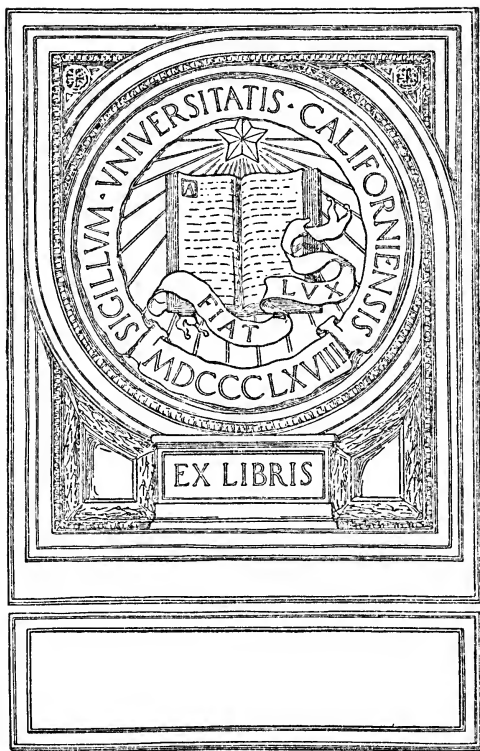


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BROTHER JONATHAN,

THE

SMARTEST NATION IN ALL CREATION.

BY HUGO PLAYFAIR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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BROTHER JONATHAN,
OR THE
SMARTEST NATION IN ALL CREATION.

CHAPTER I.

HALIFAX.

“ The storm around might roar and rustle
She did na mind the storm a whistle.”

“ THERE is not a town in *all* ‘ America,’ in Playfair’s opinion, that looks better on the map than ‘ HALIFAX,’ nor is there, on or off the map, a more commodious or safer seaport.

Nor is there in *all* America, although the streets are steep, the country rugged, and cold fogs hover half the year off, but not on, the coast, a more agreeable town to visit or live in, or more beautiful and accomplished women, more intelli-

gent and enterprising men ; and more agreeable and more disinterested society we have but rarely, if ever, had the advantage of knowing. Should any cynic dispute this, half the living officers in the navy, and half the officers in the army, that ever crossed the Atlantic can prove ;—yea, half the dead officers of the united services may come forth to prove that we assert the truth.

Playfair spent the first morning in the dock-yard, where the carpenters were breaking up some of the ribs of Anson's old *Centurion* ; two square pieces of which, cut out of one of the floor-timbers, the superintendent gave him : the one to present, on returning to England, at her drawing-room, to the queen ; the other to make into a cigar-case for himself, and into snuff-boxes for the first lord of the Admiralty, and for several ancient but amiable spinsters, mutual friends of, not her majesty, but of Mr. Hugo Playfair.

After condemning the job of attempting to establish a dock-yard *in* the rocks of Bermuda, and abandoning, in part, that of Halifax, Playfair walked up the hill towards the south barracks ; between which and the round Dutch

church, who, to his astonishment, did he meet, hanging on the arm of Colonel Prescott, an officer just about going to join the troops in Canada, but Playfair's fair fellow-passenger—Mrs. Hawkins! Of this lady more on a future occasion.

The colonel was a friend of the major, who was expected next day from New Brunswick. Playfair dined with the colonel, who was Mrs. Hawkins's relative, and she had made up her mind to accompany him to Canada. On the following day, they all dined at the admirals: the major having arrived and joined them, he, as usual, enjoying himself exceedingly, and delighting all who were of the party.

This hospitality reminded Playfair of "old times" at Halifax, when invitations to family dinners, evening parties, accompanying the ladies to the little theatre, dining on board the flag-ship, and at different regimental messes; and dancing at the governor's ball, at the admiral's ball, at the military and naval ball, and at the bachelor's ball, the days and nights flew rapidly past, notwithstanding fogs and storms. On his last visit, six weeks had vanished, and then came St. Andrew's

day. On the morning succeeding which, he intended to, but did not, sail in the packet for Falmouth.

The anniversary of Scotland's patron saint is a day or rather night of joyous patriotic celebrity in every British colony, and not less so in many towns of the United States.

In Halifax an association was formed many years ago, styled the "North British Society." All the principal Scotchmen, and the descendants of Scotchmen, became its members, and respectable persons of Scottish race, on arriving, in order to settle in Nova Scotia, have generally been invited to become members. Some peculiarities of circumstances often attended these requests, and many anecdotes connected with the subject are still related.

It was Playfair's lot to be in Halifax on the occasion of a Scottish earl arriving as governor of the province. The president of the North British Society at the time was an old respectable gentleman of high character, with a broad Scottish accent, and great precision of manners; while at the same time, notwithstanding the utter want of cringing in his character, the ideas and

associations of early life impressed in him an extraordinary regard, amounting to veneration, for all Scottish noblemen.

A deputation of the society, with the president were named to wait on the earl and to invite him to become a member.

On their way to *Government House*, the president counselled, almost without intermission, his fellow-deputies to the effect that,

“Gentlemen, when ye gang into the presence o’ a Scottish nobleman, be ay boo’ing and boo’ing, yes, mind yee, that be ay boo’ing and boo’ing.”

On entering the chamber, in which was the governor and his aides-de-camp, ready to receive the deputation, the president advanced forward from the door, bowing and expressing himself as follows :

A low boo !

“Gude mornin’ to your Axellancy”

A profound long boo—

A step forward—

“I hope yure Axellancy is vera weel.”

Another low boo—

A step in advance.

“We be, yure Axellancy,”

A similar boo and step—

“A deputation, yure Axellancy,”

A most sweeping boo.

“Of the North British Society, yure Axellancy,”

Another boo, and a stand still.

“Prayin, that yure Axellancy”

A most humble boo—

“May become one of us.”

A profound boo, nearly a salaam.

The deputation then retired, with boos and faces towards the Earl, until they vanished from the audience-chamber.

On each anniversary of Saint Andrew, the North British Society, and numerous guests of all nations, celebrate the day by dining at the Freemasons' Hall, or at the Exchange Rooms. On the occasion we allude to, Playfair had the honour of being a guest. A respectable assemblage of some fivescore gentlemen sat down to a most sumptuous dinner, in which

— “Your honest sonsie face,
Great chieftain of the puddin race,”

peered gloriously like a distant hill, above all other dishes.

The viands, wines, and the dessert were excellent.

The leading people of the province were all present. There were among these the com-

mandant of the garrison, the captain of the flag-ship, and three leading ruling ecclesiastics in the province.

The piper, in full costume, played the most heart-stirring Scottish marches, and the most favourite Highland airs during dinner.

The usual loyal and patriotic bumper toasts were given and drunk, and appropriate songs sung.

To "The land of cakes" was sung, "Burns's Caledonia," *air*, "Caledonian hunt's delight."

To "Brither Scots," "Should auld acquaint-ance be forgot," &c. &c. &c.

To "The land we live in."

The song was written for the occasion by a Nova Scotian, born and educated in the province, but who was the son of a Scotchman.

TUNE—"The wee pickle tow."

The beacon o' pleasure is sparkling and bright,
 While care turns awa' frae the burning o't—
 And joy to our lips hauds her chalice to-night,
 And we're nae sic fules to be spurning o't—
 Let's drink to the saint o' our dear native isle,
 The bottle will raise all our spirits the while,
 Each brain may grow *light* in the *rays* of his smile—
 We'll no be the waur for the turning o't—

Our ancestors fought in the ages gone by,
 As every auld Carline can tell us o't;—
 And oh! but the flame o' their courage rose high,
 Till friends to the southward grew jealous o't—
 The war-pipe was sounded—the clansmen arose—
 They blew sic a blast that it ended in *blows*;
 And when by its aid they had conquer'd their foes,
 They threw by the *drone* and the *bellows* o't—

Thae days are now past, but our valour's the same,
 Which our fathers had in the beginning o't;
 We hae still strength o' arm, wi' the sper'd o' flame,
 To gae thro' the warld for the winning o't"—
 And *here* let us bravely, still scorning to fly,
 Shed the blude o' the grape when no other is nigh,
 Till each *drop* his head wi' a *drop* in his eye,
 When he can't haud it up for the spinning o't.

Let's toast the *guid land* where our lot has been cast;
 May blessings for aye be attending o't;
 May the *pine* rear its top in despit o' the blast,
 And resist its attacks to be rending o't.
 "May it root itself firmer the ruder it blows,"
 And join'd wi' the shamrock, the thistle, and rose,
 Gather beauty and verdure frae time as he goes,
 And increase in its strength till the ending o't.

To the toast of "Scotland's honest men and
 bonnie lasses, whar-e'er their lot be cast;" was
 sung,

(*A Song, also, was composed for the occasion.*)

TUNE—"Whistle o'er the lave o't."

Fill high the mirth-inspiring bowl,
 Let the full tide of pleasure roll,
 While each good-natured, thirsty soul
 Drinks joy frae ev'ry wave o't.

Still let our lips the goblet kiss,
 In sic a jovial hour as this,
 Let care, wha spitefu' views our bliss,
 Gae " whistle o'er the lave o't."

Our patron saint will smile to see
 Us greet his anniversary
 Wi' cheerfu' sang—while mirth and glee
 Increase wi' ev'ry stave o't,
 And troth ! there ne'er could be a sight
 Would gar him feel mair true delight
 Than when sic chaps as we unite,
 To " whistle o'er the lave o't."

Now, here we're station'd hand in hand,
 A social, honest-hearted band,
 And thinking o' our fathers' land,
 We toast the guid and brave o't.
 And tho' our lot in wilds be cast,
 Whar deeper howls the wintry blast,
 As weel be merry first as last,
 Sae " whistle o'er the lave o't."

Tho' some o' us here boast not the name,
 O' Scotia's sons—our bosoms claim
 As bright a spark o' honour's flame
 As ever Nature gave o't ;
 And still we hope whate'er betide,
 To stand or fa' by Scotland's side,
 To share her pleasure, feel her pride,
 And " whistle o'er the lave o't."

Several other toasts were drunk, and neat speeches delivered ; among the most remarkable of the former was one proposed by a humorous

sheer-witted Hibernian gentleman, holding an eminent legal appointment in the colony.

“ Mr. President,” said he, “ I crave leave to propose a toast, a most wonderful toast, such a toast as never was, nor ever can again be drunk ; yet an entirely true toast, as I will explain and prove when it is drunk, I therefore, Mr. President, crave leave to propose, ‘ THE HEALTH OF THE THREE POPES.’ ”

Leave being given, a bumper toast was drunk, with all the honours, and the learned proposer then proceeded to explain and prove as follows :

“ Mr. President, and Gentlemen,—I thank you for the honour you have done them and me, by drinking the *health of the three popes*. Now, Mr. President, and Gentlemen, what is more wonderful than all *is*, that the three popes are in this very room, at this very table, and have drunk their own healths. There, although I am a papist, is my friend, the Protestant Pope, Bishop In—gl—s, and you will all most certainly admit, that he is a great and a powerful pope ;

and here again, by my life, is my friend the Presbyterian Pope, Dr. Mc C——h, and all the world from Pictou to Malagash, will acknowledge that he is a most ruling and a most obeyed pope ; and there, beside you, Mr. President, is the Catholic Pope, Bishop B——k, a great big Irish pope entirely. So, Mr. President, and Gentlemen, you have among you three popes, the three great popes of Nova Scctia ;—all upon the most peaceful terms, and that is the greatest wonder of all the wonders.”

They separated not until

“ The cock did crow and the day did daw’.”

Never was there a more social and joy-inspired assemblage, or any that could more delightfully call forth all the endearing associations of the “ *Land of Cakes.*”

CHAPTER II.

“There let him house, and deep carouse
Wi’ bumpers flowing o’er ;
Till he forgets his *loves* and *debts*,
An’ minds his griefs no more.”

SOLOMON’S *Proverbs*.

PLAYFAIR had secured a good room in the boarding-house in which he put up, and on the third evening after his arrival, he and the major resolved to enjoy only the society of each other. Not having the fear of Temperance Societies before their eyes, our glorious friends sat down, as they had often done before, with the table edged in between them ; and cigars, old Jamaica, lemons, sugar, and water, having been served up, the major commingled those materials into the most seductive punch.

With lights burning before them, with the said punch, filling a huge bowl, with two dozen of Havannahs, our heroes were now as happy as if they had never felt care, or never owed a shilling.

“Well, major,” said Playfair, as he half finished his first cigar, and quaffed his first glass of punch, “let us have an account of your expedition to visit the general in the woods, for certain I am, that you have wondrous tales to relate.”

“You may *bible* that, captain,” answered the major.

“And log-book it too,” added the captain.

“With all my heart,” he continued, and then after a few whiffs, and filling another glass, proceeded ;—

“Well, captain—on leaving you at St. John, I crossed the great river to Carleton, and without much fatigue, marched through the woods, following the road until I arrived at the river, on the opposite bank of which I saw a beautiful demesne, with a handsome house and barns, and men ploughing, and cattle and sheep feeding. I then crossed a bridge made of fallen trees, and

walked to where the men were ploughing, and asked the road to Coffin Manor.

“ ‘This is Coffin Manor,’ answered the man very civilly.

“ ‘Is General Grave at home?’ I inquired: and a long fellow with a yellow face, and clad in a short sky-blue jacket, striped trousers, and chip hat, who came up at the moment, answered, in the tone and key of a Chinese *gong*,

“ ‘Why, squire, I guess, that’s considerable smart conjuration to calculate.’

“ ‘Does he not live here? Is not this his estate?’ I observed.

“ ‘No, squire, I guess not,’ twanged yellow fellow, in the sky-blue jacket.

“ ‘Well, my good fellow, will you tell me where he does?’

“ ‘I guess,’ said he, ‘that would be mystification universal meraculous!’ The ploughman, who had listened to the scarecrow with ‘*amazed look*,’ now spoke,

“ ‘Sur, you be’es a stranger, and this chap be’esnt likely to guide thee amuch; thee hadst biest go to house, and speak to meastur.’”

“ ‘I walked accordingly to the house, knocked

at the door, and was let in, and showed to a good room, in which sat a decent-looking woman with several children. She asked me to sit down, and then told one of the children to 'call papa.' A respectable English farmer-looking man entered, to whom I addressed myself, stating that I had come to visit General Grave, who I understood resided at Coffin Manor.

“ ‘He did,’ said Mr. Oxley, for that was the person’s name to whom I now spoke; ‘but on my arrival in this country, the large farm next this domain, was advertised by the sheriff for sale, the possessor who had cleared and brought it under very profitable cultivation, having aspired to become a merchant, commenced building a large ship, and mortgaged the farm to secure payment for the iron, rigging, and other materials, supplied to him by a merchant at St. John.

“ ‘The said merchant, who, in the end, got the ship at his own price; money being scarce, foreclosed the mortgage, to realize the balance due to him. I bought the farm remarkably cheap, and soon after General Grave intimated

to me that he would sell his demesne, for which and his whole stock I lately paid him, considering the then value of land elsewhere, a high price. But its contiguity to my other farm renders it of more worth to me than probably to any other person.

“ ‘Immediately after I got possession, the general with two men proceeded up the river Neripis, where about six miles from this he is at work clearing as he says a new farm !’

“ I was most hospitably entertained,” continued the major, as he finished his third cigar and his fourth glass of punch, “ by Mr. Oxley and his wife ; and he gave me more information about land than I ever beard before. I found also that he had engaged all our steerage passengers, the handycraftsmen for joinering, shoemaking, and tailoring, and those also who were labouring husbandmen, at wages which, at the end of a year, would leave them sufficient to buy a cow each, as well as farming implements to begin on a piece of land for themselves—that is, to be *little lairds* !

“ I was told there was a *track* or *path* through

the woods which led to General Grave's new farm where I would certainly find him: that the trees in the line of the said path, were *blazed*; that is, a slice or chip taken off to mark the way; and that I must not leave this track as I would find it difficult to retrace it. I started in the morning with my gun and forage knapsack; and through a dreary wilderness it was. When I had walked about five miles, a covey of partridges crossed the track—I fired, and killed one—loaded and followed—fired again, and killed another;—loaded and followed the birds, but I lost them, and then lost myself. I turned as I thought for the path, and walked on, but found none—I turned again, and walked to and fro, and got among fallen trees; and then into a swamp, and then to a running brook, where I rested and drank my horn tumbler full of water mixed with some brandy.

“ I continued walking, and crawling under, and climbing over, prodigious fallen trees, and sinking in the moss, until I was completely knocked up. The forest was the blackest, and darkest, and dreariest in the whole world; I hallooed,

and halloed over and over again ; and then scrambled to a little rising ground, where I sat down in the wild solitude. I had filled my canteen with water, and my liquor-flask was nearly full of brandy ; I opened my knapsack, in which was biscuit and ham, and spreading my old watchcoat under me, on the ground, I exclaimed, ‘ Come what will, even if the bears eat me to-night, never will Lachlan Macpherson, after his battles, and his escapes from yellow fevers, tigers, crocodiles, and, worse than all, blacksharks, die with a faint heart.’”

CHAPTER III.

A GENERAL IN THE BUSH.

“What will I do gin my hoggy die!
My joy, my pride, my hoggie.”

Old Song.

THEY had now half finished the punch, and the major threw the fag end of his fourth cigar into the fire, Playfair stirred up the coals; and replenishing their glasses, and lighting each a fresh Havannah, the major proceeded.

“It soon got dark, and I soon after fell asleep, with my gun under my arm! I certainly would not have awakened until the morning, had I not found myself rolling over, by something pushing itself under me, and lifting up my side. I could see nothing, and stretching out my hand,

felt some hairy beast—I drew my hand quickly back, and raising up with it the muzzle of my gun, I stretched my other hand to the lock, which I cocked, and as the beast pushed its nose again under me, I drew the gun's muzzle gently under the brute's neck, to within the shoulders and then fired,—the beast instantly dropped nearly over me and rolled down among the trees.

“ I had no doubt that I had killed Bruin, and I already began to project what I was to do with the skin. Sleep was now out of the question, and two owls commenced and continued their horrid screeching for hours. My watchcoat and the contents of the flask, however, kept me warm. I reloaded and primed my gun, then primed myself with another *cheerer* of brandy, and so sat up until the daylight exposed to me—the dead bear? No! a great fat sow!”

The major now replenished his glass, whiffed a fresh cigar, and Playfair poked the fire.

“ I kept walking about,” continued he, “ without moving to any distance, ruminating on plans for getting out of the wild woods, and at last I

heard a trampling noise among the trees, and on looking round, observed a most singular-looking figure, with a long-handled hatchet over his shoulders.

“ He appeared about sixty years old, stooped a little, and his face had, with an expression of sanguine eagerness in it, something respectable in it. He had on his head an immense misshapen cap, made of red foxskin, the brush covering the top. On his feet were huge mocassins of untanned hide, with leggins, and he had on besides a coarse homespun worsted jacket, waistcoat, and trousers, patched and mended at the knees, elbow, and seat.

“ On his coming up he appeared surprised, but not discomposed ; and on my asking him, if I was far from the road, and from where General Grave might be found, he replied,

“ ‘ No—very near both.’

“ He at the moment saw the dead sow, and then walking to the spot, and striking a heavy blow with a stick on the carcass, said,

“ ‘ You are there, you old devil.’ The sow did not move.

“He laid on again, and again, and again, and then sternly out of temper, said,

“‘The devil mend me, she is dead!—did you, sir, I say—don’t deny it—recollect I am a justice of peace, did you, sir,—I say, shoot the sow?’

“‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘I did shoot the sow.’

“‘By heavens then, sir, you must pay for her; I will chop you down, if you budge—you are my prisoner, sir, and so come along.’

“‘As to your chopping me down, that might not be so easy; but I have no objection to being your temporary prisoner, and, if just, to pay for the sow, provided you conduct me to General Grave.’

“‘I am General Grave,’ replied he, to my astonishment.

“‘And I am Major Macpherson, who came thus far last night and lost myself, on a visit to General Grave, and now that I have had the honour of seeing him, the most ready way for me will be to pay for the sow, if General Grave will be so kind as to put me on the track back to Coffin Manor.’

“ ‘ We had better first tramp to the wigwam,’ said he, ‘ and there arrange our business.’ ”

“ I followed, and in about fifteen minutes an opening in the wood appeared, and then a log hut, and then a cow tied to a stump, eating some hay; close to the cow was a pigstye.

“ ‘ It was from there the sow broke loose last night,’ remarked the general; for it seems that I was quite close to the path when disturbed by the beast, which was instinctively on her way back to Coffin Manor, from where she was taken.

“ On reaching the hut the general blew a horn, and soon after two sinewy fellows came from the woods, to whom directions were given to proceed to where the sow was, and to quarter and carry her to the hut.

“ The general then said to me, ‘ Major, the sow is worth more, but I adjudge that you pay me five pounds in money—I making use of the carcass.’ ”

“ It was useless to say no, and I gave him a five-pound note, leaving myself only eleven shillings to pay my expenses to Fredericton.

“This being arranged—the general said, ‘I must wait to eat something, and excuse him while he was preparing breakfast.’

“A wood fire was blazing, and a pot with water was hung over it, potatoes were then rumbled and washed, and put into the boiling water, and soon after four salt herrings laid on the top of them. A kettle, with water also, into which were put cuttings of small spruce-branch tops, was placed on the fire, the cow was immediately after milked, and all this was done by the hands of the gallant General Grave.

“By the time that the potatoes and herrings were boiled, the men returned from the wood, bearing the hind-quarters and the liver of the sow. The latter was immediately sliced and fried by the general, and then down we sat to breakfast, on the said articles, and on the decoction of spruce-tops sweetened with molasses, and mixed with some of the milk. The meal was soon over. The sow’s liver I touched not; but the herrings and potatoes were very good, and instead of the spruce-tea, I sipped part of the fluid in the flask, mixed with water.

“The men were hurried to their work; the

general said he must join them, I was shown the path back, and left the master and his men with their axes, vigourously attacking the trees.

“So, captain, ends my first adventure, and so did I leave General Grave, whose name you will find still figuring in the first page of the Army List ; and whose lady still flaunts fashionably at Bath and Almack’s.”

CHAPTER IV.

JONATHAN LUST THE IMPOSTOR.

“ That villain’s gifts will cost you many a groan.”

Castle of Indolence.

THE major had now whiffed out his ninth cigar, and three-fourths of the punch had vanished.

“ Well, captain,” continued he, as he lit his tenth Havannah, “ I returned to Coffin Manor, and was again hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Oxley, to whom I related my adventure, and I have no doubt that the story of General Grave’s sow will, in the legends of the St. John, bear his name down to the most distant futurity.

“ Mr. Oxley contemplated farming on a more extensive scale than hitherto practised in the province, where he says, the office of petty constable, the pursuits of the pedler, the tavern-

keeper, or that of any schemer, or common adventurer has been held in higher honour than the truly noble business of agriculture.—Mr. Oxley had been one of the greatest farmers in England : always excepting the prince of ploughmen, Coke of Norfolk ; but ‘ what,’ said he, ‘ with *repeated good harvests* over all Europe, low prices, and paying the different branches of rent, divided into tithes, poor-rates, taxes, and landlord’s dues, I found that while my family was multiplying, my capital was decreasing about five per cent. annually, and that circumstances alone caused me, and will cause thousands to emigrate.’

“ I proceeded,” continued the major, “ to Frederickton in the steam-boat, called on the gallant governor, received my certificate, with liberty to choose my grant of land when I chose, and as those with whom I had chiefly to do were gone to England to report on the boundary question, I resolved following you first, and then to pass the winter in Halifax ; but I must not forget to tell you another story which will last no longer than my two remaining cigars and the remainder of the punch.

“ Fredericton, and its neighbourhood, was not long ago greatly excited, by a most extraordinary impostor having escaped being arrested on a warrant issued against him by the magistrates.

“ I will tell you the rogue’s story exactly as the speaker of the House of Assembly told it me.

“ About three years ago, a smooth-faced man with sleek locks, and clothed in black, with a white handkerchief round his neck, and no collar to his shirt, and with his beard and whiskers closely shaven, entered the province, and began preaching in the woods and praying in the houses.

“ All the women and girls flocked to hear him—his fame spread over the country,—the fatted calf,—the best barn-door fowl,—the plump goose,—the finest tea,—and the richest cakes,—were all preserved in every settlement till the arrival of the Reverend Mr. Jonathan Lust.

“ The people of distant villages abandoned their occupations to hear so extraordinary and eloquent a preacher. He was so intimately acquainted with the geography and administration of the empire of fallen angels and sinners, that

he fairly turned their heads, especially those of the women. He drew celestial pictures, but they were very cold and colourless, while his infernal landscapes glowed with all the sublimity of fire, brimstone, and devils.

“ Collections of money were made for him, horses were sent to carry him; the wives persuaded their husbands and the girls their lovers, to interest themselves in his behalf.

“ He at last gave out that he was gifted with the spirit of prophecy, and that he could tell the inmost thoughts of every one who heard him, or that he saw. To illustrate this, he would, while preaching after arriving on a Sunday morning at a settlement, in which no one had ever before seen him, say, ‘ that he knew all they thought of him, all their good and evil deeds, all their present feelings, and to prove so, let any one go to such a stone, and under it they would find tobacco, and in the ground at the root of such a tree they would discover needles, and pins, and thread.’

“ These discoveries were certainly made—many looked on him as a messenger from heaven; and

those who had either committed crimes or sins, or who fancied that they had, were equally terrified. One man, a shipbuilder, near St. John, had ventured to doubt the character and pretensions of the reverend Jonathan, some woman who heard this, mentioned it to the man of God, as he was then called, and who said he knew it before, as well as all that passed in that wicked man's heart, and that on the Sabbath following, he would cast the devil out of the carpenter.

“This happened at the settlement of Loch Lomond, near St. John. A vast assemblage were congregated in a field surrounded with wood. Some hundreds of horses that had carried swains and maidens, widows, wives, and husbands, from the city,—from Quacco,—from Mispic,—and from Kennebecacis, were tied to the trees.

“The multitude were seated on the ground, on logs, on stones, on stumps, and many were perched on the gnarled overhanging branches.

“The reverend Jonathan himself was mounted high on a platform, with a small table before him,—a dolorous hymn, ‘tilted wi’ holy clangor,’ and a long whining prayer, each sentence of which

was assented to by the deeply-drawn abdominal groans of the multitude of self-acknowledged surrounding sinners, formed the first act of the melo-drame.

“The second act was the sermon, in which he drew a panaroma of the infernal kingdom, and dramatised,—

—“ ‘That immortal fry
Of almost every body born to die.’

“And the wisdom, justice, and mercy of the Deity in the predestinarian spirit of prayer,—

“ ‘Thou who in the heavens dost dwell,
Who, as it pleases best thyself,
Sends one to heaven, and ten to hell,
A’ for thy glory ;
And no’ for any guid or ill
They’ve done afore thee.’

“And then further dilated on ‘hell,’ as Doctor Squintum said, ‘being crowded with infants not a span long,’ *impressing* as he *thumped the table*,

‘How all deserve sic just damnation,
For broken laws
Five thousand years ’fore their creation,
Thro’ Adam’s cause.’

“And that,—

‘When frae the mother’s womb it fell,
The infant’s sins send it to hell

To gnash its gums, to weep and wail,
 In burnin' lake—
 Whar damned devils roar and yell,—
 Chain'd to a stake,'

“The multitude were electrified by his marvellous discourse on blazing brimstone, lakes, total darkness, and eternal fire. The children, the youthful, the nervous young, and the infirm old; and all the women, and all the rigidly righteous men wept, groaned, grunted, and croaked, as another prayer was whined in falsetto, and *amen'd* in *grunto-croako*.

“The third act was of a different character. But,” remarked the major, turning round in his chair, “our punch is finished, so is my last Havannah, and as the *mountain dew** of young Scotia is almost as good as her mither's milk, let us each have a tumbler of hot glorious toddy, and half-a-dozen of cigars between us.”

“With all my heart, and I shall ring for them,” said Playfair. In consequently came the whiskey, and sugar, and the bubbling kettle, and the cigars. The toddy being made, and the Havannahs lighted, the major continued:—

* Strong whiskey, distilled in the Highland settlements of Nova Scotia and the United States.—EDITOR.

“I think, I said there was neither fire nor brimstone in the scenery of the third act.”

Playfair whiffed an affirmative.

“Well then it was opened by Mr. Lust assuming a mysterious look and attitude, and then in slow solemn tone requesting the attention of the multitude to a momentous experiment of humiliation. He then looked round, and down, and up, and paused,—and then in sonorous funereal utterance, spoke forth:—‘There is among you, a stiff-necked, unrepentant and unclean sinner: proud as Lucifer, carnal as Ammon, treacherous as Judas, perverse as Jonah, false as Annanias, abominable as the mother of harlots, a partner of pirates, a swearer of false oaths, a smuggler, an adulterer, a Yankee privateer’s-man, and a plunderer of the ships of the widow and the orphan; that man, that beast, is a carpenter; there he is in the midst of you—secure him—let him be brought low—let no man, no woman, no child, speak to him. Let all the multitude spit at him, and let him hereafter be the scorn of the world. I desire you to put a curb bridle in his mouth,—strap it round his

head and jaws,—take off his coat,—go to yonder tree,—under it you will find a wet cowskin, with its horns,—strap it on the carpenter,—make him like Nebuchadnezzar of old, walk about on all fours,—saddle him,—bring me a pair of spurs,—lead the carpenter here,—he shall be humbled, and he shall be made to confess his iniquities.’

“All this was done, the bridled carpenter, with cowskin and horns, and saddle, was consequently led about among the stumps and trees, and brought to the platform; Lust leapt into the saddle, and spurred, kicked, and rode the carpenter, until the latter groaned, and turned up his eyes, and confessed that he was a sinner, a smuggler, a perjurer, a privateer’s-man, and a pirate. This closed act the third.

“The fourth consisted of singing hymns while the collection was being made, which this day amounted to a large sum.

“And the fifth concluded with a long prayer and a general benediction. The multitude dispersed, some to the tavern,—some to a love-feast,—some to the bush,—some home,—and some no

one knew where. The speaker of the House of Assembly said, that

“ ‘Mony jobs that day began,
Will end in Houghmagandie—
Some other day.’

“All these things created awful sensations in the province. Almost every one now believed that Lust was a prophet. How could it be otherwise, prattled the women, when he could tell that there were needles, and pins, and thread, and tobacco, and wet cow-hides, in places he never saw before, and reveal the lives and sins of people he never before knew? Yes, yes, he is a messenger, ejaculated the mothers. Oh! dear, yes! responded the daughters.

“The fame and the holiness of Lust, like the collections made for him, seemed as if to continue for ever; but as all things have an end, so had Jonathan Lust’s sanctity.

“About twenty miles above Fredericton there lived an old German, named Jacob Furstler, usually called Squire Furstler. He was a widower, with one daughter, named Adelaide, a beautiful, graceful girl, of little more than six-

teen years of age. Although so young her stature was somewhat above the middle size, and her figure was elegant and classical in form and attitude. Her feet and hands were faultless. Her dark auburn hair, and finely-arched eyebrows and long lashes, contrasted enchantingly with her transparently fair complexion. Her face in profile resembled the medallions of Cleopatra: it was classically Grecian. Her eyes were of a dark piercing blue; nature never gave a lovelier mouth, nor more beautiful teeth. Her chin had something more than pretty in its curve; her ears were small and delicately turned,—and her graceful neck rivalled all the ideal of Hogarth's line of beauty. Her smile was love; her laugh innocence.

“Adelaide was quite unconscious of her unparalleled beauty. Flattery was too delicate for the simple swains of the village to touch. Her beauty overawed them into bashfulness; she was as guileless as the light descending snow-flakes, and had never read a book except the Bible, which she understood only as far as the narrations interested her.

“ Lust had already preached and prayed in the village,—his holiness, and miraculous powers were fully acknowledged,—and he was feasted in every house. On the second occasion, during a brimstone harangue, his eyes fell for the first time on those of Adelaide, and from that moment he conceived the brutal idea of seducing her. He first sounded her father, not in regard to her, but to ascertain the old man’s weak points of character. He found Squire Furstler, with his ancient German associations, fond of the marvellous, and disposed to believe in miracles.—It seems, Lust had formerly practised tricks of animal magnetism, and after various *holy* remarks, he said he was gifted from on high either to put others into a trance, or to fall into a trance himself.

“ The guileless Adelaide having had no society before this time in the house, except that of her father, listened with avidity to, and believed all the marvellous things uttered by Lust; who at last proposed to her father to put her into a trance. Furstler, who fully believed all that Lust said, and in his divine mission, was now quite governed by the impostor. Adelaide was ac-

cordingly magnetized, and answered questions put to her in so extraordinary a manner, that the father believed she was in conversation with the Deity and his angels.

“Lust said that he would fall himself into a trance; and then sunk down gradually into an apparently profound sleep, and revealed marvellous matters, which Squire Furstler and Adelaide set down as prophecy. At last he spoke as if in conversation with a spirit, and two distinct voices were clearly heard both by Adelaide and her father.

“The spirit finally concluding with the following injunction.

“‘Thou Jonathan go to the house of Jacob that is above on the river, and speak unto his daughter, who is a virgin, and tell her father that she will bring forth a son, and that that son will grow to be a great prophet and deliverer; all this, and the rest that I have told thee thou wilt do, and her father Jacob will aid thee in that thou art to do.’

“Lust was in fact, what neither Squire Furstler nor Adelaide ever heard of, a ventriloquist;

and Adelaide and her father believed that he was, during the feigned trance, in actual conversation with an angel from heaven.

“ A little time after he awakened as if it were from the trance, and then looking steadfastly at Fustler, said, ‘ Squire, my flesh trembleth on delivering you the command that I have received from on high—my days are to be few on the face of the earth, and I shall soon be translated as Enoch and Elijah were. The angel Gabriel has been with me, and says that Adelaide shall bring forth a prophet,’

“ The guileless Adelaide understood not these things, but the father was so thoroughly infatuated, so completely carried away, that he said to her, ‘ Adelaide, my child, thou must go and pray with Mr. Lust in thy room.’

“ The cheeks of the beautiful girl glowed : virgin modesty revolted at the injunction ; she had never before disobeyed her parent, and on her father again saying to her, ‘ Adelaide, go and pray, Mr. Lust will pray with thee !’ The impostor followed it up by saying, ‘ I feel that I am about to be translated, and it is meet that my

mission on earth be fulfilled.' The lovely victim obeyed her infatuated parent. * * *

* * * *—From that time Jacob Furstler refuseth to be comforted.—Pure-hearted Adelaide has ever since been crazed—she sometimes laughs,—now and then she weeps.

“ So, captain, ends the last adventure of Jonathan Lust, who on the following day fled from the province, over the United States boundary, and who since has boasted far and wide of his exploits in New Brunswick. It is needless to say that he had an agent who placed for him the articles alluded to under the trees, and that he had beforehand contrived to glean some particulars of the carpenter's life.”

“ The monster,” exclaimed Playfair, “ I saw him a few days ago at Bangor in Maine? see here is the prospectus and first number of a satirical paper, called the Tickler, which he is about publishing.”

“ Oh the foul fiend !” exclaimed the major.

CHAPTER V.

THE MAJOR MADE INDEPENDENT.

“ Mount and go—mount and make you ready,
Mount and go—and be a soldier’s lady.”

Old Song.

IN the same boarding house in which lodged Playfair and the Major, there lodged also at the time a certain widow, Van Warmstein, a buxom plump woman of about thirty-five years and looking very young for that age. She had ravishing black eyes, was middle-sized in stature, very handsome rather than very beautiful, and certainly looked not disconsolate in her very smart widow’s cap. Her late husband, Dr. Van Warmstein, was a German surgeon, who had, while attached to the

army department in the colonies, and by securing grants and purchasing lands in the rich alluvial valley of Annapolis, amassed a considerable fortune in *earth*, cash, and moveables. He was avariciously fond of money, yet wanton in his propensities. He had built on speculation the house in which his widow now lodged, at Halifax, and notwithstanding his riches *set up* a boarding house. He was sixty-five when he met the first woman he ever thought of making his wife, in the person of Eunice Hastis, the daughter of a refugee farmer, near Digby. The sorcery of her black eyes, and the fresh bloom of her somewhat *embonpoint* person, had conjured up all the dormant passion of the Doctor. He could think of nothing now but Eunice, and he not only very soon proposed marriage, but was at once taken at his word, and they were wedded in a fortnight. They were, it is true, regaled with the most noisy charivari ever known in the province. *N'importe*:—the happy couple soon domiciled themselves in Halifax, where, however, no man could look at the bride, nor the bride at any man, without stirring up the furious jealousy of

the doctor, and during ten years she submitted, *on his willing all his property to her*, to be nearly always locked up in her room. He died suddenly of apoplexy four months before the major arrived at Halifax.

Playfair perceived that she listened to the major with great and lingering delihgt. There were others in the house whom the widow would probably have personally preferred to him. But his soft manners, even temper, and bewitching conversation, completely seduced her heart. Besides, in the colonies, where every body is known, there are, the most *stickling pretensions* to rank, and in consequence no fortune could ever get Mrs. Warmstein introduced at the *balls* or at *government house*. These are mighty affairs in the colonies, and in the United States, but good sometimes arises out of the greatest incongruities. So did it now happen.

Mrs. Van Warmstein was ill-educated, spoke ungramatically, and often used slang phrases. She was by no means bashful ; her eyes wandered, and rolled at you, and her face and person were

such as many a man's optics would very willingly repose upon.

She was neither sensible of her want of education, the inelegance of her language, nor her rank, in colonial estimation, as the widow of a man, however wealthy, who had kept a boarding house.

There were many government-*chateau-goers*, who would gladly have kept her as a mistress, none dared accept her as a wife. But she was a virtuous woman. Somehow none of the lodgers, although they gazed rudely at her person, talked either condescendingly or very politely to her; in fact they were ashamed of being reported at the coteries of having done so. On the arrival of Major Mac Pherson, his civilities and condescensions very naturally attracted her; and it was evident that the major, a man of the world, who cared little for the bickerings and scandal of provincial coteries, regarded the widow, not only with the mere usual courtesy of his excellent nature, but with a bearing somewhat of still more kindly disposition. It was quite plain, that he

had conquered the widow, and Playfair at once told him to follow up the suit. "It was," he admitted, "much better than negotiating again with Black Sharks, or making an expedition to shoot sows, and breakfasting in the bush with generals."

The affair was very soon arranged. She gladly accepted the major, and he with all his heart, her person and her chattels. The wedding-day was fixed, and to give eclat to the marriage, Playfair and Colonel Prescott congregated all the friends and carriages possible; the horses were decked with white favours, and the whole formed a dashing cortege. Colonel Prescott, who with all his officers attended the ceremony, had two detachments of the line at the church-door, and exactly four months and ten days after the burial of the *jealous* Dr. Van Warmstein, his *disconsolate widow* became the *happy wife* of the warm-hearted Major Macpherson.

On leaving the church, several rounds of musketry were fired over their heads, and no less than ten cannon roared in honour of the happy occasion from the batteries of Citadel-hill.

“The happy, happy pair,” as *Johannus Secundus* says, rode off in a chaise, followed by two coaches, six Dearboms, twelve gigs, ten friends on horseback, and drove out of town, by the road leading round the spacious basin, past the prince’s lodge, until all arrived at *Stulz’s Hotel*, where they dined, on a previously ordered and excellent dinner,—and then there, left the well-contented and lucky major and his delighted wife, to enjoy the fine evening of their **HONEY MOON**.

CHAPTER VI.

BRIDGING THE ATLANTIC.

“STEAM!—VAPOUR!—WATER!—FIRE! What can philosophy have to do with these, or these with philosophy? Undoubtedly, Yes. Steam in the first place diminishes one of the heaviest pains and penalties inflicted on the race of original sinning ADAM,—‘*By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread;*’ for while it lessens the toils, it multiplies the productions that are useful to mankind. By its gain upon time, over distance, it reduces the space which separates countries, and by the same rule it lengthens life, by calculating its duration according to the number of acts that mark our existence, and not by the days which compose our physical sojourn.

“By rendering the intercourse of nations easy, cheap, frequent, and certain,—by its multiplying and diffusing the productions of the press,—by its interchanging readily the ideas of mankind, and the commodities of the earth, it forms the most effectual means of diffusing knowledge, dispelling fanaticism, subverting despotism, and repressing anarchy.”—*My Note Book.*

“YES, certainly!” said Hugo Playfair, on quoting the remarkable passage prefixed to this chapter, on the philosophy of steam power.

“Yes, certainly!” he repeated, “that which brings nations and kindred and people into the nearest social intercourse, will be the sure and irresistible power that will civilize the universe; by the facility with which intelligence, and consequently instruction, will be conveyed, and by the rapidity and ease with which individuals of one nation and those of all others can be acquainted.

It will not be Chartists, in England, or Loco-focos, in America, or yet young France, young Italy, or young Germany, on the continent of Europe, but the diffusion of all useful knowledge over every part of the world, by the agency of steam power on sea and on land, which will civilize the whole of mankind.

Civilization and knowledge have advanced or retrograded, in the same ratio, as the intercourse, between individuals and nations, has been rendered difficult or easy. For some years after the Dutch settled at New York, or New Amsterdam, the ship that left Holland for the Hudson made her outward voyage during the summer of one year, and returned to Rotterdam during the

second year, “*laying to,*” generally, during the night. The journey from Liverpool to London sixty years ago required as long a time, with greater personal risk, to perform, as the voyage now does from Liverpool to Boston. The ultimate points of the earth will soon be reached in a comparatively short time,—and, *even the hitherto indomitable empire of China, will, nothing can prevent it, be laid open to the whole human race, by the agency of steam and science.*

Prince Metternich, in speaking confidentially to a German diplomatist, of the *bleiben wir bey dem alten* (hold fast to the old) class, on the subject of arresting the progress of enlightened ideas, said, “*Le temps avance, au milieu des orages, vouloir arrêter son impetuosité serait un vain effort.*”*

The famous expression of the Abbé de Pradt, is equally true, “*Le genre humain est en marche, rien ne le fera retrograder ;*” literally, “Man-

* “The *Times* advance in the midst of storms ; to attempt arresting its *impetuosity* would be a vain effort.” By the *Times* Prince Metternich personified the HUMAN MIND in its intellectual progress.”—EDITOR.

kind is on the advance, or march, nothing can make this march retrograde.”

Never were these facts more evident than when Playfair, standing on Citadel Hill, on the sixteenth day of July, 1840, beheld the splendid steam-ship, *Britannia*, of 1250 tons, and 440 horse power advancing rapidly up the spacious harbour of Halifax, *having made her passage with the royal mails on board, after encountering more than one heavy gale of head wind, in TWELVE DAYS from LIVERPOOL.*

The interest excited was great beyond precedent; the admiral flag-ship displayed all her gay colours, and saluted the *Britannia* as she passed impelled by steam and under full sail, in sublime majesty. Her passengers were numerous,—among whom was Mr. Cunard, the spirited and fearless undertaker of this mighty enterprise. Playfair went on board the *Britannia* very soon after her arrival. The excellence of all the arrangements, the spirit of order, the remarkable cleanliness which prevailed in every part of this majestic ship, gave her the appearance of having been

only a few hours at sea on a pleasure excursion, and carrying within her one of the most beautiful, convenient, spacious, and best-regulated hotels in the world.

In seven hours the *Britannia* was under way for Boston. Playfair was one of the passengers. Mr. Cunard was also on board. In little more than thirty hours they entered the magnificent bay of Boston, and on steaming up the harbour were saluted by the forts; the bands played "Rule Britannia," and the ship and Mr. Cunard were welcomed, with as much enthusiasm as if he had actually built a railroad viaduct, and arrived by it, across the Atlantic. The *Britannia* and the other magnificent steamships of this great line, may, *de facto*, be said to have BRIDGED THE ATLANTIC.*

* The passage from Halifax to Liverpool has been since then accomplished in less than ten days. One of the most splendid fêtes ever given at Boston was given to Mr. Cunard on the occasion of his arrival in the *Britannia*. The establishment of this line of packet-ships cannot be too highly spoken of, and the necessary consequences will be uniting the northern states and British North America by every possible interest to the mother country.—EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.

CITY OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

“ The portion of this world which I at present
Have taken up to fill the following sermon,
Is one of which there’s no description recent.”

THE present was not the first visit of Playfair to Boston. When last in this town, it was some months after the demolition of the Ursuline convent, and before Dr. Channing had openly declared in favour of the abolition of slavery, the walls being at that period thickly plastered over with placards, announcing *Anti-catholic*, *Anti-slavery*, and *Anti-nigger meetings*.

The month of November had then brought on

severe frost, while Playfair was waiting the sailing of a packet for England.

“ PRAISE-GOD-BAREBONES !” he exclaimed, on reclining back with his right leg over his left knee, as he sat after dinner, enthroned in a huge arm chair, within a well-furnished room, and beside as cheerful a coal-fire as ever enlivened, even an old English parlour ; while without, it was blowing as biting a *north-west froster* as ever scoured over the hills and valleys of Massachusetts.

He had just finished his second glass of old Oporto, and on replenishing a third, resumed his luxurious posture, with his eyes fixed on the grate, delineating, amidst the coal-fire landscape, the faces and profiles of witches, puritans, and mohawks, until he again involuntarily exclaimed,

“ Praise-God-Barebones ! Here we are sumptuously ensconced within —— HOTEL, Boston, —in the City of the Pilgrim Fathers,*—the early hotbed of religious freedom and sectarian into-

* Boston may be considered the *city*,—Plymouth, where they first landed, the *town*—of the Pilgrim Fathers. The people of the United States, and even of the British colonies, would fain dignify every town “ City.”

lerance,—of stern republicanism and colonial misrule,—of the straight-haired puritan who persecuted the smooth-cheeked quaker,—of the *indecent* ministers of Christianity who denuded hysterical virgins and *hanged* them *for the glory of God*, for *supposing* they were in *communication with the devil.*”

“ Yes,” responded a gentleman who sat in the room, “ this is Boston, a city which owes its foundation to a spirit that sacrificed all the comforts and enjoyments of old England, to enjoy civil and religious liberty amidst the wilds of an unknown country and untried climate.”

The person who thus spoke occupied a chair near the fire on the opposite side of the chimney. He had also dined, and several papers lay on a small table beside him; some of which he had been looking over; and then folding and endorsing each, he tied them up with the neatness and care peculiar to a man who had long habituated himself to order and method. He was about fifty years of age,—a little over the middle height in stature,—of a spare form,—rather pale complexion,—and his hair nearly gray. The lineaments of his face, and the

soberness of his countenance, with the profound expression of his eyes, and the precision of his utterance, formed a sufficiently intelligent index to a mind far above that of the ordinary scale of human intellect; and, in which perception, capacity, secretiveness, and caution, were predominant.

His appearance attracted to him, not exactly the confidence of, but rather silent deference from, others. His dress was of a *juste milieu* fashion, something midway between that of the first lord of the Admiralty,* and the cut of that worn by an opulent member of the worthy Society of Friends. He was a minister of one of the Unitarian churches, and on that account regarded by the Presbyterians with much the same charity as Calvin and the more stern predestinarians looked upon the Pope.

“You are apparently a stranger in this country,” he continued.

“Not exactly a stranger,” replied Playfair;

* In the style and subjects of the gallant writer, he from habit frequently makes professional, but not invidious comparisons.—EDITOR.

“but I now observe many very contradictory elements in your social state which I was not prepared to find in so enlightened a city as Boston. This is, indeed, a strange country, the anti-slavery meetings and subscriptions are proper, humane, and just, whatever good may result from them,—the *anti-nigger* meetings abominable, and the anti-catholic meetings in this land of civil and conscientious liberty, seem, in truth, the most bigoted of contradictions. Your Dorcas societies, also, may do some good, although I fear they may tend to encourage improvidence and idleness to an extent that may produce more wretchedness than they can relieve. Further, when I find you have also frenzied associations on the subject of Freemasonry and anti-freemasonry, I am still more perplexed.”

“Very true,” replied Dr. —, “and we have the *workies* of New York who would level down intelligence,—and the *nullifiers* of Carolina, who would destroy the federation, and form a despotism of *slave-holding oligarchs*. Slavery is, I readily admit, the evil which, if not remedied, will doubtless overwhelm all the

southern states. In the north we shall, however, in the progress of civilization, which nothing can prevent, soon attain as perfect a freedom of prejudices, intolerance, and bigotry, as *human nature can be formed to enjoy.*”

So saying, he rose, bade Playfair farewell, and left the room.

While Playfair on the following morning was, after breakfast, sitting reading some observations on *catholicism*, written with all the gloomy intolerant spirit of the uncharitable Calvin or Knox, a Roman catholic priest entered the public room of —— *Hotel*, and sitting down before the fire, opened several papers and letters, and looked them over one by one.

Playfair was now in company with an ecclesiastic of that church, which had at so early a period of its history transformed into a despotic absolute hierarchy (commanding and receiving passive obedience) the originally democratic constitution of Christianity, in which, bishops, like Timothy, were ordered to carry cloaks and books for itinerant preachers like Paul, and of which fishermen bore much the

same rank in regard to high priests and rabbi, as the lazzaroni of Naples do in modern ages to cardinals and popes.

Yet the Roman catholic church does exist, and its ramifications are widely spread over republican America ; and if its political tyranny has for ages been fearfully and diabolically exercised in Europe and in South America, there is no religion more tolerant in the republican union of this hemisphere : simply because it has no political or other power, except what its teachers and professors acquire as citizens, and personally as men, and because its more showy worship, its more consolatory dogmas, and its better organized and less meddling priesthood form its attraction, and its respectability.

With forms of faith we will never quarrel, believing that for them only

“ Canting zealots fight,”

while,

“ That man can ne'er be wrong
Whose life is in the right.”

The unitarian and Roman catholic professions of faith are special abominations in the eyes of Calvinists and methodists.

The Unitarians are vilely reprobated, as Deists, whom God, in "his eternal and merciful purposes, in decreeing whatsoever cometh to pass, separated from the elect, and placed among that number, whom he, in his infinite mercy and justice predestined from the beginning of all time, to be damned." *

The Unitarians, however, whose standard doctrine is "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," form the most intellectual and, probably, most exalted class in the northern and eastern states. Their preachers are all learned men, and their sermons or lectures shed forth a high powerful style of eloquence and reasoning, which attract the enlightened classes, but which will never transform the masses into those raving conversions, effected by those extravagant addresses to the fears of human nature, which are bellowed, roared, or yelled forth by the uneducated.

The Presbyterians, divided into numerous

* This doctrine we have heard the Calvinistic preachers pronounce countless times, in America, with most foaming violence.—EDITOR.

sections, had long predominated over the states of the Union. The Methodists at length arose, had spread over the land, and their missionaries have penetrated more effectually than all others, since the days of the Jesuits, into the remote districts.

With the progress of intelligence, it might have been expected that intolerance should have disappeared, but Puritanism has never yet willingly allowed freedom of conscience to others. In the northern states, Playfair now found, however, that the spirit of toleration had gained the ascendant, since his last visit, and since the period when the circumstances occurred alluded to in this and the two following chapters.

CHAPTER VIII.

FALL OF THE URSULINES.

“ I sing the steir, Strabush and strife,
When bickering frae the towns of Fife,
Great bangs of bodies, thick and rife,
Gaed to Sanct Androi’s town.
And wi’ John Calvin i’ their heads,
And hammers in their hands, and spades,
Enraged at idols, mass, and beads
Dang the cathedral down.”

Papistry Stormed, a Poem.

“THE barbarism of ‘knocking down,’ or ‘dinging down’ of cathedrals and religious houses, has not,” observed Playfair, “ceased with the progress of civilization.”

Father Patrick, the priest whom we have spoken of in the last chapter, observed,

“Samson, sir, was the first who conceived the idea of pulling down temples, and bad luck to the example, for it has been entirely too long *imitated*.”

“Yes,” replied Playfair, “but in reality the outrageous demolition of religious edifices, may be said to have commenced in Scotland with furious ‘Strabush and strife,’ by the stern un-courteous Knox,—he who told the most beautiful of queens and most unfortunate of sovereigns, that ‘he cared nought for the pretty face of any gentlewoman,’—who exclaimed, ‘Destroy the rookeries and the rooks will fly away.’”

“Oh! the savage Goth that he was,” exclaimed Father Patrick; “he has disciples enough in Boston,—they have pulled down the neat dovecot that was up there on Mount Benedictus, and sure enough all my blessed beauties of turtle-doves have flown away.”

“Different motives,” observed Playfair, “im-

pel human policy, and human passions, to the levelling of edifices, either appropriated to state purposes, or consecrated to the use of religious worship and pious communities.

“The infernal Bastille fell in the just course of retribution, to man’s birthright—freedom. The cathedrals and monasteries of Scotland to make way for a severe unshowy observance of worship; those of England to transfer the government of the church from the pope to the king;—those of France to make way for infidelity, and to convey property from the priests to the people;—those of Spain and Portugal to replenish the coffers of a bankrupt treasury.

“I have, six years ago,” continued Playfair, “beheld the procession of Corpus Christi, or Fête Dieu, as superstitiously, gorgeously, and unphilosophically celebrated at Paris, as in the cardinal days of the Richelieus and the Medici. A king, Charles Dix, a marshal, Soult, a statesman, Talleyrand,—carrying wax torches in the multitudinous procession of priests, monks, nuns, civilians, and soldiery.

“I soon after observed the archbishop’s pa-

lace demolished by the unbelieving Parisian citizens, directed by infidel philosophers, and the Church of St. Germaine Auxerroix riddled by the fire of the National Guard;—while Louis Phillippe looked on, from that Louvre where Charles IX. once amused himself by shooting Hugonots from the windows.”

A little after the same time, a demolition similar to that which the spirit of infidelity effected in France, was perpetrated by the fanatical rage of puritanism in Boston.

The Ursuline Convent, which formerly stood on Mount Benedictus, was in its arrangements, usefulness, and inmates, just such an institution as that to which any *world-sick* sister Agatha would have retired for consolation.

For a long time did the good sisters live unmolested, leading a life of piety and benevolence. They had been attracted thither from time to time, as a retirement which would tranquillize afflictions for which general society had little sympathy, or as a refuge against the mortifications and adverse casualties of a contentious world.

The convent presented, however, too much harmony—too much of the characteristics of happiness, not to create something worse than hatred in a land where puritanism had long become the indigenous moral crop. Even the benevolent societies who professed relieving the distressed, from pure motives of charity, looked upon ‘the sisters’ with very unchristian jealousy, lest the unpretending charity of the Ursulines should obscure the ostentatious “*givings*,” and printed subscribed lists of the “*Dorcas* and *Missions*.”*

Like some of the convents in France, the Ursulines of Mount Benedictus imparted, actually, the most accomplished education which could be obtained in the country, and many Protestant mothers felt no reluctance in committing their daughters to the care of the *good sisters*, as they were very justly called.

Some puritan devotee, however, spread the

* *Dorcas Societies*, usually called “the *Dorcas*.” The *Missions*—that is Female Societies, so called—provide wives, &c. for young missionaries going to far countries, collect subscriptions for sending bibles and tracts to convert the French heathens and Jews.—EDITOR.

report, a most malicious and false one, that a sister was detained forcibly in the convent. "Anti-Papistry and Liberty" became the watchwords, "Down with the den of the Mother of Harlots," was shouted, echoed, and reverberated from street to street. The mob, no! *the gentlemen* of Boston organized themselves under the designation of *the select men*. Five of the members went to the convent and were admitted, and having searched from cellar to roof, found none retained by violence, and she who was said to be so, declared that no consideration on earth could tempt her away.

The convent was however invested; Buzzel, a brickmaker, directed the assault,—the sisters were dragged forth violently,—the tombs were opened, and the ashes and relics of the deceased were scattered before the winds of the earth,—all within this sanctuary of peace was destroyed as idolatrous objects, and finally fire set to all the buildings, which were consumed amidst the huzzas of the *select men*, and the rejoicings of all but the wretched, houseless, moneyless Ursulines.

The poor sisters, destitute of every thing, had to fly for shelter and maintenance where and how they best might. Their situation and treatment as females in the nineteenth century, was not only disgraceful to the morals and humanity of the age, but the brutal outrage has at least added a black page to the annals of "the domestic manners" of *Boston*.

CHAPTER IX.

LAW AND JUDGMENT.

“En Amérique les moyens qui sont mis à la disposition de l'autorité pour découvrir les crimes et poursuivre les criminels sont en petit nombre.”—DE TOQUEVILLE.

“DID not the law of the land punish the burglars?” asked Playfair of Father Patrick.

“The law of the land!” he replied, ‘no, the law of the land only protects those whom the ‘*Select men,*’ the ‘*Lynch men,*’ and the ‘*Gintlemen,*’ fancy fit for popularity.

“The law of the land could not save Morgan, the anti-freemason, from being *pitched* in the *pitch* dark night into the snow-foaming Niagara. The jury and the judges dared not for their

very lives, and for the lives of their ladies, and their pretty little darlings, and for the certainty of having their houses burnt over their entire ears, declare guilty the entirely well-known murderers of Morgan; nor durst the sheriffs, the constables, and all do their duty.

“Neither can judges nor juries, nor sheriffs nor constables, do their duty when they see a preacher that happens not to be popular, made to ride about on a thin pole, or when they see the ‘*respectable men*’ burn a ‘*yellow man*’ alive on slow greenwood fire. ‘*Yellow men*’ may always be burnt alive there away south, without any trial at all at all, neither can the sheriffs or constables do their duty if it be popular to break into banks, to burn mails, to hang citizens, and to try them after.”

“So,” said Playfair, “the law of the land did not, you tell me, either punish those incendiaries, nor indemnify the poor sisters, who were subjected to loss, inconvenience, and suffering, by their brutality.”

“No,” Father Patrick again replied, “neither law nor government punished the criminal, or

indemnified the dear sufferers. Buzzel, Kell-
yand, Morey, and other beasts of men, were
attempted to be tried—witnesses dared not give
evidence—judges could not give opinions—
juries dared not give verdicts *agin* them any
one, at all at all, except *agin* one Marcy, whom
the vice-governor dared not to refuse an entire
pardon. The actual incendiaries became great
heroes, they were carried about in great triumph,
subscriptions were plentifully collected for them,
the anniversary of the ‘fall of the Ursulines’
has become a ‘Guy Fox day’ in Boston,—
the effigy of the good *Lady Superieure* has been
carried about and burnt like that of the ugly
Guy Fox of the ‘Gunpowder Plot’ with you in
England.

“The sisters,” continued Father Patrick, “pe-
titioned the Parliament of Massachusets for
some little bit of remuneration for the great
loss *entirely* which they had suffered. It was
acknowledged that popular force had violated
the laws and destroyed private property; but,
silently and in secret, each member of the
New-England Parliament thought only of his

own popularity, and his own pay, and his own re-election. An immense majority therefore threw out the petition of the poor pious Ursulines."

"To the everlasting disgrace," replied Playfair, "of every member of that majority, and of every man who has voted for their re-election."

CHAPTER X.

NEW ENGLAND'S SABBATH-DAY ; AND WEEK-DAY RECREATION.

“ He hung his cat on Monday,
For killing a rat on Sunday.”

“ REMEMBER the sabbath-day, and keep it holy ; in it thou shall do no manner of work,” was the Jewish commandment for the observance of one day in seven, and its severity can only be stretched to the utmost by a cessation of all labour on the part of man and beast.

It was the Jewish sabbath, and if we, following *Thomas à Kempis*, take the imitation of the founder of Christianity, as our rule of conduct,

we will observe the day in seven, set apart as the sabbath, very differently from the Jews.

In all countries except England, Scotland, and Anglo-America, the people do observe it otherwise than the Jews or rather Pharisees did. That it is a day of cessation from labour over all continental Christendom, except in France, is not only true,—but it is also a day of gladness and gratitude among all those who have the means of enjoying that set-apart portion of time for sociability and amusement, and of lightening the heart from its cares and its sorrows.

All creation smiles and shines forth in gladness and gratitude after the dreariness of winter, and after storms and bad weather. The beasts of the field go forth in spring, and rejoice in green pastures; the fishes sport in the water after storms; and the birds hop, chirping from branch to branch, singing gratitude to Deity.

Why not man, after the anxious toils of every sixth day?—"No!" say the disciples of the austere Calvin. No, indeed! man alone has endeavoured to contrive that—

“ He never is but always to be blest.”

The New England Sunday is, like that of Old England, and especially of Scotland, indeed a sad and an ungrateful day. A day of religious feeling it is not—a day of wearisome hypocrisy it certainly is. Yet it is not so melancholy a day of iniquity, as our fanatics, headed by a poor, weak, wrong-headed member of parliament,* would impose upon the labour-

* Now, *grâce à Dieu*, no longer a *mis*-representative of the people. At Vienna military bands, by command of the emperor, or rather of Prince Metternich, play in the *volks-garden* (people's garden) and at other public places, on each Sunday afternoon, the beautiful music of Mozart, Weber, Haydn and Handel. Straus, Lanner, and other leaders, perform with their several bands in various public rooms or gardens. There are also numerous public balls, conducted with great decorum, in the city and environs. Yet there is no disorder, no drunkenness, and very rarely any crime on the Sunday at Vienna: before eleven o'clock at night that city and suburbs is as quiet as Boston during the hours of divine worship. The band of one of the regiments plays, it is true, in London, on the troops turning out on Sunday morning. How much greater would the measure of sin be if a military band played in each of the parks on the afternoon of Sunday! The highly-taxed people now pay for the expense of feeding, lodging, and clothing, and finding instruments for those bands. Why should they not, while not on military duty, play for the people, who pay the piper. When the working classes and tradespeople of London cease to labour for one

ing classes of England—who, by being compelled to enjoy no out-door amusement, on the day assigned by all the rest of European Christendom for a cessation of labour and for social pleasure, would be driven to all the in-door iniquities of drunkenness and sensuality.

In Boston, where out-door amusements are strictly prohibited, secret sins are as naturally the consequence. The hypocrisy which is engendered by the gloomy sabbath of Calvin is disgusting. Yet in the present state of spoken

day, after a weary week of anxiety, and after they have been at church or chapel, not always with goodwill and sincerity, as at Vienna, but rather hypocritically (if they would confess the truth); that is, to save appearances, the only places in London which the lords spiritual and temporal, and the commons have left open to them, are *blue-ruin shops* and *brothels*. Some progress has, however, been made to lighten the hearts of the weak and heavy-laden. Steamboats, and railroads, and omnibuses carry many thousands out of town, in spite of the Pharisees, to enjoy Richmond, and Hampton Court, now thrown open, and also to Greenwich, Gravesend, and other resorts. The British Museum, and many other places, as the Adelaide Gallery, the Zoological Gardens, Dioramas, Colosseum, and all other instructive exhibitions, whether in London or in the country, should be opened to the whole public after one o'clock on Sunday, in order to increase their morality, self-respect, mend the manners, diminish the vices, and cheer the hearts of tradespeople and labouring classes.—EDITOR.

opinions, not of convictions, there appears some necessity for this hypocrisy ;—for example, if one is a candidate for any municipal situation, it is necessary, *to save appearances*, to have the reputation of “pious ;” if a young man falls in love, the primary recommendation in the mother’s expression is, “He is a *pious* young man !”*

There is, however, in Boston the most intelligent society in the United States, and without any approach to the ostentation displayed at New York, there is really practised a very

* It is curious to observe, how people fly off from one extreme of the moral code to the opposite. The *Journal of Commerce*, of New York, speaking of the monument now to be erected on *Bunker’s Hill*, says, “the *Boston Courier* proposes to aid in the erection of this structure, by the proceeds of a theatrical benefit or two from Fanny Elssler. That portion of the Bostonians who, like some in all other cities, desire to witness the *denuded beauties* of female gracefulness, may well employ a foreign girl for that purpose. But if they intend to get money thus earned for the purpose suggested by the *Courier*, the ladies about here, who are *organizing to help*, would like to know it, we think, in season, to draw themselves from such an association.” The days would appear to have gone by for ever, when *beer* was prohibited to be *brewed* late in the week, in order that it should not presume to work on the sabbath.—
EDITOR.

laudable hospitality in the capital of Massachusetts.

A greater freedom of opinion in civil and religious matters is also every day becoming more prevalent. Yet the habits of the people are not such as to give them much taste for amusements. Two theatres have been erected, but for the years of their existence they had but little support. In this respect, nothing contrasts so widely between the citizens of Boston, and the *Gothamites* of New York.

One of the latter, who was at the Tremont with Playfair, observed, on seeing the house so thinly filled, "Why, sir, nine-tenths of the Bostonians would gladly change the Tremont and National theatres into meeting-houses for religious worship." Unless the people have, by habit, acquired a taste for theatricals, the drama never will succeed. It may surprise for a short time, but no more.

In France they would make a revolution for a theatre. In Scotland, even in Edinburgh and Glasgow, theatricals are the very worst of money-making speculations. We need not, therefore,

be surprised at the drama, “not being popular in New England.” A show of wild beasts and a *dancing girl*,* will, however, draw multitudes, and a camp-meeting, and a revival, are also often representations which might be dramatized with ludicrous as well as melancholy effect.

* “DANCING GIRLS.—The success which foreign dancing-girls meet with in this country, is indeed astonishing. A Celeste, an Augusta, or a Fanny Elssler, come among our *plain republicans*, and by their activity, voluptuous attitudes, and skill in ‘ballet dancing,’ an accomplishment well calculated to give pleasure to the enervated votaries of luxury in the east, absolutely enchant our grave and sober citizens. All classes, both sexes, young and old, flock around them. They become fashionable—and in a few months they realize many thousands of dollars—return to Europe with their pockets well lined, and laugh at the gullibility of the Yankees.”—*Boston Mercantile Journal*.

CHAPTER XI.

BOSTON IN 1840.

“Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.”

DURING the last five or six years Boston has, in many respects, changed its character. Theatres are tolerated and an opera-dancer draws the ladies, not only of Boston, but of holy Salem, to the Tremont Theatre.* The abo-

* “It is doubtless rather late in the day to sneer at a half-naked woman dancing upon a public stage; and it perhaps is equally obsolete to contrast the sensual performance of such a creature with the intellectual banquets of a Mrs. Siddons, or a Garrick, or with even the delightful acting of some of our stock company, for which we have heretofore expressed our admiration. We therefore call all our philosophy to our aid—gulp down the ideas excited, in the modern way, to give an account of the first appearance in Boston of a noted *danseuse*. The house was full—the audience

lition of slavery is now advocated by all classes and by all religious denominations ; and it is not likely that such an atrocious outrage as the destruction of the Ursuline convent, or such riots as disgraced the city during the abolition meetings, would now, or will hereafter, take place. We even believe that no lodger at Tremont House, one of, if not the best hotel in America, would be prevented dining there, or be turned out of were profuse in their applause—and the manager had the double satisfaction of pleasing the public and pocketing a good round sum for his trouble.

“ There was but one *handsome* female in the Tremont Theatre on Wednesday night (when there was no ballet) ; but this evening—oh, gracious !

“ Elssler made a great hit last night in *Nathalie*—it is an exquisite ballet, and the ‘divine’ danced like a sylph in it. The editor of the *Picayune* smiled.

“ FANNY ELSSLER astonished every body who saw her on Monday night. Her dancing has produced a sensation equalled only by the whig convention on the 10th. To-night large parties are coming in, from Salem and other places, to see her.

“ FANNY ELSSLER was received with an extra round of applause last night, on account of her generous offer to give 1000 dollars towards building the Bunker Hill Monument. We never saw her smile so sweetly before.

“ The sale of the choice of boxes at the Tremont Theatre for last night, brought 60 dollars. We shall go and take our sweetheart, now.”

doors, should he venture to invite a coloured gentleman as his guest.

The "Gothamites," as the citizens of New York are named, often speak contemptuously of the Yankees of Boston, and the "folks down east." The citizens of Boston, again, look down on those of New York as far beneath them in the moral, intellectual, and literary scale. It is certainly true, that the inhabitants of the New England states are, take them altogether, better educated, more intelligent, and more orderly; and have generally a character far more matured than can be found south of the Hudson. The press is also more decent, although the organs of the democrats, against the *Harrisonites*, who are stigmatized as the *British Whig party*, are as violent, especially in the columns of the "Boston Morning Post," as party spirit can well indulge. The New England states may be said to cease receiving immigrations; while the adventurous character of the grave New Englander carries him in search of profit to every corner of the earth where gain is to be acquired. Unless it be Scotland or Switzerland, New

England is also the only country in the world in which a Jew is unable to make money.

In its physical aspect, New England greets you, as you arrive from the sea, with sandhills and shallows on the south, with rocky shores, bays, and remarkably picturesque islands, and deep water on the north. In the interior you have a romantic country, frequently rocky and barren and mountainous,—but diversified with woods, lakes, magnificent rivers and streams, fertile alluvions, and well-cultivated uplands. Industry and thrift in agriculture and in manufactures, in trade and in navigation, are ever present, whether you visit the seaports, inland towns, or the agricultural districts.

There is, however, nothing in Boston approaching the activity and never-ceasing movements, and the love of amusements which prevail at New York; yet the navigation and trade is of great importance and value. The whale-fishery and the cod-fishery are conducted, from the outports of New England, on a very extensive scale, and the tonnage used in the carrying trade is of vast magnitude. The steam-

ship navigation, now successfully established,* between this city and Europe, and the railroads and steam-boats which communicate with New York and with the routes to Canada, to the lakes, and to the far west, will cause not only the advancement of Boston, but impart to it an air of much greater life and activity than it has hitherto witnessed.

There is much to be praised in the public institutions of this city, for education and for benevolent purposes. In society there

* The Britannia, Caledonia, and Acadia, certainly the strongest and most powerful steam-ships ever constructed, have each already crossed and recrossed between Liverpool and Boston, in from twelve to less than thirteen days. The time, going up the bay and up the harbour of Halifax, and remaining there for the mails from five to ten hours, and returning to the ocean, included. Hamburg grapes carried out by those ships, are advertised fresh in the Boston market: indeed, they may be sold fresh at Quebec and Montreal, as Mr. Cunard has established a splendid steam ship, the Unicorn, between Pictou and Quebec, to start immediately with the mails which are sent overland with great speed to Pictou from Halifax, the moment the steamers from England arrive.

Four great lines of railroads radiate from Boston. Steam-boats ply daily along the coast, east and west. 1290 vessels, with 11,146 men are employed in the cod-fisheries, and 366 large ships, manned by 8980 seamen, in the whale-fishery.—
EDITOR.

is also more dignity, more intelligence, more scientific and literary argument, and much less talking about *dollars* than at New York. Yet dollars are carefully and thriftily looked after, although the New Englander does not become the very bold speculator which distinguishes him among others, until he leaves his own country. The seeming heartlessness with which they leave the house and the place in which they were born, and their parents and friends, never to return, and the total want of local attachment, form one of the remarkable characteristics of the people of New England.

A young man will marry a beautiful young woman,—they have both been brought up by their parents in comfortable, and often in wealthy circumstances, and she even tenderly reared. Yet they will leave father, mother, brothers, and sisters, the place which gave birth to all their associations and endearments, and proceed together over the mountains to the wild solitudes, to meet the miseries, the fevers, and the dangers of the far west; he to erect

a log chamber, chop down the forest, clear a farm; and she, his wife, to breed and suckle children, cook, make and mend clothes, and attend to the other household matters necessary in the wilds. Thus working incessantly, to acquire—in land, cattle, and money—riches; before attaining which, however, fatigue, anxiety, and agues, destroy her beauty, and bring on to both premature old age, and inability to enjoy a share of the wealth they have undergone so much hardship to possess. Thousands, however, continue to leave the New England states in this way for the western wilderness.

CHAPTER XII.

SOCIAL LIFE AND HOSPITALITY.

THERE is but little share of ostentation, when compared with New York, in the social life and hospitality of Boston, but in the latter, as well as all over the New England states, there is as much practical hospitality as in Old England.

Playfair being well introduced, was welcomed and invited to the houses of the most respectable citizens, and the day before his departure he dined with Mr. T——, one of the most worthy and intelligent residents.

The house was conveniently and well but not gaudily furnished, and Mr. T——, who is a

well-read and literary gentleman, has one of the largest and best-assorted private libraries in the state. There were, besides the family, a few well-informed guests, and the dinner itself was well cooked, and well served up, and the quality and number of the dishes were adjusted on the principle—

“ Give no more to every guest
 Than he’s able to digest ;
 Give him always of the prime,
 And but a little at a time ;
 Carve to all but just enough,
 Let them neither starve nor stuff,
 And that you may have your due,
 Let your neighbour carve for you.”

Previously, for more than half an hour, the conversation was very instructive on subjects on which Playfair felt much interested; and just as dinner was announced, a mulatto servant came up to Playfair, delivering a card at the same time.

“ Massa,” said he, “ gemman and ledly be in coach, just come in packet from Halifax, want speak you one minute—no keep you one minute, massa.”

Playfair looked at the card, and read the superscription on it.

“MAJOR SIR LACHLAN MACPHERSON, BART.”

Playfair could not account for the interpolation—*Sir*, nor the tail word, *baronet*, but he had no doubt that it was still the glorious major.

“Will you excuse me, for a moment, Mrs. T——?” said Playfair; “the gentleman is an old excellent friend of mine, and having just arrived, probably has something particular to tell me, from the admiral at Halifax.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Mr. T——, starting from his usual gravity, as he always did when any generous thing pressed him into service. “Oh! your friends must certainly come in at once, and dine with us—they will be happy to see you,—you will be glad to see them,—and we shall be happy to see you altogether.”

Down stairs, without saying another word, went Mr. T——, without waiting for a word from Playfair, and the latter following him, got

to the street-door at the same time, before which were the major and his lady in a coach.

Playfair exclaimed outright,—“ My dear major, I little expected you and your better half at Boston so soon. How do you do ? ”

“ Capittally well,” replied the major, in his usually happy tone. “ I have a confidential despatch for you, which I promised the admiral to deliver to you with my own hands before I ate, drank, or slept in Boston, if I should be so fortunate as to find you in this city, and having, on driving from the packet wharf to the Tremont House, learnt, at the door of the hotel, that you were dining out, and where ; and so without stopping to set down Lady Macpherson, I commanded *blackee* there to drive here, and now that I have done my duty, I will not disturb you further, but order him to drive back, and be glad to crack over the Halifax news with you, in the old fashion, after you have dined and spent the evening with your friend.”

“ No ! I insist,” said Mr. T——, who was silent while the major uttered rapidly the above

explanation for calling, "No! I insist, sir, that you and your lady will dine here, we must not part old friends thus, we have plenty of room, and abundance of cheer."

"I han't, sir! I indeed han't on a dress to dine in," exclaimed Lady Macpherson.

"Capital dress, madam," said Mr. T——, "excellent, and no ceremony I calculate among friends; I assure you, ma'am, dress with us makes no distinctions."

Playfairknew Mr. T—— well enough to second his hospitable wish, and said at once to Sir Lachlan, "I also must press you to do as my friend desires, and Lady Macpherson will, I am sure, at once wave all scruples—I will stand forth against all opinion, and say her ladyship is excellently well dressed."

So she was, but persons brought up as she had been are a thousand times more apprehensive as to their dress being "not quite the thing," than the truly well-bred. She however consented to appear with her husband, descended from the coach, and mounted with Mr. T—— and Playfair to the drawing-room, where

he introduced her to Mrs. T—— and to the guests present.

They almost immediately descended to dinner. Sir Lachlan leading Mrs. T——, Mr. T—— giving his arm to Lady Macpherson, Playfair having the same honour with Miss T——, and Dr. C—— leading down her amiable governess.

We shall say nothing further about this dinner, as it resembled in most respects a genteel one in England, and the evening was spent in the drawing-room in very instructive and interesting conversation, and with some music. At rather an early hour Playfair returned with Sir Lachlan and his lady to the Tremont. Her manners were much the same as before. She had learned, however, to consider her newly-acquired title of no mean importance. “Her ladyship” certainly sounded more harmoniously than “Mrs. Van Warmstein.”

The major, excellent soul, had soon become accustomed to his wife, and would scarcely observe her *malapropos*, or would goodnaturedly think it best not to notice

them, concluding probably, that she was rather past the years of discretionary instruction, to be softly moulded into the easy gracefulness of genteel breeding. She really loved him, and at heart she was a good, sincere woman. Her language and manners might also improve by her associating with a class superior to those among whom she was brought up.

An uncle who had been created a baronet for his services, and who had remained long enough to lose his constitution, and to amass a considerable fortune in the East Indies, returned to die at Cheltenham, and to leave his title and about one thousand pounds a year to our friend Lachlan, accounted for the latter having become a baronet since we parted with him at Halifax.

At the latter place, although Sir Lachlan would be invited to all the parties, balls, and fashionable dinners, it would not be forgotten that Lady Macpherson was the identical person known as Mrs. Van Warmstein, the wife of the boardinghouse-keeper, and she, consequently, never would receive an invitation.

Sir Lachlan, who really loved his wife for the affection he was confident she bore him, and the real goodness of her heart, was too magnanimous to accept of invitations to entertainments from which his wife was excluded.

About a week after his marriage he received an account of his good fortune, and he then immediately, through a friend of Colonel Prescott's, made an arrangement which enabled him to dispose advantageously of the house in town, and the property in the country, for good bills on London, to which Sir Lachlan determined to remove with his wife, as the only place where honest people can live without pride or scandal interfering with the enjoyments of social life.

They, however, made up their minds to make a tour first over the United States, and consequently lost no time in following Playfair to Boston.

His intended movements tallied exactly with Sir Lachlan's. Colonel Prescott had left, by the Unicorn steam-boat, from Pictou, for Montreal, accompanied by his sister, a some-

what aged spinster, and his relative, the beautiful Mrs. Hawkins: Playfair wishing to halt a short time at Essfield, to start a day or two before Sir Lachlan, who wished to show his lady New York ; from which they all intended to ascend the Hudson, and then visit SARATOGA and the Falls of Niagara.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REVIVAL.

“ All the devil could do, if run mad,
All by which hell is peopled, or as bad !
As hell——”

ESSFIELD! the name fastened upon Playfair, as he read it in the advertisements of routes by railroads, stages, and steam-boats, in the *Boston Morning Post*.

“ Why,” said he to himself, “ Ruth Adams dwells at Essfield, and I have vowed that if I ever again came within a hundred miles of where she dwelt, I would travel each of those miles to see her.” Accordingly on packing up the portmanteau and night-bag, which contained all

his moveable property, Playfair left the CITY OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS, its two mile bridges, and its hundred lines of stages; its sumptuous market and its state prison; its hospitals and its athenæum; its state-house and its orphan asylum; its theatres and its Sunday oratories; its great green common and its three little mountains; its statue of Washington and its cenotaph of Franklin; its learned college and its warlike dockyard; its museum and its diorama; its men of science and calculating dollar-hunters; its notable ladies' committees, for managing fancy fairs, gathering subscriptions for Bunker's Hill Monument, for the abolition of slavery, and for converting the French, Jews, and heathens; its forty churches and its thousand dram-shops; its demolished convent and its protestant boarding-school; its cod-fisheries, and its China ships; its select men and its prudential committees; its South Sea whale-ships, and Transatlantic sailing and steam packets; its magnificent bay, its picturesque islands, its commanding heights, and its neat villas; its affluence and its *no-beggary*.

Playfair travelled rapidly in the railway stage, and early in the afternoon alighted at the door of the principal tavern in the thriving town of Essfield.

The street in which the tavern stood was crowded with people. It might have been a fair, or a market-day, or a meeting of locofocos, or, by a term lately used, of a British whig Harrison party; but there prevailed a rueful face, and yet agitated appearance, in the *tout ensemble* of the multitude, that reminded Playfair rather of the speculators of Change-alley, whom he once beheld on an unlucky settling day, fruitful in defaulters, and not that of the easy light-heartedness of people assembled at fairs and markets, or of the more boisterous movements of a political meeting.

The word REVIVAL was heard here, buzzed there, ejaculated yonder, groaned in the centre, and smothered in the background. There were heard also, especially among the women, whispers of wonderful conversion! moving of the spirit! bodily contortion! driving out of the evil one! faintings!—trances!—symptoms!—

remorse!—conscience!—regeneration!—millenium!—death!—judgment!—heaven!—and hell!*

The observations, relative to Playfair's bearing towards the people of the country, laid down by Dr. Simpson, were, he resolved, not to be disregarded. Having therefore put up his luggage and arranged matters as to lodging, he asked the landlord, in a familiar manner, if he knew Mr. Reuben Adams.

“Squire Adams?” he replied. “Oh! I guess I do: there is not a citizen in the *universal state* but knows Squire Adams.”

“Will you,” said Playfair, “oblige me by

* In order to show how little exaggeration there is in this account of a revival, as described in the Playfair papers, the following account of the recent great camp-meeting in America, is transcribed from a New York paper of September 21, 1839. Several passages are, however, omitted of too impure tendency.

“Camp Ground, Sing Sing, Friday, Sept. 1839.

“The thirty-fifth annual methodist camp-meeting in this country has gone off *remarkably quiet*, owing to the arrangements of Mr. Clark of Sing Sing. There were a great many persons, male and female, *excited*, some with religious feelings, some with *fast driving*, some with the heat of the tents, some with praying and singing, some with eating and drinking, some with wine, and some with brandy.

sending somebody with me to *help* me to find out his house?"

"Why, squire, I guess I will," he answered, "but the revival is, I calculate, about progressing to my tavern,—the citizens are all mustering, as if it were a *meeleeshar* day or loco-foco, or hard cider meeting; and the preachers are all a-coming,—but, squire, between you and I and the *water pump* and the *maple stump*, as you are an Old Englander, and care not for none of them ere things, I swear I have no great consideration for them there *prayering preaching* men. I calculate they are never not at all genuyne, and never no better nor deceptionists;

"I am here to give you a faithful account of what I have seen and heard, and not to draw inferences, or I should say that the amount of evil resulting from the camp-meetings far outweighs the good; but that is for time to tell of. Let us proceed to details; and as the history of one day is the history of the whole, I will give you a faint outline of the doings of yesterday. Soon after ten o'clock on the revival evening, the whole of the immense mass of human beings had gathered themselves to their respective tents or homes. Not a straggler was on the ground at midnight, save the members of the police, and *vigilance committee*, going their respective rounds. The scene at this time was peculiarly solemn and imposing; five thousand human beings were clustered together in that small wood, lying for the most part upon straw,

but as it would not be popular, not to *hinter-tain* them, I have speculated on giving them free invitation to come and *revive* at my tavern. May be, squire, you would calculate better on stopping than going to Squire Adams; for Miss Ruth is, I guess, in a slick galloping *goinsumption*; nearly altogether dead, and, for all the preachers do, they cannot revive her; they have been praying and singing hymns for her a mighty long time, and all to never no purpose: I guess they say she is a lost *yow* (ewe), and will be *tarnashun'd* and *pitched intil utter* darkness, and that she'l wail and gnash her teeth, and be burnt in the blue flame

worn out with the pious physical exercises of the day, and buried, as it were, in deep and heavy slumbers. The sky was cloudless, and the stars shone with unusual brilliancy upon the tranquil scene. At the foot of the hill, a clear gurgling brook, rushing swiftly o'er its rocky bed, broke on the stillness of the night with the delicious music of nature; in the distance could be heard the retiring wheels of a stray carriage, conveying its noisy burden to their beds in a neighbouring village: from the broad bosom of the Hudson, seen distinctly through the clearing, came up occasionally, the hoarse, monotonous roar from the steam-pipes of the passage-boats ascending and descending the river. From tent to tent could be heard the hum of human voices murmuring their midnight prayer, and

burntstone lake, as she won't repent of her sins and wickedness.

“And she says she cant repent, *for that she does not know what she has done to repent of.* Tarnashun seize me, squire, if I think she can repent: for how can one repent for what one *never at all do*; and then, I calculate, how can Ruth Adams repent for being the goodest and the beautifulest young girl in all the universal state? But, squire, all this speculation is between you and I and the water-pump and the maple stump, so no explications, for that would not be *politic*, I guess.”

Six or seven gloomy-looking, smooth-faced

in many instances rich bursts of human harmony broke forth in these soul-stirring lines,

‘ Salvation ! oh, Salvation !
The gladly solemn sound.’

“ Such were the sounds till a short time after midnight, when, to appearance, each was buried in sleep, and all was silent as the grave. Long before the bright sun began to lace the east with crimson, the hum of human voices announced the approach of morning. Then ensued a curious scene. Such rustling and shaking amongst the straw ! Pious young and old fellows could be seen crawling out of the ends and sides of the large tents, brushing the straw from their clothes, pulling up their shirt-collars, pulling down the legs of their

persons clad in somewhat rusty black, with white cravats, and no shirt-collars, came now up the street followed by a crowd of women, children, and men. The former entered the tavern, and were welcomed by the landlord, who treated them, as he said, to *Callibogus*, before commencing prayers. The whole house was immediately filled and hundreds were yearning to hear from without. The windows were thrown open, and the *revival* was *revived*, by a doleful lamentation for the sins of the people, in comparison with which the *Jeremiade* breathes hilarity and gladness. A hymn, or rather a continued howl, equally doleful, fol-

trousers, and yawning and stretching, preparatory to morning prayer. The young girls looked still more ridiculous, as they crawled out of their straw beds, where they had been huddled, during the night, heads and heels, by the dozen. The straw was entangled in their bosoms, their petticoats, &c. &c., and many were the laughable manœuvres they resorted to, for the purpose of shaking the straw from their garments. After this necessary movement, a whole posse of them would take a run down the hill to the brook, and wash their hands, faces, and some their feet, when they could do so unseen. Then they would join hands and walk up the hill, singing a hymn.

“ On reaching the tents again, there was generally a small prayer-meeting; in the interim, there was all sorts of move-

lowed; and a sermon, no, a damning denunciation succeeded: the horrible blasphemous conceptions of which transformed the benignant Omnipotent, and all-wise Creator, into a monster more terrible in spirit, and judgment, and action, than all the imagination of a Milton, a Dante, or a Byron, could invent for the infernal amusement of the devil and his legions.

Playfair walked away, disgusted with poor human nature, that it could endure such miscreants and such degradation; and guided by a lad from the inn reached the house of Mr.

ments and cries on all sides. "You Joe, you nigger, get another bucket of water and fill de teakettle for de good brothers; I guess dey hungry wid long prayer-meeting."—"Mother, have you seen my side-combs?"—"Now brethren and sisters, let us begin the day by praising God."—"Go ahead, Jem, and hitch that blach mare to the waggon, and go down to Sing Sing, and get some more cider, and ask Sim Tomkins to send us up a couple of his hams." (N.B. Tomkins cooks the best hams in the county.)—"Now, brother Harris, call upon God to fill the dear sisters full of all good things."—"Aunt Martha, I want breakfast so bad."—"Glory to God, who has brought us through another night."—"Sam, will you shave me when you get through that gentleman?"—"Here comes our pedler."—"What do you buy, ladies? buy? pins and needles! hair-oil, soap!"—"Now, dear brothers, you that

Ruben Adams. On inquiring for him and his family a negro woman (not a slave) said,

“ Massa—he be gone, and *missas*, she be gone, to de *rebibal*. Dat *ish* de *preecherings* dat *rebibe* all de peeples. Young *missa* no go to be *rebibed*—*alto* *preecher*man say she soon die, and go to burning lake, and be burnstone burnt. If *missa*—dear young *missa*, go to be *strong rebibed*, me be all happy glad—*missa* be great mush in galloping slick gonesumpshon: no able to vaak mush, and no strong—*dish* vor dat I glad *missa* go to *rebibal* to be kurred ob de gonesumpshon—dat be all—no possibe *missa* be burnstone burnt—no, no, no, possibe, mush

believe in the promise, come up to the pool of Siloam and be made clean.”—“ I have been down to the brook and cleaned my feet.”—“ Does that kettle boil ?”—“ Yes.”—“ Cut some more bread-and-butter ; there’s two preachers going to breakfast with us.”—“ Here, you barber, Sam, have you got any brandy ?”—“ No.”—“ Any rum or gin ?”—“ No, but I got some alcohol: dat do ? and some no de Colon. Ha! ha! dat good enough for white trash to drink.”—“ Now let us all pray. Oh! glory! glory! hallelujah for ever !”—“ Breakfast is ready.”—“ Thank God for his goodness !”—“ Praised be his name !”—“ Dick, here comes that fat nigger wench, let’s have some fun with her.”—“ Hallo, my pearl of great price, there’s a good thick rind to your pork.”—“ Let us sing

great better be coramony religion den dat—
better mush have Obi-God den dat:—me speka
missa dat—yes, me speka missa dat.”

There were in the expressions and feelings of the poor ignorant negress, something so natural, so affectionate for her young mistress, so anxious for her going to the *revival*, solely for the reco- of her health, so rational, in regard to future punishment, that Playfair felt almost ashamed of the colour of his own skin.

He was afraid that his presence would distress Miss Adams, who, the negress told him was sitting in an easy-chair by the parlour-fire; but could not, however, bear the idea of leaving

to the praise and glory of God. Brethren, I have a new camp-meeting hymn, and here it is,—

“ THE FIRM BANK.

“ TUNE—‘ *Punch and Judy came to town.*’

“ I have a never-failing bank,
A more than golden store,
No earthly bank is half so rich—
How can I then be poor ?

“ Since then my banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow :
I’ll live upon my cash to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.

without seeing the angelic being; and her energetic mind, while afflicted with such feeble health, still resisting the annoyance of those wretches, the revivers, exalted her, if possible, infinitely more in his admiration. He sent her in by the negress Diana, a slip of paper, which he tore from his note-book, and on which he pencilled his name, adding, that if she were not too weak, he would feel happy to see her. Diana instantly returned, saying, "Missa be great mush delighted to see you in de parlour." He accordingly entered.

Miss Adams attempted to rise as he advanced, but her strength was scarcely equal to the task,

" And see the wretched dying thief
Hang by the banker's side ;
He cried, ' Dear Lord, remember me !'
And got his cash and—died."

" After this they all went to breakfast with a most excellent appetite. This was scarcely over, before the majority were hard at it again, praying, singing, and exhorting, until ten o'clock; and at these periods, the noise, the shouting, the yelling, and actually the screaming, were terrific. In every public tent not used for eating, there could be seen a crowd, a perfect mob of human beings, male and female, gathered together. At first, they would all stand up, the males on one side, and the females on the other. One stout muscular brother

and she sank again into her seat, smiling in the loveliness of enchanting yet deplorable beauty.

“ I am so happy to meet you once more,” said she, “ our former delightful evenings—our delicious interchange of ideas, and converse, while crossing the Atlantic, I perpetually recur to and ponder over: you see me indeed weak, but not unhappy. I will be cheerful to the last—I suffer no pain—I will, I hope, enjoy the present summer at Saratoga, to which we are soon going, and perhaps I may last through the winter, and then, methinks, I shall gradually vanish from this world to the regions of peace and love. Those gloomy preachers—

would begin thus: “ Glory to God! Hallelujah! Blessed Jesus, look down upon us and our dear sisters. (Amen, from a dozen voices.) Break our hearts—burn out the old stuff. (Amen! Amen!) Light up a flame here, God! (Oh, God!) Mercy and light pour down upon us. (Pour away, Jesus.) Go ahead, O God! and create us all over again! (Amen—begin directly, Jesus.) Don’t stay a moment longer—bring up the backsliders: (Hallelujah! glory!) smite the devil hip and thigh—give us Samson’s jaw-bone of an ass to smite him with. (Amen, amen, from the whole crowd.) Hallelujah! glory!”

“ Here some of the sisters would begin to cry and bellow tremendously, with interjaculations of “ Oh, my poor lost soul! ’ Another brother would take up the praying department as

those melancholy monitors have greatly annoyed me, and have not a little agitated my nerves, which are not now so strong as when we swept proudly over the bosom of the dark blue sea.”

To Playfair she now appeared of transcendent beauty: her rather tall figure; her skin so transparent and so purely white, except in the exquisite glow on her cheeks and lips; her dark hair *à la Madonna*; her finely-pencilled black eyebrows and long lashes; her perfectly even and pearly teeth; her irresistibly expressive and pure love-attractive eyes; her delicate fingers; her prettily-shaped feet; and her most graceful

soon as one had exhausted himself, and carry it on in this wise: —“ Don't let us give out, O God, nor faint by the way: give us good oldfashioned Holy Ghost lungs, and make us all clean grit unto godliness!” Then a third brother would cry out, “ Amen! Glory! More glory. — Come now, all you that want to be made clean, get down into the dust, every one of you, down, down.” Then the young girls would huddle together, and drop down first, on their knees, then roll over on their sides, then all ways, in the most singular state of confusion, to the great derangement of their head-dresses, and the peculiar peril of their petticoats. Then ensued a scene of the wildest description! Order, regularity, decency, modesty, all were set at defiance. This appeared to be the grand reliance for the godly to convert sinners unto salvation; and

person, although much reduced, presented, as she reclined back in the easy-chair on which she sat, a form which angels might love to worship.

“I was thinking of you,” said she, “only a few hours ago. I fancied how much you would be disgusted at the language of those men, who presume to designate themselves as the ministers of the meek, merciful, and tolerant Saviour of mankind.

“You know,” she continued, “I am no common reader, nor am I a bigot. I was a few days since reading Fenelon, and they declared to my mother that I was a papist. The day after I was reading that beautiful passage on

never did wild devils and maniacs in a madhouse make greater efforts to drive young and weak-minded people perfectly crazy. At these private praying spells (which occurred promiscuously all round the camp, during the intervals of worship) the preachers appeared not at all to interfere. Those who prayed acted without any concert; sometimes two or three going with a full head of steam on at one and the same time; and besides these, at least a dozen throwing in their interjections of “Glory,” “Hallelujah,” “Mercy,” “I see Jesus,” “Here comes the Saviour.”

“Every thing was admirably arranged to alternate during the day. First a dose of cold water, then a dose of prayer, then a dose of singing, then a meal of victuals, then more praying and preaching, then more worldly food, then more

devotion, in Adam Smith's 'Theory of Moral Sentiments,' and one of the preachers denounced me to my father as an atheist, although he confessed he had never read the book. When I take up the New Testament and read the plain simple truths and moral maxims uttered by our blessed Saviour, they advert to some of the dark inexplicable passages of scripture. When I say that I am conscientiously at ease, and resigned in my hope of future salvation, by living according to the simple instructions, and the plain rules of worship delivered by Jesus Christ, they respond by saying, that 'if a single peg of the tabernacle be wanting, it is spiritual food, and so on till night, and then all lay down in the straw.

“ Such are the routine duties of each day at a camp-meeting. The first thing in the morning,—wash, pray, sing, prepare breakfast, pray, sing, and eat, and then sing and pray till ten o'clock; and as all cannot eat at once, some are praying, and some are singing, and some are eating all the time, from dawn till ten o'clock. Preaching commences then, during which time all eating is stopped in the tents of the godly; the public worship lasts till noon. Then all rush to the feeding-cribs; those that are shut out at the first table pray till their turn to eat comes, and so on till all are served. Then they go at it for praying and singing till two; at two public worship begins, and lasts till four; after this, till early candle-

impossible for me to see the kingdom of heaven.'

"My mother has the kindest of hearts, and her piety is sincere, but it is that of imitation and terror—not of rational conviction and confidence. The threats of the preachers, and their horrible delineations of infernal punishment have enfeebled her nerves and she consequently entertains the melancholy, instead of the cheerful spirit of worship.

"My father is a strong-minded rational man, and tells me to act and think as I please; but as the elections for congress and president come on soon, and as he is a candidate, the preachers,

light, the greatest fun and folly takes place. Then the shouting and yelling, and raving, and cries of "Glory," "Hallelujah," are heard at the highest. Then the brothers and sisters mingle together in most admired disorder, and then comes the fainting and revival and salvation of sinners by the dozen. "Towards morning they all formed like soldiers, and marched round the camp, singing in the most sublime manner, and after breakfast struck their tents and went home rejoicing. The last I heard of this meeting was two pious negroes singing,

' Oh! old Sukey Ross she keeps good rum,
And I wish to God that I had some,' &c. &c.

Observations.—We must, as rational and accountable beings, as good citizens, and lovers of decency and decorum, con-

(who have, since the beginning of what they call the revival, turned the heads of nearly all the electors, with those of their wives and children), would otherwise assuredly denounce my father as an improper representative,—he, in consequence, in variance with his feelings and principles, follows the crowd daily to these ravings and meetings, which he in his heart abhors:—so much for our political liberty!

“I cannot account for it,” she continued, “but since the preachers have been here to-day I have felt myself much more feeble than hitherto, yet I am at this moment more animated than for some weeks past. The delight of meeting denn many of the scenes which occurred in connexion with the late camp-meeting. There are scenes detailed to us that should cause the chief actors in them to be arrested for disturbing the public peace. At the public preaching all was well conducted, though the talent displayed in preaching was of the most ordinary description. We never heard so many men speak so little to the purpose during five consecutive days. But during the preaching, many of the poor deluded half-crazy fanatics were yelling, and screaming, and disturbing the bulk of the congregation who were orderly, quiet, attentive, and well-behaved; and deserving of praise, at least for the sincerity of their attentions, if not for any thing else.

“We might multiply instances in which absurdity, folly, and vice, seemed to bear uncontrollable sway at this camp-meet-

a friend, whose mind and principles accord with my own, seems completely to renovate me. My mental energies and perceptions, it is true, have, during my declining health, become, as I think, more powerful, more keen than ever ; perhaps it may be a fancy of mine. The preachers are to return to a *hot supper*, ordered by mother ; they love hot suppers and good drink, I assure you : I fear they will resume their horrid ghostly counsel ; and, until they depart, I entreat you not to leave me. I cannot describe to you how miserable their presence makes me.”

As Miss Adams concluded, the trampling

ing, but one or two will suffice. But when we saw notorious pickpockets in the act of prayer, surrounded by a score of beautiful and innocent girls ; when we saw a notorious black-leg and gambler exhorting sinners to repent ; ignorant scoundrels attempting to teach the truths of the blessed gospel which they were unable to read ; play-actors, usurers, and extortioners, descanting upon the beauty of holiness and the blessings of charity and benevolence ; and heartless vagabonds praying professedly to the Giver of all good, whose existence they would afterwards deny, and mocking their Maker with a solemn sound upon a thoughtless tongue ; when we saw all this, and all of it we did see, we should be unworthy the name and form of humanity, if we did not use our utmost exertions to put a stop to this wholesale and horrible system of blasphemy and iniquity.

sound of many footsteps, announced that several persons were approaching the door. Mr. and Mrs. Adams entered accompanied by the aforementioned seven personages in black, and several others who appeared, by their affected holy looks, to be ruling elders of the revival.

Ruth introduced Playfair to her father and mother. The former, who had the appearance, with, however, a cast of calculation in his face, of being a superior man, received Playfair with plain civility. The mother, whether from natural and habitual stiffness of look, language, and gesture, was as cold as if she personified the metamorphosed wife of Lot.

“Look at the early history of camp-meetings, as established by the meek and holy Founder of Christianity, when he first held forth to them on the plains, on the hills, or in the woods of Judea. The leaders, and preachers, and pure spirits, who presided over the primitive camp-meeting, took [no thought what they should eat, or what they should drink, or wherewithal they should be clothed. They did not consider—as do the modern camp-meeting members—the concerns of the body as of more moment than the concerns of the soul. They did not load waggons, and charter steam-boats with feather beds, and purple and fine linen, and negro-servants, and goodly raiment, and beef and ham, and cider, and souchong, and hyson, and gunpowder, and chocolate, and cocoa, and coffee, and Cologne, and Macassar oil, and perfumery,

All parties were soon seated. The supper, a most important and indispensable feast at all religious revivals, was announced; and all except Ruth, who remained in her chair, were desired to take places around a table which appeared to be laden for the occasion with the most fat and savoury things that Mussachusets could display, either from her home or imported stores. It was indeed a feast to revive hungry sinners, and Playfair, having a sharply whetted appetite, felt as if the grace, or rather prayer and sermon, which formed the prelude to an

and silks, and the choicest fruits of the earth, and every luxury of life; but they went out on the spur and impulse of the moment, when called by their Creator to worship Him, far from 'the maddening crowd's ignoble strife,' in the broad, green, flowery temples of nature, with neither fretted roof nor sculptured dome, but the bright blue canopy of creation for a covering. Then, indeed, religion was properly understood, and properly practised; and so it should be in the present day."

So far with the celebrated camp-meeting of the 16th September, 1839, on the banks of the Hudson. We also transcribe part of an American description by a lover of camp-meetings, but we refrain giving the whole, remarking our happiness that the young lady spoken of escaped the preacher and has married a gentleman of sense and intelligence, who has made her happy.

"On the sixteenth day of September, in a memorable year

attack on the smoking fat geese and crammed turkeys would never ! never end !

“ The table was a board to tempt ev'n *ghosts*
To pass the Styx for more substantial feasts.”

The spirits, or *ghosts*, in black, performed their full part in the tragedy of demolishing the steaming viands which lay dished before them. The liquors, the wine, and the brandy too, were not at all objected to by the *holy revivers*. After supper they gave notice to assemble the domestics for prayer. Miss Adams had retired for the night ; she was consequently

a camp meeting was appointed to take place not many miles from ————, and great preparations were making. The religious and the irreligious, the devout and the curious, alike convened at the time appointed, with equal impatience, though not with the same motives. To the pious methodist it was to be a season of prayer, of holy communion, of divine influences, of deep self-abasement, and of inward strivings. To the idle and restless it was merely a method of beguiling time. To the vulgar and profane it afforded opportunities for carousal, for foolish jests, and licentious conduct. Every precaution was, as usual, taken for securing the band of Christians who encamped from riot and intrusion, but beyond the lines expressly marked for their purpose they could have no control, and the road was bordered for several miles by waggons, by booths, where liquor was sold and distributed, and by mountebanks and fiddlers.

“ The spot selected for the encampment was a green valley.

not likely to be disturbed by the fanatics ; and as neither Playfair's principles nor temper could endure probably a two hours' duration of hypocrisy and cant, he took leave and returned for the night to the inn. Next morning he called on Mr. Adams, whom he found to be a remarkably intelligent and liberal man. He detested the revivers as much as Playfair did ; but his election was in jeopardy, and the fever of fanaticism was raging in the land.

On one side of it arose grass-covered hills, and on the other flowed a clear, deep, and rapid stream. The tents, amounting to several hundred, were pitched on the hills around. Some of them were of plain white cloth, others of a more fanciful form, and diversified by stripes of red or blue. A stage, which answered for a pulpit, was erected of plain boards and placed on the banks of the water. It was large enough to contain five or six preachers at once, and had a flight of steps ascending to it. In front of this were seats arranged in rows, with aisles between them, the men sitting on one side, the women on the other. The seats covered a great extent of ground, and rose gradually, so that the last row of seats overlooked the whole.

“ It was not till the evening of the second day that the meeting was general and all the tents pitched. A shrill blast was then blown from a trumpet, and the people quitted their tents, where they had established their *domestic comforts*, and took their seats fronting the pulpit, which was filled by preachers. So far, the scene was noble and picturesque. The multitude, as you looked down from the hills around, was

“What with the tempest of politics, and the religious zealots, and the anti-abolitionists, and anti-negroes, nearly all over the Northern States, we shall be,” said he, “until the vehement partisans of those absurdities exhaust their follies, in a most perplexing and false con-

countless. They had, like the children of Israel, pitched their tents in the wilderness, and stood waiting on the banks of Jordan till they might cross to the *land of spiritual promise*. All was solemn and impressive. Even the *scoffers*, if such there were, were awed into silence. The moon rose in the heavens with unshorn majesty, its silver rays reflected by the stream, and forming a beautiful contrast to the red light that glared from lamps suspended from the trees, and raised aloft by poles.

“The meeting was opened by fervent prayer. Every hearer was still and mute. One preacher after another arose and addressed the audience. Sometimes a deep, *low groan* was heard, but the *work appeared to linger*. The language of the preacher became more and more vehement. *At length, a pale young man rose up, and commenced in a melodious and commanding tone—*

“*Why tarry ye, O Lord God of Hosts? Why tarry ye? Gird on thy sword and come forth! Call on the young men and the maidens—the infant that is just opening upon the morning of life, and the hoary head that is sinking with the last rays of evening. Tell them that the reaper is come—that even now the chaff is to be separated from the wheat! Tell them that the day of judgment is at hand! IT IS AT HAND!*” he exclaimed with vehemence, and striking on the thin boards of the pulpit with a force that resounded to the most distant tents, while the sweat fell in

dition in all that regards political independence. I am an abolitionist—so was De Witt Clinton, but he could not say so,—nor can I.”

Playfair found Ruth somewhat better, and much happier; having resolved not to see the revivers, she was composed and cheerful. They

drops from his face. “The day of judgment HAS come! HOWL, and GNASH your teeth! Call on the mountains to cover you! flee! hide yourselves! the Avenger has come! the Lord is here—He is here—He is here!—look at Him!!”

Shrieks of “HE IS HERE!” “He is here!” resounded from every part of the valley, as the preacher, exhausted by his own emotion, sunk back upon the seat and covered his face. The work was now begun. Many a poor wretch felt that there was no hope, and declared that the fire was already consuming his soul. A ring was formed round the pulpit, and those who were “under conviction” brought into it. Some continued screaming, and calling for mercy until they sunk under the violence of their excitement, and fell upon the ground, motionless and apparently dead. Others, with uplifted voices, sung rapturous hymns of joy over the fallen convicts, and others burst into loud and vehement shouts of “GLORY! GLORY! GLORY!”

As it approached midnight, it was thought best by those who were least excited, to dissolve the meeting. The apparently lifeless were borne to the tents to which they respectively belonged. In some of the tents the voice of prayer, of praise, of deprecation, and self-condemnation was still heard, but, in most, the flesh had overcome the spirit, and tables were set out with provisions which they hastily swallowed, and then flung themselves on their beds of straw, and slept profoundly.

One only was left upon the ground. It was a young girl of a

spent some pleasant hours together, and Mr. Adams gave Playfair his hand, that he would in a week take her to the wells of Saratoga and Balston, where Playfair pledged himself to join them, and on the following day he left Springfield for New York.

fair and delicate complexion. Her dress did not resemble that of the Methodists, but was of a fashionable and rich texture. Her mind had evidently yielded to the general excitement, and she lay in an obscure spot, overcome by her emotion, and her face still wet with the tears she had shed, of penitence or terror (terror certainly). It is possible she might have remained in this situation till morning, had not one solitary wanderer passed that way—the young preacher who had first kindled the flame that had spread so widely. He had remained, in imitation of our Saviour, to watch, and pray, regardless of hunger or fatigue, until his hair was damp with the dew of the night.

Perhaps, when he first saw the form of the beautiful being who obstructed his path, he imagined that the angels had come to minister unto him. He stopped, however, and gazed upon her with a surprise that partook more of earth than heaven; then, bending over her, he exclaimed, “Awake, sleeper, awake!” His voice roused her from her insensible, dreaming state, and, raising herself on her elbow, she looked wildly about her.

“Oh! what will become of me?” said she, bursting into a flood of tears, “what will become of me!” We have quoted enough.
—EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIV.

STEAMING UP THE HUDSON.

“ A great sea-chimera, chimneying and furnacing the deep.”

Essays of Elia.

ON Playfair returning to New York, all there was in perpetual motion. Speculations by sea and land,—the disembarking and shipping of merchandise,—the excitement of political parties, the news carried weekly by the several Transatlantic steamers from London, Liverpool, and Bristol, and from the continent of Europe, with the arrival and departure of passengers, chiefly those to and from England,*

* The American newspapers (not all of them, but many) indulge copiously in *hyperbole*, whenever an event affords the opportunity. One of the New York journals, alluding to the

together with multitudes arriving in and leaving New York for other parts of the Union, and especially up the Hudson for Saratoga and the lakes of Canada, and the ceaseless movements of all on the water, on the wharfs, and on the land, formed the leading elements of this full tide of this ceaseless activity, restlessness, and change.

Steam-ships, and railroads, would now seem almost too slow conductors for the ideas of

departure of steam-ships and sailing-packets, with their passengers, for England, commences as follows :

“THE GREATEST MOVEMENT ON THE WATERS SINCE NOAH’S FLOOD.—Thursday was a great and eventful day in the annals of modern travelling. Two large steam-vessels, the ‘British Queen’ and ‘Great Western,’ and three great sailing-packets, the ‘Orpheus,’ ‘Ontario,’ and ‘Baltimore,’ left for Europe, and probably carried out an aggregate of 600 souls ; unquestionably the greatest number that ever embarked from this country on any one day, or any one expedition since the Flood, though we are not quite certain that we have accurate returns of the number that embarked the few days preceding that event. These 600 persons may be thus classified :

Bankers . . . 4	Rogues . . . 58	Stokers, poker,
Merchants . . 26	Pickpockets . . 10	&c . . . 100
Farmers . . . 8	Gamblers . . . 16	Old maids . . 2
Bondholders. . 13	Honest men with	Virgins . . . 36
Stockjobbers . 22	no occupation 3	Loafers (Jeremy
Parsons . . . 5	Sailors . . . 200	Diddlers) . . 75

overcoming time and space ! Shall we ever discover the means of mastering the air, so as to traverse its regions at will, and with the swiftness of the clouds in a brisk gale ? Who can prove that this is impossible ?

Leaving all such questions to be discussed by the inventive and practically scientific, and as Major Sir Lachlan, and his lady, who arrived at New York a day before Playfair, and had become impatient to be *en route* for Saratoga, he embarked with them in one of the large and powerful river steamers for Albany.

“ The ‘ British Queen,’ the best, if not the largest steam-vessel that ever floated, dashing down the bay, attended by a flotilla of other steam-vessels, each crammed by a multitude of our citizens, who seemed to vie with each other in offering up their best wishes for the safe voyage and speedy return of their British visitors.

“ The ‘ Great Western’ was steaming away down through the Narrows ; the ‘ British Queen’ was following her like a fleet race-horse. The ‘ Neptune,’ the largest steam-boat we have, was between the two ; men were huzzaing, *loafers* were shouting, rum-heads were swilling and swearing, black-legs were betting, blue-stockings were *debating*, *silk-stockings* were discussing, and *sans stockings* and *sans culottes* were cutting about between the crowds, picking pockets, and picking up ‘ unconsidered trifles.’ It was a great day. The hundred thousand eyes gazed after the vessels until distance, which *lent enchantment to the view*, *enviously* hid them from the sight of our citi-

“The stream of the magnificent Hudson,” says Playfair, “runs fast, though not very rapidly down: the distance between the points of departure and arrival is nearly one hundred and fifty miles, and over this distance a *locomotive hotel* of gigantic dimensions, nearly two hundred and fifty feet in length, and of great breadth,—with magnificent dining-rooms, splendid saloons, canopied and uncovered promenades, kitchens, wine-cellars, store-rooms, larders, pantries, barber’s and tailor’s shops, and with more than five hundred persons on board,

zens about three o’clock; and then 50,000 souls, of all sorts and shades, complexions and conditions, *strayed* to their different houses and eating-houses, some satisfied, some savage, some to look on and languish, some sober, and all *’tarnation hot*.

“The butcher of the ‘British Queen’ was up all Tuesday and Wednesday nights, killing, preparing, and putting meat, beef, veal, and mutton on board the ‘Queen,’ some of which, packed in ice, will be eaten fresh in England, to show John Bull that we have as sweet and as tender mutton in America as they have.

“Before the ‘British Queen’ left London, Queen Adelaide went on board of her, and engaged two large state rooms on deck, for herself and *five maids of honour*, who are coming out with a large retinue to New York next spring [!] Gods! what a time we shall have!”—*New York Herald*.

were to be, and were, effectually and agreeably conveyed in less than thirteen hours.

“The scene on leaving New York was that of full-life activity. Its features were the city, river, and shipping. The busy wharf,—the embarkation of passengers and luggage,—the negro porters with their peculiar *drollery*,—the Irish emigrants with their queer ideas and ready answers,—the various classes of passengers: for we had a state governor, judges, lawyers, members of Congress, and Virginian and Carolina planters, most of them with their families. We had also famous mechanics,—travelling English,—cautious Scotch,—swarms of the finest of Mr. O’Connell’s *pisantry*,—and finally we had more than a hundred *genuyne* Yankee speculators. Of the beautiful scenery of the Hudson I will say nothing. Knickerbocker and some others have described its rich magnificence far better than I can.

“Notwithstanding the promiscuous assemblage on board, I observed nothing like rudeness. Indeed, I must say that there is more civility on board an American than an English

steam-boat: especially on the part of the captain and the steward.

“The conversation was extremely varied, often quaint as to localities, and manner, and to me very instructive. The dinner was a munificent *table d’hôte*, without the expeditious demolition of dishes so general at the *ordinaries* on *terra firma*. The captain presided, and he really did the honours well. It was more like a great public dinner in England, than any feast which I have witnessed in America. With the difference, however, that a great many ladies, good and beautiful, adorned the long double row of tables: The captain and all at dinner gave scrupulous preference, in every thing, to the *fair sex*.

“As we sat taking our wine, and the juicy apples and delicious West Indian fruits so abundant at New York, the number at table was reduced to those—about a hundred—who felt the greatest interest in conversation: these included nearly all the ladies.

“The late rebellion in Canada became a leading subject, and although some of the

speculators, on their way to Michigan, and a few borderers, at first asserted that *les fils de la liberté* of Lower, and the *patriots* of Upper Canada were perfectly in the right, and that England tyrannized over her colonies now, as she had always done, yet the general good sense of the whole company soon decided that the mother country did not *now* rule with severity over these provinces.

“After several toasts had been drunk, I proposed ‘England and America united.’ This was drunk with enthusiasm by nearly all, and a gentleman from Charleston made a neat speech, showing ‘that England and America were situated in positions which would enable them, respectively, to do the utmost evil to each other,—that the prosperity of both depended upon the preservation of harmony and mutual confidence,—that no good American citizen would encourage, by word or deed, rebellion in the Canadas, and that England and America united might not only defy, but direct all the nations of the earth.’

“As the sun, in glorious splendour, was set-

ting behind the wood-crested Alleghanies, we approached Albany, the clean and strikingly pretty capital of New York. We landed without being annoyed by those leeches who assail us wherever a steam-boat arrives in Europe, and in a few minutes found ourselves comfortably lodged at Cruttenden's Hotel."

CHAPTER XV.

UN FILS DE LA LIBERTÉ.

“ Je regarde comme impie et detestable cette doctrine, qu'en matière du gouvernement la majorité d'un peuple a le droit de tout faire, et pourtant je place dans les volontés de la majorité l'origine de tous pouvoirs.”—DE TOCQUEVILLE.

“ AT Cruttenden's,” continues Playfair, “ we had as good accommodation as reasonable travellers could wish for. Albany is now the busy centre of enterprising commerce. Steam-boats, canals, and railroads bring thither all sorts of raw and manufactured commodities,—all sorts of speculators,—all varieties of travellers. It is, indeed, no longer Mrs. Grant's rural town, with a garden, and trees surrounding each of its neat white houses,—with its family groups, in

summer evenings, or clear moonlight, seated beneath the shade of open portico, or spreading tree,—with the family cow, fed in the common pasture, returning home at eve, with its tinkling bell, along the broad grassy street, to be milked at its owner's door,—with inhabitants, *not one* of whom was very rich,—very poor,—very knowing,—very ignorant,—very wise,—or very polished.

“Beautiful picture! now no more;—yet there is something like it which I have formerly observed in many of the parishes of Lower Canada, but which the demagogues of that country have for many years been attempting to despoil,” said Playfair, turning round to the major, who had remained with him in the large withdrawing-room, to finish a bowl of punch, after Lady Macpherson had retired.

Opposite sat two individuals, warmly engaged in political disputation. One of them, on hearing Playfair's remark relative to Canada, turned round, saying, “Pardon me, sir, if you knew Canada, and understood or felt our grievances, you would speak otherwise.”

“ I have known something of Canada,” replied Playfair; “ I have travelled over the greater part of both provinces, conversed and lodged with your seigneurs, with your excellent curés, and with your *habitans*, whom I found a cheerful, happy people :—each family living in a comfortable dwelling, all sociable and delighted when Sunday came round, that they might assemble at their churches to worship, and between masses talk over the village and country news, all in their best and very decent Sunday dresses, the old conversing, and the young making love

“ Poverty I could scarcely any where discover. None were very rich ; many were comparatively opulent. Their farms produced more corn and vegetables than they consumed. They had a market for the surplus to sell for luxuries. They had horses and oxen to plough with, and milch cows, and swine, and poultry, to afford them sustenance. Their sheep yielded food and raiment. They had no rent to pay for their lands, and they paid no taxes,* no poor-rates,

* The small custom's duty on imported articles, forming an indirect tax, need scarcely to be named, when we consider

no tithes, unless it were maintaining the parish priests of their own religion, a burden of which no one complained. What therefore are the grievances which oppress you ?”

“Why, sir, our political rights have been taken from us, we have been, and are tyrannized over by England,—we are not allowed to govern ourselves ; our nationality, which *cannot be destroyed*, is ferociously invaded, and our lands are given to strangers.”

“Your political rights taken from you,” observed an American statesman, who drew in his chair at the same time. “My opinion is that no people ought to be more grateful to England than your Lower Canadians for protection, and for granting you every political right consistent with good government and the administration of justice. You have every civil right that we have in America, with none of the evils that render our social position uneasy,—

that the Canadian peasantry are usually clad in the homespun cloth made of their own sheep’s wool, and of the flax raised on their own land, and both spun and woven in their own houses ; further, that their beds are of the feathers which the geese of their own poultry-yards supply.

you are less taxed than we are; you have your religion established by law, with the means provided for maintaining it; you have universal suffrage, *if that be a blessing*, which, as a republican citizen, I doubt; you may speak and write what you please without being *committed*, as we say; and even your alleged grievances have been listened to with a solicitude in England which, if the like had been but one half observed towards the old provinces, they would have remained British provinces still."

"Sir, you quite mistake the Canadians. The time is come; we will be a free, independent nation, we were fully as much justified as you were in our unfortunate attempt at revolution!" exclaimed the son of liberty. "Thousands of American citizens know that England tyrannizes over us,—that her despots in office have treated our deputies to London with contempt, and that the Canadian nation, glorying in its origin, has grown up into strength, and will effect her liberty."

"Oh! *independence* is what you mean," replied the American statesman: "I thought that

you only aimed at a redress of grievances, which, if they exist, will be reduced. I know the British government, from my having resided officially in London, well enough to be convinced of the willingness to do you justice: but *independence* is quite another thing. You may effect it, or you may not. If you are successful, it will be called a revolution; if not, a rebellion; then you will or should, according to law, be hung as rebels. If American citizens sympathize with you, it is from speculation to become possessed of your trade, to occupy your vacant lands, and to introduce among you an *anarchy* that will soon *radically* destroy the laws and the institutions which now give you, practically, a nationality,—an *anarchy* that will destroy your catholic church establishment, and that maintenance for a clergy which you have deservedly venerated; that will soon destroy the simple happiness of rural life which has hitherto prevailed among you, and at the same time all the social delights of your village meetings and winter evenings. Of all men, your pastors and your peasantry ought to dread with fear and trembling your being an independent nation.”

“England, sir,” answered the son of liberty, “has determined to *swamp us*, by granting unlawfully and unconstitutionally our vacant lands to a British company, to fill up Canada with a British population. We will perish, sir, before we submit to that,—we will not submit to the English parliament of aristocrats,—nor to the union of the Canadas.”

“I think,” said the American, “the incorporation of that company was very impolitic, but doing so was neither illegal nor unconstitutional. I should rather have left those lands to be filled up by a people like the Canadians of French origin, who have certainly no sympathy for the Anglo-American race. I would do so in order, in some measure, to counterbalance the power of the latter, in the event of a quarrel between England and America. You, however, after England had given up to you the control and direction of the provincial and crown revenues, refused most ungratefully to grant the very moderate civil list proposed by the British government, and therefore provoked England to incorporate that very company, and to sell

them the lands you allude to, in order to be filled up by settlers less under the influence of political demagogues than the simple, though honest, but lately unfortunate Canadian peasantry,—unfortunate, I mean, when they consent to follow the evil counsels of demagogues and lawyers. I have long watched your political movements, and I find no generosity in return for all the concessions and kindnesses which no rational being can deny you have received from England; but I find that you constantly cry out against England, as if the whole government were guilty of the acts of individuals. Your grievances are social. Among you one race hates the other, and many of the Anglo-Saxon race are as violent and unjustifiable as those of French origin.”

“You are *all English, sir*,—you have none of the American citizen’s *sympathy for the Canadians*,” exclaimed the son of liberty.

“I trust I am as loyal an American as any within our republic, although I neither covet the monopoly of your trade, nor cherish the

design of speculating on your lands, nor yet entertain the vanity of introducing among you that anarchy which would certainly destroy both your religious institutions, and those laws and customs which you consider peculiarly national. Even if your case justified revolution, your late attempt proves that you have not leaders adapted for great affairs, and that you are not prepared for such a struggle," answered the American statesman.

"We cannot agree, sir, that I see plainly, you have been *Anglo-fied*. I think, however, our great patriot, Mr. Papineau, would soon have convinced you."

"I am certain the poor wronghead man would not alter my present view of the subject, and if Mr. Papineau had only conducted himself with the temper and ability in respect to Canada, which Mr. O'Connell (of whom I am, however, no partisan) has done in regard to Ireland, I am quite clear that the British Land Company would never have been incorporated, nor any the smallest complaint remained unlistened to

at Downing-street. Nor would he have proved to the world his want of judgment and moral courage.”

“ I do not understand you, sir,” replied the son of liberty with warmth ; “ Mr. Papineau has neither said nor done any thing but what a true patriot should have done and said.”

“ When a badly-advised but at the same time honestly-disposed British governor,” observed the American statesman, “ refused to accept Mr. Papineau as Speaker of the House of Assembly, that governor did a wrong which the British administration immediately redressed by appointing a wise governor,* who not only repaired that wrong, but took one of your leading Canadians into his counsels, and by the direction of the home government gave up all the hereditary revenues of the crown to your House of Assembly,† and redressed every grievance which you then complained of ; but when the British government proposed its very

- * General Sir James Kempt.

† A very unwise measure, without securing any fund to replace it.—EDITOR.

moderate *civil list* to your House of Assembly, that house refused to grant it, except on conditions more democratic than in any state of our republic; conditions which went to the length of entirely destroying the independence of the judges, and the power of administering the laws.

“ When you sent home a deputy to lay charges against an attorney-general, that deputy was graciously, and when he desired, received by the then colonial secretary, and that attorney-general was removed from office. If that deputy was, by a young ardent nobleman who afterwards became the chief colonial secretary, treated with temporary discourtesy, it was the error of that minister who is no longer such, but whose error you bring up in violent judgment against the present British government at home and in the colony. Mr. O’Connell, who knows well how to manage for Ireland, and *for himself* at the same time, and to whom you were vain enough, in Canada, to compare Mr. Papineau, has pursued a very different course. In a short period, he reduced, to the

political weakness of a broken reed, the opposition, which had exercised far more arbitrary measures over Ireland than were ever entertained (*in fact* none were ever intended) towards Canada.”*

“It is perfectly useless to say, sir, any thing with the hope of convincing you, in regard to the tyranny of Downing-street officials,” said the son of liberty, in a tone breathing somewhat of despair; “but you will admit the brutal ferocity of the British party in Canada towards the Canadians, and that their conduct fully justifies our declaring Canada an independent nation.

“That party,” observed the American statesman, “which you call British, is no more British in heart or head than the American citizens whom you believe to have sympathized with you. Both have only self-interest, speculation, and gain in view: both would leave no measure

* If Mr. O'Connell had then continued to act wisely, and to use decent language, instead of agitating the country about repeal, and befouling his speeches with the most unjustifiable epithets, he might still have secured the respect of all good men: but he has chosen the *worser* part.—EDITOR.

untried to overcome you, when profit and personal ascendancy would be the result. I admit the land company which is connected with that party to be another grievance, but a revolt, depend upon it, was not the course to get rid of that company, nor enfeeble that party whom you designate British, but most of whose members are in reality opposed to all British generosity; whose passion for gain, and abundance of vanity, form their leading characteristics; and whose influence and power would have been reduced to a just position were it not for the arrogance of the Canadian House of Assembly, led on and provoked to act wickedly by a few vain and reckless demagogues, who would sacrifice to their individual ambition the happiness of the whole rural population of the country. Good night! I wish you well—I wish all the Canadians prosperous and happy but do not hope you are to get out of your troubles by another rebellion.”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GENUINE PEOPLE.

“ Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind, connubial tenderness are there ;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty and faithful love.”

GOLDSMITH.

INSTEAD of travelling on direct to Saratoga, Playfair hired a Dearborne waggon, drawn by two horses, and a smart Yankee driver, clad in broad-brimmed straw hat, striped cotton trousers, and nankeen jacket, in order to visit some of the rural districts east and west of the picturesque Hudson. In this way did Major Sir Lachlan and Lady M'Pherson and Playfair travel, halting either by day or in the evening,

where fancy or the choice of a lodging decided. Their driver knew the country and every house well, and if it happened, at eve, that an inn was not near, he made no scruple in wheeling them to some large farm-house, where they were invariably received with the most kind hospitality.

“I have travelled,” says Playfair, “far and wide over the face of the earth, and I do not know, not even in England, where you can discover, joined together, so much comfort, happiness, virtue, independence, and useful intelligence, as among the beautiful villages and farm-houses of the highly-cultivated agricultural districts of the northern states.

“Here is nothing of that pale degeneracy,—of that indolent habit,—of exhausted soil,—of immoral intercourse, which enfeeble and impoverish Virginia and all the southern states.

“The *genuine* moral and physical power of the American republic, is assuredly to be found in the healthy farming population of the non-slaveholding states. The farm-houses we have visited and lodged in, abounded with every

convenience and domestic comfort. Every thing appeared in its proper place,—every thing to have been done in its proper time,—every thing to have been applied to its proper use.

“ Here the best parlour in the substantial white farm-house exhibited

“ ‘ The whitewash’d wall, the nicely *furbiſh’d* floor,
The varnish’d clock that tick’d behind the door,
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
Poor Richard’s rules to enjoy, not to abuse,
The hearth, except when winter chill’d the day,
With *cedar boughs*, and flowers, both wild and gay.’

“ Plain useful furniture, a mahogany-framed looking-glass, a case of shelves, with theological, historical, and several other, many entertaining, but no profane books. A table usually covered with green baize, on which lay the family Bible, illustrated, covered over the binding carefully with green baize, or tanned calfskin; and a chimney-piece, also adorned with china, or other ornaments. The sleeping-rooms were uniformly clean, and the beds good. The kitchen always exhibiting the utmost cleanliness, and the utensils always appropriate and in order. The porch, an im-

portant wing or projection, had usually several implements hung, in order, on its walls. The dairies were as clean and as sweet as if the mistress of the house and her fair maiden daughters attended to nothing else. Truly the old Dutch settlers must have transmitted the virtue of clean neat *dairies* to their descendants, and by example to all the farming wives of New York and its neighbouring states.

“Then there was the work-room or domestic manufactory, for carding and spinning, and weaving, in which the women employed themselves during the appropriated time, and which, with household management, form their chief thrifty occupation: for in America the wives and daughters of the rural class are never subjected, as the women in France and Germany are, to field labour in all weathers, except it be for a few days while gathering the hay and corn harvest. To this circumstance, as well as to race, is attributed the remarkable beauty of the women in the agricultural districts of the non-slaveholding states.

“The barn, the stables, the cattle-houses, the

agricultural instruments and implements, were all invariably in keeping with the system of order which prevailed in the domestic household. The horses were generally noble, sleek animals. The oxen and cows well reared, and the breed useful in every respect. The sheep were taken good care of;—the breed not always the best for wool, although usually excellent for mutton. The swine were too large and too fat for tender pork; but exactly that which finds a ready market for the use of the fishermen and other seamen.

“The poultry is very fine, and never did farm-yards make such a show of turkeys.

“On strolling over the fields, the wheat, the Indian corn, the oats, the potato, the clover, and other grass crops,—the apple, peach, and plum orchards,—the growth of pumpkins, melons, and culinary vegetables of all sorts, the stone fruits, &c., all proclaimed fertility of soil and skill in husbandry.

“The common-sense intelligence of the farming classes, and excellent moral character of the landlords of the hotels, who are also farmers, of

the localities we travelled over east of the Hudson, and west until we approached the border population towards the Canadian frontiers, therefore constitute them in truth what the American may well term the ‘*genuine people*.’

“Occasionally we saw a lazy talking *Rip Van Winkle*, with an *ill-ordered house* and a family out of the usual decent and comfortable keeping ; but they were indeed rare.

“Very few of the stationary rural preachers are of those wild fanatics who *rove* over the country, and who occasion more evil than any other cause, except slavery, in America; with the difference, that they are not

‘Passing rich with forty pounds a year,’

being generally well maintained ; the description of Goldsmith’s country curate being very nearly applicable to the stationary ministers of religion I allude to :

‘A man he was to all the country dear
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year :
 For other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise ;
 But, in his duty prompt to every call,
 He watched, and wept, and prayed, and felt for all.’

“Neither did we find any village or any settlement without its school, and although the institutions for the higher branches of education are numerous, and provided for in the northern states, and in all, except for slaves or coloured people, yet the country school, and the learning of the country schoolmaster, resemble still more those pictured by the same poet.

‘There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school,
The village all declared how much he knew;
’Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could guage.’

“As labour closes the week, the evening of Saturday is the commencement of the sabbath, and we certainly found its observance in harmony with the spirit which lends simplicity and piety to the ‘Cotter’s Saturday Night’ of Burns; although the condition of the agricultural population of the country over which we now travelled, was far different to that of the poor yet worthy cotters whom the Scottish bard has immortalized.

“On the afternoon of Saturday, there is always to be observed more than usual preparation about and within every well-managed farmhouse. The business of the week is contrived to be finished at an early hour, and whatever is necessary to prevent any labour on the sabbath is strictly attended to.

“After supper, the chapter is read from the family Bible, *the* psalm or hymn is sung by the whole household, and the father closes the devotion by prayer; after which all retire to rest, earlier than on any other, on the seventh night of the week.

“When the Sabbath morning breaks forth, there is none of the busy week-day industry and thrift. Man and beast have ceased their labours, all is peaceful and calm. Not a sound is heard. Within the houses they rise a little later than usual; all wash, and dress in their neatest Sunday clothes. All the family and *helps* are assembled to hear a chapter read, and to sing a hymn: the father of the family prays aloud for all, immediately after which all breakfast together at the same table.

“ Soon after the church or meeting-house bell invites all to public worship ; and, simultaneously, the minister, his family, the squire, the doctor, and all the neighbouring farmers, and other inhabitants, proceed decorously and independently, all feeling equality of condition and purpose, and in suppressed converse, to the house of prayer. Those who are at some distance come, with their decently-clad wives, and blooming, virtuous daughters, in a one or two horse waggon to the church or meeting-house.

“ Miss Sedgwick, an American writer, whose descriptions are always good, because true, describes very prettily the farmers in the rural districts repairing to church, and the close of the sabbath. ‘ The farm’s ample waggon,’ says this excellent authoress, ‘ and the little one-horse vehicle bring in all who reside at an inconvenient walking distance : that is to say, in our riding community, half a mile from the church. It is a pleasing sight to those who love to note the happy peculiarities of their own land, to see the farmers’ daughters, blooming, intelligent, well-bred, pouring out of these

homely coaches, with their nice white gowns, pruned shoes, Leghorn hats, fans, and parasols, and the spruce young men, with their plaited ruffles, blue coats, and yellow buttons. The whole community meet as one religious family, to offer their devotions at the common altar. If there is an outlaw from the society,—a luckless wight whose vagrant taste has never been subdued,—he may be seen stealing along the margin of some little brook, far away from the condemning observations and troublesome admonitions of his fellows.

“ ‘Towards the close of the day, or (to borrow a phrase descriptive of his feelings who first used it) when the sabbath begins to *abate*, the children cluster about the windows. Their eyes wander from their catechisms to the western sky; and, though it seems to them as if the sun would never disappear, his broad disc does slowly sink behind the mountain: and, while his last ray still lingers on the eastern summits, merry voices break forth, and the ground resounds with bounding footsteps. The village belle arrays herself for her twilight

walk; the boys gather on 'the green;' the lads and girls throng to the 'singing school;' while some coy maiden lingers at home, awaiting her expected suitor; and all enter upon the pleasures of the evening with as keen a relish as if the day had been a preparatory penance.'

"On the morning of Monday, the whole population resume their several avocations with order and good will. Nothing like the indolence and disinclination to labour, which prevail among the artisans and working people of cities, on the morning of the day which succeeds the sabbath, is to be observed in the agricultural districts of America; while, in the large cities, a great part of Monday is idled away, in sobering off, as is frequently the case in London and Paris, the effects of dissipation on the Sunday.

"We must not omit to remark that the farmers of the New England states, of New York, and Pennsylvania, are all tolerably well instructed: that is, there are none of them who were born in the country who cannot read, write, and understand the several rules of arithmetic; and most

of them have also read the history of England and of the United States, newspapers, monthly periodicals, and agricultural books or tracts. Practically also they are more skilful and inventive in various matters than the farmers of any other country; though as mere farmers they may not excel, or be in general equal to those of Europe.

“Besides the usual routine of husbandry, they frequently, in workshops attached to most farmhouses, make their own ploughs, harrows, carts, waggons, and minor agricultural implements, and with the assistance of their families and hired servants or helps, construct their dwellings as well as outhouses.”

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BORDERERS.

“ Never shall *Old England* say,
We gave one inch of ground away
When battling for her right.”

IN speaking of the *genuine people*, in the last chapter, we have alluded to their characteristics only until we approached the frontiers of Canada, where they assumed very strikingly different habits and morals. Not but that a great proportion of the inhabitants, near and on each side of the boundaries of the United States and British possessions, consist of honest, industrious, and praiseworthy families ; but there is in the general character of borderers, in all countries, less morality, less

honesty, greater recklessness, and more cunning and plotting, than exist among the other population.

This is remarkably the case in respect to the borderers on each side the line dividing British from republican America. The rogues, vagabonds, and other unprincipled schemers of the former, escape or resort to the latter, and those of the latter to the former. Smuggling is one great nursery of dishonesty and scheming. Failures in trade, or in timber or land speculating, and then cheating creditors, is another. The feeble executive authority of a democratic government is a third, as it is seldom able to carry the laws into execution. The swindlers and political demagogues of Canada, observing how easily the laws are evaded on the American side of the line, cry out, "They have liberty! and here we are in bondage! let us have an independent government! let us shake off British tyranny! let us govern ourselves!"

These men call themselves PATRIOTS. They are those who have agitated the Canadas from vanity, from recklessness, and for evil purposes.

The demagogues over the border echo and re-echo their rebellious *catchwords*,—this is called *sympathy* on the part of the American people. It is no such thing. It is mere speculation on the part of a few hundreds of the most unprincipled and desperate characters on earth, who look forward, in the event of a successful rebellion, to the vacant lands and trade of Canada, as a field for adventure and plunder.

Many of the Upper Canadians are disloyal and worthless men; made up, *first*, of men whose villany was too notorious to allow them shelter even in the United States,—*second*, of runaway debtors, and cheats of various shades, from the United Kingdom, and from the other British possessions,—and, *third*, of disorderly persons born and brought up in the province, who have generally passed their time as lumberers, raftsmen, and boatmen, or in scheming to live without working, in getting drunk, and in listening to the *fourth* or the leaders: that is, to the *political demagogues*. These classes governed by the latter are the so-styled PATRIOTS of Upper Canada, with whom, not the United States citizens who

form the many, but the unprincipled borderers, who constitute the few, *sympathize*.

A far greater proportion—and Sir Lachlan, who has been much among them, further assures us that this is most certainly the case—are loyal from principle and feeling to the British government,—and who, though they may not be insensible to abuses, which the executive, especially the council, have established or not removed, the *loyalists* consider these official evils of only the most unimportant nature, when compared to the protection and many blessings which they enjoy. The most ardent and courageous of these loyalists are—as Sir Lachlan also has assured Playfair—the clans of Glengary and of Mac Nab, the emigrants extirpated from Sutherlandshire and Lord Reay's country, and others,—who still breathe the spirit of the highland clanship, —who still make the woods, rocks, and mountains, resound to the pibroch's wild martial strains,—and who still animate their firesides with the Gaelic tales, the airs, and songs, and reels, and Highland flings of yore.

Sir Lachlan, however, may be somewhat en-

thusiastic in this, being himself a true-born clansman, and, since he has been over the Niagara border, he has been more excited than Playfair ever knew him to be. This was from hearing from the loyalists the treasonable designs of the demagogues. Indeed, Playfair believes he would willingly leave him, for the highlands of Scotland, if he had only the royal instruction to command him, to raise a regiment of the clan Macpherson, in order to maintain authority in the Canadas, and force Jonathan and the *boundary question* into their just positions with English rights. We have, moreover, the conviction, that this would not be unwise policy on the part of the British cabinet, even if they gave a frontier tract to Sir Lachlan, to be let by him to his clan on a military tenure.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SOMETHING ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF
CANADA.

WE have stood over the sublime Niagara,—we have traversed the great inland seas,—we have visited the new and old settlements on the banks of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, and amidst the backwoods of Upper Canada,—we have seen Montreal in its trading activity, and in the beauty of its position,—we have witnessed its harmony disgraced by the “*sons of liberty*,” the Canadian party on the one side, and by the *Doric Association*, who style themselves, but who are only so in name, British party, equally if not riotously on the other,—we have descended the

St. Lawrence, landed, and traversed its parishes,—discovered no real grievance inflicted by the government on the people,—we have trodden the plains of Abraham, and admired the unrivalled panorama from the lofty heights of Cape Diamond.

The elements of plenty and happiness were every where scattered around. The great body of the people were quiet, and would have been happy, if most of the inhabitants, who only wished to remain in peace, cultivating their lands, and enjoying the delightful blessings of rural life, were not rendered uneasy by the political disturbers, on both sides of them, so actively working mischief, and jeopardizing the security, prosperity, and happiness of the people.

Lamenting, as we do, the existence of these evils, which may lead to the most unfortunate consequences to Canada, and by possibility to an interruption of the good and prosperous understanding between England and America, we will, before telling one word of the sayings and doings, during our travellers' visit to Niagara and Saratoga, abstract briefly from the Playfair papers

something which he has perceived "*rotten in the state of Canada.*"

“That the political difficulties and the late rebellion in Canada have arisen from collision of races, rather than from causes of really serious grievances, is undeniably true. Back to the period immediately after the conquest of Canada, we find also, that, however much the British government may have, at all times, been anxious to administer the affairs of Canada with mildness as well as impartiality, if we investigate the course of administration in Canada from 1763 down to the late rebellion, a period of seventy-five years, we can form impartially no other conclusion, than, that the real causes of discontent have not been political grievances, but personal or national irritations, of which the early origin has been faithfully stated by the first governor, General Murray. Speaking, in a letter which he wrote to the Board of Trade in 1765, of the English who settled in Canada after its conquest, he remarks: ‘Most of them were followers of the army, of mean education, or soldiers disbanded at the reduction of the troops. All have their for-

tunes to make, and I fear few are solicitous about the means, when the end can be attained. I report them to be, in general, the most immoral collection of men I ever knew; of course, little calculated to make the new subjects enamoured with our laws, religion, and customs; and far less adapted to enforce those laws which are to govern them:

“ ‘ On the other hand, the Canadians, accustomed to arbitrary and a sort of military government, are a frugal, industrious, and a moral race of men, who, from the just and mild treatment they met with from his Majesty’s military officers, who ruled the country for four years, until the establishment of civil government, had greatly got the better of the natural antipathy they had to their conquerors.

“ ‘ But the improper choice and numbers of the civil officers sent out from England increased the inquietude of the colony. Instead of men of genius and untainted morals, the very reverse were appointed to the most important offices; and it was impossible to communicate through them those impressions of the dignity of govern-

ment, by which alone mankind can be held together in society. The judge fixed upon to conciliate the minds of 75,600 foreigners to the laws and government of Great Britain, was taken from a gaol, entirely ignorant of civil law, and of the language of the people. The attorney-general, with regard to the language of the people, was not better qualified.

“ ‘ The offices of secretary of the province, registrar, clerk of the council, commissary of stores and provisions, provost-martial, &c. were given by patent to men of interest in England, who let them out to the best bidders, and so little did they consider the capacity of their representatives, that not one of them understood the language of the people. As no salary was annexed to these patent places, the value of them depended upon the fees, which, by my instructions, I was ordered to establish equal to those of the richest colony. This heavy tax, and the rapacity of the English lawyers, were severely felt by the poor Canadians ; and, though *stimulated to dispute it by some of the licentious traders from New York, they cheerfully obeyed the Stamp Act, in hopes*

that their good behaviour would recommend them to the favour and protection of their sovereign.

“‘As the council-book of the province, and likewise my answer to the complaints made against my administration, have been laid before your lordships, it is needless to presume to say any thing further on that subject, than that I glory in having been accused of warmth and firmness in protecting the king’s Canadian subjects, and of doing the utmost in my power to gain to my royal master the affections of that brave, hardy people, whose emigration, if ever it should happen, will be an irreparable loss to this empire; to prevent which, I declare to your lordships, I would cheerfully submit to greater calumnies and indignities (if greater can be devised) than hitherto I have undergone.’

“Thus were the seeds of early social hatred sown between the Anglo-Saxon and French races in Canada; nor can we discover that those who have all along called themselves the British party, have, either with good grace or sincerity, endeavoured to secure the friendship or good will of the inhabitants of French origin, who,

instead of being treated with that confidence and urbanity which would have won them over to British feelings and to British ideas and habits, have in reality been treated *socially* with contumely, and with the arrogant assumption of victors over a conquered people.

“The grievances have therefore been *social, not political*, and if the British government may, in its rule over Canada, be censured, it must be chiefly on the ground of neglecting to remedy the social evils which have produced all others in that province.

“This was no doubt difficult. The governors usually arrived in Canada ignorant of those social evils,—ignorant of the country,—ignorant of the people, and naturally unsuspecting of the British party.

“The latter were those who first approached the governors. They were chiefly plausible men, who had managed to have been, through some interest or other, not at that time difficult to procure in England, nominated as councillors; and certainly more dangerous councillors it could not have been the misfortune of governors to have

had. The latter, advised, and flattered, and cajoled by these councillors, did worse than nothing to soften down that moral social evil,—the hatred of races. No great plan was adopted to win over those of French origin, by a generous system of education, to the English language, —or to English ideas, sympathies, and habits, by courtesy and social intercourse, on the part of the so-called British.

“Social evils of this kind are, as all experience proves, far more grievous to a people, than political oppression. Ireland has afforded sufficient lessons of such experience. It was not, however, until the administration of the province was intrusted to Sir James Kempt, that the real grievances of Canada were attempted to be remedied. He saw at once that social evils caused nearly all the difficulty, and during the short period of his government, he proved how much could be done in the way of removing these effectually, by reconciling both races.

“No sooner did he leave the province than the animosity of races began to assume a most turbulent character at Quebec and Montreal, where

only, the collision of races had to any extent manifested hatred and disorder. In the country these matters did not then interfere with the social happiness of the agricultural population, who were influenced and kept in praiseworthy order by their pastors.

“ The social collision that would necessarily arise with the French race in the country, and the estimation which was made as to the quantity of cultivable land which the rising vegetation of French race would necessarily require, in a quarter of a century at least, led me to the following conclusions:

“ First.—That there was not more cultivable land in Lower Canada than the agricultural population of French race would require in a quarter of a century.

“ Second.—That the tranquil and easy administration of the province rendered it desirable and politic to prevent an angry collision of races in the rural districts.

“ Third.—That the population of French race in Lower Canada must, from the limits of lands fit for cultivation, ever greatly exceed in numbers

those of English race who, by emigration, by grants of land or otherwise, could be induced to settle in that province.

“Fourth.—That the Canadians of French race preferred agriculture to other pursuits, that an agricultural population being always more easily governed than the inhabitants of towns, that the Canadians being brave, and having different associations and habits, and speaking a language different from the Americans, it would be at least politic to leave the lands in the rear of the old Seigneuries, and back to the American frontier, to be settled and defended by the Canadians of French race.

“Lastly.—That granting those lands to a company to be settled by emigrants, or adventurers of any kind, would introduce collision and animosity, destroy the frontier means of defence, create much discontent, which would enable Papineau and others to influence into resistance, if not into rebellion, the previously loyal and easily governed Canadians.

“The vacant lands were however granted; those

who were likely to settle upon them, it was evident, would be not men, like the Canadians, who cheerfully and bravely defended the country during the last war, and who would always continue to defend it against the citizens, or *sympathizers*, of the United States.

“This introduction into the rural districts of the social hatred which had before only prevailed in the towns, forms the *acme* of ‘THE SOMETHING ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF CANADA.’

“Whether the union of the two provinces under one legislative government, will transform this rottenness into soundness, is doubtful. The union, however, appears absolutely necessary.

“‘*The something rotten in the state of Upper Canada,*’ is of a far different character. It is revolutionary in spirit, and republican in principle. Its charge of grievance has been founded, partly on maladministration and the influence of a *camarilla*, known by the name of the “family compact,” consisting of a number of persons whose families having intermarried, have managed also to fill all the offices and places of profit under the executive government,—and who have gene-

nerally abused the trust confided in them. This rottenness in Upper Canada has greatly been extended, *in putrifying morals, and the social relations of good order*, by the vanity and turbulence of demagogues, and by the recklessness of bad characters, speaking the same language, on each side of the American and British frontier. There is, however, very general loyalty in Upper Canada, and the present governor-general has so far administered the affairs of both provinces with great moderation, as well as firmness and justice. 'The Familiar Compact,' whose back he should have broken, formed the chief obstacle, to loyalty and order, which he had to encounter on his journey to, and residence in, during the last legislative session of, Upper Canada.

“The animosity of races will alone form the difficulty which will render it perplexing if not impossible for him to administer with satisfaction the government of ‘THE UNITED PROVINCE OF BOTH THE CANADAS.’ ”

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

OUR travellers embarked in a steam-boat and descended Lake Champlain; which, surrounded by wooded mountains, valleys, villages, farm-houses, and a country fairly cultivated, and studded with its picturesque islands, is one of the most beautiful inland waters in the world. They travelled by stage through the Canadian villages to Chambly; there embarked at Fort William Henry on board a large steam-boat, which carried them down to Quebec: from whence, in order to view the broad outlet of the western waters, they made an excursion by steam-boat to Kamouraska, the sea-bathing resort of the Canadians.

The river St. Lawrence, and its shores and inland country, from Isle Bique upwards, unfolds magnificent and picturesque views of water, mountains, headlands, and cliffs,—islands and woods; of villages, farms, white cottages, and decent parish churches, with their bright tin-covered spires. The inhabitants of the parishes below Quebec have not been much excited by the demagogues. Pity that their happiness and simplicity should ever be invaded, either by the hatred of races or by the vanity or worthlessness of political adventurers.

Kamouraska is a delightful spot, with good inns and hot and cold sea-baths. Here the St. Lawrence is twenty miles wide, and, above this smiling village, its waters are no longer salt, although the tide flows up further one hundred and eighty miles. “On returning by land to Quebec,” says Playfair, “driven in a Canadian calèche, splendid prospects opened boldly as we ascended the eminences over which the road leads. Views, of from fifty to one hundred miles in extent, of the most majestic river in the world; its stream from ten to twenty miles in breadth; and unfolding on

each side lofty mountains and tall forests, broad valleys and frowning headlands ; and a country animated by a population congregated in villages ; and in each their dwellings encamped, as it were, within the circuit of their great attractive centre—the parish steeple : while, on the surface of the magnificent water, numerous large ships and smaller craft were under sail or at anchor.

“ As we approached within a few miles of Point Levi, the river scenery, with the Isle of Orleans on the right, and with commanding eminences to the left, became still more animated than before ; and then the heights and citadel of Cape Diamond, and the city of Quebec, with all the activity of its trade, its timber-rafts, sea shipping, and river steam-boats, burst suddenly into view, at a mile distant, and amidst certainly one of the most magnificent and splendid panoramas on earth.

“ We only remained in this remarkable city to be convinced of the folly and madness of the late rebellion, of the wickedness of those who were its leaders, and of the long-continued ill-judged conduct of those who, on both sides, have

excited the social evils of bitter hatred between the two races.

“ As we ascend the St. Lawrence in a *fleet* steam-boat, the banks are bold and picturesque, until we pass through and over the rapids of Richlieu, and approach the river de Trois. The bold features of the St. Lawrence then recede,—the banks become flat alluvions, and we soon pass through the broad shallow lake of St. Peter, until it narrows among reed-covered islets, and between low shores, studded with villages and churches, and decked with woods, and numerous, but not very skilfully cultivated farms.

“ The inhabitants of these naturally tranquil districts are courteous, hospitable, and were, previous to the late revolt, always happy and peaceable; influenced in their duties not by demagogues, but by their very praiseworthy curates.

“ Montreal is one of the most happily situated towns in the world: at the head of the navigation for vessels arriving from the Atlantic, a little below the confluence of two great rivers,—at the foot of a woody mountain, which shelters it from the wintry blasts, and surrounded by a rich and

picturesque country. This city has, however, been the very hotbed of political agitation, and of the bitter animosity between the British and French races. Here the great, almost the only extensive evil, consequent to maintaining feudal tenures in Canada, has long formed a most pernicious grievance; an evil which has to an incalculable degree prevented the extension, the prosperity, and the improvement of the town, and surrounding fertile country.

“ *The whole city and large island of Montreal has, from the conquest, remained a seignury belonging to the priests of the seminary of St. Sulpicius: so that on every transfer of property there was paid to them a mutation fine (lods et ventes) of one twelfth of the value,—not of the original cost, but also of the value of all the buildings and improvements constructed or made afterwards on the land. Could any measure of evil, for preventing the prosperity of a city, so eminently situated for commerce, have been allowed to continue in force?*

“On leaving Montreal, we travelled along the low banks of the river, by a road in many parts

lined with majestic trees, and leading the whole way close to the awful yet sublime rapids of Lachine. These rapids are of great breadth, more than a mile, and in almost every part, foam and roar for nine miles, dashing against islets and rocks in splendid impetuosity. The St. Lawrence, up to Lake Ontario, runs generally fast, often in foaming dangerous rapids, some of which are avoided by locks and canals. The scenery is every where rich, and the *thousand islands* seem the fitting abodes for fairies and the spirits of idealism. We stopped but a few hours at Kingston,—then crossed Lake Ontario to Toronto,—and thence, with only a few hours' delay, to Queenstown in a steam-boat. We had an abrupt sea, and as difficult for the paddles to overcome in this inland ocean, as I have ever known on the Atlantic.

“ All being now anxious to reach Saratoga, especially Lady Macpherson, we proceeded without delay to view the often attempted to be, but never yet truly, described Niagara; close to which, at the Clifton House, on the British side,—and at the Cataract House, and Eagle Hotel, on

the American side, we met swarms from all countries, on a visit to the *great falls*. After *showing* the views to Lady Macpherson from the Table Rock, from Goat Island, and the American side, and taking a look from Buffalo of Lake Erie, we left these sublime *scenes* and travelled on by Lake Ontario, Oswega, and Syracuse, to Saratoga: having by the aid chiefly of steam-boats and railroads, in two weeks, beheld Lake Champlain, and the whole of the magnificent and picturesque scenery of the mighty St. Lawrence, from Kamouraska to Niagara.”

CHAPTER XX.

SARATOGA.

“Ye daughters of *Tammany*, and wives of *Manhattan*.”

HERE daily arrive friends to meet each other, from all the states north and south, east and west. Yellow bilious invalids from the West Indies, Mexico, and the Musquito shore;—whole families to sip water, visit Quebec, and then the *lion* of all *lions*—Niagara;—solitary travellers from all parts of America and Europe from curiosity or from speculation.

The hotels are *huge*, the public saloons magnificent,—the bedrooms mean,—the living expensive and sumptuous,—the scenery picturesque—

and the waters not disagreeable to drink. The bilious, dyspeptic, and rheumatic, really drink them for restoring health, but by far the greater number merely taste, and, when the weather is hot, a few bathe or soak in them. The Congress well is the most fashionable and sparkling. There were concerts and other amusements: Playfair found them flat enough, although they were *hyperbolically* described by several Americans. Except the political excitement, society was, instead of being lively and gay, more like

“Party in a parlour, all silent, and all DAMNED.”

Of the amusements, balls certainly were the best: they afforded opportunities for flirting and making love, while the married folks played at *draughts*.

In the hotels, the gentlemen who do not woo the fair, are oppressed with *non-progressing*: they spell the papers, and drink switchel or lemonade, while the ladies, ever averse from walking, loll on the sofas, read novels, skim over religious tracts, put them down, and then—yawn.

All watering-places are stupid enough. Sara-

toga, after dining two or three times at the *table d'hôte*, at which hundreds sit down, and strolling once or twice along its walks, is usually as dull in its society as that of passengers on board of a Dutch *Alkmaar-Trechtschuyt*. It is in truth more a summer rendezvous for those who met the previous winter at Washington—for friends to meet each other from all parts of the Union, and for those who wish to make new acquaintances, than a watering-place to which the gay fashionable world resort for the season. The ever-moving Americans, when from home, do not like the monotony even of one day in the most beautiful localities. The Lakes—the St. Lawrence—and Niagara, attract them away from Saratoga; but not to stop long in any one place, until they return to the *locale* of their usual active labours.

To “catch the manners living as they rise,” it affords however many advantages, different, but not in all respects equal to those of Washington or New York. To Saratoga they come in crowds, meet in crowds, eat in crowds, go to political meetings and to chapel in crowds, and then dis-

appear on their several ways,—leaving several ghastly subjects to drink the waters, and not unlikely to find their “narrow house” in the “graveyard” of Saratoga.

“The approaching elections,” says Playfair, “and a much greater resort of visiters, with the extensive improvements in those four immense hotels, the United States, Congress Hall, the Union, and Pavilion,—the extraordinary increase in the number of carriages,—and the facility of travelling cheaply and rapidly, have, during the whole month of August this year, rendered Saratoga far more animated than during any previous season. There has been, at this period, a very extensive derangement of trade and monetary affairs throughout the United States; but all the hotels of Saratoga were crowded with visiters, its streets were enlivened with all descriptions of carriages, and the season was, above any other, distinguished by balls, concerts, political harangues, and divinity lectures. “Other places of public resort are deserted,” said Malachy Malwhittle, the correspondent of a New York newspaper (who lodged in the village, but dined at the *table d’hôte* of one

of the hotels); “grass grows in their streets,—the people look like chief mourners at a funeral,—their only dance is after runaway debtors. Here every thing wears a smiling aspect,—if there is misery in the crowd, it is gilded over, and no one sees its internal corrosion. The feeling which adds to the enjoyment of the winter fireside, when without the storm is howling, resembles the pleasures of Saratoga: for while the storm of panic, bankruptcy, and ruin is scouring over the land, here we are removed from the painful struggles of monetary misery, living and enjoying for the hour and the day, so long as our cash lasts, or our paper dollars are taken in exchange for dinners or balls.”

At the hotels at Saratoga, especially at the “United States,” there are many attractions held out by the landlords. Competition has done much. Families may have private rooms, and dine by themselves, if they please; but the general custom is to dine at the *table d’hôte*; where the tables are very amply supplied, although the variety is not great, and consists chiefly of boiled and roast joints of beef, mutton, veal,

pork, lamb, and pies, puddings, and pastry. Fish is not an every-day dish. The wines are sometimes good, and as often very bad, and always very dear. It is remarkable that although several hours of the twenty-four are *yawned* away, that the dinners are gobbled up as hastily as if the guests were passengers by a mail-coach, for whom the guard was shouting, “*The time is up! Come,—come, gemman,—all’s ready,—Past time, twenty minutes,—Past time!!*”

CHAPTER XXI.

GRAND BALL.

“Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.”

“THE United States!” said Mr. Malwhittle, the Saratoga culler of news, and catcher of living rising manners. “The United States,” he continued, “is *the house*,—will you go to the grand ball there?” said he to Playfair.

“We intend to do so,” replied Playfair.

“It is,” continued Malwhittle, “to be the brilliant bright ball of the season, ’tis the *talk* in the drawing-room and in the porticos,—at the wells and in the promenades: the village has been *actyve* and spry as Wall-street, for the

week. The young ladies passing all day to-and-fro at the milliners, and the *gents* buying white gloves and pumps!—Madame Payot, from Paris, has done a most smart business; so has Tintellini in selling his perfumery. This ball will be beautiful, bright, brilliant, and odoriferous. It is to be *the bal des bals*,—an era 'mong the fashionables, to decide who is *the belle* at Saratoga.”

During the dinner at the *table d'hôte* of the United States hotel, the ball subscription paper went round, and hundreds put down their names—a placard announced tea at six o'clock. “Tea! who would go to tea?” said the journalist’s caterer. “Nobody but old bachelors! Who would go to tea to flush faces with warm drink, when all depends on looking well?”

As neither Sir Lachlan nor Lady Macpherson knew any one at the hotel, Playfair thought that Malachy Malwhittle would be a good *cicerone* for the night, and therefore begged him to accompany them. The doors were opened at *the* fashionable hour, nine o'clock; the room was well lighted, and the band, which included a harp, was passably good, at least for dancing.

Sir Lachlan and Lady Macpherson had seats in a convenient and not suffocating part of the room, not far from the orchestra. Playfair stood near them, and Malwhittle close by Playfair, and between him, as he said, and the music.

Malwhittle, anxious that our travellers should be duly impressed with the splendour of the ball, and with the beauty of the ladies, used his best-turned periods and epithets to describe its movements. In America, it is a very customary affectation of speech, when speaking of those whom one wishes to praise in the superlative degree, especially of ladies, to pronounce only the initials of the name. This was the manner of Malwhittle, as he went on, describing in his own phraseology, the "bright brilliant ball."

"There look," said he, "the *dressings* how fine, — a glance tells you that nothing is wrong or *gaucherie*. How brilliant the perspective of the scene! a list of the dresses will make a *bound volume* for *hereafter* Saratoga reference! There, the ball opens, gaily beautiful! Now the three quadrilles form, — the music is enchanting! How

sweet the sounds of that there yellow harp,—
those belles, if I knew them all !

‘ Can no one lend me fancy’s glass
 To sketch their beauties as they pass ?’

“ Most of the beauties are from the north !
 Ah, there is though the bright-eyed Miss A. of
 South Carolina !—there the beautiful Lady Bo-
 disco, the wife of the Russian minister !—there his
 excellency waltzing with the *superfine uppercrust*
 Mrs. B. of Philadelphia ! —there the divine
 Miss C. of New York in the giddy maze, with
 the Swedish minister. How they whirl ! how
 divine ! Oh, spirit of Allegro ! oh, angels ! how
 charming is Mrs. C. of New York, and Miss H.
 of Philadelphia, and Miss L. of New York !
 They are the *three graces in the circle* ! There
 they waltz, and quadrille. There is Bodisco *at it*
 again ! he whirls with Miss J. of New York,
 like *two* made into *one top* whipped round by
 the *lifespring* of music.

“ Oh ! I shall die for that angel, Miss J.
 She’s in every waltz —flowers blushing ever
 around her—gallants buzz about her like golden

insects. Now she rises to the dance, and the seraph breaks through the fog of black coats like a rainbow dashing through a dark cloud.

“Ah! again there is Miss P. of Boston in the measure—she is a sylph! Beauty is an attractive star, and wit combined will lead on to chivalry!

‘When first she burst upon the sight,
She came a *phantom* of delight.’

“There are the divine nymphs of Long Island, Poughkeepsie, and Troy — there the goddesses of Baltimore and Delaware — what charming bouquets they carry! Oh! these dark-eyed vestals of the monumental city. The ladies must decide at the *fall elections* who is the belle of the night—who the fairest of the fair. For I hear sixteen gentlemen are ready to fight a duel if the partner of each is ‘not voted the belle!’”

The strange mixture of pedantry and exclamation in Malwhittle’s remarks was amusing enough amidst the actual scene, and his phrase-

ology much the same as that used by others present, as well as by many writers in the public press of America, when describing what they term gay entertainments.

The ball, however, was in its aspect very much like all other balls. It was excessively crowded. There were refreshments provided—some did, and some did not partake of them. The ladies were certainly remarkable for their beauty, many, especially from New York, rather too gaily dressed, and if admiration was dear to their hearts, they not only deserved to be, but were greatly admired. The gentlemen were all very respectably attired, with the exception of a few dandies, who looked more like Jeremy Diddler in the play, than the well-dressed gentleman. Several British officers were present; among others, Sir Daniel O'Dogherty and Major O'Conamara, both of whom, it was whispered, had come on the scent of fortune-hunting to Saratoga.

A little after midnight the dancing broke up, and the crowded assemblage vanished to their

hotels, lodgings, or *bed-chambers*. Lady Macpherson was delighted with an exhibition of splendour of which she had not the least previous conception, and, as she retired, blessed her happy stars for being "*a soldier's lady*."

CHAPTER XXII.

POLITICS AT SARATOGA.

“THERE is to be a MASS MEETING at the Pine Grove, on the hill there, west of the village,” said Malwhittle to Playfair.

“What is a *Mass Meeting*?” asked the latter.

“Why, a meeting of the people all in a *mass*,” replied the former.

“Your terms really sound strangely in my ears,” observed Playfair.

“We United States citizens, squire, are a nation of inventors,” continued Malwhittle.

“We invents *notions* and *names* of all kinds. Why, squire, some time ago, the whigs hereabouts issued a notice for a Tippecanoe meeting, The *loco-focos* then proclaimed one for a *donkey meeting*, of themselves. I attended the Tippecanoe,—found myself in the pine-grove, where they raised a *log-cabin rostrum*, with a ladder set to mount up to it. More than a thousand collected, of *honest citizens*, *loafers*, *soaplocks* and *pickpockets*. There were *ladies*, *women*, and a *negress*. When the meeting was organized, they called out for Squire Shedforth, the orator. He mounted to the rostrum, skinned his shins in getting up, and nearly broke his nose.

“He spoke forth, apologizing for his embarrassment amidst so mighty a multitude, of citizens, women, ladies, and the negress,—and then, having *gathered full steam*, he abused the *loco-focos*, and split the board before him with a vehement thump; he then took in some Congress water, and went on *steaming*, through *hickory*, Van Buren, *Kinderhook*, rotation in office from the kitchen to the parlour and back again,—Martin

Van Buren's Kinderhook* cabbages. Harrison and the battle of Tippecanoe, and hard cider drinking. This speech was soon smashed by a point-blank oration from Judge Strong, of Virginia. So the meeting dispersed, and I came home and wrote all about it to the most moral journal at New York."

"It was no doubt a very interesting meeting," observed Playfair.

"Yes, I guess it was," replied Malwhittle, "but not so interesting as the one, *two Mondays since*, at the grove, on Congress hill, where General Willison, of New Hampshire, made an immortal speech. He is a great hero, that general, he is terribly strong, exactly six feet four inches tall, and every inch a whig. He calls himself a rough block of granite from the granite state. He said the *loco-foco* kitchen cabinet, got all the public money into the sub-treasury mill, and the sub-treasurers instead of taking honest toll, stole the whole grist; they neglected the navy and the fortifications, they were atrocious in

* Kinderhook, on the Hudson, the residence of M. Van Buren, when not in office.

the Floridan war, and allowed the British to steal half the state of Maine. They made the *rich richer*, and the *poor poorer*. The political whirlwind commenced in Connecticut, and gathered *chaff* and *chips* into a cone, with Niles on the apex, and then being out of the influence of the popular breeze, he jumped into the post-office, in the district of Columbia. But the wave of political victory will now roll on, surging over mountains, flooding plains, and dash over the very granite peaks of the granite states, until not one dry spot shall be left for Van Buren to stand upon."

"The general is certainly a very fluent speaker," observed Playfair.

"Certainly a most smart orator," exclaimed Malwhittle. "But," he continued, "to-day's *mass-meeting* is to be the *meeting of meetings*. Why, squire, the great and *immortal* Daniel Webster, the *succeder* of General Harrison as president, is to ORATE in the *grove*, by *Congress Water*. The people have all the morning been *flooding* into Saratoga. The farmers from all parts of the *magnetic*, have come in droves, in

waggon, drawn by one, by two, and four, and six horses. With music, and banners, and mottoes of ‘*First Independence, 1776.*’ ‘*Second Independence, 1841.*’ ‘*Whigs of 1776; and Whigs of 1840.*’

“Why, squire, six extra trains of *cars* have just come in by the railways, from Albany and Troy, and Schenectady and the West. For, as soon as the news was proclaimed through the land, that the renowned Daniel was to *orate*, the farmer stuck his plough asleep, and threw up his cap, and exclaimed, ‘I will go and hear the renowned orator:’ and the Dutchman dropped his pipe, and said, ‘*I will go.*’ Come then, squire, let us *go*, and hear the great Webster.”

At two o’clock, Playfair accompanied Malwhittle to the *mass-meeting*. A multitude of men, women, and children, were there assembled. It had rained during the morning, and many of them were sadly drenched. Crowds continued, until three o’clock, to come in from every direction by which steam-engines, waggon, carts, or horses, could bring them.

“There,” exclaimed Malwhittle, “there comes

the orator himself, accompanied by a *cortège* of the most brilliant talent in the universe !”

Mr. Webster and a vast number of others, mounted an elevated platform ; but a few minutes after he commenced his address to the multitude, down came the scaffolding, and instead of the speech, the shrieks of women and crying of children resounded amidst the grove ; none, however, were injured, and the platform was replaced by a table, on which the orator mounted.

He spoke with great fluency ; the great Daniel of America seemed to know his audience, quite as well as the great Daniel of the Emerald Isle knows how to agitate the finest peasantry in the world.

“ Well, squire,” said Malwhittle, as the orator spoke, “ does not our Demosthenes *orate* beautiful, lucid, convincing ?”

Mr. Webster, however, did not speak, as Mr. O’Connell usually does, to the passions, but more to the reason of his hearers ; and there was also much to give effect to eloquence, in the features of the situation, in which were assembled many leading men from every state in the Union, — a multitude of plain farmers and their families, — and num-

bers of those who were the pioneers of the west, and the builders of *log-cabins*, all gathered together amidst a romantic grove of the original forest, on a sloping hill, and just over where the crystal stream of Congress spring bubbles and winds down the valley.

The speech was, however, quite a political one, and the multitude shouted "Harrison and Webster!" "Down with Van Buren!" "Log-cabins for ever!"

"I was not born in a log-cabin myself," said the orator, "but my elder brothers and sisters were; and the memory of my father, who built that *Log Cabin*, among the snow drifts, on the frontiers of New Hampshire, when there was not a smoke from a house between it and Quebec, causes me to respect those who live in log-cabins, and my filial duty induces me to pay an annual visit to show my children the remains of the log-cabin in which my father dwelt."

The orator denounced what he considered the principle of Van Buren's administration—"that the government must take care of itself,—and the people of themselves."

Much of what he stated was true,—but his fiscal and commercial principles, which he said were those of Harrison, will be as dangerous to the prosperity of the United States as those principles are false. To the prosperity of all countries, freedom of commerce is essential, but perhaps more so to the United States, where fertile uncultivated lands are to be found, in immeasurable extent, when compared to the amount of labour to cultivate those lands. Yet the principles of those who are to bring in General Harrison as president, with the understanding that Mr. Webster is to succeed him, are, by a *desperate change in the currency*, to hold out facilities, of paper-money credits, for all kinds of internal speculations,—and to attempt to rear up domestic fabrics, at the expense of the whole community, by imposing high duties on all imported fabrics.

In order to bring the jarring interests of the southern, western, and northern states into this view of the fallacious principles of the *to be* Harrison administration, and by this course to secure the *fall elections*, every plausible argument and

circumstance have for some months been widely diffused, by the speeches and the press, of those who support General Harrison. They have certainly succeeded to an extent which no man would believe two years ago. Elements of excitement were not wanting. The Maine boundary, and domestic manufactures in the New England states,—the Oregon boundary in the Far West,—and the abolition question in all the slave states, have formed powerful appeals to the passions, prejudices, interests, vanity, and ambition of all parties.

As there were among the visiters at Saratoga many of the leading and richest men, from every state of the Union, to address them, either at a *mass-meeting* or individually, was nearly as effective as addressing the assembled Congress at Washington. One of the most exciting facts by which the Harrison party have been working upon the interests and feelings of American citizens, has been, and continues to be the *abolition* meetings, held in England, and especially the last, which was held at Exeter Hall. From the following arguments made use of relative to that

meeting, and which Playfair, in his papers, has gleaned for us, we must admit the ability and skill, although we deny the sound views of American politicians.

“At one of these incendiary meetings,” say the advocates of the Harrison party, “we find Prince Albert, the husband of the Queen of England, and the future Regent of Great Britain, presiding; countenancing the whole of the *mad schemes* and designs of the abolitionists against this country by his presence, and aiding their counsels by his tongue. At another of these meetings we find the Duke of Sussex, the uncle and, to a certain extent, the adviser of the Queen, presiding; he who, in the event of death, or want of issue on the part of the Queen, may succeed to the throne of England. And yet this man is also sanctioning the designs of the abolitionists against our southern states, by his presence and his speech, and committing himself unreservedly to their *revolutionary designs*.”

“Now these are weighty matters, and worthy of the serious consideration of every lover of the Union. There is no longer any question that

the abolitionists intend to destroy totally, if they can, the interests of our southern planters, in as speedy a manner as possible. They could conceal the cloven foot no longer; and have recently come out openly, and avowed this to be their intention. Such being the case, and these facts must have been known to all at those meetings, what right, what shadow of a pretext had those members of the reigning family of Great Britain to preside at and assist in organizing meetings that were got up for the purpose of revolutionizing our social and domestic institutions?

“The thing is too monstrous upon its face to admit of the least excuse. It was a gross violation of that stern rule of international policy which Great Britain has always been so strong a stickler for; and in defence of which she has shed so much blood and treasure, viz., that every nation can claim as a right the regulation of its own social and domestic institutions, according to its own notions of policy and impressions of justice. *This nation, or part of it (the southern planters, for instance), have as much right to organize societies in Richmond, Charleston, Sa-*

vannah, and New Orleans, for the purpose of effecting a total change in the political institutions of England, and also to change all the religious institutions of that priestridden country. They might as well get up a democratic republic world's convention at Charleston, and in the district of Columbia, to take into consideration the best means of effectually freeing the oppressed working classes of Great Britain from the galling yokes of political and clerical tyranny, which have for ages oppressed them. They have as much right to invite the leading chartists to this country, get up meetings, advance money, and organize plans that would effectually overthrow all the political and clerical institutions of England as by law established.

“We have as much right to do all this as Great Britain, through the reigning family, has to do what she has been doing. Nay, we have a greater right; because we are connected with the oppressed people of Great Britain by ties of blood, and we suspect that not even the wildest and most disorganizing fanatic at the late world's

convention, would attempt to claim blood relationship with the negroes of the south !!!

“ Let it not be supposed that we place too much importance upon the meetings in London. It was not a convention of mere cyphers, like the poor miserable creatures who call themselves abolitionists in this country. It was a meeting of peers of the realm, the blood royal, the princes and nobles of the land, the members of parliament, the hereditary legislators of the nation, the merchants, the wealth, and the intelligence of the country, all combined under the sanction of the government of Great Britain.

“ And what was the real object of these meetings? *Not* merely to liberate a few blacks in the south of whom they know little and care less. Oh, no ! *But it was to destroy the south, and through the southern planters to strike a blow that would cripple this country, in her great cotton-trade, and tend to her own aggrandizement. The benefit of the negroes was to be the avowed object ; and for this purpose, the few poor, miserable devils who went from the north as delegates, were to be used as tools.*

“ What is sound political logic when applied to the institutions of England, cannot be changed into fallacies and sophistry, by merely being applied to the institutions of the United States. Therefore, we say that these proceedings in England are most infamous. *We interfered not in the social institutions of the Canadians, our neighbours, struggling for political freedom: (you did)* although the sympathies of a large majority were in their favour; and we will never submit to any interference with ours, from England, either by means of humbug conventions, renegade delegates, or miserable apostates of any description.

“ But there is another, and a highly important light in which this subject ought to be viewed. It ought to convince the south of the necessity there is for a close union with the north, and for burying all animosity and jealousy against their northern friends. For, disguise it as we may, the time must come, when Great Britain must succeed to a certain extent in rendering herself independent of our southern planters, by supplies from her possessions in India. And then the

sole reliance of the south must be upon the manufacturing energies of the north.

“ And these latter may be made to compete most successfully with the whole world. The water-power of this country is truly enormous, and more than adequate to the whole steam-power of Europe. We could carry our cotton up the Mississippi and Ohio from the river coast, and Tennessee, along the canal, to Lake Erie, and down to the *great water-power region of Niagara Falls*, for a less expense than we can bring it from the heart of Tennessee down the Ohio and Mississippi, to New Orleans, thence to New York, to be shipped to Liverpool and Havre. In the neighbourhood of Niagara, the water could be drawn off from the Ridge road, from Lockport to Rochester, so as to turn thousands of *mountain-tiers of mills*, placed one above the other, on the hill-sides for a space of eighty miles.

“ Then would come the railroad from Rochester to Albany ; then the double branch to Boston and New York ; *with steam-ships to carry our produce into every market of the world, whence we might drive out the British in*

every description of cotton goods, as we have already driven her from the South American market in the trade for coarse cottons. This is no chimerical view. We could raise the cotton cheaper than they could; we should have to transport it at a less distance, and only through our inland waters; whilst theirs must come from India, with the risks of long ocean navigation, such as shipwrecks, spontaneous combustion, lightning, and capture, in case of war. The labour in our manufactures could be done as cheap as in England; for *there is no end to the quantity of grain, sugar, and other produce for sustaining a manufacturing population, which this country can raise*. All this—with our inexhaustible supplies of coal, iron, lead, &c. of the best quality, our means of raising raw silk to any extent, of manufacturing all sorts of wines, the fertility of our soil, our sugar plantations, the perfection to which our machinery has attained, and to which it will attain—would soon enable us to rival England in every description of manufactures, and to drive her out of every market in the world!! All this, too, would tend to bind

the north and south closely together. The north would then bear the same relation to the south that England now does, as the south would rely solely on the north for the purchase of her cotton."

Such, with their urging a change of currency and a high tariff of duties on importations of foreign manufactures, were the leading grounds of argument used by the Harrison party at Saratoga, and at every meeting of his supporters all over the Union.

When Mr. Webster concluded his address the mass-meeting dispersed, and, as there was no accommodation for the multitude, the steam-engines were soon "whizzing" away with many trains filled with passengers,—the waggons started with their crowds,—many went off on horseback,—and some on foot. At sunset, the village of Saratoga was as tranquil as if its silence had never been broken in upon by speech or lecture.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PREACHING AT SARATOGA.

“ When pulpit—Drum Ecclesiastic ,
Was beat with fist instead of a stick.

To make the Gospel serve his turn,
And help him out to be forsworn,
Make solemn league and covenant
Appear a mere *god-dam-me* rant.”

“ THIS here Saratoga,” exclaimed Malwhittle, “ is a most wonderful variety of a village. It is a real curiosity of endless entertainment. Grand balls, charming concerts, invisible musicians, mass-meetings, clever orators, wild beasts, and smart preachers.”

“ A great variety, indeed, and classing smart preachers in your catalogue seems, at least to me, something very curious,” observed Playfair.

“Smart preaching, squire, is a capital speculation; I once tried a hand at that trade myself, and made a good lot of dollars by it, until I lost ’em by more speculating,” said Malwhittle.

“Each day,” observed Playfair, “develops something new to me, in the pursuits of the American citizens. To make preaching a trading speculation, sounds queer, whether true or false.”

“True or false!” exclaimed Malwhittle, “why, squire, have you ever read history? If you have, you will find that *preaching* and *prayering* have been at all times considerable much of a speculation. Genuine Christian religion is pure, beautiful, plain, easy to be understood, and simple in practice. *Peace and charity; good-will towards all men; love thy neighbour as thyself; do unto others as thou wouldst have others do unto thee; and have the fear of the Lord before thine eyes, comprehends all the doctrines, and the Lord’s Prayer all the devotion contained in genuine Christianity.*”

“But from the time that Emperor Con-

stantine saw the *cross* in the sky, and *crossed* over with his army, from Pagan to Christian *rights*,* look into history, and, lo and behold! all has been done quite contrary to what it was at the time when that Paul, the *itinerant* preacher, commanded Bishop Timothy to carry his books and parchments, and cloak for him, just as Barnaby Bray, our lawyer here, when he goes to court-house, makes Josh Ink, his clerk, carry his bag and books after him.

“ I find, squire, from after the time that the emperors took the religion up, the doctrines and devotion have all been changed. The emperors and bishops and preachers, I know, have pretended they kept the *genuyne* primitive Christian religion pure. But I looks into history, and I find that it was altogether *transmogrified*. That the doctrines, *God made man after his own image, and have the fear of the Lord before thine eyes*, were translated by the emperors, popes, bishops, priests and deacons, into ‘ *Man made God’s after his own image, and have the fear of the devil before thine eyes*. *Peace*

was translated *war*; *love thy neighbour as thyself*, into *hate thy neighbour as thine enemy*. *Do unto others as thou wouldst have others do unto thee*, into *do unto others as thou wouldst not have others do unto thee*. *Charity* into *persecution*, and *mEEK and lowly in spirit*, into *ambitious and proud in heart*. This is the way I make out, by reading history, the *transmogrification* that has made *preaching* and *prayering* speculations."

"Well, how did you reconcile to yourself, after such convictions, to speculate in the worship of the All-good Deity?" asked Playfair.

"*Needcessity*, squire," replied Malwhittle,—"*needcessity*, you know, *has no law*, and there being *no law* for *needcessity*, I took to the preaching line, as it was the most ready at hand, in *my case of enedcessity*."

"Why, squire, as I have been talking of history, and as I am in a communication sort of spirit, I may as well *narrate* something of my own history, by way of exhibiting how *eelastic* we United States' citizens be."

"My father and mother were citizens of Salem."

He was captain of a whaler. When he married, it was just as he was about sailing to go round Cape Horn. My mother, Leah Hutchings, was so beautiful a creature, that he could not, for all the world, say good be to her for three years. And besides three years was too long, my father thought, to wait to get married. His ship was *just* to him as good as a house on shore. So they married, and went to spend the honeymoon in the Pacific. I was consequently born at *Owyhee*, and by the time we got back to Salem, I could talk, and say the Lord's prayer, like a sailor.

“ When I grew up, and after having learnt to read, write, cipher, and *mathematicate*, and had got all history *by heart*, into my memory, I became a schoolmaster, just long enough to get a few dollars for to speculate. So I left Salem, on board a schooner for New York, set up in that city a *democrat* newspaper, and made a good spec of that, I tell you, until one day I read an advertisement of great speculations and *water privileges* to be sold by auction, all in the great Wabash country. I will buy some of them *ere water privileges*, says I to myself, and make a

hundred thousand dollars, that's better than *in-diting* a newspaper. So I stumped up all my dollars, sold the newspaper copyright at auction, and bought with my cash, and by giving my notes of hand, a 'mazing lot of water privileges. I progressed *slick* over the Alleghannies, to discover my *territory*. But, lo and behold! when I got to the actual geographical latitude and longitude of my speculation, it was all *water privilege*, and *no land*. There were no squatters, and no one to dispute my privilege; but I tell you, it was nothing more than a long broad shallow lake, in the middle of a swamp, with weeds for timber trees. If I *ain't smashed* said I—*regularly smashed*, I shan't then go back to *New York* to pay my notes of hand! No, I am too *genooyne* of a *New Englander* for that, I guess! I will jist write then to *take* my *water privileges*, and *burn* my *notes of hand*. I lost my dollars, said I, in that ere water privilege, and I must find them any how on dry land. But calculate sure, and certain, said I. Suppose some 'cute lawyer *grabs* my notes of hand, and sends me to jail till I pays them?

No, I must discover a country where they can't catch me. I shall keep west of the Alleghanies, and go to Ohio, and change my name, Josh Sperm, to some one that they never heard. I was just then *whittling a stick* as we do to pass the time and *think*, in New England; and, oh *tarnation sore*, my *bowie knife* slipped, and cut through my pantaloons, slick into my thigh! This is *bad* whittling said I, won't it do for a name? So as I understands a *leetle* French, I said yes, I shall call myself *Malwhittle*, yes, and now for a *christened* name, let me chase over the Bible for one. So I did, until I came to the last of the prophets. That will do, said I, my name is Malachy Malwhittle.

“On my way from the Wabash, I got up to where they were chopping a town out of the bush on the banks of the Ohio. Capital stand this, said I to myself,—capital stand for preaching and keeping tavern. A church is getting up its steeple there,—nearly finished, too! thinks I. Well! I wonder if they are *supplied* with a preacher? No, guessed I. So I looked very pious and solemn, put my face into a thin,

long sort of countenance,—folded down my shirt collar, tied a white handkerchief round my neck,—combed my hair slick and strait down,—took off my blue coat, and put it into my bag,—took out my black coat and put it on my back. So got rigged exactly like a methodist preacher, and in that fashion, walked to where they were at work building the church.

“ ‘Friends and brethren,’ said I, ‘verily ye have erected a fitting temple to the Lord. You have erected it, I guess, for a real *genuyne* Christian minister to expound *the word* in this temple.’

“ ‘No, we guess, not exactly,—we are bidding for one, who is a mighty smart preacher, but he wants too many dollars and we can’t deal.’

“ ‘What does he require, my brethren?’ I asked.

“ ‘Why, stranger, he *axes* twelve hundred dollars a year. And we guess that’s too much for *he*, and won’t *leave* enough for *we*. For we calculates, on a meeting-house or church speculation, to making *cent. per cent.* after paying minister’s wages. There is in this here church *hexactly*

one thousand sittings,—to let we calculate at two dollars and a half each seat,—and so when preacher *gits* one thousand dollars, there will be no more than fifteen hundred dollars profit left for our speculation. That's not *enuff* for Ohio! No, we calculates not. *We stands* on one thousand dollars wages to a genuyne chap of a minister. Not a cent more nor above !'

“ ‘ Brithers,’ said I, ‘ verily your offer is reasonable I *be* myself one of the sacred calling. On the morrow, I will expound the word to you, and if you *approve*, the wages you offer will satisfy me, ‘ for I am lowly and meek in spirit.’

“ Tot hist hem ere speculating folks agreed ; and I went up for the night to the tavern, which stands like a castle overlooking the mighty flood of waters. It was, I tell you, a wild dreary place though. The night was dark, Ohio run darker, and the darker woods hung heavy and thick over the great river. It was a scene awful for moral study, I tell you ; and I sat up and composed my sermon, and kept in my mind all the time, that it must *hit* the hearts and heads, on the *moral* of, *man made God after his own*

image. So I composed a real *terrible* sermon about “thrusting *out* into utter darkness, and gnashing of teeth.” The morrow came, I preached and was triumphant. I got on after that to a real *marvel*. Progressors came pouring into the ‘far west,’ the *local* became very active, and the town populated mighty quick into a city. The sittings in the church all took, I became terribly popular,—got a great many presents for *weddin* and *christening*, and saved all the first years pay of one thousand dollars. Wouldn’t preach the next for less than twelve and a half hundred,—saved all them dollars too,—and then began to feel a tickling crawling all over me for a speculation. So quite slick I goes into it and built a smart large church, all on my own account, and with twelve hundred sittings. Competition, said I, is the life of business ; competition, said I to my employers, is the real go-ahead principle of sound doctrine. You speculated by me, and I speculate upon myself, and on making the most of my genius. I understands human nature, and that is the *genuyne raw material* for politician, lawyer, and preacher, to

manufacture into real superfine stuff. So I continued to *ba-a-ah* all my old flock of humans, into mine own sheepfold,—then let all the *sittings*, and made *clean profit* the first year of three thousand dollars. I then got, I can't tell exactly how, tired of preaching, the spirit for it had somehow or other left me, and I sent to Connecticut, and hired a minister,—a real fire and brimstone chap, I tell you, for a thousand dollars. Nothing like competition, said I, again, as a speculation was tickling all over me. So I builds a regular Mammoth Tavern; for I knew a *leetle* of that sort of profession, when I lived doing *the morality work* for the *press* at Wall-street, New York.

“Hotel-keeping, squire, when rightly understood, is a real profitable profession. The Yankees, you know, squire, suck in the elements of locomotion when they are babies,—begin to speculating as soon as they can talk,—continue it when they grow up,—they are never satisfied, and so are constantly on the wing. They be all good speculators: but at Ohio, I found that any man who could purchase furni-

ture for a bed and bar-room, would set himself up as the keeper of a tavern, without the genuine capacity, for any thing but making and drinking, *gin-sling*.

“The landlord should be like a Yankee, have common sense, and take care that he does not *foggyfy* that sense by swilling rum and whiskey. He should pay attention to his guests, and, *at dinner*, he should not take the best seat and seize the best cut for himself, as I saw was mostly the case. I minded this, and studied human nature: so that with the rents of the sittings in my church, and the profits of my tavern, I made dollars mighty *slick*, I tell you, and might have been worth a hundred thousand dollars by now, if I had stuck to my church and tavern. But it was all of no use, my Yankee mother made me suck the milk of speculation from her Salem breast, in the South Seas, so I set up a bank at Ohio, and sent out far and wide my bank-notes,—most beautifully done, with engravings, and a view; and then progressed *mazingly* well, until the great *hurricane crisis* at New York crossed the Alle-

ghanies, and smashed my banks and me down to the lowest earth. My *dollar notes* were not worth a *cent*, I tell you. So I left Ohio and I've come here, as head correspondent to three New York papers, all of different politics, but I knows how to *cater* for them all, jist as well as I *catered* for every one when I kept tavern at Ohio."

"Your life has been a very remarkable one," observed Playfair.

"Not at all," replied Malwhittle; "quite a common New Englander's life. But, squire, I had almost forgotten there has *jist* arrived here from Canada a new preacher, a terrible smart forty-horse power of a Scotch *Knexiter*. He is to lecture for approval to-morrow, and as they (the Scotch and the Yankees) are considerably much alike, I shall go and hear him, and report progress to the *morality* press, in Wall-street. Here is one of the handbills—viz.,

"'The reverend Mr. Sanderson has just arrived at Saratoga from Niagara, and will deliver a sermon to-morrow at ten o'clock, on predestination and election.'

“He dines” continued Malwhittle, “at the *table d’hôte* to-day, and a great many others have arrived this forenoon. The Philogs and the Palvers of New York, and an iron-faced United States navy captain, who used to board at Liberty Hall sometimes, when I lived at Broadway.”

“Do you know his name?” asked Playfair.

“Armstrong,” answered Malwhittle, “a regular growler when he is put out of the way.”

“I also knew the Palvers and Philogs at New York,” observed Playfair.

“Smart lasses them ’ere Misses Palvers and Philogs, and tarnation seize me if a cousin of mine, on his mother’s side, isn’t sneaking after them : he can’t remember me, I hope, and so don’t tell him my history, nor that I changed my name. He’s called Jonah Spermacetti,” concluded Malwhittle, leaving Playfair to muse on the curious details of this chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MEETING FRIENDS.

“Men meet, mountains never.”

IF Saratoga has been the *rallying*-point for the ‘daughters of Tammanay and the wives of Manhattan,’ it was one of peculiar interest to Playfair, in again meeting several of those from whom he separated on his landing in America, and with some others to whom since then he became known.

We have said little of Sir Lachlan lately, although the worthy major continued the same social *delighting* soul as ever. His loyalty to his sovereign, his proud feelings for the honour of his country, were in him always the

leading impulses of conduct; and, accompanied by Lady Macpherson, he resolved on recrossing the Atlantic, to raise, after the fashion of the Highland barons of "olden time," a regiment, every man of which bearing his own name, and of his clan, in order to maintain royal British rights in Canada, and defend the marches of New Brunswick against the marauders of Maine.

The day on which Malwhittle related the adventures narrated in the preceding chapter, a grave, meek-looking, long-faced person, dressed in a suit of plain black, rose and pronounced a long grace at the *table d'hôte* of the "United States hotel." Playfair was surprised on turning round to discover in the person of this reverend man no other than his *ci-devant* sceptical fellow-passenger, Mr. Sanderson. Whether the latter, from turning away from "Hume's Essays," and Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," to the study of the holy scriptures, became, from conviction, that which he formerly declared he was not, a Christian, we have not in our power to say; but this far Playfair was

informed, that Mr Sanderson's "Political Economy" having proved worse than *barren*, first in New Brunswick, and afterwards in Upper Canada, and, as he had the gift of mathematical disputation, having often distinguished himself even when pitted against Brougham or Jeffrey as a member of the Speculative Society of Edinburgh; and having discovered that the only eloquence yielding profit in the western world was that of the pulpit and the bar, and as it would require a term of some years before he could practise at the latter, he took the one which in America requires little previous probation, and set up as a Baptist preacher. He was now at Saratoga, on his way itinerating through the great American republic, and if the amount of the subscription he gathered at this fashionable watering-place be a test of success, he has been not, though somewhat late in life, an *unwise* man in his generation.

On the same day Playfair met and sat at dinner alongside Captain Armstrong, who had been at Balston, and who had decided on going to England, having discovered that his daughter

was still living, and married, but he did not know to whom or where.

Miss Rennet, the Counterfeit Count's victim, had also arrived, and was now assiduously attended by Captain Sir Daniel O'Dogherty. Major O'Conamara, who danced with Miss Eucharis Philog, flattered this *superfine upper-crust* beauty until the infatuated girl's head was turned sufficiently romantic to consent to run off to Niagara with the gallant son of Erin. Her father, on hearing of his daughter's disgrace, offered O'Conamara thirty thousand dollars if he would make Eucharis a virtuous wife. O'Conamara refused to do so, unless fifteen thousand were given him without settlement, and the remainder to be settled on him and his victim. Mr. Philog, who had long since repented of his having ever resided, with his silly wife and giddy daughters, at Rue Rivoli, Paris, thought it wise to consent to this arrangement; not doubting, however, that exclusive of the thirty thousand dollars, he would have to add much more in order to maintain them both for life.

Both the Misses Palvers had come to Saratoga, but both refused the often-proffered hand of the rich Jonah Spermacetti, and were now affianced to men highly worthy of their love and esteem, although they were not of that number of whom it could be said that they were most respectable, because worth a hundred thousand dollars.

Malwhittle, who managed to get introduced to all at Saratoga, became intimate with Miss Calypso, and persuaded her also to elope with him. He, however, married her the moment he crossed the frontier, and returned immediately, placing himself and his wife humbly before the merciful consideration of his father-in-law, who, taking the case as so much better than that of Miss Eucharis and Major O'Conamara, adjudged them worthy of at least equal liberality.

Two days after the arrival of Captain Armstrong, Colonel Prescott, accompanied by an old maiden sister and his beautiful relative Mrs. Hawkins, made their appearance. It soon became evident, that there was a far

more tender attachment formed between the latter and the gallant colonel than the mere affection of distant relationship. Prescott was indeed, a noble-minded man, of honourable principles, and in every respect an excellent character. But, having no fortune but his pay, it was likely that the prudence of forty years' acquirement, counselled him that he was as yet too poor a man, with his rank and profession, to *marry*.

Another arrival, far more interesting to Playfair, was that of Miss Adams, attended by her father.

The health of Ruth Adams seemed improved, —her spirits were not depressed, and she fancied that the journey had imparted some vigour to her constitution. Alas! the lurking destroyer was there still, hidden beneath the traits and lines of undiminished loveliness and beauty. Never did she appear so attractive—she might, indeed, be adored as the connecting spirit which linked the woman to the angel.

“ I really feel now, although too weak to walk any distance, recovered,” said the dear

being. "Here," she continued, "there are no gloomy *revivers*,—here we have tranquillity—here we may think and speak in cheerfulness and friendship. How lovely—how charming all surrounding nature looks! Here the feathered creation—the sylvan world—the waters—the rocks and the mountains, inspire love, gratitude, and devotion; why should not man be equally cheerful, grateful, and happy?"

"I know not why we should not, and especially when we are in the charming society of those who are mutually agreeable," replied Playfair; "but we of Anglo-Saxon race are especially prone to exhibit *tableaux vivans* of

'Man never *is* but always *to be* blest.'

"That is indeed true," observed Ruth, "and the *revivers* will neither admit the first, nor rarely allow us to expect the last; but look there! I believe all our friends and acquaintance are to meet us here!—there comes Mrs. Hawkins."

The latter ran up to Ruth, embraced her, saying, "My dear Miss Adams, come in with

me, I am indeed happy to meet you,—I am not now so miserable,—I can tell you all.”

Playfair supported Ruth to Mrs. Hawkins’s room, which opened on a splendid prospect of water, woods, and mountains; he left them to pour forth to each other the feelings and thoughts of two beings as loveable, and beautiful as ever the Deity blessed, or the sun of Heaven shone upon.

CHAPTER XXV.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MRS. HAWKINS.

“ 'Tis brave for Beauty when the best blade wins her.”

WE have said, that on board of the same ship which carried Playfair from Europe to America, there were, among other passengers, a melancholy man named Hawkins, and his wife, a lovely, beautiful young lady. There is, on sailing for America, in a ship on board of which there are several passengers with whom one is not acquainted, something mysterious with which we feel deeply impressed, in regard to their previous lives, in regard to whom they are,—to where they are going,—to what are their prospects,—and to what may be their destiny.

When Playfair left England, as they sailed from the Mersey into the Irish Channel, there sat on the coops, beside the lee-bulwark, a genteel-looking couple, apparently man and wife. He looked weak, distracted, and sad; she pale, lovely, and with her eyes tenderly watching and wandering over him. They had a separate double-bedded state-room in the cabin; they seldom came to table, and had little or no communication with the other passengers. They appeared almost daily for some hours, sitting in the place on deck which they selected the first day they left the shores of England. The sailors called him the melancholy gentleman.

“ In three days,” says Playfair, “ we cleared the Irish Channel and entered the great Atlantic Ocean—

‘ Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurl’d,
Looks from his throne of clouds o’er half the world.

“ The wind continued favourable and rather moderate for a week. A calm, or, as the sea-phrase has it, *a dead calm*, succeeded. On the ocean no weather is so disagreeable, though

none may be less dangerous. Although there is not a zephyr stirring, there is always a heavy irregular swell, in which the ship rolls tremendously, while the sails at the same time flap violently from and against the creaking masts and yards. The sun, amidst the silvery blue sky, shines in hot effulgence. The dazzling brightness of the uneasy element, is too powerful for the eye to rest upon. It resembles a boundless undulating fluid of melted glass, rather than the dark blue sea. In its commotion, without a breath of wind to steady the ship, we can neither sit, stand, talk, read, eat, drink, or sleep, with comfort or steadiness. Whatever is placed loosely on the table, is suddenly pitched off, and rolls and dashes from one side of the cabin to the other.*

“ One day, during the *dead calm*, while we were sitting as securely as we could, round the table at dinner, the ship suddenly rolled over nearly *yard-arms* into the sea,—away went

* Steam-ships, however, disregard the dead calm, and plough onward, when all other floating things are in the situation described by Playfair.—EDITOR.

soup-tureen, bowls, plates, and all; away went the table, which broke from its lashings to leeward, and away went Mrs. Sanderson, who was hurled from her lashed chair to the opposite side of the ship, among the soup and broken dishes, with her dirty-faced booby sliding after holding on by her gown, and bawling loudly, ‘ Oh, mither, mither, mither, let’s gae hame !’

“ The major capsized from his seat, and lay flat to leeward, when Mrs. Sanderson, the boy, and the broth, came sliding down in confusion over him. Sir Daniel O’Dogherty had been at the time distilling the marvellous into the passenger Sheffield’s credulity, while the latter, lying rather snug in his berth to windward, held a mug of pea-soup in one hand, and Sir Daniel holding the other, in the act of earnest narration, when the ship lurched and threw the knight, who was of athletic dimensions, from his balance, dragging Sheffield and his soup from the berth, and all three precipitating to leeward, over Mrs. Sanderson, the boy, the major, and the whole dinner wreck.

“ Miss Adams sat between me and our commander, Captain Oglethorpe, on the *cross-locker seats*, with arms, and we having managed to hold on, she remained safe between us. The scene on the cabin-floor was the most ludicrous possible. The mother, the boy, and Sheffield, smeared with, and almost swamped in soups, mustard, melted butter, and variously-coloured sauces, slid helplessly from side to side, as the ship rolled, while the boy, the mother, and Sheffield, screeched and bawled, and the major, notwithstanding his undignified condition, laughed involuntarily at the ridiculously moving scene into which they were so unceremoniously precipitated. Sir Daniel, with his clothes coloured with yellow, and brown, and blue smearings, and his shins peeled by coming in violent contact with the mahogany, roared and swore that it beat being bogged entirely in the great big bog of Allen, or being smashed by all the shilelahs that ever flourished at Donnybrook-fair.

“ It was impossible for those not terrified, or hurt, or so cold, like Mr. Sanderson, as never to laugh, not to laugh outright; and Miss

Adams, Captain Oglethorpe, and I, without the least ill-nature, laughed, like our good-humoured leader, the major, simultaneously, and as loudly, notwithstanding the temporary discomfort and disagreeable character of the disaster.

“ Before the day closed a very different scene gave a serious turn to matters. The table and chairs being again securely lashed, and the fragments of crockery, beef, fowls, soups, sauces, puddings, *lobscoss*, and other dinner appurtenances, which slid and pitched along with those who lost their holding from side to side on the cabin floor, being at length gathered, or mopped up, some of us were sitting wedged between our seats and the table, eating biscuit and cheese, and quaffing, as we best could, the brown stout which Sambo the steward endeavoured to *cant* adroitly into our pewter mugs. Others had scrambled into their berths and contrived, with Sambo’s assistance, to *embed* themselves by means of cloaks, pillows, and whatever else could be had to stuff between them and the vessel’s sides, so as to roll with no further violence than the ship’s actual motion.

“ There were on board those, it is true, who

were not so happy. Sheffield the *cutlery* man alone was seasick. He had neither ate nor drank, since the commencement of the dead calm,—his flesh was shrunken,—his complexion had acquired the colour of tallow tinged with saffron and verdigris,—and loathing every attempt to relieve or comfort him, and in utter disregard of his existence, his ideas of gathering golden apples, his father's cutlery, and his mother's dumplings, he, in piteous supplication, beseeched Sambo to throw him into the sea.

“By this time we understood tolerably well the tempers and ideas of all our cabin passengers, excepting the sad taciturn gentleman, and his angel-like wife. They spent their time together, either in the state-room allotted to them, or sitting, usually in the dusk of the evening, and until about nine o'clock, on deck. They spoke little, even to each other. The sailors now called him the dumb gentleman: melancholy seemed to have absolutely overwhelmed him. His energy appeared completely fled. She, again, notwithstanding the delicate construction of her graceful frame, continued, without intermission, watchful and active. Ever attentive to

his movements, this devoted being seemed to live only for the uninterrupted, but fruitless endeavours to sooth her husband's gloomy sufferings. While sitting on the *hen-coop** near the bulwarks, her eyes were always softly, anxiously watching his person, while his, again, were riveted over the vessel's side, on the mysterious, fathomless ocean. He avoided every attempt to be spoken to by the passengers, and she, although evidently created and educated for elegant social life, and to charm all those around her, only replied by declining, with polite but winning brevity, any offer of usual courtesy. We were all interested in their behalf ; but delicacy prevented our being obtrusive. Mystery enveloped them ; and mental misery, at least of one, was blasting the happiness of two persons, so young that they could have but very lately commenced the voyage of life together.

“ She seldom left him for an instant. On deck she constantly sat by him ; but as some of the passengers were seated, as I have said,

* These are so formed as to answer the double purpose of seats and poultry-cages.

in the cabin, and others were bolstered in their sleeping-berths, listening to the major's most interesting description, first of a tiger-hunt, and then of crocodile-fishing, I took up my position on the companion-ladder. Nearly at the same time, Mrs. Hawkins, that was her name, approached to descend. I instantly stepped aside, begged if I might be allowed to support her down, as the vessel was then rolling violently. She thanked me, and said Mr. H. was rather poorly, but disinclined to leave the deck, and that she left him for a moment to bring up his cloak and her own from their state-room.

“Mrs. Hawkins had scarcely uttered the last word as she passed me, when the chief mate cried out, at the companion-door, “Ho! ho! ho! there below!—the dumb gentleman’s jumped o’erboard.” I rushed on deck. The mate was instantly at work with several hands, cutting away the lashings of the jolly-boat, to lower her from the stern. Jack Purdy, one of our hardy tars, had sprung to the maintop-gallant-halyards, fastened the end round his waist, raised the coil from off the belaying pins, and leapt into the sea, in order, if human power

could do so, to save the unfortunate gentleman of whom nothing could be seen, although the spot where he plunged was sufficiently marked by the bubbles on the surface.

Bill Jones and another sailor had cut the moment the alarm was given, one of the hen-coops loose and threw it with other *floatables* overboard. The boat was instantly lowered and Jack Purdy was swimming strongly, ready to seize hold of Mr. Hawkins, the instant he should appear on the surface.

“For the moment all forgot Mrs. Hawkins. She did not, strange as it may appear, utter a word or lose her self-possession, but she was instantly on deck, looking over the rails on the sea, still marked by the splash where her husband sank; but in less than half a minute, she shrieked, “My husband, my husband—there—there!” and, at the instant we all saw him rising to the surface, and as Jack Purdy was within two yards of the spot, Mrs. Hawkins with a second electrifying shriek leapt into the sea, immediately over her husband’s body, which she grasped hold of about the coat-collar

He gurgled and bubbled for a moment, struggled to disengage himself; threw up his feet, and sunk heavily down, with his wife holding fast to his clothes. Jack Purdy's arms were at the same moment within a few inches of Mrs. Hawkins. He dived with great force, and grasped her with one arm round the waist. Those on deck immediately drew them all to the surface, Mrs. Hawkins still kept vigorous hold of her husband's coat, who, on again reaching the surface, gave another struggle and splash. Jack Purdy and Mrs. Hawkins were lifted into the boat. She, apparently lifeless, had still firm hold of her husband's coat. Alas, in his last desperate struggle to shake off vitality, he plunged for ever from out of his somewhat loose garment, into the unknowable depths of the ocean, and into the more unknowable expanse of futurity!

“The devoted wife, now the helpless widow, was rescued from the sea and conveyed to her cabin. Alas!

‘———a foe to rest

Had soil'd the current of her sinless years,
And turn'd her pure heart's purest blood to tears.’

“The appalling disaster of the preceding evening had spread gloom over the ship. For some hours Mrs. Hawkins remained in a state of profound, almost lifeless stupor,—warm applications and the other usual remedies were, with much caution however, used, and about four in the morning she wakened, gazed, shrieked, and screamed out, ‘Henry! Henry! I will not—no! no! no! I before God became thy wedded wife,—and I will not let thee go,—duty! duty!—yea, yea, more—religion commands me not to let thee perish,—nay, I will save thee or perish with thee!’ She then trembled, and shivered, and shrieked,—and then wept. We feared that delirium might succeed, and I insisted on all leaving her state-room, except Miss Adams, who besides being about the same age as Mrs. Hawkins, also understood the sensibilities of woman’s heart well. Few, indeed, could touch the chords of condolence with more gentle and soothing delicacy. It was particularly necessary to dispense with the probably well-disposed services, but ill-timed lamentations of Mrs. Sanderson; and the cap-

tain having stationed Sambo at the state-room-door, to attend to whatever Miss Adams required, quietness was enjoined on all the passengers, with a request to retire or go on deck.

“ About noon on the following day Mrs. Hawkins, whose bedside Miss Adams did not leave during the whole time, not only recovered from her stupefaction, but she had also regained her composure so far as to be prevailed upon to take a little sustenance. She said involuntarily to Miss Adams, ‘ I do not complain that I am now indeed alone in the world, a widow, and an orphan. Ours has been a sad, sad tale of misery! Henry was not himself for the last month. He, for some time past, foreboded an unhappy fate. It hung over him. I could not dispel the dreadful presentiment. I wish that more tenderness than mine could have restored him to happiness. Hope had forsaken him. America alone offered, he believed, a glimpse of relief, and I willingly consented, yea, seeing it pleased him, even urged our leaving England. Heaven! Gracious Heaven! help me. As a Christian it is my duty to be resigned, and

therefore I must, and may God give me the power to be so!

“ Miss Adams interrupted her not, and Mrs. Hawkins, turning round with her face to the back of the bed, quietly and slowly uttered, ‘ Oh, merciful God ! what have we done to require this severe chastisement ?—Thy will be done.’ Exhausted nature claimed a cessation of anguish, and the lovely being sunk into an apparent forgetfulness of sorrow, in a sleep which seemed the personification of love, and virtue, and beauty, united in tranquil repose.”

We have, in an early chapter, stated that Mrs. Hawkins, on landing with the other passengers at St. John’s, left immediately for Annapolis, Nova Scotia,—that we were ignorant of her views,—and that mystery enveloped her condition,—but that it was impossible not to believe that there was much of the painful and interesting in the story of one so young and so beautiful,—so pensively, to all appearance, resigned to her isolated condition, and so silent in respect to herself and the circumstances of her late husband.

The meeting at Saratoga of so many of those who traversed the Atlantic with this lady, and the tender confidence and friendship which was soon formed between her and Lucy Adams, unfolded a tale of deep interest to more than one of those who were now assembled at this celebrated place. Mrs. Hawkins told her eventful tale to Lucy nearly as follows :

“ The story of my life has, with little interruption, been, my dear friend, a sad one. My maiden name was Agnes Armstrong,—my mother’s was Agnes Trevor. Of my father I know little, and if that little be true, which Heaven grant it may not be, I have no reason to regret my almost utter ignorance of that parent whom my eyes never looked up to, and whose eyes never looked down over me. My mother was ever silent on the subject. I could only learn from her that he was an officer in the British navy,—that to her he was the most affectionate, amiable, and kind of lovers, and most tender of husbands,—that he parted from her to join his ship eight months before I was born,—and that she never saw him again.

Being persuaded by her parents that my father was dead, she was, against her will, and in sorrow, at last married to a wealthy old man, whose conduct to her, and often to me, was brutally unkind. She was tenderly fond of me, and my education was attended to by her with unceasing care and affection. At the age of nineteen I became acquainted with my mother's relative, Captain Prescott. I must acknowledge it, he soon won my heart. My wealthy father-in-law had, however, other views. Captain Prescott had no wealth but his commission, no prospect of rising in the world but in his profession. The engagement was broken off. My stepfather not only behaved with the most unfeeling heartlessness to my mother, for having countenanced Captain Prescott in his attentions to me, but his moral character became, in other respects, so reprehensible and disgusting, that she pined away, in uncomplaining sorrow, until her soul escaped from the evils of a sad and painful life to the blissful asylums of virtue, peace, and love.

“ I was then, indeed, alone in the world.

My stepfather declared he loved me as his own child, and expected, on my part, implicit obedience to him as a parent. He introduced to me the son of, he said, his best friend, who was largely engaged in the American trade. In this young gentleman's personal appearance, and even manner, there was nothing with which most women would find much fault. To me there was nothing, however, either winning or loveable, personally or intellectually, in the man whom my stepfather said I could not but love and marry, as he was rich, handsome, and talented. He may be rich, thought I; but he has neither the mind nor the manners that can make me ever forget Edward Prescott. My condition became, however, each succeeding day more wretched. The immorality of my stepfather's private life, convinced me that I must either escape, not only from any possible association with those whom he brought to his house, but from the house itself, or I must become a stranger to all the peace of mind which purity of heart, and good reputation can alone secure. At this period, on looking over various

little matters which belonged to my mother, I found among them a letter to her father, informing him, that Lieutenant Armstrong had been a disgrace to his profession, was cashiered under most dishonourable circumstances, had been a traitor to his country,—had fled to America,—had turned pirate,—and as such was captured, tried and hung in gibbets.

“The circumstance of my mother never having alluded to the fate of my father, confirmed me in the full belief of the truth of the dreadful tale which that letter told. I became helpless and melancholy. My stepfather pressed the suit of Henry Hawkins. I ascertained one indispensable truth, that his private character, though of a melancholy cast, was honourable and virtuous; for, without this conviction, I would have suffered the tortures of a thousand deaths. I therefore became, without any affection, but with respect for a man who preferred me to all others as his friend and companion for life, his wedded wife.

“By this event, I escaped from a stepfather, and a house which he had rendered

infamous by his abandoned character. But calamity had still a bitter draught in store for me. On our returning from church after our marriage, my husband received a letter informing him that instead of being wealthy he was a bankrupt; that the house at New York, in which his all was invested, would not pay five shillings in the pound,—and that on that very day he would, in all probability, be arrested for dishonoured bills.

“ Henry’s mind was not of that high intellectual cast and balance, which form men to encounter and overcome great reverses, or formidable undertakings. He became paralyzed, mentally and physically: and instead of our starting, according to preparation, in a carriage, on a wedding excursion, among the romantic scenery of Wales, we fled that night by the mail-coach, in order to escape from England, by a ship sailing immediately for America. My dear friend, you know the rest. I think I have done my duty. I hope Heaven, in its mercy, will have it so. It would be affectation for me to say that I have not overcome the affliction of that cala-

imity,—nor would I have given you the full confidence which I should, if I concealed from you, that I am now the affianced bride, as I have long been the devoted love of Edward Prescott.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONCLUSION OF THE PLAYFAIR PAPERS.

“ Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently budding breast ;
At one kind word those arms extending
To clasp the neck of him who blest
His child caressing and carest.”

Bride of Abydos.

SIR LACHLAN MACPHERSON had now decided on returning to England with his lady; and, he having been introduced by Playfair to Captain Armstrong, the latter resolved to return by the same route to a country to which he once owed allegiance. His heart, in old age, had still generous blood flowing through its arteries, and, despite of all those circumstances that had often maddened him into the spirit of fury and revenge, he now looked forward to England as

the only spot on earth where he could, unless it were in battle, close a life of bitter mortification and little happiness, with satisfaction to his feelings. The time had now arrived for leaving Saratoga, and our travellers were all arranging their several plans. Ruth Adams's health had certainly gained strength, and as her father had lost his election, and was neither required during the following winter at Washington, nor his circumstances such as to render it necessary for him to return to New England during the cold season, so fatal in that country to those whose constitutions are predisposed to pulmonary disease, he made up his mind to take the advice of a celebrated medical gentleman then at Saratoga.

In the opinion of this physician, the constitution of Miss Adams was such, that by travelling gradually to the south, as winter advanced, and passing that season in some of the most salubrious parts of Florida, or of the islands within the tropics, there still remained every probability of her perfect restoration to health. But that the climate of New England, other-

wise salubrious, would, in her case be, in a few months, fatal.

Playfair had also arranged his plan of travelling so as to cross over to Lake Erie, and thence, by land to the Ohio, descending which river to the Mississippi, and down the latter to New Orleans, there to arrange the order of his future movements.

Sir Daniel O'Dogherty, finding that Susannah Rennet's dollars were sufficient to enable him to sell his commission and retire from the army, he married her without further consideration, started immediately for Boston, crossed the Atlantic in twelve days by one of the mail steam-ships, landed at Liverpool, post up to London, and started off without delay for Paris: whence we have this moment been informed, that Lady O'Dogherty, although she could not recover, as Sir Daniel hoped, the money of which she was robbed, yet has the satisfaction of knowing, that the *counterfeit Count* is now chained for life to the galleys, for being accessory to the poisoning of her husband by a Frenchwoman.

But while Playfair and Sir Lachlan were arranging some necessary matters, previous to their separation, the latter taking charge of the more recent of the Playfair papers, to be delivered to us, to arrange and to make use of, as heretofore, in such discreet manner as we in our wisdom and judgment might deem fit, Captain Armstrong suddenly joined them. He was in a state of feverish excitement, unlike any thing they ever beheld in his manner or appearance; and taking Playfair to one side, and under an emotion of spirits that seemed a prelude to the loss of reason, said, "Captain Playfair, I am beside myself—I don't know what to be at—I saw—I saw the spirit—the shade of my wife—my Agnes, moving up and down the walk by the grove, with a book in her hand, just as she used to do before we were married in England. Oh, my God! I am not, I never was superstitious, but I saw her, Captain Playfair, I did! I did! It was her spirit—her apparition! Oh, heavens, it was! it was!"

The brave veteran sobbed,—tears trickled fast down the deep furrows of a face long

beaten by storms, and bronzed and hardened in both tropical and frozen climes ; and, utterly subdued, he fell exhausted on a couch. At this moment a servant entered, and said, "Squire Playfair, there is just come in, to ask for you, Squire Adams, and Miss, and another lady, and a gentleman." Playfair called for Sir Lachlan, and said, "Be so kind as to remain here with Captain Armstrong until I speak to Mr. and Miss Adams for a moment. There is something mysterious in all this."

Playfair walked to the drawing-room, where he met his friends, accompanied by Captain Prescott, and Mrs. Hawkins. He spoke aside to Ruth, and mentioned what had just happened, and the excited state of Armstrong's feelings.

"Mrs. Hawkins, and no other, was the apparition he saw," said Ruth ; "she has just been walking near the grove. She often retires to walk or sit alone, with a book, in places where no one is likely to disturb her, she has related her whole history to me ; her maiden name is Agnes Armstrong, and I verily believe that

your naval friend is no other than her father. She then briefly related to Playfair the account of Mrs. Hawkins, detailed in the last chapter. He told Ruth, as briefly, the leading events of Armstrong's eventful career, and both corresponded in so many circumstantial points, that there remained not the smallest doubt, that the father and daughter were, unknown to each other, at that hour under the same roof.

“Miss Adams,” said Playfair, “break the story of Captain Armstrong to Mrs. Hawkins, by those delicate touches, with which your gentle hands can so tenderly sooth the sorrows of the heart. I will go and prepare her father to meet her. This requires, under all the circumstances, a knowledge of the man, coupled with his feelings as a widower and as a father.”

We will not say one word more as to how this was managed by Ruth Adams, nor by Playfair; nor attempt to describe the scene which was represented on Armstrong embracing a daughter who was in person, in voice, and manner, what the image, stamped indelibly

on his heart, was of her mother Agnes Trevor, twenty-six years ago.

HERE END all we have judged wise to *edit* of the PAPERS OF HUGO PLAYFAIR, Esquire, R.N.

Captain Armstrong, now happy in the society of his daughter, and wealthy enough to let no pecuniary consideration oppose her union with the man she loved,—and being highly pleased with Colonel Prescott, it was settled, that as soon as the latter could, with honour be spared from his regiment in Canada, and return to England, which would likely be in a few months, that he should then receive from her father the hand of Agnes. Colonel Prescott, accompanied his affianced bride, and Captain Armstrong, who, with Sir Lachlan and Lady Macpherson, proceeded by land and water, to Quebec—where all, except the Colonel, embarked on board the steam-ship Unicorn, descended the mighty river and magnificent Gulf of St. Lawrence, in forty-four hours to Picton, in Nova Scotia, posted on to Halifax. Crossed

the Atlantic in one of the mail steam-ships, and in ten days landed at Liverpool.

Our old and valued friend the major, paid us the first visit he has made in London, and has thus enabled us to conclude our editorship of the Playfair papers. Sir Lachlan tells us he is about taking a house in one of the squares, west of the Green Park. It would give no pleasure to his forgiving heart, to tell him that Black Shark, who had put on the mask of a saint, was discovered to be the principal agent in a fraudulent transaction, and, in preference to a transportation for life, to the antipodes of London, chose to die quietly in his bed, under the agency of a dose of opium. We might also, but it would please him as little, inform him that Micah Moses, the money usurer, was found dead among his gold, silver, and jewels, and that the extinguishers of his life and dishonesty have hitherto escaped discovery and every trace of detection.

Hugo Playfair, and Mr. and Miss Adams, are now, unless impeded by Judge Lynch, on

their way south, somewhere between Lake Erie and Pittsburg. Whether we may hereafter *cater* his further papers for the public taste, will depend, in the first place upon our receiving them,—and in the second, on how far those we have now endeavoured to dress may be generally agreeable to that taste.

END OF THE PLAYFAIR PAPERS.

CURSORY VIEW
OF THE
PROGRESS OF AMERICA.
BY THE
EDITOR OF THE PLAYFAIR PAPERS.



CURSORY VIEW
OF THE
PROGRESS OF AMERICA.

SETTLEMENT, TERRITORIAL EXTENTION, AND
INCREASE OF POPULATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written and spoken, relative to the Western Hemisphere, and the augmented interest and intercourse, yearly advancing, between Europe and America, it seems to us very questionable if the discovery of a new world three hundred and forty-eight years ago has been justly considered, in its mighty consequences, either as re-acting by their influence on the previously (to history) known world—or in their extraordinary progress in the development of subsequently explored regions.

Certainly the history of human events does

not afford an epoch more important to mankind than the discovery of America. It formed, as is well known, an era that gave a new and more adventurous direction to the ambition of European nations; and while the consequent passion of enterprise sent bold spirits to the vast regions of the newly-found world, fresh discoveries enriched the sciences,—and from that epoch, geography, astronomy, and navigation, became more practically and more usefully known.

It would at the same time have been well for the reputation of Europeans, if their acquaintance with, and colonization of America, had been equally distinguished for justice and humanity.

At a comparatively speaking late period of the world's history, a whole hemisphere possessing all climates, fertile soils, precious metals and stones, all the ordinary minerals, forests of the most useful and beautiful wood, magnificent rivers, numerous and safe harbours, plentiful fisheries; inhabited by a fierce race, unknown to, and differing in colour from, the

people of all previously-known countries, and abounding also in multitudes of wild animals, was to be explored, the natives conquered or exterminated, and the discovered regions to be subjected to the sovereigns who sent forth men to discover, and conquer, and possess them.

The right of soil, founded upon immemorial occupancy; that supreme right of the red men to the country, founded in nature, and to them the free gift of Heaven, was declared by the Europeans a tenure of no worth; for the dark superstition of the times represented the all-just and merciful Deity, as the partial God of Christians. The Spaniards were the first to inculcate this monstrous doctrine, and under the authority and the sanction of the pope, made it their measure of right in robbing from the aboriginal nations the richest countries of South America, and the Island of Cuba. Queen Elizabeth and King James denied the papal authority, but the same spirit of avarice and ambition made them adopt, without scruple, the subter-

fuge of Christian over Heathen right, to the countries discovered by their servants.

The American tribes, however numerous, were at first easily subdued, or betrayed, by the European invaders.

The aborigines of America being ignorant of the use of fire-arms, and scientific warfare, looked upon their invaders not as men, but as supernatural, invulnerable spirits, sent forth by the Gods; nor did they discover that white men were mortals until they became masters of the red nations, and of the lands in which their fathers lay entombed.

The Spaniards, having, by early discovery, force, injustice, cruelty, and treachery, conquered the richest countries of America, the English had either to make new discoveries, or be content with their possessions in Europe.

In 1496, Henry VII. commissioned Gabotta, or Cabot, a Venetian, "to navigate *all parts of the sea*, for the purpose of discovering all *islands, countries, and provinces*, either of *Gentiles* or *Infidels*, which have hitherto been unknown to

all Christian people; with power to take possession of and set up his standard in the same as vassals of the Crown of England.”

The Cabots, Gilberts, and others, discovered Labrador, and the countries of North America south to the Floridas, before 1513. The first attempt at settlement by the English was made in 1585, by Sir Walter Raleigh, at Roanoake, in Virginia. He carried thither one hundred settlers, most of whom perished; and the remainder, disheartened, or unable to maintain their ground, returned to England with Sir Francis Drake.

Sir Richard Grenville arrived at [Roanoake soon after, and left fifty men there to establish a settlement. In 1587 Sir Walter Raleigh sent out a second ship with settlers, under the charge of Governor White; when the latter arrived in Virginia, he found that either famine or the savages had destroyed the whole of Grenville's colony. Governor White left 175 men and women in Virginia, well provided with all necessaries; and, before his departure, an Indian, named Manteo, embraced Christianity. On

the 18th of August, that year, Mrs. Dane gave birth to a daughter, christened Virginia. This unfortunate child was the first born of English parents in America. Governor White returned in 1590, and found the whole colony exterminated. So disheartening and unsuccessful were the attempts to settle the country, that in 1602, that is, two hundred and thirty-eight years ago, there was not an European in all North America. De Monts, from St. Maloes, established, in 1604, a small colony at Port Royal (now Annapolis). This was the first permanent European settlement in North America.

Sometime after, companies were organized in London and Plymouth, under patent, from James I., to plant colonies in America. In 1606, James's river was discovered by an expedition under a Mr. Percy; and, in the following year, three vessels were despatched to America by the London Company, who left 104 colonists under the charge of Edward Wingfield, as president, on the banks of James's river. This was the first English colony that maintained its ground in America.

Some time after, one hundred *planters* were sent by the Plymouth Company to North Virginia, forty-five only of whom consented to remain. During the same year the French wintered in a few huts on the north bank of the Lawrence where the town of *Rivière des Trois* now stands.

In 1610 the English settlement at James Town was about to be for ever broken up. Sir George Somers who left England the preceding year, was wrecked on the Bermuda Islands, where he wintered. On arriving the following spring at James Town, he found the colonists sent there, amounting to more than five hundred, reduced by famine and the scalping-knife to sixty. These had become utterly disheartened, and embarked with Somers for England.

Soon after sailing, they fortunately fell in with Lord de la Warre, who left England accompanied by a large colony, and with a royal patent as governor of Virginia. From that period, only two hundred and thirty years ago, and one hundred and eighteen years after

the discovery of America, we date the permanent settlement, by England, of North America.

In 1614 the Dutch colonized New Amsterdam, now New York. In 1620 the Pilgrim Fathers arrived in New Jersey, and three years after, they were followed by others, who settled in New Hampshire. The Swedes and Finlanders purchased a tract of country from the aboriginals, near the falls of the Delaware. They gave their colony the name of New Swedeland, and founded a settlement on it, and built forts for its defence.

In 1628 the first settlement in Massachusetts Bay was established by John Endicot and his wife. In 1633 Lord Baltimore began colonizing Maryland, having previously established the colony of Avalon, or Ferryland, in Newfoundland.

Settlements were formed in North Carolina in 1628,—in Rhode Island in 1635,—in New Jersey in 1664, and in South Carolina in 1669; the laws for governing the latter were drawn up by Locke.

William Penn, in 1682, went out to the coun-

try which was named *for him* Pennsylvania, under the authority of the royal charter; but that just man, purchased all the lands he colonized from the aborigines, whose confidence and attachment he secured. This colony, having nothing to fear from the natives, prospered in consequence far more rapidly than all the others.

Multitudes now continued to expatriate themselves, with the hopes of finding, in distant regions, those enjoyments and those things of which they were either in reality, or of which they fancied themselves, destitute. Those who were driven from England, Scotland, or Ireland, either by the pressure of poverty, or disabilities on account of religious scruples, or who were allured away by the hopes of gain, removed very naturally to those parts of America where some of their countrymen had previously emigrated. Impelled by these motives, and to escape the tyranny of the times, thousands fled annually, with their families and means, to America: the rapid colonization of which was caused even more by the religious intolerance which drove the Puritans to New

England, the Catholics to Maryland, and the Quakers to Pennsylvania, than by the spirit of adventure, by the love of gain, or by the more urgent motive to escape the miseries of poverty. Strange contradiction, however, of human conduct, the Puritans were scarcely established in the New England States, than they, in their turn, persecuted the Quakers with intolerable zeal and cruelty.

Slavery was introduced ("by special provisions," as was said and is said in South Carolina), at the dawn of colonization (1620), into the very land to which *Englishmen*, Christians too, had flown to plant and enjoy liberty.

There is no denying that the early settlers were greatly assisted and enriched by slave labour, and that the abominable traffic was first persevered in from an *idea of its necessity*, in order to bring a wilderness country under cultivation. But, exclusive of the injustice and immorality, how much greater the consequent evils are, and will be, than all the possible advantages ever derived or ever to be derived from the slave-trade and slave-holding.

The privations which the early colonists endured, and the hardships to which circumstances connected with a wilderness country subjected them, were severe in a degree of which those who now plant themselves in America, or who go well provided and secure to Australia, Van Diemen's Land, or New Zealand, can have only the most feeble conception. They had not only to suffer the miseries of hunger and the want of almost every convenience to which they had been accustomed in England; but they were always harassed and often murdered by the Indians, and at all times exposed with their families to be massacred or burnt in their dwellings.

Continued perseverance was finally rewarded with success and security, and the necessaries, the comforts, and even the luxuries of life, were at last after great endurance and hard labour, to be obtained in abundance at moderate prices, and at no very great distance from the most remote settlement.

The British possessions in America were, it

must be admitted, naturally inferior in many respects to those of other European nations ; but the security of property, and liberal treatment on the part of the government, established their condition upon a more solid foundation.

The first settlers consisted chiefly of hardy yeomen, and gentlemen of education, rank, and enterprise,—men who, on leaving England, abandoned those comforts and luxuries, which are known only in old countries, and also those attachments that are most dear to the human bosom. But these circumstances are not sufficient to do justice to their persevering courage. All the complicated hardships that can dishearten the fortitude of man, exalt the character of the early colonists to a rank as illustrious as that of the first and bravest people recorded in history.

They carried with them to America resolute hearts and intelligent understandings, and that unconquerable spirit of perseverance which surmounts the numberless difficulties that await all great undertakings.

The success attending the actions of such

men astonished Europe. Their industry and indefatigable activity ensured their prosperity ; their improvements in all the useful arts did honour to their ingenuity ; and it must not be forgotten that, notwithstanding their peculiar circumstances, and the occupations they followed, they were, from the first foundation of their settlements, *particularly careful to provide for the education of their children.*

Their position was favourable to commerce, and their natural turn and temper, ever aiming at new discoveries, and incessantly employed in the search of whatever might better their circumstances, carried them into every quarter from whence profit could be obtained. There was hardly a port or spot in the American hemisphere, in which business could be transacted, where they were not to be found. Without living in European luxury, they secured all the substantial and comfortable enjoyments of life with many of its elegances and refinements.

“ They in reality became a rich and flourishing people ; and if ever any country might have

been considered the seat of human felicity, British North America, previously to the sad story of colonial oppression, must have deserved the appellation."

"For a long time England fostered her colonies with parental care and great expense, and only demanded in return their exclusive trade. Spain and Portugal not only monopolized the whole commerce of their colonies, but governed them with arbitrary despotism. England, in giving them such ample powers to provide for their interest and prosperity, only reserved the political connexion under the same sovereign, with the general benefit resulting to the empire from their trade.

"In short, the conduct of Great Britain in her colonial management, from the first settlement to the year 1755, exhibits a lesson of wisdom to those powers who either possess or are disposed to plant colonies.

"But, after that period, those who wish for the partition of great empires will learn useful instruction by studying the history of the

measures to the independence of the United States.”*

The first serious causes of colonial discontent were the restrictions which discouraged manufacturers, by confining each province to the use of their own, or to those imported from Great Britain, and prohibiting also the reciprocal interchange of their respective fabrics. The orders in council, preventing the colonists from following any particular pursuit of productive industry, were not only such as they could not be expected to bear with tame submission, but so insulting to their understanding as to be considered far more intolerable than pecuniary oppression.

The battle gained by Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, formed a preliminary cause, which has already been attended with mighty consequences not contemplated at that period: those consequences themselves must again form successive causes of great effects. Had France retained the Canadas, British America would probably have continued, for several years

* Macgregor's *British America*, pp. 15, 16.

longer to be overawed into humble submission by England; and the whole country of Upper Canada,—of Michigan,—and of the vast basins of the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri, would now, in all likelihood, be inhabited, nearly altogether by people of French, and not, as to-day, chiefly of English race. Nor would there ever, in all probability, be the least prospect of the whole continent of at least North America, including, probably, Mexico, and, not unlikely, the central republics, becoming eventually an Anglo-American nation, speaking the same language, and possessing the same literature, however numerous the states or separate governments may become.

The peace of 1763, which terminated a war glorious to British arms, and in respect to power and territory advantageous to England, left the country enormously, as was then considered, overwhelmed with its National Debt. Ministers, therefore, determined to tax the colonists, without any just estimation, or in ignorance, of the Anglo-American character.

The inhabitants of the four New England

provinces were principally the descendants of those stubborn republicans who fled from England to enjoy their own ideas of politics and religion. They retained the hatred of their ancestors to kingly authority, and the strongest aversion to the Church of England. These people were the life and prime support of that opposition which did not abate till America was lost to Great Britain.

The inhabitants of the other colonies, though numbers of them were of foreign extraction, were more moderate, but not less regardless of their privileges ; many of them, it is true, particularly the descendants of the felons sent from England, were men of a licentious, audacious spirit, which was not to be awed by the deference due to civil authority ; but a great number also, especially in Virginia and Maryland, were men of respectable rank and character, hitherto of a loyal turn, and warmly attached to the mother country.

In fact, the colonies were chiefly peopled with spirited, intelligent, and enterprising individuals, of all denominations, who, at the peace

of 1763, were flushed with uncommon prosperity in their commercial pursuits, and by the brilliancy of their military transactions. Their disposition prepared them for great undertakings; and it was difficult to limit their hopes and expectations. It must, at the same time, be remembered that they used all the means that ingenuity, guided by interest, could suggest, in their remonstrances to the ruling powers, and in their petitions to the king and parliament, before they assumed the language of defiance, or set up the standard of revolt.

Every appeal to the king and his ministers was in vain. The evil star of England gained the ascendant, and America, with the conviction of justice and spirit, liberty animating her to resistance, defended her rights, defeated her oppressors, and realized her independence.*

The declaration of independence itself was a refutation of what is alleged with usual truth, "*that popular assemblies always begin well and end badly.*" In Greece, Rome, Venice, and France, this has perhaps always been verified by the result.

* Macgregor's History of British America, Vol. I., Book I.

But the crisis of American revolt brought forward men, or rather brought their abilities into action, who may well rank in history above the celebrated heroes and statesmen of ancient and, until the days of Hampden, of modern times. Those colonial patriots gave life and strength to the war; directed the councils with firmness and wisdom;—organized armies and provided funds to maintain them, planned a just and economical system of finance, and, after solemnly declaring their independence, drew up and adopted a practical constitution, agreeable to the habits and dispositions of the people.

In comparing the constitution agreed to by the United States of America, with that of the governments of other nations, we must remember that when the Anglo-American colonies declared their independence, their moral and physical condition was very different from that of all republics that had previously existed, or that have since arisen. The people were generally intelligent, their habits frugal and industrious; and, unlike the Europeans of South

America, their ideas were free from the thralldom of ecclesiastical terror.

The abilities of the great men who conducted their assemblies, were more solid than brilliant ; practical rather than theoretical. They had the good sense, notwithstanding their separation from the government of the mother country, to adopt the constitution and laws of the then most free government, as the groundwork of theirs ; making a royal hereditary chief magistrate, a titled privileged nobility, and a national church establishment, being the only remarkable exceptions.

Their vast territory, with soils yielding every production under heaven, and abounding in numerous navigable rivers, harbours, fisheries, woods, and minerals, secured them the immediate convenience and future use of all natural advantages.

Their language and education enabled them to enjoy all the benefits of English knowledge and literature, without the labour or expense of translation, or paying for copyrights. They had also the earliest advantage of discoveries in

the arts and sciences, without the cost of purchasing the rights of patents.

With the peculiar good fortune of being governed at that critical period by honest men, they had the knowledge of all ages and countries to guide them.

Possessing, therefore, such extraordinary advantages, the Anglo-Americans were enabled to avoid most of the blunders committed by nations, the governments and laws of which, growing up from their birth in the feudal ages during centuries of bigotry, intolerance, tyranny, and ignorance, down to periods of liberality and intelligence, were consequently incompatible with equal justice and personal liberty.

The democratic form of the federal and state governments, was as much the result of caution and necessity, as of predilections which the leading men of the time might have entertained for republicanism. No one could claim sovereign right. The wealth of the country was too equally divided, to give any one individual

the means, if it were possible, either of corruption, or of an overwhelming share of power.

The constitution and laws were, otherwise, as nearly as possible accommodated to the ideas of the people, and to the former order of government.

The several states preserved their governments, much the same as before the revolution; with their legislatures, however, and generally their governors, elected by the universal suffrage of the people, and with the power of making laws for their internal administration; but with all the states united under one general federal government to administer whatever related to foreign commerce and foreign relations.

This head or supreme government was formed of three branches, or estates: the President, the Senate, and the House of Representatives. All elected also by the people.

The constitution was not inconsiderately or quickly adopted. On the 13th of September, 1787, thirteen years after the meeting of the first continental congress, nine after the declaration of independence, and four after the

acknowledgment of that independence by England, the constitution was agreed to and adopted. Twelve articles of amendment, or rather additions, were afterwards made in 1791, 1798, and 1804.

1. STATE GOVERNMENT.

Having thus sketched the progress of the old British American provinces from their first settlement by the English until, on attaining o manhood, they became independent of parental control, we will now briefly exhibit the condition of the Anglo-American republic at the period of commencing its *self-government*, and its progress from that memorable era to the present time.

The States, which on the ratification of independence from the American Republican Union were,

First, *Massachusetts*. This state continues to have annual parliaments, consisting of a Senate and House of Representatives, styled the *General Court* of Massachusetts. There is also a supreme executive council, with an elective president, styled *his Excellency Governor*

of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Suffrage is universal. Massachusetts at that time included Maine and Connecticut, and laid claim to Vermont.

Second, *New Hampshire*, has a legislature, vested in a Senate and House of Representatives, styled the *General Court of New Hampshire*, with an elective Governor and Council. It was then doubtful whether the settlement in Vermont, or Green Mountain, New Canada, appertained to Massachusetts, or to New Hampshire.

Third, *Rhode Island*, which is the only state without a written constitution, the provisions of its government being based on the Charter of Charles II., in 1663. Its Governor and Senate of ten members, are electe annually, and its House of Representatives, of seventy-two members, half-yearly.

Fourth, *New Jersey*, with annual representation, and suffrage extended to all persons worth real estate of the value of fifty pounds, proclamation money, which qualification is now by law estimated to be the condition of *every person* (ne-

groes and females excepted) who has paid any tax, and has attained the age of twenty-one years.

Fifth, *Delaware*, with a Governor, Senate, and House of Representatives: the first and second elected for three years; the third annually. *Suffrage extended to all white freemen of age.*

Sixth, *Maryland*, which has a Governor, Senate, and House of Delegates, the first and third elected annually, the Senate for five years. *Universal suffrage for white freemen.*

Seventh, *Virginia*, with an annual House of Representatives, Senate elected for four years, Governor and Council of State elected by both houses for three years. *Suffrage extended to all white freemen of age.*

Eighth, *North Carolina*, which has a Senate and *House of Commons* elected annually, and a Governor chosen by both houses. All freemen vote for representatives to the Commons; but, for the Senate, the possession of fifty acres of land is required as an electoral qualification.

Ninth, *South Carolina*, which has a Senate, half the members of which elected every two years for four years ; a House of Representatives elected every two years. *The elective franchise includes free white male citizens possessed of fifty acres of land, or a town lot, and having resided in the state for six months previous to the election.* This great slave-holding state was always, and continues to be, the most aristocratic of the whole Union.

Tenth, *Georgia*, having a Senate and House of Representatives, annually elected, and a Governor, elected (all by the people) for two years. "All citizens and inhabitants" who have paid taxes, and resided six months in the country, have the right to vote.

Eleventh, *Pennsylvania*, which has an annual House of Representatives, a Senate, one-fourth of the members of which elected annually for four years. All are elected by the people, with *suffrage to every freeman* who has resided two years in the state, and paid any tax.

Twelfth, *Connecticut*, having a House of Representatives, chosen not generally by the peo-

ple at large, but by the towns of the state, the old towns sending two members, the new, one; a Senate elected by districts: and a Governor and Lieutenant-governor—all elected annually. *Suffrage extended to all white male citizens, having seven dollars annual value of freehold property, and having resided in the town or district, or having served in the militia for one year.*

Thirteenth, *New York*, which has a Governor elected by the people every two years; a Senate elected for four years; and a House of Assembly annually elected. Suffrage extends to all white citizens residing for one year in the state, and having attained twenty-one years of age, the age of majority as to elective franchise in all the states. *Men of colour with a freehold property value two hundred and fifty dollars free of incumbrance, have the right of voting in this state.*

The foregoing thirteen states (the whole inhabited territory of which, with the exception of a few small settlements, was confined to the region extending between the Alleghany mountains and the Atlantic) were those which ex-

isted at the period when they became an acknowledged separate and independent federal sovereign power. The thirteen stripes of the standard or flag of the United States, continue to represent the original number. The stars have multiplied to *twenty-six*, according as the number of states has increased.

3. INCREASE OF POPULATION AND TERRITORIAL EXTENSION.

The statistics of the old provinces were obscure and uncertain at the commencement of the revolution: but the population at that time could not have amounted to more than *two millions and a half*. After the peace, a census of the population has been taken every ten years.

In 1790 the number of inhabitants in the old states amounted to 3,929,326, including 697,697 slaves, and also the population of Vermont, which had increased to 85,530; and that of Kentucky, into which emigration rushed with rapidity from the New England States, amounting to 173,677. The slave population were distributed as follows:—158 *in New Hampshire*; 16 *in Vermont*; 948 *in Rhode*

Island; 2,764 in *Connecticut*; 21,324 in *New York*; 11,423 in *New Jersey*; 8,887 in *Delaware*; 3,737 in *Pennsylvania*; 103,036 in *Maryland*; 292,627 in *Virginia*; 100,572 in *North Carolina*; 107,094 in *South Carolina*; 29,264 in *Georgia*; 12,430 in *Kentucky*; and 3,417 in the different territories. Total slaves in 1790,—629,697.

In 1800 the population increased to 5,319,762 including 896,849 slaves.

In 1810 the census gave 6,048,539 free, and 1,191,364 slaves. Total 7,239,903.

In 1820 the number of freemen were 8,100,108, and of slaves 1,538,118. Total 9,638,166.

In 1830, the returns gave 10,845,847 free, and 2,009,043 slaves. Total 12,856,171 inhabitants.

By this census it appears that Vermont, with 280,622 free inhabitants, was the only state or district without a slave.

Massachusetts had one registered slave 610,477 free.

Maine, two slaves, 399,953 free. *Indiana*, three slaves, 343,025 free.

New Hampshire, three slaves, 269,325 free.

Ohio, six slaves, 937,897 free.

Rhode Island, 17 slaves, 97,181 free.

Michigan, 32 slaves, 31,607 free.

Illinois, 747 slaves, 156,698 free.

New Jersey, 2,254 slaves, 318,569 free.

Delaware, 3,292 slaves, 73,456 free.

Arkansas, 4,576 slaves, 25,812 free.

District of *Colombia* (the territory of the capital of the land of freedom), 6,119 slaves, 33,715 free.

Territory of Florida, 15,501 slaves, 19,229 free.

Missouri, 25,091 slaves, 115,364 free.

Mississippi, 65,659 slaves, 70,962 free.

Maryland, 102,994 slaves, 344,046 free.

Louisiana, 109,588 slaves, 106,151 free.

Alabama, 117,549 slaves, 191,978 free.

Tennessee, 141,603 slaves, 540,301 free.

Kentucky, 165,213 slaves, 522,704 free.

Georgia, 217,531 slaves, 299,292 free.

North Carolina, 245,601 slaves, 492,386 free.

South Carolina, 315, 401, slaves, 265,784 free.

And *Virginia*, 469,757 slaves, 741,648 free.

Thus it appears that there were, in 1830, of the whole population nearly one-fifth slaves.

Taking the ratio of increase for the years previous to 1830, as that for the subsequent period, and the much greater than former emigrations into account, the population of the United States on the 1st of January, 1840, may be estimated at least not under 17,500,000, of which it is now admitted that more than 4,500,000 are slaves.

The territory of the thirteen original States of the Union, including Maine and Vermont, comprehended a superficies of 371,124 English square miles; that of the whole United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, 120,354; that of France, including Corsica, 214,910; that of the Austrian Empire, including Hungary and all the Imperial States, 257,540 English square miles.

The present superficies of the twenty-six Constitutional States of the Anglo-American

Union, and of the district of Colombia, and territories of Florida, include 1,029,025 square miles; to which, if we add the north-west, or *Wincousin Territory*, east of the Mississippi, and bound by Lake Superior on the north, and Michigan on the east, and occupying at least 100,000 square miles, and then add the great western region, not yet well defined territories, but, at the most limited calculation, comprehending 700,000 square miles; the whole, unbroken in its vast length and breadth by foreign nations, comprehends a portion of the earth's surface equal to 1,729,025 English, or 1,296770 geographical square miles.

The thirteen New States* were admitted when their population as territories increased first to 40,000, and, since 1832, to 47,700 in the following order and periods, taking their number after the thirteen original States already enumerated.

* By an act of Congress, passed in 1832, the representation of each State is limited to one member for every 47,700 inhabitants, and when a territory numbers that population it has a claim to be admitted into the representation as a State.

Fourteenth, *Vermont*, admitted in 1791, with only one Legislative Assembly, and the executive lodged in a Governor—both elected annually.

Fifteenth, *Kentucky*, admitted in 1792, with a House of Representatives elected annually, and a Governor and Senate for four years—votes in this State are given openly, and not by ballot.

Sixteenth, *Tennessee*, admitted in 1796 with a Governor, Senate, and House of Representatives, all elected every two years.

Seventeen, *Ohio*, in 1803, with a Governor and Senate, elected every two years, and a House of Representatives annually.

Eighteenth, *Lousiana*, which was purchased in 1803, for 15,000,000 dollars, from France, was admitted as a state into the union in 1812. The Governor and Senate are elected for four, and the Representatives for two years; the purchase of this country from France gave legal, as well as actual possession of all the countries watered by the Mississippi, and Missouri, as

well as of a vast sea-coast along the Gulf of Mexico, to the United States ; it might have been easily conquered, but it was far cheaper, exclusive of the justice, to have purchased the possession.

Nineteenth, *Indiana*, admitted in 1816, has its administration vested in a Governor and Senate, elected every three years, and a House of Representatives annually.

Twenty, *Mississippi*, was admitted as an independent state in 1817, with a Governor, elected for two years, a Senate, elected one-third annually for three years, and an annually elected House of Representatives.

Twenty-first, *Illinois*, admitted into the Union in 1818, has a Governor and Senate, elected every four, and a House of Representatives every two years.

Twenty-second, *Alabama*, admitted in 1819, has a Governor, elected for two years, and a Senate and House of Representatives. The latter and one-third of the Senators are elected annually.

Twenty-third, *Maine*, admitted in 1820, elects its Governor, Council, and Representatives annually by ballot.

Twenty-fourth, *Missouri*, which forms part of the territory purchased from France, was admitted into the Union in 1821. The Governor and Senate are elected to serve four, and the Representatives for two years.

Twenty-fifth, *Michigan*, framed its constitution in May, 1835, and elected its Governor and legislature in October following. The population amounted, by the census taken during the end of 1834, to 85,856, but from the unprecedented flow of emigration, arising from speculation in its fertile lands, the population during the summer of 1839, exceeded 200,000. In 1810 the whole white population was under 5000. In 1820 they increased to 8896. In 1830 to 31,067. Such is the amazing progress of the far west.

Twenty-sixth, *Arkansas*, adopted a constitution in 1836, and has been since then admitted into the Union. All elections are *vivâ voce*. The Governor to hold office for four years, the

Senate to be elected for the same period, and the Representatives for two years. The population of Arkansas amounted in 1810 to 1062. In 1820, to 14,273. In 1830, to 30,388. In 1835, to 58,134.

Besides the twenty-six States, which send representatives in number according to their population, to Congress, there are the local governments of,

First, The district of *Columbia*, under the immediate administration of the Congress, being set apart distinctly as a sort of common ground in which Washington, the capital of the republic and the seat of the supreme court, is situated.

Secondly, The territory of Florida ceded by Spain in 1821 to the United States ; its government is vested in a Governor and Council.

Fourthly, *Winconsin Territory*, which previously was in its civil government under Michigan, but, in consequence of a population of 30,000 having suddenly flowed into it, an act of Congress, passed in 1836, erected it into a territorial government, with a Governor who is

also a superintendent of Indian affairs, a Secretary, a Chief-justice, and two Assistant-justices. The position of this territory, and its soil and natural productions, leave no doubt that in less than five years it will have a population which will entitle it to claim admission as a representative state into the federal union.

The extension of settlements by the population of the United States does not, however, confine itself to the vast regions we have enumerated. In December, 1835, a meeting of ninety persons, chiefly Americans, assembled at Bahia, or Goliad in Texas, and made a declaration of its independence. In March following forty-four delegates, three of whom only were Mexicans, or natives of the country, assembled at a place named Washington, and formally declared the state a republican government, independent of Mexico. Since that period the Mexicans have on every occasion been repulsed, and even their president, Santa Anna, was made prisoner; but afterwards released.

The vast territory of Texas extending

between Louisiana, and the river Bravo del Niorte, occupies 301,000 square miles, or 192,000,000 acres of the most fertile regions in America, watered by numerous rivers, and its soil and climate adapted to the culture of cotton, rice, sugar-cane, indigo, tobacco, and all the productions of warm and hot countries. Here oak and other valuable and durable timber abounds. Its independence, as a sovereign republic, has been acknowledged by France, Holland, and England.

Its population now, in 1840 amounts to more than 460,000.

FINANCE AND PUBLIC CREDIT.

The power of a nation in modern times, as all admit, depends materially on the amount of unencumbered revenue it can raise, without oppression to the people.

In financial management slight burdens will prove frequent incentives to greater industry. Grievous taxation, which may be exacted and even raised for a certain not definable period, discourages public thrift. War and profligacy,

by increasing expenditure, if that expenditure be greater than the natural annual revenue, *taxes prosperity*. Hence arise generally all the *perplexities of finance*.

The *extreme natural revenue* of a nation is *the sum which can be spared* for paying the reasonable expenses of an honestly and wisely-administered government, and for defraying the expense of defending the country against aggression, without deducting a greater sum from the general income yielded by labour, than what leaves the full average means of a wholesome subsistence, comfortable lodging, and good clothing for the population.

The *extreme natural revenue*, and the *general wealth of the nation* which yields it, will be greater or less in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, in the same ratio that the *greater ingenuity and labour*, or the *greater ignorance and idleness* of the population, yields the *greater or lesser amount in value of commodities*. This amount again will be *regulated in the price of production, by the cost of raw material, fixed capital, and food*.

The revolutionary war having altogether interrupted the exterior commerce of the country, there was no revenue raised by customs duties, and as Congress had not then a power to levy any general tax, loans and paper-money became the inevitable expedient.

The estimated expense of the war in specie, according to the statement delivered in 1790, by the register of the treasury, amounted to 135,193,703 dollars, or about 27,100,000*l.* sterling.

The advances made by the treasury were chiefly in paper called *continental money*, which soon depreciated to nearly one-third. Loans and subsidies received from France and Holland, amounted to 43,000,000 francs, or 1,720,000*l.* sterling. This was all the pecuniary aid received from foreign states.

The revenue and expenditure from 1791 to 1832 inclusive, will sufficiently exhibit the sources and growth of revenue, as also the expenditure of the several departments of government.

Total receipts from 1791 to 1832, were as follow :

	DOLLARS.
Customs	594,909,067—29
Internal revenue	22,235,260—81
Direct taxes	12,736,888—60
Postage	1,091,223—61
Public lands	40,627,250—92
Loans and Treasury notes, &c.	156,181,578—57
Dividends and Sales of Bank Stock & Bonus	11,052,506—30
Miscellaneous	5,428,892—33
	<hr/>
Grand total	844,262,668—43

Total expenditure from 1791 to 1832.

	DOLLARS.
Civil List	37,158,047—31
Public Debt	408,090,204—08
Naval Establishment	112,703,983—23

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

Military services, including fortifications, arsenals, armouries, ordnance, internal improvements, &c.	190,539,643—21	}	214,547,232—66
Revolutionary pensions,	17,298,282—22		
Other pensions	6,710,307—23		
Indian department	13,413,188—16		
Foreign intercourse	24,143,582—33		
Miscellaneous	32,194,703—11		
			<hr/>
Grand total			842,250,890—88

Subsequent statements leave a balance in the treasury on the

DOLLARS.

1st of January, 1833, of	2,011,777—55	
Receipts during 1833	33,948,426—25	
Receipts(reduced)1834	21,791,935—55	Total 57,752,139—35
Expenditure and in- terest of debt, 1833	} 24,257,298—49	
Ditto, ditto, 1834		24,601,982—44
January 1st, 1835, Balance in Treasury	.	8,892,858—42
Receipts during 1835	.	28,430,881—07
Ditto, ditto, 1836	.	47,691,898—00
		<hr/>
		Total 85,015,637—49
Expenditure, 1835	.	18,176,141
Ditto, 1836	.	22,000,000
		Total 40,176,141

Balance in the treasury, 1st of January, 1837—44,839,496,49 dollars, which, according to various deductions made by the secretary of the treasury, was reduced to about 42 millions of dollars, all of which except five millions, was transferred to the several state deposit banks.

The revenue and means of the United States Treasury for 1839, amounted to 37,217,312 dollars.

The expenditure to 35,661,427 dollars. Leaving for contingencies a surplus of 1,556,812 dollars. A small public debt has been incurred since 1837.

We have heard it asserted, that although the general treasury of the United States represents the financial prosperity we have exhibited, that the respective states are generally involved under their particular debts. This is a fallacy. The several states have certainly liabilities or state debts, being for money borrowed, not to defray the expenses of their civil or military lists, but chiefly for advances to carry on great public improvements. As an offset to the state liabilities, there is generally, in all cases, security of much greater value taken on real property.

COMMERCE AND NAVIGATION.

A consideration which appears to us of great social importance, in viewing the progress of the United States, is the prevailing impatience which exists there to make rich fast. This and politics keeps society in a perpetual state of highly-excited fermentation, which will, we fear, long prevent

its attaining any fixed character ; for it has left far behind it that solidity which distinguished it before, and during, and for some time after, the revolutionary war.

While we attach full value to the astounding rapidity with which the regions beyond the Alleghanies have been penetrated, and settled upon,—to the vast inland navigation by steam-boats on rivers and lakes,—to the numerous canals,—to the vast extension of railroads and other post-roads,—to the rapid and great increase of the navigation and trade of her sea-ports, we cannot, however, but observe, that social evils in morals and in manners, have and are glaring accompaniments to making rich fast.

			DOLLARS.
The total exports in 1790 amounted to	.	.	20,205,15 ;
Ditto	1838	ditto	. . . 108,486,616
Ditto	1839	ditto	. . . 118,359,004
The total value of imports for 1790	.	.	23,000,000
Ditto	1838 113,717,404
Ditto	1839 157,609,560

In respect to the freedom of trade, we regret that some of the most unsound principles have

lately been very generally advanced for the purpose of maintaining sectional branches of manufactures, or, in plain languages, to promote one branch of industry by taxing the whole community in the shape of a *high tariff*.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC POLICY OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

Having now exhibited the progress of settlement, population, finances, and trade of the twenty-six States, and the appendant territories of the Anglo-American republic, we will briefly notice the policy which has directed the federal government in the foreign relations and domestic administrations of the country.

To the wise men of the revolution, and to the first president of the republic, George Washington, must be attributed the foundation of that energy, prudence, and sagacity which have distinguished those who, since that period, have been intrusted with the supreme government of the country, as well as of the public servants employed at home, or in negotiating with foreign courts.

The address of George Washington to his fellow-citizens, on retiring from public life, on the 17th of September, 1797, contains with only some exception in regard to the principles of trade, not only the most sage advice, but the general spirit of the policy which has governed the councils of the country.

Our limits prevent us including the whole of that celebrated address, but we extract sufficient to elucidate our remarks.

“ Friends and Fellow-citizens,

“ The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprize you of the resolution I have formed to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

“ I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

“I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my service, that in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

“The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say, that I have, *with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government, the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable.*

“In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honours it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, *let it always be remembered to our praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging—in situations in which, not unfrequently, want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism,—the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected.* Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows, that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence—that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual — that the free constitution, which is the work

of your hands, may be sacredly maintained—that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue—that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation, and so prudent a use of the blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

“ Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only feel in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motives to bias his counsel.

“ The unity of government which constitutes you one people is also now dear to you. It is justly so ; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence—the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad—of your safety—of your prosperity—of that very liberty which you as highly prize. *But as it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth ; as this is the point in your political fortress, against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness ; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it ; accustoming yourselves to think*

and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity, watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety ; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned ; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

“ For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have, in a common cause, fought and triumphed together ; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels, and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

“ But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

“ The North, in an unrestrained intercourse with the South, protected by equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter great additional sources of maritime and commercial enterprise, and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The South, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the North, sees its agriculture grow, and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the North, it finds its particular navigation invigorated ; and while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national

navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The East in a like intercourse with the West, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications, by land and water, will more and more find valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The West derives from the East supplies requisite to its growth and comfort; and what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interests as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connexion with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

“These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of a patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union, affecting all parts of our country, while experiment shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those who, in any quarter, may endeavour to weaken its hands.

“In contemplating the causes which may disturb our union, it occurs as matter of serious concern, that any ground should be furnished for characterizing parties, by geographical dis-

criminations, Northern and Southern—Atlantic and Western ; whence designing men may endeavour to excite a belief, that there is a real difference of local interests and views : one of the expedients of party, to acquire influence within particular districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heartburnings which spring from their misrepresentations ; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection.

“ The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacred and obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

“ All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real character to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency.

“ Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretext.

“ In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of government, as of other human institutions ; and remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interest, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigour as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty, is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a

government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian.

“ Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality, are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who would labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them.

“ *Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. As a very important source of strength and security, CHERISH PUBLIC CREDIT. One method of preserving it, is to use it as sparingly as possible, avoiding occasions of expense, by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger, frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding, likewise, the accumulation of debts, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace, to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives; but it is necessary that public opinion should co-operate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue, that to have revenue there must be taxes, and no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties), ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the*

measures for obtaining revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

“ *Observe good faith and justice towards all nations ; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct ; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it ? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and (at no distant period) a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.*

“ In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that *permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others should be excluded, and that, in the place of them just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated.*

“ The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations, is extending our *commercial relations*, to have with them as *little political connexion* as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

“ Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

“ Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance ; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at the time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected ; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provo-

cation ; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice shall counsel.

“ Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation ? Why quit our own, to stand upon foreign ground ? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any other part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humour, or caprice ?

“ It is our true policy *to steer clear of permanent alliances, with any portion of the foreign world ; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it ; for let me not be understood as capable of patronising infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary, and would be unwise to extend them.*

“ Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, in a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

“ Harmony, and a liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand ; *neither seeking nor granting exclusive favours or preferences ; consulting the natural course of things ; diffusing and diversifying, by gentle means, the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing ; establishing with the powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse,—the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit ; but temporary, and liable to be, from time to time, abandoned, or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate ; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favours from another ; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept*

under that character ; that by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favours, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favours from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

“ In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish ; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations : but if I may ever flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good ; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism ; this hope will be a full recompence for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

“ Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am, nevertheless, too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils, to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence ; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.”

From the day George Washington gave the instruction contained in this celebrated address to his fellow-citizens, all but demagogues and

unprincipled disturbers of the laws, have religiously and politically regarded it as a testament, which hath bequeathed to them rules of conduct, to carry them through peace and strife, —through adversity and prosperity

During the long war in which England was so expensively engaged against France,—and for some time against all Europe, America remained, according to her political principles, neutral, but always insisting on indemnity for losses suffered by her citizens, from the belligerent powers.

When we persevered, however, in searching her ships and impressing seamen on board of them, under the presumption of their being British subjects, she declared war against us; and, if we ever practically reassert that right or pretension, America will as assuredly not only close all international commerce between the United States and the British Empire, but will immediately resist our assumptions, and, if necessary for her, declare a war, which, to say the least, would be a calamity to the manufacturers of England. Not but that a war

with Britain would, as we know was the case during the last hostilities between England and America, be also ruinous to the trading and to all speculative classes in the United States: those who fitted out privateers excepted. A war with England, while slavery exists in America, would also, in all probability, break up the union of the states.

National rights, and *indemnity* for losses sustained by the citizens of the United States, through the belligerent powers of other countries, or the conduct of foreign nations, or for outrages committed by them against the person or property of United States citizens, are principles which the government of the latter have never abandoned—we have seen them persevere to the utmost until they have either been paid, or obtained acknowledgment for all they commenced a claim for. Such has been the result of their negotiations with England, France, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, and the two Sicilies.

During the last war, the then British admiral on the American station issued a proclamation,

offering an asylum on board of his fleet to all slaves who would desert their masters. About 1500 negroes ran off in consequence, and got on board his ships.

They cost the British and colonial government an immense sum in the humane attempt for such certainly it was, although unsuccessful, to place them in a state of useful independent comfort on a tract of land in Nova Scotia. We paid America, as an indemnity for our philanthropy, *one million of dollars!*

The British government had long granted the citizens of the United States the privileges of fishing along the coasts of Newfoundland, and the other maritime colonies of North America; but by the treaty of Vienna, we gave up, most inconsiderately, to France the exclusive right of fishing on the coast of Newfoundland from Cape Ray, on the south-west, and within the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and through the Strait of Belleisle, thence east to Cape St. John,—an extent, following the shores, of more than six hundred miles.

This vast sea-coast was considered the garden

of the Newfoundland fisheries. Our fishermen had always resorted to it; but when they did so, after the privilege of fishing and curing was given to France, the armed vessels of the latter drove the British fishermen away, and the latter have not yet been able to fish along that part of the shores of Newfoundland, the sovereignty of which belongs, without dispute, to England. Lord Castlereagh was generous, indeed, to France, but that does not justify his disregard to English interests. We could have forgiven him for allowing the French a participation, as we had previously to the Americans, if he had taken care that British fishermen should not be molested.

How did the government of the United States act when the citizens of that country as usual repaired to fish along the coast of Newfoundland? The latter were, like the British fishermen, driven off, and told that "England had granted France the exclusive right of fishing from Cape Ray to Cape St. John."

The Americans reported this to their government. "It may be perfectly true," said the Presi-

dent, “ that England has accorded that advantage to France, and that British subjects cannot fish on that coast : but we deny the right of England to abrogate the previous arrangement made with the United States—return, therefore, to those fishing-grounds, and two ships of war will be sent to protect you against those of France.”

This resolution was immediately acted upon ; the United States fishermen have never since been molested by those of France ; and they draw annually vast fortunes from those shores, the territory of which is undisputedly British, but from the waters of which no British subject is allowed to draw a fish.

We have witnessed the same determined policy pursued by America towards all other nations ; when, in consequence of the spoliation of the property of United States citizens, taken by French cruisers, and of losses occasioned by an embargo laid upon one hundred and three United States ships detained in the port of Bordeaux, and also of the conduct of the French Directory, President Adams, in his

message to Congress, on the 10th of May, 1797, said, "While other states are desolated with foreign war, or convulsed with intestine divisions, the United States present the pleasing prospect of a nation governed by mild and equal laws; generally satisfied with the possession of their rights; neither envying the advantages nor fearing the power of other nations, &c.—It is with extreme regret that I am obliged to direct your extreme thoughts to other circumstances which admonish us that some of these felicities may not be lasting." Then alluding to the endeavours of his immediate predecessor, Washington, to adjust the difficulties with France, which only terminated in the American minister being desired to quit the French territory. Mr. Adams added, "Such attempts ought to be respected with a decision which shall convince France and the world that we are not a degraded people, humiliated under a colonial spirit of fear and sense of inferiority, regardless of national honour, character, and intent."

Thus began the determination on the part of America to insist upon that indemnity from France which was evaded until 1836, and only conceded at last after the decided message of President Jackson, in 1835.

In his message of the 4th of December, 1838, the President said, on alluding to the prosperous trade of the country, and to the relations of America with foreign courts,

“This desirable state of things may be mainly ascribed to our *undeviating practice of the rule which has long guided our national policy—to require no exclusive privileges in commerce, and to grant none.*

“Nor have we less reason to felicitate ourselves on the position of our political than of our commercial concerns. They remain in a state of prosperity and peace—the effect of a wise attention to the parting advice of the reverend father of his country (Washington) on this subject, condensed into a maxim for the use of posterity by one of his most distinguished successors—*to cultivate free commerce and honest friendship with all nations, and to make entan-*

gling alliances with none. A strict adherence to this policy has kept us aloof from the perplexing questions that now agitate the European world, and have more than once deluged those countries with blood.”

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

If ever the history of the world presented two nations in a condition to do each other the utmost possible good, or the greatest possible evil,—such are the position and actual condition of England and America.

Therefore, as the course of doing each other reciprocally the utmost possible good, is that which all honest and wise men would desire, the government and the people of each country, should direct their most earnest and honest efforts to maintain and promote this honourable and humane course.

The boundary question forms the only dangerous matter of dispute. We will not enter upon the discussion of mere *verbal right*, as to the territory claimed respectively by England and America,—*but we leave it to any honest unbiassed*

and intelligent man, not British or American, to look at the map of North America, and then read the treaty which was ratified for the professed purpose of GUARANTEEING PERPETUAL AMITY and peace, BETWEEN ENGLAND and the UNITED STATES, and then if he honestly can do so, for that man to say, that in common sense judgment, the territory now claimed by Maine, which with the exception of a pass of a few miles, would thrust forward the jurisdiction of the United States, so as to separate the British dominions in North America, by the extension of Maine between the maritime colonies and Canada; and so render the government and the retention of the latter, by England, only possible by the maintenance there of a great standing army.

The longer the settlement of this question is deferred the greater will the difficulties become. Its immediate adjustment is, to those who understand the respective conditions of England and America, a *sine qua non* to their future peace. Let no consideration, therefore, be allowed to interfere with the settlement without any further delay of a question which involves in its conse-

quence, either the utmost reciprocal advantages, or the utmost reciprocal calamity TO ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

GOVERNMENT.

It would be pronouncing a most partial and one-sided judgment, if we said that America had not great defects in her government, and *domestic institutions*. In her government *executive weakness, or that want of power to enforce an implicit obedience to the laws, and to the administration of justice, so necessary*, as Washington has so nobly expressed it, *to liberty itself*, forms the great insecurity in regard to the protection of person or property, and of uncertainty, as to the equal and just administration of the laws in the United States. Take for example the president, or speaker of the legislature of Arkansas descending from his chair, and rushing at one of the members, and assassinating him with a *bowie* knife, on the floor of the house. Yet no one dared to punish the monster for his crime!

DOMESTIC INSTITUTIONS.

In her domestic institutions slavery is the

most dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States. But as we never can justify any interference, on the part of one nation, with the internal affairs of another, we consider it not only unwise, but unjust, either for England or any other country to meddle with the *domestic institution of slavery* in the United States of America. We assuredly consider it a most hideous and abominable institution; England was cursed with its injustice and disgrace, until within a few years: we are no longer diseased with its rottenness; but still, we must allow America to manage her own domestic concerns, as no Englishman would ever consent to any foreign state meddling with ours, however much we may be convinced of having many 'beams in our eyes, which ought to be removed.

In regard to education, and literary and benevolent institutions, America has done much that she may justly be proud of; and many of her scientific publications, are of that high character which the first nations in the world might well feel honoured in having produced.

THE AMERICAN PRESS AND LITERATURE.

The Americans themselves are well aware of the debased condition of the greater number of their periodical journals.* “The press of this country,” says the *Baltimore Sun*, “is bound hand and foot in the trammels of party.”

“We have,” says the editor of the *New York Herald*, “from time to time given specimens of the degradation of the political papers on both sides. There is not a whit to choose between them. A democratic journal charges General Harrison with being a seducer, and the whigs propagate all manner of scandal against Mr. Van Buren and his distinguished friends.”

“*More defaulters :*” observes the *Baltimore Pilot*. “We learn from Washington that Governor Van Ness, of Vermont, who is an electoral candidate on the Van Buren ticket, is a defaulter for a large amount; and that rumour

* On the 1st of July, 1839, the *newspapers* and *periodicals* published in the United States amounted to 1555!

makes free to say that he and Eaton, whose dishonoured drafts have been the cause of some late remarks in the papers, are both defaulters through the same cause, their *liaisons* with a celebrated *courtesan* of the Spanish capital.

“These facts are known to the secretary of the Treasury and to the President, and yet they protect Van Ness and Eaton.

‘Such are the natural consequences of placing a President in office, who placed two sons of his *own mistress* in clerkships in the departments; for which their only recommendation was, that their mother had purchased Mr. Van Buren’s favour by the sacrifice of her virtue! We repeat that it is natural for Mr. Van Buren to excuse such defaulters; but will the rigid morals of the green mountain do so? We think not.

“Vague rumours of this sort have before got into circulation; but this is the first time we have seen them in a definite, tangible shape, we know nothing of the facts, but we put the stories on a par with the calumny on General Harrison,

and utterly discredit them all. The *debased* and *degraded condition* of the party press of this country is, perhaps, one of the most lamentable and alarming circumstances of the present age. Talk about the corruption of the public morals! From the *Globe* on the one hand, and the *Courier* on the other, down to the most obscure village sheet in the country, there is a total disregard of decency and propriety. Both parties are alike responsible for the downward tendency of the public mind. Neither age nor sex is safe from the ruthless tongue of party slander. No public services, however great, no station, however exalted, can shield a man from the detraction of the political press. The private morals of many of the editors are on a par with the tone of their papers, and both are rank and smell to heaven. If this thing proceeds unchecked, may it not be apprehended that the judgment of the Almighty will mature some awful punishment which will overwhelm the nation?"

The following remarks on the press and

literature of America we extract from a very excellent work, lately published, entitled “The Book of the United States :”

“The consequences of the superficial but universal diffusion of literature and science in the United States are remarkably singular. Literary productions of the lowest order exist in excess. We think we should not speak much amiss in saying, that more newspapers are published in this country than in all Europe. A great number of them are of an inferior character, being filled with virulent and crude political speculations, religious controversy, or rather vituperation, items of commonplace intelligence,—such poetry and literature as may be expected from writers beneath *their majority*, advertisements, puffs, and trash of all kinds. Some, which are *purely political*, mistake abuse for the *energy of eloquence*; others, which are devoted to the interest of the commercial classes, are chiefly filled with advertisements; some contain little beside invective against masonry, or anti-masonry; and not

a few disgrace religion under pretence of promoting its progress. The cause of this perversion of the press is very simple. *The expense of starting a newspaper is so trifling, that any successful apprentice can establish one on arriving at his majority, and an excellent printer may make an indifferent editor.* Having once begun to publish a print, he must conduct it on his own *mental resources*, for there are few establishments of this kind which can afford to pay for really valuable assistance. Yet, every state can boast of some public journals of higher character. There is also another class of journals which are really valuable, and which partake of the nature of magazines. These are periodical records of facts connected with trade, commerce, internal improvement, mechanical inventions, and matters connected with the proceedings of the national and state legislatures. Such are *Nile's Register*, *Blount's Annual Register*, and a few others of the same character.

“The present number of magazines and reviews would seem to indicate a very rapid improvement in American taste and knowledge. The

‘North American Review’ was the first to maintain its ground. It is now very well known, and often quoted in Europe. ‘Silliman’s Journal of the Sciences’ is deservedly esteemed. There are also several monthly magazines of a very respectable character. ‘The Knickerbocker,’ issued in New York, has acquired considerable notoriety. ‘The New York Review,’ conducted by Professor Henry, and J. C. Cogswell, Esq., is fast gaining a high reputation. ‘Colman’s Monthly Miscellany,’ just issued, under the editorial direction of Grenville Mellen and William Cutter, gives promise of good progress. Even the New Western States are not wholly without periodical literature. Theological magazines are very numerous, and some of them are ably conducted. ‘The Christian Examiner,’ and ‘Unitarian Advocate’ are the organs of unitarianism. The ‘Christian Spectator,’ and ‘Spirit of the Pilgrims,’ are Calvinistic works; and, indeed, almost every sect in the Union has its particular organ. Christians of all denominations will be disposed to question the merits of many of

these; but none will deny that they are all useful in some degree, as they serve to awaken a spirit of inquiry. The annual publications are, 'The American Almanac,' the merits of which are denied by none, and which is constantly improving: and 'The Annual Register,' also a very useful work. The beautiful books of the new year, as the annuals may perhaps be called, can receive no other notice here, of course, than as they may be considered as evidence of improvement in the arts.

“Literature, in the form of both poetry and prose, is certainly taking a ground in the United States, increasingly honourable to writers and to the cause. Still, our novels, though many are striking, and some powerful, want the vigour of another day, as exemplified in Brown. Useful books can have no better champion than they find in the name of Sedgwick. The drama, it may be observed, has been illustrated in latter days, by efforts that reflect honour on some of our poetical writers. Meritorious law-books of American production are not rare.

The labours of Chancellor Kent are an honour to the science of jurisprudence. In history, we have ‘Judge Marshall’s Life of Washington,’ ‘Belknap’s History of New Hampshire,’ and well-written histories of most of the old states. Many more writers we have whose pens have been employed merely on matters of local and temporary interest. Still, however, our literature has not kept pace with that of the mother country. Little has been done to encourage it, and many causes have contributed to retard its growth. It has been in a great measure superseded by foreign publications, which the American bookseller can republish without paying the author, and which he therefore prefers. There is little honour and less profit in the pursuits of our writers. Our mechanics become wealthy by hard labour; whereas, our writers might starve did they depend on their pens. There is a great demand for all things which are of practical, tangible, every-day utility, but a very limited one for fine reading. Few of our people have the leisure and fortune which might

enable them to cultivate literature and science advantageously. Under these circumstances, most of what is written is done hastily, and, consequently, badly done. But, notwithstanding the great number of discouraging circumstances, enough has been well done to indicate the existence of much talent and learning.”

The learned foundations of the United States are chiefly,—Harvard University, near Boston; Yale College, at Saybrook; the University of Virginia, organized by Jefferson; and Kenyon College, at Gambier, Ohio. Lords Kenyon and Gambier were its principal benefactors, and the college and town were accordingly named after them. Besides these, there are numerous academies, called colleges, moderately provided for, in all the States; and schools in every town, village, and settlement. Yet, America is not the country where many learned or classically educated men are to be found. Each generally learns what is considered necessary to enable him to get on in the world, and seldom more. Yet, the ornithological works of Audubon and Wilson were produced in America;

and the captain of a merchant-ship, retired from his profession, has done what no author or publisher has had the courage to do in England,—he translated La Place, and published it with its numerous engravings, in a superb form. In mechanical arts, the Americans have been very successful because these arts are profitable. Painting is much less so,—yet Copley, West, Trumbul, Allston, Leslie, Stuart, Newton, Morse, Harding, Fisher, Sully, Doughty, Peale, and Weir have all been born in America.

THE END.



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