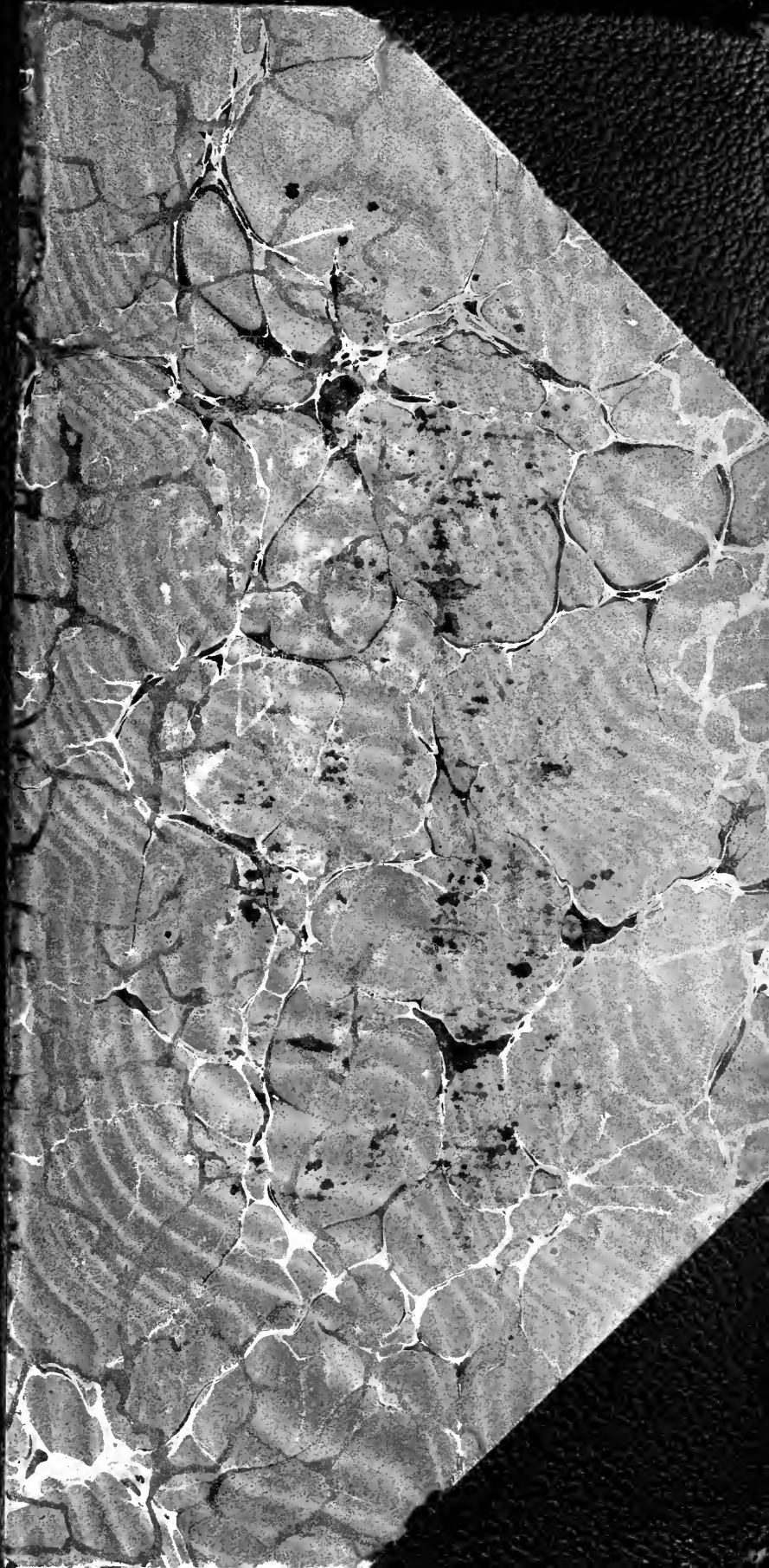


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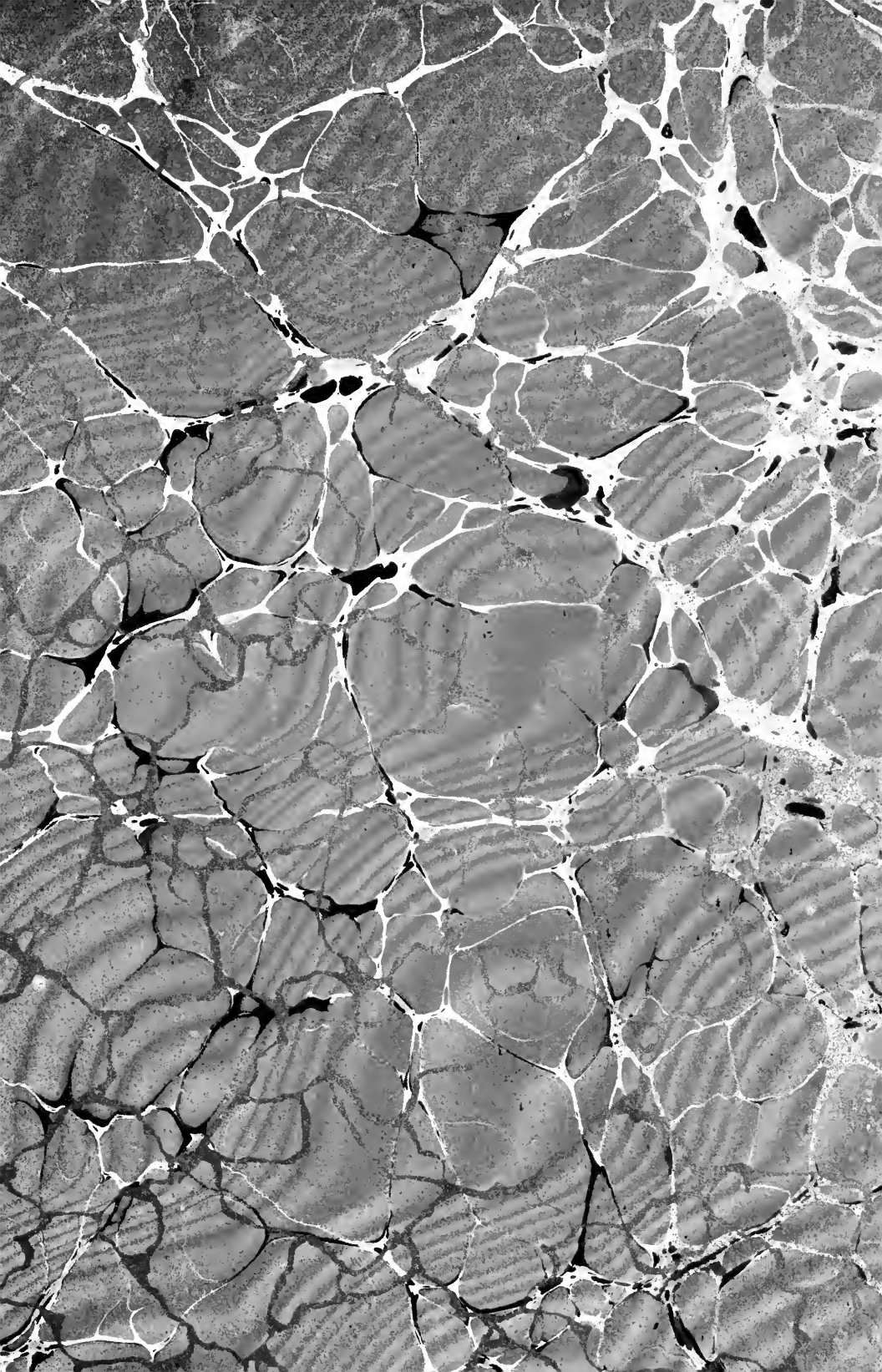




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TRAVELS OF  
JOHN DAVIS

VOLUME I



TRAVELS  
OF  
JOHN DAVIS

IN THE  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

1798 to 1802

EDITED BY  
JOHN VANCE CHENEY

PRINTED PRIVATELY  
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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE early writers on the United States of America fared hard at the hands of the critics, especially of the English reviewers. One of Brissot's home biographers styles him a mediocre writer, monotonous and verbose; while Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt — poor man, come hither to rid him of life weariness — is denied imagination and the artistic sense. Isaac Weld, the Irishman, who is credited with the laudable wish to forego further adventure, and bide by his English hearth, is the exception proving the rule.

But critics and reviewers to the contrary, these writers and their immediate successors — among them Birkbeck, Fearon, Melish, Vaux and Welby — all have left useful, if not invariably appetizing, records. While more than one roving historian has outdone the reviewers in savagery, we of today find that hasty censure, even deliberate abuse, finally begets the indifference of familiar-

ity, and we learn to look only for such threads of truth and fact as are interwoven with it. Indeed, we really ought to be reconciled to the most inflammatory pattern when we remember that, at the time these doughty chroniclers plied the loom, we were still far from the culture of the present crowded hour, when Nesbitt-Thaw portraits and pruriences can be the staple Sabbath newspaper art and literature, aye, when a Biblical magazine can dedicate its sustentative space to the enrollment of Jesus of Nazareth among the jokers. Besides, the view-point is the measure of a man, and is as much to be forgiven him as his inches. A smile is rebuke enough to the shade of the surliest grumbler come, with his ursine shuffle, from where he may, to sniff and tumble about the cradle of our infant nation.

The young Britisher, John Davis, came with lighter tread and kindlier intent. For this very reason — the supposition is pardonable — the British reviewer fell to using him for his mirth. "Mr. Davis," the reviewer of the *Travels* begins, "is a pedagogue, who would be a wit and a fine gentleman. The style and phraseology of this book is made up of pedantry, affectation and vul-

garity." On the other hand, Jefferson, to whom the book is dedicated, expresses himself flattered by this graciousness on the part of an "enlightened foreigner;" the novelist Brown publicly vouches for his ability; while others, in a position to judge fairly, single him out as a man of parts. The present editor is inclined to believe that the reader of today will accord to these pages the old-fashioned virtue of entertainment, and discover, here and there, a saving passage of information.

Davis came to us in March, 1798; in search, not of price-lists, wages, rents, but of new men and new things, warm with human interest. "I have," he wrote Jefferson, "made remarks on the character, the customs and manners of the people; these remarks I purpose to systematize into a volume." By no means a novice, he was yet young enough to be impressionable and to retain the generous dash of native sentimentality. Largely self-made, he was a man of letters, — of the touch-and-go sort, to be sure — a novelist, a poet, and withal something of a philosopher. When we add that he was an egotist from head to heel, and gloried in it; that he had a quick eye and a ready pen, and that he had sworn to bound clear of the

beaten path of all the roving scribblers before him, we make it probable that he has something to say worth reading. One expects him to supplement the observation of the stereotyped reporters with sentiments and sidelights not discoverable on the more substantial records; and this he does. There was enough man in him to interest Jefferson; to get him into the good graces of the brilliant and unforgivable Burr; and to establish him as a member of the household in at least two of the "best families" of the South. He seems to have held his own among us, whether as man or as litterateur; and it is pleasant to note that, across seas, the gentle old Bard of Rydal made room on his private shelves for a copy of the *Travels*.

The jolly Gaul, Caritat, bookseller in New York — would more could be found out about him — set Davis to work on a book immediately on his arrival; and if poverty compelled him to travel on foot thereafter, he had the shade of that happiest of tramps, Oliver Goldsmith, for companion, and he was never in want during his four years on American soil. It is true that the specific object of his visit, backed by his natural inclina-



tion, led him to consort with the common people; it is as true that he did not miss such higher opportunities as were afforded by Jefferson's first inaugural address, by John Randolph's speech on a whiskey bill, or by a dinner at the capitol with Vice-President Burr. He braved Joseph Dennie, *arbiter elegantiarum*, the American Addison, in his sanctum; he hobnobbed with Brown, the first in time of our men of letters; he was assistant professor in a college, and a contributor to Freneau's *Charleston Gazette*.

Granted that our curious frequenter of by-paths — if indeed, they are by-paths that lead to the "mud-hut of the negro and the log-house of the planter" — is never profound, he is always wide awake, and nothing if not naïve forever. Unmoved by the great events of the time, — the trouble with the Barbary States, the birth-throes of Ohio, the purchase of Louisiana, the first consulate of Napoleon, the death of Washington, he delights in reviving humble names now all but lost; in giving nervous glimpses of the ephemeral literary folk of the hour; in sketching slave life at the heart of the aristocratic family; in telling about the weather, the flora and fauna of the

South. He stays a week or more among the horrors of the plague at Philadelphia; pauses, on the march, long enough to catch the charms of the Indian bride in all her finery; rises to fervent prophecy over the city of Washington in the process of making; drops sundry observations anent farming, setting down anon a good story, such as the one about Franklin's plagiarism or the experiences of old darkey "Dick."

If Davis shoots under the mark in the case of Franklin, he hits the white — we being the judges — when aiming at that larger target, the American people. "The mind of the traveller," he exclaims, "must be abstracted from all local emotion, who can enter unmoved the city at the confluence of the Potomac and Eastern Branch. He witnesses the triumph of freedom over oppression, and religious tolerance over superstition. It is the country of Jefferson and Burr [Burr, unfortunately, like Whistler's Velasquez, is always there] that he beholds! It is the rising mistress of the world that he contemplates!"

Here, probably, is the true source, as has been before suggested, of the English reviewer's severity. At any rate, it becomes us to play the gra-

cious part, to pass lightly over Davis's page, with its *cetera valde desiderantur*; sharing the amiability of Burr, who tried to loan him double the amount of money he asked for, and of that most condescending member of the Drayton family who dispatched a negro seventy miles to get him a Spanish cigar.

To the bibliography of Davis, printed in the appendix, should be added a volume of original poems (dedicated to Burr). In his *Memoir*, printed at the end of the *First Settlers of Virginia*, Davis says, "I wrote an American tale called *Walter Kennedy*."

The present issue of the *Travels* is from the text of the first edition. In order to bring it to the required size it has been necessary to practise, in the reprint, the gentle and much neglected art of excision; care being taken to delete nothing of historic importance, nothing that would help the author to make good his boast that he was a match for any writer privileged to repose in the shade of academic bowers. The *errata* of the original have been corrected; and an attempt has been made to render less apparent the staring slovenliness of the text. The author forewarns

the world that, having been closeted with Dryden and Goldsmith, his English is proof against assault. This is part of the fun of him; for in truth, he is a very prince of the wayward phrase, who would not trouble even to verify his prodigal quotations from the three hundred volumes swelling his scholar's equipage.

Davis avows that his book shall abide, a permanent rebuke to explorers, one and all, specifically to those hailing from Scotland and Wales; also that it shall serve as a model of its kind to "regale curiosity while man continues to be influenced by his senses and affections." The fact is, the very title of the book betrays the author's juvenile tendency to hyperbolism. He saw nothing of New England. New York City, Washington, South Carolina and Virginia are the sum and substance of his United States of America; round these there is a fringe of Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware. Moreover, it is to be admitted that the ground he visited is covered with a skip and a jump. But things contemporary are difficult; and, with due allowance for shortcomings, Davis's *Travels* remains, a free-hand scroll of "original cognitions," the spicy script

of a pilgrim of bygone years who preferred the dash of vanity to dulness even though it made him scurry past the remonstrating coffin of Washington for reminiscences of Bohemian joys at the confluence of the Waccamaw and the Winyaw.

The sketch of John Smith and Pocahontas — afterward enlarged to a novel — and the account of the author's return to England are omitted. The last we see of him he stands in classic pose, the sob of his lost Virginia — four-fifths fancy, no doubt — knocking against his heart.

J. V. C.



## AUTHOR'S PREFACE

HAVING employed four years and a half in travelling through the Southern States of North America, I was about to return home content with regulating imagination by reality, when the accidental perusal of those travellers who had journeyed over the same ground, determined me to become a publisher. Of these some want taste, and others literature; some incapable of observation, count with profound gravity the number of miles from place to place; and others, intent only upon feeding, supply a bill of fare. A family likeness prevails through the whole. Their humour bears no proportion to their morbid drowsiness. We are seldom relieved from the languor of indifference, or the satiety of disgust; but in toiling through volumes of diffusive mediocrity, the reader commonly terminates his career by falling asleep with the writer.

In comparing this volume with the volumes of my predecessors, the reader will find himself exempt from various persecutions:

1. I make no mention of my dinner, whether it was fish or flesh, boiled or roasted, hot or cold.

2. I never complain of my bed, nor fill the imagination of the reader with mosquitoes, fleas, bugs, and other nocturnal pests.

3. I make no drawings of old castles, old churches, old penthouses, and old walls, which, undeserving of repair, have been abandoned by their possessors. Let them be sacred to the Welsh tourist, the Scotch tourist, and *id genus omne*.

4. In treating common subjects, I do not accumulate magnificent epithets, and lose myself in figures.

That this volume will regale curiosity while man continues to be influenced by his senses and affections, I have very little doubt. It will be recurred to with equal interest on the banks of the Thames, and those of the Ohio. There is no man who is not pleased in being told by another what he thought of the world, and what the world thought of him. This kind of biography, when characterized by simplicity and truth, has more



charms for the multitude than a pompous history of the intrigues of courts, the negotiations of statesmen, and the devastation of armies. The *Memoirs* of Franklin the printer come more home to my feelings than the *History of Sir Robert Walpole's Administration*. I behold the concluding page of the one with the same eye of sorrow, that the traveller in the woods of America casts upon the sun's departing ray; but the other is task-reading, and, in perusing it, I consult more the taste of the public than my own disposition. Yet even Franklin studied his ease in withholding his *Memoirs* from the world till he was beyond the reach of its censure; and I know no writers of eminence who have ventured to encounter the malice of ridicule by the publication of their own biography but Wakefield,<sup>1</sup> whose loss the sons of learning are yet deploring, and Kotzebue, who is still holding the mirror up to nature.

There are some who would conceal the situation to which my exigencies reduced me in America; but I should blush to be guilty of such ridiculous pride; and let the insolence of those who scorn

<sup>1</sup> Wakefield, Gilbert (1756-1801), English scholar and controversial writer.

an honest calling be repressed by remembering, that the time is not very remote when all conditions will be levelled; when the celebrated and obscure, the powerful and weak, shall all sink alike into one common grave.

Though my mode of life has not been favourable to the cultivation of an elegant style, yet in what relates to the structure of my sentences I shall not fear competition with those who have reposed from their youth under the shade of academic bowers. He who can have recourse to the critical prefaces of Dryden, the voluble periods of Addison, the nervous sentences of Johnson, and the felicitous antitheses of Goldsmith, may spare himself the trouble of seeking that purity and decoration of language in a college, which may be found in his closet.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> While contemporary writers were wandering in imagination with Ulysses and Æneas, and growing giddy with the violence of poetical tempests, I was performing a sailor's duty in a ship of nine hundred tons, and encountering the gales off the promontory of Africa.

I have visited many places in the eastern section of the globe. I have been twice to India. I am familiar with St. Helena, Batavia, Johanna, Bombay, Tillicherry, Goa, Cochin and Amjengo. I was four months at Canton;

In the progress of my work it will be discovered that I have not joined myself to that frantic crew of deists, who would prostrate every institution, human or divine; and, though I dedicate my book to a republican, it is not the magistrate but the man whom I address. I am no republican! No federalist! I have learned to estimate rightly the value of the British Constitution; and I think no system of government so perfect as that of King, Lords, and Commons.

A word more before I conclude. Should the critic detect the vanity that not infrequently swells my periods, let him be assured that he cannot be more sensible of it than I. When a man becomes the historiographer of his own actions, he can scarcely avoid this error without degenerating into the opposite one of affected diffidence. I have and I have toiled up the Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope.

Let me be forgiven this impulse *à me faire valoir*. It is what every small traveller does. Behold the Welsh tourist! He crosses the New Ferry, enters the ale-house on its border, calls for pen and ink, lugs out his enormous commonplace book, awes the family into silence by the profound wisdom of his looks, and solemnly sits down to fill a solemn chapter with the tempests that harassed him in navigating the Severn!!!

often caught myself making my own panegyric; the fact is indisputable; yet it is still better to be vain than dull.

J. DAVIS.

April 22, 1803.

BANKS OF THE OCCOQUAN,  
August 31, 1801.

SIR:

In frequent journeyings through your country, I have made remarks on the character, the customs and manners of the people; these remarks I purpose to systematize into a volume, and to you I should be happy to be allowed the honour of dedicating them. The object of my speculations has been human nature; speculations that will lead the reader to the contemplation of his own manners, and enable him to compare his condition with that of other men. In my uncertain peregrinations, I have entered with equal interest the mud-hut of the negro, and the log house of the planter; I have alike communed with the slave who wields the hoe, and the taskmaster who imposes his labour. My motto has been invariably, *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*; and after saying this, whatever I were to say more, would be idle declamation.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, most humble servant,

John Davis.

Thomas Jefferson, Esq.,  
President of the United States  
of America,  
Monticello, Virginia.

MONTICELLO, September 9, 1801.

SIR:

I received duly your letter of August 31, in which you do me the honour to propose to dedicate to me the work you are about to publish. Such a testimony of respect from an enlightened foreigner cannot but be flattering to me, and I have only to regret that the choice of the patron will be little likely to give circulation to the work: its own merit however will supply that defect. Should you in your journeyings have been led to remark on the same objects on which I gave crude notes some years ago, I shall be happy to see them confirmed or corrected by a more accurate observer.

I pray you to accept the assurances of my respect and consideration.

Th. Jefferson.

Mr. Davis,  
Occoquan, Virginia.



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## VOYAGE FROM BRISTOL TO NEW YORK

HAVING formed the resolution of visiting the United States, I repaired, December 15, 1797, from Salisbury to Bristol, with a view of embarking on board a ship of two hundred tons, which lay at the quay, and was bound to New York. The captain had purposed to sail the 20th of the same month, but it was not before January 7th of the new year that the vessel moved from the wharf, when the spring tide enabled her to proceed down the river.

For my passage, which was in the steerage, I had paid seven guineas to the merchants who chartered the vessel; and my mess, which was with two young gentlemen of my acquaintance, cost me only three pounds more. But, with this money, besides provisions, we purchased a stove, which, during the voyage, was a treasure to us. It not only fortified us against the cold, but we

cooked our victuals upon it; and the drawer which was designed to hold the ashes, made an admirable oven. Hence there was never any occasion for us to have recourse to the caboose; but, on the contrary, when the frequent gales of wind which we experienced caused the sea to break over the vessel, the cabin-boy solicited leave to dress his dinner on our fire. In relating these circumstances, I must claim the indulgence of the reader not to rank me among the courtiers of Alcinous; *men fruges consumere nati*. My only motive is, to suggest to the enterprising traveller at how small an expense he may be enabled to cross the Atlantic.

The cabin was by no means an enviable place. It offered neither accommodation nor society. Its passengers consisted of an Unitarian priest and family, and two itinerant merchants. The steerage group was composed of a good, jolly, Somersetshire farmer and his housekeeper, who were going to settle in Pennsylvania, of the two young gentlemen I have already mentioned, and myself. Having repeatedly crossed the equator, and doubled the Cape of Good Hope, there is no occasion for me to say that the ocean was familiar to

me; and that, while the other passengers were sick and dejected, I was in health and good spirits. To the roll of the vessel I was fully accustomed; but my companions, not having gotten their sea legs on board, tumbled grievously about the decks. The library which I had brought with me, consisted of nearly three hundred volumes, and would have endeared me to any place. The Muses, whom I never ceased to woo, blessed me, I thought, not infrequently, with their nightly visitations; and I soothed my mind to tranquillity with the fancied harmony of my verse.

*Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina; verum  
Gaudent scribentes et se venerantur, et ultro,  
Si taceas, laudant quidquid scripsere beati.*<sup>1</sup>

HORACE, *Epistles*.

Bad poets ever are a standing jest:  
But they rejoice, and, in their folly blest,  
Admire themselves; nay, though you silent sit,  
They bless themselves in wonder at their wit.

Ep. II. 2. 106.

<sup>1</sup> The author should have full credit for this unexpected modesty. Taken with his destructive injunction in the *Errata*, one can fancy him conscious of falling short of eternity when it came to verse. "*Dele,*" he says, "the Elegy; because neither gods nor men nor the stall of the bookseller can tolerate mediocrity in poetry." — Ed.

The old housekeeper, the very type of dame Leonarda in *Gil Blas*, was the first among the passengers that began to hold up her head; and the fourth day of our voyage she murdered an old hen to regale a poor sick gentleman, who thought he could relish some chicken broth. We had scarcely been out a week, when we experienced a gale of wind that was not less disastrous than tremendous. A sea, which broke over the quarter, washed a hencoop from its lashing, and drowned nearly three dozen of fowls. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. The sailors made the fowls into an huge sea-pye of three decks, which they called the United States Man of War, and fed on it eagerly.

There was a carter in the vessel, who came on board to work his passage; but he did very little work. Whenever a porpoise or even a gull was visible, he considered it the presage of a storm, and became himself invisible till it was over. A report being circulated that the rats had left the vessel when in harbour, coster Pearman concluded that they had done it by instinct; and, as an opinion prevails among sailors that a ship, on such an event, never gets safe to her port of desti-

nation, the booby gave himself up for lost. But hearing one night a rat scratch against the vessel's side, he ran upon deck in his shirt to proclaim it to the sailors, calling out with a joyful tone of voice, "Whoa! hoa! hoa! a rat! a rat!"

The Two Brothers was a miserably sailing tub, and her passage a most tedious one. Head winds constantly prevailed, and scarcely a week elapsed without our lying-to more than once. To scud her was impracticable, as she would not steer small, and several times the captain thought she was going to founder. Her cargo, which consisted of millstones and old iron, made her strain so with rolling, that incessant pumping could hardly keep her free. She seemed to be fitted out by the parish; there was not a rope on board strong enough to hang a cat with. She had only one suit of sails, not a single spar, and her cordage was old. If a sail was split by the wind, there was no other alternative but to mend it; and when, after being out six weeks, we had sprung our foretopmast, we were compelled to reef it. The same day, I remember, we fell in with a schooner from New York, which we spoke. It was on the 18th of February. She was bound to

St. Sebastian. The seamen being employed, I volunteered my services to pull an oar on board her, which were readily accepted. Her captain received us politely, and regaled us with some cyder. She had left port only a fortnight; but it took the ill-fated Two Brothers a month to get thither. We parted with regret. The captain of her was of a social, friendly disposition. As to our own skipper, he was passionately fond of visiting every vessel that he saw on the passage. If an old salt fish schooner hove in sight, he clamoured for his boarding-boots, and swore he would go to her if it were only to obtain a pint of molasses. Once, having hailed a vessel, he was justly rebuked. He told the captain of her he would hoist out his boat and go to see him; but the man not approving, I suppose, his physiognomy, hauled aft his sheets and bore round up before the wind. The skipper had contracted these habits during the American war, when he commanded a small privateer; and he could not in his old age reclaim the foibles of his youth.

As we increased our longitude, the priest, in examining his barrels of white biscuit, found one of them emptied by other hands than his own.

Suspicion fell on a sailor, whom he one day accused before the passengers, as he was standing at the helm. "Did you not steal my biscuit, sirrah!" said the parson. "I did, sir," answered the fellow. "And what, pray, can you say in defence of yourself?" "Why, sir, I can say — that when I crossed the line, Neptune made me swear that I would never eat brown bread when I could get white; and your barrel of white stood next my barrel of brown." This reply of the sailor was so happy and unexpected, that to remain grave exceeded all powers of face. The roar of the sea was lost in the combined laughter that arose from the captain, passengers, and ship's company. Farmer Curtis, whom the tythes exacted from him by the parson of the parish had nearly ruined, now revenged himself on the cloth by a peal of laughter that shook the ship from stem to stern; not even the priest could refrain from a smile; though, perhaps, it was rather a sardonic grin; a distortion of the countenance, without any gladness of heart.

On the 8th of March, we saw the Isles of Sile,<sup>1</sup> and three days after weathered the breakers of

<sup>1</sup> Sile = Shoals?

Nantucket; from whence, coasting to the southward, we made Long Island, and ran up to Sandy Hook. The wind subsiding, we let go our anchor, and the next morning, at an early hour, I accompanied the captain and two of the cabin passengers on shore. It was Sunday, March 18th.

On the parched spot, very properly called Sandy Hook, we found only one human habitation, which was a public house. The family consisted of an old woman, wife to the landlord, two young girls of homely appearance, a negro man and boy. While breakfast was preparing, I ascended, with my companions, the lighthouse, which stood on the point of the Hook. It was lofty, and well furnished with lamps. On viewing the land round the dwelling of our host, I could not help thinking that he might justly exclaim with Selkirk:

I'm monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute,  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

[COWPER.]



## CHAPTER I

UPON my landing at New York, my first care was to deliver a letter of recommendation, which I had been favoured with by a friend, to a merchant in the city; together with a volume of *Travels* from Boston to Philadelphia, which he had recently published. But I cannot say that I was received with the urbanity I had anticipated. Neither my friend's letter nor his book could soften the features of the stern American; and were the world to read the volume with as little interest as he, it would soon be consigned to the peaceful shelf.

I was now to become the architect of my own fortune. Though on a kindred shore, I had not even an acquaintance to whom I could communicate my projects; the letter had failed me that was to decide my fortune at one blow, and I found myself solitary and sad among the crowds of a gay city. But I was not long depressed by melancholy reflections over my condition; for I found

a friend in a man, who, having himself been unfortunate, could feel for another in adversity. A concurrence of circumstances had brought me into the company of Mr. Caritat,<sup>1</sup> a bookseller, who, being made acquainted with my situation, addressed me with that warmth which discovers a desire to be useful rather than a wish to gratify curiosity. He inquired into my projects. I told him that my scheme was to get into some family as a private tutor. A private tutor! said he. Alas! the labour of Sisyphus in hell is not equal to that of a private tutor in America! Why your project puts me in mind of young Mr. Primrose. And your exclamations, said I, remind me of his cousin in London. Just enough, rejoined Mr. Caritat; and let me examine you a little after the manner of his cousin.

“Do you write a good hand, and understand

<sup>1</sup> Caritat, H. “An author was a scarce article in those days, about the beginning of the nineteenth century; the returns for literary labour must have been small. Noah Webster was unquestionably the most successful of the tribe, and in his wake followed the geographer Morse. The city library and the circulating library of Caritat constituted pretty much all the establishments of that order we possessed.” Francis: *Old New York*, p. 351.

all the intricacies of calculation? No. Then you will not do for a private tutor. It is not your Latin and Greek, but your handwriting and cyphering, that will decide your character. Penmanship and the figures of arithmetic will recommend you more than logic and the figures of rhetoric. Can you passively submit to be called schoolmaster by the children, and coolmossa by the negroes? No. Then you will not do for a private tutor. Can you comply with the humility of giving only one rap at the door that the family may distinguish it is the private tutor; and can you wait half an hour with good humour on the steps, till the footman or housemaid condescends to open the door? No. Then you will not do for a private tutor. Can you maintain a profound silence in company to denote your inferiority; and can you endure to be helped always the last at table, aye even after the clerk of the counting-house? No. Then you will not do for a private tutor. Can you hold your eyes with your hands, and cry Amen! when grace is said; and can you carry the children's Bibles and prayer-books to church twice every Sunday? No. Then you will not do for a private tutor. Can you rise with the

sun, and teach till breakfast; swallow your breakfast, and teach till dinner; devour your dinner, and teach till tea-time; and from tea-time to bedtime sink into insignificance in the parlour? No. Then you will not do for a private tutor. Do you expect good wages? Yes. Then you will never do for a private tutor. No, sir, the place of private tutor is the last I would recommend you; for, as Pompey, when he entered a tyrant's dominions, quoted a verse from Euripides that signified his liberty was gone, so a man of letters, when he undertakes the tuition of a family in America, may exclaim he has lost his independence.

“ Though not a countryman of yours,” continued Mr. Caritat, “ I am from the same division of the globe; for I was born and educated in France. I should be happy to serve you, but I have not the hypocrisy to pretend that my offers of service are disinterested. Interest blends itself with all human actions, and you, sir, have it in your power to be useful to me. I know you are skilled in French, because I have conversed with you in that language; of your own idiom you also discover an intimate acquaintance. *Vous êtes donc mon homme.* I have just imported *Buonaparte's Cam-*

*paign in Italy*,<sup>1</sup> from Bordeaux, and the people are eager for a translation. Will you undertake the task? Will you translate the work for two hundred dollars? This is not the land of literature; booksellers in this country are not the patrons of authors, and therefore the remunerations for literary labour are not munificent. But the notoriety of Buonaparte will sell the work; and the translation make your name known beyond the mountains of the Blue Ridge. In a word, if you will translate the volume, I will pay you two hundred dollars.”

Less declamation would have made me undertake the translation. I could hardly conceal my transports; and hugging the volume to my breast I danced home to my lodgings.

<sup>1</sup> Pommereul, François René Jean de. *Campaign of Gen. Buonaparte in Italy*, during the fourth and fifth years of the French Republic, 1796-97. N. Y., 1798. 8vo.

Pope and Anne Radcliffe and Monk Lewis might be found on the stalls, with Buonaparte's *Campaign in Italy*, a work filled with the martial achievements of the great soldier, and dedicated to Colonel Burr, by the translator John Davis, who affirmed that the exploits of Alexander the Great were the marches of a mere holiday captain compared with the campaigns of the French general. Francis: *Old New York*, p. 345.

I lodged with a young man, who called himself a physician, in Ferry-street, a melancholy alley impervious to the sun. Doctor de Bow, however, in huge gilt letters, adorned the entrance of the house:

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves  
A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,  
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,  
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a shew.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

Of the medical skill of the doctor I cannot pretend to judge; but he had little or no practice in his profession, notwithstanding he dressed in black, maintained a profound gravity, and wore green spectacles on his nose.

While the doctor was reading the *Life of Don Quixote*, I was to be seen toiling at my translation, like Cruden at his *Concordance*. The original was an octavo of four hundred pages, and every time I opened the volume it seemed to increase in bulk; but the golden dream of reputation fortified my diligence, and I corrected the proof-sheets with lively sensibility. Emolument

and an avidity of reputation are two powerful incentives to literary industry; and I prosecuted my translation with so much diligence, that on the fourth of June it was ushered into the literary world amidst the acclamations of the Democrats, and the revilings of the Federalists. This was to me extraordinary; for I had professed myself of neither party, but declared my intention never to meddle with the politics of a country in which I had neither a fixed dwelling nor an acre of land.

About this period, my friend the doctor relinquished his house, and rented a little medicinal shop of a Major Howe, who was agreeably situated in Cherry-street. As the major took boarders, I accompanied the doctor to his house, determined to eat, drink, and be merry over my two hundred dollars. With some of the well-stamped coin I purchased a few dozen of Madeira, and when the noontide heat had abated I quaffed the delicious liquor with the major and the doctor under a tree in the garden.

Major Howe, after carrying arms through the Revolutionary War, instead of reposing upon the laurels he had acquired, was compelled to open a boarding-house in New York, for the mainte-

nance of his wife and children. He was a member of the Cincinnati, and not a little proud of his eagle. But I thought the motto to his badge of *Omnia reliquit servare rempublicam*, was not very appropriate; for it is notorious that few Americans had much to leave when they accepted commissions in the army. *Victor ad aratrum redit* would have been better.

In principles, my military friend was avowedly a deist, and, by tracing the effect to the cause, I shall expose the pernicious tendency of a book which is read with avidity. The major was once commanding officer of the fortress at West Point, and by accident borrowed of a subaltern the history of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. He read the work systematically, and a diligent perusal of that part which relates to the progress of religion, caused him to become a sceptic, and reject all belief in revelation. Before this period the major was a constant attendant on the Established Church, but he now enlisted himself under the banners of the infidel Palmer, who delivers lectures on deism at New York, and is securing for himself and followers considerable grants of land in hell.



My translation introduced me to the acquaintance of some distinguished characters in New York, and among others that caressed me was the celebrated Colonel Burr, who was, in the late election, chosen for the office of Vice-President of the United States. The letters interspersed through this narrative will shew my intimacy with Mr. Burr, whom I have *seen in his social hour*; and of whose political character I am perhaps enabled to give the prominent features. The slave of no party, and unbiassed by personal affections, my portrait shall be free as it is unprejudiced.

To a genius of singular perspicacity Mr. Burr joins the most bland and conciliating manners. With a versatility of powers, of which, perhaps, America furnishes no other example, he is capable of yielding an undivided attention to a single object of pursuit. Hence we find him at the close of the Revolutionary War, in which he took a very honourable part, and in the fatigues of which he bore no common share, practising the law with unrivalled brilliancy and success. Indeed his distinguished abilities attracted so decided a leaning of the judges in his favour, a deference for his opinions so strongly marked, as to excite in no

small degree the jealousy of the bar. So strong was the impression made by the general respect for his opinions, that exclamations of despair were frequently heard to escape the lips of the counsel whose fortune it was to be opposed by the eloquence of Mr. Burr. I am aware that this language wears the colour of panegyric; but the recollections which the facts must excite in the breasts of his candid rivals, will corroborate its accuracy.

For a short period Mr. Burr acted as Attorney-General to the State; but his professional reputation, already at the acme of splendour, could derive no new lustre from the office. It however should be remembered, that, in State prosecutions, a disposition to aggravate the enormities of the accused was never attributed to him. At length Mr. Burr was removed by the Legislature of the State to the Senate of the United States. The deliberations of that body being conducted in secret, the public possessed but slender means of knowing and appreciating the merits of individual members. But it is certain, from the lead he took in some of its most important transactions, and from the deference shown his opinions

by his senatorial colleagues, that the character for ability which he had previously acquired, must have been there well sustained. It was, indeed, universally acknowledged that no other State was so respectably represented as the State of New York, in the combined talents of Mr. Burr and Mr. King. His time of service expiring, Mr. Burr again returned to the exercise of his profession with a facility which would induce a belief that his legal pursuits had never been interrupted.

Such are the outlines of the character of the man who, cultivating literature himself, loved to encourage it in others; and who, with a condescension little known to patrons, sought out my obscure lodgings in a populous city, and invited me to his house. I found Mr. Burr at breakfast, reading my translation over his coffee. He received me with that urbanity which, while it precludes familiarity, banishes restraint; and discovered, by his conversation, that he was not less skilled in elegant literature than in the science of graciousness and attraction. Mr. Burr introduced me to his daughter, whom he has educated with uncommon care; for she is elegant without

ostentation, and learned without pedantry. At the time that she dances with more grace than any young lady of New York, Miss Theodosia Burr speaks French and Italian with facility, is perfectly conversant with the writers of the Augustan age, and not unacquainted with the language of the Father of Poetry. Martel, a Frenchman, has dedicated a volume of his productions to Miss Burr, with the Horatian epithet of "*dulce decus.*"

Fortune had now opened to me *les entreés* of the house of Mr. Burr, to whose table and library I had the most unrestrained access. But Mr. Burr did not stop here: he proposed to me the study of the law, which I imprudently declined, and thus neglected to take that flood in the tide of my affairs which led immediately to fortune. A student of the law could not have formed himself on a better model than Mr. Burr; for at the same time that he was perhaps the most skilled of any man in the practice, he was also the most eloquent: Τοῦ καὶ ἀπὸ γλώσσης μέλιτος γλυκίων ῥέειν αὐδῆ.

The favourable reception given to the *Campaign in Italy*, of which the whole impression was

soon diffused through the different States of the Union, animated Caritat with courage for another publication; and few men knew better how to gratify present curiosity by directing his attention to temporary subjects. In the preceding winter an occurrence had happened of which the public had not abated their eagerness to know the particulars. A German by the name of Ferdinand Lowenstoff had become enamoured of a young girl named Elizabeth Falkenham, a native of New York. Ferdinand was forty, but Elizabeth had scarcely seen sixteen summers. Ferdinand, notwithstanding the disparity of their years, found means to win the affections of Elizabeth, who consented to marry him; but it was judged expedient to defer their marriage till the return of Elizabeth's brother-in-law, from Germany, who had left his child under her care. In the meantime love prevailed over prudence, and the lover unloosed the virgin zone of his yielding fair. At length the brother returned from Germany, but would not consent to the marriage; and, to release himself from the importunities of Ferdinand, confined his sister-in-law to her chamber. The indignation of the lover was inflamed,

and to banish from his mind an object whom he could not obtain, he married a French lady from Guadaloupe, remarkable for the beauty of her person, and the vivacity of her conversation. But the charms of a newer object, however lovely and eloquent, could not obliterate the impression which Elizabeth had made: he pined for her in secret, and became a victim to melancholy. In this harassed state of mind Ferdinand continued some months, when a letter was privately delivered him, in the superscription of which he recognized the handwriting of Elizabeth. It was short, but emphatical: *I am pregnant, and resolved on death!* Ferdinand, far from discouraging, fortified Elizabeth in her resolution, by professing an earnest desire himself to share her fate, and seek an oblivion also of his own woes in a voluntary death. The reply to the letter in which Ferdinand desires to die with this unhappy girl, is an injunction to break without delay his union with visible nature; to rush before his Maker "with all his imperfections on his head." It goes further; it proposes to add the crime of murder to that of suicide:

"But why recall your resolution because of the

child of my womb? Let it not see the light of a world that has nothing but misery for its portion; come to me this night! Bring with thee poison! Bring with thee pistols! And when the clock strikes twelve we 'll both become immortal!"

From this it is plain that Ferdinand was at first held in suspense between contrary impulses; but his mind was not long diverted from its purpose, for, contriving an interview with Elizabeth the same night, he first shot her with a pistol, and afterwards himself. The fatal event took place at a house in the Bowery, where the lovers were found weltering in their blood, and letters explaining the motive of their rash conduct were placed on the table. Such deliberate suicide was perhaps, unexampled, and the letters that had passed between the unhappy pair I dilated into a volume, which Caritat published to the emolument of us both, and, I hope, without injury to the world.

My occupations at New York, however agreeable, did not repress my desire to explore the continent before me; and I thought it best to travel while I had some crowns left in my purse. I felt regret at the thought of separating from

the doctor, whom I was attached to from habit; but the doctor soon relieved me by saying, he would accompany me whithersoever I went; that no man loved travelling better than he, and that he would convert his medicines into money to defray his expenses on the road.

“But tell me,” said the doctor, “are you fond of walking?” I assured him no person could be more so. “Then,” resumed he, “let us each provide ourselves with a good cudgel, and begin our journey on foot. I will put a case of instruments into my pocket, and you can slip into yours the *Campaign of Buonaparte in Italy.*”

“But whither do you propose to go; and what, I beseech you, is the object of your travelling?”

“To see the world, assuredly, to eat, drink, and laugh away care on the road.”

“How doctor, would you approve of a walk to Philadelphia?”

“I should like it of all things. In our way to it we should go through the place of my birth — you have heard, I guess, of Hackinsack — and at Philadelphia I could get somebody to introduce me to the great Doctor Rush. All we have to do



is to send on our trunks in the coach, and trudge after them on foot.”

Our resolution was no sooner taken than executed. The doctor got an apothecary, who lived opposite, to purchase what few drugs were contained in his painted drawers; and, having dispatched our trunks forward by the coach, we began our journey to Philadelphia. Having crossed the Hudson, which separates York Island from the shore of the Jerseys, we were landed at a tavern<sup>1</sup> delightfully situated on the bank of the river.

It was our original design to have gone through Hackinsack, a little village that claimed the honour of my companion's nativity; but it was getting late; the road to it was circuitous, and we wished much that night to travel to Elizabeth Town. The doctor consoled himself for not visiting his family by observing that no man was a prophet at home. We did not stop long at Newark,<sup>2</sup> but prosecuted our walk, after taking shelter

<sup>1</sup> Every public-house in the United States, however contemptible, is dignified by the name of tavern.

<sup>2</sup> The houses at Newark are generally shaded by clusters of trees. One of our modern tourists would devote probably a dozen pages to the description of Newark, which

from a shower of rain in one of its sylvan habitations. The sun, which had been obscured, again gladdened the plains; and the birds which had ceased awhile singing, again renewed their harmony. We reached Elizabeth Town a little while after the stage-coach. My companion being somewhat fatigued, retired early to bed; but I devoted a great part of the night to the refined pleasures of reading and reflection. When I went to bed there was little sleep to be obtained; for a huge mastiff in the yard, notwithstanding the doctor put his head out of the window and vociferated to him repeatedly, did not remit barking the whole of the night. We therefore rose without being called, and pursued our journey to *Prince-town*, a place more famous for its college than its learning. The road from Prince-town to Trenton offers little matter for speculation. I

is famed for the richest cider, and the largest cobbler's stall in the United States of America. It supplies also an old house on a hill, which, unworthy of repair, is mouldering to dust; but which has enough of the walls remaining to furnish an English tourist with an admirable plate. To such tourists I consign Newark, and other places on the road, which the traveller beholds and dismisses from his mind with frigid indifference.

know that in some places there were battles fought between the British and their revolted colonists; but the recollection of it tends to no use, and, I am sure, it cannot be pleasing. At Trenton the doctor, who was afflicted with sore eyes, declined proceeding any further. From Trenton I was conveyed over the Delaware in the ferry-boat, with an elderly man, clad in the garb of a Quaker. His looks beamed benignity, and his accents breathed kindness: but, as the great master of life observes, there is no art can find the mind's construction in the face.

We had scarce landed on the opposite bank of the river, when a poor cripple in a soldier's jacket, advanced towards the Quaker, holding both his crutches in one hand, and taking half a hat from his head with the other: "Bestow your charity," cried the beggar, "on a poor worn-out soldier, who fought for your liberty during a long war, and got wounded by a Hessian at the very place you have just left. Refuse not your charity to an old soldier in distress."

"Alas!" exclaimed the Quaker, "this comes of war. Shame on our nature. Beasts live in concord, men only disagree. Hadst thou taken

the advice of Scripture, thou wouldst have escaped thy wounds."

"What, Master, is that?"

"Why, Friend, if a man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other."

"And were you to take the advice of Scripture, you would not refuse me your alms."

"What, Friend, is that?"

"Why, when a man wants to borrow of thee, turn not thou away."

"I remember no such passage."

"It is in the New Testament."

"The text has been corrupted," cried the Quaker, hastening away through a field.

"Won't you give me a copper?" bawled the beggar, limping after the Quaker.

"Charity begins at home," said the Quaker, accelerating his pace.

"The Lord help thee!" exclaimed the beggar, halting almost breathless on his crutch.

I had walked about a mile along the bank of the Delaware when the coach to Philadelphia overtook me, and, finding the road dusty, I complied with the invitation of the driver to get into the vehicle. At Bristol we took up two young women,

clad in the habit of Quakers, whom I soon, however, discovered to be girls of the town; and who, under pretence of shewing me a letter, discovered their address. A spacious road conducted us to Philadelphia, which we entered at Front-street. I had expected to be charmed with the animation of the American metropolis;<sup>1</sup> but a melancholy silence prevailed in the streets, the principal houses were abandoned, and none but French people were to be found seeking pleasure in society. The coach stopped at the sign of the Sorrel Horse, in Second-street, where I heard only lamentations over the yellow fever, which had displayed itself in Water-street, and was spreading its contagion. It costs no more to go to a good tavern than a bad one; and I removed my trunks, which I found at the stage-office, to the French hotel in the same street. Mr. Pecquet received me with a bowing mien, and called Jeannette for the *passe-partout* to shew me his apartments. He exercised all his eloquence to make me lodge in his hotel. He observed that his house was not like an American house; that he did not in summer put twelve beds

<sup>1</sup> Philadelphia in 1798 was the capital of the United States.

in one room; but that every lodger had a room to himself; and monsieur, added he very solemnly, "*Ici il ne sera pas necessaire de sortir de votre lit, comme chez les Americains, pour aller à la fenêtre, car Jeannette n'oublie jamais de mettre un pot de chambre sous le lit.*"

Monsieur Pecquet assured me his dinners were of a superior kind, and, finding I was an Englishman, observed with a bow, that he could furnish me with the best porter brewed in the city of Philadelphia. Such professions as these what unhoused traveller could resist? I commended Monsieur Pecquet on his mode of living, reciprocated compliments with him, chose the chamber I thought the coolest, and the same night found myself at supper with a dozen French ladies and gentlemen, who could not utter a word of English, and with whom I drank copious libations of that porter which my host had enlarged upon with such elegance of declamation.

My first visit was to the library. A bust of Doctor Franklin is over the door, whose head it is to be lamented the librarian cannot place on his own shoulders. Of the two rooms the Franklinian Library is confined to books in the English lan-

guage, but the Loganian Library comprehends every classical work in the ancient and modern languages. I contemplated with reverence the portrait of James Logan, which graces the room,

*Magnum et venerabile nomen.*

I could not repress my exclamations. As I am only a stranger, said I, in this country, I affect no enthusiasm on beholding the statues of her generals and statesmen. I have left a church filled with them, on the shore of Albion that have a prior claim to such feeling. But I here behold the portrait of a man whom I consider so great a benefactor to literature, that he is scarcely less illustrious than its munificent patrons of Italy; his soul has certainly been admitted to the company of the congenial spirits of a Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medici. The Greek and Roman authors, forgotten on their native banks of the Ilissus and Tiber, delight by the kindness of a Logan the votaries to learning on those of the Delaware.

It has been observed, I believe by Horace, that there have lived many heroes not inferior in prowess to those of the Iliad, but that for want of a bard to sing their feats, they might as well have

not achieved them. But how many characters are now unknown, who, susceptible only of the social energies, deserve to be remembered more than an Agamemnon or an Achilles. What man ever rose from the Iliad with an accession of benevolence? but who would not be better for reading the life of a Kyrle, of whom nothing can be now known but what is furnished by an episode in a poem? Of the readers of this volume there are few who have ever heard mention made of James Logan of Philadelphia; a man whose benevolent actions aspire far higher than any Greek or Roman fame. James Logan was born in Scotland [Ireland], about the year 1674. He was one of the people called Quakers, and accompanied William Penn in his last voyage to Pennsylvania. For many years of his life he was employed in public business, and rose to the offices of Chief Justice and Governor of the Province; but he felt always an ardour for study, and by husbanding his leisure, found time to write several treatises in Latin, of which one, on the *Generation of Plants*, was translated into English by Dr. Fothergill. Being declined in the vale of years, Mr. Logan withdrew from the tumult of



public business to the solitude of his country-seat, near Germantown, where he found tranquillity among his books, and corresponded with the most distinguished literary characters of Europe. He also made a version of Cicero's *De Senectute*, which was published with notes by the late Dr. Franklin. Whether Franklin was qualified to write annotations on Tully's noble treatise, will admit of some doubt; for the genius of Franklin was rather scientific than classical. Mr. Logan died in 1751, at the venerable age of seventy-seven; leaving his library, which he had been fifty years collecting, to the people of Pennsylvania; a monument of his ardour for the promotion of literature.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following extract from Mr. Logan's will cannot fail to interest the curious in literature.

“ In my library, which I have left to the city of Philadelphia, for the advancement and facilitating of classical learning, are above 100 volumes of authors in folio, all in Greek, with mostly their versions. All the Roman classics without exception. All the whole Greek mathematicians, viz. Archimedes, Euclid, Ptolemy, both his Geography and Almagest, which I had in Greek (with Theon's Commentary in folio, above 700 pages) from my learned friend Fabricius, who published 14 volumes of his *Bibliothèque Grecque* in quarto, in which, after he had finished his account of Ptolemy, on my inquiring of him at Ham-

It was at his library that, during three successive afternoons, I enjoyed that calm and pure delight which books afford. But on the fourth I found access denied, and that the librarian had fled from the yellow fever, which spread consternation through the city. Of the fever I may say that it momentarily became more destructive. Sorrow sat on every brow, and nothing was to be seen but coffins carried through the streets unattended by mourners. Indeed it was not a time to practise modes of sorrow, or adjust the funeral rites; but the multitude thought only of escaping from the pestilence that wasted at noon-day, and walked in darkness. This was a period to reflect on the vanity of human life, and the mutability of human affairs. Philadelphia, which in the spring was a scene of mirth and riot, was in the summer converted to a sepulchre for the inhabitants. The

burgh, in 1772, how I should find it, having long sought for it in vain in England; he sent it me out of his own library, telling me it was so scarce, that neither prayers nor price could purchase it; besides, there are many of the most valuable Latin authors, and a great number of modern mathematicians, with all the three editions of Newton, Dr. Wallis, Halley, &c.

JAMES LOGAN."

courts of law were shut, and no subtile lawyer could obtain a client; the door of the tavern was closed, and the drunkard was without strength to lift the bowl to his lips: no theatre invited the idle to behold the mimic monarch strut his hour upon the stage; the dice lay neglected on the gaming-table, nor did the dancing-room reecho with the steps of the dancer: man was not humbled! Death was whetting his arrows, and the graves were open. All jollity was fled. The hospital-cart moved slowly on where the chariot before had rolled its rapid wheels; and the coffin-makers were either nailing up the coffins of the dead, or giving dreadful note of preparation by framing others for the dying, where lately the mind at ease had poured forth its tranquillity in songs; where the loud laugh had reverberated, and where the animating sound of music had stolen on the ear. In this scene of consternation, the negroes were the only people who could be prevailed on to assist the dying, and inter those who were no more. Their motive was obvious; they plundered the dead of their effects, and adorned themselves in the spoils of the camp of the King of Terrors. It was remarked to me by a lady of

Philadelphia, that the negroes were never so well clad as after the yellow fever.

I had been a week at Philadelphia, without hearing any tidings of my friend the doctor, when, walking one evening past the Franklin's Head, I recognized him conversing with a stranger in the front room. The physician had arrived only that evening. He had staid six days at Trenton, leading a pleasant, convalescent life; from whence he had written me a letter, which I found afterwards at the post-office. We were rejoiced to meet each other, and the better to exchange minds, I accompanied the doctor into Arch-street, where, taking possession of the porch of an abandoned dwelling, we sat conversing till a late hour. The most gloomy imagination cannot conceive a scene more dismal than the street before us: every house was deserted by those who had strength to seek a less baneful atmosphere; unless where parental fondness prevailed over self-love. Nothing was heard but either the groans of the dying, the lamentations of the survivors, the hammers of the coffin-makers, or the howling of the domestic animals, which those who fled from the pestilence had left

behind, in the precipitancy of their flight. A poor cat came to the porch where I was sitting with the doctor, and demonstrated her joy by the caresses of fondness. An old negro woman was passing at the same moment with some pepper-pot<sup>1</sup> on her head. With this we fed the cat that was nearly reduced to a skeleton; and prompted by a desire to know the sentiments of the old negro woman, we asked her the news. "God help us," cried the poor creature, "very bad news. Buckra die in heaps. By and bye nobody live to buy pepper-pot, and old black woman die too." I would adduce this as a proof, that calamities usually move us as they regard our interest. The negro woman lamented the ravages of the fever because it prevented the sale of her pepper-pot.

Finding all business suspended at Philadelphia, and the atmosphere becoming hourly more noisome, we judged it prudent to leave the city without delay; and, finding a vessel at the wharfs ready to sail for Charleston, in South Carolina, we agreed for the passage, and put our luggage on board. Having taken leave of Monsieur Pecquet, whose excellent dinners had enhanced

<sup>1</sup> Tripe seasoned with pepper.

him in the opinion of the doctor, we on the 22d of September, 1798, went on board, and bade adieu to Philadelphia, which was become a Golgotha.

The vessel having hauled out into the stream, we weighed with a fair wind, and shaped our course down the serpentine but beautiful river of the Delaware. Our cabin was elegant, and the fare delicious. I observed the doctor's eyes brighten at the first dinner we made on board, who expressed to me a hope that we might be a month on the passage, as he wished to eat out the money the captain had charged him. The first night the man at the helm fell asleep, and the tide hove the vessel into a corn-field, opposite Wilmington; so that when we went upon deck in the morning, we found our situation quite pastoral. We floated again with the flood-tide, and at noon let go our anchor before Newcastle. It took us two days to clear the Capes. The banks of the Delaware had been extolled to me as the most beautiful in the world; but I thought them inferior to those of the Thames.

We were now at sea, bounding on the waves of the Atlantic. Of our passengers the most

agreeable was an old French gentleman from St. Domingo. Monsieur Lartigue, to the most perfect good breeding joined great knowledge of mankind, and at the age of sixty had lost none of his natural gaiety. It was impossible to be dejected in the company of such a man. If any person sung on board, he would immediately begin capering; and when the rest were silent, he never failed to sing himself.

Nothing very remarkable happened in our passage, unless it be worthy of record that one morning the captain suffered his fears to get the better of his reason, and mistook a Virginian sloop for a French privateer; and another day the mate having caught a dolphin, Mr. Lartigue exclaimed, *Il faut qu'il soit ragout*. After a passage of five days we came to an anchor in Rebellion Roads, from which we could plainly discern the spires and houses of Charleston; and the following day we stood towards Fort Johnson, which no vessels are suffered to pass without being examined. Here the port physician came on board, with orders for us to perform quarantine a fortnight, to the great joy of the doctor, who had not yet eaten half of what he wished to eat on board.

Monsieur Lartigue had abundantly stocked himself with comfitures and wine; and I doubt not but the doctor still remembers the poignancy of his preserved cherries, and the zest of his claret.



## CHAPTER II

I LANDED at *Charleston* with *Doctor de Bow*, who had clad himself in his black suit, and though a young man, wore a monstrous pair of spectacles on his nose. Adieu jollity! adieu laughter! the doctor was without an acquaintance on a strange shore, and he had no other friend but his solemnity to recommend him. It was to no purpose that I endeavoured to provoke him to laughter by my remarks; the physician would not even relax his risible muscles into a smile. The doctor was right. In a few days he contrived to hire part of a house in Union-street; obtained credit for a considerable quantity of drugs; and only wanted a chariot to equal the best physician in Charleston. The doctor was in possession of a voluble tongue, and I furnished him with a few Latin phrases, which he dealt out to his hearers with an air of profound learning. He generally concluded his speeches with *Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri!*

Wishing for some daily pursuit, I advertised in one of the papers for the place of a tutor in a respectable family; not omitting to observe that the advertiser was the translator of *Buonaparte's Campaign in Italy*. The editor of the *Gazette* assured me of an hundred applications; and that early the next morning I should not be without some. His predictions were verified; for the following day, on calling at the office, I found a note left from a planter who lived a mile from the town, desiring me to visit him that afternoon at his house. I went thither accordingly. Everything indicated opulence and ease. Mr. H—— received me with the insolence of prosperity. “You are,” said he, “the person who advertised for the place of tutor in a respectable family?”

I answered with a bow.

“What, sir, are your qualifications?”

“I am competently skilled, sir, in the Latin and French languages, not unacquainted with Greek, conversant with geography, and accustomed to composition in my vernacular idiom.”

“But if you possess all that there learning, how comes it you could not get into some college, or school?”

“ Why, sir, it is found even in colleges that dunces triumph, and men of letters are disregarded by a general combination in favour of dulness.”

“ Can you drive<sup>1</sup> well, sir? ”

“ Drive, sir, did you say? I really do not comprehend you.”

“ I mean, sir, can you keep your scholars in order? ”

“ Yes, sir, if they are left entirely to my direction.”

“ Ah! that would not be. Mrs. H——, who is a woman of extensive learning (she lost a fine opportunity once of learning French, and only a few years ago could write the best hand of any lady in Charleston), Mrs. H—— would superintend your management of the school.”

“ Mrs. H——, sir, would do me honour.”

“ Mrs. H——, sir, is in the real sense of the word, a woman of literature; and her eldest

<sup>1</sup> The term *drive* requires some little note explanatory to the English reader. No man forgets his original trade. An overseer on a plantation who preserves subordination among the negroes, is said to *drive well*; and Mr. H—— having once been an overseer himself, the phrase very naturally predominated in his mind.

daughter is a prodigy for her age. She could tell at nine years old whether a pudding was boiled enough; and now, though only eleven, can repeat Pope's *Ode on Solitude* by heart. Ah! Pope was a pretty poet; my wife is very fond of Pope. You have read him, I make no doubt, sir. What is your opinion of his works?"

"In his *Rape of the Lock*, sir, he exhibits most of the *vis imaginandi* that constitutes the poet; his *Essay on Criticism* is scarcely inferior to Horace's *Epistle to the Pisos*; his *Satires* —"

"But I am surprised, sir, you bestow no praise on his *Ode on Solitude*. Mrs. H——, who is quite a critic in those matters, allows the *Ode on Solitude* to be his best, his noblest, his sublimest production."

"Persuaded, sir, of the critical acuteness of Mrs. H——, it is not safe to depart from her in opinion; — and if Mrs. H—— affirms the *Ode on Solitude* to be the sublimest of Mr. Pope's productions, it would be rather painful than pleasant to undeceive her in opinion."

"That is right, sir, I like to see young men modest. What spelling-book do you use?"

"What spelling-book, sir? Indeed — really —

upon my word, sir, — any — oh! Noah Webster's, sir."

"Ah! I perceive you are a New England man, by giving the preference to Noah Webster."

"Sir, I beg your pardon; I am from Old England."

"Well, no matter for that, — but Mrs. H——, who is an excellent speller, never makes use of any other but Matthew Carey's spelling-book. It is a valuable work, the copyright is secured. But here comes Mrs. H—— herself."

Mrs. H—— now entered, followed by a negro girl, who held a peacock's feather in her hand. Mrs. H—— received my bow with a mutilated curtesy, and throwing herself on a sofa, called peremptorily to Prudence to brush the flies from her face. There was a striking contrast between the dress of the lady and her maid; the one was tricked out in all the finery of fashion; while the black skin of the other peeped through her garments.

"Well, my dear," said Mr. H——, "this young man is the person who advertised for the place of tutor in a respectable family. A little conversation with him will enable you to judge whether

he is qualified to instruct our children in the branches of a liberal education."

"Why, independent of his literary attainments, it will be necessary for him to produce certificates of his conduct. I am not easily satisfied in my choice of a tutor; a body should be very cautious in admitting a stranger to her family. This gentleman is young, and young men are very frequently addicted to bad habits. Some are prone to late hours; some to hard drinking; and some to negur girls: the last propensity I could never forgive."

"Yes, my dear, you discharged Mr. Spondee, our last tutor, for his intimacy with the negur girls: — Prudence had a little one by him." Prudence looked reproachfully at her master; the child was in reality the offspring of Mr. H——, who fearing the inquiries of the world on the subject, fathered it upon his last tutor. But they must have been blind who could not discover that the child was sprung from Mr. H——; for it had the same vulgar forehead, the same vacant eye, and the same idiot laugh.

"Do, my dear, examine the young man a little on literary matters. He seems to have read Pope."

“What, sir, is your opinion of Mr. Pope’s *Ode on Solitude*?”

“It is a tolerable production, madam, for a child.”

“A tolerable production for a child! Mercy on us! It is the most sublimest of his productions. But tastes sometimes differ. Have you read the works of Dr. Johnson? Which do not approve the most?”

“Why, madam, if you allude to his poems, I should, in conformity with your judgment, give a decided preference to his *Epitaph on a Duck*,<sup>1</sup> written, if I mistake not, when he was four years old. It need scarcely fear competition with Pope’s *Ode on Solitude*.”

At this moment the eldest daughter of this learned lady, of this unsexed female, tripped into the room on light, fantastic toe. “Come, my daughter,” said the lady, “let this gentleman hear you repeat the *Ode on Solitude*.”

<sup>1</sup> “Here lies poor duck  
That Samuel Johnson trod on;  
If it had liv’d it had been good luck,  
For it would have been an odd one.”

Johnsoniana; anecdotes of Samuel Johnson.

“Excuse me, madam,” cried I, taking up my hat and bowing.

“Do hear the child,” bawled Mr. H——.

“I pray you, sir, to excuse me.”

“It will not take the child ten minutes.”

“Ten minutes, madam, are the sixth part of an hour that will never return!”

“Politeness dictates it.”

“Excuse me, I entreat you, sir.”

“I cannot excuse you; I shall hire you as tutor, and I have a right to expect from you submission. I may perhaps give you the sum of fifty pounds a year.”

“Don’t mention it, sir. There again you will have the goodness to excuse me. — Madam, your most obedient. — Miss, your very obsequious. — Sir, your humble servant.”<sup>1</sup>

It was not long before my advertisement brought me other applications. The principal of

<sup>1</sup> It has been my object in this scene to soften the condition of private tutors in America, by putting up Mr. H—— *in signum terroris et memoriae* to other purse-proud planters. I write not from personal pique, but a desire to benefit society. Happy shall I think myself should this page hold the mirror up to the inflation of pride and insolence of prosperity.



Charleston College honoured me with a letter, whom, pursuant to his desire, I waited on at his house. I found Mr. Drone in his study, consulting with great solemnity the ponderous lexicon of Schrevelius. I could not but feel a secret veneration from the scene before me. I was admitted to the presence of a man who was not less voluminous than learned; for no book under a folio ever stood on his shelf. How stupendous, thought I, must be the erudition of this professor, who holds in sovereign contempt, a volume of ordinary dimensions! Every animal has an aliment peculiarly suited to its constitution. The ox finds nourishment only from the earth; and a professor cannot derive knowledge from any volume but a folio.

Mr. Drone received me with all the little decurms of dulness. He, however, talked learnedly. He lamented the degeneracy of literature in England and America; discovered that taste was on the decline; and despaired of ever beholding the spirit of that age revived when writers sought not for new combinations of imagery, but were content to compile lexicons, and restore the true punctuation to an ancient poet. Mr. Drone asked

me whether I was conversant with Latin; and on my replying in the affirmative, he produced a Horace in folio, and desired I would construe the ode of *Quem tu, Melpomene*. Horace had never before assumed so formidable an aspect. In the ordinary editions he had always looked at me *placido lumine*; but he now appeared crabbed and sour, and I found his text completely buried amidst the rubbish of annotations. By making *labor Isthmius* the agent to *clarabit*, the difficulty of the inversion vanished; but when I came to analyze the construction of the ode, not having some rule for verbs construed at memory — I think it was the important one of *mo fit ui*, as *vomo vomui* — the professor, with a shake of his head, which doubtless put all his sagacity into motion, told me very gravely I had yet something to learn. I ought to apologize to my reader for detaining him so long in the company of Professor Drone; but it is a link in the chain of my history, however rusty. To be brief, he engaged me as an assistant to his sublime college for three months; and had the vanity to assert, that in consequence of it I should become *fama super aethera notus*.

I was about to take leave of Mr. Drone, when his principal tutor entered the room, to whom he introduced me. Mr. George taught the Greek and Latin classics at the college, and was not less distinguished by his genius than his erudition. On surveying my new acquaintance, I could not but think that he deserved a better office than that of a gerund-grinder. Nature seemed to have set her seal on him to give the world assurance of a man. Mr. George laughed obstreperously at the pedantry of the professor. "Peace," said he, "to all such! Old Duffey, my first schoolmaster in Roscommon, concealed more learning under the coarseness of his brogue than Drone will ever display with all his rhetoric of declamation. It is true he can talk of Luitprandus, Bertholdus, and Lambertus; but an acquaintance with these writers, however it may display reading, discovers little judgment."

Two young men, of similar pursuits, soon become acquainted. The day of my introduction to Mr. George we exchanged thoughts without restraint; and during three months that I continued at Charleston we were inseparable companions.

I know not whether I was qualified to fill the vacant chair of instruction at the college; but I remember, that zealous to acquit myself with dignity in my new office, I assumed the aspect of a pedagogue, and when an idle boy stared at me, I checked him with a frown. I, however, was not ambitious of this honour more than six weeks; a space of time, which, though it cannot be long, may surely be tedious. The professor complained that I was always the last in the college; and I replied by desiring my discharge.

I was now dismissed from the college; but I was under no solicitude for my future life. A planter of the name of Brisbane had politely invited me to his plantation, to partake with him and his neighbours the diversion of hunting during the winter; and another of the name of Drayton, the owner of immense forests, had applied to me to live in his family, and undertake the tuition of his children. Of these proposals, the first flattered my love of ease, and the other insured me an augmentation of wealth. I was not long held in suspense which of the two to chuse; but I preferred the summons of industry to the blandishments of pleasure.

The winters of Carolina, however piercing to a native, who during the summer months may be said to bask rather than breathe, are mild to an Englishman accustomed to the frosts of his island. In the month of November my engagement led me to Coosohatchie,<sup>1</sup> an insignificant village about seventy-eight miles from Charleston; for the plantation of Mr. Drayton was in the neighbouring woods. The serenity of the weather invited the traveller to walk, and, at an early hour of the morning, I departed on foot from Charleston, having the preceding evening taken leave of Mr. George. The foot-traveller need not be ashamed of his mode of journeying. To travel on foot, is to travel like Plato and Pythagoras; and to these examples may be added the not less illustrious ones of Goldsmith and Rousseau. The rambles of the ancient sages are at this distance of time uncertain; but it is well known, that Goldsmith made the tour of Europe on foot, and that Rousseau walked, from choice, through a great part of Italy.

An agreeable walk of ten miles, brought me to the bank of Ashley River, where I breakfasted

<sup>1</sup> Coosawhatchie, Beaufort Co., S. C.

in a decent public-house with the landlord and his family. That man travels to no purpose who sits down alone to his meals. For my part, I love to mingle with the sons and daughters of industry; to mark the economy of their household, and compare their mode of living with that of the same class of people in my own country. The opulent of every nation are nearly the same; refinement has polished away the original stamp of character: the true estimate of manners is to be made among those in a middle rank of life.

Having crossed the ferry, I resumed my journey through a country which might be assimilated to one continued forest. Tall trees of pine, planted by the hand of nature in regular rows, bordered the road I travelled; and I saw no other animals, but now and then a flock of deer, which ceasing awhile to browse, looked up at me with symptoms of wonder rather than fear.

Along these lonely regions, where retir'd  
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells  
In awful solitude, and nought is seen  
But the wild herds that own no master's stall.

At three in the afternoon I reached Jacksonborough, the only town on the road from Charles-

ton to Coosohatchie. Though a foot-traveller, I was received at the tavern with every demonstration of respect; the landlord ushered me into a room which afforded the largest fire I had ever seen in my travels; yet the landlord, rubbing his hands, complained it was cold, and exclaimed against his negroes for keeping so bad a fire. "Here, Syphax," said he, "be quick and bring more wood: you have made, you rascal, a Charleston fire: fetch a stout backlog, or I'll make a backlog of you."

The exclamations of the landlord brought his wife into the room. She curtesied, and made many eloquent apologies for the badness of the fire; but added, that her waiting man Will had run away, and having whipped Syphax till his back was raw, she was willing to try what gentle means would do.

A dinner of venison and a pint of Madeira made me forget I had walked thirty miles; and it being little more than four o'clock, I proceeded forward on my journey. The vapours of a Spanish segar promoted cogitation, and I was lamenting the inequality of conditions in the world when night overtook me. I now redoubled my pace,

not without the apprehension that I should have to seek my lodgings in some tree, to avoid the beasts that prowled nightly in the woods; but the moon, which rose to direct me in my path, alleviated my perturbation, and in another hour I descried the blaze of a friendly fire through the casements of a log house. Imaginary are worse than real calamities; and the apprehension of sleeping in the woods was by far more painful than the actual experience of it would have been. The same Being who sends trials can also inspire fortitude.

The place I had reached was Asheepo,<sup>1</sup> a hamlet consisting of three or more log houses; and the inhabitants of every sex and age had collected round a huge elephant, which was journeying with his master to Savannah. Fortune had therefore brought me into unexpected company, and I could not but admire the docility of the elephant, who in solemn majesty received the gifts of the children with his trunk. But not so the monkey. This man of Lord Monboddo was inflamed with rage at the boys and girls; nor could the rebukes of his master calm the transports of his fury. I

<sup>1</sup> Ashepoo, Colleton Co., S. C.



entered the log house which accommodated travellers. An old negro man had squatted himself before the fire. "Well, old man," said I, "why don't you go out to look at the elephant?" "Hie! massa, he calf!" In fact the elephant came from Asia, and the negro from Africa, where he had seen the same species of animal, but of much greater magnitude. Travelling, says Shakespeare, acquaints a man with strange bedfellows; and there being only one bed in the log house, I slept that night with the elephant-driver. Mr. Owen was a native of Wales, but he had been a great traveller, and carried a map of his travels in his pocket.

Nothing shortens a journey more than good company on the road; so I departed after breakfast from Asheepo, with Mr. Owen, his elephant, and his monkey. Mr. Owen related to me the wonders of his elephant, which at some future day, I may perhaps publish in a separate treatise; but they would be irrelative to my present journey, which towards noon I was left to prosecute alone. The elephant, however docile, would not travel without his dinner; and Mr. Owen halted under a pine-tree to feed the mute companion

of his toils. For my own part, I dined at a solitary log house in the woods, upon exquisite venison. My host was a small planter, who cultivated a little rice, and maintained a wife and four children with his rifle. He had been overseer to a Colonel Fishborne, and owned half a dozen negroes; but he observed to me his property was running about at large, for four of them had absconded.

As I purposed to make Pocotaligo the end of my day's journey, I walked forward at a moderate pace; but towards evening I was roused from the reveries into which my walking had plunged me, by a conflagration in the woods. On either side of the road the trees were in flames, which extending to their branches, assumed an appearance both terrific and grotesque. Through these woods, belching flames and rolling smoke, I had to travel nearly a mile, when the sound of the negro's axe chopping of wood announced that I was near Pocotaligo. At Pocotaligo I learned that the conflagration in the woods arose from the carelessness of some backwoodsmen, who having neglected to extinguish their fires, the flames had extended in succession to the herbage and the trees.

I was somewhat surprised on entering the tavern at Pocotaligo, to behold sixteen or more chairs placed round a table which was covered with the choicest dishes; but my surprise ceased when the Savannah and Charleston stage-coaches stopped at the door, and the passengers flocked to the fire before which I was sitting. In the Charleston coach came a party of comedians. Of these itinerant heroes the greater part were my countrymen; and, as I was not travelling to see Englishmen, but Americans, I was not sorry when they retired to bed. I was in a worse condition at Pocotaligo than Asheepo; for at Pocotaligo the beds were so small that they would hold only respectively one person. Finding there was no bed to be procured, I seated myself in a nook of the chimney, called for wine and segars, and either attended to the conversation of the negro girls who had spread their blankets on the floor, or entertained myself with the half-formed notions of the landlord and coachman, who had brought their chairs to the fire, and were disputing on politics. Both Americans and English are subject to loquacious imbecility. Their subjects only differ. The Ameri-

can talks of his government, the Englishman of himself.

Early in the morning, I resumed my journey in the coach that was proceeding to Savannah; I had but a short distance more to go; for Coosohatchie is only ten miles from Pocotaligo. In journeying through America, the Indian names of places have always awakened in my breast a train of reflection; a single word will speak volumes to a speculative mind; and the names of Pocotaligo, and Coosohatchie, and Occoquan, have pictured to my fancy the havoc of time, the decay and succession of generations, together with the final extirpation of savage nations, who, unconscious of the existence of another people, dreamt not of invasions from foreign enemies, or inroads from colonists, but believed their power invincible, and their race eternal. I was put down at the post-office of Coosohatchie. The postmaster was risen, expecting the mail. He invited me to partake of a fire he had just kindled, before which a negro boy was administering pap to a sickly infant, whom the man always addressed by the Homeric title of My Son. I sat with the postmaster an hour, when I sought out the village

tavern, where with some trouble I knocked up a miserable negress, who, on my entrance, resumed her slumbers on an old rug spread before the embers of the kitchen fire, and snored in oblivion of all care. After all, I know not whether those whose condition wears the appearance of wretchedness, are not greater favourites of nature than the opulent. Nothing comes amiss to the slave; he will find repose on the flint, when sleep flies the eyelids of his master on a bed of down. I seated myself in a nook of the chimney till daylight, when the landlord came down; and, not long after, a servant was announced with horses, to conduct me to the house of Mr. Drayton. An hour's ride through a forest of stately pines, brought me to the plantation, where I was received with much affability by Mr. Drayton and his lady, and where I was doomed to pass the winter in the woods of Carolina.

## CHAPTER III

### MEMOIR OF MY LIFE IN THE WOODS OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Deep in the bosom of a lofty wood,  
Near Coosohatchie's slow-revolving flood,  
Where the blithe mocking-bird repeats the lay  
Of all the choir that warble from the spray;  
Where the soft fawn, and not less tim'rous hind,  
Beset by dogs, outstrip in speed the wind;  
Where the grim wolf, at silent close of day,  
With hunger bold, comes near the house for prey;  
Along the road, near yonder fields of corn,  
Where the soft dove resorts at early morn,  
There would my breast with love of Nature glow,  
And oft my thoughts in tuneful numbers flow;  
While friendly George, by ev'ry Muse belov'd,  
Smil'd his assent, and all my lays approv'd.

ABOUT half way on the road from Charleston to Savannah, is situated a little village called Coosohatchie, consisting of a blacksmith's shop, a courthouse, and a jail. A small river rolls its turbid

water near the place, on whose dismal banks are to be found many vestiges of the Indians that once inhabited them; and in the immeasurable forests of the neighbourhood (comprehended within the district of Coosohatchie), are several scattered plantations of cotton and of rice, whose stubborn soil the poor negro moistens with his tears, and

Whose sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week!

It was on one of these plantations that I passed the winter of 1798, and the spring of the following year. I lived in the family of Mr. Drayton, of whose children I had undertaken the tuition, and enjoyed every comfort that opulence could bestow.

To form an idea of Ocean Plantation, let the reader picture to his imagination an avenue of several miles, leading from the Savannah road, through a continued forest, to a wooden house, encompassed by rice-grounds, corn and cotton-fields. On the right, a kitchen and other offices: on the left, a stable and coach-house: a little further a row of negro huts, a barn and yard: the view of the eye bounded by lofty woods of

pine, oak and hickory. The solitude of the woods I found at first rather dreary; but the polite attention of an elegant family, a sparkling fire in my room every night, and a horse always at my command, reconciled me to my situation; and my impulse to sacrifice to the Muses, which had been repressed by a wandering life, was once more awakened by the scenery of the woods of Carolina. I indulged in the composition of lyric poetry, and when I had produced an ode, transmitted it to Freneau, at Charleston, who published it in his *Gazette*. But planters have little disposition for poetry, and the eye of the Carolina reader was diverted from my effusions by the more interesting advertisements for fugitive slaves; I was therefore apprehensive that my reputation would not become extended by the Muse when, at the distance of fourteen hundred miles, I found an eulogist in Mr. Dennie,<sup>1</sup> who conducted the only literary paper in the United States, and

<sup>1</sup> Dennie, Joseph (1768–1812), a native of Boston, graduated at Harvard University in 1790. In 1801 he established *The Port Folio*, which he conducted until his death in 1812. He enjoyed great reputation as a writer during his life. — Allibone.



whose praise was the more grateful from its being voluntary and remote. "As conductors of the only paper on our continent that is professedly literary, we consider it incumbent on us to pay the tribute of praise to certain easy poems which have appeared in the *Charleston Gazette*, and which instead of being dated from Parnassus, or Helicon, or at least from some town of our Union, appear to originate in an obscure hamlet, of the barbarous and wigwam name of Coosohatchie. Among the many pleasing effusions of this writer is an imitation of that exquisite ode in which Horace, under the name of Pyrrha, depicts the wiles of a courtesan. Mr. D., though stunned with Indian names, and resident among Indian readers, has a mind to comprehend the language and catch the spirit of a liberal Roman. There is, perhaps, no ode of Horace more difficult to render into English than the *Ode to Pyrrha*; and many are the versions that have been attempted without success, by writers distinguished for their classical attainments and liveliness of imagination. We, therefore, rejoice to find the task performed with felicity on a soil where genius sickens, and where fancy dies.

HORACE, Book i. Ode 5, Imitated

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa, &c.

TO PYRRHA

WHAT essenc'd youth, on bed of blushing roses,  
Dissolves away within thy glowing arms?  
Or with soft languor on thy breast reposes,  
Deeply enamour'd of thy witching charms?

For whom do now, with wantonness and care,  
Thy golden locks in graceful ringlets wave?  
What swain now listens to thy vows of air?  
For whom doth now thy fragrant bosom heave?

Alas! how often shall he curse the hour,  
Who, all-confiding in thy winning wiles,  
With sudden darkness views the heavens low'r,  
And finds, too late, the treach'ry of thy smiles.

Wretched are they, who, by thy beauty won,  
Believe thee not less amiable than kind:  
No more deluded, I thy charms disown,  
And give thy vows, indignant, to the wind.

We would recommend this writer if he should chuse, or be compelled to remain at Coosohatchie, or any other American town of barbarous etymology, to turn either usurer, speculator or jew. His poetry, however happy, will in this country experience only the fate of being

buried among the rubbish of advertisements for runaway negroes. Neither Horace, nor his imitator, will be inquired after; but 'What's the price of cotton? and how a yoke of bullocks?'"

My ardour of literary application, was increased by such spontaneous praise from a man whose writings were held in the highest estimation, and who was considered, from prescriptive veneration, the *American Arbiter Elegantiarum*. I now cultivated the lighter ode, and felicitated myself on having sacrificed to the laurelled god in the woods of Carolina. The common names of common towns, of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, awaken no curiosity, because every traveller has described them; but Coosohatchie, which has scarce ever reached the ear of an European, cannot but possess the recommendation of novelty from the Indian derivation of its name, and the wildness of its situation. I therefore rejoice at the destiny which brought me to the spot; and I envy not other travellers the magnificence of their cities.

The country near Coosohatchie exhibited with the coming spring a new and enchanting prospect. The borders of the forest were covered

with the blossoms of the dogwood, of which the white flowers caught the eye from every part; and often was to be seen the red-bud tree, which purpled the adjacent woods with its luxuriant branches; while, not infrequently, shrubs of jessamine, intermixed with the woodbine, lined the road for several miles. The feathered choir began to warble their strains, and from every tree was heard the song of the redbird, of which the pauses were filled by the mocking-bird, who either imitated the note with exquisite precision, or poured forth a ravishing melody of its own.

I commonly devoted my Sundays to the pleasure of exploring the country, and cheered by a serene sky, and smiling landscape, felt my breast awakened to the most rapturous sensations. I lifted my heart to that Supreme Being whose agency is everywhere confessed; and whom I traced in the verdure of the earth, the foliage of the trees, and the water of the stream. I have ever been of opinion, that God can be as well propitiated in a field as a temple; that he is not to be conciliated by empty protestations, but grateful feelings; and that the heart can be devout when

the tongue is silent. Yet there is always something wanting to sublunary felicity; and I confess, I felt very sensibly the privation of those hills which so agreeably diversify the country of Europe. I would exclaim in the animated language of Rousseau: *Jamais pays de plaine, quelque beau qu'il fut, ne parut tel à mes yeux. Il me faut des torrens, des rochers, des sapins, des bois noirs, des chemins raboteux à monter & à descendre des précipices à mes côtés qui me fassent bien peur.*

In my walk to Coosohatchie I passed here and there a plantation, but to have called on its owner without a previous introduction would have been a breach of that etiquette which has its source from the depravity of great cities, but has not failed to find its way into the woods of America. When I first beheld a fine lady drawn by four horses through the woods of Carolina in her coach, and a train of servants following the vehicle, clad in a magnificent livery, I looked up with sorrow at that luxury and refinement which are hastening with rapid strides to change the pure and sylvan scenes of nature into a theatre of pride and ostentation. When Venus enchanted Aeneas

with her presence in the woods, she was not attired in the dress of the ladies of Queen Dido's court but, huntress like, had hung from her shoulders a bow, and was otherwise equipped for the toils of the chase.

I remember, with lively pleasure, my residence in the woods of South Carolina. Enjoying health in its plenitude, yet young enough to receive new impressions; cultivating daily my taste by the study of polite literature; blest with the friendship of a George, and living in the bosom of a family unruffled by domestic cares; how could I be otherwise than happy, and how can I refrain from the pleasure of retrospection. Coosohatchie! thou shalt not be unknown, if, by what eloquence nature has given me I can call forth corresponding emotions in the breast of my reader to those which my own felt when wandering silently through thy woods.

My pupils, in the woods of Coosohatchie, consisted of a boy and two young ladies. William Henry was an interesting lad of fourteen, ingenuous of disposition, and a stranger to fear. He was fond to excess of the chase. His heart danced with joy at the mention of a deer; and he

blew his horn, called together his dogs, and hooped and hallooed in the woods, with an animation that would have done honour to a veteran sportsman. O! for the Muse of an Ovid, to describe the dogs of this young Actaeon. There were Sweetlips, and Ringwood, and Music, and Smoker, whose barking was enough to frighten the wood-nymphs to their caves.—His eldest sister Maria, though not a regular beauty, was remarkable for her dark eyes and white teeth, and, what was not less captivating, an amiable temper. She was grateful to me for my instruction, and imposed silence on her brother when I invoked the Muse in school. But it was difficult to controul her little sister Sally, whom in sport and wantonness they called Tibousa. This little girl was distinguished by the languish of her blue eyes, from which, however, she could dart fire when William offended her. Sally was a charming girl, whose beauty promised to equal that of her mother. That I passed many happy hours in watching and assisting the progress of the minds of these young people, I feel no repugnance to acknowledge. My long residence in a country where “honour and shame from no condition

rise," has placed me above the ridiculous pride of disowning the situation of a tutor.

Though the plantation of Mr. Drayton was immense, his dwelling was only a log house; a temporary fabric built to reside in during the winter. But his table was sumptuous, and an elegance of manners presided at it that might have vied with the highest circles of polished Europe. I make the eulogium, or rather exhibit the character of Mr. Drayton, in one word, by saying, he was a gentleman; for under that portraiture I comprehend whatever there is of honour. Nor can I refrain from speaking in panegyric terms of his lady, whose beauty and elegance were her least qualities; for she was a tender mother, a sincere friend, and walked humbly with her God. She was indeed deserving the solicitude of her husband, who would not suffer "the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly."

It is usual in Carolina to sit an hour at table after supper; at least it was our custom in the woods of Coosohatchie. It was then I related my adventures in the eastern section of the globe to Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, who not only endured my



tales, but were elated with my successes, and depressed by my misfortunes.

About ten I withdrew to my chamber and my books, where I found a sparkling fire of wood, and where I lucubrated, smoked segars, and was lost in my own musings.

The country in our neighbourhood consisted of lofty forests of pine, oak, and hickory. Well might I have exclaimed in the words of my poetical friend:

Around an endless wild of forests lies,  
And pines on pines for ever meet the eyes!

The land, as I have before suggested, was perfectly level. Not the smallest acclivity was visible, and therefore no valley rejoiced the sight with its verdure. The staple commodity of the State is rice; but cotton is now eagerly cultivated where the soil is adapted to the purpose. The culture of indigo is nearly relinquished. It attains more perfection in the East Indies, which can amply supply the markets of Europe. It is to the crop of cotton that the planter looks for the augmentation of his wealth. Of cotton there are two kinds; the sea-island and inland. The first is the most valuable. The ground is hoed for planting

the latter part of March; but as frosts are not infrequent the beginning of April, it is judicious not to plant before that time. Cotton is of a very tender nature. A frost, or even a chilling wind, has power to destroy the rising plant, and compel the planter to begin anew his toil. The winds in autumn are so tempestuous, that they tear up the largest trees by the roots. Homer, some thousand years ago, witnessed a similar scene:

Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown,  
The broad oaks crackle, and the sylvans groan;  
This way and that the rattling thicket bends,  
And the whole forest in one crash descends.

Of the feathered race, the mocking-bird first claims my notice. It is perfectly domestic, and sings frequently for hours on the roof of a log house. It is held sacred by the natives. Even children respect the bird whose imitative powers are so delightful. I heard the mocking-bird for the first time on the first day of March. It was warbling, close to my window, from a tree called by some the Pride of India, and by others Poison-berry Tree. Its song was faint, resembling that of birds hailing the rising sun; but it became stronger as the spring advanced.

The humming-bird was often caught in the bells of flowers. It is remarkable for its variegated plumage of scarlet, green and gold.

The whippoorwill, is heard after the last frost, when, towards night, it fills the woods with its melancholy cry of *WhippoorWill! WhippoorWill!* I remember to have seen mention made of this bird in a Latin poem, written by an early colonist:

*Hic avis repetens, Whip! Whip! Will, voce jocosâ,  
Quæ tota verno tempore nocte canit.*

The note of the redbird is imitated with nice precision by the mocking-bird; but there is a bird called the loggerhead that will not bear passively its taunts. His cry resembles *Clink, clink, clink*; which, should the mocking-bird presume to imitate it, he flies and attacks the mimic for his insolence. But this only incurs a repetition of the offense; so true is it that among birds as well as men anger serves only to sharpen the edge of ridicule. It is observable, that the loggerhead is known to suck the eggs of the mocking-bird, and devour the young ones in the nest.

Eagles were often seen on the plantation. The rencounter between one of them and a fish-hawk

is curious. When the fish-hawk has seized his prey, his object is to get above the eagle; but when unable to succeed, the king of birds darts on him fiercely, at whose approach the hawk, with a horrid cry, lets fall the fish, which the eagle catches in his beak before it descends to the ground.

The woods abound with deer, the hunting of which forms the chief diversion of the planters. I never failed to accompany my neighbours in their parties, but I cannot say that I derived much pleasure from standing several hours behind a tree. This mode of hunting, is, perhaps, not generally known. On riding to a convenient spot in the woods, the hunters dismount, take their stands at certain distances, hitch their horses to a tree, and prepare their guns, while a couple of negroes lead the beagles into the thickest of the forest. The barking of the dogs announces the deer are dislodged, and on whatever side they run the sportsmen fire at them from their lurking-places. The first day two bucks passed near my tree. I had heard the cry of the dogs, and put my gun on a whole cock. The first buck glided by me with the rapidity of lightning; but the

second I wounded with my fire, as was evident from his twitching his tail between his legs in the agony of pain. I heard Colonel Pastell exclaim from the next tree, after discharging his piece, "By heaven, that fellow is wounded, let us mount and follow him, — he cannot run far." I accompanied the venerable colonel through the woods, and in a few minutes, directed by the scent of a beagle, we reached the spot where the deer had fallen. It was a noble buck, and we dined on it like kings.

Fatal accidents sometimes attend the hunters in the woods. Two brothers, a few years ago, having taken their respective stands behind a tree, the elder fired at a deer which the dogs had started; but, his shot being diverted by a fence, it flew off and lodged in the body of his brother. The deer passing on, the wounded brother discharged his gun, which had been prepared, killed the animal, and staggering a few paces, expired himself. This disaster was related to me by Colonel Pastell and his son; Major Warley and Captain Pelotte, who lived on the neighbouring plantations, and composed our hunting-party.

After killing half a dozen deer, we assembled

by appointment at some planter's house, whither the mothers, and wives, and daughters of the hunters had got before us in their carriages. A dinner of venison, killed the preceding hunt, smoked before us; the richest Madeira sparkled in the glass, and we forgot in our hilarity, there was any other habitation for man but that of the woods. In this hunting-party was always to be found my pupil William Henry, who galloped through the woods, however thick or intricate; summoned his beagles, after the toil of the chase, with his horn; caressed the dog that had been the most eager in pursuit of the deer, and expressed his hope there would be good weather to hunt again the following Saturday. I did not repress this ardour in my pupil. I beheld it with satisfaction; for the man doomed to pass every winter in the woods, would find his life very irksome, could he not partake, with his neighbours, in the diversions they afford.

*Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,  
Indoctusque pilae, discive trochive quiescit,  
Ne spissae risum tollant impune coronae.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Ars Poetica*, 379.

Wolves were sometimes heard on the plantation in the night; and, when incited by hunger, would attack a calf and devour it. One night, however, some wolves endeavouring to seize a calf, the dam defended her offspring with such determined resolution, that the hungry assailants were compelled to retreat with the tail only of the calf, which one of them had bitten off.

Wildcats are very common and mischievous in the woods. When a sow is ready to litter, she is always enclosed with a fence or rails, for, otherwise, the wildcats would devour the pigs.

I generally accompanied my pupil into the woods in his shooting excursions, determined both to make havoc among birds and beasts of every description. Sometimes we fired in volleys at the flocks of doves that frequent the corn-fields; sometimes we discharged our pieces at the wild geese, whose empty cackling betrayed them; and once we brought down some paroquets, that were directing their course over our heads to Georgia. Nor was it an undelightful task to fire at the squirrels on the tops of the highest trees, who, however artful, could seldom elude the shot of my eager companion.

The affability and tenderness of this charming family in the bosom of the woods, will be ever cherished in my breast, and long recorded, I hope, in this page. My wants were always anticipated. The family library was transported without entreaty into my chamber; paper and the apparatus for writing, were placed on my table; and once having lamented that my stock of segars was nearly exhausted, a negro was dispatched seventy miles to Charleston for a supply of the best Spanish.

I conclude my description of this elegant family with an observation that will apply to every other that I have been domesticated in, on the Western Continent; — that cheerfulness and quiet always predominated, and that I never saw a brow clouded, or a lip opened in anger.

One diminution to the happiness of an European in the woods of Carolina is the reflection that every want is supplied him by slaves. Whatever may be urged on the subject of negroes, as the voice of millions could lend no support to falsehood, so no casuistry can justify the keeping of slaves. That negroes are human beings is confessed by their partaking with the rest of man-



kind in the faculty of speech, and power of combination. Now, no man being born a slave, but with his original rights, the supposed property of the master in the slave is an usurpation and not a right; because no one from being a person can become a thing. From this conviction should every good citizen promote the emancipation of negroes in America.

The negroes on the plantation, including house-servants and children, amounted to a hundred; of whom the average price being respectively seventy pounds, made them aggregately worth seven thousand to their possessor. Two families lived in one hut, and such was their unconquerable propensity to steal, that they pilfered from each other. I have heard masters lament this defect in their negroes. But what else can be expected from man in so degraded a condition, that among the ancients the same word implied both a slave and a thief?

Since the introduction of the culture of cotton in the State of South Carolina, the race of negroes has increased. Both men and women work in the field, and the labour of the rice-plantation formerly prevented the pregnant negress from bring-

ing forth a long-lived offspring. It may be established as a maxim that, on a plantation where there are many children, the work has been moderate. It may be incredible to some that the children of the most distinguished families in Carolina are suckled by negro women. Each child has its momma, whose gestures and accent it will necessarily copy; for children, we all know, are imitative beings. It is not unusual to hear an elegant lady say, "Richard always grieves when Quasheehaw is whipped, because she suckled him." If Rousseau in his *Émile* could inveigh against the French mother who consigned her child to a woman of her own colour to suckle, how would his indignation have been raised to behold a smiling babe tugging with its roseate lips at a dug of a size and colour to affright a satyr?

Of genius in negroes many instances may be recorded. It is true that Mr. Jefferson has pronounced the *Poems* of Phillis Wheatley<sup>1</sup> below

<sup>1</sup> Wheatley, Phillis. *Memoir and Poems of Phillis Wheatley, a native African and a Slave.* Dedicated to the Friends of the Africans. Boston. Published by George W. Light. 1834. 12mo. pp. 103.

the dignity of criticism and it is seldom safe to differ in judgment from the author of *Notes on Virginia*. But her conceptions are often lofty, and her versification often surprises with unexpected refinement. Ladd,<sup>1</sup> the Carolina poet, in enumerating the bards of his country, dwells with encomium on "Wheatly's polished verse;" nor is his praise undeserved, for often it will be found to glide in the stream of melody. Her lines on *Imagination* have been quoted with rapture by Imlay of Kentucky,<sup>2</sup> and Steadman the Guiana

<sup>1</sup> Ladd, William, was born at Newport, Rhode Island, in 1755. In 1786 he became engaged in a newspaper controversy, in Charleston, upon some political matter. This led to a personal misunderstanding, and a challenge was sent him, and accepted. A duel was fought, and Ladd received a wound which was not considered dangerous; but this unhappy man was languishing in despair, and had become weary of life. He refused all medical aid, and a mortification ensued. He died in his thirty-third year. A collection of his writings was published at Charleston in 1786, with the title of "The Poems of Arouet." It is said this volume contains but a small portion of his best poems, and that the most of his epistles to Amanda are now lost. — Kettell: *Specimens of American Poetry*. 1829. Vol. I, p. 334.

<sup>2</sup> Imlay, Gilbert, author, born in New Jersey about 1750. He was a captain in the American army during the Revolutionary war, and after its termination emi-

traveller; but I have ever thought her happiest production, the *Goliath of Gath*.

Of Ignatius Sancho<sup>1</sup> Mr. Jefferson also speaks neglectingly; and remarks that he substitutes sentiment for argumentation. But I know not that argumentation is required in a familiar *epistle*; and Sancho, I believe, has only published his *Correspondence*.

Before I quit the woods of Coosohatchie, it will be expected from me to fill the imagination of my reader with the “vengeful terrors of the rattle-

grated to Kentucky. During his stay in Kentucky, Imlay wrote glowing descriptions of the country in a series of letters to a friend in England. These were revised and embodied in a volume styled “A Topographical Description of the Western Territory of North America.” Imlay was also the author of “The Emigrants, or the History of an Exiled Family,” a novel (3 vols., London, 1793). — Appleton’s Cyclopaedia of American Biography.

<sup>1</sup> Sancho, Ignatius, the child of African parents, b. 1729, on board of a slave-ship, a few days after it had left the coast of Guinea for the Spanish West Indies, was patronized by the Duke and Duchess of Montague, domiciled as servant with three maiden sisters near Greenwich, England, and ended his days in 1780 as the proprietor of a grocery-store. He published an essay on the theory of music, was a judge of painting, and composed dramas and poems. — Allibone.

snake," that meditates destruction to the unwary. Were I really pleased with such tales, I would not content myself with the story of the fascinating power of a rattlesnake over birds, but relate how a negro was once irresistibly charmed and devoured.

Vegetation is singularly quick in the woods of Carolina. Of flowers, the jessamine and woodbine grow wild; but the former differs widely from that known by the same name in England, being of a straw colour, and having large bells. Violets perfume the woods and roads with their fragrance. In bogs and marshy situations is found the singular plant called the fly-catcher by the natives, and, I believe, *dionaea muscipula* by botanists. Its jointed leaves are furnished with two rows of strong prickles, of which the surfaces are covered with a quantity of minute glands that secrete a sweet liquor, which allures the flies. When these parts are touched by the legs of a fly, the two lobes of the leaf immediately rise, the rows of prickles compress themselves, and squeeze the unwary insect to death. But a straw or pin introduced between the lobes will excite the same motions.

The honey of the bees in Carolina is exquisitely delicious, and these insects are very sagacious in chusing their retreats. They seek lodgings in the upper part of the trunk of the loftiest tree; but here their nests cannot elude the searching eyes of the negroes and children. The tree is either scaled, or cut down, the bees are tumbled from their honeyed domes, and their treasures rifled.

*“ Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes! ”*

These are the few observations that I made on the productions of nature before me; a study I have ever considered subordinate when compared to that of life. I have used only the popular names, though without any labour I could have dignified my page with terms of the naturalist; for I had all the Latin phrases at the end of my pen. But I return from brutes to man, though many readers may be of opinion that in exhibiting the cruelty and wantonness of planters over their slaves I change not the subject.

It appears to me that in Carolina the simplicity of the first colonists is obliterated, and that the present inhabitants strive to exceed each other in

the vanities of life. Slight circumstances often mark the manners of a people. In the opulent families there is always a negro placed on the lookout to announce the coming of any visitant; and the moment a carriage or horseman is descried, each negro changes his every-day garb for a magnificent suit of livery. As the negroes wear no shirts, this is quickly effected; and in a few moments a ragged fellow is metamorphosed into a spruce footman. And woe to them should they neglect it; for their master would think himself disgraced, and Sambo and Cuffey incur a severe flogging.

In Carolina the legislative and executive powers of the house belong to the mistress. The master has little or nothing to do with the administration; he is a monument of uxoriousness and passive endurance. The negroes are not without the discernment to perceive this; and when the husband resolves to flog them they often throw themselves at the feet of the wife, and supplicate her mediation. But the ladies of Carolina, and particularly those of Charleston, have little tenderness for their slaves; on the contrary, they send both their men slaves and women slaves, for

the most venial trespass, to a hellish mansion called the sugar-house: here a man employs inferior agents to scourge the poor negroes: a shilling for a dozen lashes is the charge. The man, or woman, is stripped naked to the waist; a redoubtable whip at every lash flays the back of the culprit, who, agonized at every pore, rends the air with his cries. Mrs. D—— informed me that a lady of Charleston once observed to her, that she thought it abominably dear to pay a shilling for a dozen lashes, and, that having many slaves, she would bargain with the man at the sugar-house to flog them by the year!

It has been observed by Mr. Jefferson that negroes, secreting little by the kidneys, but much by the pores, exhale a strong effluvia. But great is the power of habit; and in the hottest day of summer, when the thermometer in the shade has risen to a hundred, I have witnessed a dinner-party of ladies and gentlemen surrounded by a tribe of lusty negro men and women. I leave my reader to draw the inference.

Of the understanding of negroes the masters in Carolina have a very mean opinion. But it is obvious to a stranger of discernment that the sen-



timents of black Cuffey who waits at table, are often not less just or elevated than those of his white ruler, into whose hand Fortune, by one of her freaks, has put the whip of power. Nor is there much difference in their language; for many planters seem incapable of displaying their sovereignty by any other mode than menaces and imprecations. Indeed, it must occur to everyone, that were things to be reorganised in their natural order, the master would, in many parts of the globe, exchange places with his servant.

An Englishman cannot but draw a proud comparison between his own country and Carolina. He feels with a glow of enthusiasm the force of the poet's exclamation:

Slaves cannot breathe in England; . . .  
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud  
And jealous of the blessing.

[COWPER.]

It is, indeed, grating to an Englishman to mingle with society in Carolina; for the people, however well-bred in other respects, have no delicacy before a stranger in what relates to their slaves. These wretches are execrated for every

involuntary offence; but negroes endure execrations without emotion, for they say, "When massa curse, he break no bone." But every master does not confine himself to oaths; and I have heard a man say, "By heaven, my negurs talk the worst English of any in Carolina; that boy just now called a bason a round something: take him to the driver! let him have a dozen!"

Exposed to such wanton cruelty the negroes frequently run away; they flee into the woods, where they are wet with the rains of heaven, and embrace the rock for want of a shelter. Life must be supported; hunger incites to depredation, and the poor wretches are often shot like the beasts of prey. When taken, the men are put in irons, and the boys have their necks encircled with a "pot-hook." The Charleston papers abound with advertisements for fugitive slaves. I have a curious advertisement now before me:—"Stop the runaway! Fifty dollars reward! Whereas my waiting-fellow, Will, having eloped from me last Saturday, without any provocation, (it being known that I am a humane master), the above reward will be paid to any one who will lodge the

aforesaid slave in some jail, or deliver him to me on my plantation at Liberty Hall. Will may be known by the incisions of the whip on his back; and I suspect has taken the road to Coosohatchie, where he has a wife and five children, whom I sold last week to Mr. Gillespie.

A. LEVI."

Thus are the poor negroes treated in Carolina. Indeed, planters usually consider their slaves as beings defective in understanding; an opinion that excites only scorn from the philosopher. The human soul possesses faculties susceptible of improvement, without any regard to the colour of the skin. It is education that makes the difference between the master and the slave. Shall the imperious planter say, that the swarthy sons of Africa, who now groan under his usurpation of their rights, would not equal him in virtue, knowledge and manners, had they been born free, and with the same advantages in the scale of society? It is to civilization that even Europeans owe their superiority over the savage; who knows only how to hunt and fish, to hew out a canoe from a tree, and construct a wretched hut; and but for this, the inhabitants of Britain had still bent the

bow, still clothed themselves in skins, and still traversed the woods.

No climate can be hotter than that of South Carolina and Georgia. In the piazza of a house at Charleston, when a breeze has prevailed, and there has been no other building near to reflect the heat of the sun, I have known the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer to stand at 101. In the night it did not sink below 89. Animal heat I ascertained to be less than the heat of the weather. By confining the thermometer to the hottest part of my body, I found the mercury subside from 101 to 96. In fact, I never could raise the thermometer higher than 96 by animal heat.<sup>1</sup> In a voyage to the East Indies I kept a regular account of the height of the thermometer, both in the sun and the shade. My journal is now before me. At eight in the morning, when our ship was on the equator, the thermometer in the shade was only 77 degrees; and the same day in the sun at noon it was 99.<sup>2</sup> It may be advanced that the

<sup>1</sup> Boerhaave fixed the vital heat at only 92 degrees; but both Sir Isaac Newton and Fahrenheit have made it 96.

<sup>2</sup> I have found, since making these observations, that

pavements of Charleston, and the situation of Savannah, which is built on a sandy eminence, may augment the heat of the weather ; but be that as it may, it is, I think, incontrovertible, that no two places on the earth are hotter than Savannah and Charleston. I do not remember that the thermometer in the shade at Batavia exceeded 101.

But if the heat of the weather in the southernmost States be excessive, not less sudden are its changes. In fact, so variable is the weather, that one day not infrequently exhibits the vicissitudes of the four seasons. The remark of an early colonist is more than poetically true :

*Hic adeo inconstans est, et variable caelum,  
Una ut non raro est aestus hiemsque die.*

I have known one day the mercury to stand at 85; and the next it has sunk to 39. But it is from the middle of June to the middle of September that the excessive heats prevail. It is then the

from nearly 4000 experiments made at Madras, the medium height of the thermometer was 80,9. The general greatest height, 87,1; and the least, 75,5. The extreme difference 11,1/2.

debilitating quality of the weather consigns the languid lady to her sofa, who, if she lets fall her pocket-handkerchief, has not strength to pick it up, but calls to one of her black girls, who is all life and vigour. Hence there is a proportion of good and evil in every condition; for a negro girl is not more a slave to her mistress than her mistress to a sofa; and the one riots in health while the other has every faculty enervated. Negroes are remarkably tolerant of heat. A negro in the hottest month will court a fire.

From the black there is an easy transition to the white man. Society in Carolina exhibits not that unrestrained intercourse which characterises English manners. And this remark will apply throughout the States of the Union. The English have been called reserved; and an American who forms his notions of their manners from Addison and Steele, entertains a contemptible opinion of the cheerfulness that prevails in the "nook-shotten isle of Albion." But let the cheerfulness of both countries be fairly weighed, and I believe the scale will preponderate in favour of the English. That quality termed humour is not indigenious to America. The pleasantries of a droll

would not relax the risible muscles of a party of Americans, however disposed to be merry; the wag would feel no encouragement from the surrounding countenances to exert his laughter-moving powers; but, like the tyrant in the tragedy, he would be compelled to swallow the poison that was prepared for another. Cotton in Carolina, and horse-racing in Virginia, are the prevailing topics of conversation: these reduce every understanding to a level, and to these Americans return from the ebullitions of the humourist, as the eye weary of contemplating the sun rejoices to behold the verdure.

Captain Pelotte, who, I have observed, composed one of our hunting-party, having invited me to the review of the militia of Coosohatchie district, I rode with him to the muster-field near Bee's Creek, where his troop was assembled. It was a pleasant spot of thirty acres, belonging to a schoolmaster, who educated the children of the families in the neighbourhood. — There is scarcely any contemplation more pleasing than the sight of a flock of boys and girls just let loose from school. Those whom nature designed for an active, enterprising life, will contend for being

the foremost to cross the threshold of the school-door; while others of a more wary temper keep remote from the strife. — A throng of boys and girls was just released from the confinement of the school as I reached Bee's Creek with Captain Pelotte. Our horses and they were mutually acquainted. The beasts pricked up their ears, and some of the children saluted them by name; while some, regardless of both the horses and their riders, were earnestly pursuing butterflies; some stooping to gather flowers; some chaunting songs; and all taking the road that led to the muster-field. If ever I felt the nature that breathes through Shenstone's school poem, it was on beholding this band of little men and little women:

And now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,  
And Liberty unbars her prison door,  
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,  
And now the grassy cirque have cover'd o'er  
With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;  
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,  
Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!  
For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,  
[Be to Columbia's sons] more gladsome than the sun!

Captain Pelotte, having reviewed his soldiers, marched them triumphantly round a huge oak



that grew in the centre of the parade, animated by the sound of the spirit-stirring drum; and afterwards laid siege to a dinner of venison in the open air, to which I gave my assistance. It was a republican meal. Captain, lieutenants, and privates, all sat down together at table, and mingled in familiar converse. But the troop devoured such an enormous quantity of rice that I was more than once inclined to believe they had emigrated from China.

On the 7th of April, 1799, I accepted the invitation of a Mr. Wilson, who was visiting the family at Ocean, to accompany him to Savannah; glad with the opportunity to extend my travels into Georgia, and not less happy to cultivate his acquaintance. We left Ocean plantation at eight in the morning. Mr. Wilson drove himself in a sulky, and I rode on horseback, followed by a servant on another. Our journey offered nothing to the view but an uncultivated tract, or one continued pine-barren; for Priesburg is a village composed of only three houses, and Barnazoba can boast only the same number of plantations.

Having refreshed ourselves in the house of

Mr. Hayward's overseer (the lady was gone to Charleston), we waded from Barnazoba, through mud and mire, to the mouth of a creek, where we embarked with a couple of negroes in a canoe, and were paddled into a small river that empties itself into that of Savannah. Again we landed, and walked about a mile to another plantation, of which the white people were absent, but the negroes remained. "Jee Chri!" exclaimed a negro wench; "too much buckra come here today, for true!" Here we launched a large canoe, and were rowed to my companion's plantation; dining on the water in our passage thither. The negroes of the plantation beheld the coming of Mr. Wilson with joy; old and young of both sexes came to the landing-place to welcome his approach. The canoe was in a moment run high and dry upon the beach, and the air resounded with acclamations.

We left the plantation in a four-oared canoe, and were rowed with velocity up the beautiful river of Savannah. Quantities of alligators were basking in the sun on both shores. They brought to my recollection the happy description of Ariosto:

*Vive sul lito, e dentro alla rivera;  
E i corpi umani son le sue vivande,  
Delle persone misere ed incaute  
Di viandanti e d' infelice naute.*

[ARIOSTO.]

This animal, says the poet, lives on the river and its banks; preying on human flesh: the bodies of unwary travellers, of passengers, and of sailors.

We landed at Yamacraw, the name given by the Indians to the spot on which part of Savannah is built; and after ploughing through one or two streets of sand, we reached Dillon's boarding-house, where we were obligingly received, and comfortably accommodated. There was a large party at supper, composed principally of cotton-manufacturers from Manchester, whose conversation operated on me like a dose of opium. Cotton! cotton! cotton! cotton! was their never-ceasing topic. Oh! how many travellers would have devoured up their discourse; for my part I fell asleep, and nodded till a negro offered to light me to my room.

Savannah is built on a sandy eminence. Let the English reader picture to himself a town erected on the cliffs of Dover, and he will behold Savannah. But the streets are so insupportably

sandy that every inhabitant wears goggles over his eyes, which gives the people an appearance of being in masquerade. When the wind is violent Savannah is a desert scene.

Having purchased a little edition of Mrs. Smith's sonnets, my delight was to ascend the eminence which commands the view of the river, and read my book, undisturbed. With my pencil I wrote on my tablets the following sonnet to the author :

SONNET TO CHARLOTTE SMITH

BLEST Poetess! who tell'st so soft thy woe,  
I love to ponder o'er thy mournful lay,  
In climes remote, where wan, forlorn and slow,  
To the wash'd strand I bend my listless way.

Now, on Savannah's cliffs I wayward read,  
In joy of grief, thy pity-moving strain,  
While smiles afar the variegated mead,  
And not a wave disturbs the tranquil main.

Like thee, the Muse has from my infant hours,  
With smiles alluring won me to the grove;  
Snatch'd, in a playful mood, some scatter'd flow'rs  
To deck my head, gay emblems of her love:  
But mine of light, deceitful hues are made,  
While thine of bloom perennial ne'er will fade.

The 11th of April I returned with Mr. Wilson to the woods of Coosohatchie, which, I found Mr. Drayton and family, about to leave to their original tenants of raccoons, squirrels and opossums.

## CHAPTER IV

It was in the month of May, 1799, that Mr. Drayton and his family exchanged the savage woods of Coosohatchie for the politer residence of their mansion on Ashley River. In our migration we formed quite a procession. Mr. Drayton occupied the coach with his lady and youngest daughter, and I advanced next with my fair pupil in a chair, followed by William Henry, on a prancing nag, and half a dozen negro fellows, indifferently mounted, but wearing the laced livery of an opulent master. Thus hemmed in by the coach before, a troop of horsemen behind, and impenetrable woods on both sides, I could not refrain from whispering in the ear of my companion that her friends had put it out of my power to run away with her that day.

About three in the afternoon, our journey being suspended by the heat of the weather, we stopped to eat a cold dinner, in a kind of lodge that had

been erected by some hunters on the roadside, and which now hospitably accommodated a family travelling through the woods. Here we took possession of the benches round the table to enjoy our repast: turning the horses loose to seek the shade; and cooling our wine in a spring that murmured near the spot. William Henry, having snatched a morsel, got ready his fowling-piece, to penetrate the woods in search of wild turkeys; and while we were rallying him on his passion for shooting, the cry from a negro of a rattlesnake! disturbed our tranquillity. The snake was soon visible to every eye, dragging its slow length along the root of a large tree, and directing its attention to a bird, which chattered and fluttered from above, and seemed irresistibly disposed to fall into its distended jaws. London, a negro servant, had snatched up a log, and was advancing to strike the monster a blow in the head, when a blacksnake, hastening furiously to the spot, immediately gave battle to the rattlesnake, and suspended, by his unexpected appearance, the power of the negro's arm. We now thought we had got into a nest of snakes, and the girls were screaming with fright, when William Henry, taking an

unerring aim with his gun, shot the rattlesnake, in the act of repulsing his enemy. The blacksnake, without a moment's procrastination, returned into the woods, and profiting by his example, we all pursued our journey, except William Henry, who stopped with a negro to take out the rattles of the monster he had killed. My pupil presented me with these rattles, which I carried for three years in my pocket, and finally gave them to the son of a Mr. Andrews, of Warminster, who had emigrated to Baltimore, and had been to me singularly obliging.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Much has been said by travellers of the fascinating power of snakes in America. *Credat Judaeus Apella!* Things are best illustrated by comparison. It is known to almost every man who has not passed his days in the smoke of London, Salisbury, or Bristol, but, incited by the desire of knowledge, has made a tour into the country, that birds will flutter their wings, and exhibit the utmost agitation, at the approach of a fox near a tree on which they are perched. Filled with the same dread, a bird in America cannot refrain from fluttering over a snake; and the American snakes, however inferior in cunning to the English foxes, being endued with more perseverance, fear deprives the bird of motion, and it falls into his jaws. It is by thus tracing effects to their causes that truth is promulgated; and hence I am enabled to detect and expose the fallaciousness of the opinion that there is any charm or fascination in the eye of a snake.



The garden of Mr. Drayton's mansion led to the bank of Ashley River, which, after a rapid course of twenty miles, discharged itself into the Atlantic. The river was not wanting in picturesque-ness, and, once, while stretched at my ease on its banks, I meditated an ode.

#### ODE ON ASHLEY RIVER

ON gentle Ashley's winding flood,  
Enjoying philosophic rest ;  
I court the calm, umbrageous wood,  
No more with baleful care oppress.  
Or, on its banks supinely laid,  
The distant mead and field survey,  
Where branching laurels form a shade  
To keep me from the solar ray.  
While flows the limpid stream along,  
With quick meanders through the grove,  
And from each bird is heard the song  
Of careless gaiety and love.  
And when the moon, with lustre bright,  
Around me throws her silver beam,  
I catch new transport from the sight,  
And view her shadow in the stream.  
While whippoorwill repeats his tale,  
That echoes from the boundless plain ;  
And blithesome from the passing gale  
The mocking-bird pours out his strain.

Hence with a calm, contented mind,  
Sweet pleasure comes without alloy;  
Our own felicity we find —  
'T is from the heart springs genuine joy.

An elder brother of Mr. Drayton was our neighbour on the river; he occupied, perhaps, the largest house and gardens in the United States of America. Indeed I was now breathing the politest atmosphere in America; for our constant visitants were the highest people in the State, and possessed of more house servants than there are inhabitants at Occoquan. These people never moved but in a carriage, lolled on sofas instead of sitting on chairs, and were always attended by their negroes to fan them with a peacock's feather.

From Ashley River, after a short residence, we removed to Charleston, which was full of visitors from the woods, and exhibited a motley scene. Here was to be perceived a coachee, without a glass to exclude the dust, driven by a black fellow, not less proud of the livery of luxury than the people within the vehicle were of a suit made in the fashion. There was to be discovered a Carolinian buck, who had left off essences and

powder, and, in what related to his hair, resembled an ancient Roman; but in the distribution of his dress was just introducing that fashion in Charleston which was giving way in succession to another in London. But he had an advantage over his transatlantic rival; he not only owned the horse he rode, but the servant who followed. To be brief, such is the pride of the people of Charleston that no person is seen on foot unless it be a mechanic or some mechanical tutor. He who is without horses and slaves incurs always contempt. The consideration of property has such an empire over the mind that poverty and riches are contemplated through the medium of infamy and virtue. Even negroes are infected with this idea; and Cuffey shall be heard to exclaim, "He great blackguard that; he got no negur. Where his horse? He alway walk."

I found my friend Doctor de Bow in high repute at Charleston, and not without the hope that he should soon keep his carriage. *Scribimus indocti doctique*. He was busy in writing a piece for the *Medical Repository* at New York; that is, he was communicating his thoughts in a letter to the great Doctor Mitchel. His object was to

undermine the fame of the Charleston physicians by exposing the impropriety of their treatment in the croup; a complaint commonly prevalent in the southern States of the Union. "This treatise," whispered the doctor, "will make me be called in to children; and if I once get the child for a patient, I shall soon have the parents. Oh! that I could only express my thoughts on paper! I would carry everything before me. But writing and talking require very different qualifications. Impudence will make an orator; but to write well requires reading digested by reflection."

The doctor entreated I would lend him my assistance to write his *Essay on the Croup*. I begged to be excused, by professing my utter unacquaintance with the mode of treating the disease.

"No matter," said the doctor. "How to treat the disease no man knows better than I; but treating it and writing a treatise on it are things widely different. Come! let me dictate to you the heads of the discourse, and do you lengthify and ramify them *secundum artem* into a treatise. Quote a good deal of Latin, and dignify your style with all the hard words you can remember. But let the

title be powerful; let it smite the eye of the reader with irresistible force. For the *Medical Repository!* New, but unanswerable objections against the present mode of treating the croup, by the physicians of Charleston; communicated in a letter to Dr. Mitchel, by W. de Bow, M.D. *Nul-lius addictus jurare in verba magistri!*”

“Bravo,” cried I. “And now doctor for a few words of introduction to the philippic.”

“That, sir, you shall have; I never could endure a play without a prologue. Why, say (but write the first word in capitals), Physicians, however they may be established and in vogue, are yet liable to be mistaken in their prognostics and diagnostics. *Humanum est errare!*”

The doctor was here interrupted by a negro boy, who called him to attend his master in the last stage of the yellow fever. The doctor immediately slipped on a black coat, put his enormous spectacles on his nose, and snatching up his gold-headed cane, followed the negro down stairs.

Having leisure for some literary undertaking, I issued a prospectus for the publication of *Two Voyages to the East Indies*. The work was to be comprised in an octavo volume, and delivered to

subscribers for two dollars. Mr. Drayton, without hesitation, subscribed for ten copies; and in a few weeks I could boast a long list of subscribers from the circles of fashion. Shortly after, the *Farmer's Museum*,<sup>1</sup> published in New Hampshire, was found to contain a curious notice on the subject: "The translator of *Buonaparte's Campaign*, whose poetry we have praised in a former *Museum*, has issued a subscription-paper for the publication of *Two Voyages to the East Indies*. From the genius of this gentleman we have the strongest reason to conclude that his work will be a pleasing production. But these are costermonger times for his book, and ere the date of fresh literary disappointment begin, he should remember that if in any of the peddling streets of Charleston, Philadelphia, Boston, or New York, he were to expose for sale a single bale of gurrahs, or a hummum, it would advance his fortune and reputation more than by writing volumes of instructive or amusing narrative. We wish this writer success; to ensure it, let him

<sup>1</sup> *Farmer's Weekly Museum*. Founded in 1790, at Walpole, N. H. Dennie became editor in 1796. The publisher became bankrupt in 1798.

direct his bookseller to make a shipment to England of the whole impression."

It is difficult to say whether this encomium of Mr. Dennie promoted or retarded the subscription to the volume; but it was of little consequence; for, notwithstanding my friend George wrote a poetical epistle for the work, I contented myself with abridging it for my own amusement.

To avoid the fever, which every summer commits its ravages at Charleston, Mr. Drayton removed with his family, in July, to a convenient house on Sullivan's Island. The front windows commanded a view of the Atlantic, whose waves broke with fury not a hundred yards from the door. It is almost superfluous to observe that Sullivan's Island lies opposite to Charleston, at the distance of eight miles. Passage-boats are always to be procured from Sullivan's Island to Charleston, and I was introduced by my friend to an Irish clergyman, of the name of Best, who was attached to Mr. George, partly from his being an Irishman, and partly from esteem for his attainments. Mr. Best communicated to me a few anecdotes relative to Goldsmith, which I minuted down in his presence.

“*The Deserted Village*,” said he, “relates to scenes in which Goldsmith was an actor. Auburn is a poetical name for the village of Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath Barony, Kilkenny West. The name of the schoolmaster was Paddy Burns. I remember him well. He was indeed a man severe to view. A woman called Walsey Cruse kept the alehouse.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlour splendours of that festive place.<sup>1</sup>

I have been often in the house. The hawthorn-bush was remarkably large, and stood opposite the alehouse. I was once riding with Brady, titular Bishop of Ardagh, when he observed to me, ‘Ma foy, Best, this huge, overgrown bush is mightily in the way; I will order it to be cut

<sup>1</sup> Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,  
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,  
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts  
inspired,  
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,  
Where village statesmen talked, with looks profound,  
And news much older than their ale went round.  
Imagination fondly stoops to trace  
The parlour splendours of that festive place.

Goldsmith: *The Deserted Village*.



down.' 'What, sir,' said I, 'cut down Goldsmith's hawthorn-bush, that supplies so beautiful an image in the *Deserted Village!*' 'Ma foy!' exclaimed the bishop, 'is that the hawthorn-bush! Then ever let it be sacred to the edge of the axe, and evil to him that would cut from it a branch.' "

No families are more migratory than those of Carolina. From Sullivan's Island we went again to the mansion on Ashley River, where I had invitations to hunt, to feast and to dance. But nothing could soothe the despondency I felt on the approaching return of Mr. Drayton to the woods of Coosohatchie. He guessed the cause of my woebegone looks, and, rather than be deprived of my services, politely offered to pass the winter on the banks of Ashley River. Nay, he even proposed to send his son, when the war terminated, to make with me the tour of the continent of Europe. There are few men that in my situation would have resisted such allurements; but I dreaded the tainted atmosphere that had dispatched so many of my countrymen to the house appointed for all living; and, filled with apprehension, I left this charming family, in whose bosom I had been so kindly cherished, to seek

another climate, and brave again the rigours of adversity.<sup>1</sup>

The fifteenth of December, 1799, I rode from Ashley River to Charleston, with the design of proceeding to Georgetown, and visiting the academic bowers of my friend. I had again determined to travel on foot, and enjoy the meditations

<sup>1</sup> The mortality among foreigners during the summer months, at Charleston, is incredibly great. Few Europeans escape that plague of plagues, the yellow fever. The attack is always sudden, and lays hold of the strongest. He whose veins glowed but yesterday with health shall today be undergoing the agonies of the damned. The temporal arteries of the wretched victim are ready to burst; black vomiting ensues; the skin turns yellow; the man so lately rioting in lustihood, is without the strength of the child, and, his tongue lolling out, he dies delirious.

What now avail

The strong-built, sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders?  
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,  
Mad with his pains!  
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!  
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom  
Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,  
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?  
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,  
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,  
Lies still.

Blair: *The Grave.*

produced from walking and smoking amidst the awful solitude of the woods. Having provided myself with a pouch of Havannah segars, and put a poem into my pocket, which Mr. George had composed over the grave of a stranger on the road, I crossed the ferry at Cooper's River, and began my journey from a spot that retains the aboriginal name of Hobcaw.

In travelling through an endless track of pines, a man can find few objects to describe, but he may have some reflections to deliver. I was journeying through endless forests, that, once inhabited by numerous races of Indians, were now without any individual of their original possessors; for the diseases and luxuries introduced by the colonist had exterminated the greater number, and the few wretches that survived had sought a new country beyond the rivers and mountains. For the first fifteen miles of my journey I encountered no human being but a wayfaring German; and heard no sound but that of the woodpecker,<sup>1</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> The woodpecker of Carolina, in striking his beak against a tree, makes a quick, sharp noise, which he keeps up for some time by repetition. An emigrant planter, on first hearing it, was terrified beyond measure; and ran,

the noise of the negro's axe felling trees. There was no other object to employ the sight, and no other noise to disturb the repose of the desert. I supped and slept at a solitary tavern kept by young Mr. Dubusk, whose three sisters might have sat to a painter for the Graces. Delicate were their shapes, transparent their skins, and the fire of their eyes drove the traveller to madness. Finding my young landlord companionable, I asked him why he did not pull down the sign of General Washington that was over his door, and put up the portrait of his youngest sister. "That," said he, "would be a want of modesty; and, besides, if Jemima is really handsome she can want no effigy; for good wine, as we landlords say, needs no bush."

Mr. Dubusk was a mighty great dancer. Indeed, he would frequently fall a capering, unconscious of being observed. But he swore he would dance no more in the daytime, because it was ungentleel. We drew our chairs near the fire after supper, when Mr. Dubusk did his utmost to entertain me. He related that, only a few nights pale and quaking, to his house, calling out, "A rattlesnake! oh, a rattlesnake!"

before, some sparks had put a black pudding into his bed, which, by the moonlight through his window, his apprehension magnified into a black-snake, and made him roar out Murder!

“What,” cried I, “can you, who are a native of Carolina, be afraid of a snake?” “Not,” said he, “if I meet him on the road, or in the woods. I wish I had as many acres of land as I have killed rattlesnakes in this country. My plantation would be a wide one.” — Mr. Dubusk was somewhat of a wag. Being called on after supper to sing the patriotic song of Hail Columbia, he parodied it with much drollery:

Hail Columbia! happy land!  
Full of pines and burning sand!

At this I was surprised, for Hail Columbia exacts not less reverence in America than the Marseillaise Hymn in France, and Rule Britannia in England.

Before I quit the subject of Mr. Dubusk I will mention a delicacy of conduct which I could not but remark in him, and which I record for the imitation of American planters. Having thoughtlessly chastised a negro boy in the room, he apol-

ogized for doing it before me; a circumstance which verified the observation that good breeding is the natural result of good sense.

The next morning, Mr. Dubusk walked with me a few miles on my road; but my companion having business at a plantation in the woods, I was soon left to pursue my journey alone through the sand. My sight was still bounded by the same prospect as ever. I could only distinguish before me a road that seemed endless, and mossy forests on each border of it. An European gazes with wonder at the long and beautiful moss that, spreading itself from the branches of one tree to those of another, extends through whole forests.<sup>1</sup> It was now eight in the morning. The weather was mild, and I walked vigourously forward,

Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.

At Darr's tavern I found nobody but a negro woman who was suckling her child and quieting

<sup>1</sup> This moss, when it becomes dead, serves many useful purposes. The negroes carry it to Charleston, where it is bought to stuff mattresses and chair-bottoms. The hunters always use it for wadding to their guns.

its clamours by appropriating, instead of a common rattle, the rattles of a snake. I would have much rather heard her jingle the keys of the cupboard in the child's ears; but, unfortunately for me, Mr. Darr was gone out and had taken the keys with him. I was, therefore, glad to obtain a plate of mush<sup>1</sup> which, having eaten sans milk, sans sugar and even sans molasses, I gave the good woman a piece of silver and again pursued my journey.

A walk of eight more miles brought me to Owendaw bridge. About nightfall I reached Mr. MacGregor's tavern, of which the proximity was announced by the axe of the negro chopping wood. No sound can be more delightful than this to the foot-traveller in America, when night has cast its shadows over the face of the country. It not only informs him that he is near some human habitation, but associates the welcome image of a warm fireside, and an invigourating supper.

The house of Mr. MacGregor was agreeably situated on the Santee River; it was filled with the planters and young women from the neighbouring woods, who had assembled to celebrate their

<sup>1</sup> Indian meal boiled.

Christmas festival; for it was, I discovered, the anniversary of the day that gave birth to our Redeemer. Strange that I should regard time so little as not to know that its inaudible and noiseless feet had stolen through another year!

The party was, however, taking time by the forelock. They had formed a dance, but could not begin it for want of their musician, whom they expected with impatience. "Curse that Orpheus!" exclaimed one of the young men who held by the hand a little girl of true virginal beauty, with fair hair floating over her shoulders; "Curse that Orpheus!" said he. "I'll lay you<sup>1</sup> he has got drunk again and has lost himself in the woods."

It was not long before Orpheus made his appearance in the shape of an old Guiana negro, scraping discord on a fiddle, reeling about from side to side and grinning in the pride of his heart. Each man now seized his partner, Orpheus struck up a jig, and down the dance went Jack and Barbara with light, though untutored steps. Not being for any of their ambling, and finding that,

<sup>1</sup> Phrase of frequent occurrence among the southern Americans.



amidst such riot, no sleep was to be had, I summoned a negro and was paddled in a canoe through Push-and-go Creek to the opposite bank of the Santee River.

In about half an hour I reached a solitary mud-hut which stood adjoining a wood. A little smoke rose from the chimney, but not a mouse was stirring near the dwelling. But from the woods was heard the cry of the whippoorwill and the croaking of the bullfrogs. I peeped through a chink in the wall of this lonely hut. I soon discovered it was the habitation of Old Billy and Billy's old wife. I could distinguish an old negro man and negro woman huddled together, like Darby and Joan, before the embers of an expiring fire, and passing from one to another the stump of an old pipe. I tapped at the door. "Please God Almighty!" said the old woman, "who knock-at our door this time of night? Why, I thought nobody was awake but whippoorwill!"

"Open the door," said the old man, very calmly, "'T is mayhap some negur man has run away and has now come out of the woods to beg a hoe-cake or a bit of hominy."

"Lackaday! You don't say so," replied the

old woman. "Some poor runaway without a bit of victuals to keep life and soul together. Well! There's a whole hoe-cake in the platter. That's lucky, for true!"

The old woman came to the door, but starting back on beholding me, exclaimed, "Hie! This not negur! This one gentleman!"

Let my page record the hospitality of this poor black woman and her husband. They proffered me their provisions and helped me to the sweetest draught of water I ever remember to have drunk. They proposed to spread a blanket for me before the fire and supply me out of their garments with a pillow for my head. In a word, though their faces were black, their hearts were not insensible.

I could not overcome my prejudices. I felt the fulness of their humanity; but my heart harboured that pride which courted the rigours of the night rather than descend to become the guest of an African slave. I declined their offer with acknowledgments, and prosecuted my walk into the woods.

I had walked about three miles, lighted forward by the moon and admonished of the lateness of

the hour by the appearance of the morning star, when the barking of dogs and the voices of men at a distance filled me with the hope that I was approaching some village. My heart caught new pleasure and I redoubled my pace; but in a few minutes, instead of entering a village, I found myself among a crowd of waggons and waggoners, who, having their journey suspended by a run of water which had overflowed its banks, were preparing to encamp on the side of the road. Of these some were backing their waggons, some unharnessing their cattle and some kindling a fire. A walk of about ten miles brought me within sight of Georgetown which exhibited an agreeable *coup d'oeil* as I approached the bank of the Sampit River. The opening of Waccamaw bay, at the confluence of the Sampit, Black and Pedee Rivers, brought to my mind the happy description which my friend Mr. George had given the world of it; who is not less exact than felicitous in the combination of his images:

Here as you enter from the winding wood,  
The wand'ring eye beholds the confluent flood,  
Where the wide waves of Waccamaw o'erflow,  
And gloomy wilds an endless prospect shew:  
Where roll the placid streams from Sampit's source,

And Winyaw's waves with slow meanders course,  
Through many a tainted marsh and gloomy wood,  
The dark abodes of dreary solitude.

I felt no little exultation in reflecting that it was the author of this description whom I was about to visit; that he expected with solicitude my coming and that I should be received by him with transports. I crossed the Sampit River in the ferryboat and rejoiced to find myself in the company of my friend. But I did not find him at his studies. Mr. George was neither composing the Maeonian verse, the plaintive elegy nor soothing sonnet. In profane prose, he was at dinner, and such was the unclassical condition of my appetite from a walk of fourteen miles, that a welcome to a turkey and chine was greater music to my ear than the softest verses my friend could have produced from his invocations of the morning. Mr. George had a supreme contempt for American genius and American literature. In a sportive mood, he would ask me whether I did not think that it was some physical cause in the air which denied existence to a poet on American ground. "No snake," said he, "exists in Ireland, and no poet can be found in America."

“ You are too severe,” said I, “ in your strictures. This country, as a native author observes, can furnish her quota of poets.”

“ Name, will you, one? ”

“ Is not Dwight a candidate for the epic crown? Is he, sir, not a poet? ”

“ I think not. He wants imagination and he also wants judgment. Sir, he makes the shield of Joshua to mock the rising sun.”

“ Is not Barlow a poet? Is not his *Vision of Columbus* a fine poem? ”

“ The opening is elevated, the rest is read without emotion.”

“ What think you of Freneau? ”

“ Freneau has one good ode: *Happy the Man who Safe on Shore*. But he is voluminous, and this ode may be likened to the grain in the bushel of chaff.”

“ What is your opinion of Trumbull? ”

“ He can only claim the merit of being a skilful imitator.”

“ Well, what think you of Humphreys? ”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Humphreys, David, a soldier of the Revolution, who wrote patriotic and martial poetry in the camp, the friend and household companion of Washington; was born in

“ Sir, his mind is neither ductile to sentiment, nor is his ear susceptible of harmony.”

“ What opinion do you entertain of Honeywood? ”<sup>1</sup>

“ I have read some of his wretched rhymes. The bees, as it is fabled of Pindar, never sucked honey from his lips.”

“ Of the existence of an American poet, I perceive, sir, your mind is rather sceptical, but I hope you will allow that America abounds with good prose.”

“ Yes, sir; but then, mind me, it is imported from the shores of Great Britain.”

“ Oh, monstrous! Is not Dennie a good prose-writer? ”

“ Sir, the pleasure that otherwise I should find

Derby, Conn., in 1752. He was educated at Yale College. He died at New Haven, February 21, 1818.

Duyckinck.

<sup>1</sup> Honeywood. “ Nor were our New York publishers lukewarm at the printing of elaborate works of grave import and scholastic value. If, however, we except the poems of Freneau and the reprint of Burns, we find little in the region of the muses that issued from the press; Clifton, Honeywood, Low and Linn, were our prominent domestic poets.” — Francis: *Old New York*, p. 345.

in Dennie is soon accompanied with satiety by his unexampled quaintness."

"Of Brown, sir, what is your opinion?"

"The style of Brown, sir, is chastised, and he is scrupulously pure. But nature has utterly disqualified him for subjects of humour. Whenever he endeavours to bring forth humour the offspring of his throes are weakness and deformity. Whenever he attempts humour he inspires the benevolent with pity, and fills the morose with indignation."

"What think you of the style of Johnson, the reviewer?"

"It is not English that he writes, sir, it is American. His periods are accompanied by a yell that is scarcely less dismal than the war-whoop of a Mohawk."

Georgetown is built on the south bank of the Sampit River; the houses are handsome and the little streets intersect each other at right angles. But so lovely are the women that, had this place existed in an age of antiquity, it would not have been said that Venus fixed her abode at Cytherea.

The academy at Georgetown is under the direction of Mr. Spierin, an Irish clergyman of the

Episcopal persuasion: a man profoundly versed in the languages of Greece and Rome, not unacquainted with the delicacies of the English, and a powerful preacher.

That traveller has little acquaintance with the policy of literature, and estimates but lightly the power of his page, who speaks indiscriminately of every individual with whom he has eaten a meal or caroused over a bowl. I have been feasted and caressed by many of my friends, at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, who, knowing that I contemplated to publish a narrative, did me the honour to desire a niche in my work. But of such characters what could I record? It surely could give the reader no satisfaction to be told that Mr. —, having imported a turtle from Jamaica, guttled down for nearly three hours the callipash and callipee; or that the constant practice of Mr. — was to smoke his pipe every day, after dinner. The epitaph-maker will do all that can be done for such characters; for it can only be recorded of them that they were born and that they died.

During my visit at Georgetown, the melancholy tidings were brought of the death of General



Washington. The inhabitants of the town were crowding to the ballroom at the moment the courier arrived with the dispatch. But the death of so great a man converted their hilarity into sorrow. The eye of many a female, which, but a moment before had sparkled with pleasure, was now brimful of tears; and they all cast off their garments of gladness and clothed themselves with sackcloth. The following Sunday, the men, women and children testified their veneration for the Father of their Country by walking in procession to the church, where Mr. Spierin delivered a funeral oration. Never was there a discourse more moving. Tears flowed from every eye, and lamentations burst from every lip. Nor were the orators of America silent at the death of their hero. They called all their tropes and metaphors together, collected all the soldiers and statesmen of history, and made them cast their garlands at the feet of his statue.

I look back both with pleasure and satisfaction on the time I passed with my friend at the confluence of the Waccamaw and Winyaw.

But the moment was approaching that called me to another climate. I found a schooner lying

at the wharfs of Georgetown, that was bound to New York, and thither I had formed the resolution of going. Our passengers were composed of a Georgian saddle-maker, a Quaker and three vagrants from New England. Of these the Georgian was an original character. His very figure was the title-page of a joke, for never before did I behold such a bed-presser, such a horse-back breaker, such a huge hill of flesh. He exulted in his bulk, and informed us that, on first coming on board, he weighed two hundred and seventy-five pounds.

The wind changed, off Cape Hatteras, to the northeast, from which quarter it blew a tremendous gale. We lay to in a most miserable condition, wet, sick, and unable to cook any food. I now sighed for Coosohatchie, the company of my pupils and my walks in the woods; but my ambition of travel struggled over my weakness, and I sought refuge in jollity with my portly companion. "What, sir," said he, "is your opinion of this wind?" "It is only," answered I, "a topgallant breeze." "Only a topgallant breeze!" exclaimed the captain, "it is enough to blow the devil's horns off!"

The gale having abated, we prosecuted our voyage, and, on the morning of the 5th of February, 1800, saw the high land of the Jerseys. As the day advanced we could distinguish the lighthouse on Sandy Hook, and, with a pleasant breeze, were wafted to the wharves of New York.

## CHAPTER V

MY first care, on returning to New York, was to deliver a letter I had been favoured with from Mr. Spierin to his friend, Bishop Moore. I waited on the bishop most opportunely, for the preceding day he had been applied to by an opulent merchant to procure a tutor for his children, and I was a tutor by trade. The bishop introduced me to Mr. Ludlow and his lady, who received me with formality, but whose conversation I thought interesting, because they offered me a handsome salary to educate their children. In the woods of Carolina I had received eighty guineas a year; but Mr. Ludlow proposed a hundred. I therefore exchanged my lodgings with Major Howe for an elegant structure in Broadway, and took possession of a chamber that was worthy to lodge a prince.

My pupils were few for the salary I enjoyed. I had only three boys, Robert, Ferdinand and

Edward — I delight to give their names — who possessed much suavity of manners and volubility of tongue. They learned very well, when disposed to learn their books; for, as I was restricted to practice only blandishments, their application was never imposed.

The author of *Arthur Mervyn*, living at New York, I sought acquaintance with a man who had acquired so much intellectual renown. I found Mr. Brown quite in the costume of an author,<sup>1</sup> embodying virtue in a new novel, and making his pen fly before him. Mr. Brown occupied a dismal room in a dismal street. I asked him whether a view of nature would not be more propitious to composition; or whether he would not write with more facility were his window to command the prospect of the Lake of Geneva. — “Sir,” said he, “good pens, thick paper and ink well diluted would facilitate my composition more than the prospect of the broadest expanse of water, or mountains rising above the clouds.”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> By the costume of an author I imply a greatcoat, and shoes down at heel.

<sup>2</sup> When I mentioned this reply of Mr. Brown to one of the most distinguished literary characters now living,

I pass over common occurrences to embrace again Mr. George, who had left the academy at Georgetown, and, like a true poet, was without a settled habitation. I procured him lodgings under the roof of Major Howe; and, the better to enjoy a freedom from interruption, I took my friend to King's little tavern, near the Presbyterian church, — where we drank and smoked and chatted and laughed till midnight. I introduced Mr. George to Colonel Burr, whom I had not neglected; and I also presented him to Bishop Moore, who had procured me a salary of a hundred guineas. I have ever felt the highest veneration for the dignified office of prelate. There are many of different feelings; but as the English soldier detested a Frenchman because he wore wooden shoes, so many cannot endure a bishop because he wears lawn to his sleeves.

It was the custom of Mr. Ludlow, every summer, to exchange the tumult of the city for the quiet of his rural retreat; or, in other words, to remove his family from New York to a place called West Chester. But, knowing that Mr. — “Sir,” said he, “this American author cannot, I think, be a man of much fancy.”

George was in some solicitude for his future support, and being myself engaged by Caritat, on liberal terms, to compile a volume of modern poetry,<sup>1</sup> I presented my friend to the family, extolled the multiplicity of his attainments, and resigned to him my place. In truth, I was weary of setting boys their copies, and I wanted some remission to my fatigue.

Some symptoms of the yellow fever appearing in New York, spread universal consternation, and the subscribers to the volume of modern poetry not coming in crowds with their subscription-money, the compilation of it was postponed. Being now without any determined employment, I had nothing to detain me in the town, and, transporting my books and luggage over to Long Island, I was fortunate enough to procure lodgings at Newtown, under the roof of the Episcopal

<sup>1</sup> This volume of modern poetry was to be a royal octavo, of one thousand pages. It was to contain all the poems of all the modern poets. Caritat made a voyage to England with no other purpose than to collect all their works. He bought up all the modern poetry that London could furnish; and when I say this, I need not observe that the ship which contained his cargo drew a great depth of water. The pumps were kept constantly going.

minister, Mr. Vandyke. He was a garrulous, valetudinary old creature, who would have been excellent company for the elders that viewed the Grecian forces from the battlements of Troy. The parsonage-house was not unpleasantly situated. The porch was shaded by a couple of huge locust-trees, and accommodated with a long bench. Here I often sat with my host, who, like Parson Adams, always wore his cassock, but he did not read Aeschylus. Alas! the old gentleman was not descended from the family of the Medici; nor would learning have been ever indebted to him for its revival. Mr. Vandyke was at least sixty; yet, if a colt, a pig, or any other quadruped entered his paddock, he sprang from his seat with more than youthful agility, and vociferously chased the intruder from his domain. I could not but smile to behold the parson running after a pig, and mingling his cries with those of the animal.

It would be ungrateful were I not to enumerate the friends I found on Long Island. Mr. Titus, who lived on a creek that communicated with the Sound, both feasted and caressed me. He was a worthy old gentleman, and, at his house, as in



the days before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage.

Farmer Moore, brother to Bishop Moore, of New York, — I love to give their names and kindred — always entertained me with a hearty welcome. Every one acknowledged his daughter was charming:

A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion  
Blush'd at herself.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

Indeed, the manners of the whole family were worthy of the golden age.

Mr. Remsen, who lived with more magnificence on the riverside, opposite Flushing, gave me sumptuous dinners, and Madeira after each repast. His lady was not without elegance; but his two daughters were lovely.

Nor, in enumerating the belles of Newtown, ought I to omit Mrs. Dungan and Miss Townshend, who dressed with splendour and moved with grace.

From Mr. Remsen's dwelling on the waterside, the mansion of Mr. Ludlow could be clearly distinguished, lifting its proud turrets above the

shore of West Chester. I had been invited, both by the family and my friend, to visit the "new house;" and having, on a serene day, dined with Mr. Remsen, I was paddled in a canoe from his landing-place to the opposite shore. The little boys shouted with joy as the canoe approached their wharf, and George, abandoning an epic poem that he was composing, flew to my embrace. I was ushered into the parlour. Everything breathed splendour. A Turkey carpet covered the floor, and the richest sofas invited repose. Negus was served in a golden cup by a servant clad in a magnificent livery, and every fruit of the season was placed on the sideboard. The room was soon filled by the family, all eager to receive me and do the honours of the house.

After continuing three days with my friend, he accompanied me from West Chester in a passage-boat to New York. It is almost superfluous to observe that we passed through Hell Gate. At New York we experienced an oblivion of care at King's little tavern, next to the Presbyterian church, which, from the jollity that resounded in every room on a Sunday, brought to recollection the proverb, "The nearer to church the farther

from heaven." Here, however, we drank porter, smoked segars, and forgot we were tutors.

Mr. George remained with Mr. Ludlow till his quarter expired, when it was concerted by every party that I should resume the place. But he was not long unemployed; for the inhabitants of Newtown, being in want of a teacher, converted a spare dwelling into a school and engaged my friend, on liberal terms, to educate their children.

Mr. George was now on Long Island, and I had received a very polite letter from Mrs. Ludlow, who entreated me to hasten my return to her family. For my part, I obeyed her orders with alacrity; for I was weary of the cant and carping of Parson Vandyke, who so overflowed with Scripture that he cudgelled his men servants and maid servants with the Bible.

During my abode at West Chester, I wrote a novel entitled *The Farmer of New Jersey*, the publication of which inflamed the wrath of the *Mohawk* reviewers. In my preface I had disdained to deprecate the severity of their censure, and they besieged me from their attic stories with the javelins of criticism. What these fathers of American criticism chiefly objected to was the

style of the book, in which I had been purposely unambitious of ornament. That they could spy a mote in the eye of their neighbour and not perceive the beam in their own, the following passage from the *Mohawk Review* will, I am of opinion, evince. "The slightest acquaintance with the history of literature is sufficient to convince the most ardent admirer of simplicity and of unadorned truth of the necessity of a good style, and of the advantages of an occasional use of its highest ornaments."

Americans, rejoice! the Augustan age of your country cannot surely be remote when you possess such reviewers!

With the first frost the family of Mr. Ludlow removed from the solitude of West Chester to the gaieties of New York, and I again took possession of a room boasting every convenience of accommodation, where I could prosecute, without disturbance, my lucubrations till a late hour. The library of Caritat supplied me with every book in the French and my own idiom, and, before a cheerful fire, I could pass nights of rapture in the acquisition of elegant and useful knowledge. The emoluments I had derived from the publication

of my little novel induced me to undertake another, which I was resolved to make more voluminous; for Americans expect quantity in a book not less eagerly than in other merchandise, and the maxim of the old Greek is not yet established in the New World: *Μέγα βιβλίον, μέγα κακόν.*

After revolving many schemes, I was determined to continue my former narrative by writing the adventures of its principal character; for, in *The Farmer of New Jersey*, they are only partially related, and William, the hero of the tale, I discovered to be a favourite among the ladies. Having finished my tale, my next care was to find a publisher; for which purpose I addressed a letter to the editor of the *Port Folio*. In a few days the letter-bag was distended with petitions from the Philadelphia booksellers, who lavished every allurements of eloquence on the convenience of their presses and the skill of their workmen; but none offered to buy the manuscript, and it was never my intention to give it away. However, my prospects were soon after brightened by a letter in a different strain from a copyright-purchasing patron, of the name of Dickins, to whom I dispatched my manuscript, together with

a letter written in a state of mind that generated the *ἔπεα πτερόεντα*.

About this period the attention of the public was turned towards the city of Washington, where the members of both Houses of Congress had assembled to decide on the nomination of a President for the United States. In the year 1789, General Washington was chosen President over the new system of confederated government, and in the year 1793, when the term of his Presidency had expired, he was reelected in the office. He therefore continued four years more invested with the executive power of the government; but at the second termination of the time stipulated by the Constitution for a new election to be made, desirous of retiring from public business, he resigned his important office. This was in 1797, when Mr. Adams was elected into the Presidency, and Mr. Jefferson was chosen Vice-President. For three years the party of Mr. Adams lost none of its influence; but, in the fourth, the contending party acquired a visible ascendancy, and it was the predominant opinion that Mr. Jefferson would be chosen President in the next election. The event justified the expectation. Mr.

Jefferson obtained the suffrages of the majority; he was elected into the office of the first magistrate of the nation, and Mr. Adams, who still had kept at Washington, and still indulged in hope till the very moment that fixed his doom, now felt himself become again a private citizen, and departed the same night, in the stage-coach, for his paternal abode. It was by ballot that Mr. Jefferson's right to the office was decided; for in the nomination of the different States Mr. Burr had an equal number of votes; but a ballot assigned the office to Mr. Jefferson, and it consequently followed that Mr. Burr became Vice-President.

The election of a new President of the United States could not but engage the feelings of the public. It raised the expectations of some and damped the hopes of others; or, more properly speaking, all regarded the event as it related to their interest. The city of Washington was now the centre of attraction to the nation. Multitudes flocked to it, in different directions, to hear the inaugural speech of Mr. Jefferson. Of this general enthusiasm, I was not without my share. Mr. Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia* was the book that first taught me to think, and my heart now

beat with the desire to hear the accents of wisdom fall from the tongue of that man whose pen had engrafted much truth on my mind. I therefore departed for the city of Washington, passing through, in my way to it, Philadelphia and Baltimore.



## CHAPTER VI

“ In this city may that piety and virtue, that wisdom and magnanimity, that constancy and self-government, which adorned the great character whose name it bears, be for ever held in veneration! Here, and throughout America, may simple manners, pure morals and true religion, flourish for ever!”

THE mind of the traveller must be abstracted from all local emotion, who can enter unmoved the city at the confluence of the Potomac and Eastern Branch. He witnesses the triumph of freedom over oppression, and religious tolerance over superstition. It is the capital of the United States that fills his imagination! It is the country of Jefferson and Burr that he beholds! It is the rising mistress of the world that he contemplates!

The tract chosen for the city of Washington is situated at the junction of the Potomac River and Eastern Branch, extending about four miles along their respective shores. This territory, which is called Columbia, lies partly in the State

of Virginia and partly in the State of Maryland, and was ceded, as everybody knows, by those two States to the United States of America, by which it was established the seat of Government after the year 1800. The city of Washington is to be divided into squares, or grand divisions, by streets running due north and south, and east and west, which form the groundwork of the plan. But from the Capitol, the President's house and some of the important areas, are to be diagonal streets, which will prevent the monotony that characterizes Philadelphia. We here perceive the superiority of taste in a travelled Frenchman over a homebred Englishman. Penn was the founder of Philadelphia: the plan of Washington was formed by Major l'Enfant. The great leading streets are to be one hundred and sixty feet wide, including a pavement of ten feet and a gravel walk of thirty feet, planted with trees on each side; which will leave eighty feet of paved street for carriages. The rest of the streets will, in general, be one hundred and ten feet wide, with a few only ninety feet, except North, South and East Capitol streets, which are to be one hundred and sixty feet in breadth. The diagonal streets are to

be named after the respective States composing the Union, while those which run north and south are, from the Capitol eastward, to be called, East First Street, East Second Street, &c., and those west of it are, in the same manner, to be named West First Street, West Second Street, &c. The streets running east and west are, from the Capitol northward, to be called North A Street, North B Street, &c. and those south of it are to be named South A Street, South B Street, &c. — There is not much taste, I think, displayed in thus naming the streets. Generals and statesmen might have lent their names and helped, in their graves, to keep patriotism alive. A wag would infer that the north and south streets received their names from a pilot, and the east and west ones from an alphabetical teacher. — The squares, or divisions, of the city will amount to eleven hundred and fifty. The rectangular squares will, generally, contain from three to six acres, and be divided into lots of from forty to eighty feet in front and from forty to three hundred feet in depth, according to the size of the squares. The irregular divisions produced by the diagonal streets are partly small, but com-

monly in valuable situations. Their acute points are, without distinction, to be cut off at forty feet, inasmuch that no house in the city will have an acute corner. All the houses will be of stone or brick.

In a southern direction from the President's house, and a western one from the Capitol, are to run two great pleasure parks, or malls, which will intersect and terminate upon the banks of the Potomac; and they are to be ornamented at the sides by a variety of elegant buildings, and houses for foreign ministers. Interspersed through the city, where the principal streets cross each other, is to be a number of open areas formed of various figures. Fifteen of these areas are to be appropriated to the different States composing the Union; and, while they bear their respective names, be consecrated to the erecting of statues, obelisks, or columns, to the memory of their departed heroes, statesmen and poets. Upon a small eminence, where a line drawn due west from the Capitol, and another due south from the President's house would intersect, is to be placed an equestrian statue of General Washington.

The navy-yard and marine barracks are partly

constructed. The navy-yard is formed by the projection of a wharf into the Eastern Branch, from which a dock will be produced of great capaciousness, and the marine barracks are designed to form a mass of brick buildings two stories high.

A road is making from the Capitol to Georgetown, and another on the New Jersey avenue, between the Capitol and Eastern Branch. In effecting the last object, the declivity of the abrupt hill to the south of the Capitol has been effectually removed.

Of the public edifices, the Capitol and President's house are the most magnificent. They are built of freestone, — resembling the white and red Portland, — which is dug from inexhaustible quarries on the banks of the Potomac. To the builder of the President's house might be applied the epitaph of Vanbrugh:

Lie heavy on him, Earth; for he  
Has laid a heavy hand on thee!

The Treasury and War-office are constructed with brick. Some have objected that the public offices are so remote from each other as to ob-

struct the business of state. A shallow, gothic remark! The symmetry of the city would have been destroyed had these buildings been more contiguous. The Capitol is admirably situated on an ascent called Capitol Hill. The name of Capitol associates the noblest ideas in the mind. It has a Roman sound! In our enthusiasm, we behold Virtue and Freedom, which, alas! have been so long extinct, again descending from heaven and fixing their abode in the western world.

Between the Capitol and the President's house there has been dug a well which suddenly overflowed, continues to overflow, and will probably forever overflow. The proprietor of the well informed me, that having dug it about eleven feet deep, and five and a half in diameter, the water rose with impetuosity, and increased the diameter to ten feet. He afterwards sounded with a plummet, and found it had sunk another foot. It had continued to overflow without remission, and runs into the woods across the road before the house. — This wonder-working well brought the idle in crowds to behold it; and, though it had been scarcely dug a month, the man who shewed

it to the gazing multitude made no scruple to affirm that it was not only the astonishment of America, but also of Europe!

Of the noble river Potomac, on whose banks and those of its Branch the proud structures of Washington are to lift their heads, it may not be unimproving to give some account. The Potomac rises in the Allegheny mountains, and after a serpentine, but majestic course of four hundred miles, it falls into the Bay of Chesapeake, which is beyond all rivalry, or competition, the largest bay in the known world. At its junction with the bay it is full seven miles in breadth; which gradually decreasing, it is found to be a mile broad at Alexandria and Washington. The navigation of the Potomac, from its junction with the Chesapeake to the city of Washington, is incontrovertibly tedious. It is nearly a hundred and fifty miles; and, in a severe winter, the river, in the vicinity of Washington and Alexandria, being entirely frozen, an insurmountable barrier is opposed to the skill of the mariner. But the Eastern Branch, it must be confessed, is a commodious harbour for shipping. It is deep, and not being subject to freshets, the ice is without any

mischievous effect. The Eastern Branch of the Potomac is a tributary stream to it; and nature, by their confluence, invites the building of a city. The Eastern Branch, at its junction with the Potomac, vies with it in breadth; but, in tracing it to its source, this mighty mouth diminishes; and, at Bladensburgh, to cross its rustic bridge the wheels of a carriage have not many revolutions to undergo. The Eastern Branch extends about thirty miles from its discharge to its source.

It has been asserted by a late traveller that the Tiber, which supplies the city of Washington with water, received that name either from the Indians or the first locaters of the land, and hence is prophesied the magnificence of the city, which at some future day is to be a second Rome. Of the erroneusness of this observation, accident one day convinced me. Having breakfasted at Georgetown (it was at Mac Glaughflin's hotel), with a lively young Frenchman, I proposed a walk to the Capitol. In our progress through the houseless streets of the imperial city, the excessive heat of the sun provoked thirst, and, to allay it, we retired into the woods and seated ourselves



by the Tiber. The Capitol was within view. "Voilà," said my companion, pointing to the edifice, "Voilà un Capitole sans Cicéron; et voici [turning his finger towards the stream] voici le Tiber sans Rome."

"Are you sure, monsieur," said I, "that you call this stream by its right name? Is there not some other for it?"

My companion shrugged his shoulders and said he could not tell. At this juncture a group of negro boys and girls came to the stream and filled their pitchers and pails. I addressed them severally.

"How you call this little river, my fine fellow?"

"You stranger, *mossa*?"

"Yes."

"Goose Creek, *mossa*."

"Where's the Tiber, my good boy?"

"Where de Tiber, *mossa* ask? Me never hear of the Tiber; me never see such a ting."<sup>1</sup>

After this let us hear no more far-fetched stories about the Tiber, but be content with the

<sup>1</sup> Of this I have the further testimony of Mr. Ellicott, who helped to project the city.

simple truth that the first settlers of the contiguous lands conferred on it the name of Goose Creek.

Of Goose Creek, or, more magnificently, the Tiber, the water is excellent; and it is in contemplation to collect it in a grand reservoir near the Capitol and supply the houses with it by the means of pipes, while the superfluous water will form a variety of fanciful cascades, delighting the eye and refreshing the air.

It appears to me that the President's salary is not adequate to his house. The one is very circumscribed, the other of vast dimensions. It is a shallow policy in a government which makes money the chief good. The salary allowed the President is only twenty-five thousand dollars a year; that is, about £5,300 sterling, a sum that may enable him to ask a friend to dine with him picnic, but will not qualify him to impress a foreign ambassador with much veneration for the first executive office of America. It may be advanced that it is not expected from a republican magistrate to regale his guests out of a gold cup. But for the manners of a republican chief to be absolutely characteristic, he ought, like Fa-

bricius, to pare his own turnips and boil them himself.

To Franklin must we look for the source of this sordid economy. It was he who, by diffusing the maxims of *Poor Richard*, made the government of the United States a miserly body politic, tenacious of a farthing, or, in popular language, a nation penny-wise and pound-foolish. Franklin, when a child, delighted to hawk ballads for a halfpenny; and when he became a man, to save the expense of an errand-boy, he trundled his wheelbarrow through the streets. Notwithstanding the vaunted philosophy of Franklin and his discoveries in electricity, he is certainly, at best, but an ambiguous character. His dereliction of religion has already done more injury to the rising generation in America than his maxims will do good. Where Franklin has made one man frugal he has converted a hundred men to deism. I heard the infidel Palmer,<sup>1</sup> at New

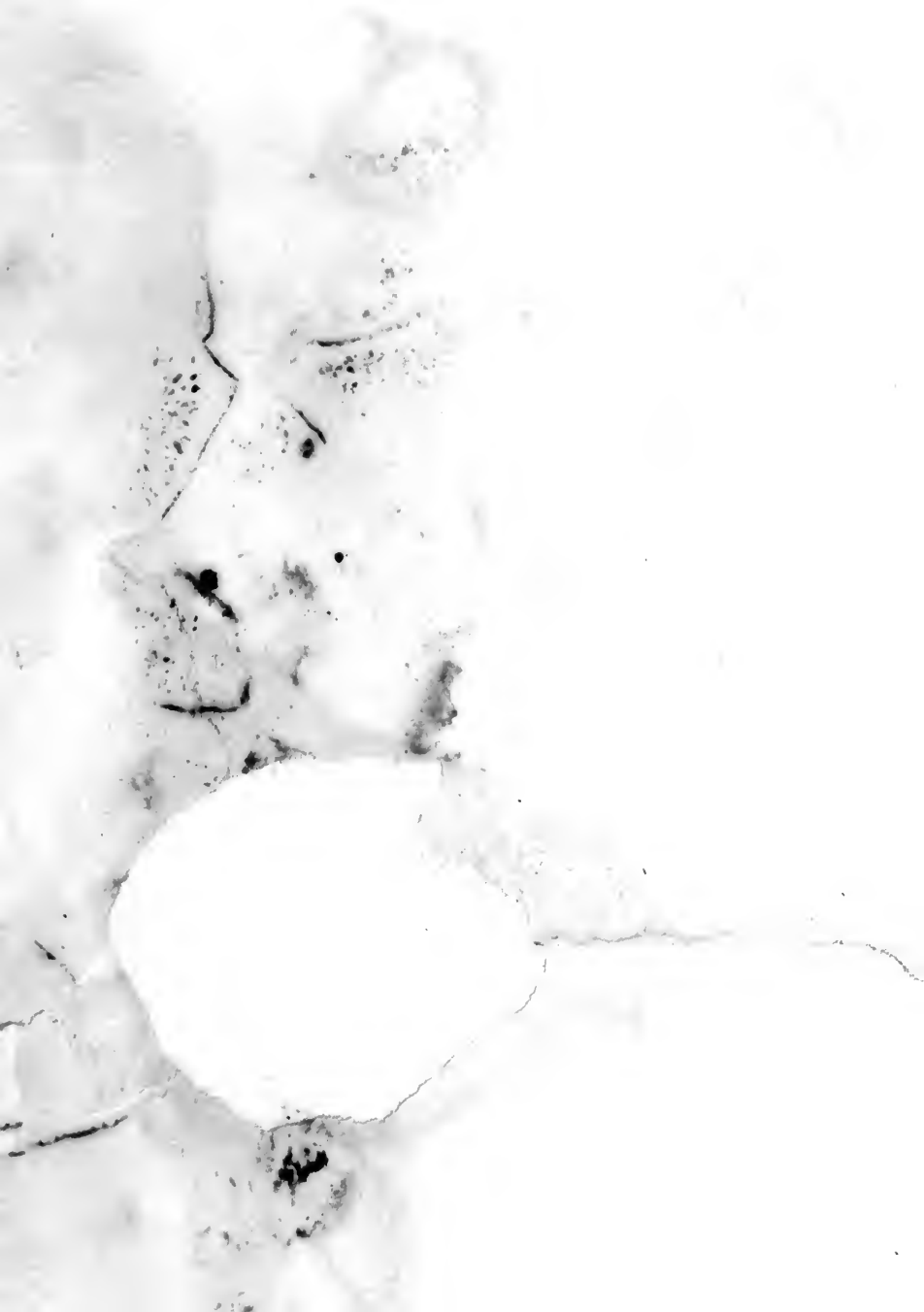
<sup>1</sup> Palmer, Elihu (1763-1800), a native of Connecticut, graduated at Dartmouth College, 1787, was for a short time a Congregational minister, but subsequently became a deistical preacher and a violent radical political agitator. — Allibone.

York, enjoin his hearers no longer to suffer passively the flagrant impositions of the Scripture, but catch a portion of the spirit of a Franklin and avow themselves disciples of natural religion. And, I doubt not, but this argument of this preacher succeeded; for where a man has one vice of his own he gets twenty by adoption.

Let me now come to the object of my journey to Washington. The politeness of a member from Virginia procured me a convenient seat in the Capitol; and an hour after, Mr. Jefferson entered the House, when the august assembly of American Senators rose to receive him. He came, however, to the House without ostentation. His dress was of plain cloth, and he rode on horseback to the Capitol without a single guard or even servant in his train, dismounted without assistance and hitched the bridle of his horse to the palisades. Never did the Capitol wear a more animated appearance than on the fourth day of March, 1801. The Senate Chamber was filled with citizens from the remotest places of the Union. The planter, the farmer, the mechanic and merchant, all seemed to catch one common transport of enthusiasm, and welcome the ap-

proach of the man to the chair of sovereign authority, who had before served his country in various offices of dignity; who had sat in the famous Congress that produced the Revolution, acted as Governor to his native State and been Minister Plenipotentiary to a foreign nation. Mr. Jefferson, having taken the oaths to the Constitution, with a dignified mien, addressed the august assembly of Senators and Representatives.

END OF VOL. I











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