven sent,  
 To ease the heart with sorrow rent;  
 This famous Doctor, from the Pole,  
 He heals the body, cheers the soul;  
 His magic power indeed is such,  
 He cures his patients with a touch.  
 Some doctors, as most people tell,  
 Make patients sick to get them well:  
 He ne'er was known to give emetic,  
 Or to administer cathartic;  
 This wond'rous Doctor, of great skill,  
 Makes use of neither bark nor pill;

\* The Heidleberg tun contains 600 hogheads.

† The above piece was written a short time after the Yellow Fever had been raging in both those cities.

And yet you 'll think it strange to say,  
 He cures his thousands in a day;  
 At his approach, by all 'tis said,  
 Pale sickness quickly hides his head:  
 Now blooming health again is seen,  
 With rosy cheek, and brow serene.  
 'Tis true, for I will not dissemble,  
 He sometimes makes his patients tremble;  
 But whilst they tremble they rejoice,  
 And hail him welcome with one voice.  
 Unlike the doctors of our day—  
 When cure's performed they'll have their pay—  
 He will not take a single shilling;  
 But all he asks, is to be willing  
 To render thanks to God above,  
 For all his mercies, all his love.  
 December 21st, 1805.

—

*The Tyranny of Fashion.*

Fashion 's a tyrant, all will say,  
 Possessed of universal sway,  
 Both sexes feel her potent power,  
 And see her influence every hour.  
 In man 'tis seen from top to toe—  
 His hat, his coat, his vest, his shoe,  
 Must all just *a-la-mods* appear,  
 Or from the ladies he will sheer.  
 Women indeed are most opprest,  
 The tyrant gives them little rest,  
 Their heads, and heels, are often changing,  
 And still for novelty they're ranging.  
 Sometimes a hoop must swell their size,  
 And sometimes they a cushion prize;

Sometimes we find their waists are small,  
 But now we see they 've none at all;  
 A princess fair first found this out,  
 Designed to hide her shape, no doubt:  
 Her light loose dress, 'twas said, looked neat,  
 'Twas elegant, 'twas thought complete.  
 Then soon from Charlotte, England's Queen,  
 Down to the lowest maid 'twas seen;  
 With something new they 're always arming,  
 And say, variety is charming.  
 Their elbows naked now we view,  
 I 'd almost said their bodies too;\*  
 For many, filled, 'tis said, with pride,  
 Have laid their under clothes aside;  
 Such antique dress they do despise,  
 And nought but gauze and muslin prize.  
 They say they think this fashion 's fine;  
 It may do well in southern clime;  
 It may please a lascivious eye,  
 Beneath a scorching, burning sky;  
 But where we find stern winter reigns,  
 Binding e'en rivers in his chains,  
 Where oft we view the drifting snow,  
 There cobweb clothing will not do.

\* When this piece was written, it was the fashion for young ladies to dress as thin as possible, with gauze and muslin; to have their arms bare nearly up to their shoulders, and also to have the upper part of their breasts bare; which fashion they adhered to even in the most severe winter weather. . . consequence of which, many of them took heavy colds, which brought on consumptions, and many other disorders. Physicians say, many hundreds of the most fashionable young ladies throughout the United States fell a sacrifice to this fashion. Although the mode of dress above described is not now in fashion, yet it is evident that the present dress of the ladies is very light, and not suited to make them comfortable in cold weather. Would it not, therefore, be an object well worthy the attention of the most distinguished ladies in our principal cities, instead of following the fashions of foreign countries, to adopt fashions for themselves, such as would have a tendency to promote, not only their own health and happiness, but also, through their instrumentality, the health and happiness of a considerable portion of the human race.

In northern climes, 'tis said, e'en brutes  
 Have hair, or wool, or fur that suits.  
 Clothes should be suited to the season,  
 To keep our trembling limbs from freezing.  
 Passing the street the other day,  
 I heard a worthy matron say,  
 My dearest friend, my Cynthia dear,  
 Your health 's declining fast, I fear;  
 That lovely bloom which once you wore,  
 Is vanished, to return no more;  
 Those tender limbs, I fear, will soon  
 Take up their lodging in the tomb,  
 And must I see her whom I prize,  
 To fashion fall a sacrifice:  
 But call it fashion, call it pride,  
 I call it muslin suicide.  
 Then quickly Cynthia made reply,  
 Whilst on her friend she fixed her eye,  
 You talk as if you 're in a passion,  
 You know I must be in the fashion;  
 You 'd have me blind, and wrinkled too,  
 Before I bid the world adieu:  
 In this, my friend, you 're surely wrong,  
 'Tis not the fashion to live long;  
 I would not wish to be alive  
 Beyond the age of twenty five:  
 If at that age I should depart—  
 Aye, twenty five, you need not start!  
 How few great beauties, very few,  
 Exceed the age of twenty two—  
 If I should go off in my prime,  
 Say then how would the poets rhyme:  
 You, no doubt, would soon hear my name  
 Sung in elegiastic strain,  
 By some fond bard a mournful ditty,  
 'Twould prompt to envy more than pity.

And as through life I've ever been  
 In height of fashion always seen,  
 So when I quit this stage, would I  
 In height of fashion wish to die.  
 Thus Cynthia spoke, the gay the young,  
 Admired by all the giddy throng.  
 Thus fashion bears a potent sway,  
 And makes a thoughtless world obey.  
 A solemn truth 's the implication—  
 The brightest part of the creation  
 Are falling daily, as we see,  
 As unripe fruit shook from the tree.  
 So oft the tender plants are lost,  
 When nipt by an untimely frost.  
 How often thoughtless mortals are  
 Grasping at trifles light as air;  
 And oft a heaven of purest joys  
 Is lost for earth's most trifling toys.  
 Great God! when will mankind be wise,  
 And learn such fashions to despise?  
 When will true wisdom be our guide,  
 And we be freed from pomp and pride?  
 October 22d, 1807.

---

*The British Rose.*

King George and his court, as it clearly appears,  
 To convince us they are not our foes,  
 Are striving to soothe us, and banish our fears,  
 Having kindly presented a Rose.\*  
 Beneath this fair Rose, which Britain has sent,  
 May no briars or thorns lie concealed;  
 May it shed a sweet fragrance, and yield us content,  
 And friendship and peace take the field.

\* The name of the English ambassador.



*On reading a piece, the signature of which was "Clitus' Ghost," addressed to an author whose signature was "Clitus."*

When ghosts appear, mankind oft tremble,  
 Their fears are great, they can't dissemble:  
 But when a paper Ghost appears,  
 Then Clitus says he has no fears;  
 Though hosts of Ghosts should him surround,  
 He'll like a veteran stand his ground.  
 I've seen his mastiff pass the street,  
 With crowds of whiffets at his feet,  
 All snapping, barking with great rage,  
 Still, he'd jog on, nor would engage:  
 Sometimes he, with majestic air,  
 Would deign to look, but still would spare;  
 So Clitus, like his mastiff Boas,  
 Minds not a barking, scribbling host,  
 Hobgoblins, or a paper Ghost.

---

The following lines were occasioned by my being in company with a person at Bordentown, who endeavored to justify Thomas Paine in the letter which he addressed to General Washington.

Should all earth's sons unite and say,  
 The sun is dark that gives us day;  
 Say, would that day-star yield less light,  
 Or veil his face in gloomy night?  
 Neither can Callender\* or Paine,  
 Blast or eclipse the honest fame  
 Of Columbia's favorite son,  
 The great, immortal Washington.

\* Callender also wrote against General Washington.

*On hearing of the marriage of Mr. Gray, of Providence,  
Rhode-Island, to Miss Clay, of Savannah.*

Last night was joined a Mr. Gray  
To an accomplished piece of Clay;  
The color of this Clay, 'twas said,  
Was called a handsome white and red,  
And though not changed, yet still they say,  
It's now a very handsome Gray.

---

*The Gun-Boat Fleet in a Mill-pond.*

Awake! my humble muse, to sing,  
Not of a mortal styled a king;  
Not of heroes famed in story,  
They've bards enough to sound their glory;  
Mine is a far more pleasing theme—  
At Wallabout now may be seen\*  
Columbia's fleet; to sound its praise  
I now my feeble voice would raise.  
Behold this fleet in dread array,  
In mill-pond safely moored, they say;  
In line of battle formed complete,  
No doubt is seen this noble fleet.  
Truxtun, Decatur, men high famed,  
Are not for such a service named;  
Their fame has spread from shore to shore,  
Columbia's thunderbolts of war:  
'Board such a fleet, or I'm mistaken,  
Would feel like fish from water taken;  
On board this fleet, Columbia's boast,  
Those frigate-men would sure be lost:  
They, as I'm made to understand,  
Are only fit to have command

\* The greatest part of the gun-boat fleet, stationed for the defence of the Harbour of New-York, was, when this piece was written, in a tide mill-pond at the Wallabout, near Brooklyn Ferry, on Long-Island.

Of the huge Mammoths of the ocean,  
 Which are not easy put in motion:  
 To frigates or ships of the line,  
 Those sons of Neptune would incline,  
 Those great, unwieldy awkward things,  
 Are only fit for use of kings.  
 It may perhaps seem strange to tell,  
 That we've a fleet so portable,  
 • A ploughman if he is but brave,  
 Can take command, and will save  
 A vast expense to our nation;  
 This should be had in calculation;  
 And though he's spent his life on shore,  
 May soon be hailed a commodore.  
 This gun-boat plan we should not alter,  
 For they can fight by land or water—  
 Amphibious, like the Crocodile,  
 Which oft lies basking 'long the Nile;  
 Proud Albion's fleet dare not come near,  
 Nor will Columbia's sons e'er fear  
 Their thousand ships, should they appear: }  
 Success does not always belong  
 To the most powerful and strong;  
 The Leviathans of the deep  
 By smaller fish are often beat;  
 And when attacked do often feel  
 Wounds deep as from the pointed steel,  
 Then founce their awkward tails about,  
 And sinking, quickly cease to spout.  
 Britons, we know, are fond of spouting,  
 And gun-boat fleets are famed for routing  
 Those sons of arrogance and pride;  
 This surely will not be denied.  
 They dare not come though they 're so stout,  
 They dare not come to Wallabout:

We'll fight them there, or would agree  
 To meet them e'en on Tappan sea.\*  
 Should Albion's sons with all their fire,  
 Dare but provoke Columbia's ire,  
 With torpedo, and gun-boats too,  
 'Gainst us what could those Britons do.  
 They 'd soon retreat, with fear and wonder,  
 When once they hear our gun-boats thunder.

Since the gun-boat system of defence has been exploded, a very considerable addition has been made to the Navy of the United States, and our officers and seamen have greatly distinguished themselves in every action in which they have been engaged. Several battles, which have been fought by them, are marked with peculiar brilliancy.

---

*On hearing of Bonaparte's marriage with Louisa Maria, daughter of the Emperor Francis, of Germany, June 12th, 1810.*

Alas, what direful scenes we now behold!  
 Scenes that posterity will scarce believe.  
 To what a wretched state has Europe sunk—  
 One ruthless tyrant rules her destines:  
 Except old England, where's the power that dare  
 Refuse submission to his stern decrees?  
 Whilst blood and carnage mark his every step,  
 And crowns and sceptres tumble to the ground,  
 Firm as a rock Britannia rests secure,  
 And midst the wreck of nations nobly stands,  
 Bidding defiance to the tyrant's rage.

\* A large bay about twenty miles up Hudson river, which used to be called, by the Albany skippers, Tappan sea.

If such would read the scriptures through,  
 And take a fair impartial view  
 Of all they on this subject find,  
 No doubt they soon would change their mind.  
 They'd find a favourite of heaven,  
 When the command to him was given,  
 "Go, number the people through the land,"\*  
 Quickly obeyed his God's command.  
 The book of Numbers, it is plain,  
 From frequent numb'ring took its name;  
 And it was prophesied of old,  
 As scripture does to us unfold,  
 That the Messiah, God of all,  
 Who deigned to tread this earthly ball,  
 In Judah's tribe, that favoured race,  
 Would condescend to take a place;  
 From David's line he must descend,  
 And thus become the sinner's friend;  
 And that this fully might appear,  
 The tribes were numbered every year;  
 Their genealogy taken too,  
 This prophecy more plain to shew.  
 Numb'ring in ancient times began,  
 Then down the stream of time it ran;  
 Let us the custom still enforce,  
 And help to propagate its course,  
 Long may our happy land be blest,  
 And be a refuge for the oppressed;

he then did it without its being necessary, and contrary to the command of God, and from a principle of pride; and his guilt was the greater, as he had been by Joab and by his other officers, warned of the sin and danger of what he was going to do. This will serve to shew us, that we may sin, not only by doing things in themselves sinful, but even things in themselves innocent, when done in a manner that God approves not of, or from a bad principle.

\* See the first chapter of Numbers.

May countries filled with savage foes,  
 Soon bud and blossom as the rose;  
 Where savage yells now rend the skies,  
 May splendid cities soon arise;  
 From Europe, Asia, Africa,  
 May fettered millions be set free;  
 And serve to swell our numbers high,  
 That we the world's slaves may defy.

---

*Epigram on reading an ill-natured criticism.*

Cynical critics strive to wound,  
 As hungry flies I'll state them;  
 They, when no sores are to be found,  
 Will bite, and strive to make them.

---

*A Dialogue between a Stranger and a Citizen of New-Brunswick, on seeing the Dutch people engaged in pulling down their Church and Steeple.*

STRANGER.

What 's this I see? the Brunswick people  
 Pulling down their Church and Steeple!  
 There 's no decay, all sound appears;  
 This scene a gloomy aspect wears.  
 Will they not hear the Gospel sound?  
 Does infidelity abound?  
 This truly is a direful scene,  
 Come tell me, sir, what does this mean?

CITIZEN.

This novel scene you now behold,  
 With pleasure I'll to you unfold;  
 Dispel your fears, you need not grieve,  
 Appearances do oft deceive.  
 'Tis not all gold that glitt'ring cheers,  
 Nor yet all cross that so appears:

This Church, o'er which you now lament,  
 Such an increase to it was sent,  
 Its pious members did complain,  
 The building would not near contain  
 This great, this thriving congregation,  
 Which have this favoured situation:  
 Resolved it never should be said,  
 That with a Condict\* at their head,  
 Their flock should wander from the fold,  
 And cease to be with them enrolled.  
 Then with a pious zeal inspired,  
 A zeal which long will be admired,  
 Resolved this building to erase,  
 And build another in its place;  
 A spacious temple soon they 'll raise,  
 In which they long will pray and praise  
 Our great Almighty, sovereign King;  
 And there loud Hallelujahs sing.

## STRANGER.

Forgive my rashness, sir, I pray,  
 My mind 's relieved by what you say:  
 I was distressed to see your people  
 Pulling down their Church and steeple;  
 But now, from what you 've said, I find  
 They 're as a band of brothers joined  
 In a good work, as does appear,  
 And if king Solomon were here,  
 He 'd no doubt join, with heart and hand  
 This zealous and much-favoured band.  
 And that a gracious God would bless,  
 And crown their labours with success,  
 Believe me, sir, is the most fervent  
 Prayer of your very humble servant,

\* Their much-beloved Pastor.

*On seeing an Association of Young Ladies present a Standard to the New-Jersey Washington Benevolent Society, in New-Brunswick, on the 4th of July, 1812.*

Behold a beauteous virgin band!  
In conscious innocence they stand:  
Their snow-white vestments, which we view,  
Bright emblems of their virtue shew;  
Moved by a patriotic fire,  
They grant a boon which all admire—  
A Standard, elegant indeed,  
To the much-favored sons decreed  
Of Washington, who grateful are,  
For the rich present from the fair  
Daughters, of whom this town can boast—  
And should our foes invade our coast,  
They 'll be protected in return,  
By those whose hearts with ardour burn  
In freedom's cause, the sacred flame  
Will light them to a glorious fame:  
The rosy cheek, the sparkling eye,  
Or troubled breast which heaves a sigh,  
Columbia's sons will nobly shield,  
'Gainst hostile foes their thunders wield;  
Not Britain's sons, with all their ire,  
Can damp the patriotic fire  
Of the brave sons of Washington,  
A band of brothers joined as one;  
Around their Standard firm they 'll stand,  
And dare to die for freedom's land.



### THE DUTCH ORANGE.

*On the Restoration of the Prince of Orange.*

This Orange, though by all admired,  
 The Hollanders of it grew tired:  
 Though it was once their boast and pride,  
 Through French influence 'twas laid aside:  
 Bon Frenchmen said they soon should see  
 A fruit more sweet from freedom's tree;  
 But O, how much deceived we find!  
 Those sons of Freedom sure were blind:  
 For soon, instead of Orange sweet,  
 They 'd nought but sour grapes to eat;  
 Which soon were found, as all allege,  
 To set the Dutchmen's teeth on edge:  
 They then did fervently implore  
 To have their Orange back once more.  
 The Orange was from Britain sent,  
 And now they 're with the fruit content;  
 The Orange now is Dutchmen's pride,  
 And Bona's grapes are laid aside.

---

### *The New-Jersey Lighthouse.*

Sailors who plough the raging main,  
 Whether for pleasure or for gain,  
 When sore misfortune bends them down,  
 And they are doomed to fortune's frown,  
 'Tis then said, I know not for what,  
 Behind the Lighthouse they have got.  
 Just so our Jersey Volunteers,\*  
 As it plainly now appears,

\* Stationed as a guard at the Lighthouse.

(Though fortune does not frowning look  
 On Jersey-blues at Sandy-Hook;)
   
Yet still they have, and not a few,  
 Got behind the Lighthouse too.  
 They 'll there protect our tow'ring lights;  
 There they will guard their coun'ry's rights;  
 And should a haughty foe dare land,  
 Where freedom's sons have now their stand,  
 We trust they will them nobly face,  
 And soon behind the Lighthouse place.

October 9th, 1814.

---

*On the late Peace with England.*

"Glorify to God in the highest! for peace on earth!"

Peace, heaven-born Peace, once more is viewed,  
 Let every heart rejoice;  
 In cheerful songs of gratitude,  
 United be our voice.

No more the cannon's horrid roar  
 Is heard throughout our land;  
 But joy resounds from shore to shore,  
 Through every patriot band.

When war, with all its dire alarms,  
 Was raging through our land;  
 And fathers, brothers, flew to arms,  
 And made a noble stand;

When cities wrapt in flames were seen,  
 And garments rolled in blood;  
 With black despair, and sorrow keen,  
 And ruin, like a flood,

Was sweeping o'er our troubled land,  
 'Twas then our God appeared!  
 And kindly took us by the hand;  
 The prayers of Saints were heard.

“ That God, who in the whirlwind rides,  
 Whose hand directs the storm,”  
 Still o'er our destiny presides;  
 His hand we view alone.

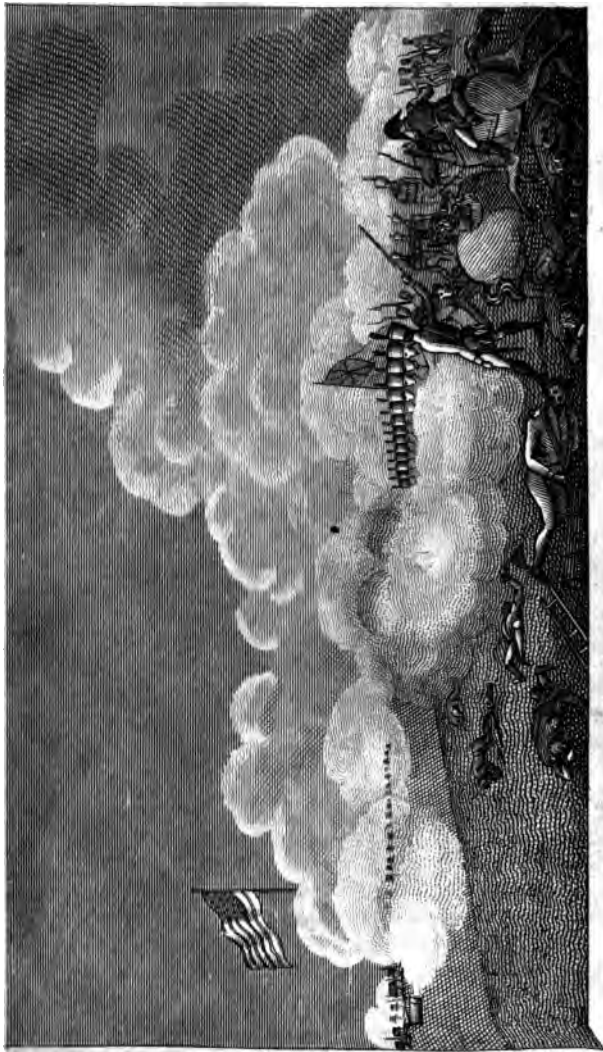
'Twas He inspired each patriot breast;  
 How much for us he 's done!  
 By Him Columbia's sons are blest;  
 'Twas he raised Washington,

Jackson, M'Donough and M'Comb,  
 Those valiant sons of fame;  
 And many more, who've nobly shewn  
 They've gained a deathless name.

Long may our States united stand,  
 With peace and freedom crowned;  
 United in one patriot band,  
 May all their sons be found.

Our commerce long in fetters bound,  
 Behold, once more is free:  
 Our spreading canvass will be found  
 To whiten every sea.

Great sovereign Lord, accept the praise,  
 Our joyful souls would give;  
 O! may our grateful songs e'er rise,  
 Whilst on this earth we live.



WINDY - BRITANS



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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

And when from earth's dull scenes we rise,  
 And weary souls are free;  
 May we, enraptured, sing thy praise,  
 Thro' all eternity.  
 February 14th, 1815.

---

*The Wonders of Redeeming Love.*

Great God, when we thy works survey,  
 The Sun, that glorious king of day,  
 The Moon, and all the starry frame,  
 Thy power and wisdom we proclaim.

But what's the Sun, that globe of fire,  
 The Moon, and stars, which we admire,  
 Compared with Jesus?—all appear  
 As light indeed as empty air.

When first thou didst make known thy plan  
 For saving lost and ruined man,  
 Then was the bright, Angelic host,  
 In wonder, love, and transport lost.

Their love was kindled to a flame,  
 Enraptured hear them loud proclaim  
 Peace and good will to guilty man.  
 How great, how wonderful the plan!

Behold the Son of God descend,  
 And thus become the sinner's friend;  
 See earth and hell in league combined  
 Against the Saviour of Mankind.

Such love was ne'er before expressed,  
 That wretched sinners might be blest;  
 He by whose bounty all are fed,  
 Possessed no place to lay his head.

What agonies, what sorrow keen,  
Was in Gethsemane's garden seen;  
O'erwhelmed with grief, as with a flood,  
Our Jesus sweat great drops of blood.

And at the last expiring hour,  
When God withdrew his strength'ning pow'r,  
When the dear Saviour bowed his head,  
Earth to her centre quaked with dread.

Rent was the adamantine rock,  
All nature trembled at the shock;  
The Sun, that glorious king of light,  
Soon veil'd his face in gloomy night.

But now behold the Saviour rise,  
And mount in triumph to the skies:  
He now enthroned in glory sits,  
And pleads his perfect righteousness.

He pleads for wretched sinful man;—  
How truly wonderful the plan;  
A God must die, a God must rise!  
A God must be the sacrifice!

O, may such love to man expressed,  
Kindle a flame in every breast;  
May every nation, every tongue,  
Enraptured sing this heavenly song:

All glory be to God above,  
The great eternal Source of love;  
With grateful hearts, loud may we sing,  
The triumphs of our Saviour King.

Great God, when all thy Saints shall join  
 The heavenly hosts in songs divine,  
 Enraptured will they sing above,  
 The wonders of Redeeming love.

---

*The Medical Dispensary.*

When freedom's sons were blest with peace,  
 And cannon's dreadful roar had ceased;  
 When commerce crippled, almost dead,  
 Began to raise her drooping head:  
 When from famed Orleans unto Maine,  
 All were bright'ning freedom's chain,  
 When party spirit, sorely beat,  
 Was forced to sound a quick retreat,  
 A growing scourge, which all had feared,  
 Then in terrific form appeared;—  
 A fever raged throughout the nation:  
 By some 'twas called *Bank Speculation*\*  
 An epidemic, as it 's said,  
 And as contagious as the plague.  
 Quacks were employed, but all in vain,  
 Their nostrums but increased the pain;  
 Its dire effects no pen can paint,  
 The head was sick, the heart was faint,  
 Finding the fever raging high,  
 And causing oft insanity;  
 The great doctors of the nation,  
 Alarmed, soon held a consultation:  
 Seeing a mad'ning influence reign,  
 And thousands of their state complain;  
 They with united voice agreed  
 To reduce the system with all speed.

\* In consequence of the banks refusing to issue specie, many bank notes could only be passed off at a discount of from 6 to 10, and some as high as 20 per cent.





Bleeding profusely then was tried,  
Its good effects can't be denied;  
Strict regimen, 'twas also said,  
Would prove a salutary aid;  
Advised a milk-and-water diet,  
But some indeed were loath to try it;  
But seeing it a desperate case,  
Reducing system was embraced;  
So when some son of dissipation,  
Finds he must make an alteration,  
When by disease he is brought low,  
And he can neither stand nor go;  
This crippled man, this hopeful jewel.  
Deigns to accept of water gruel.  
In aid of a plan to reduce  
The system, now so much in use,  
A *Medical Dispensary*,\*  
Stored with a sovereign remedy,  
We see in central situation,  
Just to accommodate the nation;  
Thousands of pills the *Doctors* say  
Are issuing from it every day:  
Their good effects are daily seen,  
For many who insane have been,  
To perfect reason are restored,  
Such great relief these pills afford;  
The raging fever doth abate,  
Some are in convalescent state;  
And our *great Doctors*† all assure  
Their pills will work a speedy cure;  
They go so far as e'en to say,  
On February the twentieth day‡

\* Bank of the United States.

† Bank Directors.

‡ Time fixed on for issuing specie from all the principal banks in the United States.

Their patients will be sound and well.  
 Such wond'rous cure, how strange to tell!  
 We hope such scenes may bless our eyes,  
 And we soon see them realized.

---

*The Cheerful Christian.*

O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

*Psalm xciv. 1, 2*

For the Lord is good, his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations.

*Psalm c. 1*

Thus spake the favorite of heaven,  
 When a full confidence was given,  
 When with a holy love inspired,  
 He then a holy God admired;  
 Seraphic joy then filled his breast,  
 In rapturous strains that love expressed.  
 King Solomon, too, for wisdom famed,  
 Inspired by heaven, has proclaimed,  
 Religion points the way to bliss,  
 To peace, to joy and happiness.  
 Sin is the fruitful source of all,  
 Of what mankind do evils call;  
 'Tis this plants daggers in the breast,  
 And robs the guilty soul of rest;  
 From downy pillows thorns arise,  
 And frightful dreams all peace defies.  
 A soul oppressed with guilt and fears,  
 In melancholy gloom appears:  
 This was the mark of guilty Cain,  
 His forehead shewed his guilt and pain.



No smile appeared upon his face,  
A black, a dreadful gloom took place.  
'Tis right that guilt should show its marks,  
And virtue show its heaven-born sparks.  
Christians sometimes we see appear,  
With looks forbidding and austere,  
A gloomy cloud hangs o'er their mind,  
They look as if they were designed  
To drive us from the heavenly road,  
And make us dread to serve our God.  
Let guilt arrayed in gloom appear,  
Christians a heavenly smile should wear:  
If they've a foretaste here of heaven,  
Let signs of happiness be given;  
From conversation light and vain,  
With studious care they should refrain;  
But cheerful, modest, mild, serene,  
Professing Christians should be seen;  
Nor should they join the giddy throng,  
In the loud laugh or trifling song.  
Their dress and carriage e'er should be  
From pride and affectation free;  
Their words and actions all should prove,  
They have for God a fervent love.  
A full unbounded confidence,  
Should mankind have in Providence:  
The goodness of the great Supreme  
Should be our daily constant theme;  
His mercies should our souls inspire,  
And fill us with a heaven-born fire.  
With raptures we should sound his name,  
Our love should kindle to a flame.  
What though he sometimes hides his face  
From the bright trophies of his grace,  
Though clouds and darkness intervene,  
And scarce a ray of light is seen;

What though no fruit the fig-tree yields,\*  
And though we may have barren fields,  
And though no herds are in the stall,  
He can't despair whose God 's his all.  
Whether our paths, to please our sight,  
Are strewed with rosebuds of delight,  
Or whether doomed to feel the rod  
Of an offended frowning God,  
The same unerring power directs,  
The same almighty arm protects.  
Shall we distrust a God who gave  
His Son rebellious man to save:  
See the dear Saviour bow his head,  
And view him numbered with the dead;  
Then see him burst the grave and rise  
Triumphantly above the skies;  
And see him now enthroned above,  
Pleading our cause with wondrous love:  
Can we such moving scenes behold,  
Which do such ardent love unfold,  
And yet believe our God will e'er  
Leave his dear children in despair;  
Such love should raise our confidence  
In all the ways of Providence.  
O may we, with inspired Paul,  
Submit contentedly to all  
Which heaven does for us ordain,  
Nor dare to murmur or complain;  
In this great truth we must concur,  
Infinite wisdom cannot err.  
The man who has his God his friend,  
Enjoys a bliss which ne'er shall end,  
Enjoys a feast from day to day,  
The world can't give, nor take away.

\* Habakkuk, iii. 17.



In wisdom's ways let 's take delight,  
And know that all God's ways are right;  
Let 's imitate the blest above,  
Where all are happy, all is love,  
Where cheerful smiles adorn each face,  
And gloom can never find a place:  
Then let 's be joyful in the Lord,  
And sound his name with sweet accord;  
For he demands our love and praise;  
Then we 'll to him our voices raise:  
With joyful hearts, then, let us sing  
Loud anthems to our God and King.



*On reading Captain Riley's Narrative.*

We now with wonder and surprise do view  
The tragic tale of Riley and his crew;  
We see them cast on Afric's rocky shore,  
Snatched from the jaws of death at Bajadore,\*  
That God who caused the Red Sea to divide,  
And stopped the swellings, too, of Jordan's tide,  
To make a passage for his chosen band,  
And land them safe on Canaan's happy land;—  
That same almighty arm came to their aid,  
When in the anguish of their souls they prayed,  
And formed a passage through the angry wave,  
Which loudly threatened an immediate grave.  
But O! what dreadful sufferings were their lot!  
Though they had from terrific breakers got,  
Their little, tottering, almost sinking boat,  
By constant bailing was just kept on float,

\* Captain Riley was cast away in the brig Commerce, at Cape Bajadore, on the coast of Africa, on the 28th of August, 1814—had one man killed by the natives of that place, and it was with much difficulty he escaped from them to the wreck, which lay but a short distance from the shore.

When eight long days in this dire state they'd been,  
And black despair in every face was seen,  
Were forced at last back to that dreaded shore,  
Where dwells the cruel, base, unfeeling Moor,  
And Arab too, that ancient wandering race,  
Who in the dreary desert take their place,—  
Their sinking boat, which tempests long had box'd,  
Was dashed to pieces now among the rocks:  
O'er huge, tremendous rocks now took their way,  
Scorching beneath a burning tropic ray.  
When long of water they had been bereft,  
And they had suffered every thing but death,  
A band of Arabs then appeared, we find,  
The most depraved of the human kind:  
To these inhuman monsters they submit,  
And soon of all their clothing they were stripped,  
Then beat, and bruised, insulted and despised;  
They took them on as slaves, a wretched prize!  
They long on desert plains were forced to roam,  
Far from their families and native home;  
Not like the chosen band by Moses led,  
Which had from Pharaoh's cruel bondage fled;  
No precious manna was from heaven sent;  
No chief inspired, to guide their steps was lent;  
No Canaan's happy land had they in view,  
When they, too, were the desert passing through;  
(Their masters did Mahomet's creed embrace,  
Imposture grand! scourge of the human race!  
A cruel band of robbers they remain,  
Bound fast in their false prophet's galling chain)  
But when almost borne down with black despair,  
Their great almighty Father heard their prayer;  
A gleam of hope appeared to them, we find,  
When long in want and wretchedness they'd pined:  
A trading Arab, on his own interest bent,  
Came now in view, no doubt by heaven sent.

**Sidi Hamet was this wandering Arab's name ;**  
**Passing the desert now in search of gain,**  
**He purchased Riley and four of his crew ;\***  
**And although done with mercenary view,**  
**He proved an instrument to break their chains,**  
**And take them from those direful desert plains.**  
**Riley did then most fervently implore**  
**This Arab to take them on to Mogadore,**  
**A sea-port town on the Morocco coast ;**  
**But to get there, we find, much time was lost :**  
**There Consul Willshire, man of noble mind,**  
**He proved their friend, a friend to all mankind :**  
**The ransom for Columbia's sons he paid,**  
**And soon arrangements for their comfort made.**  
**The interesting scene who can describe ?**  
**When they first their worthy friend espied ;**  
**Mere skeletons of men they now were found,†**  
**At Mogadore, now seated on the ground :**  
**Willshire was so affected with the scene,**  
**Tears rolling down his manly checks were seen ;**  
**All language to describe it must prove faint,**  
**And which my feeble muse can never paint.**  
**Riley quite overcome, his state so changed,**  
**For full three days his senses were deranged ;**  
**But when his reason was again restored,**  
**His raptured soul his Saviour God adored ;**  
**That God who 'd snatched him from the jaws of**  
**death,**  
**When he of every hope was quite bereft.**

\* Six of Capt. Riley's men were still left slaves in the desert, two of whom, viz: Robbins and Porter, have since been ransomed at Mogadore, and have returned to this country.

† Previous to Capt. Riley's being cast away he weighed 240 pounds, but when he arrived at Mogadore he weighed only 90 pounds.

He full two months at Mogadore remained,  
 'Till he sufficient health and strength had gained;  
 He then for Tangiers city took his way,  
 And from thence to Gibraltar bay,  
 From which he quickly sailed, we understand,  
 And soon was wafted to his native land:  
 Columbia's sons now hail their long lost friend,  
 And on our happy shores his travels end.\*  
 Restored now to his wife and children dear,  
 As one raised from the dead he did appear:  
 In transport lost, they were completely blest,  
 Imagination now must paint the rest.

---

*On the union of Parties, in New-Brunswick, on the  
 Fourth of July, 1817.*

Whilst Europe's nations often sing,  
 The birth-day of a prince or king,  
 We in more favoured situation,  
 Sing the birth-day of our nation.

On this auspicious day we view  
 A pleasing scene—a scene that 's new—  
 See diff'rent parties all unite;  
 This is, indeed, a pleasing sight.

Discord does now no longer rise  
 Her snaky crest to pain our eyes;  
 The demon now is fairly beat,  
 And forced to sound a quick retreat.

\* Captain Riley is now settled with his family on St. Mary's river, in the state of Ohio; he has laid out a town, which he has named Willshire, after his friend and benefactor the English Consul at Mogadore, on the coast of Africa.



Let party names no more divide,  
But may it be our only pride,  
To be called friends of liberty,  
And sons of free America.

Now as a band of brothers joined,  
In peace and harmony combined,  
Let's all unite in one great cause,  
Support our liberty and laws.

Should all Columbia's sons come forth,  
From east to west, from south to north,  
And put all party names to rest,  
Then would fair freedom's sons be blest.

Firm as a rock we'd then abide,  
And Europe's sons, in all their pride,  
Would never dare to cross the sea,  
To face the sons of liberty.

O may th' oppressed of ev'ry land,  
Soon join our patriotic band,  
And all united may we sing,  
The praises of our heavenly King.

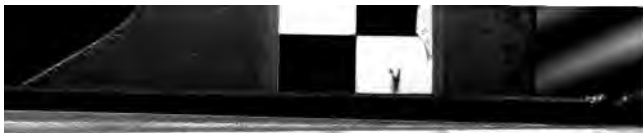
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*On reading Doctor Buchanan's account of the conversion of Sabat and Abdallah, to the Christian faith, and of the martyrdom of Abdallah; in his Sermon entitled, The Star in the East.*

Behold an eastern star arise,  
A heavenly light to bless our eyes:  
Hindustan's sons, who long have lain  
Bound fast in Satan's galling chain,



*See page 300.*  
A T relating to **DR BUCKANAN** the late President  
his Companion in the City of New-York.



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Now view the standard of the cross,  
 And hear a Saviour's charming voice.  
 That God whom heaven and earth adore,  
 His gospel sends from shore to shore:  
 Abdallah read the sacred page,  
 Which did his heart and soul engage;  
 (Mahomet's foul delusions were  
 Now viewed as castles in the air:)  
 His love was kindled to a flame;  
 He gloried in the Saviour's name.  
 But O! we must lament the fate,  
 Which did this convert now await:  
 By Sabat he was soon betrayed—  
 His bosom friend, as it was said;\*  
 Like the first martyr, Stephen, he  
 Was doomed to die as we now see.  
 Firm as a rock we see him stand,  
 Surrounded by a bloody band;  
 Tho' cruel torture did endure,  
 His Saviour he would not abjure:  
 The powers of earth and hell defied,  
 And for his faith a martyr died.  
 Bochara's sons with wonder view  
 This direful, tragic scene, so new.

\* Sabat and Abdallah were intimate friends, and of very respectable families in Arabia; they agreed to travel together, and to visit foreign countries. They were both zealous Mahometans, and in the Mahometan states it is death for a man of rank to become a Christian. They travelled together until they came to the town of Cabul, in Persia; here Sabat left him and proceeded on a tour through Tartary. Soon after Abdallah came to Cabul, he was converted to the Christian faith, by the perusal of a Bible belonging to a Christian from Armenia, then residing at Cabul. Soon after his conversion he left this place, and went on to Bochara, a great city in Tartary. Here Sabat met and betrayed him: he caused his servants to seize him, and deliver him to Morad, king of Bochara, by whom he was sentenced to die. At the place of execution he was offered a pardon if he would abjure Christ; but he, firm as a rock, submitted to a most cruel torture, rather than deny his Lord and Saviour.

Sabat had hoped, but hoped in vain,  
 That the excruciating pain  
 Abdallah suffered, would soon cause  
 Him in his Christian course to pause;  
 So that the king his life might spare;  
 This we find Sabat did declare;  
 But O! what horror seized his breast,  
 When his friend yielded up his breath!  
 Conscience, like canker worm we find,  
 Prey'd on his soul, to grief resigned:  
 Thro' distant lands, we see him roam,  
 Seeking for rest, but finding none.  
 But now the power of grace divine,  
 Which did in his conversation shine,  
 We must adore, and long would sing  
 The triumphs of our Saviour king;  
 Like Paul of Tarsus, we now see  
 A chosen vessel he must be;  
 For when the sacred page he'd read  
 For which his friend Abdallah bled,\*  
 He, filled with wonder and surprise,  
 Found the scales dropping from his eyes;  
 Conviction seized him like a dart,  
 The Saviour was dear to his heart:

\* Whilst Sabat was at the city of Visapatam, in the East Indies, Providence brought in his way a New Testament, in the Arabic language; he read it with deep thought: the alcoran lying before him, he compared them together, and at length the truth of the word of God fell on his mind, as he expressed it, like a flood. He then proceeded to Madras, and was baptized by the Rev. Doctor Kerr.

When Sabat's brother in Arabia heard that he had followed the example of Abdallah, and had become a Christian, he came on to India, a voyage of two months, to assassinate him; and whilst Sabat was sitting in his room, his brother presented himself in the disguise of a beggar, having a dagger concealed under his mantle. He rushed on Sabat, and wounded him, but at that moment his servants came in and rescued him. The assassin would have become the victim of public justice, but Sabat interfered for him, and sent him home in peace, with letters and presents to his mother's house, in Arabia.

A zealous convert he became,  
 Was pluck'd as brand from burning flame.  
 Such bright displays of sov'reign grace  
 We in those eastern sons do trace—  
 'Midst pagan darkness serves to prove  
 The wonders of redeeming love.  
 Sabat, now filled with heaven born fire,  
 His holy zeal we must admire;  
 A heavenly peace he's now obtained,  
 The Lion to a lamb is changed:  
 He ardently is now engaged  
 In translating the sacred page;\*  
 Now with an apostolic zeal,  
 For poor, depraved mankind does feel;  
 And as it truly does appear,  
 Sends his epistles far and near;  
 In doing good he takes delight,  
 A burning and a shining light;  
 And now through India does proclaim  
 The glories of the Saviour's name.  
 He with the heralds of the cross,  
 Who have the vast Atlantic coast,  
 Does with a noble zeal unite,  
 In spreading of the Gospel's light.  
 Their bow abides in strength it's found,  
 Darting their arrows all around.  
 Come, holy dove, from heaven descend,  
 And thy all conqu'ring influence lend;

\* Sabat was, at the time the above piece was written, at Dinapou, in Bengal, where he was engaged in translating the Scriptures into the Persian and Arabic tongue. He has written an elegant and argumentative elucidation of the truth of the gospel, with copious authorities, admitted by the Mahometans themselves, and prefixed to it is an account of his conversion. He was then co-operating with the Missionaries in Bengal, and the places adjacent, in endeavoring to root out and destroy Pagan idolatry and Mahometan delusion, and to build on their ruins the religion of the blessed Jesus.

Cause every arrow, every dart,  
 To enter deep in every heart.  
 Wherever Satan's influence reigns,  
 O free his captives from their chains,  
 May Asia's sons, and Afric's too,  
 All their dumb idols quickly view  
 On funeral pile, all in a flame,  
 Where human victims once were lain.\*  
 When, Heavenly Father, shall we see  
 Mankind from Satan's bondage free?  
 Hasten the time, O God we pray,  
 O! hasten on the happy day,  
 When heav'n born Anthems shall be sung  
 By every nation, every tongue;  
 When all as brethren shall unite,  
 And in thy Gospel take delight,  
 "And with the bright angelic host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

---

*Longing after brighter views of the great Creator.*

Thou great Almighty Father, God of all,  
 Wilt thou from thy unbounded fulness dart  
 One ray of light o'er my benighted mind?  
 That my dim vision may be lighted up  
 In contemplating thee, my God and King?  
 But O! how great the theme for mortal man.  
 Shall man presume to scan the great Supreme?  
 How great the task! himself he cannot know!

\*The number of women who were burned alive on the funeral pile of their husbands, within 30 miles of the city of Calcutta, in the year 1804, was 275. This horrid practice, so shocking to humanity, is still continued. Not long since, on the death of one of their Brahmins, five of his wives were laid on the funeral pile, and burnt with his body;—one of them a beautiful young woman, of 16 years of age.

The brightest seraphs round thy throne, O God,  
 Who view thee seated on thy sparkling throne,  
 Soon dazzled with the brightness of thy ray,  
 With wonder, love and admiration filled,  
 Cast their bright crowns, adoring, at thy feet,  
 In transport lost, their loud hosannas sing,  
 Veiling their faces 'midst thy radiant blaze.  
 But such refulgent scenes are not for man,  
 Whilst in his clayey tenement he rests;  
 We now see through a mirror dark indeed,  
 Our feeble vision yields us but a glimpse  
 Of the great One in Three, all-glorious God,  
 Whom hosts angelic ne'er can comprehend.  
 But O! almighty God, pardon I pray,  
 A feeble worm who longs for brighter views:  
 And would, whilst here sojourning on thy earth,  
 Pray that his ardent soul might wing its way  
 To the third heaven, there before thy throne,  
 As Paul of old, have glorious heavenly views  
 Burst on his ravished soul, in bliss complete.\*



*On viewing the Mound in the western part of Cincinnati.*

How many ages have rolled on, since this  
 Huge mass of earth, which wond'ring we behold  
 Was formed? This question who can solve!  
 And this not stands a monument alone;

\* Archbishop Cave, in his life of the Apostle Paul, observes, " he was probably caught up into the third heaven, not so much by any real separation of his soul from his body, or local translation of his spirit thither, as by a profound abstraction of it from his corporeal senses; God, during the time of the trance, entertaining it with an eternal and admirable scene of the glory and happiness of that state, as truly and effectually as if his soul had been really conveyed thither."

† The reader is referred to the author's Journal for a description of this mound.





Thro' all these western states such mounds appear—  
Some in dimensions far exceeding this;  
But for what purpose formed, sure none can tell;  
Historic page is all a dreary blank;  
And from tradition not one glimm'ring ray.  
Not all the various savage tribes, we find,—  
In all our forests wild, from east to west,  
From north to south, from great Lake Erie's shore  
To Alabama's gently gliding stream,—  
Can shed one ray of light to cheer the mind;  
But all is darkness and conjecture all.  
Some say the warring nations reared those piles,  
As towers on which their sentinels to place;  
Whilst others say, and facts which do appear  
Make their opinions lean on reason's side,  
That for depositories of their dead,  
The aborigines these huge mounds did form.  
That for such purpose they were reared, we judge  
From relics which are often in them found  
Of human skeletons deep buried there—  
Buried perhaps some ages long before,  
Columbus did descry this western world:  
So Egypt's pyramids do still appear,  
Bidding defiance to the waste of time.  
These monuments of folly, great indeed,  
But not so great as Egypt's sons have shown.  
But what's this mound, and others that appear  
Thro'out this western land? they 're small indeed,  
When once compared with works which have been  
reared  
For self-defence, against a hostile foe:  
Some fortresses are found on scale so vast,  
And formed with so much military skill  
And mathematical exactitude,  
As almost to excite an exclamation—  
'By savage hands such works could ne'er be formed!'

They form, indeed, a fruitful, pleasing source  
 Of contemplation to ingenious minds;  
 And are a wonder in this western world;  
 Which late was covered o'er with savage bands,  
 Wielding the tom'hawk and the scalping knife  
 With fiend-like fury and terrific form:  
 But now, thank heaven! the murderous scene is  
     changed,  
 And where a savage foe was lately seen,  
 There hymns of praise from grateful hearts arise,  
 And temples dedicated to our God  
 Are seen throughout this thriving, happy land;  
 Which now is cleared of cruel, savage foes,  
 And buds and blossoms as the beautiful rose.  
 Then with united voices let us sing  
 Loud hallelujahs to our God and King.

---

*Acrostic.*

S ee thousands flocking to this favoured land,  
 T eeming with blessings for fair freedom's band,  
 A round where late the savage yell was heard,  
 T om'hawk and scalping knife have disappeared, }  
 E 'en savage foes are now no longer feared.  
 O n every hand now thriving towns are seen,  
 F amed Cincinnati 'mong them sits as queen.  
 O 'er all this land which does such beauties shew  
 H eaven's choicest blessings rise up to our view;  
 I n this blest land, far from old ocean's shore,  
 O ! may the oppressor e'er find an open door.

*Epigram.*

See with old England's sons what bitter strife—  
 Their *virtuous George* must have another wife;  
 Caroline, his Queen, is odious in his eyes,\*  
 Therefore must fall a cruel sacrifice;  
 Her innocence can yield her no protection—  
 She's in his way, that's the great objection.

---

*On viewing the Falls of Ohio.*

These rocks, though prized by sons of Louisville,  
 A bane has proved to all the towns above,  
 Which are seen bordering on Ohio's shores,  
 Or on its numerous tributary streams:  
 And to a country, vast in its extent,  
 Have proved as shackles to its growing trade.†  
 Now let us rouse from our lethargic state,  
 And quickly form a canal round these falls;  
 As band of brothers let us all unite  
 In this great work, which promises much gain.  
 But some weak minds, with vision small indeed,  
 Do vainly strive to paralyze this plan;  
 They say resources cannot now be had,

\* The above piece was written at the time the Queen was attending her trial in London.

† It is judged that the aggregate loss which the merchants and traders sustain yearly, in consequence of this obstruction, is not less than 100 000 dollars, which will appear evident when we take into view the vast amount of property which is shipped from above the falls, the great delay they frequently occasion in getting it to market, and also the return cargoes, the large sums of money which are paid for extra freightage to and from Louisville, and also for storage and cartage at that place.

And would postpone it to some distant day.  
 Such pigmy politicians, let them but view  
 A noble lord, a son of Britain's Isle,\*  
 With his own private purse perform a work,  
 In magnitude by far exceeding this;  
 And view a single state, nobly engaged  
 In a gigantic work which all admire;†  
 And which, we fondly trust, will ere long cause  
 Lake Erie, queen of all the western lakes,  
 To stretch a friendly arm to embrace  
 Hudson, old Hudson, in his rocky bed:  
 Then view five states, whose interests all impel  
 Them to remove this barrier to their wealth,  
 By forming a canal, two miles in length,  
 Where not a hill or rock is to be seen.  
 Reflecting thus, all doubts must vanish soon,  
 As early dew before the rising sun.  
 Such bright examples sure will animate  
 Our western sons, so prone to enterprise:  
 No longer let us tributary be  
 To the fast thriving sons of Louisville.  
 We trust, ere long, among our western sons,  
 Some enterprising Clintons will be found;‡

\* The Duke of Bridgewater. The Canal which he formed is forty miles in length, fifty-two feet in width, and its depth is five feet;—it is carried over two rivers and through several high hills.

† The Western Canal, which the citizens of New-York are now forming, will be, when completed, 300 miles in length. The Northern Canal, which unites the waters of Lake Champlain with the Hudson river, was finished in October last, and is 61 1-2 miles in length. It is expected that these canals will, at no very distant day, yield a revenue to the state nearly sufficient to defray the expenses of the government.

‡ The Legislature of Kentucky has agreed to appropriate 100,000 dollars, for the purpose of aiding in forming a canal round the Falls at Louisville, and whenever the Legislatures of the other states that are interested in promoting that great object, shall have provided in a similar manner, then all the obstacles which have hitherto existed to prevent its accomplishment, will be obviated.



Who, with an ardent, patriotic zeal,  
Will open quickly, on Kentucky's shore,  
A spacious canal, through which our gallant barks  
May pass securely, with their pond'rous freights,\*  
Down to New-Orleans, or the ocean wide.  
O! may such scenes soon realized be,  
And we be set from rocky fetters free.

---

*On Friendship.*

Friendship, blest medicine of life,  
Quenches the coals of growing strife;  
In love and peace it takes delight,  
Makes enemies as friends unite.

When with grief we are bent down,  
And we experience fortune's frown,  
We fly in haste to find a friend,  
Who soothing makes our troubles end.

Dear Friendship, I revere thy name,  
Thou art a pure, a heaven-born flame;  
Thy magic power can sooth to rest,  
When sore afflictions rack the breast.

And when kind Providence speaks peace,  
And kindly bids our sorrows cease;  
When light around our path is shed,  
And rose-buds of delight are spread;

Friendship then crowns the bliss that's given,  
To us by an indulgent heaven;  
To our enjoyments adds a zest,  
And serves to make us truly blest.

\* The whole amount of exports from above the Falls, which passes yearly down the Ohio, has been valued at \$3,205,500 dollars.

Let sordid souls enjoy their wealth,  
 And count o'er their ill-gotten pelf;  
 They cannot feel blest Friendship's flame,  
 Its fund of bliss that wants a name.

The sons of riot and of strife,  
 Those strangers to a happy life,  
 Know not the joy Friendship imparts,  
 To honest sympathetic hearts.

Nor can the fop, or dandy ape,  
 Who show themselves in every shape,  
 Ever feel or ever know  
 The joys which from pure Friendship flow..

But what avails a friend on earth,  
 Though he may boast a noble birth;  
 Our frail lives must in sorrow end,  
 Unless we have our God our friend.

Let's strive his friendship to secure,  
 Whose pure love for us will endure,  
 Cause us complete in bliss to be,  
 Throughout a long eternity.

---

*The patriarch Joseph's soliloquy previous to his making  
 himself known to his brethren.*

O! thou great Almighty, sovereign God,  
 How wonderful, how truly wonderful,  
 Dark and mysterious are thy ways to man.  
 This trying scene which bursts now on my view,  
 Unmans me quite, and my astonished soul  
 O'erwhelmed, sinks within my trembling frame.



When I scan o'er the scenes I have passed thro'.—  
The mixed emotions which thrill through my soul,  
Of love, gratitude and admiration,  
Beggar all language ever to describe.  
Once doom'd to cruel death by hands of those  
Who should have been my dearest friends on earth,  
And when low in a horrid pit I lay,  
A painful, ling'ring death seemed then my lot:  
But heaven ordained relief by savage hands,  
And I was sold, a wretched slave forlorn,  
In Egypt's land to serve a Potiphar;  
Whose impious wife inflamed by lust and pride,  
Enraged, cast me in a loathsome dungeon:  
There I had lain and languished out my life,  
Had not an interposing providence,  
By means most strange, e'en passing strange—'twas  
seen,  
Turned pitchy darkness to meridian day;  
But man, how impotent to execute  
A single plan, when the decrees of heaven  
Run counter to the work he has devised:  
The wrath of man must praise and honor Him,  
Who rules the destinies of all mankind.  
But no longer can I now refrain,  
I must, I will embrace my brethren dear:  
These tears, that flow warm from my bursting heart,  
Show that I love them with no common love:  
But for them, a shepherd perhaps I'd been,  
Tending my fleecy flock on Canaan's plains,  
And in obscurity my life have passed,  
Void of the power to do extensive good:  
But now, my flock's a nation, great indeed,  
And thousands daily have to feed and tend.  
They were the means appointed by my God,  
To raise me up high on the roll of fame,  
And be the happy instrument to save

A nation great, from famine's direful scourge;  
 And from dread starvation, raised to save  
 My brethren, and aged father too:  
 These solemn thoughts o'erwhelm my ardent soul,  
 My throbbing heart must now be open laid;  
 I'll drop my hateful mask, and let them know,  
 That Joseph, their long lost Joseph is yet alive,  
 And lives to nourish and to make them blest.

*On reading an account of the horrid cruelties which  
 were committed by the Turks, on the inhabitants of  
 the island of Scio.*

How long, O God, dear sovereign Lord, how long  
 Shall sanguinary monsters, in human shape,  
 Bear rule, and with more than fiend-like fury,  
 Like hungry Lions, pounce upon their prey;  
 And drench thy earth with blood of suffering saints,  
 The blessed followers of thine only Son?  
 See thro' Scio, what desolation reigns—  
 Full twenty thousand christians murdered there;  
 Ten thousand females, with their children dear,  
 Were sold as yretched slaves in foreign lands:  
 Some to a brutal soldiery given o'er,  
 Whilst some to avoid the tyrant's galling chain,  
 In sad despair, sought their relief in death.  
 How long, just heaven, shall thy vengeance sleep?  
 How long ere the besom of destruction  
 Shall overtake those worse than savage men?  
 Let kings and emperors in Europe's land,  
 Who loud proclaim they 're joined in *holy league*,  
 Consider well there's now a holy cause,  
 Imperiously demands their potent aid:  
 Ignobly now, let them no longer plot  
 To quench the sacred flame of liberty,



And rivet fast a tyrant's galling chain  
On millions who have nobly dared to throw  
From off their galled necks a heavy yoke,  
Which now, sad thought, they are compell'd to wear,\*  
But let them rise, now, in majestic sway,  
Show an admiring, an astonished world,  
They are united firm in freedom's cause.  
Should they their powerful energies unite  
In Grecian cause, and aid those sons of fame,  
Soon would the bloody Turk sound a retreat;  
And soon might their triumphant flag be rear'd  
Where the proud Sultan sits in all his pride.†  
O! that the sun of righteousness might rise  
O'er eastern climes, in darkness enveloped,  
And by his bright, his animating rays,  
Mahometanism, that foul delusion  
And vile idolatry, quickly dispel;  
Just as the morning cloud or early dew,  
Flies before the all powerful king of day;  
And may the banners of the christian's cross,  
Quickly be rear'd on heights of Calvary;  
And where the Turks the stately mosque have rear'd,  
And where their daily orisons are heard,  
There may the praises of our God be sung  
In loud hosannahs, and by every tongue.

\* The Italians and Spaniards.

† Constantinople.

*On Intemperance.*

What direful havoc in our nation,  
 Among the sons of dissipation!  
 All peace and order they despise,  
 Scenes of distress oft pain our eyes.

This western land, which all admire,  
 Is deluged with a liquid fire,\*  
 Which thoughtless mortals do consume,—  
 They're sent to an untimely tomb.

Intemperance, with pestiferous breath,  
 Sends millions to the shades of death;  
 So the famed Upas poisons all,†  
 Who under its baleful influence fall.

Behold the staggering, bloated wretch,  
 In poverty and deep distress;  
 His frantic looks and tottering frame,  
 His folly and disgrace proclaim.

Such thoughtless mortals seem to say,  
 "Disease and death too long delay;  
 We'll hasten thy approach,—grim death,  
 Come quick and stop our fleeting breath."

Great God! when will thy creatures be  
 From Satan's heavy yoke set free?  
 When will they take the bliss that's given,  
 And enter candidates for heaven.

\* Ardent spirits,—so called by Dr. Rush. The quantity of Whiskey which is made in this country is so great, that it is frequently sold as low as 16 cents per gallon.

† The Bohun Upas,—a tree said to grow on the island of Java, and to emit such a deadly poison, that wherever the air is impregnated with it, animal life soon becomes extinct.



## EXTRACTS

FROM THE

## AUTHOR'S JOURNAL.

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The following brief description of the town the author sailed from, was prefixed to this journal a short time previous to his putting it to press:—

New-Brunswick is situated in the state of New-Jersey, on the south-west side of the Raritan river, on the main road leading from New-York to Philadelphia, thirty-five miles from the former, and fifty-five from the latter place, and contains about 4,500 inhabitants: the streets are, for the most part, well paved: there is a handsome bridge across the river at the town: the public edifices are, a College, Courthouse, two Banks, and five Churches. There is a Theological Seminary here, under the particular patronage of the Dutch Reformed Church; at the head of which is the venerable and justly celebrated divine, Doct. John H. Livingston. This town is favorably situated for trade, having a fertile and well settled country around it.

On the 16th day of March, 1784, the author went on board the schooner Neptune, at New-Brunswick, as supercargo, Andrew Brown captain. At 7 A. M. got under way, with a fresh breeze, bound for the Havanna; at meridian, the highlands bore NNW. distant 6 leagues; latitude observed,  $39^{\circ} 57'$ .

No occurrence took place on our passage worth noticing, until on the 28th, in latitude  $26^{\circ} 40'$ , at 8 P. M. we were becalmed. The sea was remarkably smooth, the moon shone bright; and as the weather was very warm and sultry, I had concluded to refresh myself by bathing in the sea. I had put off my clothes, and was just ready to plunge into the sea, when one of the hands observed a large shark along side. We soon harpooned him, and hoisted him on deck. He measured 12 feet in length, and would, no doubt, had I got overboard, soon have devoured me. I cannot describe my sensations; when I reflected on the very narrow escape I had made, my heart was filled with love and gratitude to that God who had thus far preserved me.

April 1,—At 7 A. M. made the Island of Abico; latitude observed,  $25^{\circ} 33'$ .

April 2.—Abreast of the great Berry Island.—When we had entered on the Bahama bank, a scene opened to our view truly pleasing and romantic. I spent the greater part of this morning on the quarter-deck, filled with admiration of the prospect before me. The morning was pleasant, with a moderate breeze, which gently agitated the face of the waters, and was as favorable as we could wish to waft us to our destined port, all conspiring to add to the beauty of the prospect.—A great variety appeared in the color of the water; which I supposed was occasioned by the snow white sand at the bottom, and the depth of water which

covered it, with the rays of the sun striking on the water, which must have caused a reflection of light from the bottom, to its surface; the shoalest parts appeared perfectly white; and as the water deepened, the color of the spots varied from a blueish cast to a handsome Prussian blue; a number of spots appeared of a jet black, caused by passing clouds, which intercepted the rays of the sun; and what greatly added to the beauty of this scene, was the pressure of the vessel through the water, which caused a white foam, which curling into a great variety of forms gave a peculiar brilliancy to the prospect. The water on this bank is so transparent that a very small object can be seen lying on the bottom in four fathom water. I have found its waters are as barren as they are beautiful: there are no fish in them, except near the edges of the bank, the bottom being a barren sand, producing nothing for fish to feed on; so that this bank may with propriety be styled a great watery desert, notwithstanding the handsome appearance its waters sometimes exhibit. Thus we frequently find it with respect to mankind; for we often see those persons who make a very gay and brilliant appearance, to be the most trifling, insignificant and barren of the human race.

April 5th. At 6, A. M. up with the Roque's Rocks, four in number: they are large, and appear to be about 20 feet in height, and are 30 leagues S. W. of the Berry Islands. This day saw a great number of flying fish. At 2, P. M. got off the bank in ocean water; we found the depth of water on it varied from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 fathoms, although on some parts of it, as laid down in charts, there is not more than three feet water. At 9, P. M. abreast of Key-Sol:



this is a small island, on the S. W. side of which there is a good watering place:

April 6th. At meridian, the Pan of Matanzas bore S. W. distant 8 leagues. This is a very remarkable mountain on the island of Cuba, 25 leagues to the eastward of the town of Havana.

April 7th. At 9, A. M. up with the Moro Castle, where a barge came off to us with a custom-house officer on board. He informed us the port was not open to the United States, or any other foreign nation; but gave us permission to proceed into the harbor. At 11, A. M. cast anchor abreast the town. I had not been more than half an hour at anchor, when Captain Vallence, master of a ship from Philadelphia, came on board: he informed me that his cargo was flour; that he had not yet been permitted to dispose of it. He offered to serve me in any way he might have in his power. I had a letter of recommendation to Mr. James Seagrove, the American Consul, which was soon conveyed to him: in about one hour he came on board, and advised me to send in a petition to the Governor, for permission to dispose of the perishable part of my cargo. I immediately had one prepared, and sent it to him.

April 8th. This day I called on Mr. Seagrove: he said he had presented my petition, but had not yet obtained an answer; he observed there would be an entire suspension of business in this place, for at least two days, as the inhabitants were preparing to celebrate the anniversary of our Saviour's crucifixion, which is by Protestants called Good Friday.

April 9th. This morning all the Spanish ships in the harbor appeared in mourning, having their colours half mast high, and each vessel had an image suspended at the end of her bowsprit, which was

intended to represent Judas the traitor. I dined this day with the American Consul, in company with General Steuart, an Italian Count, and five masters of vessels. At 4, P. M. I went in company with Captain Findley to see the grand procession, which was then to be exhibited. We found a vast concourse of people assembled, consisting of all ranks and orders, ready to pay homage to the images which had been prepared for the occasion. At half past four, the procession began to move; it was headed by three young men dressed in black, one of whom carried a cross; next came on their chief priests and principal officers, both civil and military; just in the rear of those was an image intended to represent our Saviour, at the appearance of which all the people fell on their knees, crossing their foreheads and breasts at the same time, and many of them saying a short prayer. This image was laid on its back, covered with a white mantle: the part next to the side of the image appeared to be stained with blood; it had a pillow under its head; it was on a bier which was six feet in length and three in breadth; was carried by twelve men, and had a black curtain around it, just below the image, which reached to the ground: there was a canopy over it, which exhibited a striking contrast to the bottom part; this was covered with black velvet, with curtains fixed to the sides and ends; on the upper part of these curtains there was a great number of diamonds and other precious stones, set in gold, hanging all around the canopy, and a great variety of artificial flowers of the gayest colours were interspersed with them: it had a very glittering, and to me romantic appearance. The persons who carried this bier were often obliged to stop in order to rest, and when they





moved it was very slowly. In the rear of this image passed thirty-six young men, who were collegians; they were dressed in black gowns, with broad gold laced bands around their waists; they had each of them a white scarf hanging over their left shoulders; they marched three abreast, and were united by a pale blue riband, which each one had hold of with his left hand; on their heads they wore black velvet bonnets. Of the three in front, the one in the centre carried a crown of thorns; the next in his rear had a cross; the next to him had a sponge fixed on a reed, filled with vinegar; some of them had large nails, others had hammers, large iron pincers and spears, and each had an instrument which he, perhaps, thought resembled one of those that were made use of in torturing our Saviour. Then came on a great number of priests and friars, of different orders, all with their heads uncovered; those of the order of St. Francis had their heads shaved, except only a ring of about an inch and a half broad; these also marched three abreast, and were dressed in long camlet gowns of a deep blue colour, which were wrapped close around their bodies, with a black band around their waists. They must have suffered much with heat, as the weather was very warm. This is the dress they are always seen in. In the rear of these priests followed a band of music, consisting of drums, fifes, flutes, French horns, clarionets, and several other instruments. The tunes they played were all of them solemn, and suitable to the occasion. In the rear of the musicians was a company of soldiers, fifty in number, with their arms reversed. Next came on the image of the Virgin Mary with the image of St. John, both as large as life, standing on one machine, which was supported by twelve men. It had black curtains around the

edge, which reached to the ground. Mary's image was dressed in a black satin gown, with a velvet cloak of the same color; it had a white veil over its face, a white handkerchief in its hand, and appeared in the attitude of weeping. St. John's image had on a short cut wig, powdered very white; with a long red velvet cloak which reached to the sandals on his feet. Then came on another band of music, and a company of soldiers; the rear of all was brought up by several priests and friars.

The procession which I have been describing, passed through several of the most public streets, and the images which they bore were taken through seven churches; they were then placed near the altar of the last church to which they had been conveyed. Before the parade was finished, it began to be dark, and a great number of torches were then lighted. The exercises of the day were concluded with a sermon from one of their principal priests. All the bells in the city were kept ringing throughout the day. As I was returning on board the vessel I could not help solacing myself in having been born in a country blessed with civil and religious liberty, and free from that bigotry and superstition which appear prominent characteristics of a great proportion of the inhabitants of this city.

April 10th. This day the scene of yesterday was reversed: we found this was to be a great rejoicing day. All the Spanish ships in the harbour, were dressed off with a great variety of colours; the images of Judas were now cut down, and were floating about the harbour. One of the Spanish soldiers, who had been frequently on board our vessel, and who was a very humorous fellow, asked us why we had not a Judas on board our vessel? He offered, if we would furnish him with some old clothes, to

make us one. We soon set him to work, and in a short time he had one prepared; but it was constructed differently from any in the harbour. He had squibs placed in different parts of the image; the largest was in its mouth. These were connected with each other by a train of powder. This image was fixed to the end of our bowsprit, and when a match was put to the powder, the appearance far exceeded my expectation, and afforded much diversion, not only to our crew, but to all the Americans who were in the harbour. After the explosion, it was cut down by the Spaniard, and set adrift with the other images.

At 6, A. M. a firing commenced from all the forts and batteries, and also from all the Spanish shipping in the harbour; and all the bells in the city were set ringing, which continued until 11 o'clock, A. M. I then called on the American Consul, who informed me that the Governor had refused to grant me the favour for which I had petitioned. He then advised me to sell off the perishable part of my cargo, as speedily as possible, which consisted of hams, potatoes, apples and cider; and said he did not apprehend there would be any danger in disposing of such articles. I took his advice, and in a few days, sold to very good advantage; I did not attempt to dispose of any of my flour. I then determined to leave this place as speedily as possible. The Governor, I found, was still endeavouring to buoy the Americans up with a hope that the next arrival from Spain, would bring orders for having the port opened;—there were then in this harbour, 10,000 barrels of flour, from different parts of the United States. The Governor, but a few days previous to my arrival, had sent an officer called the Intendant, to all the American captains, and offered to take all

their flour, at \$12, per barrel, which offer they acceded to; and after they had landed it, the same officer came to them again, and said the Governor could not give them more than \$8, per bl. which they indignantly refused to accept, as the current price was \$22. If he could have obtained it for his last offer, he would have made an advance on each barrel, of \$14, which on 10,000, would have yielded him a gain of \$140,000. A Governor can only serve three years; his time was nearly expired; so that he was anxious to make the most of the little time he had to remain here.

April 14th. This day I walked out with captain Brown, to view the city. It is situated on a level plain, on the N. side of the island of Cuba, and on the N. W. side of the harbour, near the mouth of the Lagida river, in latitude  $23^{\circ} 9'$  N. and longitude  $82^{\circ} 23'$  W. It is built very compact, having but few yards or gardens. The houses are, for the most part, built of stone; there are but few of them more than two stories in height; are all covered with tile, and a great proportion of them have piazzas in front; the streets are narrow, and but few of them paved. There are, in this town, eleven Roman Catholic churches, four of which have a handsome appearance. St. Francis's church, is a magnificent edifice: it is three hundred feet in length, and one hundred and fifty in width, built of stone. There are a great number of images in their churches; their paintings are, for the most part, well executed, and the furniture of their altars, is, a great part of it, solid gold. Several of the priests live in the churches, having no other habitations. The doors are always open. There is, in the centre of the town, a square citadel, called the Fuerte, in which are a number of heavy cannon. There are in this

city two hospitals, a dock-yard, lazaretto, and a number of other public buildings. It is esteemed a place of great strength. Its walls are from twelve to fifteen feet in height, and four feet in width.— There are two gates attached to these walls; one of which is for passing out, and the other for coming into the town. This place is very secure against surprise by an enemy. In time of war guards are kept in their lookout houses, which are placed on the tops of the highest hills, which extend the whole length of the island; by which means, having proper signals, the number and strength of any fleet which may appear, can be known in a very short time. The Island is seven hundred miles in length, and from sixty to eighty in width. The Moro Castle is situated at the mouth of the Havana harbour, on the east side of it, on a rock, about thirty feet in height. It is a very strong fortress, opposite to which is a fort called the Ponto, from which, up to the town, is a strong stone battery. Opposite the town, on the east side of the harbour, is a fort, from which a battery is extended down to the Moro Castle. This harbour is judged to be one of the most spacious and commodious, which the King of Spain is possessed of in any part of America, being capable of containing 1000 ships. The entrance is by a narrow channel, so difficult of access that but one vessel can enter at once, The population of the city, was, in 1819, between 40,000 and 50,000.\* Cuba is one of the most fertile islands in the West Indies: its exports are, sugar,

\*With respect to any changes which may have taken place, either in the population or otherwise, in any of the countries or towns mentioned in this journal, since the author visited them, he has corrected such deficiencies, by taking the most recent and best authenticated accounts of such places that could be obtained.

coffee, cotton, tobacco, cocoa, ginger, mahogany, hides, and a great variety of tropical fruits. A large proportion of this island remains yet uncultivated.

April 15th. At 8, A. M. went to view the markets—found them plentifully supplied with meat and vegetables: beef sold for  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents per lb. veal and mutton, for 18¢: the bones are commonly taken out of the meat previous to its being brought to market. The fish market is badly supplied, notwithstanding the coasts and harbors near this place, abound with a great variety of fish. On my return from market I came to a church, at the east end of which I was surprised to see human skulls, placed on shelves, in a frame, in the form of a pyramid, which was fastened to the church. They were thirty-five in number—on the top shelf was one skull, on the second three, and the number from the top to the bottom, was increased according to the length of the shelves. I observed several persons, when they came up to them, take off their hats, cross their foreheads and breasts, say a short prayer, and then pass on. I was much astonished in witnessing the gross ignorance and superstition of these people, in praying to those empty, worthless skulls,\* which, when alive, were, perhaps, no better than their own. The Spaniards bury all their dead in the vaults which are under their churches. Their method is, when a person dies, they lay the body in a large box, and cover it with lime; as the weather is very warm, the lime soon takes off the flesh from the bones; the relics are then put in a box, and deposited in the vaults of a church. The people, when they pass a

\* I was informed they were the relics of priests, who had been many years dead

which are united with it, is 25 feet;\* there is one of these trees, about four miles to the westward of this place, which, it is said, is forty feet in circumference; they bear no fruit. Whilst I was in the country, I agreed with a person to furnish me with one hundred casks of limes, twenty of oranges, and fifty dozen pine apples; I also purchased five bushels of tamarinds in the pod, and agreed with a person to put them up for me. The method of preparing the tamarind for market is, by taking out the pulp from the shells, and putting them down in layers of common brown sugar.

May 16th. We were insulted several times, this day, for wearing our colours. In the evening I went on board a brig commanded by John Parks, from Philadelphia; he informed me that he also had been insulted for wearing his colours, soon after he had arrived in this port, since which he had desisted from putting them up.

May 17th. This morning hoisted our colours. At 4, P. M. as Captain Brown and myself were sitting in the cabin, we heard the voice of some person on shore, ordering us in a very peremptory manner to strike our colours; we immediately stepped on deck, and inquired by what authority such orders were given. The mob, which was then collected on the shore, in number about fifty, opposite to where we lay at anchor, answered us by saying their authority was sufficient, and again reiterated their orders for us to pull down our colours; we replied that we would not take them down for any orders except from the Governor; to which they answered, if we did not strike our colours immediately, they would

\* \* The Abbe de Clavigero, in his History of Mexico, has given a description of a tree, which he calls the wood-fig: it appears to be very similar to this tree.

come on board and strike them for us, and would sacrifice every rebel that would dare to defend them. To this threat we bade defiance; we immediately prepared in the best manner we could for defending our colours, in case the mob should attempt to board us. We then informed them that we were determined to protect our flag to the last extremity: they continued threatening us with much Billingsgate language, and at one time got into their boats with great apparent fury, but soon landed again, and after continuing about two hours on the shore, they dispersed. We continued to keep our colours up until sunset. I have been informed that the persons by whom we had been thus insulted were refugees from different parts of the United States: there are a considerable number of that class on this island. These forlorn, disappointed people having been sorely galled during the revolutionary war, can no more endure to see our national flag displayed, than a child can bear to see the rod with which it has been corrected; the thirteen stripes they view as so many rods, and they are as great an eye-sore to them.

May 18th. This morning I called on Governor Maxwell, at the Fort, and informed him of the ill-treatment we had received for wearing our colours. He expressed his disapprobation of such riotous proceedings in the strongest terms, and said he would do all in his power to prevent a recurrence of such conduct for the future.

May 19th. This day the Governor issued a proclamation, the substance of which was, that as he had thought proper to admit vessels from the United States into this harbor, any person attempting in any way to molest the officers of such vessels for wearing their colours, should be severely punished.—



This proclamation, after having been read at the court-house, by a king's officer, (at which place the inhabitants of the town were assembled by the sound of a drum) was put up in several of the most public parts of the town.

May 20th. This morning I found the Governor's proclamation had been taken down in the night, and a scurrilous piece put in its place, wherein his loyalty was called in question.

May 21st. A very humorous piece this morning made its appearance, ridiculing the author of the piece wrote against the Governor.

May 23d. This morning before it was light, I put up, at the market-house, the following lines, as I was in hopes they would have a tendency to soothe the minds of some of the King's *very loyal subjects*.

Since heaven born peace now reigns, all strife should end;  
 Can thirteen stars, or thirteen stripes offend?  
 Forbid it heaven, and all ye powers above,  
 Let nought be seen but harmony and love.

The above lines appeared to have the desired effect: they were soon published in the Nassau Gazette, and also in a Charleston paper.

The exports from this island consist of logwood, braziletta, ebony, lignum-vitæ, fruit and turtle.

The inhabitants of the Bahama Islands, and particularly New-Providence, depend much on what they call wrecking, for their support. It is very common for gentlemen of considerable fortunes to fit out vessels, of from ten to twenty tons burthen; these they send to some of the neighboring islands with a few negroes, some of whom they leave there to cut mahogany or some other valuable wood, suitable for exportation; they then cruise amongst

shoals and rocks, and every part where it is most likely to meet with vessels that have been wrecked; on these they prey. There is a man now in the town of Nassau, whose name is Anthony Kemp, who about four months since found a vessel cast away on the rocks which make off from the Florida Keys; she proved to be a Spanish register ship, from the Havana, bound for Spain, with a vast quantity of money on board. The crew being in a perishing condition, the Captain offered him \$12,000 if he would take him and his crew back to the Havana; or if he preferred taking the chance of what he could get from the wreck, he might have it: he chose the wreck for his pay, and after taking the Captain and his crew to Havana, he returned, and with only two negroes, by their very extraordinary skill in diving, although they had to dive in three fathom water, they soon got up, and brought to Providence, \$90,000, besides two large trunks filled with plate.

This island was first settled from the island of Bermuda, on account of its being convenient for wrecking: thus do many of those people thrive by the misfortunes of their fellow creatures. It was captured at the commencement of the American revolutionary war, by Commodore Gillen. He with a small fleet effected this by surprize: he soon gave it up, taking with him a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition.

I found the market in this place was scantily supplied: but little fresh meat is offered for sale, and it is generally very indifferent: with respect to fish it is far from being well supplied.

I was informed that many of the inhabitants of this island are much addicted to intemperance, and in consequence of their debauched and irregular manner of living, but few of them arrive to the

age of 40. There are, it is said, in this town and within one mile of it, 103 widows, several of whom have had four, some five, and others six husbands. The women (being temperate) live to as great an age as the women in the northern and eastern states of America; which shows that it is not the climate, but intemperance, which causes so many to fall into an untimely grave.

The population of Nassau was, in 1819, about 2000, its lat.  $25^{\circ} 5' N.$  long.  $77^{\circ} 22' W.$

May 27th, left this town bound for Charleston, in South Carolina. Our cargo consisted of Mahogany and fruit.

June 5, at 11 A. M. passed Charleston bar. At meridian were up with Sullivan's Island. From the bar to the Island is two leagues: it lies on the north side of the bay, and is two and a half leagues south east of the town. On the south side of the harbour lies fort Johnston, or rather the ruins of it—this was formerly a very strong fort, but was blown up by the Americans, at the time the British took the city;—it is situated on a very commanding point on James's Island. At 3 P. M. anchored abreast of Charleston.

June 16. I spent a part of this day in viewing the town, which is situated on a narrow neck of land. It is bounded on the east by a spacious bay; on the north by Cooper river; and on the south-west by Ashley river. On the west part of the town, the distance between the two rivers is three-fourths of a mile; the streets extend across the peninsula, intersected by others, nearly at right angles. The public buildings are, a state-house, exchange, armory, custom-house, poor-house, orphan-house, hospital, six banks, and eighteen churches—viz. three Episcopalian, three Presbyterian, three Me-

thodist, two Independent, one Lutheran, one Baptist, one French Protestant, one Friends, one Roman Catholic, one Jews Synagogue, and one Orphan-house Church. St. Michael's church, the state-house, and exchange, are magnificent edifices. There are two societies in this place, for the relief of widows and orphans of Clergymen. The dwelling houses in general have a neat, and many of them a handsome appearance; a great proportion have gardens attached to them, several of which are large and elegant. This is one of the most healthy towns in any part of the low country. Many of the planters in the vicinity of this place, come here in the summer months, and continue till the sickly season is over. This city lies in lat.  $32^{\circ} 45'$ , N. long.  $79^{\circ} 48'$ , west. Its population in 1810, was 24,710, of whom 11,668 were whites, and 13,052 blacks. It ranks, with respect to numbers and commercial consequence, as the fifth city in the United States.

A few days previous to my arrival in this place, there were two large Guinea ships in this harbour, which had brought in several hundred negroes—they were kept in large yards, and every day were made to pass through several of the principal streets. I have counted one hundred in a company. This was done in order that the inhabitants might have an opportunity of selecting from them such as they would wish to purchase. They are treated almost in every respect, as if they were not of the human family. My feelings were frequently wounded in seeing those poor wretched creatures, almost naked, and half starved, exposed to sale at vendue, and husbands and wives, children and parents, brothers and sisters, and the nearest and dearest friends were

forced to part from each other, never, perhaps, to meet again.


June 19. I was very busily employed this day, in taking in a freight for Wilmington. I have found the weather much warmer here than at the island of New Providence, although it lies  $7\frac{1}{2}$  degrees to northward of it.

June 19. At 1, P. M. set sail for Wilmington, in North-Carolina. On the 20th, arrived at that place. It stands on the east side of Cape Fear river, just below the confluence of the NE. and NW. branches, 30 miles north from the sea. It contains a court-house, jail, academy, two banks and two churches; one for Episcopalians, and one for Presbyterians.— Its population, in 1815, was 2,000; and lies in lat.  $35^{\circ} 11'$ , N. long.  $78^{\circ} 15'$ , E. The dwelling-houses in this town, are, the greater part of them, built of wood. The tide flows about 40 miles above this place. The branches of this river extend a considerable distance in the country, particularly the NW. branch, at the head of which lies the town of Fayetteville, which is 100 miles NW. of Wilmington. In heavy rains the water in this branch frequently rises twenty feet above its usual depth. Ships of 500 tons burthen, have been built at that place and brought to this town. Great quantities of lumber are brought down Cape Fear river and its tributary streams, to Wilmington, which is very favorably situated for trade. The exports from this place are, pitch, tar, turpentine, tobacco, indigo, deer, otter, fox and rackoon skins, pork, wheat, Indian corn and lumber.

June 30. At 4 P. M. left Wilmington, bound for New-Port, in Rhode-Island; our cargo consisting of pitch, tar, turpentine and tobacco.

July 10. Anchored abreast of that town, which is situated on the SW. side of Rhode-Island, in lat.  $41^{\circ} 29'$ , N. long.  $71^{\circ} 17'$ , W. This town is much celebrated for the beauty of its situation, which, with the salubrity of its climate, induces many of the inhabitants of the southern states, but particularly invalids, to spend the summer and part of the fall months in this town and its vicinity. Newport is the seat of government, and contains an elegant state-house, an edifice for a public library, five banks, two insurance companies, and ten churches—viz: four Baptist, two Congregational, one Episcopalian, one Friends, one Moravian, and one Jews Synagogue. In 1819 the number of houses were 1,100, and the population 8,000. The fish market in this place is supposed to be equal to any in the world.

July 15. I this morning walked out with an agreeable party, to view Molburn's celebrated garden, which is situated on the summit of a gently rising hill, three fourths of a mile from the city.— Just before we entered the garden, we stopped a short time to view one of the finest landscapes I ever beheld. We had now fully open to our view, the greatest part of the town, with the harbour and shipping; besides a vast tract of meadow, near the margin of which are very beautifully situated several country seats, which make an elegant appearance. The meadows, which appeared dressed in the most agreeable verdure, had a great number of cattle and sheep grazing on them, in several different enclosures; whilst others appeared as if reserved for the support of those flocks when the chilling blasts of winter shall have robbed them of such food as they were then feasting on. On one of those spots



which was near us, there were a number of labourers employed; some in raking into winrows the new-mown hay, whilst others were busily employed in cocking it up. Two of them were singing a song, and they all appeared to be very happy in their rural employment; and although this class are frequently ridiculed by the unthinking part of mankind, for their rusticity of manners, they appear privileged by heaven to be free from the noise and bustle of a jarring world; they enjoy a calmness and serenity of mind to which the kings and princes of the earth are strangers, and, I make no doubt, have often sighed for in vain.

Whilst I was thus meditating on the happiness of a country life, we entered the garden, which far surpassed the description which had been given me. We first passed through an arbour, which was finely decorated with flowers; this led us to a walk, which was lined on each side with a great variety of very beautiful flowers; we next passed by a number of fruit trees, of various sorts, on the branches of which were several birds, sweetly warbling forth their enchanting sounds, as if to welcome us to their happy abode; near these fruit trees was an arbour, situated by the side of a fish pond; there were seats near the edge of the pond, convenient for reclining on; here we stopped a few minutes to refresh ourselves, and listen to the singing of a mocking bird, which sat on a tree nearly fronting the arbour, from which by an easy descent we came to a grove, which appeared to be formed by the indulgent hand of nature: there were a number of forest trees here, which stood in a beautiful irregularity; some of them appeared aged, whilst others were young and thrifty, their branches affording

a refreshing shade; the turf on which we walked had a handsome appearance, and what greatly added to the beauty of this scene, was a purling stream which ran gently murmuring through the middle of the grove; on leaving this stream we came to a pleasant fountain, at one end of which stood an elegant small building, very convenient for bathing; from the bath we ascended gradually, and came to a spot which was decorated with a great variety of the choicest flowers, which shed a fragrance equal to that which is wafted from the spicy shores of Arabia; these flowers were arranged in beds, which were very agreeably varied in a great number of serpentine figures; there were several rose-bushes, interspersed with the nicest taste imaginable; from this enchanting scene we passed on, still finding some new beauties, such as were calculated to inspire the most agreeable sensations; but soon we changed the scene by ascending a small eminence in one corner of the garden, where we beheld the ruins of a building, which was once stately and magnificent; in which had dwelt the much admired Molburn, with whom it was a constant custom frequently to have his children and grandchildren to dine with him. One day, as the good old man was happy in this domestic circle, he was alarmed with the cry of fire, which was discovered to be in the top of the house; it was soon to all appearance extinguished; but at midnight it broke out again, and consumed his beloved companion and house in one flame; the much afflicted Molburn did not long survive.

He left this earth, with all those charms we love,  
To meet his wife in happiness above.



"When, after the long vernal day of life,  
 "Enamored more, as more remembrance swells  
 "With many a proof of recollected love,  
 "Together down they sink in social sleep;  
 "Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
 "To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

THOMPSON.

This will serve among the many instances which we frequently meet with, to show the extreme mutability of worldly happiness.

July 18th. Left New-Port, and on the 21st, arrived at New-Brunswick, in New-Jersey.

On the 25th day of August sailed from Brunswick, bound for Charleston, in South Carolina; and on the 1st day of September arrived at that place, where he continued until the 4th; then set sail, bound for Montego Bay.

October 6th. This day found our water so nearly expended that we put ourselves on an allowance of a pint of water a day to each man.

October 8th. Spoke a Spanish Brig, we requested the Captain to supply us with a cask of water, which he agreed to do, but there was so high a sea that we could not hoist out our long boat.

October 9th. At 6, A. M. likely to have a shower, spread all our sails, in hopes of getting a small supply of water, but were disappointed. This day I began to form a still, for the purpose of extracting fresh water from sea water; which when I proposed to do, the crew, notwithstanding our unpleasant situation, could not repress a significant smile, deeming it, no doubt, a visionary plan; but this only served to increase my desire for making the experiment, and in less than twenty-four hours had my still completed, although I was not provided with the necessary implements, having neither saw,

plane, nor chisel on board, but only a common pocket knife and hatchet to work with. It was made of white pine boards, and constructed in the following manner: I first made a cover for one of the largest pots which we had on board; I then cut an aperture through its centre, four inches square, and fixed over it a square tube, three sides of which were two feet three inches in height, and the other side two feet; I formed a cover to suit it, the inside of which I lined with tin, (having cut up an old tea-canister for that purpose) I curled up the tin at one end, and then placed the cover on the top of the tube, in such a position as to cause the steam, when collected on it, to descend to the lower corner of the curl in the tin, at which I fixed a small leaden tube, eighteen inches in length, to conduct the water from the still; under this tube I placed a vessel for the reception of the water. As soon as the still was finished, I put into the pot six gallons of sea water, to which I added twelve table spoonsful of common ashes; a brisk fire was made under the pot, and when the water began to boil, it ran a small stream from the leaden tube. I soon had enough for each one on board to drink; they all acknowledged they never drank softer or fresher water.— Their drooping spirits were now very much revived, and I found by the trial which had been made, I could distil water sufficient to supply the crew. We had a passenger on board, who, previously to my forming the still, was very much dejected; but when he had tasted the water, and found it fresh and good, and witnessed the quantity we could make, he in a transport of joy exclaimed, “we have now got a spring on board, and have provisions plenty, therefore we have nothing to fear.” The construction of this still being so very simple, must

greatly recommend it to all sea-faring people; as it can easily be made, in a short time, by any common sailor.

Soon after we had found it necessary to put ourselves on an allowance of water, the vessel sprang a leak; and it cost us much labour to discharge the water; so that although water was what we most wanted, yet water was our greatest plague, which occasioned the following lines:

Whilst sailing on the raging main,  
Which oft is crossed in search of gain,  
Water, that precious element,  
On board the Neptune did grow scant;  
Each drop was prized more than rich wines,  
Or treasures brought from Peru's mines;  
And yet each day (upon my word)  
Much water we threw overboard.

A few hours after we had got our still in operation, we obtained a cask of water from Captain Patterson, in a brig from Charleston.

Oct. 16. Off Cape Nicola Mole, on the Island of Hispaniola, a heavy squall struck us, and sprung the head of our foremast, which made it necessary for us us to bear away for Port-au-Prince.

Oct. 17. Got a cask of water from the brig Fox, commanded by John Warden.

Oct. 19. This morning I was much delighted with viewing the mountains on the south side of Leogain bay; there is a very pleasing irregularity in their form and height; near the foot of those mountains were a number of large cane-fields, and a variety of fruit trees, which had a handsome appearance. On the margin of those fields were a num-

ber of dwelling houses, some of which appeared stately and magnificent, and what greatly added to the enjoyment of the scene was, our being in company with a number of vessels, some of which appeared to be bound for the same port. The weather was fine, and the wind as fair as we could wish, and we were almost in sight of our port.

Oct. 21st. At 3, P. M. came to anchor near the Fort, in the Harbor of Port-au-Prince. This city is situated on the Island of Hispaniola, at the foot of a mountain, at the head of the great bay of Leogane, in latitude  $18^{\circ} 33'$  N. longitude  $72^{\circ} 21'$  W. It is supposed to contain about fifteen thousand inhabitants; the houses, in general, make but an indifferent appearance; very few of them are more than one story in height, and are (with a few exceptions) built of wood; many of them have piazzas in front, about 8 feet in width, which afford an agreeable shade for foot travellers. The streets are of a good width, and well laid out. They have but few public buildings, and those rather plain than magnificent. The habits and disposition of the people here are very different from the Spaniards; they are open, generous, hospitable, very ceremonious, and make use of much parade and ostentation; their dress is gay, and somewhat fantastic; they are nimble and sprightly in their movements, and have a volubility of expression characteristic of the French people.

Oct. 25. Set sail from the town of Port-au-Prince, bound for Montego Bay; and on the 31st anchored abreast of that town. Nov. 9th. I went to Martha Bray. This is a very pleasant village, 25 miles north east of this town; it has one of the best harbors on the north side of the island; my ride to it was very pleasant. I passed a number of planta-



tions—on some of which were elegant houses. The cane fields are large, and make a handsome appearance; they are inclosed with logwood bush fences, for the most part, but some with a very prickly plant called Penguin, which grows about 4 feet in height and is very secure against man or beast. I passed several establishments for manufacturing sugar, spirits and molasses; one of which, prompted by curiosity, I stopped to view,—at which were made weekly 11 hogsheads of spirits, 22 of sugar, and 10 of molasses. After surveying it, the overseer took me to view the dwelling-house of Mr. Palmer, (who is the owner of this property) which is said to be one of the most stately and magnificent private buildings on this island. It is situated five miles north of the town of Montego Bay, on the summit of a hill, within half a mile of a spacious Bay. From this superb edifice may be seen all the shipping which pass and repass to Montego Bay; this, with the beautiful appearance of the cane fields, plantain-walks, lime and orange groves, and several long rows of cocoa nut trees, with a variety of other fruit trees interspersed with the nicest taste, presented a beautiful and pleasing prospect; a prospect whose charms are secure from the frosts of winter, which periodically blast most of the vegetable beauties of the United States of America.

The town of Montego is pleasantly situated on the north side of the island of Jamaica, on a spacious bay. It stands on a very level spot, and contains an Episcopal church, a court house, exchange and a theatre, and about 350 dwellings, which are chiefly wooden buildings. The most of them are two stories in height, and have piazzas in front.—Their markets, both with respect to flesh and fish, are very indifferent. Their oysters I viewed as a curiosity, but could not eat them. They grow on

Mangrove bushes, with which their shores in many places are lined: the ends of those bushes hang low in the water, and on them the oysters grow. The bushes are tied in bundles, and in that state the oysters are brought to market: they are about the size of a quarter dollar. Their principal market is on Sunday, at which time it is crowded with negroes. There appeared to be very little intermission from business on that day. Religion is at so low an ebb here, that there are seldom more than 20 or 30 people ever seen together at church. The ways and means to get money engross their whole attention; it appears to be the idol of their souls, and to this, with few exceptions, they sacrifice.—The parson of the parish appears to be on the same plan. He bears the office of a magistrate, and two other offices, which are lucrative; and I have been informed that he is often seen disguised with liquor, and playing at cards, on the Sabbath, after sermon is over. What a shocking spectacle to the zealous and faithful followers of the blessed Jesus! There are a great number of negroes on this island—at least ten to one white person. There is a well regulated militia, in order to keep them in subjection; but, notwithstanding their greatest vigilance, a considerable body of runaway negroes collected in the mountains, not far distant from this place, and bade defiance to all attempts to conquer them. After they had been several years struggling for their liberty; and after fighting several sanguinary battles, the English, finding they could not subdue them, were compelled to acknowledge their independence; the conditions of which were, that they should take up, and deliver to their proper owners, all negroes who should come to them for protection. The English stipulated to give them \$20 per head,

for every negro whom they should thus deliver.— They were headed by king Cudjo, at the time their independence was acknowledged. Several of the principal gentlemen on the island used frequently to visit him; and his constant custom was to dine, on Christmas day, at Montego bay, with some of the first families in that place. Cudjo, it is said, was a tall, portly man, and whenever he appeared in this place, he was dressed in gold lace clothes, and wore a large cocked hat, but always had his legs and feet bare.

The plantation work is done entirely by negroes. There are frequently, on a single plantation, from two to three hundred of these poor oppressed people: they are almost naked, and half starved; and do not fare as well, in common, as the brute creation: the greatest cruelty is exercised on them, and there are frequent instances of their being whipped to death; which more than savage cruelty is so little regarded, that a person is seldom called to an account for the exercise of it, until it can be proved that he has killed two or three in this way; and when arraigned at court, it is common for the culprit to get off with a sort of mock trial. This town lies in latitude  $18^{\circ} 26'$  long.  $78^{\circ} 29'$ .

Here slavery, with a heavy hand doth reign,  
And thousands of their wretched state complain;  
How long shall we such direful scenes behold!  
And men turn demons for the love of gold!

December 22. This day left Montego bay, bound for Savannah.

January 17, 1735. Anchored abreast of that town. On the 20th, took in a freight for Sunbury, and on the 21st, arrived there.

This town is handsomely situated, at the head of St. Catherine's sound, 40 miles south of Savannah. There is an academy here, which is a highly respectable institution. The population, in 1819, was about 2,000.

January 23. Sailed from Sunbury, and on the 24th, arrived at Savannah. This town is situated in the state of Georgia, on a high sandy bluff, on the SW. side of Savannah river, 17 miles NW. of its mouth. Vessels drawing 14 feet water, can come up to the city; larger vessels receive their cargoes three miles below. This town is regularly laid out, and contains a county-house, poor-house, marine hospital, exchange, academy, public library, three banks, and eight churches;—one Presbyterian, one Episcopalian, two Methodist, one Baptist, one Lutheran, one Roman Catholic, and one Jews Synagogue. The academy is 189 feet by 60, three stories high. The exchange is a heavy, gothic building, five stories high. The Presbyterian church is an elegant edifice. There are a great number of trees planted along the side-walks, throughout the town, which have a handsome appearance.—Many of the dwelling-houses which have been recently erected, are splendid edifices. There is a fort on the east side of the city, and another three miles below the town. The tide does not rise further up the river than Beaufort, which is 25 miles from Savannah; it is navigable for large flat-bottom boats, as high up as the town of Augusta, which is 320 miles NW. of Savannah, which lies 120 miles SW. from Charleston by land, and 110 by water. There were exported from Savannah, in 9 months, ending 30th June, 1817, 107,320 bales of cotton, 3,605 hogsheads of tobacco, and 11,328 tierces of



rice, valued together, at \$9,966,502—its population, in 1820, was 7,520, of whom 3,868 were whites. The plantation work in this country, is all done by negroes. Their masters are, in general, very severe with them. I could not forbear reflecting on the very inconsistent conduct of American slaveholders: they declare to the world, that they are zealous advocates for liberty, and yet are the most cruel instruments of slavery.

We continued in the coasting trade until the 28th of June: then left Savannah, bound for New-Brunswick, and arrived there July 13: soon after which, captain Brown left the schooner. I then succeeded him in the command.

August 29. Set sail from Brunswick, bound for Charleston, in South-Carolina, at which place we arrived on the 5th of September. No incident happened on our passage, or during our stay in Charleston, worth noticing.

September 17. Sailed from Charleston, bound for Edenton, in North-Carolina. Had a pleasant passage, until we came nearly up with Ocracock bar, at which time a strong wind set in from the southeast, which soon caused the bar at Ocracock to be so rough that a pilot could not come off to us. On the 24th, finding the gale fast increasing, and an unusually high sea, (considering the strength of the wind) rolling in on shore, which is the sure precursor of a heavy storm, we therefore determined, as it was impracticable for us to get into Ocracock harbor, to get off from the shore as speedily as possible. We found the wind had got so far round to the eastward, that it was with difficulty we could clear Cape Lookout shoals; soon after we had passed these shoals, we crossed the Gulf

Stream. At 5, P. M. the storm became so violent, that we could carry sail no longer; we therefore hove to under a double-reefed foresail. At 11, P. M. a heavy squall struck us, with such force that it laid the vessel nearly on her beam-ends; she soon, however, righted again, contrary to our expectations: On the 25th, at 3, A. M. finding we could not, with any degree of safety, lay to any longer, we commenced scudding, under a close-reefed foresail, but soon found we could only scud under our bare poles, which we continued to do until 6, A. M., the vessel then broached to, and lay with her broad side to the wind, in the trough of the sea, (which is the most dangerous situation that a vessel can be in:) a most tremendous sea was rolling down upon us, which we expected would soon swallow us up. I shall never forget the frightful looks and behaviour of the man who was at the helm when the vessel broached to. Although he was a very experienced seaman, he exclaimed, calling on his God and Saviour—we are gone! we are gone! nothing can save us! We had nothing indeed, to expect, but a watery grave: but by the great and unparalleled exertions of John Randolph, my mate (who loosened the head of the jib) we had it hoisted in time to bring the vessel before the wind, but she had not way enough on her, when the mountain sea (which we had so much dreaded) struck her, to clear it: it dashed on us with great force, and washed me off the quarter deck, 14 feet forward, over the gunnel of the vessel; part of my body was in the sea, but by great exertions, I again got upon deck: my side had struck a timber head with such force, that I felt the effects of it for more than a month. We continued scudding until 8, A. M. at which time the gale had abated so that we hove to under a double

reefed foresail. At meridian, all hands were employed in mending the sails, which were considerably injured. During the whole time the tempest lasted, it rained incessantly, and the wind was so violent, that it took off the top of the sea, which, co-operating with the rain, was dashed on us with great force. The wind had varied from NE. to S. and then changed round to WNW. from which last point it blew the most violent.

I had, in other voyages, been in several very heavy gales, but have not mentioned them in this journal, as they were nothing more than what ordinarily happen to seamen, and cannot, with propriety, be compared with the gale which I have been attempting to describe. I often meditate, and, I trust, shall continue to do so, until I draw my last breath, with mixed emotions of love and gratitude, to that God, who "rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm," on my being preserved in safety, through a tempest that has dashed great numbers of seamen into eternity.

September 26. Pleasant weather, with a fresh breeze from SW. a high sea going. At 6, A. M. made sail for Ocracock, the port from which we had been driven—found by my reckoning, that we were 153 miles to the eastward and 49 to the southward of that harbour.

September 27. At 5, P. M. came to anchor in Teaches bay, at the west point of Ocracock island. We were informed by the inhabitants, that out of seven square-rigged vessels, that lay at anchor in the late gale, between Ocracock and Portsmouth islands, only one had escaped being wrecked, which was a new ship; and she was saved by cutting away all her masts. Had I succeeded in getting over the bar at this place, which was my anxious wish, I

should, in all probability, have been also wrecked; and perhaps have lost my life, as several of the seamen belonging to the vessels which were wrecked, were drowned. The ways of heaven are often dark and intricate, and afflictions, sore afflictions, are often blessings in disguise. Of the vessels which lay at anchor, a brig and a sloop which were loaded, and only waiting a favourable wind to waft them to the West Indies, were both driven from their moorings, and struck Ocracock bar with such force that their masts gave way; they were seen to roll over the bar, and all the people on board perished; several of their bodies have since drifted on shore. A vast number of trees, it is said, have been blown down, all through the country, and every day accounts are brought in of vessels having been lost at sea, or wrecked on some coast. The water rose to such a height, that almost all the cattle and sheep that were on Ocracock and Portsmouth islands, were washed into the sea, and the inhabitants had to fly to the highest hills, to avoid sharing the same fate.

October 1. This day we were employed in taking on board the spars, sails, rigging and naval stores, which were on board a sloop which had been wrecked. On the 2d, left Ocracock, bound for Edenton, the captain of the wreck on board. On the 7th arrived at that town, which is pleasantly situated, at the head of a bay which makes out from the north side of Albemarle sound; it contains a court house, Episcopal church, a bank, and about 300 dwelling-houses.

From this place we sailed on the 15th of October, bound for Newbern; arrived there on the 19th. This town is situated on a flat, sandy point of land. It is bounded on the north by the Neuse, and on the

east by Trent river. It is the largest town in the state, and contains a court-house, two banks, and three churches, viz. one Episcopalian, one Methodist, and one Baptist. The population, in 1818, was nearly 6,000. The exports consist of corn, pork, lumber and naval stores.

October 23. Set sail from this town, bound for New-Brunswick, at which place we arrived on the first day of November.

I would here observe, that my relatives and friends in New-Brunswick, all believed that I had been lost in the late violent storm, which had made such havoc amongst the shipping on our coast, as they had heard nothing of me since it took place, although I wrote immediately on my arrival in North Carolina, to my father and brothers; but my letters had not come to hand: and what served to confirm them in this opinion, was, an account which had appeared in the New-York and Philadelphia papers, of a schooner of the same name as the one I sailed in, having been wrecked on the coast of North Carolina, with the loss of all hands on board.

It was 12 o'clock at night when I arrived—I immediately hastened to my place of residence—when I knocked at the door, my aged aunt, who had been as a second mother to me, asked—who is there?—I answered her by giving my name. She asked me whether it was my person or my ghost? Both my aunt and aged father, and also my two brothers, William and Henry, were so overcome with joy at my very sudden and unexpected appearance, that they were for some time unable to speak, being melted into tears. My father, after conversing with me about a quarter of an hour, clasped me to his bosom, and exclaimed “Are you indeed my lost son, or is this a dream?—I fear it is all a dream.” It is

impossible for me to describe my sensations on this trying occasion.

I continued to follow the sea until the 20th of February, 1788,\* but as no occurrences which were deemed sufficiently interesting to justify their publication, took place during the prosecution of several voyages, not noticed in my journal, and as I have given a particular description of all the places to which I sailed, I shall conclude this part of my journal, by observing, that when I made my first voyage to Charleston, in South Carolina, I had letters of introduction from Judge Patterson, of New-Brunswick, to the Hon. Henry Laurens and Doctor David Ramsey. The Doctor treated me with much civility, but from Mr. Laurens I experienced an affectionate attachment; such as I had never before met with from any person, in all my travels. He often advised me to sell my vessel, and settle in Charleston. The day previous to my sailing for N. Brunswick, I dined with him, and on my rising to take leave, he grasped my hand, and expressed himself thus: "As you are now about to return to Jersey, and expect to quit the sea, it is not likely we shall ever meet again in this world; but I hope and trust we shall meet in a better. I will not say I have a regard for you; it is too cold an expression; I must say I love you." He then bade me an affectionate farewell.

October 4, 1796. Commenced a journey from New-Brunswick, bound for Montreal and Quebec. At 9, A. M. set sail on board the sloop Catharine, James Richmond, master.

October 6. At 10, A. M. up with West-Point—it is situated in the highlands, on the west side of Hud-

\* I then sold my vessel in Charleston.



son river; 58 miles north from New-York. During the revolutionary war, it was strongly fortified, and deemed one of the most important posts in the United States, and has been called the Gibraltar of America;\* but the works are now in ruins. A military academy was established here in 1802, by the general government, and in 1812, \$25,000 were appropriated for the erection of buildings, and for procuring a library and apparatus. The academy now consists of a professor and assistant professor of natural and experimental philosophy; a professor and assistant professor of mathematics; a professor and assistant professor of engineering; a chaplain, who is also a professor of ethics; an instructor in tactics; an instructor in artillery; a surgeon, who is acting professor of chymistry; a teacher of the French language, and a teacher in drawing.

At meridian, abreast of New-Windsor. It lies on the west side of the Hudson; is a thriving village, 65 miles north of New-York, and contained, in 1820, 2,331 inhabitants.

October 7. At 6, A. M. anchored opposite the town of Poughkeepsie, wind and tide ahead; went on shore and viewed the town, which is situated on the east side of the Hudson, 75 miles from N. York. It is on a level piece of ground, about three fourths of a mile from the river, and contained, in 1815, an elegant court-house, an academy, five houses of

\* Gen. Arnold, during the revolutionary war, solicited and obtained the command of this place, with the intention of delivering it up to the enemy, in which he would, it is probable, have succeeded, but for the impolitic conduct of Major Andre, who was possessed of too honourable and exalted a mind, to be qualified for a spy. Arnold's escape was owing entirely to the improper conduct of the officer who commanded at the place where Andre was taken: he permitted him to send a letter to the traitor, to inform him that he was a prisoner; immediately on the receipt of which, he got on board the *Vulture* sloop of war, (a British vessel) which lay at anchor a few miles below West-Point. It was justly said, that one *Vulture* received another.

public worship, two printing offices, and 471 dwelling houses and stores; and 2981 inhabitants.

At meridian left this town, and on the 9th of October, along side of a wharf at Albany. This city is situated on the west bank of the Hudson, 160 miles north from New-York. It is the seat of government; is nearly at the head of sloop navigation, and enjoys a salubrious air. It is the natural emporium of the increasing trade of a fertile, well settled country, and when the canals now in progress, (which will unite the waters of Lake Champlain and Lake Erie with the Hudson) shall be completed, the great facility they will afford for the transportation of produce, from a country, vast in its extent, will, it is probable, give a new spring to the trade of this city, and will greatly enhance its commercial consequence. It is supplied with excellent water, from a spring five miles distant, by an aqueduct. Among the public buildings are a magnificent state-house, and an elegant academy; four banks, and ten houses of public worship. The streets are well paved, and many of the houses are very elegant. It lies in lat.  $42^{\circ} 26'$ , N.—its population, in 1820, was 12,636. A great proportion of the inhabitants are of Dutch origin.

Sunday, Oct. 10. Having heard various accounts of the very singular mode of worship practised by the people called Shaking Quakers, I this day went to visit them. I found the house at which they were assembled, situated 9 miles NW. of Albany, and 2 miles from the Mohawk river; it is built of logs, neatly squared, and is 50 feet in length, and 25 in width, with a chimney at each end. When I entered this building, I beheld 24 men dancing at one end of the room, and 20 women at the other. They appeared to be from the age of 14 to 80 years; and





were formed four deep. Two of their elders were singing a song tune, called the rose tree. They kept good time, though frequently trembled as if much convulsed—this they call the working of the spirit. After continuing in this way for about an hour and a half, the elders stopped singing; this stopped the dancing for the present. The men then put on their coats, and they all retired to a house, but a short distance from that in which they had been dancing; where they partook of some refreshment; but soon commenced singing a kind of gibberish, which they call an unknown tongue. They say they can speak several different languages, and though the living cannot understand them, they are intelligible to the departed spirits, with whom they say they hold frequent converse. After about an hour's intermission they assembled again, and formed two deep; they then all sang in their unknown tongue, appearing, at times, to be very much convulsed. They continued dancing and trembling half an hour; then ceased singing, and after many heavy sighs and groans, and much twisting and trembling, one of their elders, in broken accents, muttered out, let us, my dear friends, endeavour to praise God in the dance; prepare yourselves by throwing off your garments. The men then put off their coats and waistcoats; then after opening their collars, and tying up their sleeves, they formed four deep, the women also forming in the same manner. One of their elders then, after groaning and trembling for a few minutes, said, my dear friends, you that are blest with the gift of songs, I hope will praise God by singing a few tunes for us. Immediately two young men stepped out from the ranks, and began to sing, at which time they all commenced dancing. In this

way they continued about an hour, appearing, at times, very much agitated. They then all stopped dancing, and one of their elders, after violently shaking his head and arms, thus addressed them—My dear friends, I hope you will endeavor to walk worthy the vocation wherewith you are called; and praise God for separating you from the wicked world; for in like manner as Lot escaped out of Sodom, so have you, my friends, escaped, and have been separated from the wicked world. He was soon seized with a very violent shaking of the head, after which, he, with a heavy sigh and groan, told his trembling audience that they might put on their garments and retire, which they soon did.

They say that all the churches in the world, except themselves, are antichristian. They also say they are commissioned to judge the world; that the books are now open; and that the souls of all those persons who have died, are daily appearing before them; and that all who have died in an imperfect state, have gone to a place of torment, there to pay the debt due to divine justice, by suffering in proportion to their sins, and after passing through several degrees of punishment, and paying the whole debt, they then appear before them, are acquitted, and sent to heaven. If any male person comes to them for instruction, whose hair is long, they read to such person the 11th chapter of 1st Corin. 14th verse; they then inform him, if he wishes to be instructed, he must first have his hair cut short, as he wears the mark of the beast.

There are some societies of Shakers, whose religious tenents differ very materially from these I have been describing, although they all unite in forbidding, as unlawful, the cohabitation of the sexes; and say those who have wives must act as those who



have none, and show a total indifference towards each other, as to the marriage connection.

October 11. I spent part of this day in procuring wagons to take my leather\* to White-Hall landing. On the 12th, at 8, A. M. left Albany with six wagons; at 10, crossed the Hudson river at Troy, which is handsomely situated, on the east bank of the river, and contains a court-house, five churches, and two banks. It is favorably situated for a commercial and manufacturing town; it is six miles above Albany. At 11, A. M. at Lansingburgh, nine miles above Albany. This place is pleasantly situated on a plain, on the east bank of the Hudson; and contains four churches, an academy and a bank, and has considerable trade. From this town we crossed the river to the town of Waterford, which is nearly opposite, and is situated at the confluence of the Hudson and Mohawk rivers. This village is handsomely laid out, and contains two churches and about 200 houses. We next came to the town of Stillwater, 22 miles above Albany. It stands on a plain, on the west side of the Hudson; and contains about 2000 inhabitants. A battle was fought here, October 7, 1777, between the British under Gen. Burgoyne, and the American troops commanded by Gen. Gates, in which the British were defeated. At 8, P. M. got to Dumont's Ferry.

Oct. 13. At 8, A. M. crossed the Ferry; at 11, reached Fort Edward, which is on the east side of the Hudson. At Meridian, got to Sandy-hill, a small village two miles above Fort Edward. At 6, P. M. got to Fort Ann, on the west side of Wood-creek.

\* A great proportion of the leather which is made use of in Lower Canada, is supplied by the states of New-York and Vermont, the weather being too cold in that country, to carry on the tanning business to advantage.

October 14. Arrived at White-Hall. It is situated at the southern extremity of Lake Champlain 75 miles north from Albany, and 150 from St. John's. It has four houses of public worship, and its population, in 1820, was 2110. Several sloops, of from 40 to 80 tons, are owned here, and a steam-boat constantly plies between this place and St. John's.

October 15. At 7 A. M. left White-Hall in a sloop, and at 3 P. M. up with Ticonderoga. This fortress, which is now in ruins, is at the confluence of Lake George creek and Lake Champlain, 25 miles north-east from White-Hall. Ticonderoga village contains about 900 inhabitants. At 5, abreast of Crown Point, 15 miles north of Ticonderoga, on the NW. side of the Lake; the fort was on a very commanding eminence, and a place of great strength, but is now entirely demolished. The town contains about 1000 inhabitants.

When we had got about a mile below Crown-Point, the wind headed us, and blew so fresh that we were obliged to cast anchor; soon after which two men came off from the shore. When they came on board they soon engaged in conversation with one of the hands, (a young man.) I found one of them was the father, and the other the brother of a young woman who resided in a house opposite.— The father charged the young man with not fulfilling his engagement to marry his daughter, and appeared to be very angry with him. The young man soon consented to marry her. The old gentleman then invited the captain and myself to the wedding, and we all went on shore.\* An Esquire was sent for

\* It was a remarkable Providence, that as soon as we got opposite to the residence of the young woman, the wind took us ahead; and in about an hour after the marriage was over, shifted round and was fair, which caused us to call the young man a Jonah.

—he married them with the Episcopal form, but was so illiterate, that it was with much difficulty he could read the service, which occasioned the following lines:

Of all the Esquires from the west to the east,  
 That ever I saw as a justice of peace,  
 Old Kirby in blund'ring by far does exceed,  
 For he married a pair, tho' he scarcely could read.  
 Such hamm'ring and stamm'ring to make man and wife,  
 I'm sure I ne'er witnessed before in my life;  
 Such Esquires I hope, are hard to be found,  
 They'd better by half be tilling their ground;  
 In ploughing or sowing no doubt he might shine,  
 But ne'er in performing the task of Divine.

October 17. At 4 A. M. up with Basin-harbour, on the east side of the lake, at which place the broad lake begins. At 8, abreast of four small islands, called the Four Brothers. At 2 P. M. up with two islands called the Two Sisters on the east side of the lake. At 3, abreast Grand island. The widest part of the lake is 27 miles. The country on both sides appears to be well settled. Opposite Grand Isle lies Cumberland-head: at this place the custom-house is kept. At 4, up with Burlington, which is beautifully situated, on the east side of the lake, in the state of Vermont. It contains two churches, a court-house, academy, and a spacious college edifice. The fish caught in Lake Champlain, are as follows—viz: salmon, which weigh from 4 to 15 lbs.—catfish, weighing from 10 to 50—maskenunge, from 2 to 40—and pickerel, from 5 to 16 lbs. besides which there are black bass, sheepshead, lake shad, white-fish, trout, bill-fish and sturgeon. How

strikingly does the goodness of the great Father of all mercies appear in thus providing such a variety of fish for man; and it serves to increase our gratitude and wonder, when we discover this rich variety in waters so remote from the sea, and unconnected with any navigable stream.

From Basin-harbor to Cumberland-head, is forty miles, which is the length of the broad part of the lake. At 7, P. M. up with Point au Fair. Here is a large stone house, strongly picketed in. It is 30 miles SW. from St. John's, and about five and a half within the line which divides the U. States from Lower Canada, and is a very commanding situation on the lake.

October 18. At 6, P. M. abreast of the Isle au Noix, at which place a British garrison was stationed, consisting of 100 men. There is a fortress here, which, it is said, is bomb-proof.

October 19. At 2, P. M. landed at the town of St. Johns. It is situated on the NW. side of Chambly river, 20 miles SE. from Montreal, and consists of about 100 houses. The fort at this place was garrisoned by 250 men.

October 20. Left this town in a stage, for La Prairie, between which place and St. Johns, is a neck of land, 18 miles in width. We found, on our way, a cross which was as large as a common sign-post, fixed at a corner of each road which intersected the one we were travelling; to one side of the post which supported the cross piece, (within about five feet of the ground) was attached an image of the Virgin Mary, with an infant Saviour in its arms. In passing these crosses and images, it is customary, with the inhabitants of this country, to take off their hats, and cross their foreheads and breast.— On my expressing my disapprobation of such con-



duct, the stage driver, who was pretty humorous, said it was all right, and I would do the same if I lived in this country. Soon after he had made this remark, we came up with one of those images, fixed on a cross. The driver, looking round at me, asked, what dirt it was that I had on my hat? I immediately took off my hat to look at the dirt, when he laughing at me, said, ah, sir, now you do right, you honor the cross. At Meridian, came to La Prairie. It is situated on the SE. bank of the river St. Lawrence. There are, in this place, a handsome Roman Catholic church, a court-house and about 600 inhabitants, a great proportion of whom are French. The river, at this place, is three miles in width; the town lies six miles above Montreal, and is distant from it nine miles. The ferry is difficult to cross, as there is a rapid to pass.

October 21. Arrived at Montreal. It is pleasantly situated on the NW. side of the river, and on an island of the same name; and contains four Roman Catholic churches, one Episcopal, and one Presbyterian church, a college, a court-house, and a hospital, which is called Hotel Dieu, at which there are a superior and 36 nuns, who are engaged in taking care of the sick; there is also a hospital attached to the nunnery occupied by the Grey Sisters,\* and an institution which is called the convent of Notre Dame, at which there are a superior and 60 nuns, who are engaged in instructing females in all the necessary branches of education. The public buildings, in general, have but an indifferent appearance, except the Cathedral church, which is a magnificent edifice. All the public, and nearly all the dwelling-houses in this place are built of stone.—

\* The Grey Sisters dress in grey, and the Black Sisters in black camlet gowns.

There are about 1600 dwelling-houses within the walls of this town, and about 400 in its suburbs: the houses on the outside of the walls appear like three small towns, about a quarter of a mile distant from each other, but not more than two hundred yards from the walls. The most northerly of those buildings are called Quebec suburbs; the most westerly, St. John's; and the most southerly, the Rigolet suburbs. Nearly all the houses on the outside of the walls, are low stone buildings; about half a mile west of St. John's suburbs, is a high hill, called Montreal mountain, along the sides, and at the foot of which are several highly improved plantations; some of which have large apple orchards on them. Nearly all the fruits common to the middle parts of the United States, grow here, except peaches, which do not thrive to the northward of Albany. The streets in this place are, for the most part, paved. The market is very plentifully supplied with a great variety of meat and vegetables, of the best kinds, but their fish market is indifferently supplied. The chief trade of this city is furs; it is the grand depot of the North-West Company; whose trade is of vast extent; it is also the channel through which is carried on nearly all the commerce between Canada and the U. States. This town was taken by the English, under the command of Gen. Amherst, in the year 1760—its population, in 1820, was estimated at twenty thousand.

October 23. This day went to view the hospital, which is under the direction of the Grey Sisters—it had a very neat and cleanly appearance. I counted 20 beds on each side of the room: they were hung round with green curtains; and each had a table and chair standing by it. Skilful physicians attend the sick, regularly twice a day, and oftener if





necessary; written directions for taking medicine, are placed on the wall, at the head of the bed of each patient, and there is, at all times, one or more of the matrons with them. The great neatness, order and regularity, which is observed in this institution, and the great attention paid to the sick, very frequently induces persons who have families to go there when sick. All poor persons are attended gratis, and those who have it in their power to pay, are only charged 75 cents per week.

October 27. Went to view the Foundling hospital, which is under the direction of the Black Sisters:—here are admitted all illegitimate children which are brought to it, without any inquiries being made respecting them. There were 60 children in this hospital; they all appeared clean and neatly dressed, and had a healthy appearance. The boys and girls are kept in separate rooms; they receive good common learning; and as soon as they have arrived at a proper age to be discharged, they are put to trades, or some useful employment. Only those who are matrons, make their appearance when any person visits this institution: the young nuns are seldom seen except by their own order. The nunneries have each a chapel adjoining on one end, where the nuns attend mass every morning, at 4 o'clock; at 8 they breakfast; at 10 attend mass; at 12 they dine; at 4 P. M. attend mass; at 6 they sup, and at 8 retire to bed. The nunneries in this place have a handsome revenue, arising from lands and houses which are owned by them. The introduction of any person into a nunnery, is a very solemn ceremony. The female wishing to be initiated, must make known her intention to the mother abbess, and, on being examined, if approved, is admitted for one year, to be in a state of probation. On

entering the institution, she puts on the first, or what is called the white veil. If, after the expiration of that time, she can submit to all the privations which shall be required of her, and if her conduct shall then be approved of by the governesses of the institution, she is led, with great solemnity, to a church, where she has to pass through a crowded audience, to the altar; she is then questioned with respect to her faith, experience, desires and views, in giving up the world, with all its pomp and vanities. After her examination is finished, she is put into a coffin, over which a black pall is thrown; then, after burning incense around her, sprinkling holy water on her, and praying and singing over her, she rises from the coffin, and receives the sacrament; she then puts on the second, or black veil; and after taking a solemn vow to renounce the world, with all its deceitful charms, she is conducted to a nunnery, which she is never permitted to leave, until discharged by death. By this unnatural, unreasonable, and superstitious custom, many of the most amiable and most deserving of the female sex are, in some measure, buried alive, and all their useful and shining qualities, lost to the world. The college at this place is handsomely endowed: the price of tuition and board is very low, which induces some people in the U. States to send their children here to be educated. There are very few common schools in this country, and those, in general, are badly conducted. It is said, of the people of Lower Canada, that not more than one in a hundred of them can either read or write, and those who can read, are forbid by their priests, to read the scriptures. The clergy here, are very rich and powerful; they enjoy all the privileges and emoluments which they did previous to the conquest of



the country by the British. Many valuable plantations on the island of Montreal, are encumbered with the claims of the clergy, the nature of which is, that whenever such property is sold, the purchaser has to pay to them one-sixth part of the purchase money, besides a small rent, annually. The priests, also obtain considerable sums of money from the people, for giving them absolution, and likewise for praying for the dead. Wealthy people frequently bequeath large sums to the clergy, to pray for them, sometimes once or twice a year, for ten, fifteen or twenty years successively, after their decease, in proportion to the sum left for that purpose. Funerals are attended with a heavy expense. In their grand Cathedral there are four bells;—for ringing one of them the friends of a deceased person have to pay to the priests 5 dollars—for two, 10—for three, 15—and for the fourth bell, 20 dollars. The corpse of a deceased person is brought into one of their churches, previous to its being interred, and the coffin placed in the main aisle, on a square frame,\* which has five steps on each side; and if the deceased was wealthy, a number of large wax candles are lighted and placed on those steps, around the coffin, and are kept burning until the funeral takes place. When the people assemble to attend a funeral, several priests surround the corpse, and sing and pray alternately. Whilst they are engaged in performing this part of the ceremony, a priest, with a silver basin of holy water, (as it is called) passes slowly three times round the corpse, sprinkling the water on it from a brush, whilst another priest, with a silver box, containing coals of fire, (on which spices are thrown,

\* The steps of this frame were so painted as to exhibit ghastly emblems of death.

which cause a smoke to arise) passes also three times round the coffin;—this they call burning incense. The box is suspended by a chain, and passed in such a direction as to cause the smoke to ascend over the deceased. After the ceremony is ended in the church, the coffin is taken out and the procession formed with the priests in front, dressed in white gowns, with their heads uncovered, and prayer books in their hands, frequently singing and praying as they advance to the grave. A priest next to the coffin carries a large cross: if the deceased was wealthy, it is silver,—if poor, brass. When they arrive at the grave, the corpse is immediately put into it; the priests then spend some time in singing and praying, after which they sprinkle holy water into the grave, and burn incense over it; then each of them throw in a handful of earth, which ends the ceremony. When the corpse of a person that was wealthy is put into a church, it is sometimes in cool weather, kept there two or three days, with a number of large wax candles burning round it night and day. Montreal lies in Lat. 45° 35' N. Long. 73° 11' W.

November 3. Having disposed of about one half of the leather which I had brought to this town, I put the remainder on board a sloop, and at 10, A. M. set sail for Quebec. At 4, P. M. up with the town of Sorel, 45 miles below Montreal; it is pleasantly situated at the confluence of the St. Lawrence with Sorel river. There is a Roman Catholic and an Episcopal church, and about 150 dwelling houses at this place.

Nov. 4. At 6, A. M. anchored abreast of Trois Rivieres, and went on shore; this town is on a plain, on the north side of the St. Lawrence; it contains one Episcopal and two Roman Catholic churches, a num-

nery, a court house, an academy, and about 300 dwelling houses; is 85 miles N. E. of Montreal, and the same distance from Quebec. The tide does not rise more than ten miles above this place. At 7, A. M. left this town.

Nov. 5. At 6, P. M. alongside of a wharf at the town of Quebec, which is 170 miles N. E. of Montreal: and in all this distance, it is said, there is but one school, which is at Trois Rivieres. The river runs nearly a N. E. course, and is remarkably straight. I have only noticed on my way down two of the principal towns, although there are a great number of small towns on both sides of the river, in each of which there is a Roman Catholic church. Their churches all have steeples, and one (which was built by three sisters) has three; this church is called the Three Sisters. Many of the steeples are covered with tin. We were seldom out of sight of a town, and in several places two or three towns opened to our view at one time. The banks of the river, from Montreal to Quebec, are judged to be by far the thickest settled of any part of North or South America; this very dense population is occasioned by the great fertility of the soil, and the influence of the clergy, whose interest it is to prevent the people from migrating to other countries; there is also another cause co-operating with those mentioned, viz: the lands back from the river, on both sides of it, are not so fertile as on its margin.

Sunday, Nov. 7. This day went to the Episcopal church, where I heard a Mr. Mountain preach. After he had finished his sermon, his father's brother, who is Lord Bishop of all the British dominions in North America, pronounced the blessing; he has a salary of 5000 pounds sterling a year, and seldom preaches, it is said, more than two or three times in

that length of time. He hires his nephew to preach for him for 100 pounds a year.

November 10. I went with an agreeable party to view the much celebrated Falls of Montmorency. It is nine miles north of Quebec. The farm adjoining was owned by a General Haldaman, who has taken great pains to give as handsome a view of the falls as possible. Soon after we arrived there, we descended a neat stairs, winding among the rocks; when we had got 75 steps down, we came to a platform capable of containing about twenty persons, which was well secured with hand-rails, and had a handsome canopy over it; at this enchanting spot, the falls, which are about 150 feet in height, and nearly perpendicular, appear to great advantage. The rays of the sun struck the spray in such a direction as to cause a bright rainbow to appear on the east side of the great cataract, which greatly added to the beauty of the scene.— The pleasing irregularity of the high rocks and hills with which we were surrounded, with a handsome cascade and rainbow full in view, was a prospect truly sublime and romantic; it far exceeded any thing of the kind I had ever before beheld. After we had ascended to the summit of the hill, we were conducted to a roundhouse, which was raised 20 feet from the surface of the ground; in this we took our stand for a few minutes, from which we had a handsome view of the town of Quebec and its spacious harbour, and also of the island of Orleans, and a well settled country bordering on the river St. Lawrence, which together afforded a very handsome landscape. On our return to the city, we stopped to refresh ourselves at a small town called Beaufort, six miles from Quebec. Here we viewed the shore where the much celebrated Gen.

Wolfe was defeated, in his first attempt on Quebec. His army, in attacking the French in their entrenchments, was exposed for a considerable time to a heavy fire of musketry, and artillery charged with grape shot: they were compelled to retreat, with the loss of 500 men killed and wounded. A number of very valuable officers lost their lives in this attack, for which Wolfe was much censured; but in consequence of the brilliant victory which he obtained soon after, in the total defeat of the French army, on the Plains of Abraham, the mantle of charity was thrown over this unfortunate affair.— From Beaufort we passed on through a well settled country, to the river St. Charles, and at 3, P. M. got to Quebec.

November 12. I spent a part of this day in viewing the city. It is situated on the N.W. side of the St. Lawrence, at its confluence with the river St. Charles, on a very elevated promontory; and is divided into what is called the upper and lower town. Cape Diamond, on the north part of the upper town, is about 300 feet above the level of the water; this is a very strong fortress, and commands both the upper and lower town; from this fort a line of fortifications extends across the breadth of the peninsula, near the margin of rocks which are elevated about 200 feet above the lower town; a stupendous wall (the ends of which meet very elevated precipices) shut in the whole of the upper town; this wall is from 20 to 35 feet in height, and about 10 feet at its base in width; secured by a bank of earth against it 20 feet in width and in height nearly up to the embrasures. There are two gates attached to this wall, which open towards the Plains of Abraham; one of which is called St. John's and the other St. Louis's gate; there is

also a gate in the NE. part of the wall, near where one end terminates. There are in the upper town five churches, three Roman Catholic, one Episcopalian and one Presbyterian; besides which, there are the castle of St. Louis, (the residence of the governor,) the Hotel Dieu, the convent of Ursulines, a seminary, court-house, and large barracks. The castle of St. Louis, is a spacious stone building; it is situated near the edge of a precipice, about 180 feet high; it has a gallery attached to it, which commands a handsome view of a great part of the upper and lower town, harbour and adjacent country. The public buildings are all of stone, and have a very substantial, though not an elegant appearance. Nearly all the dwelling-houses are also built of stone, and but few more than two stories in height; some which have been recently built, have a handsome appearance. The lower town has the river St. Lawrence on the east, and rocks which are about 200 feet high, and in many places nearly perpendicular, on the west; it is about a mile in length, and not more than three streets, and in some places only one in width, and those very narrow and dirty; the houses in general are built of stone, and have an indifferent appearance. The communication from the lower to the upper town, is by a steep, narrow, winding street, at the head of which is a fortified gate; persons passing on foot, frequently ascend a considerable distance by winding stairs. This town, which exhibits a very singular and romantic appearance, is judged, from its local situation, and the great strength of its fortifications, to be more secure from an invading enemy than any other town in North or South America. It lies 320 miles from the sea. The river, nearly opposite the town, is contracted to about three-fourths of a mile, but just





below, it expands to the breadth of five or six miles, and forms a basin as it is called, sufficiently spacious to float 100 ships of the line. A common tide rises at the town 18 feet, and a spring tide 21. The markets in this town are very plentifully supplied with beef, pork, mutton, veal, poultry, eggs, butter, and a great variety of vegetables, and are cheaper, by one third, than in most of the markets in the U. States. There are but few fish brought to market; their oysters are small but well relished; they are brought from the bay of Shelore, 150 miles below the town. Many of the people here have small market carts, and sleighs, which are drawn by dogs. The exports from this place consist of furs, wheat, flour, flaxseed, peas, potash, ginseng and lumber. Vast quantities of lumber are brought here from Upper Canada. The population of this town, in 1819, was 18,000; its latitude  $46^{\circ} 55' N.$  longitude  $69^{\circ} 58' W.$  This city, which is the key of all Canada, was founded by the French, in 1608. It was conquered by the British, in 1761; and in 1763, both the Canadas were ceded by France to England.— A great proportion of the lands in Lower Canada, is settled in what is called seigniories, or what the people in the U. States call manors. The plains of Abraham, in which there are 180 acres, belong to the nuns, and is all fenced in lots of from 5 to 10 acres.

November 13. I this day went, in company with an old veteran officer, to Wolfe's Cove, which is 2 miles above the city, on the north side of the river St. Lawrence. At this place Gen. Wolfe landed his army. The hill here is so very high and steep, that the French were under no apprehensions from this quarter; but though to a common observer it appears inaccessible, it was not so to the ardent and

intrepid Wolfe; he in one night cut a road up this hill, and by dawn of day, had his whole army, with all his artillery, posted on the plains of Abraham. It was said of Julius Cæsar, that "The mountains sunk before him." The same may be said, with perhaps equal propriety, of the conqueror of Quebec. The following is the account given me by the venerable officer above mentioned, who was in general Wolfe's army in the great and decisive battle which was fought on the plains of Abraham:

"Soon after Wolfe had got his army on the plains, Montcalm, the French general made his appearance with an army far superior in numbers. Wolfe marched his army to the lowest part of the plains, and ordered his men to lie on their arms, and not to fire until the French, who were rapidly approaching in solid columns, should come almost within pistol shot; every musket was charged with a bullet and five buck shot, and all his artillery with grape shot. The French, when they came near, opened a heavy fire on them; but nearly all their shot passed over the heads of the English army, who, when the French had advanced to within about 100 yards, discharged a tremendous fire on them, which killed 1,100 men, and wounded more than double that number, which gave such a shock to the French army, that they retreated in great disorder, and the British pursued them to the gates of the city. In a few days the French capitulated, and gave up the town. In this great conflict the commanders of both armies were killed. It was justly said of Wolfe—

Dying, he conquered in the arms of death,  
And hailed the triumph with his parting breath.

November 14. I went with a gentleman who had attended the funeral of General Montgomery,\* and his two aids-de-camp, Captain M'Pherson, and Captain Cheesman, to view the spot where their remains were deposited. I found it just within the walls of the city, near St. Lewis's Gate. It was very grating to my feelings to observe that there was not a solitary stone, or even a hillock, over the graves of these distinguished patriots, who had nobly fallen in supporting the sacred cause of freedom, in their attack on Quebec, on the night of the 31st of Dec. 1775.

November 19. Attended the funeral of a Roman Catholic Bishop. He was an aged man, and had lived, (as I was informed) a very exemplary life.—As soon as a coffin was prepared, the body was taken to the Cathedral church, and put in a sitting posture in it, and placed near the altar. The corpse was dressed in clothes which the bishop, when alive, used to wear; it had a pair of spectacles on its nose, and a prayer book in its hands, which was held near its face. In this situation the body was kept three days, with not less than 100 wax candles (which were so arranged as to have a handsome appearance) burning around it night and day. The doors of the church were kept open, that the people might view the body of their much beloved friend. On the third day a funeral sermon was preached, to a very crowded audience, after which the body was laid down in the coffin, which was then screwed up, and a black pall thrown over it; the priests then proceeded with the ceremony of singing, praying, and burning incense, in

\* His remains have since been removed to the city of New-York, and buried in St. Paul's church-yard, where a handsome monument has been erected to his memory.

the same manner<sup>s</sup> as has been noticed in my description of funerals. The bishop's remains were buried in the church, near the foot of the altar.

November 21. This day, at 3 A. M. left Quebec in company with Mr. Jones, a merchant from Upper Canada; we rode in a calash, which is a clumsy chair, with a box before for the driver, and seats for two passengers. At 7 P. M. up with the village of Point au Tremble.

November 22. At 4 A. M. went on. At 11, it began to snow, and was very cold. Found some difficulty this day, in crossing three small rivers viz.—St. John's, Battesquin, and Champlain. Travelled this day, 63 miles.

November 23. This morning the snow was eight inches in depth; we went on in a cariole, a small sleigh, capable of holding two persons and a driver. At 10 A. M. arrived at the town of Trois Rivieres. At 9 P. M. got to Maskenunge; found the sleighing very good.

November 24. At 3 P. M. crossed the ferry, at Battle Isle, which is at the most northerly point of Montreal island. At 8, arrived at Montreal town.

From what I have seen of the inhabitants of Lower Canada, they appear to be very temperate, honest, industrious and hospitable, but remarkably ignorant, and zealously devoted to their priests; who, it is said, have an almost unlimited controul over them. Nine-tenths of the inhabitants of this country, are of French extraction. A great proportion of the houses between Montreal and Quebec, are built of logs, squared, and whitewashed on the outside; and many of them have a neat appearance. I have seen but one brick house since I have been in this country.



November 25. At 8 A. M. set off from Montreal in a ferry boat. At 10, got to La Prairie. At 2 P. M. arrived at St. John's;—found much ice in Chambly river, and judging it would be unsafe to go by water to White-Hall, I agreed with a man to take me on with my furs, in a sledge, to Dumont's ferry, on the Hudson river. Brown, the man who had agreed to take me on, could not get ready to go until the 29th. At 6 A. M. we left the town of St. John's, and on the 3d of December, got to Cumberland-head. Here finding the roads but indifferent; and Brown's team overloaded, I purchased a horse and sledge, and took off part of his load. At 6 P. M. entered a thick hemlock swamp; at 7, came to a road which branched off to the right of the road which we had been directed to take;—Brown was about turning off to take this road, when I stopped him; he insisted on taking it, although we had been directed to take the main left hand road. The evening was dark, and we had still about four miles to go, to where I intended to lodge; there was no house within three miles of us, and we were in a thick swamp;—in this solitary situation, Brown alarmed me by swearing, in a very rough and boisterous manner, that if I would not go the road he wished me to take, he would go no further. I was now convinced his intention was to rob me; and probably to take my life. I then advanced to him, with a stout hickory cane, which I carried with me, and in a peremptory tone, ordered him to proceed in the road which I had directed him to take, which if he longer refused to do, I would knock him down. This unexpected attack frightened him to such a degree, that he did not hesitate a moment to go on agreeably to my orders; and in about an hour we got to the tavern at which we had been advised

to put up. I did not again venture to travel after dark, and Brown gave me no further trouble on my way. I had a considerable sum in specie in my trunk, which he had an opportunity of ascertaining, as he had frequently taken it off, and put it on the sledge; which, if he had robbed me of, he could not have retained with any degree of security, without taking my life, which, I have no doubt, was his intention. He had a large pocket knife with him, with which, it is probable, he intended to have despatched me.

December 4. Came to Sable river, which presented a very singular appearance; all the water in the river passed between two large beds of rocks, which were nearly perpendicular; and from their surface down to the water, is about 60 feet, and the width between the rocks at the top, is not more than 20 feet. After passing over this river on a bridge, we came to another opening in the rocks, somewhat similar to the one we had just passed, though not quite so wide, nor so deep. It is said, persons from a considerable distance, come to view this natural curiosity. At 5, P. M. came to the house of a Mr. Ollifont, at Hillsborough. Here we were under the necessity of stopping, as there was no public house within four miles of us, the roads were very bad, and it was nearly night. Every thing around was the very picture of poverty; the house was a new, small, log building, the logs in many places several inches apart: it was covered with bark, and an opening of about five feet square, was left in the top, to let out the smoke; they had, in the fire-place, about one-fourth of a cord of wood; the family consisted of Ollifont, his wife, and five children, all pictures of health. We were soon agreeably disappointed in having a good supper provided for us—



a good feather bed was spread for us on the floor, before the fire; and here, though it was very cold, and snowed all night, we rested very comfortably. The poor people did all in their power to accommodate us, and they appeared very cheerful and happy.

December 5. At 6, A. M. left this wretched looking hovel, with this reflection—that we are often deceived by appearances, and that there is frequently more real happiness found in the most humble cottage, than in magnificent palaces, whose inhabitants are clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. At 4 P. M. got to Basin-harbour, on the south side of Lake Champlain.

December 10. Got to White-Hall, and on the 11th to Dumont's ferry. Mr. Dumont informed me that he had lately seen a Gen. Whitney, who lives in New-York, who stated that he had lately visited Governor Simcoe, in Upper Canada; and that, in a conversation which he had with him concerning his being taken prisoner, in New-Jersey, he expressed a strong desire to see the officer who commanded the party that captured him; as, he said, by his instrumentality his life was preserved after he had surrendered. I shall here explain this affair. On the 25th day of October, 1779, Simcoe, who then commanded a regiment of horse, in the British service, crossed over from Staten-Island, at the Blazing Star ferry, to the Jersey shore, in the night, with 75 horsemen. His main object was to take Governor Livingston prisoner, which he expected to do by surprise. Simcoe was not discovered to be an enemy until he had got seven miles north of N. Brunswick, at Quibble town, from which place an express was despatched to Col. John Neilson, at N. Brunswick, who immediately ordered out his regiment.

We were soon marched to the bridge at Raritan landing. From Quibbletown Col. Simcoe proceeded rapidly to Col. Van Horne's house, at Middlebrook. He was much disappointed in not finding the governor there.\* He then went on to Van Vechten's bridge, on the Raritan river, and set fire to some forage, and flat-bottom boats; from which he went to Millstone, a small town 8 miles NW. of Brunswick; here he set fire to the courthouse and jail. While we were at the landing bridge, we discovered the smoke of those buildings. It was then thought probable that the enemy would endeavour to pass this bridge in their retreat. Col. Neilson, therefore, continued there, being in hopes of cutting off their retreat, and despatched me with thirty five men, with orders to endeavor to fall in with them, and to annoy them as much as possible. Soon after getting on the road leading from Millstone village to the bridge, I was informed by an express, that the enemy was within a few hundred yards of me; I had just time to get to an open piece of woods, when they made their appearance. We attacked them as they came up; but they came on so rapidly, that we could only give them one discharge. Colonel Simcoe's horse received three balls, fell on him, and bruised him very badly: there was one man killed, and several wounded. I left a physician with Simcoe, and proceeded on. We soon found his party had halted on the heights, west of Brunswick. They sent a doctor and his servant to us, bearing a flag. The doctor requested permission to attend Col. Simcoe, which was granted; but as the enemy was proceeding on their retreat, whilst the flag was negotiating, which is contrary to the

\* The Governor was then at New-Brunswick.



rules of war, the doctor and his servant were considered as prisoners. After Simcoe fell, Major Stuart, (a refugee, who had piloted him) took the command. Soon after we dismissed the doctor, we witnessed a scene that was truly distressing. We found captain Peter Voorheis lying in the road, mortally wounded, and to all appearance, nearly breathing his last breath. He had just returned from General Sullivan's army, and with a few militia horsemen, was pursuing so close on the enemy's rear, as to cause a detachment to sally out.— They soon came up with him, and cut him with their broad swords in a most shocking manner, which caused his death in a few hours. We pursued them until we got to South-river bridge, eight miles south of Brunswick, at which place we received information that 500 men had been landed at South Amboy, to cover their retreat, and that they were embarking for Staten-Island.

Many persons, I doubt not, think it strange, that Colonel Simcoe could penetrate so far into so thick a settled country, without receiving more injury than he did. It was not occasioned by the inactivity of the Jersey militia, who had greatly distinguished themselves for their zeal and activity during the revolutionary war, in defending the liberties of their country, but it was occasioned by their getting a considerable distance in the country, enveloped in the shades of night; by their having the address to pass, in many places, for the American horse, and by the rapidity with which they proceeded. Simcoe was, in the revolutionary war, to the northern, what Tarlton was to the southern army: they were both zealous partizans, and capable of undertaking and executing any daring enterprise.

December 14. Left Dumont's ferry, and on the 15th arrived at Albany. Found so much ice in the Hudson river that I could not proceed by water. On the 16th, set off in a sleigh, from Albany, and on the 17th, arrived at Hudson city, which is handsomely situated, on the east bank of the Hudson river, 30 miles south of Albany, and 130 north from N. York. The river is navigable to this place, for the largest ships. This city was founded in 1784; its growth has been very rapid;—there are here five houses of public worship, an academy, two banks, and four printing offices. The amount of shipping in 1815, was 3449 tons.

December 20. On board a sloop bound for N. York;—on the 21st, arrived at that city; and on the 25th, at N. Brunswick; after being absent 11 weeks and four days.

In the fall of 1797, I again went to Montreal and Quebec; and also in 1798.

September 29, 1817. Left New-Brunswick, the place of my nativity, bound for Cincinnati, in the state of Ohio, with my family, consisting of a wife and four children. Previously to our departure, we experienced a truly trying scene, in taking (as it was probable it would be) a final farewell of all our dear friends and relatives, to some of whom I had been warmly attached from my earliest childhood, and with whom I had passed many happy days.—My own sensations, and those of my family, may be imagined, but cannot be described. But what affected me most sensibly, was, the having to leave my second daughter and only son. It was out of his power to accompany us, on account of the mercantile business in which he was engaged.

September 30. We arrived at Philadelphia, and on the 14th of October, set off for Pittsburgh, in a

large, commodious wagon, drawn by five stout horses.

October 8. Arrived at Harrisburgh, which is 97 miles WNW. from Philadelphia, and 35 from Lancaster. It is situated on the east bank of the Susquehannah. The public buildings are, a state house, which is a magnificent edifice, court-house, and three houses of public worship; one for Presbyterians, one for Methodists, and one for Lutherans.— There are about 400 dwelling houses, some of which are handsome brick buildings. It is the seat of government. The population of this town, in 1820, was 2287. There is, at this place, an elegant bridge across the river.

October 10. Came to Carlisle, which is 16 miles west of Harrisburg. This is a thriving, handsome town, and contains six churches, viz.—two Presbyterian, one Episcopalian, one Methodist, one Roman Catholic, and one Lutheran. The population of this place was, in 1820, 2491. There is a College here, which is handsomely endowed, at the head of which is the Rev. Doctor John Mason. A great revival of religion has lately taken place in this institution, and the young gentlemen who are attached to it, from being impatient of controul, and difficult to govern, now exhibit the interesting appearance of a pious, well ordered family; and are zealously engaged in seeking, not only the wisdom which is of men, but that which cometh from God.

October 11. Arrived at Shippensburg, which is 140 miles west of Philadelphia. There are three churches here;—one for Swedes, one for Lutherans, and one for Methodists. It contains about 200 houses, and is 21 miles NE. from Chambersburg.

October 12. Came to Strasburg, which is situated at the foot of the first mountain, and contains

about 100 houses. It is 150 miles west of Philadelphia, from which place, a great proportion of the country exhibits a handsome appearance. We passed a great number of very valuable plantations, the dwelling houses on which are, for the most part, built of stone, as are also the barns, many of which are very large and commodious. A great proportion of the inhabitants are Germans, who are, in general, a temperate, industrious and thriving people.

October 15. After leaving Strasburg, nothing appeared on our way worth noticing, until we arrived at the top of the third mountain; a very beautiful scene then opened to our view. From the lofty eminence on which we were travelling, we had an extensive view of a spacious valley, in which are handsomely situated several highly improved plantations, on which were a great variety of fruit and forest trees, the leaves of which were variegated with all the different colors that can be imagined. This pleasing variety was occasioned by the frost, which was then nipping many of the vegetable beauties of this country, but which had served to add new beauties to the prospect before us.

October 25. Arrived at Pittsburg, heartily tired with our long and tedious journey. From Strasburg to this place, we had to cross four mountains, and also a great number of very steep hills. A more broken and rough country, I think it probable, cannot be found, in the same distance, in any part of the United States. We were, the greatest part of our time, either ascending or descending a mountain or hill. A very great improvement has been made in this road, since we travelled it:—there is now a good turnpike from Philadelphia to this town, which is 304 miles west from that city,



and situated at the confluence of the Alleghany with the Monongahela river; it contains a court-house, national armory, four banks, four printing-offices, and eight houses of public worship. There are, also, in this place, an air furnace, a rolling and slitting mill, two nail manufactories, two breweries, a cotton factory, and a glass house, the latter of which is conducted on a very extensive plan, by a Mr. Bakewell, where is made as handsome flint crystal glass as can be imported from any part of Europe. This town is abundantly supplied with fuel, from inexhaustible mines of coal, in its vicinity. Pittsburg contained, in 1820, near 7000 inhabitants.— Its latitude is  $40^{\circ} 29'$ .

October 29. Left Pittsburg this day, in a flat bottomed boat; its length 30 feet, and breadth 12. The sides and one end, were boarded up about six feet high, a space of about five feet being left open at the other end. There was a tight roof over the boat, which extended as far as the sides were boarded up, just leaving room for two oars, one on each side, for the purpose of steering, as our only dependence for getting on was the current;—there was a fire place on one side of the boat. A great proportion of the families which migrate to the western country, descend the Ohio in boats similar to the one here described.

October 30. At 6 A. M. up with Steubenville, 70 miles SW. of Pittsburg, by water, and 38 by land. It is situated on the north bank of the Ohio, and contains three churches, an extensive woolen and cotton factory, an academy, two banks, and a printing-office. Its population was, in 1820, 2539. At 2 P. M. landed at Wheeling, a handsome town on the SE. bank of the Ohio, in the state of Virginia. It is 84 miles from Pittsburg, by water, and

37 by land: in 1817, it contained a court-house, a church, and about 200 houses. The United States' turnpike road meets the Ohio at this place. It is a flourishing town, and is a formidable rival to Pittsburgh.

October 31. At 4 P. M. abreast of Marietta. It is beautifully situated on the NW. bank of the Ohio, at the mouth of the Muskingum river; and contains a large Presbyterian church, an academy, a county-house, a printing office, a bank, 100 dwelling houses, and about 20 mercantile stores.

November 1. At 4 A. M. it began to rain, and continued raining through the day; at 8 P. M. came to on the SE. shore, and fastened our boat to a sycamore tree which was 18 feet in circumference.\*

November 2. At 4 A. M. got under way, it still continuing to rain. At half past 7, up with Point Pleasant, a small village on the SE. side of the Ohio, just above the mouth of the Kenhawa river, in the state of Virginia. At 8, came to at Gallipolis, on the NW. bank of the Ohio. The original settlers of this town were French. It contains a county-house, an academy, and about 90 dwelling houses, and is 270 miles WSW. of Pittsburgh. At 9 A. M. left this place—found the river rising very rapidly, in consequence of the rain which had fallen. At 7 P. M. abreast of Burlington; this is a post town and seat of justice for Lawrence county, in the state of Ohio; it was laid out in 1816, and so called, after Burlington, in New-Jersey, the native place of Captain Lawrence, from whom the county was named: its population, in 1820, was 140—it lies 309 miles WSW. from Pittsburgh.

November 3. At 7 A. M. up with Portsmouth; it is situated on the NW. bank of the Ohio river, at its confluence with the Scioto, and contains a court\*

\* There are trees in this country 37 feet in circumference.

house, bank, and about fifty dwelling houses. The town of Alexandria is just below the Scioto, and consists of about 30 houses. At meridian, up with Salt Lick village, on the SE. bank, which consists of about 20 houses. At 4 P. M. abreast of Manchester; it is pleasantly situated on the NW. bank of the Ohio river, and contains a Presbyterian church, a post office, and about 35 dwelling houses. At 6 P. M. up with Maysville, situated on the SE. bank of the Ohio river, just below Limestone creek; it lies 65 miles ESE. from Cincinnati, and contains three churches, viz: one for Presbyterians, one for Methodists and one for Baptists, and about 300 dwelling houses, several of which are handsome brick buildings: it is the principal port of the NE. part of the state, as Louisville is of the SW. and is one of the most flourishing commercial towns in the state of Kentucky. At 7 P. M. came to, on the SE. shore, just below Maysville. Found the river still continued to rise, and vast quantities of old wood drifting; some of which were very large logs, and whole trees.


November 4. At 3 A. M. got under way, at meridian, up with New-Richmond, on the NW. bank of the Ohio; it contains 50 houses and about 250 inhabitants. At 2 P. M. up with the Little Miami river. At 3, up with Columbia, a small village on the north bank of the Ohio. At 4, came to at Cincinnati, after a passage of 6 1-2 days.

November 5. Rented a house, into which I removed, with my family. We were all very sensible that we had much cause for the exercise of love and gratitude towards the Great Preserver of mankind, that He had been pleased to bring us in safety to the end of a journey of more than 800 miles.

The city of Cincinnati, which is the seat of jus-

tice for Hamilton county, is handsomely situated, on the north side of the Ohio river, 20 miles above the great Miami river, 175 NE. of Louisville, and 449 WSW. of Pittsburg, by water. It lies in Lat.  $39^{\circ} 6'$ , Long.  $7^{\circ} 24'$ , west from the city of Washington. The plain on which this city stands, is bounded on the north by the highlands; south, by the Ohio; on the east, by Deer creek, which empties into the Ohio near the east part of the city; and on the west, by Mill creek, which also empties into the Ohio at its western boundary. The area of this plain consists of the first and second banks;—the lower bank, which is called the bottom, extends back from the river, to the average breadth of 800 feet; and then rises about 50 feet, to the level of the second bank, which spreads back to the highlands. The town was laid off in the year 1788, around Fort Washington, but did not extensively improve, until after Gen. Wayne's defeat of the Indians, in 1794. In the year 1810; the population was estimated at about 2300; in the year 1813, at 4000; by a census taken in 1818, at 9120; and it is now supposed to contain about 12,500; which exhibits a more rapid increase of population than any other town in the western country. In 1819, an account was taken of the number of buildings in the city, which was as follows, viz: brick and stone, of three stories, and upwards, 387; of one story, 44;—of wood, two stories and upwards, 615; of one story, 343; making a total of 1890 buildings. Of these, 1003 were occupied as separate dwelling houses; mercantile stores, 95; groceries, 102. Since this account was taken about 500 houses have been built. The streets intersect each other at right angles; they are of a good width, and all the most principal streets are paved. The public buildings are,





a spacious court-house and jail, and 11 churches, viz: two Presbyterian, three Methodist, one Episcopalian, one Baptist, one Friends, one New-Jerusalem, one Lutheran, and one Roman Catholic. A college was incorporated in this city, about four years since, at the head of which is the Rev. Elijah Slack. The college edifice is a capacious brick building two stories in height, consisting of two parallel wings, 90 feet in length, and connected by an intermediate apartment, 32 by 36 feet. The wings are divided into convenient apartments for conducting the different branches of science. A Lancasterian school, consisting of 300 children, is kept in the lower story of the south wing of this building. There are a number of charitable institutions in this town, amongst which that for promoting Sabbath schools, stands pre-eminent; there being at this time, 1200 children taught in these schools. A hospital and lunatic asylum is now building in this town, which will be 43 by 45 feet, and 4 stories high; to be built of brick; sufficient funds for that purpose having been granted by the state. There are three brick market houses here—one of 300 and two of 200 feet in length. The Western Museum was established in this city, four years since, in which are deposited a beautiful collection of natural curiosities: it has frequently excited the astonishment of visitors, to witness such a large and varied collection, got together in so short a time.

The steam flour-mill, noticed in the first edition, has been by an accident since consumed by fire.—It was a stupendous building, and had cost to erect it 120,000 dollars. The legislature of the state of Ohio has granted the proprietor, Oliver Ormsby, of Pittsburg, a lottery, for the purpose of aiding him *in having it rebuilt*; arrangements are now making

for that purpose, and it is expected in a short time it will be again in operation.

The Cincinnati water works are situated in the eastern part of the city, from which several of the principal streets are well supplied with water, which is raised by force pumps into a reservoir, the elevation of which is one hundred and sixty three feet above the level of the Ohio river, from which the water is taken: the pumps are worked by a steam engine. Hydrants, to which are attached fire-plugs (as they are called) are placed in suitable parts of the streets, which are only to be used when accidents by fire occur; the water is conveyed in wooden pipes from the reservoir.— There are four engines in this city; the several companies attached to them are well organized, and have greatly distinguished themselves by their promptness in attending, and active exertions in extinguishing fires, whenever such accidents have occurred. There is also a hose company, which can bring into operation, when necessary, twelve hundred feet of hose; a hook and ladder company; a fire-bucket company, and all the necessary apparatus for the protection of property from the ravages of fire.

There is a woollen factory, which belongs to the Cincinnati Manufacturing Company, consisting of several convenient buildings, of which the factory or main building is 150 feet in length, from 20 to 37 feet wide, and from two to four stories high;— rose blankets and coarse cloths are manufactured here, as is also white and red lead. Machinery for grinding paints, is connected with this establishment: there is an excellent steam engine at these works. There are two breweries, and four tanneries here, all of which are conducted on an extensive scale. At the west end of the town is a

large steam paper mill, where all kinds of paper are manufactured; a glass house; bell and brass foundry, and a steam saw mill. There are in this town, one type and three iron foundries; and also five printing offices, from which are issued eight newspapers, weekly.

The markets in this city are abundantly supplied with the best kinds of meats and vegetables. Beef, mutton and veal, sell from 2 to 4 cents per pound; pork, from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ; butter, from  $12\frac{1}{2}$  to  $18\frac{1}{2}$ ; cheese, from 6 to 8; eggs, from 4 to 10 per doz.; wheat flour, from \$1 25 to \$1 75 per cwt.; buckwheat meal, ditto; corn meal, from  $18\frac{1}{2}$  to 25 cents per bushel; wheat, from 45 to 50; corn, from  $18\frac{1}{2}$  to 25; oats, from  $12\frac{1}{2}$  to  $18\frac{1}{2}$ ; chickens, from 10 to 25 per pair; turkeys, from 3 to 4 per pound; potatoes, from 25 to 37 per bushel, and turnips, from  $13\frac{1}{2}$  to 25 do.

All the fruits and vegetables, which are common to the middle and eastern states, are brought to this market. Apples and peaches, of the best kinds, in great abundance. The fish commonly brought here, are streaked bass, rock bass, salmon, pickerel, buffalo, sturgeon, perch which weigh from 2 to 15 lbs., catfish from 5 to 75 lbs., and pike from 4 to 40 lbs. Fish sell at from 3 to  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cts. per lb. Oysters are brought to this town from N. York—they are put up in such a manner as to retain nearly as agreeable a relish as when first taken from the shell—for which art a patent has been obtained.

When the roads are good, this market is often attended by people who reside 40 and 50 miles distant from the city. The number of wagons which are seen here on market days, are from 50 to 220. Firewood sells from \$1 50 to \$2, per cord; the kinds most in use, are hickory, beech, sugar maple, white maple and ash.

*The present aspect of affairs in this city appears*

much more favorable than it was about four years since; it was then inundated by a fluctuating, depreciated currency, which greatly injured many merchants and traders; but this has disappeared, and its place been supplied with a specie medium. The peculiar pressure of the times, which caused such a number of failures among the merchants and traders, not only of the United States, but also throughout a great part of Europe, was also very sensibly felt by the inhabitants of this city, in consequence of which a great stagnation of business then took place, and the value of real estate was much depreciated. Such property has, within the last year, taken a rise; and emigrants now find it difficult to get suited with tenements; in consequence of which a number of dwelling-houses will be put up the ensuing summer. Houses rent in this town, at from 50 to 500 dollars a year. Tavern stands, at from 300 to 1500 dollars. Building lots sell at from 10 to 200 dollars per foot.

The antiquities of Cincinnati are, an Indian mound, with some remains of several embankments, evidently designed for military purposes; and also a number of articles taken from mounds, a particular description of which has been given by Doctor Drake, in his "Picture of Cincinnati." There were originally, four mounds in this city, three of which have been demolished; the one which yet remains, is situated at the west end of the town: it is nearly in the form of a pyramid; its height is 27 feet, and its circumference at the base is 440. A great number of mounds, some of which are much larger than this, are seen throughout this western country, as also military embankments, several of which enclose more than 100 acres each. The walls of these fortifications vary in height from 5 to 20 feet.

The author, judging that an account of the exports from Cincinnati, would be interesting to many persons, he has, therefore, taken such an account, with as much accuracy as was in his power.

The exports from Cincinnati, from the 1st day of March, 1822, to the 1st day of March, 1823, were as follows:

Flour, 47,326 barrels, at \$3 50 per barrel,	\$165,641
Pork, 13,493 do. at \$7 per barrel,	94,451
Hams, 981,780 lbs. at 6 cents per lb.	46,967
Bacon, 492,894 do. at 4 cents per lb.	19,715
Lard, 972,746 do. at 6 cents per lb.	58,364
Beef, 893 barrels, at \$6 per barrel,	5,358
Whiskey, 6,350 do. or 215,900 gallons, at 20	
cts. per gallon,	43,180
Ginseng, 27,343 lbs. at 25 cts. per lb.	6,835
Beer and Porter,	6,450
Butter, 75,346 lbs. at 10 cts., Cheese, 1,900 lbs.	
at 8 cts. per lb.	7,686
White beans, sea biscuit, apples and cider,	3,781
Corn meal, buckwheat do., onions and dried fruit,	506
Dried beef and Bologna sausages,	1000
Live stock, \$5,150; corn, hay and oats, \$2,250,	7,400
Feathers, 38,231 lbs. at 30 cts. per lb.	11,469
Soap and candles, \$19,789, Castings, \$21,720,	41,509
Beeswax, 6164 lbs, at 25 cents per lb., tallow,	
1,433 lbs. at 0 cents per lb.	1,627
Flaxseed oil, 6,369 galls. at 55 cts. per gall.	3,502
Manufac. tobacco, 181,350 lbs. at 7 cts. per lb.	12,694
Types and other materials for printing,	10,000
Paper, \$15,450; window glass & bottles, \$15,000,	30,450
Cabinet furniture, \$16,800; Wind. chairs, \$5,520,	22,320
Hats, \$5,800; saddle-trees, 3,000; carpenters'	
planes \$2,000,	10,800
Saddles, \$1,670; wagons, \$460,	2,130
Deer skins, 1,532 lbs. at 25 cts. per lb.	383
Staves,	490

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\$624,708

