

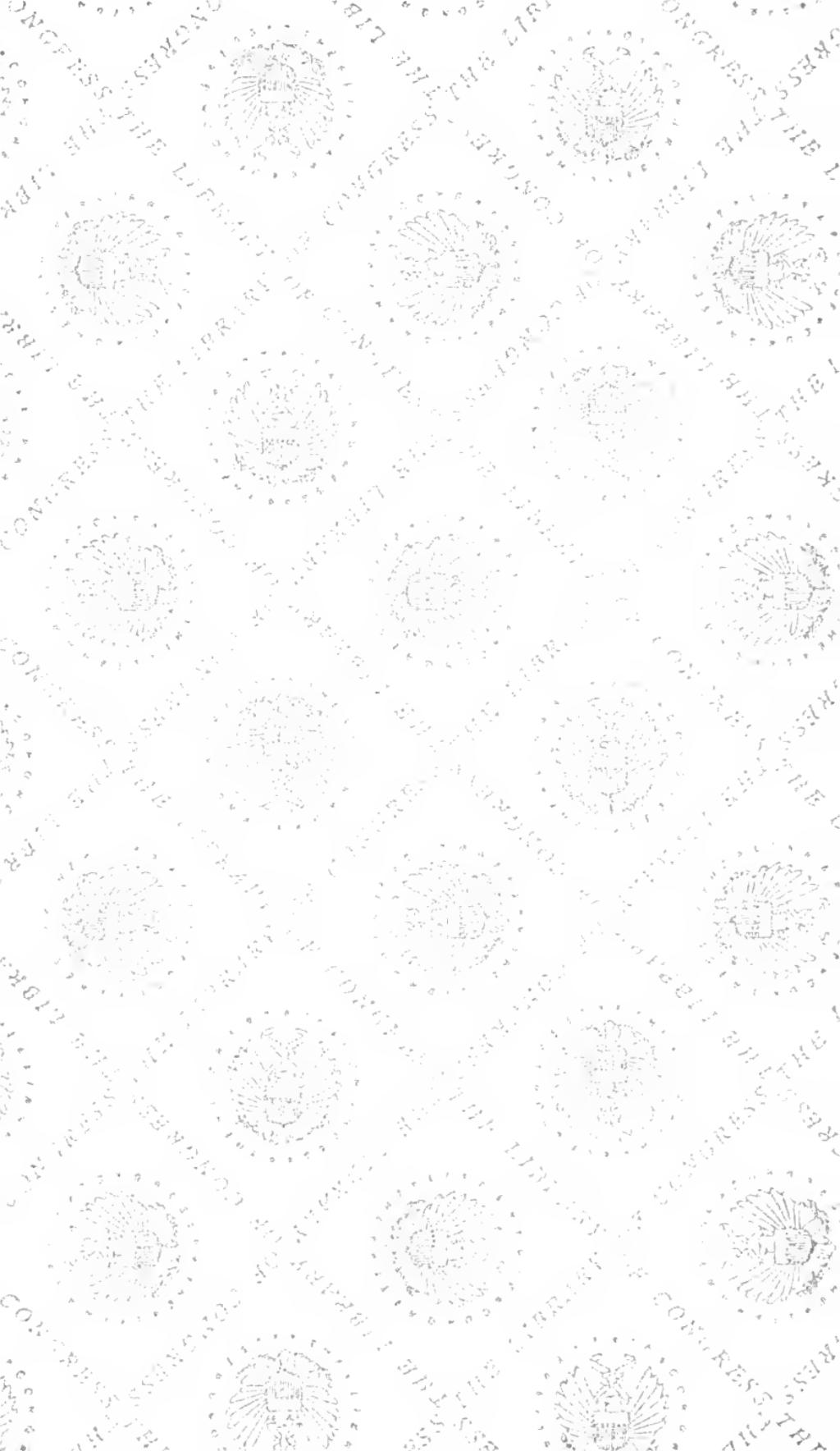
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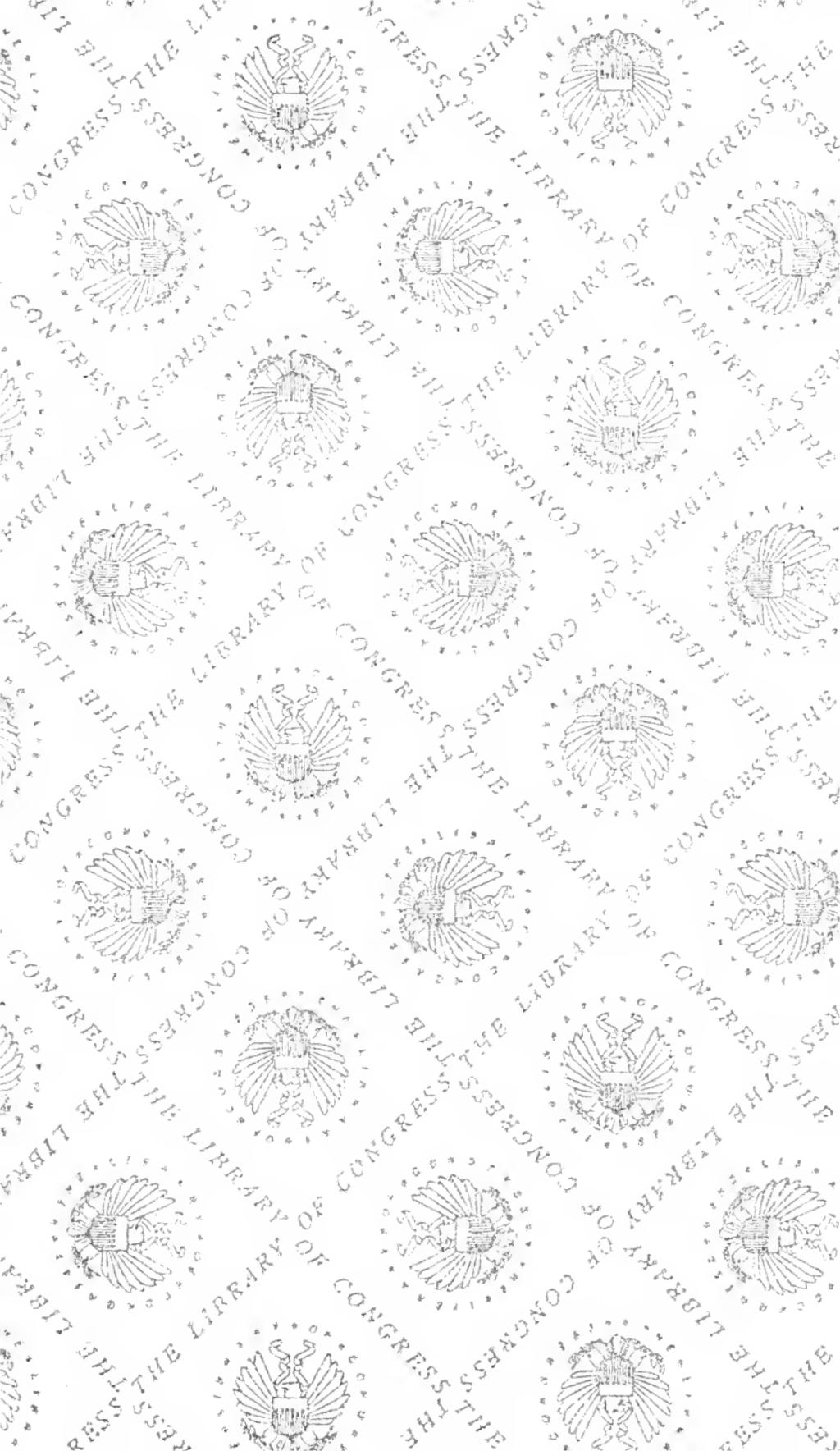
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PROMINENT FEATURES

OF A

NORTHERN TOUR.

WRITTEN

From a Brief Diary, kept in travelling from Charleston,
S. C. to, and through Rhode-Island, Massachusetts,
New-Hampshire, Vermont, Lower and Upper Ca-
nada, New-York, Maine, North-Carolina,
South-Carolina, and back to Charleston
again. Commencing on the 12th of
June, 1821, and terminating
the 12th of November
following.

CHARLESTON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
By C. C. Sebring.
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PREFACE.

THE author, sensible of the barbarous style in which this narrative is written, has had it printed merely to gratify his acquaintances, to whom, only, it can be interesting. But should it be read by others, they are enjoined not to criticise the composition; or the anomalies, monotonies, prolixities, pleonisms, tautologies, and solecisms, with which it abounds; and which the writer has neither learning nor abilities to expunge.

As much as I have here written of the whole, might be said of each village I was in; but I have told others such things, only, as I would others should have told me, before I went to see for myself.

The topographical remarks may appear obscure to some persons, but they must bear in mind, that the author has not chosen a title, which proposes teaching geography.

While on this tour, I travelled with, and saw many persons of distinction, from various parts of the union; but as few individuals like to be made conspicuous, I have named those only, who have often had the eyes of Argus upon them.

A logician has said, "He that sends a book into the light, desires it to be read, and he that throws a book into the fire, sends it into the light;" I have neither sent nor thrown mine into the fire, (though I were very near doing so,) nor would I ask aid from a subscriber, to save it from oblivion; and I leave the reader to conclude as he pleases, whether I desire it *to be—or not to be—read*. "The words of" the author "are ended."

THE NARRATIVE.

TIRED with a long drudgery in business, and adopting the precept of Solomon; that there is a time to gather money, and a time to scatter it; I resolved to make a tour to the north. And, as I had in anticipation, business, health, pleasure, and curiosity, I made my calculations so as to visit as many places as possible which I had not before seen. Accordingly

June 12th, I sailed from Charleston, S. C. in the sloop P—, Capt. C—; we passed Cape Hatteras on the 15th, and, after a pleasant passage, with little else to view except sky and water; on the 20th, made the east end of Long Island. A fog coming on too thick to run in for the land, we stretched off to the eastward, where I had an opportunity of seeing the ermine, from the muddy bottom of Block Island Channel. And singular enough it is, that, from the mouth of Long Island Sound, directly out to sea, until you are off of soundings, the surface of the bottom should be besmeared with slime or ooze; whilst the rest of the coast, from Cape Cod to Cape Florida, has a sand, shell, or coral bottom: notwithstanding there are several embouchures along the shore, each discharging more water than the above named sound, though that receives the Thames, Connecticut, and Housatonic rivers.

In the afternoon we made Block Island, and passing pretty near to it, on the west side, I counted twenty-five farm houses, beside their out buildings: and I suppose, that it contains about as many white inhabitants now, as it did Pequot Indians one hundred and eighty-five years ago; for it was then that Capt. Endicot, from Boston, invaded it; drove the natives into the woods, and burnt fifty of their canoes, and one hundred wigwams. In this manner are mortals astonished! When they behold, at one time, an ant-heap covered with large black pismires; and in a few days after, inhabited only by little red emmets.

The fog prevailing again, we anchored during the night, between Block Island and Point Judith.

June 21st. We got under weigh early next morning, and beat up into Newport harbour; where I landed, and took a cursory view of this declining town.

At the tavern where I dined, finding myself heterogeneously situated in a shoal of politicians; I sought out the cause of their numbers, and found that the legislature was then in session. After dinner, I took a seat in the gallery of the representative hall. There I saw nothing miraculous, or odd, except two of the members taking their seats, one eating apples and the other a stick of sugar candy. I mention this for its oddness only; and not to deride their legislature or those members; for the former I found respectable, and the latter holding no second rank, when they entered on business: and I assented to an observation made by a gentleman who sit near me: that, he would rather see these petty singularities, than he saw here, than that of intoxication which he had seen in legislative bodies elsewhere. Of those members that I heard speak, I thought Mr. Potter the most shrewd and pointed: and if there is a situation where a statesman is perfectly at home, it must be when he consents to serve in one of our state legislatures, after having been a distinguished member in congress.

June 22d. I left Newport the next morning at 4 o'clock, and went through Middletown and Portsmouth; crossed the stone bridge off of Rhode-Island; thence through Tiverton, Troy, Freetown, and Berkley, and left the Boston stage on Taunton green. At Taunton, I changed my course; going through Middleborough and Fair-Haven to New-Bedford; where I arrived at 4 P. M.

New-Bedford is, at present, a thriving town—there was as much oil on the wharves, in casks of, from 30, to 230 gallons, as, if rolled together, would cover two or three acres of ground. There were 20 or 30 new houses building; and I have no doubt but they will progress in that kind of improvement, till the place, like Newport, Newburyport, and Bath, becomes too large not to suffer in the dearths of business.

June 23d. The next day I rode on horseback round the head of Acushnet river, and took a survey of the shipyards, and the town of Fair-Haven.

June 24th. I left New-Bedford on the morning of the 24th,

in a packet; and sailed across Buzzard's Bay; through Wood's Hole, and the Vineyard sound, and at 5 p. m. landed in, and on the town, county, and island of Nantucket.

June 25th. Here I met a sea captain, with whom, eighteen years before, I had doubled Cape Horn. The following day, we procured a Jersey waggon, and rode across the island, to Siasconset. Our former voyage; a late sealing voyage he had made to the new-discovered land; the history and geography of this island, added to the inquisitive malady prevailing amongst New-Englanders; gave rise to the greatest day's talking that I underwent during my tour.

It is now but one hundred and fifty-nine years since this island was in full possession of the aborigines: but so great has been their diminution, from sickness and other causes, that I saw not one while there; and was told there were not a dozen native Indians living. "The hand of Providence is notable (this is not my language, but Trumbull's: for I am not so pious,) in these surprising instances of mortality among the Indians *to make room for the whites.*"

Nantucket has, like all other places, some local customs, which appear comical to a stranger when he first arrives. Such is that of their gentry riding in carts; in a manner similar to that which I have seen two or three persons ride in Charleston at particular times. I noticed a lawyer's sign in Nantucket, which, instead of being a small piece of tin, merely giving the name, and "Attorney at Law," or the like, was a large board projecting out from a corner, about 7 feet by 18 inches, and portraying all the various branches of his profession: something like the sign of a steam-boat coffee house.

There is one thing more, I must not omit to tell the reader: Nantucket abounds with handsome and courteous ladies: and had I never read the following lines of Ovid, I might have prolonged my visit:

"Think there's the Syren's den, the deadly bay,
Make all the sail you can, and scud away."

June 26th. I took my departure from Nantucket on the 26th, in the mail packet; and, after being enveloped in a fog, almost the whole passage, at 3 p. m. arrived at Falmouth. I spent the balance of the day in looking at this village, which consists of about one hundred detached houses; and they seem determined not to be out of fashion, for they were build-

ing a *bank*. They have here, whole acres covered with vats for making salt; the water being evaporated by solar heat.

June 27th. I left Falmouth at 2 o'clock the next morning, in the Boston mail stage; breakfasted in Sandwich, and afterwards stopped for half an hour in Plymouth. Here I stood upon the rock, on which, two hundred and one years before, our forefathers had landed; and whose succeeding generations have multiplied and replenished; grown, augmented, and accumulated, to a nation of ten million souls: whose prowess has coped with the strongest monarchy on earth, and whose republican institutions portend freedom to the world. From Plymouth, we continued through Kingston, Duxbury, Pembroke, Hanover, Scituate, Hingham, Weymouth, and Braintree to Quincy; where I saw the mansions of Mr. John Adams and Mr. Josiah Quincy; thence through Milton and Dorchester to Boston; where we arrived at 5 P. M.

June 28th. The following day, I went through Charlestown, Chelsea, Saugus, and Lynn, to Salem; where I tarried four days with my friends, from whom I had been long absent: and, as my employment in that time, is interesting only to myself, I shall leave it blank in the series of this journal.

July 3d. On the third of July I returned to Boston; and on the 4th of July, heard two orations; the Democratic and the Federal; and, as far as my judgment goes in politics, they were both Republican. I shall offer but one remark on these orators, and that is, they had crowded, orderly and respectable audiences, and, were never so much applauded, as when they spoke of the pernicious effects of priestcraft.

July 5th. After the national birth-day was over, I left Boston; and passed over the great western avenue; and which I pronounce the most substantial piece of work, of its kind, (except the government docks in Liverpool; though they are not exactly of this kind,) that I ever saw. But the reader must not suspect me for having seen the whole world.

From the causeway I continued to the westward, through Brookline, Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southborough Westborough, and Shrewsbury; and left the stage in Worcester; in which, and the neighbouring towns, Charlton, Leicester, Spencer, Ward, Brookfield, Holden, and West-Boyleston, I sojourned for a week.

July 13th. On the 13th, I was one of a party that went from Worcester to Princeton, and ascended the Worchusett

mountain. This I believe is the highest land in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, or Connecticut: and from its summit we could overlook the adjacent country for more than fifty miles, in almost every direction; and from conjecture, more than one hundred towns and villages. From the mountain, I returned to Worcester, just in time to take the evening stage for Boston; where I arrived at 12 p. m. precisely at the time a fire broke out, which consumed some ten or a dozen buildings.

July 14th. The next day I went to Salem; where, and in its suburbs, I spent five days more. During that time, I visited the hill, where were executed and buried, the *twenty* persons, who one hundred and twenty-eight years before, had been condemned for witchcraft.* I also visited the Nahant, at Lynn, where the sea-serpent was once seen, by so many respectable personages from Boston.

July 19th. On the 19th, I went from Salem to Boston, and made preparations for a Canadian tour.

July 20th. At 7 o'clock the next morning, I got into the New-Hampshire stage, and proceeded through the following towns: Charlestown, Medford, Stoneham, South-Reading, Reading, Andover, Methuen, Salem, Londonderry, Manchester, Dunbarton, and Bow; crossing the Merimack river twice, on the way; and at 6 p. m. arrived at Concord, New-Hampshire's capital. We had but just time sufficient to go through and examine their State House before dark. It is built of hewn, or sawed stone, wrought by their state prisoners; its halls are spacious; and, take it, for all in all, as

* It is a gloomy reflection, that this should have happened in the lifetime of Locke, Newton, Leibnitz, Bolingbroke, Pope, and Montesquieu. Howbeit, the next year (1694) gave birth to a man, who has, perhaps, done more towards annihilating this kind of superstition, than any other that ever lived in any age, country, or nation; and for which, probably, there never was a man who received so much abuse. But, "such" (I use his own words,) "is the reception truth always meets with from those who have been nursed in error." Mr. Wallace, in his Treatise on the Globes, has told us, that Voltaire was the great champion of every error; but there are, and have been divines in Europe, if not in America, who think differently of his writings; and among that number, I find the reverend and *well-read* Dr. Blair, who, speaking of the Henriade, says, "Voltaire is, in the strain of his sentiments, the most religious and the most moral of all tragic poets." And again: "Religion appears, on every occasion, with great and proper lustre; and the author breathes that spirit of humanity and toleration, which is conspicuous in *all his works*."

Shakspeare says, I think it the most neat, plain, and convenient edifice of its kind I have yet seen; and worthy to be visited by building committees from other states.

July 21st. Leaving Concord the next morning, Boscawen was the first town we went through; then Salisbury, in which our road crossed a mound of earth, about 15 or 20 feet high in the centre, and 30 or 40 wide near its base. We could see about a mile of it, and was told by the neighbouring people, that it extends ten or twelve miles, over hills and dales, through the country. The trees and stumps that were on it, did not differ in size from those of the adjacent ground. I believe it has a fosse running parallel with it; if so, it must have been raised by human labour; for nature, in her rudest sports, (as Guthrie says,) despairs to imitate the folly of man, (as St. Pierre would say,) so exactly. I was somewhat surprised, (and such will ever be the surprise of those who travel much, and read but little,) to think that I had never heard of this remnant of antiquity before.

From Salisbury, we continued through Andover, Springfield, Enfield, (here we passed a Shaker village,) Lebanon, and at 4 p. m. arrived at Dartmouth colleges, in Hanover. Four miles below Hanover, at Liman's Bridge, I crossed Connecticut river into the state of Vermont; and, after going through Bagdad, Harvard, and Sharon, staid over night at Royalton.

July 22d. We started at 4 o'clock the next morning, and went through Randolph, Williamstown, and Barry; and stopped an hour and a half in Montpelier, the government capital of the state. From thence our road was through Middlesex, Waterbury, Bolton, Richmond, and Wesley; leaving the Camel's Rump mountain on our left, and Gov. Chittenden's farm house on our right; and at 5 p. m. arrived at Burlington, on Lake Champlain. I came through Vermont, hyperbolically speaking, under ground: for the stage entered it at the mouth of White river, the bank of which, and that of one of its branches, we followed to the source; and this source is not like those of other streams; for it divides a brook with Onion river, part running to the south-east, and part to the north-west;* the latter of which, we followed till

* If a stick is thrown into this brook, a few paces above its division, one cannot tell whether it will shape its course for the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or Long Island Sound

within a few miles of the Lake: thus going from one side of the state to the other, through a continued gulf; leaving the Green Mountains on either side, elevated from forty-five to ninety degrees (for they sometimes had the appearance of hanging over us) above the horizon; and without once coming on top of them.

Burlington is pleasantly situated, on the broadest part of the lake; which appeared to me about as far over, to the New-York side, as the Vineyard Sound, from Holmes' Hole to Falmouth; or the Straits of Gibraltar, from Africa to Europe. Were it not for this Bay, Champlain had probably borne the appellation of river, instead of lake. It is, however, undoubtedly the most useful to navigation of any of the lakes; as it has all the convenience of water carriage, without being wide enough to produce an overwhelming sea.

July 25th. After three days dalliance, I embarked, at 2 o'clock in the morning, in the steam-boat Phenix. After touching at Plattsburg, Chazy, and Champlain; and passing our two forts, which now prove to be on English ground; we arrived at Isle-Aux-Naux. Here the British appear to be very industrious in fortifying the place: and here I saw an American sloop with *Macdonough* on her stern: a name not very palatable, I should guess, at that end of the lake. After stopping half an hour, we continued our course to the north; and at 1 P. M. landed in St. John's; the end of steam-boat navigation from the lake.

I went from St. John's in a stage, down the western margin of Sorrel river; and in plain sight of all its obstructions to navigation, which is one continued shoal and rapid, with scattering rocks, averaging two feet in diameter, promiscuously showing themselves over the whole surface of the water; and as far down as Chambly. I saw a steam-boat at Chambly, for which the river is navigable, to its confluence with the St. Lawrence.

Our stage went directly across the country, from Chambly to Montreal, where we arrived at 9 in the evening; after crossing the river, three miles over the rapids, and running more hazard of being drowned, than one would in a good ship, to go round the world.

July 26th. The next day I spent in looking at the place; and reading Mr. Adams' oration; which I found published in the New-York Spectator; a paper, of some circulation in Canada.

July 27th. The succeeding night I slept on board the steam-boat Car of Commerce; in which, at 2 the next morning, I left Montreal. We stopped first at William Henry, in the mouth of Sorrel river; and afterwards at Three Rivers. At the latter place, I had intended to tarry a day, or so, to see a man to whom I had been to school when but five or six years of age, which was upwards of thirty years ago. But, on my arrival, I was told that he had changed his residence to Shipton, on the east bank of St. Francis river, about forty miles north of the Vermont line, and Memphremagog lake. The man to whom I allude, is Stephen Burroughs. And, to gratify the reader who has read the biography of this notorious character, I shall add, that I was at his school the last day he ever taught in Massachusetts; and waited at the school-house two hours on the following day, when the direful news came that our master was in *Limbo*. Burroughs was called a most excellent school-master; but he punished his scholars with such severity, that the fall of Tarquin, at Rome, was not hailed with more joy, than was that of him whom we considered the most learned man, and the greatest tyrant in the world.

To return from this digression. Leaving Three Rivers, we continued down the St. Lawrence, and notwithstanding two hours were lost at the stopping places, at 8 in the evening arrived at Quebec; one hundred and eighty miles in eighteen hours!

July 28th. The next day I strolled about the upper and lower towns; and in the afternoon visited the Plains of Abraham, where I got a piece of the rock (so they told me) on which Wolf died.

July 29th. In the forenoon of the following day, I went over in the steam-boat which crosses every half hour, to Point Levi; and, after going on to the high land for a prospect, I went four or five miles down the bank of the river, opposite the falls of Montmorenci; of which I had a tolerable view; as I also had of the upper end of the Island of Orleans. I returned to the city again: and, in the afternoon visited Cape Diamond; the highest part of the fortifications in the upper town; and which is said by Mr. Silliman to be 340 feet higher than the river: and it appeared to me more than as high again as the pendant at the mast-head of the Newcastle frigate, which was then lying in the stream. However, for

the information of those who are for taking of it, in case of another war, I can tell them, that the land towards the upper country, by the way of Abraham's Plains, extends off, for several miles, nearly level. Within the walls of Cape Diamond, they were doing what, in every country that I have been, employs a large portion of the human kind: that is, undoing what others have done. They were removing, from one place to another, huge masses of fortifications which but a few years before were erected at great expense, and then thought to have been permanent and well done. And they say of their predecessors, as peradventure, their successors will say of them; that they were fools and knew not what they were doing.

July 30th. The next day I saw the place from whence the relics of Montgomery were taken; and also, every thing else that I anticipated or had a desire to see; except it was a sample of the Esquimaux Indians: and, that the reader who expects to travel that way, may not make the same calculation, I shall inform him that they are as seldom seen there, as they are in New-York: or, at least, a native of the place, and a man whose ideas extend beyond the limits of Canada, told me that he had never seen one in his life.

The three last days of July, were remarkably warm at Quebec; and although the place is more than halfway north, from the equator to the pole; and the highest north latitude in the scope of this tour, yet did I nowhere else feel the heat so oppressive during the summer.

July 31st. I left Quebec at 2 A. M. the next day, in the same boat in which I had come down; and in coming up the river we stopped at the same places as when going down.

Like all the roads and rivers in Lower Canada, the banks of the St. Lawrence, with the exception of that part which widens into Lake St. Peter, are lined with a continued village: so that it may be said, they have streets 500 miles in length. The houses stand about 50 or 100 yards apart, and are interspersed with Roman Catholic churches, in about the same ratio, as those of Connecticut are with Presbyterian meeting-houses.

Aug. 1st. The second day after we left Quebec, at 10 in the evening, arrived at Montreal.

Aug. 2d. In the fore part of next day, I ascended the mountain back of the town; and visited such parts of the city

as I had not yet seen. In the middle part, I went in the stage, from Montreal to Lachine; and thence in a steam-boat, on Lake St. Louis, to the Cascades; where I again took the stage, and went through, and to, the Cedars, Cotea-de-lac, Prison Island, and the French settlement. From there we were carried in a row-boat, on Lake St. Francis, twenty miles, to Lancaster.

Aug. 3d. It was 3 o'clock in the morning when we arrived at Lancaster; from which place we continued our journey in the stage; through Cornwall, Millrush, Millnet, Oznaburg, Williamsburg, and Johnstown; and got into Prescot at 7 in the evening. We travelled the whole day on the north bank of the St. Lawrence river, and so near to it, that we had a full view of all the shoals and rapids. In the afternoon we came over the battle ground at Crisley's Farm; though, I suppose the people in the United States will not thank me for reminding them of it; but the duties of diarists and historians, are well known.

Aug. 4th. The next morning, I crossed the river direct; which is about a mile and a quarter wide; from Prescot to Ogdensburg, in New-York state. This place is at the foot of navigation, for large vessels, from Lake Ontario. It has about 100 Durham boats, as they are called, belonging to it; which carry from 200 to 400 barrels of flour, each, and trade to Montreal. The merchants are mostly employed in forwarding goods. St. Lawrence seems to be the guardian saint of this place; for it is on the St. Lawrence river; the court town of St. Lawrence county; has a St. Lawrence hotel, and a St. Lawrence Gazette; besides other establishments bearing the title of the saint. A stranger on entering the taverns here, suspects the countrymen to be Europeans, when he hears them talking of things in Lisbon, Madrid, Stockholm, and the Hague; till he learns that these are the names of the adjoining towns. Arriving in this place one day after the steam-boat's departure, I had to bide a week, till her return; and for that time shall cease to remark diurnally; but, in lieu of which, I shall record a few observations, made in my vehement transit, over the geographical, and political disk of Lower Canada.

To begin with the natives of the United States, who reside there: Like all money-making emigrants, they accommodate their political complexion, to that of the multitude, by whom

they are surrounded; and so well do they compare with the chameleon, that I cannot refrain from inserting the following remark of an author on that harmless reptile: "The poor defenceless animal," says he, "having no means of resistance, gradually assumes the colour of some substance over which it passes, being thus provided by nature with the means of concealment." The natives of Great Britain, who are generally both royal and loyal, use every artifice to deride our form of government; such as naming their stud horses the Democrat, or the Plebeian, and a hundred things of the like kind, that might be enumerated. And they affect as much astonishment on hearing one speak of a republic's being perpetuated, as the King of Pegu expressed real astonishment, when some Venitian mariners told him, they were not governed by kings: and he thought their account so ridiculous, that he burst out into loud laughter. The French natives, who make the principal population of this province, are not so great admirers of his Britannic majesty; neither are they such devotees of monarchy. I mean that portion of them, who have some taste for learning; for the greatest part know nothing except what their priests have told them. One of the former class, and a member of their — too, told me, that he did not believe there was a spot in all Christendom where the people were so kept in ignorance by the clergy as in his own country. He had high notions of republicanism, of which he endeavoured to convince me, by his eulogiums on that *awful book*, the Rights of Man; and of which he showed me a copy, saying, that they were abundantly supplied with them, of late, from New-England: and he, as well as almost every French Canadian with whom I conversed, appeared to have fully imbibed the tenets of that work. So that, if we had as many prophets in the world now, as we read (in the 18th chapter of the first book of Kings,) the good Elijah (as the Primer calls him) caused to be murdered, (which were no less than 450,) some of them might prophesy, that, many generations would not pass away, before the scorching sphere of a co-existent republic, should give this Gallic satellite a centrifugal motion from its heterodoxical primary.

Aug. 10th. On the 10th, I resumed my demigrations. About 10 o'clock in the morning, I embarked on board the steam-boat Ontario, going up the St. Lawrence, leaving Brockville on the right, and Morristown on the left; and for twenty

miles of the way over the rapids, we towed an English schooner; what these fresh-water sailors termed, taking John Bull by the nose.

The scenery is extremely romantic, in passing through the Thousand Islands; and from their innumerable appearance, one would imagine that the chief magistrates of New-York and Upper Canada, might dispute with an eastern monarch, the title of "Governor of Ten Thousand Islands."

Aug. 11th. At 7 o'clock the next morning we arrived at Sacketts-Harbour; whose haven is small, though safe and commodious. Here lies our Ontario fleet, and their postures seem more emblematic of peace than of war. There is also a regiment of regulars, quartered at this place; and I believe the only undivided one in the union.

I was here (as I was before and afterwards, at Ogdensburg, Oswego, Genesee river, Lewistown, Black Rock, and Buffalo) not a little surprised to find, so far in the back woods, a sea-port town as it were, with all its sequacious concatenations, such as ship chandlers, sailor boarding houses, marine lists; editors and merchants on the wharves looking out for news and consignments; and in short, every thing that we have in our smaller seaports on the Atlantic.

The steam-boat left Sacketts-Harbour at 12 A. M. and in the course of the night, stopped and took passengers at Oswego.

Aug. 12th. At 8 the next morning, we entered the mouth of Genesee river, the bar of which, has no great depth of water, and we crossed through the breakers, that covered it, and whose foaming tops reminded me of the ruffled fringe of old ocean. We ran three miles up the river, and after landing some passengers and taking on board others, as is common at every stopping place, at 10 A. M. left it, and continued up the lake.

As we are now on Lake Ontario, and for the last time in this Journal, it may not be amiss to say a few things, not generally known, or if known, not often thought of respecting it. First: "It has all the grandeur of ocean," but not "without its turbulence." For it is well known, by both theory and experience, that a body of water, once sufficiently large to make a heavy sea, the more spacious is it, the more easy for that sea to pass away and subside. And this is the reason, why the Pacific Ocean is found to be less turbulent than

the Atlantic; and the Atlantic than the Bay of Biscay. Inland seas, whilst they have wind to keep them in motion, are like the factions of a besieged city, who are always more destructive to themselves, than if they were at liberty to retreat over the country, and spread the conflicting passions one from another. Admirals Priestman and Wilson, Officers in the Russian service, declared that they had never seen storms so tempestuous, or a sea so disagreeable on the ocean, as they had met with on the Black Sea. And the navigators employed by the Czar Peter to survey the Caspian, (about 1709,) gave a similar account of that sea. The land encompassing Lake Ontario, may be seen from a vessel's deck, about twenty miles; and as the lake itself averages about forty miles in width, it may be doubted whether a position can be found on its surface, with a clear horizon, to be entirely out of sight of it. In coming up the lake, we kept nearest the American side, and in consequence of which, saw no land on the north, but had a fair horizon on that side all the way. I was told by a gentleman, who was in Commodore Chauncy's squadron, that they had sounded near the middle of this lake, with 180 fathoms line, and could get no bottom. This ought not to astonish us; for that is not one third the depth below the surface of the lake, as the height of the Catskill mountains is above that of North River. The Geneva Lake, in Switzerland is 150 fathoms deep; and Loch Lomond, in Scotland 120; though neither of them, as to expanse, is to be compared with Ontario: But they are environed by mountains, which generally indicate deep water.* The coal mines in Whitehaven are sunk to the depth of 130 fathoms; besides being extended a considerable distance under the sea. The water of the lakes is as clear as any part of the salt seas, and in calm weather the bottom may be seen to the depth of several fathoms: therefore is it probable, that the Niagara has the most transparent waters of any river in the world. And the St. Lawrence continues limped to Montreal; aristocratically disdaining, as it were, to mingle with the tributary streams which help to make it. There is no better drinking water than that of the lakes; it being preferred to any of the neighbouring springs: And those who navigate them, never get short of that article, unless they get aground. We saw several sail of vessels,

* This La Perouse experienced in a harbour, bordered by peaked mountains, that he went in, on the north-west coast of America, (lat. 58, 37,) which was unfathomable.

standing in various directions, as we came up the lake: also several fish, leaping out of the water, and not dissimilar in size, shape, and activity, to some of those, seen in the bays and rivers on the Atlantic.

Aug. 13th. To return to our journey: Entering the Niagara river in the night, I had but an imperfect view of its mouth; as I also had of fort Niagara and fort George, with the settlements which are about them. Before daylight, we arrived at Lewistown; and at sunrise the passengers landed. Making up a coach-load of us, we posted off, up the Lewistown mountain; and after passing the Bloody Run and the Devil's Den, on our right, at 8 A. M. arrived at Whitney's Tavern, near the falls; and from thence, sallied forth, like true pilgrims, to behold, "the rushing of many waters," and the mammoth curiosity of the western world.

After the falling short of so many painters and poets, who have essayed to describe the cataract, the reader will not expect me to undertake it, with my sluggish prose. However, not to pass over so great a phenomenon in silence, I shall transport my reader to the sea-shore, in order to give him a representation. And there (if the beach be regular and bold, say ten fathoms water at a mile from it, so that the rollers will become large before they break,) let him watch a large roller, just as its curve begins to break, for such is the first break of Niagara Falls. Then if he will imagine that he sees this water continue to fall 150 feet perpendicular, (foaming white of course, till it strikes its frothy likeness below,) he will not have a faint idea of that astonishing water-fall. As to the extent of breakers, on a straight beach, I have often seen them of greater length, than the width of both Falls, including the precipice of Goat Island.

After breakfast I went on to Bath and Goat Islands, over those marvelous bridges, from which, should one be precipitated, there is no chance for salvation in this world, nor much time to prepare for the next; for he would be carried two or three hundred yards down the rapid, at the rate of a mile in three minutes; and then lulled into eternal sleep by falling 150 feet more, "down the vast abrupt." These bridges were projected and built by Judge Porter, and are the wonder and admiration of every one who visits the falls. And if we are to judge the Herculean energies of his mind by the Colossian obstacles they have striden, (this is Mr. Hume's axiom,) we

must not be surprised if he were to carve on the north promontory of his island, what Staserates proposed doing with Mount Athos, for Alexander the Great: and here he may substitute a second river for the city.

At the American side of the falls, it is not a wild wilderness as I had supposed, but something of a village; with a post-office, a nail, and carding manufacture; a grist mill, and saw mill; a large hotel, besides several farm houses, &c.

I saw Gen. Scott (for the first time) at the hotel, and I suppose he had been looking at the field, from whence he gathered his laurels; it being but a few miles from the falls.

After viewing the falls from every conspicuous position on the American side, at 5 P. M. I got a seat in a private carriage and proceeded up the east bank of Niagara river; passing in sight of Grand Island, which was so lately coveted for the New-Jerusalem; (it is to be hoped that none of our rivers will divide their waters, to accommodate any *particular people*;) and as daylight ended, crossed the ferry over Tonawanta creek. We came through Black-Rock village in the night, and at 11 P. M. arrived at Buffalo, where I remained two days.

Aug. 14th. I spent the following day in looking at the town, and its neighbourhood. Buffalo lies principally on one street, which is a mile and a half in length; about half built up; and many of the houses are of brick. It has no harbour, but they are using many efforts to make one. There is something of a contest between Black-Rock and Buffalo, in trying at which of the two places the Great Canal shall enter the Erie waters: and they have both their disadvantages; the latter by having no harbour, and the former by being two or three miles down the river, where there is a prodigious strong current: so strong indeed, that vessels seldom or never have a breeze sufficient to stem it; but are towed up by oxen.

Aug. 15th. I left Buffalo at 8 o'clock the following morning, and at 9 crossed the ferry from Black-Rock to Waterloo, on the British side. I next went to see the ruins of Fort Erie, about which, the mangled forest bears testimony of what I had read. From thence I descended the river shore, to the village, creek, and battle ground of Chippewa, and afterwards to the falls on the Canadian side. Here I spent three or four hours in viewing the cataract from all the eminences above, as well as from the gulf below, as I had done on the

American side. Leaving the falls, I visited the battle ground at Lundy's Lane; and then, that of Queenstown Heights, where Brock was slain. From this eminence I could see Lake Ontario. Going down the same acclivity which the brave Van Rensselaer had led his heroes up, I entered Queenstown village; and from there crossed the ferry to Lewistown; where, after a full day's exercise of both body and mind, I slept over night.

Aug. 16th. At 4 the next morning, I left Lewistown in the stage, and went through Cambria, Hartland, Ridgway, Gaine, Murray, Clarkson, Parma, and Gates; and at 9 p. m. arrived at Rochester, which lies on both sides of the Genesee river. We travelled this day, on what is called the Ridge Road, and which is thought, once to have been the shore of lake Ontario. The first part of the day, I was inclined to doubt this supposition; for the following reasons: First, because it has as much uniformity in its make, as if it had been done by the work of man. Secondly, I could not call to mind, from all the sea and river shores, on which I had been, or seen, any thing to resemble it. And thirdly, it has a declivity, for a quarter of a mile, on the inland side, not less than that on the side of the lake; and if it were once the beach, it must have had two or three fathoms water on the inside of it, and that, nearly its whole length. However, that it was once the border of the lake, the proofs I shall now give, leave no doubt. It is on a water level; runs parallel with the present shore of the lake; and but ten miles from it. The stones in it appear to have been worn round and smooth by the surf; and it is interspersed with clam shells, and other substances, similar to those of the present beach. And there are similar signs of a shore round the head of the lake in Upper Canada, and between the Oswego and Genesee rivers, in the state of New-York.

There is nothing supernatural in the fall of this water. Every sea or lake which is elevated above the level of the ocean, must at times vary in its height. For, if it has no outlet, it will be swollen by uncommon rains; and if it has an outlet, the channel of that, in the process of ages will wear away, and of course drain off the water. Of this, history is not altogether silent; and marine appearances furnish satisfactory proof. The lake by which the city of Mexico is encircled, in 1629, raised to such a degree, that 40,000 persons

were drowned. It was, and is the opinion of the learned, both ancient (they had a tradition of it in Diodorus Siculus' time) and modern, that the Black Sea was not only much higher, once, than it now is, but extended over the southern parts of Russia in Europe; that the high lands of the Crimea was an island; and, that the Aral, Caspian, and Euxine seas, formed one vast sheet of water, covering almost the whole plains of ancient Sarmatia.

There are now several gullies crossing this ridge, (from which we have above digressed,) through which, the back water runs off to the lake: and the bridges over these breaks, with the clearing of the land, was about all the labour required, in opening this beautiful and durable road, of nearly 70 miles in length. The land along this road appears to be excellent; and the growth of timber, as large and thrifty, as I ever saw in any country.

After what has been said, the reader will probably conclude with the author; that Lake Ontario has, in the process of time, receded from this ridge: but, whether this immense chain of causeway be the spontaneous production of Nature; or whether it were raised and equalized, for some momentous and useful purpose, by earthly beings like ourselves, the author left it in doubt: and for that reason, he will add no more, but dismiss the subject for the present.

Aug. 17th. Rochester has two bridges over the Genesee River; is situated about eight miles from its mouth; and at that point where the Great Canal is to cross. This town, which now has two or three hundred houses, has germinated from the wilderness within five or six years past; and from the surrounding stamina by which it is fertilized, I should not wonder if it were abundantly prolific. So rapid has this place grown, that the vacant lots in it, are covered with stumps, brush, and trunks of trees, like a newly cut forest.

The morning after I arrived in Rochester, I went to see the butments of that stupendous bridge at Carthage; which, when standing, was two hundred feet higher than the water it was built over. On my return, I took the stage from Rochester to Pittsford. Here, on meeting with a relation who had migrated from New-England twenty-five years prior; and recognizing one of the citizens with whom I had become acquainted seventeen years before in Calcutta, from which place we were a passage together, in the same ship, to the Isle

of France; and being so much gratified at the thoughts of our antipodal meetings, first on the bank of the Ganges, and now on that of the Genesee; that I was induced to stop a couple of days.

Aug. 18th. The next day I employed myself in looking at the numerous gangs, working on the Canal: and it is doubly gratifying to the American spectator, to behold with what systematic harmony this gigantic excavation is carried on. And what a contrast, in the manner in which such work has been done in other countries, and that in which it is here done! What a vast number of intrahalled Hebrews and others, must have perished in building the pyramids of Egypt! (Josephus tells us they were built by the Jews.) And what a horde of peasants were worked to death by the emperor of Russia, in raising the seite for Petersburg! While this American labour goes on as free as the works of Nature, who hoops not her orbs to keep the particles to their centre! This work is done mostly by the yeomanry of the country; who have comfortable livings at home; but are attracted here by the ready money of the state. They club together and take sections of it by the job: Then feeling all the independence of free men, and being stimulated by gain, they work as if they were extinguishing the fire of their own houses, which were not insured. And to contrast the habits and dignity of these republican labourers still farther: A modern traveller of credit, speaking of the Russians, says: "They are all, high and low, rich and poor, alike servile to superiors; haughty and cruel to their dependants; ignorant, superstitious, cunning, brutal, barbarous, dirty, mean. The emperor canes the first of his grandees; princes and nobles cane their slaves; and the slaves their wives and daughters. Ere the sun dawns in Russia, flagellation begins; and, throughout its vast empire, cudgels are going in every department of its population, from morning until night." If in the way of correction, a contractor, or a manager of the New-York canal, or even the governor of the state, was to lift his hand, or even threaten to strike any of the workmen, they would knock him down in an instant. And yet, if some of our affluent citizens were as vain, as were the monarchs of Egypt, they might rival their mausoleums by the voluntary diligence of freemen, who would be grateful for the employ. And such an act would more merit the notice of posterity: For these could only be

laughed at for their vanity, whilst the others would be abhorred for their despotic tyranny and oppression.

Aug. 19th. On the 19th, I went through Mendon and Victor to Canandauga, where I staid a night. All the houses in this village are on one street, which is about two miles in length; and of the private dwellings, Mr. Granger's appeared the most conspicuous.

Aug. 20th. I started at 4 the next morning, and passed through Gorham and Seneca, and breakfasted at Geneva: Thence through Waterloo, and Seneca Falls, and crossed a bridge over the Cauaga Lake, into a village of the same name. Near the bridge I saw a steam-boat, which runs as a packet from Cauaga to Ithica. Cauaga, Geneva, and Canandauga, have some resemblance to seaports; such as boats, wharves, rafts of lumber, &c.; and the lakes themselves appear like armlets of the sea.

The stage made no long stop at the above named village, but continued on to Auburn, where we arrived at 1 P. M.; and where I stopped for the remainder of the day, and the following night. The only notable thing in Auburn, that I shall admit here, is the New-York state-prison; which some of my fellow travellers called a *young Bastille*; and it occupies more than five acres of ground.

Aug. 21st. The next morning I went from Auburn to Weed's Basin; where, at 10 A. M. I embarked on the Great Canal; down which, we travelled day and night; through, and by, Jordan, Camillus, Onondaga lake and village, Salina, Liverpool, Syracuse, Manlius, &c.

Aug. 22d. After coming through Verona, Rome, Oriskany, and Whitestown, on the following day, at 9 A. M. arrived in Utica, a name associated with that of Cato! I spent my time till 4 P. M. in looking at, and about this place; and (to use the words of a countryman who was travelling from the west) "Its no fool of a town to grow up in thirty years." In the evening, through the courtesy of the opposition stage proprietor, I was conveyed through Beersfield, Schuyler, German-Flats, and Herkimer, to the Little-Falls, on the Mohawk, where I lodge over night.

Aug. 23d. At daybreak the next morning, I crossed the river, to see the construction of the locks, which were there building; but recrossed at sunrise, and took the stage for Albany. We travelled on the north bank of the Mohawk,

going through Manheim, St. Johnsville, Palatine, Caughaway, Tripe's Hill, and Amsterdam; and at 5 p. m. crossed the river on a bridge, into Schenectady. This is a neat and pleasant, though I believe not a flourishing town; and I suspect it has not much the appearance now, it had 131 years ago, when it was burnt, and its inhabitants massacred, by the French and Indians from Canada. From Schenectady, we continued for several miles, through a sterile waste; covered only with sand, and useless shrubs. At 8 p. m. we arrived in Albany, where I sojourned for three days; and the reader who has followed the meander of my insatiable curiosity thus far, will not suspect me for being housed during that time, if I were not to inform him, I visited every street, height of land, and public building, in and about the city.

Aug. 26th. In the morning of the 26th, I left Albany, and after crossing the Mohawk at the Cohoes, and going through Waterford, Stillwater, and Malta, made a short stay in Ballstown; where I drank of its waters, and took a peep into the Sans Souci. Here I met some acquaintances, enjoying what they called "voluptuous indolence," and quaffing plenteously, not of medicinal water, but of old Cognac Brandy, and L. P. Madeira. From Ballstown I went to Saratoga, where I arrived at 6 p. m. and took lodgings at Congress Hall.

Aug. 27th. The next day I drank copiously from the Congress spring, and took a survey of this singular valley, from whence boils up so much agitated water.

My boarding-house was this day honoured with a short visit from Gov. Clinton. I was present at the time, and saw him come and go; and thought him, (as Plutarch would say) a man of consular dignity; though not knowing, or suspecting, at the time, he was any thing more than a man. But no sooner had he gone, and I learnt (from a bystanding group) who he was, than I lamented in the extreme, not knowing while he was present, that I might have exercised all my physiognomical powers on this wonderful being, whom the electioneering cant, from Rio Roxo to St. Croix, has so profusely branded with the tribunitial epithet of *ambitious*.

In the evening I was present at a ball, where I saw the men of mind, eclipsed by those of fashion: "Knowledge may give weight," says Chesterfield, "but accomplishments only give lustre; and many more people see than weigh!"

I would fain have tarried longer at the springs; but the

following day being fixed upon, for the convention to meet at Albany; and not knowing, from the political phrenzy I saw raging in the component parts of the state, what desperate crushing of worlds there might be when they came together, I was anxious to be present.

Aug. 28th. Accordingly, the succeeding day, a social party of us hired a carriage, which took us to Waterford, where we went over the Hudson on a bridge, the first that crosses it from the ocean; thence through Lansingburg to Troy; where we recrossed the river in a horse-boat, and at 5 P. M. arrived in Albany.

Aug. 29th. At 10 the next morning, I took a seat in the gallery of the convention, which consisted of 126 members; and they made the most venerable and dignified appearance, of any equal number of men, I had ever seen collected. They were well dressed, not one aiming at singularity in that respect, and with the exception of two or three, their outward garments were of blue or black; and the most of them hazarded their scholastic fronts without "that dandified conductor of glances, and washerwoman's perplexer," (as a facetious newspaper calls them,) frilled shirts.

Here I saw, and had pointed out to me, Mr. Tompkins, our Vice President; Messrs. King and Van Beuren, the congressional senators of that state; beside a host of other eminent men, whom I had never seen, but from their political celebrity, long known.

Aug. 30th. At the opening of the convention the next day, I was roused from my careless yawnings by the Rev. Mr. C. who poured forth such an effusion of pulpit eloquence, as I never before heard incorporated in a prayer; nor did he more than once, stray from the philanthropic pathway of his master; in place of praying for, he dealt thunderbolts to the enemies of _____. Not so with St. Paul! "We require not of you a blind obedience; we teach, we prove, we persuade," says he.

I was pleased with a conciliatory speech of about twenty minutes, made by Mr. King, in prefacing some resolutions which he offered. And I suppose, during the two days I was there, I heard one third of the members have something to say. But, its being the first legislative proceedings, with the exception of Rhode-Island, which I have before stated, that I ever witnessed, I shall not decide who spoke the best; but a

county bordering on Pennsylvania, could boast the long-winded champion, who spoke the most, and most frequent. At the close of my second day, I was surfeited with conventional negotiations, and thanked heaven that I was a spectator, and not a member, that I might flee for succour when satiated with an exuberance.

Aug. 31st. I crossed the river the next morning, from Albany to Greenbush, and went through Schodac, and Nassau, to New-Lebanon Spring.

This spaw, which affords water sufficient to carry a grist-mill half the time, is situated on the side of a valley, that has three or four small villages besides the Shaker's; and is a most delightful and romantic spot. The lofty circumjacent mountains, having gradual ascents, being cultivated to their tops, and proportioned into squares of woods, orchards, and green fields, render the picturesque scenery of its landscape, extremely grand and charming to the sight, whilst it awakens, elevates, and exhilarates the soul.

Sept. 1st. The succeeding day, in company with two gentlemen, who were stimulated by rarities like myself, I visited the Stephentown mountain, which lies about six miles north of the spring: and from whose top we could see the North river, the Catskill mountains, and a great distance up and down the country, to the north and south. A few rods from this mountain's utmost height, a farmer with a large family has his house; which novelty, moved one of our company to repeat the following line, quoted by Dr. Johnson, (Ram. No. 161.) into the mouth of his tenant of the garret:

“ This habitant the aerial regions boast.”

Sept. 2d. The following day being Sunday, in company with many more of the world's people, I attended divine service at the Shaking Quakers' meeting. And here we saw, and heard them pray, preach, exhort, sing, and dance; but with so much solemnity, that I believe none of us came away doubting the sincerity of their worship. And I believe no one who admits Dr. Paley's position to be true; that “ a man who is in earnest about religion cannot be a bad man,” will doubt their goodness.

It has become a contagious saying of other sectarians who visit them, that, “ they are a deluded people;” and this may be true; for it is most likely that the whole human race are under a delusion. But as to what they allude: if the first

Christian were to descend amongst the Shakers, he would probably find as little to condemn, as among any of the other sects who profess to be his followers!

One cannot but admire the pious harmony, republican equality, and primitive Christianity, which pervades their little commonwealth. They practise with uncommon caution, that precept which Chesterfield so strenuously recommends to his son; not to make their inferiors feel their inferiority. They converse freely with all those who visit them, high, low, rich, or poor, learned, or unlearned; nor did I in but one instance see them refuse a reply to the numerous questions which were put to them: and this, which was spoken with unblushing arrogance, they only answered with silence. And so consonant was their behaviour in this respect, to that which Voltaire versifies of Christ himself, when presumptuously interrogated, I cannot forbear giving it a place :

“ When he, who truths divine to mortals taught,
Was before Pilate by vile traitors brought:
What is the truth, the Roman Prætor cried,
With all the haughty majesty of pride?
The man divine, who all truth could explain,
Made no reply, but silence and disdain.
This silent eloquence may serve to show
That men were never made, the truth to know;
But when a simple citizen, inspired
With love of truth, the God’s advice required,
When as a sage disciple he explored,
How God, by mortal man, should be adored;
The heavenly envoy, with the subject fired,
Declared the truth, the truth by God inspired,
And in one word the will divine expressed,
Love God, and love his creatures to be blest.”

In dress, the Shakers carry their plainness to the other extreme. So (as was said of the rags of Antisthenes) that a person can see a little pride in their nice old fashioned cut clothes; their superabounding shirt sleeves, tied up with the old time sleeve-strings, &c. They are remarkably neat in all their house and kitchen affairs, which they are not backward in showing to the strangers who visit them. But after all their neatness, like the generality of Christians, they abstain not from, but feed most grossly upon swine’s flesh: that part of the Mosaic law which forbids that, being given by the Lord, expressly for the Jews.

Sept. 3d. On the following day, with some reluctance, I left the *Tempe* of my tour; and proceeded through Hancock, Pittsfield, Dalton, Hinsdale, Peru, Worthington, and Chesterfield; in which town, the stage was arrested by the storm, that done so much damage in the city of New-York, and state of Connecticut. On our road, this day, we came over several ranges of the Green Mountains, of no ordinary height and magnitude. The only village of note that we came through, was Pittsfield. It appears to be a flourishing town, is situated near the head of Housatonic river, and in the midst of a fertile plain; which is (something like Transylvania in Europe, Cashmere in Hindoostan, and St. Thomas' of the Vale in the island of Jamaica,) environed by mountains.

Sept. 4th. At 1 o'clock in the morning, the gale having somewhat abated, we started again, and after three hours difficult travelling, arrived in Northampton.

In the afternoon, I crossed Connecticut river and ascended Mount Holyoke. From this elevated spot, which is about 1000 feet higher than the river, I had an extensive view over the adjacent country: and from here I looked down on to the plains of Old-Hadly, where the brave Capt. Holyoke, one hundred and forty-two years before, had his horse killed under him; and with his own personal strength and courage, beat off five infuriated Indian warriors. In extent, we could see Hancock mountain to the west; that of Wachusett to the north-east; and the East and West rocks, near New-Haven, and Long Island to the south: and nearer to us, counted the spires of twenty-three parish churches.

As the distances seen from several eminences which I visited in the course of this tour, may seem incredible to those who live in a champaign country; and as I am not versed in spherical trigonometry, to calculate how far objects may be seen over the curve of the horizon; and such tables as I have seen being at war with my own practical knowledge; I shall digress, to relate what I have myself experienced, and also, as far as I can recollect, what I have read on the subject: though I deny doing of it through ostentation, or the desire of telling what I have seen; and hope for readers who will credit me for a nobler motive.

I have seen the island of Masafuero (whose inhabitants, if it has any at this time, are the antiscii to those who live in Columbia, S. C.) one hundred and thirty miles; and I had it

from the captain, with whom I was there a sealing, that he once made it precisely at 12 o'clock in the day, when he had a good observation, and found himself forty-four miles north of its latitude; it bearing E. by S. 1-2 S. (true course) which every navigator knows, gives a distance of 152 miles: and in running the distance, the log agreed with his observation. But this, he observed, was a remarkably clear day; and though the land could be distinctly seen from the tops, it could but just be discerned, above the horizon, from the deck. Therefore, this is the utmost extent that island can be seen.

Neither is Masafuero so uncommonly high; the following islands, which I have seen, and most of them, been on, appear to me of about the same elevation: St. Paul's, Amsterdam, Mauritius, and Bourbon, in the Indian ocean; Table mountain, (which is not an island,) at the Cape of Good Hope; Tristram de Acunha, St. Helena, and Ascension, in the South Atlantic ocean; Fogo, of the Cape Verd Islands; Madeira; Pico, of the Azores; and St. Vincent, Martinico, Hispaniola, and Jamaica, in the West Indies: and, as it is not every day, that a book is written by one who has seen them all, I shall give it as my opinion, that either of them may be seen, with a pellucid atmosphere, that is, before the earth's rotundity intercepts the sight, from 120 to 180 miles. I mean the distance from their summits, and not from the shore; for some of their mountains are a considerable distance in the interior: Masafuero is but 14 miles in circumference.

While I was in the Pacific ocean, we made the Andes mountains, on the Peruvian coast, about one hundred miles S. E. of Lima, at the distance of three degrees from the shore; (I kept the ship's way at the time, and had a right to know;) and when we first saw them, they were as high above the horizon, as the sun at half an hour after it has risen or before it sets. Now if we allow that part seen, to be one hundred miles from the shore, then we saw it at the distance of two hundred and eighty miles. And had we been looking out for land, before we raised it above the horizon by our approach, we probably might have seen it fifty miles further. And taking all the circumstances into consideration, I have no doubt but that the highest part of the Andes may be seen, with a favourable atmosphere, three or four hundred miles off. Nor will this appear so marvellous to the reader, if he casts his eye over the map of South America, and sees situated in the same

ridge that we saw, some of the sources of the Amazon; which, after their departure, have to run down a descent of 3,500 miles before they come to the level of the sea. South America is the only continent that has its highest mountains so near the borders of the ocean: no doubt, if the most elevated land on the desert of Cobi, whence rise the Ganges, the Irtysh, and the Yan-tse-Kiang, had been placed on Cape Comorin, (the ancient Comorea,) but that it might be seen nearly as far south as the equator.

I have read in newspapers and journals, of several lands that have been seen forty leagues at sea; but the only two of which, whose heights I find recorded in Brooks' Gazetteer, are the mountains of Owhyhee, and those of Greenland.

There are ancient authors, both prosaic and poetic, who assert that the Euxine and Adriatic seas may be seen from the peak of Mount Hæmus: the whole distance is about four hundred miles, leaving two hundred each way. But, on referring to Lemprière's Classical Dictionary, I see that this is denied by Strabo.

It has been reiterated by ancient (I have read translations only; for I know not a word of the learned languages,) and modern writers, and I have never seen it discredited, that the tower built in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, on the island of Pharos, near the western embouchure of the Nile, could be seen one hundred miles. And yet, if that island is as low as all lands that I have seen, at the mouths of great rivers, the tower, to be seen, that far, must have been, not only higher than any steeples in our time, but even higher than the temple of Belus itself. The tables only allow an object one mile in height, to be seen at ninety-six miles distance.

Moses, at the age of 120, saw places from Mount Pisgah, about eighty miles distant. We read in Deu. chap. 34, verses 1, 2, 3, that he saw to the utmost sea, (which was the Mediterranean,) and as far as Zoar. Zoar, a place noted as the retreat of Lot, (when Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by fire and brimstone from heaven,) is supposed to have been situated at the southern extremity of the lake Asphaltites, which is about seventy-five miles in length: And mount Nebo, where Moses went up to die, is ten miles, or thereabouts, north of this lake.

Mr. Edward D. Clarke, the celebrated modern traveller, who saw the Caucasian mountains from the plains of Kuban

Tartary, asserts that Mount Chat, its highest peak, can be seen at the distance of two hundred miles; and he has cited two or three Russian travellers and writers, of veracity, who attest the same. Nor does he consider its altitude greater than that of Mont Blanc, of the Alps.

Mr. Clarke, in another place tells us, that vessels sailing up the Black sea, betwixt the capes of the Crimea and Paphlagonia, may discern the land on either side. This distance I cannot exactly ascertain; but it must be over two hundred miles across, making the distance seen one hundred.

The same indefatigable author, who ascended Gargarus, the highest point of Mount Ida, (and a most sublime prospect it must have been, to a man whose mind was stored with the classical and scientific learning of ages, as was that of Mr. Clarke!) writes as follows: “What a spectacle! All European Turkey, and the whole of Asia Minor, seemed as it were modelled before me on a vast surface of glass. The great objects draw my attention first; afterwards I examined each particular place with minute observation. The eye, roaming to Constantinople, beheld all the sea of Marmora, the mountains of Prusa, with Asiatic Olympus, and all the surrounding territory; comprehending, in one wide survey, all Propontis and the Hellespont, with the shores of Thrace and Chersonesus, all the north of the Ægean, Mount Athos, the islands of Imbrus, Samothrace, Lemnos, Tenedos, and all beyond, even to Eubœa; the gulf of Smyrna, almost all Mysia, and Bithynia, with part of Lydia and Ionia. Looking down upon Troas, it appeared spread as a lawn before me. I distinctly saw the course of the Scamander through the Trojan Plain to the sea,” &c. Some of these distances, especially those to Eubœa and Constantinople, measure (on such maps as I have access to) over one hundred and fifty miles.

This much I thought it become me to say, concerning heights of land, and the distances which they might be seen; because learned men write with so much diffidence on that subject; and because unlearned travellers so seldom report what they have seen, to the world. Were I better read, I have no doubt I could say more to elucidate the subject; but I have never perused the writings and maps of Strabo, D’Anville, and Major Rennel; neither have I read the travels of Shaw, Bruce, Park, or Volney; therefore I must say to my reader, in phrase similar to the apostle’s; classic lore

have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee. I now return to my journey.

Sept. 5th. I loitered about Northampton the following day, but saw only one object to record, whose founder will live in history, and that is, the house where once resided Gov. Strong.

Sept. 6th. At 2 o'clock the next morning I left Northampton, and passed through Hadley, Amherst, Belchertown, Ware, Western, Brookfield, Spencer, and Leicester, and at 1 p. m. left the stage at Worcester, in whose neighbourhood I staid six days. There is nothing I can add to this forenoon's travel, except that of the stage passengers (who were all shopkeepers) being entertained by a young man's reciting Cowper's ballad of John Gilpin, in coming through the town of Ware.

While in Worcester, I visited their county house, which is founded on a plan similar to that of our state prisons. I also went to see the Antiquary; and on entering its enclosure I saw a tall elderly gentleman, to whom I essayed to introduce myself; however, had not the address to gain admittance; but was made to understand, that it was seldom visited by any persons except they were learned or scientific men. I was asked where I was from, and answering South-Carolina, he told me that, he had lived in Charleston before I was born: and that he may have done, if he lived there some three dozen years before this year.

Sept. 11th. The tavern where I put up, (Col. Sykes') was on the 11th, honoured for several hours with a most venerable and distinguished guest; Mr. John Adams, who was once president of the United States: and this was the first time I had ever seen him. The Worcester folks were highly gratified, and they say, he once taught a school in that town. His son, the secretary of state, was with him; as was also Mr. Boylston.

Not being known to any person present, who was acquainted either with Mr. Adams or his son, I did not speak to him: and which I have since regretted. But my soul being on its guard at the time, against the frowns of mankind in general, and following its impulse of the moment, classed him with the rest: a little reflection, however, convinced me, that the real great man, might always be approached without the fear of a wounded sensibility; their minds, like thermo-

meters, are instantaneously adjusted to every grade of intellect, from the highest to the lowest. He would have guessed my motive, and pardoned the intrusion.

Sept. 12th. At 1 p. m. the next day, I left Worcester, and took the old road, through Shrewsbury, Northborough, Marlborough, Sudbury, East-Sudbury, Weston, Watertown, and Cambridge, to Boston; where I arrived at 8 in the evening; and saw at the house where I lodged, Capt. Patridge with six of his cadets.

Sept. 13th. The following day I returned to Salem, in which place I spent four days, about my own affairs; and during that time, have nothing wonderful to relate.

Sept. 17th. On the 17th I left Salem, on a tour to the state of Maine. As we passed through that part of the town called North-Field, I saw the farm which was, 194 years ago, the habitation of Gov. Endicot, their first settler. Our stage proceeded through Danverse, Middleton, Topsfield, Rowly, and Newbury; and at 1 p. m. arrived at Newburyport.

Here I found a variety of things to look at. I first went to see the chain bridge over the Merimack; and, from its structure, concluded, that if the one whose ruins I saw at Carthage, had been so hung, it could not have fallen.

I next visited the tavern, which was formerly the residence of Mr. Dexter; and here I saw the ruins, and some of the monuments, of his notorious singularities.

From this, I went to look at the sagacity of an elephant that was exhibiting in the place.

Thence to the lower part of the town, where I could see Plumb Island; and Salisbury beach from whence, in 1692. the bewitched oxen swam off to sea; (see John Allen's* tes-

* Mr. Allen, and the rest of the witnesses against those unfortunate persons who were hung for witchcraft, were, from their religious sanctity, or semblance rather, never suspected of swearing falsely; and, as the court had ten or a dozen such witnesses in each case, and the laws of God and man, that, "thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," to justify and bear them out, why should they not condemn them? I see by Judge Blackstone's Commentaries, vol. 4. page 62. that this *law of God* has been repealed, or abrogated by the British lords, &c.; and yet these men have never been branded with the terrifying epithet (which has been substituted, with tolerable success, by Protestants, in place of the old Catholic word, *heretic*,) of *infidels*. The following is the passage (from the orthodox Blackstone, as Mr. Gibbon calls him,) alluded to: "But all executions for this *dubious* crime are now at an end; our legislature having at length followed

timony, at the trial of Susanna Martin; in "Salem Witchcraft," pages 262—264; also, "Wonders of the Invisible World," (written by a Christian philosopher,) p. 114—116.)

Sept. 18th. I left Newburyport the next morning at 6 o'clock, and travelled through Salisbury, Seabrook, Hampton-Falls, Hampton, Northampton, and Greenland, and at 10 A. M. arrived in Portsmouth.

This place is kept alive, by reason of its being the shipping capital of a state, having a bold harbour, and its proximity to the United States navy-yard, which is on the other side of Piscataqua river, and in the state of Maine.

Sept. 19th. Leaving Portsmouth at 6 the next morning, I took the upper road, through Newington, Dover, Berwick, and entering the township of Wells, was amazed with the form of our road; and after noticing of it for a quarter of a mile, I told a gentleman in the stage, to whom I had been describing the ridge in the state of New-York, that what we were then travelling on, had exactly the appearance of it: and the stage driver overhearing what I had said, told us that this was called the Maryland Ridge. We travelled four miles on it, and I think the driver said, it was ten or twelve miles in length. It is about the same distance from the sea, as the one in New-York is from the lake; and from the singular uniformity, and formation of these mounds, having two or three layers one upon another like steps, diminishing at the top, I conclude that they both received their shape, from the inhabitants of this same opaque sphere on which we live. Nor can their enormous magnitude be objected to such a conclusion; for the labour could not have been more, than an equal length of the Chinese wall. Perhaps my superficial and irregular education, and the short lapse of time between my viewing these prodigious causeways, have led me to say more of them than the reader may think their importance merits. But the nature of authors, like that of other animals,

the wise example of Louis XIV. in France, who thought proper by an edict to restrain the tribunals of justice from receiving information of witchcraft. And accordingly it is with us enacted by statute, 9 Geo. II. c. 5., that no prosecution shall for the future be carried on against any person for conjuration, witchcraft, sorcery, or enchantment. But the misdemeanor of persons pretending to use witchcraft, tell fortunes, or discover stolen goods by skill in the occult sciences, is still deservedly punished with a year's imprisonment, and standing four times in the pillory."

is to dwell most on what dwells most on their minds: a person following a rill for ten miles through a champaign and hilly country, may see all the varieties in miniature, that he can see on the great chain of waters, from Quebec to Lake Erie; but when his thought is drawn into the vortex of these undiscoverable phenomena, it harrows up the finest fibres of the imagination, rouses all the pondering powers into action, and tortures the mind in vain to decide whether it beholds the rectangular fabrics of art decayed, or the equiponderant lineaments of nature distorted.

From Wells we continued through Kennebunk, Biddeford, Saco, and Scarborough, and got into Portland at 5 p. m.

I came into the state of Maine, before the electioneering tempest for governor had subsided; and I came out of it, under a full conviction, that this irritable daughter of Massachusetts, inherits all the political, primeval fire, of her freakish mother.

Sept. 20th. I employed myself the next day in looking at the town. The huge piles of lumber which lie on their wharves, are the most striking objects to a stranger; and it is not an uncommon thing to see fifty teams of a day come in loaded with that article. I was in their observatory, from which place I could see over "a large extent of both sea and land:" I could see the light-house at the mouth of Kennebec river, to the east; the spacious horizon of the Atlantic, to the south; Agamenticus mountain, (a noted landmark for New-England sailors, and which I had seen nineteen years before from sea,) to the west; and the White mountains, in New-Hampshire, to the north; but, have no superlative to bestow upon them, as I have seen the Andes.

Sept. 21st. The next day I pursued my journey to the east, [in search of more light, as the masons say,] through Falmouth, North-Yarmouth, Freeport, Brunswick, Topsham, Bowdoinham, Gardiner, and at 6 p. m. arrived at Hallowell.

Sept. 22d. I procured a chaise the next morning, in which I went to Augusta; and here I crossed the Kennebec river, to, and fro, on a bridge; the first one built over it from the sea. From Augusta I went fourteen miles back from the river, to Readfield, where I dined with an old schoolfellow, whom I had not seen for twenty years; and in whose class I read in monosyllables, when we had Burroughs for a master.

After spending three hours in flippant conversation; resisting all his unaffected solicitations for me to tarry a week; we expressed our mutual regret, that old Massachusetts should have to bear so great a part in peopling other states; and I bid him adieu. From Readfield I returned to Hallowell, which place, like Algiers, is situated on the side of a hill; and, although the principal street of business is on the margin of the river, the fourth or fifth one back, is higher than the upper town at Quebec.

While at Hallowell, I conversed with a man who resides sixty miles farther up the Kennebec river, that had been through Arnold's route with a drove of cattle, to Quebec; and was there at the time I was. I speak of this route, because it is destined, whenever there shall be a stage road opened through, to become the fashionable one to or from Canada. The inhabitants of Maine can have no idea what a throng of tasty travellers they would allure through their state by such a road; for those who make the tour of Canada at present, have to travel that part from Montreal to Quebec twice over.

Sept. 23d. I took passage in a vessel the next day, and sailed down the river; passing Gardiner, Mr. Gardiner's farm, and Swan Island, on the right; and Dresden, &c. on the left; and at 5 p. m. landed in Bath.

This town, which grew from ship-building, will probably thrive again, when they have plenty of more ships to build.

Sept. 24th. The next morning I took to my old mode of travelling, the stage; and went from Bath to Brunswick, thence through the same towns as when going eastward, and at 4 p. m. arrived in Portland.

Sept. 25th. I left Portland at 4 o'clock the next morning, in the Boston mail stage; and passed through, and stopped from five to twenty-five minutes, in each of the following towns: Scarborough, Saco, Biddeford, Kennebunk, Wells, York, Kittery, Portsmouth, Greenland, Northampton, Hampton, Hampton-Falls, Seabrook, Salisbury, Newburyport, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Hamilton, Wenham, and Beverly; and at 8 p. m. stopped at Salem; though the stage continued to Boston the same night, which makes one hundred and twenty miles it runs in the day.

Such rapid transitions, through so many flourishing towns,

in so short a period; whilst the sense of seeing gormandizes all the aliment that comes within its grasp; so bewilders and saturates the mind, that it requires time to ruminate and digest its superabundant prey; therefore, I remained three days stationary.

Sept. 28th. On the 28th, I made a jaunt through Beverly, Manchester, and Gloucester, on to the highest land near Cape Ann. While here (to be candid) I did not behold the sea-serpent, but as a proof of the moving commerce of New-England, I counted in the offing from Boston to Newburyport, (exclusive of Chebacco boats,) seventy-three sail of vessels, standing in and out, to and from the neighbouring ports. I returned through Chebacco, (now Essex,) Hamilton, Wenham, and Beverly, to Salem; where I was located for five days more.

While on the above excursion, I heard the following dialogue between two of the natives of one of the towns, where I had stopped for refreshment. One was a tavern-keeper, and the other a ship-master, who sails out of Boston, but was home on a visit. Without addressing myself to either of them in particular, I observed that, the sea-serpent had not been seen there of late: when the captain got up from his chair, (looking at me with the eyes of Lavater, as if to discover whether I were *quizing* or not,) stuck his hands into his pantaloons pockets, stalked across the room with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and aiming his voice more at the landlord than me, answers, and exclaims: "No, dam um, nor they never did see him!" *Host.* "O, but I beg your pardon, sir! I can produce you more than twenty that saw him; and as respectable men as any in this town." *Capt.* "Why don't they see him now-a-days?" *Host.* "Why don't you see Gen. Washington now-a-days?" *Capt.* "Because he's dead." *Host.* "Well, and in all probability the sea-serpent's dead." *Capt.* "Yes, he's as dead as hell! and what's better, you havn't superstition enough left in Essex county to resuscitate him: but who kill'd him? Not those that went after him in boats! No! he received his mortal wound from the satiric harpoon of a southern author! As soon as the story was ridiculed, no body that read the newspapers saw him: nor has he been seen since; unless by a few p—r d—ls, who don't know that his existence is generally disbelieved." *Host.* "Do you believe

all these men liars, who have taken a Bible oath that they saw him?" *Capt.* "Do you believe all those witnesses perjured themselves, that swore on the holy evangelists, that they knew the people to be witches who were hung in Salem; and that they had seen them in the shape of cats, dogs, and toads?" *Host.* "Ah! it's no use to talk! Some folks don't believe any thing!" *Capt.* "And some folks believe every thing that those about them happen to believe! [A pause of twenty seconds.] How the devil comes it, that this county is more favoured with these things than any other part of the United States? [A pause of ten seconds.] Moll Pitcher, the fortune-teller, who died a few years ago at Lynn, declared to me, that she got twice as much custom from Salem as she did from Boston, though the latter place has four times the population; and she lived at an equal distance from each." *Host.* "What the devil has Salem, or its witches, or Moll Pitcher, to do with this place and the sea-serpent? But since you have spoken of these things, let me ask you one question: don't you suppose there have been persons gifted with supernatural power and knowledge, of foretelling things, of changing themselves into other animals, raising the dead, &c.? Don't you believe that Samuel was raised up at the request of Saul?" *Capt.* "What do you believe about it? I would like to know your opinion first." *Host.* "Well, then, I believe it, as firmly as I believe that I am standing on this floor." Here the argument turned, with polemic violence, upon the witch of Endor, and the entity or nonentity of Samuel's defunct body; and on account of its length, I cannot give it place; besides, I might render the captain unpopular in other counties over and above Essex.

Oct. 3d. Now let us reclaim our reader from "that old serpent, which is the devil," to the more pleasing theme of gallantry.

On the 3d of October, I was honoured in conducting one of the fair daughters of Naumkeag, to see the boasted Cradle of Liberty. We left Salem after breakfast, and rode through the wild imagery of rocks and barberry bushes, which hem in the turnpike road; and entering Lynn, we drove with greater speed, that the damsel might not be annoyed by the miasm, which arises from the abominable and unmannerly practice of burning scraps of leather; thence through Saugus and Chel-

sea, and over Chelsea bridge; and in coming through Charlestown, my conversation was for a moment unheeded, on account of some tall men with golden shoulderstraps, who must needs pop out of the navy-yard gate, just as we passed; and from this over Charlestown bridge, when and where we entered in and upon the town, peninsula, and literary and pecuniary emporium of Boston. After looking out for entertainment, at a becoming house, we walked on to the highest hill, and from thence ascended to the highest spire in the city, which is the cupola of the state-house. From this lofty eminence, I did not tempt my consort with all the kingdoms of the earth, but I pointed out to her all the notable towns, islands, bridges, wharves, and public buildings, in, and about the neighbourhood of Boston: and, I feel it incumbent, before the subject is changed, to recommend such of my readers as may visit this metropolis, and whose minds are not wholly riveted upon dollars, to visit this enchanting prospect. There is, perhaps, no one point in the western hemisphere, from Terra del Fuego to M'Kenzie's sea, whence can be seen so much of the works of art, reign so triumphantly over the face of nature; for there is no other city in the United States, and probably in America, whose suburb towns, would claim the attention of a universal geographer.

After dinner, we rode out over the Great Avenue, (for, as Mr. Gibbon would not allow his history to call Belisarius a cuckold, I cannot reproach this noble piece of work with the name of Mill-Dam,) through the Punch-bowl, and as far as Jamaica Plains, in Roxbury. This place has become a famous retreat for the Boston gentry, whose mansions are too splendid for an humble traveller to approach. From the plains, we returned by the way of Roxbury Neck, to Boston; and in the evening, attended the theatre. Here we saw Mr. Hilson in the Sleep-Walker; and besides, two tragicomical pieces which I "forgot to remember."

Oct. 4th. The next day, after walking through some of the principal streets, we went out of Boston over Cambridge bridge; thence rode round, through Cambridge-Port, to Charlestown; and went on to Bunker's Hill. Here we beheld another theatre—But, alas! the applauded actors were no more! They had fallen, not like those mock heroes we had so lately seen; who rise and live when the curtain drops;

their deaths are real! but their patriotism shall live, in American story; till Liberty's curtain, with that of light, shall have its everlasting fall!

From thence we crossed Malden bridge, and took the old road, (on account of its being some miles farther,) through Malden, Chelsea, Saugus, and Lynnfield, to Salem; where I delivered the fair one safe to her friends; after relating to her, "all my travel's history." "Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;" "hair-breadth 'scapes," &c. though, not with that profit which Othello told his.

Oct. 10th. Six days more did I remain in Salem, occupied only in worldly and mercantile affairs, (unworthy of notice in a grave diary,) and on the seventh day, went by way of Boston, to see the famous Cattle-Show at Brighton.

Of the cattle, there has been enough said without the aid of my impotent pen; but, of the numerous specimens of broad-clothes and cassimeres, had I (who am no judge of dry goods) seen them in the mart of one of our great cities, I should have taken them for first quality English goods. The multiplicity of new invented machines, which were presented there, reminded me of the overloaded Patent Office at Washington; nor did I rack my brains with their intricacies. The Leghorn bonnets were most beautiful; and if I could have my wish, (as children, and lottery ticket buyers say,) it would be, that they had been in Sparta at the time of Lycurgus, and Plutarch transmitted to us his (*Lycurgus'*) opinion thereon.

After the exhibition was over, I returned to Boston, where I filled up the vacuity of the day, by going to see the Panorama of Athens.

Oct. 11th. I went again to Brighton on the following day, to witness a ploughing match which was there appointed to take place: and here I had a sample of that manly exercise, which employs our nobility, who ever will be the stamina of the land. The ploughmen who took the premiums, were from Worcester county, a section proverbially called the backbone of the state.

I afterwards returned to Boston, where I read in the New-England Galaxy, the marvellous works of Mr. Maffit.

Oct. 12th. I left Boston at 2 the next morning, and in seven hours got out of the stage in Worcester. From this, I went to a neighbouring town, where I spent eight days, in

rambling over the land of my youth; and for the particulars in that time, I do not feel myself accountable to the reader: but as an equivalent for which, I will give him a brief description of the county, and town of Worcester: and, that he may be on his guard against my local prejudice, I shall inform him, as I have before hinted, that I drew my first breath in this county.

If Massachusetts, by having New-Hampshire and Vermont on the north, and Rhode-Island and Connecticut on the south, be called the middle of the New-England states; then Worcester county, by occupying the centre of that state, may, with propriety be styled the heart of New-England. Worcester is the largest county in the state; and larger in extent, if not in population, than the state of Rhode-Island. Its form (were it not for a nook, made by Middlesex, in the N. E. part) is something like an oblong square; its length from New-Hampshire to Connecticut, about forty-five miles; and its breadth from Framingham in Middlesex county, to Ware in Hampshire county, about thirty-five. The following towns are situated on its four corners; Ashburnham, (or Harvard,) on the N. E. Mendon on the S. E. Southbridge on the S. W. and Royalston on the N. W. It occupies the height of land, between Massachusetts Bay, and the vale of Connecticut river; and the following rivers, Nashua, Pautucket, Quinebaug, Chickapee, and Miller's, which empty into the Merimac, the Ocean, and the Connecticut; all have their sources in this county. It has fifty-four towns in it, and judging those that I have not seen, by those which I have, they would average three villages to each. The land in this county is hilly, but not cragged; stony, though not too much so for arable use: and for grazing, it is probably excelled by no part of the United States. It is overspread with cultivated farms, which are not often large; and, as they are generally owned by occupants, I should guess that it might boast of ten thousand landholders. Here society is innocent, whilst the manners of the people are (for the country) polished and refined. The universal religion, has made rapid strides in this county; and there are sections of it, that refuse to employ such ministers as preach eternal damnation to their inhabitants. A classical writer, who expected classical readers, might call this county, the Arcadia of the New-England Peloponnesus; *i. e.* that part

of New-England, peninsulated by the Merimac and Connecticut rivers. If the number of emigrants and cosmopolites, that this county has produced, could be ascertained, it would astonish the best geographers of our country. I have encountered them in Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, and the Isles; and while on this perambulation, I saw whole settlements, in the state of Maine, and about Buffalo, and Genesee and Mohawk rivers, in New-York state: and I was not a little chagrined, to meet a few of them located in Canada. There are about fifty from that county, in Charleston, S. C. And yet, notwithstanding all this egression, the towns appear to keep good their numbers; but there is now, actually, a countercurrent setting from the western parts of New-York state, into Massachusetts; and I saw several young men, who had found the way back, to the land of their sires.

Worcester, is also the name of the shire town. It is situated a little south of central, and is pronounced by the cant echo of travellers, to be the handsomest inland town in America. It lies forty miles west of Boston, on the great stage road, and at that point whence it forks, for the cities of New-York and Albany. It was not far from where Worcester now is, that Philip, the Mount-Hope chief, in 1679, assembled his warriors to go against Taunton: what a change, in twice three score and ten years!

Before I resume locomotion, I shall employ a paragraph on the vehicles of my transportance; though it may not be (as the lawyers say) exactly in point. A gentleman who resides in Worcester, told me, that he was a proprietor, or the proprietor, of the first public stage that run in the United States; and, that there was no improvement in the country, which he beheld with more astonishment than that of their augmented numbers; which are now moving in every direction, and all over the republican empire; from Penobscot to St. Mary's rivers, along the Atlantic, and as far back, as the Mississippi and the lakes. I have no doubt but that there are twenty stages, leave Boston daily; and it is magical to view them, (from the state-house dome,) darting out like radii, in various points of the compass. There are probably half as many, go every day from Albany. And in the little town of Taunton, I was accosted by four stage drivers at once, each

asking, to which place I would please to go, New-Bedford, Newport, Providence, or Boston.

Oct. 20th. On the 20th, I went from Charlton to Brookfield, where I took the stage; and after passing through Western, Palmer, and Wilbraham, at 8 in the evening stopped in Springfield.

Oct. 21st. The next day I spent in looking at the town, river, bridge and neighbouring villages; and it being Sunday, I had to put up with an external view of the United States armory.

It may not be unsavory here, to observe, that there are twelve bridges over Connecticut river; from Hartford, which has the first from its mouth, to Liman's where I crossed when going to Canada. The one at Springfield appeared the longest that I saw; but I imagine they average a furlong each; and the river at the uppermost, bears not a less dissuasive aspect, for such an undertaking, than does the Congaree at Columbia.

Oct. 22d. I went over the bridge at 2 A. M. into West-Springfield; and travelled through Westfield, Russel, Chester, Becket, Lee, Stockbridge, West-Stockbridge, and left the Albany stage at Canaan. I this day, for the third time in my circumambulations, crossed the Green Mountains, the highest ridge of which, was in the town of Becket; and it has elegant farms on its very summit.

Oct. 23d. After sojourning the remainder of ^{the} ^{not} day, and the night, and a part of the coming day in the land of Canaan, which is a land that floweth with milk and honey; (to be serious, I have never seen a better township of land;) and after sleeping all the night long at the house of a Canaanite, and eating meat, and drinking strong coffee at his table; I bargained with a foward youth to carry me to Hudson, which lieth on the great river at the west, which is towards the going down of the sun.

About half way on our road, we stopped at Ghent, where I concluded a supplementary treaty with my conveyer: to give his horse some oats, and himself such stimulating cordial, as he said his soul loveth; and, as an equivalent for which, he was to get me into Hudson an hour before the steam-boat from Albany should pass.*

* Treaty of Ghent. There are great temptations for a writer to play with the villages in the state of New-York: since, to get names

At 12 A. M. I arrived at the river and town of Hudson; where I was amazed, as I had been on the road, to see the quantities of produce which was pouring into this place. Much of it comes from the adjoining states; for most of the farmers, who occupy that part of Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, lying on the western declivity of the Green Mountains, resort to the bank of North river for a market: countrymen are as fond of driving loaded carts down hill, as sailors are of rowing with the current. A majority of the houses in Hudson, are on one street, which extends directly back from the river.

After taking a satisfactory view of the place; waiting on tiptoe for the steam-boat; being cheated out of my dinner; and eating apples about the streets, like a true New-Englander, the Richmond came along, and at 3 P. M. I embarked. We came down the river with great rapidity, and made the first stop at Catskill village, from which the mountains of the same name, appear not far distant. But we came past all the most interesting parts of the river, Poughkeepsie, Fishkill, Newburgh, West Point, and the Highlands, in the night, after I had taken this circuitous route from Massachusetts, for the express purpose of seeing them.

Oct. 24th. At 8 the next morning we arrived at, and I landed in the city of New-York, where I remained four days; but, as it was not the first time I had been there, as the place is generally better known than any other in the union, and as nothing short of a quarto volume would fully describe it, I shall be content with the following brief remark, which is the result of my mode of seeing and judging: New-York has the handsomest street in the United States; Philadelphia has the handsomest streets of any city in the United States; and Boston has the handsomest blocks of buildings of any place in the United States.

Oct. 28th. I sailed from New-York, in the schooner A—, Capt. P—, for Wilmington, N. C.; that being the only sea-

for their towns, they have ransacked the whole face of the globe, from Palmyra of the desert, to Delhi of Hindoostan; and they have seated the Mogul's residence in the county of Delaware. New-Jersey is more humble; they have a *Cat-Tail*. Pennsylvania has set a *Trap*, and Maryland *two*: and even Great Britain, made a *Barking*, and a *Darking*, sooner than go abroad for names.

port of any note in the United States, where, in the career of my life, I had not been.

Oct. 30th. Nothing serious occurred on our passage; nor but one thing mischievous; which, that the whole passage may not remain a blank, I shall relate: some of the crew having picked up a laughable, seal-broken love letter, on the wharf in New-York, very imprudently laid it before the passengers. After it had gone through a third reading in a committee of the whole, it was unanimously (for it was dangerous being in the opposition) "resolved, that, after it had been endorsed by the most profound wag on board; it should be sealed up in a common junk bottle, and committed to the sparkling outside of this sublunary sphere;" and for which, if we don't draw down upon us, the hearty curses of those sailors who have to lower a boat, to pick up this packet of nonsense, then I have been ten years amongst them without learning their character.

Nov. 1st. We passed Cape Hatteras on the 1st of November, and on the following night, doubled round the shoals of Cape Lookout.

Nov. 2d. The following day we entered New-Inlet, whose bar was enveloped with breakers; nor would they favour us, like those on the coast of Africa did Capt. Riley,* by open-

* The followers of Engelbrecht and Swendenborg, are not the only Protestants who believe that miracles did not cease in, or prior to the fourth century. For Capt. Riley is, or was a Protestant: and while on this journey, I heard, and saw, a Methodist preacher, make his congregation stare by telling them of this miraculous reprieve: How that, "when this unfortunate man got his barque ashore in the narrow strait," (the Atlantic is not much over 3,000 miles wide in this latitude,) "and there was no chance of escaping the immediate jaws of death, he offered up a fervent ejaculation to our Lord and Saviour, who instantly calmed the sea in a space just wide enough for his boat to pass, while he left the billows raging mountains high on either side: and the boat's people" (as were part of his audience,) "were astonished." Capt. Riley's nautical skill stands high amongst a certain class of landsmen. The sea between Boston and Kennebec, was calmed with the same process, in Dec. 1820, by the captain and passengers of the schooner *Fox*. See the N. Y. Daily Adv. 29th Dec. 1820; and the Charleston Courier of Jan. 9th, 1821. Swedenborg tells us, that the Lord appeared to him in a public house at London, in 1743. It was mealtime with him, and the Lord told him to "Eat not so much;" and the pious philosopher adds; "The following night the same person appeared to me in a strong shining

ing a passage for us to come through; for the passengers who had come this far dry, (on the outside,) got a complete soosing in salt water, when they were about to leave it for the fresh. We entered Cape Fear river, and anchored near the old town of Brunswick. This is the only river I recollect, named after a cape; and this seems, in strict justice, best entitled to the original, for it appears to have brought the cape from the mountains to barricade its mouth.

Nov. 3d. We got under weigh the next morning, sailed up the river, and at 12 A. M. I landed in Wilmington. This place is smaller than I had anticipated it was; though the produce that comes down the river, and the trade of the country round it, ought to nourish a much larger town. Wilmington, by reason of the late fire, and sickness, wears, as do its inhabitants, a melancholy countenance.

As my route through North-Carolina, abounds not with mountains, lakes, and villages, or other objects, on which I can rest the attention of the reader; and as philosophical speculation is not contraband to unlettered writers, I shall, for once, deal in that commodity.

North-Carolina, with her dozen petty seaports, (like Virginia, New-Jersey, and Connecticut,) has long languished for want of a prevailing commercial metropolis. For, 'tis nature's law, that every system shall have a predominating centre; nor does a ceremonious nominal cancel her decree! There must be an influential one—a centre that warms and animates! A receptacle for men of talents in every vocation, and from all quarters of the state! A theatre where the heroes of the country, after reigning champions of their villages, may meet and contend with one another! And thus does it become the nursery of great men, who will afterwards reciprocate their fostering gratitude, to the remotest precincts of their mother state.

A large city is undoubtedly, "the sink for every vice;" yet, like the human heart, is it the point from whence emanates every virtue, and may, with no impropriety, be termed the soul of a state.

Where would be the writings of Shakspeare, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, and others that might be named, had

light, and said, '*I am God the Lord, the Creator and Redeemer; I have chosen thee to explain to men the interior and spiritual sense of the sacred writings: I will dictate unto thee what thou oughtest to write.*'"

they never have found their way to London? "If we run over the list of great men," says Helvetius, "we shall see that Moliere, Quinault, Corneille, Conde, Pascal, Fontenelle, Mallebranche, &c. have been under a necessity of improving their minds by the assistances to be obtained in the capital; that country talents are always condemned to obscurity; and that the muses, so fond of woods, meadows, and fountains, would be no better than country lasses, if they did not from time to time breathe the air of great cities." And lastly, where would be the liberties of our country, if it were not for that portion of the great men in the revolution, who had been nurtured in the cities of Boston and Charleston.

North-Carolina, which is the fourth state in population, stands about the fourteenth as to public notoriety: whilst South-Carolina, in white population ranks as the fourteenth, by her preponderating metropolis, maintains the renown in national conspicuity, of the fourth, or at farthest the fifth in the union.

Some of the smaller states, even with their proportionate cities, cannot keep their aspiring men at home. And in our time, we have seen Maine lose a King, New-Hampshire a Webster, and South-Carolina a Cheves.

If North-Carolina is not blest or curst with an Alexander, a Constantine, or a Peter, all surnamed the great, to build them a city; yet, as the king of Tyre sent his namesake to rear the Temple at Hierosolyma, so might she get a founder of cities from her twin Carolina.

Nov. 6th. I was three days in Wilmington, where I saw no immediate conveyance by water; and having an itching desire to see the legislative focus of South-Carolina, I made up my mind to go to Charleston by land.

Accordingly, on the 6th, at 2 in the morning I crossed the ferry over the N. E. branch, where I took the stage, and after travelling till 9, crossed Black river. Our road lay on the north side of Cape Fear river, nor did we come in sight of that, from the time we left Wilmington till we crossed it, over the bridge at Fayette; where I arrived at 8 in the evening.

The road I travelled on this day, like most I have seen in this state, was through a continued forest of pitch pine trees; and so much alike, that if a stage passenger should fall asleep in one place, and wake up twenty miles hence in another, he could not tell by the scenery, that he had changed his position.

Nov. 7th. As I had seen Fayette before, I did not wait to see the sun shine upon it this time; but left it in the stage at 5 the next morning. In the course of the day we crossed over, and passed by Drowning Creek, Laurel Hill, the line betwixt the two Carolinas, Adamsville, and afterwards stopped at a place where we slept part of the night.

Nov. 8th. We started at 3 o'clock the next morning, and before daylight arrived at Marlborough* Court-house, and village. Proceeding from this place, at 7 A. M. we crossed the Pedee, at Society Hill; and after travelling till 9 P. M. arrived at Camden. Here I gazed at the town, and saw the monument of De Kalb, by moon-light.

Nov. 9th. Next morning at 4, I left Camden; crossed the Wateree ferry; and travelled till 2 P. M. when I arrived at Columbia.

The local position of this town has been chosen with judgment, being on an elevated spot that overlooks, for twenty or thirty miles, the circumjacent country, which wants but a partial transformation from woods to green fields, to meet the ocular approbation of civilized man. The streets in Columbia are straight, broad, and intersect at right angles; The houses are neat, commodious, adapted for the climate, and some of them are elegant. Of those inland towns which I have seen, (I have seen Raleigh,) Columbia is excelled in grandeur, by none in the southern, nor but by three or four in the nothern states. What a rapid transposition of the occupants of this site! Which, but a century past, was the haunt and hunting ground of a savage race; now the sanctum sanctorum (as I have heard Latin scholars say) of half a million souls! Where the governor and the senators and the representatives of a great nation come, riding in chariots and on horses, they, and all the mighty men of South-Carolina; and

* It is rather a singular circumstance, and perhaps worth this note, that about seventeen years ago I was in the British town of Marlborough, on the island of Sumatra; which is a little over 180 degrees to the eastward, or a little less than 180 to the westward of this one. The English language is spoken at both places, and I have no doubt but that both their names originated from the hero of Hochstet. This must surpass what the duke could have expected; that his fame should spread to the utmost ends of the earth. It is said there were forty cities in ancient times called Heraclea, in honour of Hercules; and the Duke of Marlborough (John Churchill) may stand a chance to rival him.

they come from the chief cities of the state, and from the places about Charleston, and from the land of the Cherokees and the Catawbas and the great plain, and from the great Apalachean Mountains in the west, which is greater than Lebanon, or Tabor, or Carmel, and from the great sea in the east, and from all the coast, from Little river, and by Cape Roman, and as far as Savannah river, which divideth the lands of South-Carolina from the lands of Georgia.

Nov. 11th. After spending two days in Columbia, I left it on the morning of the 11th; crossed the Congaree ferry opposite the town; breakfasted at Co's; dined at Orangeburg; supped at Hartley's; and then continued travelling all night.

Nov. 12th. My journey lasted all the succeeding day; during which our road crossed Ashly river four times; twice on bridges, and twice over ferries; and at 6 p. m. arrived in Charleston, the auspicious goal which makes the Alpha and Omega of this wandering survey.

Thus have I completed a five months' tour; travelled more than four thousand miles; and consumed about five hundred dollars. I have mentioned the latter, because, there may be some of my readers, who anticipate, or contemplate travelling themselves; and whose expenses, like my own, will be of no minor consideration. It cost fifty dollars of the sum, to come from Wilmington to Charleston; the stage fare being ten cents a mile: double what it is in the northern states: and the roads, especially in South-Carolina, (and it grieves me to say it of my adopted state,) are the worst that I travelled on while I was gone: had I returned from New-York to Charleston by water, I should have reserved this last superlative, for the roads in Canada; they being the next worst.

I shall now relate an incidental anecdote, to console the reader who has staid at home. When I had finished the above journal, I felt anxious to trace my track on a map; but not having one at hand, I had recourse to an eighteen inch globe. After looking for awhile; first at Charleston, next to Quebec; then on Lake Erie, and to the Kennebec river; and afterwards over the whole hemisphere; I felt a melancholy dissatisfaction, to which the reader who has been stationary, must be a stranger. This gloom did not arise from reflections like those of Xerxes; because his host would

all be dead in a hundred years: neither like those of Mr. Gibbon; whose fame was long to survive his labour, but himself in a few years would be no more; nor did I weep like Alexander, because I had no more countries to overrun; but I was sad to think, that, after travelling so much, I still saw such vast continents, seas, and empires, by me unexplored, whilst my pecuniary inability would not suffer me to roam. And when I contrasted the earth's circumference, of three hundred and sixty degrees; and the doubled latitudes of an hundred and eighty, from pole to pole: with the dwindled space of twelve degrees of longitude, by fourteen of latitude; I was submissively humbled with its limited insignificance.*

* In voyages and journeys, I have traversed about 80,000 miles of this earth's surface; and of which this tour makes but a twentieth part. And this is but a trifle to what many seafaring men have done. There is a ship-master out of New-York, (Capt. Crocker,) who has crossed the Atlantic 100 times; which of itself would make 300,000 miles. How the magnified scope of the great Alexander shrinks, when contrasted with those of our modern travellers and navigators! From Illyrium, where he retired after insulting his father; to the Hydaspes, where he fought Porus, does not embrace 60 degrees of longitude; while nothing short of six times sixty, will satisfy the moderns: and the range of his latitude, from the Oxus to the mouth of the Indus, was not above twenty degrees; while in our time ambition is grasping at the poles; and some are calculating there to enter and explore the interior cavern.

There are about four hundred and twenty towns on the globe, (according to our common gazetteers, which must be very deficient) which have over ten thousand inhabitants each; yet while on this journey I was in but seven of them. Massachusetts, New-York, and Virginia, are the only states which have two towns each, of this description.

