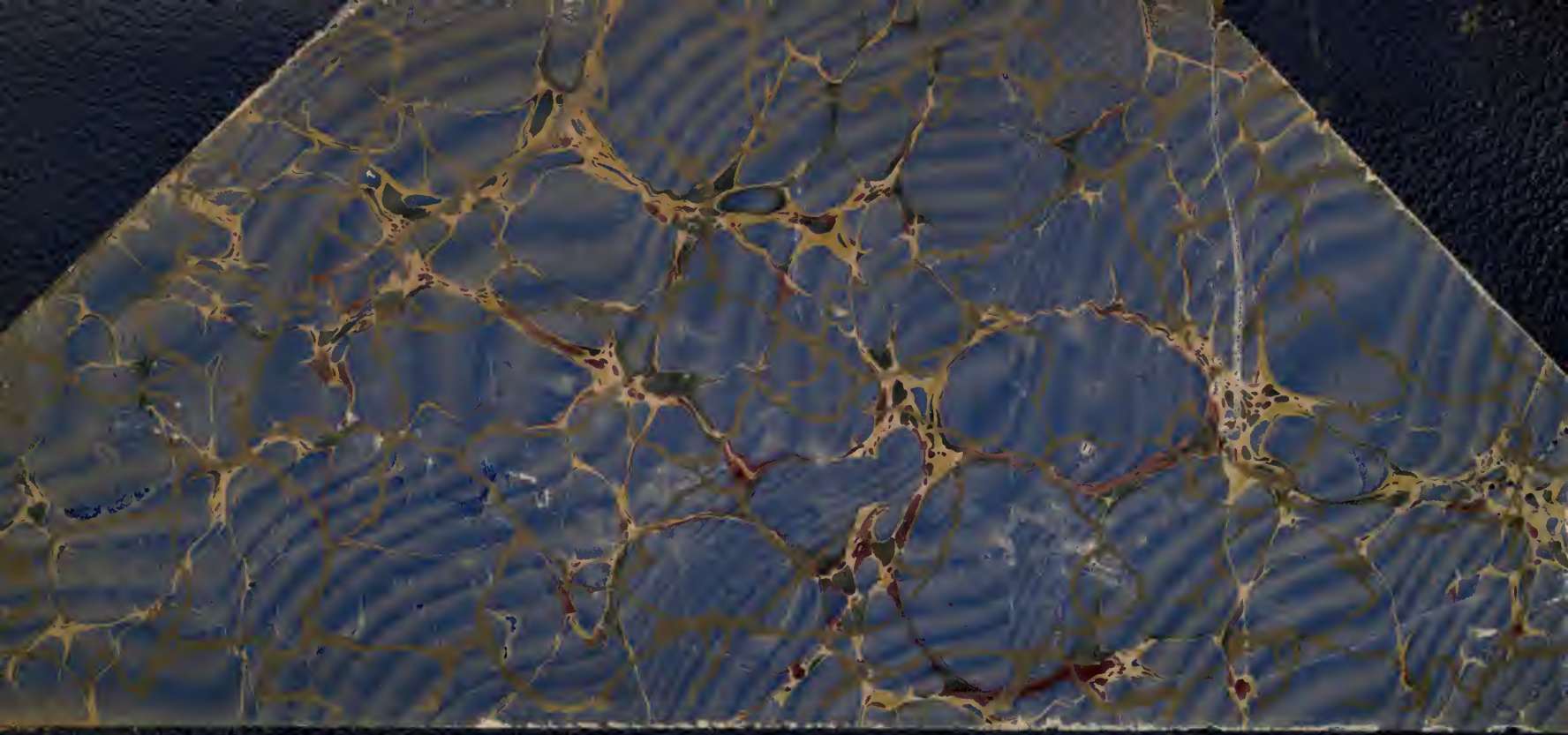

TRAVELS OF
JOHN DAVIS

VOLUME II

TRAVELS

OF

JOHN DAVIS

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

1798 to 1802

EDITED BY

JOHN VANCE CHENEY

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CHAPTER VII

When I had heard the speech of Mr. Jefferson there was nothing more to detain me among the scattered buildings of the desert. On my return to New York I became seriously busied in directing the tastes and cultivating the imaginations of the three sons of Mr. Ludlow.

The first impression of the *Farmer* of New Jersey was nearly exhausted, a second edition was in the press, and, animated by its success, Caritat[1] published my poems in a small volume, which I dedicated to my friend Mr. Burr, who

[1] I would place the bust of Caritat among those of the Sosii of Horace, and the Trypho of Quintillian. He was my only friend at New York when the energies of my mind were depressed by the chilling prospect of poverty. His talents were not meanly cultivated by letters; he could tell a good book from a bad one, which few modern librarians can do. But *place aux dames* was his maxim, and all the ladies of New York declared that the library of Mr. Caritat was charming. Its shelves could scarcely sustain the weight of "Female Frailty," the "Posthu-

had been recently elected Vice-President of the United States. My book, however small, did not scape the *Mohawk* reviewers. The criticism is the production of an attorney named Beckman. He writes the Christmas carols and furnishes the news-carriers with addresses to their subscribers.

"Those who are sometimes disposed to amuse their idle moments with 'trifles light as air,' may find some entertainment in this little volume of poems. Their chief qualities are harmony of numbers and vivacity of expression. Not laden with a weight of sentiment, the verses move easily and lightly along; and, though too short to be tedious, their brevity is not the vehicle of wit. The author appears to possess a capacity for poetical composition, and we should be pleased to see his

mous Daughter" and the "Cavern of Woe;" they required the aid of the carpenter to support the burden of the "Cottage-on-the-Moor," the "House of Tynian," and the "Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne;" or they groaned under the multiplied editions of the "Devil in Love," "More Ghosts," and "Rinaldo Rinaldini." Novels were called for by the young and old; from the tender virgin of thirteen, whose little heart went pit-a-pat at the approach of a beau, to the experienced matron of three score, who could not read without spectacles.

ready talents exerted on topics more dignified or interesting. We observe several instances of good taste and pretty description."

But the time was approaching when I had every reason to flatter my expectation with exchanging the Muses' bower for the garden of the Hesperides. Colonel Burr had been elected to the place of Vice-President of the United States, and Colonel Burr was my friend. He had just returned from the city of Washington and, with the most condescending urbanity, did me the honour to call on me at Mr. Ludlow's. Colonel Burr observed that "Mr. Gallatin having expressed a desire to procure a secretary who was skilled in composition, he had recommended me as a person qualified to undertake the office, and was happy to have it in his power to acknowledge, by any service, the sensible pleasure he had received from my literary productions."

There is something in the professions of a great man which never fails to impart delight; our hopes become multiplied; the phantoms of imagination arise in succession, and either point to paths of pleasure or bowers of repose. I heard "the glorious sounds" with no small emotions

of joy, and looked forward with anxiety to the hour that was to exalt me from the obscurity of a pedagogue to the magnificence of a secretary's office. It happened that when the Vice-President proposed to me a place at Washington the term of my engagement with Mr. Ludlow had just expired, and I was compelled to be decisive in the plan of my future operations. I was under the necessity either of resigning the situation or no longer indulge the visions my fancy had created from the magnificent promises held out by the Vice-President. Hope triumphed over prudence, and I abandoned a salary of a hundred guineas, paid me quarterly in advance, for an exaltation that was remote and at the same time uncertain.

In my way to the stage-office, in Courtland-street, I called at the post-office, where, to my unspeakable joy, I found a copious epistle from my friend at Long Island. "Letters," says the illustrious Bacon, "come more home to men's bosoms than either annals or lies;" and, as by this time everything that relates to Mr. George will interest the poet, the scholar and the wit, I shall engraft without apology his letter upon my memoirs:

"Long Island, June 12, 1801.

While devouring Newtown pippins and drinking cider to the health of your bardship in my heart, the stage-driver brought me your welcome epistles. At first the fellow pretended there was no letter for me (I tolerate these liberties, because the jehu has a pretty wife), but in a few minutes he delivered me the packet. *Jucundius est legere quam bibere*, so I left the old parson and his wife and his daughter (her nose is like the tower of Lebanon looking towards Damascus) and I opened, O devil, thy budget of satire. This has revived me, and I now walk about with your epistles in my hand, which, however, I am obliged to put down every five minutes to hold both my sides while I laugh it out.

By Saint Patrick, I swear, thou art above all men dear to me. I love thee with more than brotherly love.

Tell me if you are about publishing your poems? Do not go far for a title; nothing appears so stiff and pedantic as a little book with a magnificent title. Remember that Horace gives his odes no other name than *Carmina;* though he might have accumulated a thousand imposing

epithets to decorate his title-page. It is rumoured you intend dedicating your effusions to Burr. Avert it literature. Dedicate not the book to an American. Can Burr or Madison or Adams or even Jefferson add to the reputation of him who aspires to be read on the banks of the Thames?

Was there ever so stupid a priest as this? I wonder not that you hated him. Do you recollect when we were sitting by the fire, how you used to hem and I to laugh at his tiresome monotony. The old grasshopper asked me very solemnly, today, which I thought the better translation of Virgil, Dryden's or Davidson's!!![1] After such an interrogation can any reasonable man expect that I will ever go again to his church; or is he not enough to make any man of letters *Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens?*

The girls in this village are mad after literature; they know not what to be at. Miss T——, a young lady of easy deportment, elegant conver-

[1] Pope pronounced Dryden's translation of Virgil the noblest version ever produced by one poet of another; Davidson's translation is in limping, hobbling, shuffling prose; the solace of dunces; the clandestine refuge of schoolboys.

sation and bold countenance, has bought Tasso's *Gerusalemme*, and digs in a dictionary for his meaning. She asked me my opinion of Tasso and the Italian language. 'Madam,' said I, 'the language of Tasso is not the language of heroes, but the singsong of fiddlers and guitar-players. The Italian possesses neither the heroic grandeur of the Greek, the majesty of the Roman, nor the strength of the English language.' 'Then,' cried she, 'you would advise me to study English.' 'By all means, madam,' said I. 'And, sir,' rejoined the nymph, 'what book do you think is best suited to a female?' '*Glasse's Cookery*, madam,' said I.

The trustees have increased my salary to a hundred and twenty pounds a year, with boarding; so, I believe, I shall continue to vegetate and eat grass among the Newtown farmers till I shall be enabled to look on the frowns of fortune with a more magnanimous countenance.

You say you are writing a novel. There was a man in Babylon! toll de roll!"

"June 18, 1801.

I again resume my conversation with you. Our right reverend parson has the predicting

spirit of Achilles' horse; for he told me, last night, we should have fair weather, and I perceive the sky is without a cloud.

The people here are become more attentive to me of late than they formerly were; and, though I cannot hope for intellectual felicity yet I may expect such tranquillity as, though inglorious, will at least be indulgent to my literary indolence.

I dined yesterday with Mrs. ——, and her daughter. The old lady told me a story about you. She said that, instead of delivering to Heloise the novel which I sent her by you from West Chester, you lent it to her youngest daughter and palmed upon Heloise an old history of Rome. — I again repeat, women know not what to be at. Mrs. —— acquainted me in a whisper that she was preparing a critique on your fugitive poems which she should sign Artemisia, and publish it in the *Commercial Advertiser.* Knowing you to be one of the *genus irritabile vatum,* and having the dignity of your character at heart, I enjoin you not to reply to this Amazon with anger, but gibbet her without ceremony to a gallows already made to your hands:

Tho' Artemisia talks by fits
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits,
  Reads Malbranche, Boyle and Locke,
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'T were well if she would pare her nails
  And wear a cleaner smock.

POPE.

Having this gallows in contemplation, I advised Mrs. —— to publish her stricture, complimenting her on her penetration, her acuteness and her wit. She ought to be punished for her temerity. A woman has no business with a pen in her hand, unless it be to compute the expenses of her housekeeping. When a woman is ambitious of literary distinction she becomes distracted. Look at Mrs. Wolstancroft's (I may be forgiven for not spelling the name right) *Perversion of Women.* It is a volume of insanity. It may be asked, Is a woman then to be debarred access to all books? I say no. If she discovers an avidity of reading, put a Bible into her hands. Let a Bible be her manual; let her lisp the Scriptures in her childhood and digest them in her youth.

I was at New York thrice last week. The last time I wished much to see you, and I called twice

at the little tavern for that purpose; but you were too indolent to stir out, so I left you to meditate in your chamber and prosecute your lucubrations while I walked solitarily round the Battery and lamented the instability of friendship.

Heloise has just sent me my stockings and cravats, delicately mended, by her brother. She is an amiable little devil, and I often go to see her, *mea sola voluptas!* But rather than be in love I would change my humanity with a baboon.

I am sorry you are occupied in writing a novel, because the world has reason to expect something better. The mind of a young man of genius resembles a little stream, which, according to the direction that chance may give it, is either lost by mixing with other channels, or, preserving its course, enlarges at last its waters, and flows with the magnificence of the Nile or the Ganges.

I have sent Lang another essay to insert in his *Gazette.* It is the story of an Indian warrior, a mere cram; but no matter; anything is good enough for these calm Americans — *fruges consumere nati.* Do you not think Lang a silly fellow to place Franklin's head over his shop? How the people of New York would roar with laughter

were such a paragraph as this to appear in an opposition paper: 'Yesterday Franklin's head fell upon John Lang, Esq., the printer, as he was opening his shop-door, and crushed him to cinders. Alas! poor Yorick!' Or the following, which would, perhaps, be more true: 'Yesterday the bust of Dr. Franklin fell on Mr. Lang, the printer, as he was opening his shop-door but, fortunately, striking him in the head he escaped unhurt.'

Did you ever read the life of the illustrious Franklin? And did you ever read the memoirs of a parish clerk? 'I, P.P. clerk of this parish, writeth this history,' Amen!"

"June 23, 1801.

I am just returned from New York, and I sit down to relate to thee my eventful journey.

At Brooklyn I was accosted by a quondam acquaintance of Georgetown to whom I was indebted about twenty-five dollars. *Vidi et obstupui!* I would rather have met the great devil. But *sic fata tulerunt.* After I had shaken hands with him, the barber of Brooklyn, to whom, in a former expedition to New York, I owed one or two shillings for cutting my hair, came up with a

serious face and demanded his money also. Here were the devil and barber to pay! 'Leave, sir,' said I to the barber, 'your damnable countenance, and you shall have your money.'

I had something of importance to observe to you. I perceive with undissembled sorrow that you admit words into your vocabulary for which there is no authority in the undefiled writers of English. *Appreciate* and *meliorate* are bad words; so are *novel* and *derange*. Of modern writers none are more ridiculous coiners of words than the Scotch and Welsh tourists. Of these one introduces to *desiderate* and tortures it through all its inflexions; and another, in descanting upon ruins, says very gravely, they were *castleated!* The inference to be deduced from the page in which words of this kind appear is, that the taste of the writer has been abominably vitiated.

The English language is not written with purity in America.[1] The structure of Mr. Jeffer-

[1] If any work can transmit the English language uncorrupted to future generations on the banks of the Potomac and Mississippi, it will be our matchless version of the Bible. While religion exists in America there will be a perpetual standard for the English language.

son's sentences is, I think, French, and he uses words unintelligible to an Englishman. Where the d—l did he get the word *lengthy? Breadthy* and *depthy* would be equally admissible. I can overlook his word *belittle;* it is introduced in wantonness, but he has no right, that I know, to out-adverb all other writers and improve *ill* into *illy.* Does not his description of the junction of the Shenandoah with the Potomac discover an elevated imagination? But was one of my countrymen to describe the Natural Bridge (a huge mass of rock) 'springing, as it were, up to heaven,' would it not be said that Paddy had made a bull?

Come over, will you, to my potato-ground, next Saturday, and bring with you your *Adventures of Captain Bobadil.* You can pass your Sunday with me — not in an affectation of holiness or hypocritical groans of contrition, but in study and meditation that lift the soul from its clay confines and transport it to the world of spirits. *Vale!"*

I journeyed delightfully from New York to Philadelphia. My finances were good, and I was

going to a place where I had only to extend my arms and catch the golden shower.

At Philadelphia I found Mr. Brown, who felt no remission of his literary diligence by a change of abode. He was ingratiating himself into the favour of the ladies by writing a new novel and rivalling Lope de Vega by the multitude of his works. Mr. Brown introduced me to Mr. Dickins,[1] and Mr. Dickins to Mr. Dennie; Mr. Dennie presented me to Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Wilkins to the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie: a constellation of American genius in whose blaze I was almost consumed.

Mr. Dennie was remarkable for his facility of expression; he could not only draw for thousands, but had always ready money in his pocket; and few men excelled more in colloquial fluency than he. The Rev. Mr. Abercrombie was impatient of every conversation that did not relate to Dr. Johnson, of whom he could detail every anecdote from the time he trod on a duck till he

[1] In connection with Asbury Dickins, a son of John Dickins of the *Methodist Magazine*, he [Dennie] began, January 3, 1801, the publication of the *Port Folio*. — A. H. Smyth, *Philadelphia Magazine*, p. 92.

purchased an oak stick to repulse Macpherson. He was a canister tied to the tail of a canister. Mr. Brown said little, but seemed lost in meditation. His creative fancy was, perhaps, conjuring up scenes to spin out the thread of his new novel.

Mr. Dennie now conducts at Philadelphia a literary paper called the *Port Folio*. He first distinguished himself by the essays he contributed to the *Farmer's Museum*, under the title of the *Lay Preacher*. He afterwards became editor of the paper, when its name was changed from the *Farmer's Museum*, to that of the *Lay Preacher's Gazette*. The essays of the *Lay Preacher* were afterwards collected in a volume, which is, I believe, the most popular work on the American continent. I am of opinion that the sermons of the *Lay Preacher* have rather injured than assisted the cause of religion; to appropriate the remark made by Gray on Yorick, the *Lay Preacher*, after exhorting his congregation to righteousness, throws his perriwig at their heads.

The editor of the *Aurora* calls the *Port Folio* the *Portable Foolery;* and his facetiousness is applauded by one party and scorned by the other.

But a better quibble on the word would be, I think, to name it the *Court Olio;* for it mingles the dresses at St. James with speculations on literature. — It being rumoured that Mr. Dennie had been denominated by the British reviewers the American Addison, the following ludicrous paragraph appeared in the *Aurora Gazette:*

" Exult ye white hills of New Hampshire, redoubtable Monadnock and Tuckaway! Laugh ye waters of the Winiseopee and Umbagog Lakes! Flow smooth in heroic verse, ye streams of Amorioosack and Androscoggin, Cockhoko and Coritocook! And you, merry Merrimack, be now more merry! "

Mr. Dennie passed his morning in the shop of Mr. Dickins, which I found the rendezvous of the Philadelphia sons of literature. Blair, author of a poem called the *Powers of Genius;* Ingersoll,[1] known by a tragedy of which I forget the title; Stock, celebrated for his dramatic criticisms; together with several reviewers, *chartam consumere nati,* assembled with punctuality in North

[1] Charles J. Ingersoll's tragedy, " Edwy and Elgiva," was produced at the Philadelphia theatre in 1801. — Duyckinck.

Second Street, to the great annoyance of Mr. Dickins who could scarcely find room to sell his wares. But I thought Mr. Dickins not inferior to any of the constellation; he was remarkable for the gentleness of his manners, and displayed not less his good sense by his discourse than his moderation by his silence.

I have seldom been at any city in the United States without forming an acquaintance that has ripened into the intimacy of friendship. My love of the Gallic idiom having led me to the shop of Mr. Dufief, a French bookseller in North Fourth Street, I found his conversation and manners so perfectly agreeable that I hesitated not to accept an invitation to dine with him at his lodgings. Though Mr. Dufief had emigrated from France, he was not inferior to any of the Philadelphia citizens in the pertinacity of his diligence. He had discovered that it was a position, not only in Europe, but America, that the man who wanted money was in want of everything; and directing his course toward the same goal for which so many millions were panting, he practised every art by which he could honestly put money in his purse. He opened a bookseller's shop, and placed

an unsaleable bust of Voltaire over his door. He published a French grammar on a plan entirely new, and taught French to those who would learn it. In a word, when I became acquainted with Mr. Dufief he was about to open a lounging-room for the muscadins of Philadelphia. Mr. Dufief did me the honour to shew me every place in or near Philadelphia that it was fashionable to visit. The Museum, Gray's gardens, the Quakers' meeting, and State-House yard, together with the water-works at Schuylkill, and wax-work in Shippen Street, were familiar to the boundless curiosity of my attentive companion. Nor did he forget the ox, whose bulk was so unusual to animals of the same species on the American continent. Indeed, it ought not to escape notice that when an ox in the United States attains the ordinary growth of one in England, it becomes a source of riches to the proprietor by a private exhibition.

The round of amusements at Philadelphia did not make me neglect the *Wanderings of William.* But Mr. Dickins waived his claim to the copyright in favour of Mr. Thompson, who put it to the press before I left Philadelphia. Mr. Thomp-

son had just printed a superb edition of the *Notes on Virginia*, and was exceeded by no man in the typographical elegance of the works that issued from his press.

But the honours that awaited me at Washington employed principally my thoughts. Washington, on my second journey to it, wore a very dreary aspect. The multitude had gone to their homes, and the inhabitants of the place were few. There were no objects to catch the eye but a forlorn pilgrim forcing his way through the grass that overruns the streets, or a cow ruminating on a bank, from whose neck depended a bell, that the animal might be found the more readily in the woods. I obtained accommodations at the Washington tavern which stands opposite the Treasury. At this tavern I took my meals at the public table, where there was everyday to be found a number of clerks employed at the different offices under government, together with about half a dozen Virginians and a few New England men. There was a perpetual conflict of opinions between these southern and northern men, and, one night, after supper, I was present at a vehement dispute, which ter-

minated in the loss of a horse, a saddle and bridle.

The dispute was about Dr. Franklin. The man from New England, enthusiastic in what related to Franklin, asserted that the doctor, being self-taught, was original in everything that he had ever published.

"Sir," replied the Virginian, "the writings of Franklin, so far from being original, exhibit nothing but a transposition of the thoughts of others. Nay, Franklin is a downright plagiarist. Let him retain only his own feathers; let those he has stolen be restored to their lawful possessors, and Franklin, who now struts about expanding the gayest plumage, will be without a single feather to cover his rump." (A loud laugh from the whole party.)

New England Man. If accusation without proof can condemn a man, who, sir, shall be innocent? Sir, you are a Virginian. I intend no personal reflection, but it is notorious that the southern people do not hold the memory of Franklin in much estimation. But hear what a Latin writer says of him. *Eripuit caelo* something — Gentlemen, I have forgot the most of my Latin.

I cannot quote so correctly now as I did once; but this I can assure you of, and you may rely on my word for it, that the compliment is a very fine one.

Virginian. I know the line you advert to. It was an eruption of mad enthusiasm from the disordered intellect of Turgot. But this is digressing from our subject. I maintain, and can prove, that Franklin is a plagiarist, a downright, barefaced, shameless plagiarist.

New England Man. Franklin, perhaps, sir, had not that stoical calmness which a great man in your state is remarkable for; he did not endeavour to catch applause by baiting his hook with affected diffidence. Franklin was above it. His penetration discovered, and his candour acknowledged, that sheer impudence was at any time less injurious than mock modesty.

Virginian. Sir, an oracular darkness accompanies your discourse. But why retreat? Why not stand your ground? Why not evince yourself the champion of Franklin? Again I throw down the gauntlet. Franklin, I maintain, was a shameless plagiarist.

New England Man. Have you a horse here, my friend?

Virginian. Sir, I hope you do not suppose that I came hither on foot from Virginia. I have, sir, in Mr. White's stable the prettiest Chickasaw that ever trod upon four pasterns. I swopped for her a roan horse. — Mr. Gibbs, you remember my roan [turning to a man in the company]; I say, I swopped for her a roan with Mad Dog, the Chickasaw chief, who lives on the Mississippi.

New England Man. And I have a bay mare here that I bought of Nezer Mattocks at Salem. I gave ninety dollars in hard cash for her. Now, I, my friend, will lay my bay mare against your Chickasaw that Doctor Franklin is not a plagiarist.

Virginian. Done! Go it! — Waiter! You waiter!

The waiter obeyed the summons, and making the Virginian a bow, replied, "You call, Mossa Ryland?"

Virginian. Yes, Atticus. Bring down my portmanteau out of my room. I never travel without books. And it critically happens that in

my portmanteau I have both Franklin's *Miscellanies*, and Taylor's *Discourses*.

The trunk being opened, the Virginian put Franklin's *Miscellanies* into the hands of the disputant, and desired he would read the celebrated parable against persecution.

New England Man (reading). And it came to pass, after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun. And behold a man, bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on his staff! And Abraham arose and met him and said unto him: Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise early in the morning, and go on thy way. And the man said, Nay, for I will abide under this tree. But Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned, and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unleavened bread and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not worship the Most High God, Creator of heaven and earth? And the man answered, and said, I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth

in my house and provideth me with all things. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man; and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger? And Abraham answered, and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness. And God said, Have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me, and couldest not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?

The New England man, having read the parable, turned to the company and with tumultuous rapture exclaimed, "What a noble lesson is this to the intolerant! Can anything speak more home? Why, the writer appears inspired."

"And inspired he was," cried the Virginian. "There is nothing in that parable, sir, natural; every word of it was revealed. It all came to Franklin from Bishop Taylor. There, sir, read and be convinced. This book was printed more

than a century ago. It is a volume of polemical discourses."

New England Man (reading). When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but, observing that the old man ate and prayed not nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other god. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me; and couldest not thou endure him one night, and when he gave thee no trouble?

The New England man having done reading, the Virginian leaped from his seat and, calling the waiter, exclaimed, "Atticus! Tell the ostler to put the bay mare in the next stall to the Chickasaw; and, do you hear, give her half a gallon of oats more upon the strength of her having a new master."

Here followed a hearty laugh from the audience; but the New England man exhibited strong symptoms of chagrin. "Devil take Franklin!" said he. "An impostor! a humbug! If he ever obtains the wish he expresses in his epitaph, of undergoing a new edition in the next world, may his plagiarisms be omitted, that no more wagers may be lost by them."

"His epitaph, did you say, sir?" cried the Virginian. "I hardly think he came by that honestly."

New England Man. Sir, I will lay you my saddle of it, a bran-new saddle. Jonathan Gregory, of Boston, imported it from London.

Virginian. My saddle, sir, is imported, too. I swopped a double-barrelled gun for it, with Mr. Racer, of Fairfax County. And I will not only lay my saddle against yours, sir, that Franklin

did not come honestly by his epitaph, but I will lay my snaffle-bridle, and my curb, my plated stirrups and stirrup-leathers — aye, and my martingale into the bargain.

New England Man. Done! Go it! Now for your proof.

Virginian. Is there any gentleman in the company besides myself who understands Latin? If there is, let him have the goodness to speak.

New England Man. This gentleman, who came with me from Salem, is not only a Latin, but a Greek scholar. He was reared at Cambridge. He will talk Latin with Professor Willard an hour by the clock.

Virginian. Then, sir, I believe he will adjudge to me your imported saddle. Will you do me the favour to introduce me to your companion?

New England Man. This, sir, is Mr. Meadows. He is the author of an *Ode on the Clam Feast.*[1]

[1] The first emigrants to New England appeased their hunger, upon landing on the shores of America, with some shell-fish they found on the beach, known in popular language by the name of clams. The anniversary of this day is every year celebrated on the spot by their descendants, who feast upon clams.

Virginian. Mr. Meadows, give me leave. Within the cover of this book you will find the epitaph which passes as Franklin's. I entreat you to read it aloud.

Mr. Meadows (reading).

"THE BODY
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilding,)
Lies here, food for worms.
Yet the work itself shall not be lost:
For it will (as he believed) appear once more,
In a new
And more beautiful edition,
Corrected and amended
By
The Author."

New England Man. Well, sir! And what objection can you make to this? Does it not breathe humility? Is it not a lecture on mortality?

Virginian. Sir, it was not honestly come by. Franklin robbed a little boy of it. The very words, sir, are taken from a Latin epitaph written on a bookseller by an Eton scholar. Mr.

Meadows, do, sir, read the epitaph which I have pasted on the other cover.[1]

Mr. Meadows (reads):

Vitae volumine peracto,
Hic finis JACOBI TONSON,
Perpoliti Sociorum principis:
Qui, velut obstetrix musarum,
In lucem edidit
Felices ingenii partus.
Lugete, scriptorum chorus,
Et frangite calamos;
Ille vester, margine erasus, deletur!
Sed haec postrema inscriptio
Huic primae mortis paginae
Imprimatur,
Ne prelo sepulchri commissus,
Ipse editor careat titulo:
Hic iacet bibliopola,
Folio vitae delapso,
Expectans Novam Editionem
Auctiorem et Emendatiorem.

[Gent. Mag. 1736.]

Virginian. Well, Mr. Meadows, what say you? Is this accidental or studied similitude? What say you, Mr. Meadows?

[1] If it should be objected that Franklin was ignorant of Latin, let it be told that an English translation of this epitaph may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1736. The source, probably, from which Franklin got his thought.

Mr. Meadows. The saddle, sir, is yours.

On hearing this laconic, but decisive sentence pronounced by his friend, the New England man grew outrageous, which served only to augment the triumph of the Virginian. "Be pacified," cried he. "I will give you another chance. I will lay you my boots against yours that Franklin's pretended discovery of calming troubled waters by pouring upon them oil, may be found in the third book of Bede's *History of the Church;* or that his facetious essay on the air-bath is poached, word for word, from Aubrey's *Miscellanies.* What say you?"

"Why, I say," returned the New England Man, "that I should be sorry to go bootless home; and therefore I will lay no more wagers about Doctor Franklin's originality."

At the Washington tavern I found seven Cherokee chiefs who had attended the President's levee on the 4th of July. They came to be instructed in the mode of European agriculture. Of this circumstance Mr. Jefferson speaks in his Message to Congress: "I am happy to inform you that the continued efforts to introduce among our Indian neighbours the implements and prac-

tice of husbandry, and of the household arts, have not been without success: that they are become more and more sensible of the superiority of this dependence for clothing and subsistence over the precarious resources of hunting and fishing; and already we are able to announce that, instead of that constant diminution of their numbers, produced by their wars and their wants, some of them begin to experience an increase of population."

If agriculture be deserving the attention of the Indians, it has also a powerful claim to that of the people of the United States; for it may be considered the firmest pillar of their national prosperity. It is, I think, to be wished that the principal citizens of the United States would enrol themselves in what might be termed a Geological Society, which should be divided into four classes. The first should comprehend experiments made to ascertain the peculiar qualities and comparative value of plants, together with the purposes to which they ought to be applied. The second should relate to the culture of plants and the ascertaining the effects of different manures in facilitating their growth. The third should

include experiments to determine the peculiar qualities of different soils. The fourth should be devoted to experiments for facilitating the operations of agriculture by improvements in machinery, and the distinguishing of what animals are the best adapted to labour as it relates to climate. In such a republic of planters and farmers, how would the knowledge of the most useful of all arts be promoted. Hints would be improved into experiments, the speculations of the theorist would be confirmed or overthrown by an appeal to practice; observations would be produced that still tended to more useful inquiries, and even errors would lead to important truths by stimulating the ardour of inquiry to refute them. Without such a society what agricultural improvements can be expected? Planters, at present, have no incitement to consult books or alter their mode of husbandry. They are contented to tread tamely in the footsteps of their forefathers, and consider as mere visionaries the writers on agriculture.

I return from this digression to my business at Washington, which was to wait on the Secretary of the Treasury, by whom I expected to be in-

vested without delay in some diplomatic department. Bear witness, ye powers, with what visions of greatness I feasted my imagination as I walked from the tavern to the Treasury! The doorkeeper desired to know my business. I wanted to see Mr. Gallatin; but Mr. Gallatin was engaged in an audience with the seven Cherokee chiefs, who called every Monday morning at the Treasury for their weekly stipend from the government. I was somewhat chagrined that Mr. Gallatin should suffer the savages of the wilderness to take precedence of me (I had sent up my name), but my chagrin soon gave place to an admiration of his policy; for I recollected these war-captains wore their tomahawks, and that they were men of an irascible temper. In a few minutes these warriors of scalping memory descended the Treasury stairs, which groaned under their giant limbs, and I was ushered into the room where the Secretary, in solemn greatness, settled the expenditures of the nation. Mr. Gallatin heard the object of my mission with patience, when he, with the utmost composure, observed that " the organization of the offices in the Treasury under the preceding administration, had been

too complicated and that, far from having any place to give away, the employments of inferior diplomatic agency were yet to be diminished. Yet he was sorry, very sorry, I should travel so far to encounter disappointment. But the Vice-President had certainly misunderstood him. He had not the pleasure of knowing me. It was another person of the same name whom he had spoken of to Mr. Burr; but even for him there was now no office as all such offices were, in future, to be regulated by legislative power, and the legislature thought the ramifications of offices too multiplied. But he was sorry, very sorry, I had travelled so far to no purpose." During this speech my colour came and went.

Obstipui, steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit.

But recovering from my stupor, I replied that I had not travelled to no purpose; for I had not only seen the city of Washington, but also Mr. Gallatin; and making him a very low bow, I again walked down the Treasury stairs.

Finding a schooner at Georgetown ready to sail for Alexandria, I put my trunk on board of her and left without regret the imperial city,

where I had encountered only disappointment. The wind being contrary, we had to work down the Potomac. — The river here is very beautiful. Mason's Island forms one continued garden; but what particularly catches the eye is the Capitol, rising with sacred majesty above the woods. Our boat turned well to windward, and in an hour we landed at the Widow Bull's house, which may be considered half way to Alexandria. Here having quaffed and smoked together under the shade of a spreading locust-tree, we once more committed ourselves to the waters of the Potomac.

In approaching Alexandria, we passed an house on our right in which the Paphian goddess had erected an altar. Some damsels were bathing before the door, who practised every allurement to make us land; but we treated their invitations with the insolence of contempt. Oh, modesty! supreme voluptuousness of love! what charms does a woman lose when she renounces thee! What care, if she knew thy empire over the breast of man, would she take to preserve thee, if not from virtue at least from coquetry.

It was easier landing at Alexandria in America than Alexandria in Egypt, and I found elegant

accommodations at Gadesby's hotel. It is observable that Gadesby keeps the best house of entertainment in the United States. It was the middle of July when I landed at Alexandria, and the heat was excessive. The acrimony of the bilious humours was consequently excited, and the diarrhoea and dysentery prevailed among the inhabitants. Yet the taverns were frequented; for Americans, to preserve health, adopt the Brunonian system of keeping up the excitement.

The splendour of Gadesby's hotel not suiting my finances, I removed to a public-house kept by a Dutchman, whose frow was a curious creature. I insert a specimen of her talk: "This hot weather makes a body feel odd. How long would a body be going from Washington to Baltimore? How the mosquitoes bite a body!" But I left the body of my landlady to approach that of her daughter, whose body resembled one of those protuberant figures which Rubens loved to depict.

To what slight causes does a man owe some of the principal events of his life. I had been a fortnight at Alexandria when, in consequence of a short advertisement I had put in the *Gazette*, a gentleman was deputed to wait on me from a

Quaker on the banks of the Occoquan, who wanted a tutor for his children. Mr. Ridgeway was what is called a supple Quaker. With those of his own sect, none could be more formal; but among men of the world he could practise all the arts of conciliation; and knew how to flatter a lady from the lustre of her eyes down to the taste of her shoestring. A Quaker accompanied him to the door, with whom he exchanged only the monosyllables, yea and nay; but no sooner had he turned his back than Friend Ridgeway introduced himself to me with the bow of a dancing-master; expressed the earnest desire Mr. Ellicott had to engage me in his family, and lavished his eloquence on the romantic beauties of the river Occoquan and the stupendous mountains that nodded over its banks.

The following evening I left Alexandria on horseback to visit the abode of Mr. Ellicott. But I had scarce ridden a couple of miles when a violent storm of rain overtook me, and I sought shelter in a tailor's shop by the wayside. The tailor laid down his goose at my approach, and we soon entered into a political discussion, which ended with his lamentations over the miseries of

the times and a determination to support the rights of man. It was six o'clock before the rain subsided, and I was in suspense whether to return to Alexandria or prosecute my journey when the tailor informed me that only two miles further lived a very honest farmer who accommodated travellers with a bed. His name was Violet.

"But why," said the tailor, "not go on to Mount Vernon?"

"What, friend, should I do there?"

"Why, sir, a gentleman is always well received."

I made the tailor an inclination of my head. But Mount Vernon was as remote from my thoughts as Mount Vesuvius. I pursued my journey, but, after riding two miles, instead of reaching the farm of Mr. Violet, my horse stopped before the door of a log house built on the brow of a hill. The man of the house was sitting under an awning, smoking in silence his pipe, and his wife occupied a chair by his side, warbling her lyrics over the circling wheel.

"Will you alight, sir," said the man, "and rest yourself in the shade? Your horse looks

well, sir. He appears to be a mighty well-conditioned brute. What, if I may be so bold, sir, did he cost you?"

"Why, sir, the creature is worth a hundred and fifty dollars. The horse is young, quite young. He will be only five years old next spring. Do put your hand into his mouth."

"Excuse me, sir, I never trusts my hand in a horse's mouth; the brute may be vicious. But should you ever want anything done to him, I shall be happy to serve you. My name is Kaiting. I have long been used to cutting and splaying all kinds of creatures."

"Can you fox and nick a horse, Mr. Kaiting?"

"Aye, sir, and cure all sorts of distempers, whether spavins or ringbones or cribs or yellow-water or blind-staggers or weak eyes or glanders."

"Hum! What a catalogue of complaints is horse-flesh heir to. But can you inform me how far it is to the house of farmer Violet?"

"I suspect it is a mile."

"Come, none of your suspicions, but tell me candidly, my friend, do you think I can be accommodated there for the night?"

"Aye, as elegantly as you would be at Gadesby's!"

"And how shall I know the house?"

"It has a chimney at each end, like my own."

"The house, you say, is like yours?"

"Psha! It is better than mine; it is weather-boarded. I pay no taxes for my house; the tax-gatherers value it below a hundred dollars."

I had not time to reply before a goose waddled out of the house towards the place where Mr. Kaiting and his wife were sitting, followed by a tame frog that jumped in concert with his feathered companion. It was a singular spectacle, and would have afforded little pleasure to an unreflecting mind. But it was to me a most pleasing speculation to behold this worthy couple extending their protection to a goose and a frog; it verified the remark of Sterne, that the heart wants something to be kind to.

"Then, sir," said I, "you do not consider the frog a nuisance? You would not kill it?"

"Kill it! I should as soon think of putting an end to my own life. There was a gentleman from Fredericksburg who stopped last week at my house to give his horse a bite of clover. He

had hardly sat down under the awning when the frog came out of the house and hopped towards his chair. 'That 's a cursed impudent frog,' says he, and lifting up his arm, he made a blow at the animal with his whip. We were all in consternation. My wife screamed, I held out my leg to intercept the blow; and the goose, who seldom quits the frog, flew at the man with the strength and fury of an eagle. It was lucky his whip missed the frog; for, had he killed him, there would not have been a dry eye in the house for a week."

I would willingly have protracted my conversation with so humane a person had not the sky, which was overcast, indicated there was no time to be lost. I therefore put spurs to my nag, and departed at a gallop.

The next day I proceeded to Occoquan; but so steep and craggy was the road that I found it almost inaccessible. On descending the last hill I was nearly stunned by the noise of two huge mills, whose roar, without any hyperbolical aggravation, is scarcely inferior to that of the great falls of the Potomac, or the cataract of Niagara. My horse would not advance, and I was myself lost in astonishment.

On crossing a little bridge I came within view of the settlement, which is romantic beyond conception. A beautiful river rolls its stream along mountains that rise abruptly from its bank, while on the opposite rocky shore, which appears to have been formed by a volcano, are seen two mills enveloped in foam, and here and there a dwelling which has vast masses of stone for its foundation. The eye for some time is arrested by the uncommon scene; but it is soon relieved by a beautiful landscape that bounds the horizon. In a word, all the riches of nature are brought together in this spot, but without confusion.

Friend Ellicott and his wife received me with an unaffected simplicity of manners, whom I was happy to catch just as they were going to dinner. An exquisite Virginia ham smoked on the board, and two damsels supplied the guests with boiled Indian corn, which they had gathered with their own hands. — Friend Ellicott, uncorrupted by the refinement of modern manners, had put his hat to its right use; for it covered his head. It was to no purpose that I bent my body, and made a hundred grimaces. Mordecai would not bow to Haman, nor would Friend Ellicott uncover

to the Cham of Tartary. Our agreement was soon made. Quakers are men of few words. Friend Ellicott engaged me to educate his children for a quarter of a year. He wanted them taught reading, writing and arithmetic. Delightful task! As to Latin or French, he considered the study of either language an abuse of time, and very calmly desired me not to say another word about it.

CHAPTER VIII

MEMOIR OF MY LIFE ON THE BANKS OF THE OCCOQUAN

Lo! the moon its lustre lends,
Gilding ev'ry wood and lawn;
And the miller's heart distends
On the banks of Occoquan!

In the Bull Run Mountains rises a river which retains the Indian name of Occoquan, and, after a course of sixty miles, falls into the Potomac near the little town of Colchester. In America there are few or no rivers without falls, and at those of Occoquan are erected a couple of mills which, by the easy and safe navigation of the Potomac, the richness of the adjacent country and the healthfulness of the climate, induced the proprietor to project the plan of a city and invite strangers to build on it; but his visions were never realized, and Occoquan consists only of a

house built on a rock, three others on the river-side and half a dozen log huts scattered at some distance. Yet no place can be more romantic than the view of Occoquan to a stranger after crossing the rustic bridge which has been constructed by the inhabitants across its stream. He contemplates a river urging its course along mountains that lose themselves among the clouds; he beholds vessels taking on board flour under the foam of the mills, and others deeply laden, expanding their sails to the breeze, while every face wears contentment, every gale wafts health, and echo from the rocks multiplies the voices of the waggoners calling to their teams.

It is pleasant, says Juvenal, to be master of a house, though it stand not on more ground than a lizard would occupy. The schoolhouse at Occoquan was entirely my own. It was a little brick structure, situated about three hundred yards from the house on the rock. The front casements looked upon the Occoquan river, and commanded the variegated prospect of hill and dale.

I mingled seldom with the people of Occoquan, but, shut up in my profound habitation, sought

an oblivion of care in writing, reading and tobacco. Often when the moonlight slept upon the mountain near my dwelling have I walked before my door and gazed in silent rapture on the orb of night, whose beams trembled on the stream that gave motion to the mill, while the tall bark was seen dancing on the waves at a distance, and the mocking-bird in a saddened strain was heard from the woods. It was during one of these nights that, recalling the images of the evening, I combined them in an ode:

EVENING AT OCCOQUAN

AN ODE

Slow the solemn sun descends,
Ev'ning's eye comes rolling on;
Glad the weary stranger bends
To the banks of Occoquan.

Now the cricket on the hearth,
Chirping, tells his merry tale;
Now the owlet ventures forth,
Moping to the sighing gale.

Still the busy mill goes round,
While the miller plies his care;
And the rocks send back the sound,
Wafted by the balmy air.

Lo! the moon with lustre bright,
In the stream beholds her face;
Shedding glory o'er the night,
As she runs her lofty race.

See! the bark along the shore,
Larger to the prospect grow;
While the sea-boy bending o'er,
Chides the talking waves below.

Now the mocking songster's strain,
Fills the pauses of her brood;
And her plaints the ear detain,
Echoing from the distant wood.

Hanging o'er the mountain's brow,
Lo! the cattle herbage find;
While in slumber sweet below,
Peaceful rests the village hind.

Now the student seeks his cell,
Nor regrets the day is gone;
But with silence loves to dwell,
On the banks of Occoquan.

I was never one of those who sleep well at night. All hours are of equal value, and the tranquillity of the night invites to study. Hence, I have been frequently compelled to change my lodgings, where the good woman of the house was in fear that her curtains might catch fire and

set the dwelling in a blaze. But the houses in Virginia are not very superb. The people were never under any solicitude for the habitation I occupied; and, had it been burnt to the ground, a few boards and a proportionate number of shingles would soon have constructed another. I never yet occupied a house that was not exempt from taxes; it was always valued by the tax-gatherers below a hundred dollars (about 20*l.* sterling), and, by an act of Assembly, for a house not worth a hundred dollars there is no tax to pay.

From the platform of my house at Occoquan there was a subterraneous passage which led to a kind of kitchen. In this underground apartment dwelt Rachel, a negro woman, who was left a widow with eleven children; but her numerous offspring were all provided for. Mr. Carter, to whom the whole family belonged, had taken upon him this benevolent office; for he had sold one to Mr. A., another to Mr. B., a third to Mr. C., a fourth to Mr. D., and so on, nearly half round the alphabet.

The student who values his health will practise study and exercise alternately. After reading a

scene in *Hamlet*, I took a few strides across the room and amused myself by repeating a part of his soliloquies. Such, for example, as

> How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
> Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Rachel, who dwelt underneath, marvelled greatly at the noise. Her penetration made her immediately conclude that I was busied in praying, and in the morning my character was established for religion. "Ah!" said the old woman to her gaping auditors, "they may talk of this parson, or that parson, or the other parson, but our new coolmossa beats them all by a heap. Why, 't is as true as the mill is now going round that he walks up and down and prays the whole night long."

Rachel, without carrying about her the mockery of woe, mourned very sensibly her husband. Let my page record the words of her affliction.

"I was reared at Port Tobacco. A heap of likely young fellows courted me, but I refused them all for the head coachman of Counsellor Carter. He was a good husband; he made me the mother of eleven children. Woe to Rachel

when he died. Oh! how I clap my hands and cry! but he 's gone to the great Jehovah. I shall never forget it; 't was at the pulling-of-corn time. The poor creature was a little out of his head. He asked me if the corn was in tassel. 'In tassel,' says I! 'God help you, you had some yesterday for dinner.' But he changed the discourse, and he talked of the hymn-book and Parson Weems and Pohick church. It was as good as any sarment! Dear sweet honey! He was a friend to the Gospel; he loved the Church of England, and nobody can say they ever saw him go to the Quaker meeting. Alack! Alack! My poor husband died the next morning; I knew his time was come; the whippoorwill cried all night by the house, and I could not drive him away. God help us! Die come in every part of the world; Virginia, Maryland, black man, white man, all one day or another get their mouth full of yellow clay."

Occoquan scarcely supplied more literature than Ovid's place of banishment on the Black Sea. But at Clearmount, near Fauquier Court-house, lived a French gentleman of the name of Gerardine, whose reputation for the belles-lettres

induced me to write to him from my solitude. It was now I felt the bliss of having an enlightened friend to whom I could pour out my soul on paper, and enjoy the intercourse of spirit without the mediation of an earthly frame. My friendship with Mr. George was still unimpaired.

It was my custom every Saturday to ride to Alexandria, where I read the northern papers at the coffee-room, and at Thomas' bookstore regaled myself with the new publications imported from Philadelphia. But I sought in vain for the advertisement that was to announce the diffusion of the *Wanderings of William,* and looking forward with solicitude for the moment that was to reward my labour with emolument and satisfy my vanity with praise. In this state of suspense I wrote my friend Dufief an elaborate epistle in French, execrating the honeyed promises of the great men in power who had doomed me to the obscurity of Occoquan, and earnestly demanding intelligence of *William* who occupied my waking and sleeping thoughts.

They who delight in walking must, during the summer in Virginia, embrace the night to stimulate their muscular energies. The fierceness of

the sun would suspend the steps of the hardiest traveller; but amidst the freshness of the night he breathes only odours in journeying through the woods. No walk could be more delightful than that from Occoquan to Colchester when the moon was above the mountains. You traverse the bank of a placid stream over which impend rocks, in some places bare, but more frequently covered with an odouriferous plant that regales the travellers with its fragrance.

Art is here pouring fast into the lap of nature the luxuries of exotic refinement. After clambering over mountains almost inaccessible to human toil, you come to the junction of the Occoquan with the noble river of the Potomac, and behold a bridge whose semi-elliptical arches are scarcely inferior to those of princely London. On the side of this bridge stands a tavern, where every luxury that money can purchase is to be obtained at a first summons; where the richest viands cover the table, and where ice cools the Madeira that has been thrice across the ocean.

The English bewail the want of convenient taverns in the United States, but the complaint is, I think, groundless; for I have found taverns

in the woods of America not inferior to those of the common market-towns in England. My description of the tavern at the mouth of the Occoquan partakes of no hyperbolical amplification. The apartments are numerous and, at the same time, spacious; carpets of delicate texture cover the floors, and glasses are suspended from the walls in which a Goliath might survey himself. No man can be more complaisant than the landlord. Enter but his house with money in your pocket, and his features will soften into the blandishments of delight; call, and your mandate is obeyed; extend your leg, and the bootjack is brought you.

Having slept one night at this tavern, I rose with the sun and journeyed leisurely to the mills, catching refreshment from a light air that stirred the leaves of the trees. The morning was beautiful; but not the Muses nor walks nor the melody of birds could divert my mind from the publication of my novel which had been so long in the press at Philadelphia. My publisher soon after sent me a dozen copies of my novel together with a number of the *Port Folio* which contained some remarks on the volume. Mr. Dennie, my former

panegyrist, now wielded his bullrush against me; but I fear that, only glancing over the contents, like the student in *Gil Blas*, he did not dig deep enough to discover the soul of the licentiate. I insert his remarks.

"The author of *Poems* written chiefly in South Carolina, and the translator of *Buonaparte's Campaign in Italy*, has just published a novel entitled the *Wanderings of William, or the Inconstancy of Youth.* The author dedicates it to Flavia in a strain which seems to foretell the complexion of the work. His words are, 'Avail yourself of the moment that offers to indulge in the perusal of this book. Take it, read it; there is nothing to fear. Your governess is gone out, and your mamma is not yet risen. Do you hesitate? *Werter* has been under your pillow, and the *Monk* has lain on your toilet.' It was our design at first to have abridged the story of the work, but the inutility of the task overcame our benevolence; for the author sacrifices reflection to mirth, and his page, however it may be read with interest, will not be remembered with advantage."

On the north bank of the Occoquan is a pile

of stones which indicates that an Indian warrior is interred underneath. The Indians from the back settlements, in travelling to the northward, never fail to leave the main road, and visit the grave of their departed hero. If a stone be thrown down they religiously restore it to the pile; and, sitting round the rude monument, they meditate profoundly, catching, perhaps, a local emotion from the place. A party of Indians, while I was at Occoquan, turned from the common road into the woods to visit this grave on the bank of the river. The party was composed of an elderly chief, twelve young war-captains and a couple of squaws. Of the women, the youngest was an interesting girl of seventeen, remarkably well shaped and possessed of a profusion of hair, which in colour was raven black. She appeared such another object as the mind images Pocahontas to have been. The people of Occoquan, with more curiosity than breeding, assembled round the party; but they appeared to be wholly indifferent to their gaze. The men amused themselves by chopping the ground with their tomahawks, and the women were busied in making a garment for the chief. Among the whites was a young

man of gigantic stature; he was, perhaps, a head taller than any of the rest of the company. The old Indian could not but remark the lofty stature of the man. He seemed to eye him involuntarily, and, at length, rising from the ground, he went up to the giant stranger and shook him by the hand. This raised a loud laugh from all the lookers-on; but the Indians still maintained an inflexible gravity.

When I saw the squaws a second time, they were just come from their toilet. Woman throughout the world delights ever in finery; the great art is to suit the colours to the complexion. The youngest girl would have attracted notice in any circle of Europe. She had fastened to her long dark hair a profusion of ribbons, which the bounty of the people of Occoquan had heaped upon her, and the tresses of this Indian beauty, which before had been confined round her head, now rioted luxuriously down her shoulders and back. The adjustment of her dress one would have thought she had learned from some English female of fashion; for she had left it so open before that the most inattentive eye could not but discover the rise and fall of a bosom just begin-

ning to fill. The covering of this young woman's feet riveted the eye of the stranger with its novelty and splendour. Nothing could be more delicate than her moccasins. They were each of them formed of a single piece of leather, having the seams ornamented with beads and porcupine quills, while a string of scarlet ribbon confined the moccasin round the instep and made every other part of it sit close to the foot. The moccasin was of a bright yellow, and made from the skin of a deer which had been killed by the arrow of one of the Indian youths. Let me be pardoned for having spoken of this lady's foot with such minuteness of investigation. A naturalist will devote a whole chapter to the examination of a bird, count the feathers in its wings and declaim with the highest rapture on its variegated plumage; and a traveller may surely be forgiven a few remarks on the seducing foot of an Indian beauty. *Utrum horum mavis accipe.*

Of these Indians, the men had not been inattentive to their persons. The old chief had clad himself in a robe of furs, and the young warriors had blacked their bodies with charcoal. The Indians being assembled round the grave, the old

chief rose with a solemn mien, and knocking his war-club against the ground, pronounced an oration to the memory of the departed warrior: —

"Here rests the body of a chief of our nation, who, before his spirit took its flight to the country of souls, was the boldest in war and the fleetest in the chase. The arm that is now mouldering beneath this pile could once wield the tomahawk with vigour, and often caused the foe to sink beneath its weight. (A dreadful cry of whoo! whoo! whoop! from the hearers.) It has often grasped the head of the expiring enemy, and often with the knife divested it of the scalp. (A yell of whoo! whoo! whoop!) It has often bound to the stake the prisoner of war and piled the blazing faggots round the victim, singing his last song of death. (A yell of whoo! whoop!) The foot that is now motionless was once fleeter than the hart that grazes on the mountain, and in danger it was ever more ready to advance than retreat. (A cry of whoo! whoo! whoop!) But the hero is not gone unprovided to the country of spirits. His tomahawk was buried with him, to repulse the enemy in the field, and his bow, to pierce the deer that flies through the woods."

No orator of antiquity ever exceeded this savage chief in the force of his emphasis and the propriety of his gesture. Indeed, the whole scene was highly dignified. The fierceness of his countenance, the flowing robe, elevated tone, naked arm and erect stature, with a circle of auditors seated on the ground, and in the open air, could not but impress upon the mind a lively idea of the celebrated speakers of ancient Greece and Rome.

Having ended his oration, the Indian struck his war-club with fury against the ground, and the whole party obeyed the signal by joining in a war-dance; leaping and brandishing their knives at the throats of each other, and accompanying their menacing attitudes with a whoop and a yell, which echoed with tenfold horror from the banks of the river. The dance took place by moonlight, and it was scarcely finished when the chief produced a keg of whiskey, and, having taken a draught, passed it round among his brethren. The squaws now moved the tomahawks into the woods, and a scene of riot ensued. The keg was soon emptied. The effect of the liquor began to display itself in the looks and motions of the Indians. Some rolled their eyes with distraction;

others could not keep on their legs. At length succeeded the most dismal noises. Such whoops, such shouts, such roaring, such yells, — all the devils of hell seemed collected together. Each strove to do an outrage on the other. This seized the other by the throat; that kicked with raging fury at his adversary. To complete the scene the old warrior was uttering the most mournful lamentations over the keg he had emptied, inhaling its flavour with his lips, holding it out with his hands in a supplicating attitude, and vociferating to the bystanders *Scuttawawbah! Scuttawawbah!* More strong drink! More strong drink!

A disquisition of Indian manners cannot but be interesting to a speculative mind. The discovery of America, independent of every other circumstance, is of vast importance to mankind, from the light it has enabled us to throw upon man in his savage state, and the opportunity it has afforded us to study him in his first degrees of civilization. It has even been advanced that before the discovery of the western continent the natural history of the human species was very imperfect. The ancient philosophers had no other resource

but to study the characters of the Scythians and Germans; but in the Indians of America a much wider field is opened to investigation. The moral character of the Scythians and Germans was brutish insensibility; the moral character of the American Indians discovers little of that quality.

The Indians dwell in wigwams, which are formed of mats or bark tied about poles that are fastened in the earth; and a hole is made at the top to let out the smoke. Their principal diet is nokehick, parched meal diluted with water; but, where the woods invite hunting, they kill and devour the deer, the bear, the moose and raccoon. Their meat and fish they do not preserve by salting, but drying.

Every man is his own physician; but in dangerous cases the patient requires the cooperation of a priest. There is but one mode of cure for all disorders. The sick man descends into a heated cave, or sweating-room; from whence, after having evacuated much of the morbid matter through the pores, the patient is dragged to the river and plunged over head and ears. Should the case be desperate, a powaw or

priest is summoned, who roars and howls till the patient either recovers or his pulse ceases to beat.

They cross rivers in canoes, which are constructed sometimes of trees which they burn and hew till they have hollowed them, and sometimes of bark, which they can carry overland. It will be readily credited that their astonishment was very great on first beholding a ship. They were, says a pious colonist, "scared out of their wits to see the monster come sailing into their harbour, and spitting fire with a mighty noise out of her floating side."

The men in domestic life are exceedingly slothful. The women perform all the household drudgery; they build the wigwams and beat the corn. The active employment of the men is war and hunting. The division of their time is by sleeps, moons and winters. Indeed, by lodging abroad, they have become familiar with the motions of the stars; and it is remarkable that they have called Charles's Wain, Paukunnawaw, or the Bear, the name by which it is also known to the astronomers of Europe.

In eloquence the Indians of America have emi-

nently distinguished themselves. The speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, exhibits the force and sententious brevity of a Demosthenes. I cannot repress the impulse I feel to insert this oration; but it will first be proper to state the incidents that produced it. A white man having been murdered on the frontiers of Virginia by two Indians of the Shawanese tribe, the colonists undertook to avenge the outrage in a summary manner. A Colonel Cresap collected a party and proceeded down the Ranhaway. A canoe of women and children, with only one man, was perceived at a distance. Cresap concealed his boat in a recess of the river, and crept with his men along the trees that covered its banks. The unsuspecting Indians passed on, when Cresap and his people, singling out their victims, killed the whole party. It was the family of Logan, who had long been a friend of the whites. Such unprovoked cruelty raised his vengeance, and, taking an active part in the war that followed, he slew many of the colonists and adorned his wigwam with their scalps. At length a decisive battle was fought between the Indians and colonists; the Indians were defeated and sued for peace. The pride of Logan

would not suffer him to be seen among the suppliants; but, lest the sincerity of a treaty should be distrusted from which so illustrious a chief withheld himself, he sent by a messenger a speech to be delivered to the white people: —

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not? During the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men!' I had even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to

save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

The Indians of America want only an historian who would measure them by the standard of Roman ideals, to equal in bravery and magnanimity the proud masters of the world. The descendants of Romulus were ever engaged in a perpetual succession of barbarous wars. These wars, dignified by the historic page, are read with veneration by the multitude; but the philosopher contemplates them through the same medium that he would a bloody conflict between the Chippeways and Nawdowessies on one of the Ottowaw lakes. I know not why a Catawba or Cherokee chief should not be considered a rival in greatness with a Roman or a Latin leader. If I understand aright the Roman history, war seems to have been the trade of the ancient Romans. To war they owed their origin, and they pursued it as a system. Let us compare with these dignified butchers the depreciated Indians of America; and, if a love of peace be the criterion of a great character, how will a Roman shrink at the side of an Indian. The Romans were ever found to sheathe the sword with reluctance; the In-

dians have been always ready to lay down the hatchet.

That in humanity and all the softer emotions the Indians of America will rival the most polished nations of the world let facts establish. When, after a sanguinary war between the whites and the Indians, a treaty of peace was concluded, no scene could be more affecting than the sensibility with which the Indians restored their captives to the British. The Indians were of the tribes of Muskingham, and the event took place in the camp of General Bouquet. It was with eyes full of tears that the Indians brought their captives into the camp of their countrymen. They visited them from day to day, bringing the horses, furs and skins which they had formerly bestowed on them while they composed part of their families, accompanied with every act that could display sincerity of affection. Nay, some even followed their white inmates to Fort Pitt, hunting for them by the way, and delighting to supply their provisions.

But a young Mingo war-captain evinced by his actions that the spirit of chivalry may be found

in the forests of barbarous tribes. Wampanoag had formed a strong attachment for a female captive of the name of Helen Hopkins, and now at the risk of being killed by the surviving relations of the many unhappy victims whom he had scalped, he accompanied Helen, who rode his caparisoned horse, to the very frontiers of his enemies, assisting her to ford the rivers, decorating her with the plumage of the birds he killed in the woods, and throwing into his looks all the tenderness of a lover. The girl, from the prejudice of education, could not refuse to accompany the whites to Fort Pitt; but when the party were to separate at the Ohio, all the woman rushed into her bosom. She clung to Wampanoag with distraction, called him by the endearing name of husband, and with the most bitter lamentations was torn from his arms.

Of the captives that were restored, many had been taken when children by the Indians. These had been accustomed to consider the Indians as their only relations; they spoke no other language but that of the Shawanese; and beholding their new state in the light of captivity, they sep-

arated from their savage benefactors with mournful reluctance.

On the parting of the Indians from the British, a Shawanese chief addressed the white men in a short but humane speech. "Fathers," said the Indian warrior, "we have brought your flesh and blood to you; they are our children by adoption, but yours by natural right. Inmates with us from their tender years, they are wholly unacquainted with your customs and manners; and therefore we beseech you to treat them with kindness, that at length they may become reconciled to you."

It was my design to have spoken only of the Indian in what bore a relation to his moral character; but as the world has been long agitated relative to a particular circumstance of his physical construction, I cannot neglect the opportunity to produce a testimony or two upon the subject. "It has been said," observes Mr. Jefferson, in his *Notes*, "that Indians have less hair than the whites except on their heads. But this is a fact of which fair proof can scarcely be had. With them it is disgraceful to be hairy on the body. They say it likens them to hogs. They

therefore pluck the hair as fast as it appears. But the traders who marry their women and prevail on them to discontinue this practice say that nature is the same with them as the whites."

He who can read the concluding part of this sentence, in which Mr. Jefferson still maintains that tone of philosophic gravity which breathes throughout his work, without a smile, must possess more stoical composure than I. The dispute which has been so long *sub judice* was not respecting the physical woman, but the physical man of the new world. The question in point was about beards. It was contended for by the philosophers of Europe that the aborigines of America were without any hair to their chins, and that not all the warriors of the Six Nations could furnish one respectable beard. From this peculiarity in the American Indian inferences were deduced by no means favourable to the other parts of his physical conformation; for when philosophers have once established a position they are seldom slow in building upon it. But the dispute has at length been decided, and the red man of America is restored to his physical dignity. It

has been discovered that nature has not been less liberal in her gifts to the Indian than the European; that the Indians would have beards but that they will not suffer them to grow. On a subject of such magnitude — a subject that has called forth every acuteness of disquisition from a Buffon on one side of the Atlantic and a Jefferson on the other — whatever positive evidence can be produced is entitled to serious attention. It is, therefore, with satisfaction I lay before my readers three certificates of unquestionable authority:

COLONEL BUTLER'S TESTIMONY

The Indians of the Six Nations have all beards naturally, as have all other nations of North America which ever I saw. Several of the Mohocks shave with razors, as do likewise several of the Pawnees, who have had an intercourse with Europeans. But in general the Indians pluck out the beard by the roots, from its earliest appearance, and, as their faces are therefore smooth, it has been supposed they were without this characteristical mark of their sex. I am even of opinion that, if the Indians were to prac-

tise shaving from their youth many of them would have as strong beards as Europeans.

(Signed)
JOHN BUTLER,
Agent of Indian Affairs.

(True Copy) Niagara, April 12, 1784.

CAPTAIN BRANT'S TESTIMONY

The men of the Six Nations have all beards by nature; as have likewise all other Indian nations of North America which I have seen. The generality pluck out the hairs of the beard by the roots as soon as they begin to appear, and hence they seem to have no beard, or at most only a few straggling hairs, which they have neglected to eradicate. I am, however, of opinion that if the Indians were to shave, none of them would be without beards and that some would have very thick ones.

(Signed)
JOSEPH BRANT,

(True Copy) Schenectady, April 19, 1793.

MAJOR WARD'S TESTIMONY

I brought up in my family at Flatbush a young Indian of the Montauk nation, who inhabit the

east end of Long Island, and, having read with interest both Buffon's and Jefferson's philosophic chapter on beards, I would not neglect the fair opportunity which offered to determine the dispute of these great men by an appeal to experience. Directly the chin of this Montauk Indian became razorable I put a razor into his hand, and taught him to shave, inculcating with all my powers of rhetoric how much importance there was annexed by the world to a beard; that a beard had a kind of mechanical operation upon the mind; that in the ages of antiquity no man could be a philosopher without one, and that (the fellow had received a pretty liberal education) it was the opinion of Doctor Swift that the reason Daphne fled from Apollo was because he had no beard. This mode of reasoning, together with my own example (I am obliged to shave every morning) induced my Indian protégé to encourage a beard. He at first shaved every other day, but in the lapse of a twelvemonth he was obliged to have diurnally recourse to his razor. He has now what may be termed a handsome beard; it is dark, bushy and repulsive, and before he reaches the age of thirty (he is now only twenty-three)

he may, I am of opinion, appear with dignity at the court of the Grand Turk.

(Signed)
GUY WARD,
Long Island, June 15, 1795.

(True Copy)

Upon this subject there can be now no more controversy. Facts will ever supersede speculation; and, however the casuist may argue, truth vindicates itself. The page of Buffon that relates to the beards of the Six Nations may eternally enforce homage by the dignified march of its periods; for the page of Buffon, whether his subject be the creation of the first man, the Arab wandering in the desert, or the Mohock wanting a beard, is ever found to blaze with magnificence and sparkle with illustration. But it can bring no conviction to him who submits his book to his reason and not his reason to his book.

About eight miles from the Occoquan mills is a house of worship called Powhick church, a name it derives from a run that flows near its walls. Hither I rode on Sundays and joined the congregation of Parson Weems,[1] a minister of

[1] Weems, Mason L., rector of Mount Vernon parish, before the Revolution, when the old church at Pohick

the Episcopal persuasion, who was cheerful in his mien that he might win men to religion. A Virginian churchyard on a Sunday resembles rather a race-ground than a sepulchral-ground. The ladies come to it in carriages, and the men, after dismounting from their horses, make them fast to the trees. But the steeples to the Virginian churches were designed not for utility, but ornament; for the bell is always suspended to a tree a few yards from the church. It is also observable that the gate to the churchyard is ever carefully locked by the sexton, who retires last; so that had Hervey and Gray been born in America the preacher of peace could not have indulged in his *Meditations among the Tombs,*

had for its attendant George Washington, became a book-agent for Matthew Carey.

It would be difficult at this day to procure an exact chronological catalogue of the books which he himself wrote.

Of Weems's earlier parish life we have a pleasing notice in the travels of John Davis, who was in the United States from 1798 to 1802, and in the latter portion of his time frequented Weems's church at Pohick while he was living in the vicinity.

We have not met with a record of Weems's birth or of his birthplace. His death took place at Beaufort, South Carolina, May 23, 1825. — Duyckinck.

nor the poet produced the Elegy that has secured him immortality.

Wonder and ignorance are ever reciprocal. I was confounded on first entering the churchyard at Powhick to hear,

> Steed threaten steed, in high and boastful neighs.

Nor was I less stunned with the rattling of carriage-wheels, the cracking of whips and the vociferations of the gentlemen to the negroes who accompanied them. But the discourse of Parson Weems calmed every perturbation; for he preached the great doctrines of salvation as one who had experienced their power. It was easy to discover that he felt what he said; and indeed, so uniform was his piety that he might have applied to himself the words of the Psalmist, "My mouth shall shew forth thy righteousness and thy salvation all the day; for I know not the numbers thereof."

In his youth Mr. Weems accompanied some young Americans to London, where he prepared himself by diligent study for the profession of the church. After being some months in the metropolis it was remarked by his companions that he

absented himself from their society towards the close of the day, and, conjecturing that the motive of his disappearing arose either from the heat of lust or a proneness to liquor, they determined to watch his conduct. His footsteps were traced, and they found him descending into a wretched cellar that augured no good. But their suspicions were soon changed on following him into his subterranean apartment. They found him exhorting to repentance a poor wretch who was once the gayest of the gay and flattered by the multitude, but now languishing on a death-bed, and deserted by the world. He was reproving him tenderly, privately, and with all due humility, but holding out to him the consolation of the sacred text, that his sins, red as scarlet, would become by contrition white as snow, and that there was more joy in the angels of heaven over one sinner that repented than over ninety-nine persons whose conduct had been unerring.

Of the congregation at Powhick church about one half was composed of white people, and the other of negroes. Among many of the negroes were to be discovered the most satisfying evi-

dences of sincere piety; an artless simplicity, passionate aspirations after Christ, and an earnest endeavour to know and do the will of God.

After church I made my salutations to Parson Weems, and having turned the discourse to divine worship, I asked him his opinion of the piety of the blacks.

"Sir," said he, "no people in this country prize the Sabbath more seriously than the trampled-upon negroes. They are swift to hear; they seem to hear as for their lives. They are wakeful, serious, reverent and attentive in God's house, and gladly embrace opportunities of hearing his word. Oh, it is sweet preaching when people are desirous of hearing! Sweet feeding the flock of Christ when they have so good an appetite. — How, sir, did you like my preaching?"

"Sir," cried I, "it was a sermon to pull down the proud, and humble the haughty. I have reason to believe that many of your congregation were under spiritual and scriptural conviction of their sins. Sir, you spoke home to sinners. You knocked at the door of their hearts."

"I grant that, but I doubt [shaking his head] whether the hearts of many were not both barred and bolted against me."

I had been three months at Occoquan when I so often caught myself stretching, yawning and exhibiting other symptoms of *ennui*, in my chair, that I began to be of opinion it was time to change my residence. My condition was growing irksome. There was no light, airy vision of a female disciple, with expressive dark eyes to consider my instructions oracular; but I was surrounded by a throng of oafs who read their lessons with the same tone that Punch makes when he squeaks through a comb.

I therefore resigned my place to an old drunken Irishman of the name of Burbridge, who was travelling the country on foot in search of an academy; and whom Friend Ellicott made no scruple to engage, though, when the fellow addressed him, he was so drunk that he could with difficulty stand on his legs. I remonstrated with Friend Ellicott on the impropriety of employing a sot to educate his children. "Friend," said he, "of all the schoolmasters I ever employed, none

taught my children to write so good a hand as a man who was constantly in a state that bordered on intoxication. They learned more of him in one month than of any other in a quarter. I will make trial of Burbridge."

CHAPTER IX

It was not without emotion that I quitted the banks of the Occoquan; those banks on which I had passed so many tranquil hours in study and meditation. I was about to exchange the quiet of solitude for the tumult of the world, and was posting I knew not whither, without any object to my journeying. I pass over the common occurrences of the road to Washington, the contributions levied on my purse by the landlords of Alexandria and those of the imperial city; but at Baltimore an accident happened which I have still, under every combination of circumstance, in my memory's eye. I had left Peck's tavern in the stage-coach at a very early hour of the morning, when, before we had proceeded halfway down Market Street, one of the fore wheels came off. The driver, on whose presence of mind the safety of the passengers depended, deserted his post in the moment of danger, and

leaped from his seat. The horses being without any check, accelerated their pace, and I can only compare their speed to the rapidity of lightning. This was an awful moment. I expected every moment to be dashed in pieces, and determined to make one effort for my life, I leaped from the carriage into the street; an example that was soon followed by two other passengers. In my eagerness to clear the wheels I leaped further than was necessary, and received a bruise in my forehead; but one of the other passengers was mangled by the flints in the road. On looking up I could perceive nothing but a flame before me, produced by the horses whose shoes struck fire as they flew. I followed the carriage with the third passenger, who had escaped unhurt, solicitous to know the fate of a sailor and a boy whom we had left in the coach. We overtook it at Chinquopin Hill, where the horses in their ascent had slackened their pace; and found the sailor and the boy holding the panting cattle by the reins. I congratulated them on their escape; but when I asked the sailor why he had not jumped from the carriage, "Avast there," said the tar, "more people are lost by taking to the boat than sticking

by the wreck; I always stick to the wreck!" A fresh coach and horses conveyed us to Chester, where I supped with Monsieur Pichon, embassador from France to America, and the next morning arrived at Philadelphia to breakfast.

I sojourned a week at Philadelphia, collecting what money was due to me for the sale of my novel, and enjoying the converse of that mammoth of literature, Joseph Dennie, whom I found seated in all the splendour of absolute dominion among his literary vassals.

I called on Dufief, but found him so occupied in teaching French and selling books that he had neither leisure nor disposition for the offices of friendship. Dufief informed me that Doctor Priestly had called at his shop and exchanged with him half a dozen copies of Godwin's *Political Justice* for the sermons of Massillon and some other religious works. "This," said the lively Frenchman, "was poor barter, and I resembled the hero in the *Iliad* who exchanged a shield of silver for another of brass."

From Philadelphia I travelled to New York, partly by water and partly by land. In the passage-boat to Burlington was a sweet girl of seven-

teen whose voice was music, and who observed that the Pennsylvania shore of the Delaware was much more pleasant than the Jersey side. We got to Burlington a little before the going down of the sun. It is built on the Delaware, and at a place so near Philadelphia I did not expect to be put in the same bed with another passenger. This passenger was going to Canada, and was accompanied on the road with two waggons loaded with bale goods.

The next day we passed through Hiat's-town which is composed of a meeting-house, a public-house and a blacksmith's shop. The next place of any distinction was Cat's Tail, from which to Allentown is a rugged and almost insurmountable road called Featherbed Lane! Strange names these for a Christian country. From Amboy, which terminated our land-travelling, we embarked for New York, where I found a kind reception at the house of Major Howe. The next day I hastened on the wings of friendship to Mr. George, who was still employed on Long Island in his sublime academy.

I did not fail to visit my old friends on Long Island. Parson Vandyke was afflicted with the

jaundice, but his wife was still as notable and narrative as ever. Farmer Titus had lost none of his accustomed hospitality; nor was Farmer Moore less kind to the stranger within his gates. Mr. Remsen continued to regale his guests with Madeira, and his sons were increasing their ideas under the tuition of my literary friend. Nor were the daughters of these worthy people less lovely or less amiable. Joy be to Newtown! Joy to its rosy damsels; and may heaven preserve their charms from decay!

I remained a week on Long Island, enjoying the renovation of intellectual felicity with Mr. George, when, impatient of being without any determined pursuit, I again departed for the southward. It was September 21, 1801; a day I shall ever remember in the annals of my life, as it was a day of separation from a more than fraternal friend, whom I have never seen since.

I embarked in the passage-boat for Amboy, from whence I travelled in the stage-coach to Burlington with a sea-faring man and an Indian trader. I had never met with such blasphemous wretches. Indeed, something might be advanced in extenuation of the sailor, whose mode of life

was not favourable to external decorum; but the Indian trader was a man of at least threescore years, who had mingled with reputable society. Five miles from Burlington we crossed Ancocus-creek, and at a public-house on its border stopped to refresh our cattle. The old reprobate, as usual, staggered to the bar and, as usual, vociferated for a glass of clear brandy. The sailor proposed drinking with him, and an interchange of oaths followed between them to the manifest discomfiture of a family of way-faring Quakers, who were sitting before the fire, and who began to groan in concert. But the old sinner had no regard for the feelings of the devout; he heaped his imprecations on the whole house because his mandate for a glass of brandy had been neglected by the landlord. Such characters are injurious to society from the contagion of example. I observed a boy in the house who laughed with gust at the oaths uttered from the old man's lungs, which were ulcerated with blasphemy.

Resuming our journey, a few miles brought us to Penhausen-creek, remarkable for its circular form and transparent stream; and a little beyond it we stopped at a public-house, where a very

pretty, lively young woman was rocking her babe to sleep. Our journey was now soon terminated; for in another hour we reached the Jersey bank of the Delaware, and were conducted in a large boat across the river to Philadelphia, where I separated without regret from my ruffian companions. The sun was going down, and I sought for lodgings without delay. I proposed myself a boarder to a Quaker woman whom I saw standing at her door. The good matron told me she was cautious how she took strangers, and inquired my connexions. "What, pray," said I, "do you charge a week for boarding in your house?" She replied, "Four dollars." I put the money into her hands, and she was no longer importunate on the subject of my connexions.

I did not continue long in my lodgings. The manners of the family petrified me. The melancholy ejaculations of the old woman who was striving to work out her salvation by groaning, together with the woebegone countenance of her husband, whose head would have furnished the model of a bust for one of the sages of Greece, conspired to drive me in search of another lodging; and I was received into the house of

Madame de Florian, in whose company I wanted no domestic entertainment. The name, of Madame de Florian announces her to be a French woman. She lived in North Third Street with her two daughters, of whom one was between seventeen and eighteen, the other three years younger, and a son of five. My introduction to this family was curious. At Fouquet's gardens, rambling one afternoon in the shade, puffing volcanoes of smoke from my segar and indulging the most splendid reveries, I suddenly came upon Madame de Florian and her two daughters, who were drinking peaceably their coffee in one of the alcoves, while the little boy was fondling a lap-dog on the grass. The spectacle of this interesting group suspended my steps, which being observed by the child, the little rogue danced towards me and insisted upon having my segar. The mother and sisters rebuked the child, but I instantly delivered my segar to him and, bowing, was about to pursue my ramble round the gardens when Madame de Florian, with that grace of manner so peculiar to a Frenchwoman, accosted me with, *Peut-être, monsieur, nous fera l'honneur de prendre une tasse de café?*

I bowed my acquiescence, and seated myself next the eldest daughter, who welcomed my approach with a smile of enchantment. And now all that I had read of a Mahometan paradise rushed into my mind. The garden of Monsieur Fouquet was the blissful region, and Mademoiselle de Florian the houri. It is to Mademoiselle de Florian and a few other of her countrywomen that the young ladies of Philadelphia owe their present graceful mien. The Revolution in France produced a revolution in the walk of the Philadelphia damsels. Formerly the American ladies did not sacrifice to elegance in their walk; or, more properly speaking, they were without a model to form themselves upon. But when the Revolution drove so many of the Gallic damsels to the banks of the Delaware, the American girls blushed at their own awkwardness, and each strove to copy that swimming air, that nonchalance, that ease and apparent unconsciousness of being observed, which characterized the French young ladies as they passed through the streets. Men and women ran to their windows, and involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh, heaven! look at that girl! how beautifully she walks!" A spirit of imitation

was now kindled, and as both men and women never appear more ridiculous than when they affect qualities to which they have no pretensions, many a Philadelphia lady provoked the malice of laughter when she strained every nerve to command the homage of admiration. Some sprawled, some kicked, some frisked; and it is recorded that one girl, in despair, threw herself into the Schuylkill. But then, on the other hand, many polished their natural ease into elegance.

An American girl commonly throws me into a fit of profound thought, and to think in the presence of a woman is an insult to her sex. The vision of a French girl, on the contrary, banishes all abstraction from my thoughts, and the natural tendency of my English mind to dulness is improved into vivacity.

I accompanied Madame de Florian and her family home; nor did I discover without secret rapture that this lady took boarders. She confined her number to two. There was nobody now in the house but one old gentleman; for a young officer who had lately occupied *une chambre garnie,* was gone to Saint Domingo. There was consequently space left for another, but how to

get possession of this enviable spot without an introduction was the rub. At length the present lodger made his appearance in the shape of Monsieur Lartigue, whom I had accompanied once from Philadelphia to Charleston in the packet. Not more astonished stood Hamlet at seeing his royal father than I on beholding Monsieur Lartigue; but our mutual astonishment was soon converted into joy, and the old man fell on my neck, weeping like a schoolboy. What coxcomb was it observed the French had no feeling? The scene was affecting, and I could perceive the eye of my houri brimful of tears. I desired Mr. Lartigue to introduce me to Madame de Florian and her daughters. Their countenances brightened; my proposal of becoming a lodger was accepted with, "You do us honour!" and when the porter brought my trunks I heard Adelaide direct him what room to carry them into with a kind of Saint-Preuxish emotion. Month of happiness that I passed under the same roof with Adelaide de Florian! Happiness never to return beneath the cloudy sky that now frowns on me as I look towards it.

At the Indian Queen, in Fifth Street (every

sign in the United States is either an Indian Queen or a spread eagle), I sometimes lounged away an hour with some young men from Charleston. "Where do you board?" they all asked me. "With a French lady." "Some creole, I suppose; why not take your quarters up here? I hate French customs. They never drink tea unless they are sick." And what were the customs of these young gentlemen who plumed themselves on their knowledge of mankind, and their travelled air? When not engaged with eating, they were sitting in the street before the door of the Indian Queen, drinking punch cooled with ice, and obscured in volumes of tobacco smoke. It is true, their discourse did not turn on bullocks. But they were either laughing over their nocturnal adventures in Mulatto Alley, at Charleston, or recommending to each other the different brothels at Philadelphia. Nor was the stream of their conversation ever diverted unless some young lady (who, finding the pavement blockaded by their chairs, was compelled to walk in the carriage road), called forth the exclamation of, "That's a fine girl! So is that coming up the street now. There are no snakes if Phila-

delphia does not beat Charleston hollow! See there, again, at the tailor's window! Harry! I 'll go over and get measured for a coat tomorrow." At this juncture (it was a beautiful moonlight night) an American girl, from an opposite window sung, with uplifted sashes, a song to a circle of ladies and gentlemen in the room. This custom is very prevalent at Philadelphia and New York, and it evinces there is still left in those towns some simplicity of manners. The voice was melodious, the shake excellent; and when the song was concluded, the lads from Charleston gave it their applause. Some were in high raptures. "Encore! encore! bravo! bravissimo!" followed close upon the warbling. In some countries this insolence would have been resented. The gentlemen would have rushed down-stairs and exchanged a pass or two with the street critics. Here it was widely different. The ladies continued to warble in succession; the Carolinians grew tired of applauding, and at length each crossed his arms and contented himself with puffing smoke from his segar.

Not being able to obtain any employment at Philadelphia, I thought it best to embark for

Baltimore, and I took my passage in the Newcastle packet. The wind was fair, the sky serene, the water smooth, and we passed Chester and Wilmington with great rapidity. A good dinner on board the packet and the conversation of a motley group enlivened my spirits, and I provoked the laughter of the master of a ship lying at Newcastle, whose foretopsail was loose, and whose destination was London. How my heart danced at the sound of that name! How my fancy conjured up the Thames, and the spires of the city to my view! How deliberately did I behold myself seated in the bosom of my friends, and how appalled was I when these illusions vanished, and I perceived before me the shores of Pennsylvania and New Jersey! Oh, if these are prejudices, let me hug them to my breast, and far away be the philosophy that would deprive me of my feelings. We landed at Newcastle, and were bounded in two coaches to Frenchtown, which is a journey of sixteen miles. We stopped to bait our cattle at Glasgow, and at Frenchtown found a surly landlord and sorry accommodations. Our number was sixteen, and for sixteen passengers there were only six beds; hence the

large beds lodged three, and the small beds two, passengers. For my part, there being a good fire, I proposed to sit up all night and make an Indian file with our feet to the fender; but sleep overcame me and I retired to bed, undisturbed by the nasal trump of my bedfellow, who snorted like a horse. It is not unworthy of remark that the landlord would not suffer cards to be played in his house; and that the negro girl who waited at supper, wore a man's hat. A Quaker in company aspired to be witty by calling her Caesar.

The following morning we all embarked again for Baltimore, and on the passage a Yankee diverted the company by producing a favourite cat that he had stolen from the landlord (who had refused him a pack of cards), and making the poor animal eat a yard or more of tobacco. His method was ingenious. He placed the cat over a chair, and confining forcibly her feet, untwisted a roll of tobacco; the cat, in the agony of pain, snapped at any thing that was offered her, and the mountebank traveller ministered his tobacco.

We dined again on the water. Among the passengers was a pretty, modest, blushing maiden of fifteen, whose manners were not inelegant;

but it is somewhat curious that whenever she wanted the salt or mustard, she begged some one to shove it to her.

Poor's Island is half-way to Baltimore, which we passed about noon; but in the evening we got round Fell's Point, and at eight secured our vessel at Bowly's Wharf, having Federal Hill on our opposite side.

It was the opinion of the ancient philosophers that nature endowed man with language to express his wants; but this notion has been exploded by the more enlightened moderns; for it is an observation founded on every day's experience that no man is so likely to get his wants redressed as he who keeps them secret; the disclosure of poverty exciting only the insolence of contempt. The true use of speech, therefore, is not to express our wants, but to conceal them; and in conformity with this maxim, I kept it a profound secret, on my landing at Baltimore, that I had very little money left in my pocket. I accompanied with affected gaiety a young fellow to the city of Strasburgh, who told me he always lodged there, and extolled the house for its convenience of accommodation, and the landlord

for the suavity of his manners. Mr. Wyant received us with a smile of welcome, and supper being ready, ushered us into a room where twenty guests were sitting at table, who appeared to be mutes; for no man uttered a syllable, but each seemed by his looks to have just come out from the cave of Trophonius.

During my sojournment at Baltimore a cheese of no ordinary dimensions was landed from a vessel, to be transported to Washington. It was a present from the farmers' wives and daughters of Cheshire, in Massachusetts, to the President of the United States, and was entrusted to the pious care of one Mr. Leland, a Baptist minister, who is said to have smoked his pipe in solemn silence the whole of his travels both by land and by water. I know not the weight of the "greatest cheese in the world;" but it was, I believe, equal in circumference to the hindmost wheel of a waggon. Its extraordinary dimensions induced some wicked wag of a Federalist to call it the mammoth cheese; and by this name it is known throughout the States of the Union. The curiosity of the inhabitants of Baltimore was universally excited; men, women and children

flocked to see the mammoth cheese. The taverns were deserted; the gravy soup cooled on the table, and the cats, unrebuked, revelled on the custards and cream. Even grey-bearded shop-keepers neglected their counters, and participated in the mammoth infatuation. The cheese was drawn in a waggon to the city of Washington by four horses richly caparisoned, which were furnished the pious Mr. Leland by the Republicans of Baltimore; and the President of the United States received the present with every polite acknowledgment, and invited the Republican members of the Senate and House of Representatives to tender it the homage of their respects and the respects of their homage.

I had advertised in the Baltimore paper for the place of domestic tutor, and one morning, while I was standing before the door of the city of Strasburgh, the barkeeper brought me a note very carefully sealed. I eagerly took it from his hand, impressed with an idea that it was sent me by some opulent merchant who wanted an instructor for his children; and already was I delighting my fancy with the rewards of knowledge, when, on opening the note, it produced

what Rabelais calls the most gloomy of all moments, the payment of a landlord's reckoning.

"Sir: —

According to the custom of the house, Mr. Wyant has requested me to send in your bill.

To eight days' board at 9*s.* 4*d.* £3. 14*s.* 8*d.*

I am, for Mr. Wyant, JOHN KELLEN."

I called Mr. Wyant into a private room. He obeyed the summons with a true German smile. "Wait, sir," said I, "a few days." "Mine Got!" cried he, "if I wait a few days, how can I go to market?" "I will give you," said I, "my note of hand." "Note of hand," cried he. "Mine Got! I have a drawer full of notes of hand." "Well," said I, "pray leave your damnable face, and I will pay you the cash tomorrow."

I had been informed that Mr. Burr was at the Federal city; and the Federal city, as one of our travellers in America solemnly remarks, is only forty-three miles from Baltimore. I was determined, therefore, to give him a missive by the post, and my missive was *à la Quin:*

"Sir, I am at Baltimore."

The next mail brought me a letter from Mr. Burr which dissipated the clouds that obscured the horizon of my life. He did not make answer, like Quin's correspondent, "Stay there and be d—d;" but in a letter breathing kindness and protestations of friendship, desired me to send him the estimate of the expenses of my late travels, which he proposed immediately to reimburse. I retired to my room and computed with diplomatic accuracy my unavoidable expenses on the road, from the day I crossed the Hudson till I descended the Treasury stairs at the imperial city. The answer of the Vice-President will evince that he did not think himself overcharged.

"Dear Sir,

You men of letters are the worst calculators in the world. I am persuaded I only discharge a just debt when I enclose double your amount.

Accept the assurances of my regard.

AARON BURR."

At this letter my pride took alarm. It produced from me an answer and a restitution of half the bills.

"Sir: —

As I cannot possibly descend from the respectability of a creditor to the degradation, if I may be allowed the expression, of an eleemosynarist, I decline receiving more than half of what you remitted me.

I am,
With profound respect, &c."

Being proffered a situation in a part of Virginia I had not visited, and having it in my power to journey at my leisure by the friendship of the Vice-President, I departed without regret from Baltimore, on foot and alone. It was the latter part of March when I left the once-flourishing town of Baltimore, and again directed my steps towards the imperial city. But my mind was somewhat altered. Experience had cured me of my illusions. I was no longer elated with the hope of being lifted above the crowd; but my ambition was contented with the harmless drudgery of teaching children their rudiments. After walking a few miles I turned into a wood to call at the house of a brother pedagogue who had invited me the preceding evening, at a public-

house, to visit him in his literary retirement. Boys and girls rent the air with their acclamations as I approached the dwelling; but the schoolmaster's daughter, a lusty lass of nineteen, escaped into the woods, and I could only catch a glimpse of her flying across the green. I was not Apollo, or I should have followed this Daphne.

The board placed over Mr. Macdonald's sylvan academy diverted me not a little. "Anthony Macdonald teaches boys and girls their grammar tongue; also geography terrestrial and celestial. — Old hats made as good as new."

But Mr. Macdonald was not at home; his daughter had fled, and I trod back the path to the main road, where I sought an asylum under the roof of the widow Smith, who regales the woebegone traveller with whiskey; and

> Where the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
> Assaults the stranger whom he longs to eat.

Old age is garrulous, and the widow did not want for talk. She "admired" that Miss Macdonald, instead of staying in the house to receive a stranger, should run into the woods. For her

part she was never "scared" at folks, however well-dressed; and yet all her life she had lived in the country.

Pursuing my journey, I arrived at Elk-Ridge Landing, where I supped at a genteel tavern with the hostess and her sister, who are remarkable for the elegance of their conversation and the amenity of their manners. I found the *Old Manor-House* of Charlotte Smith lying on the table, of which the concluding part seemed to have been moistened with tears of sensibility.

The next day I resumed my walk, refreshing myself at Spurrier's, carousing at Dent's and sleeping at Drummond's, — three public-houses on the road, which the traveller passes in succession. The weather was somewhat warm in the middle of the day; but this only made the springs more grateful, at whose waters I stopped to allay the thirst produced by walking. Rousseau, in enumerating the pleasures of pedestrian travelling, makes no mention of the joy with which the solitary walker beholds a spring on the road; from which omission I am inclined to believe that the foot-travels of the eloquent Swiss were performed round his chamber.

The next morning proceeding forward, I reached Bladensburgh before the going down of the sun, and at nightfall, to my great satisfaction, I entered the imperial city. The moon was rising from the woods, and I surveyed the Capitol by its light, meditating on the future state of the western empire, the clash of interests, the commotions of demagogues, and the disunion of the States! But dumb be the oracle of prediction!

Congress was assembled at Washington, and I was constant in my attendance on the Senate and the House of Representatives. The Senate-Chamber is by far the most superb room in the Capitol; but the House of Representatives is a detached and temporary building. Yet I loved best to visit the House of Representatives; there seemed to be so much energy and freedom of debate. It is unknown, I presume, to few of my readers that the Vice-President of the United States is President of the Senate. Mr. Burr was presiding in the chair, and no man knew better the routine of the House or how to acquit himself with more dignity than he. I watched an opportunity to make the Vice-President my salutations as he came out of the Capitol. I remembered the

advice which old Polonius gave his son when he was about to travel, and I was then travelling myself:

> Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

The Vice-President demonstrated no little pleasure to see me, and his chariot being at the steps of the Capitol, he took me home with him to dine. I forget how many Members of Congress were present at the dinner; but, though Republicans, I did not think they had all an equal voice, for some spoke much louder than others.

A reduction had already taken place of the judiciary system of the United States; that is, the superfluous judges were dismissed, who, under the preceding administration had unnecessarily augmented the expenses of civil government. The object of the Republican party in the House of Representatives was to obtain a repeal of the internal taxes, comprehending excises, stamps, auctions, licenses, carriages and refined sugars.

The most eloquent in debate was Mr. Randolph. He was Demosthenes; but Demosthenes

who had sacrificed to the Graces. He spoke full an hour for the repeal of the tax on domestic distilled liquors; that is, whiskey and peach and apple brandy. At the conclusion of the debate the Speaker very solemnly exclaimed, "They who are for the repeal are to say aye, and they who are against it are to say no." The affirmative monosyllable immediately resounded from every quarter of the building. "Aye!" "Aye!" "Aye!" followed in rapid succession; upon which the Speaker, with much gravity, proclaimed, "The ayes have it! The bill has passed!"

I took great interest in this debate, for I consider whiskey very cheering; but I thought it curious that a member from Virginia should stand up for the repeal of the tax upon that liquor, which, now it is become cheaper, will throw many of his countrymen off their feet.

Having amused myself a few days at the imperial city, I rose with the sun and pursued my journey along the banks of the Potomac. About nine in the morning I reached the bridge at the Little Falls; a bridge that raises the admiration of an American, but provokes only the contempt of an European. In fact, art in America would

not detain an intelligent traveller one hour; but nature would perhaps enchain his attention for years. Near the bridge at the Little Falls my journey was suspended by the rain, and I found a reception in the tavern of Mr. Slimner, a German, who, at the age of threescore was smitten by a young Englishwoman whom he had taken for his wife, and who had brought him a child; a child, the darling of his dotage, which he ludicrously termed "his little young woman cut shorter." The rain not remitting its violence, I was obliged to pass the night under the roof of this fond couple; whom I, however, left at an early hour the next morning to prosecute my journey, purposing to take the more circuitous road of the Great Falls of the Potomac.

I pass over in silence the common occurrences of the road; the waggoners who returned no answer to my interrogations, and the plantation curs that disturbed my reveries with their barking. About noon I reached the cross-roads, and, taking to the right, I could every minute hear more distinctly the roar of the Great Falls. At length I came to a spacious stream called "Difficult Run;" an appellation derived from the diffi-

culty in crossing it. But no place could be more romantic. On one bank towered a majestic mountain, from the side of which rocks, hanging in fragments, menaced the traveller with destruction, while others that had tumbled into the stream interrupted its course, producing a tumultuous roar that absorbed the cry of the waterfowl hovering over the waves. I was in suspense whether to ford this run or wait for a guide on its bank, when I descried two boys on the opposite shore, who obeyed my call with alacrity, leaping from rock to rock till they reached the spot where I stood. With the assistance of a pole they conducted me to the opposite bank, where I learned that one of my young guides was called Basil Hurdle, and the other Jack Miller.

I now ascended a hill that led to the Great Falls, and on a sudden my steps were suspended by the conflict of elements, the strife of nature. I beheld the course of a large river abruptly obstructed by rocks, over which it was breaking with a tremendous roar, while the foam of the water seemed ascending to the clouds, and the shores that confined it to tremble at the convolution. I gazed for some time in silent awe at this

war of elements when, having recovered from my admiration, I could not help exclaiming to the great Maker of heaven and of earth, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" For several hours I continued gazing at these falls, lost in musing over the grandest object the universe can supply; and when I beheld the wilderness around me I could not but be impressed with the idea that nature delighted to perform her wonders in the secrecy of solitude. The obstruction of these falls to boats conveying the produce of the interior country to Alexandria and the city of Washington has been obviated with unremitted labour by the construction of locks, and large boats ascend and descend without much difficulty. Of these locks it may be expected that I should give some account; but after the noble spectacle of the falls I had no disposition to examine an aqueduct devised probably by the incitement of avarice or luxury. When I journeyed fifteen miles out of the beaten road, it was not art but nature that called me.

A little below the falls on the bank of the Potomac stand a few scattered buildings which

form a kind of hamlet called Charlotteville. The first settler in this savage wilderness was the lady of General Lee, from whose Christian name the place takes its appellation. At a house of entertainment kept by Widow Myers, I was accommodated with a supper and a bed. This buxom widow was by persuasion a Methodist, and possessed of considerable property. Into what part of the world has not love found his way? The goatherd in Virgil discovered him to be an inhabitant of caverns; and the Widow Myers acknowledged his power in the wilderness of the Potomac Falls. The muscular form of a young Scotchman enchained the glances of the pious widow, whose eyes seemed to say to the brawny Caledonian, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love."

On leaving the Great Falls of the Potomac, I was followed by a dog, whose attendance I rather encouraged than repulsed. I was tired of travelling alone, and I wanted a companion. An European who has confined his travels to his own country can have but a very imperfect idea of the forest scenery of America. His imagination, familiar only with open and clear grounds,

will scarce form an adequate conception of the endless and almost impenetrable woods in the Western Continent. It was through such woods that I now journeyed with an accession of cheerfulness from the company of my dog, and smoking tobacco in my march, with which I never went unprovided. I never remember to have felt a more perfect exemption from care than in my journey from the Potomac Falls. I rioted in health, and I walked forward *oblitusque meorum obliviscendus et illis*. I embraced the universe as my country, and it was wholly indifferent to me where I terminated my pilgrimage; for whether I ended my days in the wilds of the Potomac or the close of Salisbury, "the earth with her bars" [would have been] "about me for ever." I ate my dinner in a log house on the road. It was kept by a small planter of the name of Homer. Such a tavern would have raised the thunder and lightning of anger in the page of my brother travellers in America. But the lamented scarcity of American inns is easily accounted for. In a country where every private house is a temple dedicated to hospitality, and open alike to travellers of every description,

ought it to excite surprise that so few good taverns are to be found? When, therefore, the travellers through the United States curse, in their pages of calamity, the mosquitoes, fleas, bugs and ticks that interrupt their slumbers, they make the eulogium of American hospitality.

The inhabitants of these woods are remarkably prolific; they obey at least one of the divine injunctions, — they increase and multiply their species. Mr. Homer was out felling the lofty trees of the forest, but Mrs. Homer was sitting by the fire, surrounded by half a dozen girls and boys and giving a bosom of maternal exuberance to a child she held in her arms. A curly-pated boy and girl were eating their dinner on the hearth. It seemed to be short commons; for, after thrusting their fingers into the platter, they licked them with great gusto. "Come, you eat the sop," cried the boy, "the egg belongs to me." "No, it don't," said the girl, "for mammy's hen laid it."

Leaving the hut of Mr. Homer, I walked vigourously forward, indulging the hope I should get to Frying-Pan before night. But before dusk I found myself bewildered in the woods, whose

solitude was rendered more melancholy from the cry of the owl. I had given myself up for lost, and was taking the flint from my pocket to kindle a fire and pass the night under a tree when the sound of the axe, chopping wood rejoiced my hearing. Not more delightful was sleep ever to the weary or water to the thirsty than the sound to my ear. Guided by the noise of the axe, I got to a tobacco plantation; but I had scarce leaped the fence when a couple of huge dogs assailed me, barking, advancing and retreating all in a breath. Now, thought I, if these curs were to devour me what an ignominious death would terminate my pilgrimage on earth. Fear is not only an ignoble, but dangerous, passion; and, had I turned and endeavoured to escape from these bloodhounds, it is a hundred to one but I had been seized in that part where honour is said to be lodged. I therefore stood my ground, and called lustily to the house. My cry was not unheard; the door was opened, and a lad advanced with a light which he had fixed in a calabash. "The way, my friend, if you please, to Frying-Pan?"

"Frying-Pan! 'T is a right difficult road to

find in the dark. You must keep along the worm fence — Jowler, begone! — Hush your mouth, there, you Rover! — Begone, I say, you bloody! — You must keep strait along the worm (i. e. crooked) fence till you come to a barn — but I would advise you to avoid the brushwood about the barn because of a nest of rattlesnakes — and the old one is mighty savage. — Well, when you have left the barn on your right, take the path that leads into the woods, and keep the main road the whole way, without turning either to the right or left, till you come to the track of the wheel, then cross right over into the next wood, and that will bring you to Frying-Pan Run, and then you could not go wrong if you was to try at it."

"My friend, will you favour me with a draught of water?"

"Yes, sure. Come, walk with me into the house. You, Rover, hush your noise, you negur! — Jowler, if you don't hush, I 'll make you rally for something!"

On entering the log house I found a man sitting with his wife and five children before a blazing fire of wood. My reader, do you not envy me

the sensations with which the strings of my heart vibrated on beholding this domestic group? The weary traveller, after losing his way in the awful woods of America, stoops to enter at the door of a little log house, and, happy to be once more in the society of his fellow creatures, finds the roof under which he has got shelter large enough for his heart's desire.

Hospitality is the prominent feature in the character of a Virginian, and I had a presentiment that I was housed for the night. When I had drunk my water, which tasted the more delicious from being administered to me by a fine girl of seventeen (she had two pitch balls stuck in her head for eyes), I rose to depart; but the man of the house accosted me, saying, "Be content, I pray you, and tarry here all night. The day is grown to an end; tomorrow I will send my son to put you in the way." The children now considered me as one of the family and, moving their chairs, made room for me to come within their circle. "My dogs," said the man, "gave you a rally. But I reckon it was the little dog you brought with you that made them so savage."

"Oh my! what a pretty little lap-foist!" cried the eldest girl. "Indeed, indeed, he's right beautiful."

"Mary," said a boy about nine years old, "he's for all the world like the little dog that Jack Hatchet bought of Squire Carter's driver. He's spotted just like him. I'll lay you he came out of the same bitch."

"Do hush, Bill," said Mary. "The gentleman brought the dog with him from England."

"An Englishman once," said the eldest son, "borrowed a dog of me, and was ashamed to return him. He carried him to England. If I was ever to go there I would make a point to find the dog out. How big, sir, is England?"

"Nearly, sir, as big as the State of Virginia."

"Oh, Mary," said the next sister, "what a great big place!"

"Then," said the young man, "I should give it up for a bad job. I did not reckon that England had been bigger than Prince William County."

Supper (that is tea) was now got ready; nor was it without a grateful emotion that I beheld the mother of this worthy family unlock her Sun-

day cupboard and hand her eldest daughter part of a loaf of sugar to break for the repast. Wilmot, the eldest son, now departed. I discovered afterwards that he was courting the daughter of Mr. Strangeways' neighbour, whom he never failed to visit after the labour of the day. It was plain he was a lover by the care he took in adorning his person, changing his leggings for a pair of Philadelphia-made boots, and his frock for a fashionable coatee. The first character of love is a diffidence of pleasing.

After supper we again drew round the fire. I had for some time perceived an unusual blaze in the chimney; but supposing it to come from an oven, I said not a word. At length the good woman exclaimed, "The plague! there's our chimney on fire again. We must pull down the rubbish, or we shall get no peace." Mr. Strangeways now rose with great composure and, seizing a large staff, went out to the back of the chimney, where he raked away the rubbish, while Mary, catching up a gourd, filled it thrice with water and helped to extinguish the conflagration.

As the night advanced I could not but meditate upon the place my worthy host designed for my

repose. I formed a hundred conjectures. He surely would not cherish me in the bosom of his numerous family! And yet I could perceive only one room in the house. There were three beds in the room. Of these I discovered that the back one belonged to the two eldest girls; for, while Mr. Strangeways, his wife and I were yawning in concert over the fire, I perceived Mary, from the corner of my eye, steal softly to her nest and slip in under the clothes; an example that was quickly followed by Eliza who, with equal archness, crept in by her side. Pure and simple ignorance! To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue is the prerogative of the family to whom these manners belong. At length Mr. Strangeways asked me if I was willing to go to bed, and, upon my replying in the affirmative, he fetched a ladder from an outhouse into the room, and having placed it against the wall, he ascended a few steps, and opened a trap-door in the rafters, which I had not perceived led to a cockloft.

"Did you ever mount a ship's ladder?" said Mr. Strangeways. I replied that I had, a thousand. "Then," said he, "be kind enough to follow me."

I followed without betraying the least emotion of surprise; none but a rustic would have uttered an exclamation at the novelty of the staircase. I found a decent bed in the room appropriated to my reception; and, when Mr. Strangeways had opened and closed the shutter of the window in a manner which, after travelling so long in America, I could not but understand, the worthy man bade me a good night and left me to my repose. I soon fell asleep; nor were my slumbers disturbed by the vision of an exorbitant landlord appearing to levy contributions on my purse, with a long bill in his hand. I rose the next morning with the sun, and descended my ladder. The family were all stirring. The father and sons were at the plough, the mother was getting ready breakfast, and the two girls were at their spinning-wheels. The sound of these instruments was not quite so harmonious as that of a piano; but I know not whether a woodland nymph, giving rapid motion to her spinning-wheel, be not a more captivating object than a haughty town dame running her fingers disdainfully over the keys of a harpsichord.

The morning was ushered in with rain, which

continued throughout the day. It was the wet season in April, a time very favourable to the planting of tobacco. I therefore continued housed: I had got into pleasant quarters, and I opposed but feebly Mr. Strangeways who insisted, with much hospitality, that I should tarry another night under his roof. I passed the day in talking with Mary, and gazing on her dark eyes. She had dressed herself with no little coquetry, and I could perceive, when she contemplated her white frock and blue sash, that she thought herself a finer lady today than she was yesterday. Enviable maid! With her, dress and happiness were synonymous terms.

We had breakfast next morning, and the old man was gone to cultivate his tobacco, when a pedlar came to the door. The appearance of Sam Lace lighted up joy in the eyes of Mary and Eliza. The pedlar first exhibited his ballads. "Here," said he, " is the whole trial, examination and condemnation of Jason Fairbanks, who was executed at Philadelphia for cutting off Peggy Placket's head under a hedge, on the road to Frankfort."

" Lord," said Eliza, " what a wicked fellow!

I would not live in one of those great big towns for all the world. But I wonder whether it is true?"

"True," replied Mary, "certainly it is. Don't you see it is in print?"

"And here," cried the pedlar, "is the account of a whale that was left ashore by the tide in the bay of Chesapeake, with a ship of five thousand tons in his belly, called the Merry Dane of Dover. She was the largest ship ever known."

"And is that true, too?" said Eliza.

"True!" cried Mary. "How can you ask such a question? Do you think they would put it in print if it was not true?"

"Come, pedlar," said I, "let us examine the contents of your box. Have you any earrings?"

At this interrogation I could perceive the bosom of Mary rise to her chin.

"Yes, sir," said the fellow, "I have earrings that would be an ornament to the ears of the President's lady. I have them at all prices, from five dollars down to one and a half. My five dollar pairs are fit for the first tip-top quality breeding."

"Let me see some," said I, "that are fit for the first, tip-top, quality breeding."

"There," said he, "is a pair — and there is another that a duchess need not be ashamed of. I sold the fellow pair last week to Squire Cartwright's lady in Gloucester County."

I thought the heart of Mary would have burst from its bondage. It made her little bosom heave up and down like a bird that was dying.

"Mary," said I, "do me the favour to accept that pair of earrings; and Eliza, I beg you will take the other."

Eliza had put on her little straw bonnet to visit Miss ——, at the shrine of whose beauty Wilmot was offering his incense, and she now danced off with an accession of happiness from the present I had made her. The pedlar strung his box over his shoulders and, seizing his staff, pursued his journey through the woods.

And now it was necessary to separate from the family of the log house in the woods. Yet I could not leave Mary without emotion. Oh, my reader, if you are a lover of a happy face, it would have done your heart good to have beheld the countenance of this Virginian damsel when her mother had hung the earrings to her ears! The spinning-wheel no more revolved with the magic of

her hand. Mary was sitting cross-legged (I hope I need not gut this naughty word of its vowels) in her chair, and had placed on her lap a little looking-glass in which she was beholding herself. She uttered not a word. Real happiness is not loquacious. The mind under its influence is content with its own sensations.

After walking a mile and a half, I met a boy sauntering along and whistling, probably for want of thought. "How far, my boy," said I, "is it to Frying-Pan?" "You be in the Pan now," replied the oaf. "I be, be I," said I. "Very well."

Frying-Pan is composed of four log huts and a meeting-house. It took its name from a curious circumstance. Some Indians having encamped on the Run, missed their frying-pan in the morning, and hence the name was conferred on the place. I did not deign to stop at Frying-Pan, but prosecuted my walk to Newgate, where, in the piazza of Mr. Thornton's tavern I found a party of gentlemen from the neighbouring plantations carousing over a bowl of toddy, and smoking segars. No people could exceed these men in politeness. On my ascending the steps to the

piazza every countenance seemed to say, "This man has a double claim to our attention; for he is a stranger in the place." In a moment there was room made for me to sit down; a new bowl was called for, and every one who addressed me did it with a smile of conciliation. But no man asked me where I had come from or whither I was going. A gentleman is in every country the same; and if good breeding consists in sentiment, it was to be found in the circle I had got into. The higher Virginians seem to venerate themselves as men; and I am persuaded there was not one in the company who would have felt embarrassed at being admitted to the presence and conversation of the greatest monarch on earth. There is a compound of virtue and vice in every human character. No man was ever yet faultless, but whatever may be advanced against Virginians, their good qualities will ever outweigh their defects, and when the effervescence of youth has abated, when reason asserts her empire, there is no man on earth who discovers more exalted sentiments, more contempt for baseness, more love of justice, more sensibility of feeling, than a Virginian.

At Newgate my pilgrimage was nearly at an end; for Mr. Ball's plantation was only distant eight miles, and it was he whom I was going to visit. But it was now necessary to bestride a horse; for in Virginia no man is respected who travels on foot; and as a man of sense will conform with the customs of every country, and at Rome, as my Lord Chesterfield elegantly observes, kiss either the Pope's great toe or his b—k —e, I put myself to the expense of a horse, and with the argument of a stick I prevailed on him to advance.

CHAPTER X

MEMOIR OF MY LIFE IN THE WOODS OF VIRGINIA

THE rugged and dreary road from Newgate to New Market, in Prince William County, is bordered by gloomy woods where the natives of the State and emigrants from New Jersey cultivate on their plantations Indian corn, wheat, tobacco and rye. After passing Bull Run, a stream that takes its appellation from the mountains of the same name, the traveller comes to the intersection of two roads, and is in suspense which to take. If he travels the left it will bring him to the unaccommodating town of New Market, where publicans, tax-gatherers and sinners waste the day in drinking and riot; but the right will conduct him to the hospitable plantation of Mr. Ball, who never yet shut his door against the houseless stranger.

Having come to Bull Run, I stopped at a kind of waggoner's tavern on its border, to inquire the way to the plantation. Old Flowers, the landlord, reeled out of his log hut towards my horse, but was too much intoxicated to make a coherent reply; so giving my steed his head, I was all passive to his motions till, overtaking an old negro man, I demanded the road to Mr. Ball's. The old negro was clad in rags, if rags can be called clothing. He was a squalid figure of sixty, and halted as he walked. He was grunting somewhat in the manner of an old hog at an approaching shower of rain, and he carried a hickory stick in his right hand with which he was driving the cattle home from pasture.

"Is this the way, old man, to Mr. Ball's?"
"Aye, master, I'm going there myself; and should have got to the plantation a couple of hours before sundown, but the red bull was strayed after old mother Dye's heifers, and it cost me a plaguy search to find him in the woods."

Good company on the road, says Goldsmith, is the shortest cut; and I entered into conversation with the negro.

"Then you live with Mr. Ball?"

"Aye, master, I live with the squire and do a hundred odd jobs for him. You 're going to see him, I reckon. Some friend, it 's like enough. The squire is a worthy gentleman, and I don't tell a word of lie when I say he would not part with me for the best young negur that was ever knocked down at vendue. There was Squire Williams of Northumberland wanted to tempt him by offering for me a young woman that was a house servant, a seamster, and could work at the hoe. But old birds is not to be catched with chaff. 'No, no!' says master, 'I shan't easily meet with the fellow of Dick again; he is a gardener, a flax-beater, and a good judge of horse-flesh. No, no! If I part with Dick, I part with my right hand man.'"

"Has your master a large family?"

"Aye, a house full of children. Four and three makes seven. There 's seven young ones altogether, four girls and three boys. Master Waring is a sharp one. He found a nest of bees in the woods, which I reckoned nobody know'd any thing about but myself; and will make nothing of climbing a hickory after an owl's nest, and pulling out old and young by the neck. Concern

it, an owl always scares me. He 'll turn his eyes round and round, and look all manners of ways at once!"

"Have you good hunting in the woods?"

"Aye, rat it, sir, I reckoned you was coming to hunt with master. But God help us, hunting is all over: the New Jersey men have cleared the woods. When I was a lad I used to track the wolves on the snow, and never tracked one that I did not catch. Master, I don't tell you a word of a lie, if you 'll believe me, when I say that in one winter I got fifteen dollars reward from the Justice at New Market for the heads of wolves. And then there was such mighty herds of deer; the woods was fested with them. We would not take the trouble to hunt them. All we had to do was to tie a bell to the neck of a tame doe, and turn her into the woods. A little after sundown we got ready our guns, and stood behind the out-house. Presently we could see the doe trot towards home, followed by half a dozen bucks prancing after her. Then we crack away at them altogether, and hie! they come tumbling down by *hundreds!*"

The conversation of the negro held me engaged

till we got to the plantation. I then gave him my horse, and walked through the garden to the house. In my way through the garden I passed two young ladies gathering roses, who, however immured in the woods, were clad with not less elegance than the most fashionable females of Europe. They were beautiful in face and form, and I asked them, with a bowing mien, whether Mr. Ball was at home. They replied that their papa was in the parlour, and with much sweetness of manner directed me by the shortest path to the house. Mr. Ball received me with undissembled accents of joy. He said he had long expected my coming, and was gratified at last. A nod to a mulatto boy placed refreshments on the side-board, and in a few minutes the family assembled to take a peep at the schoolmaster.

The first impression made by Mr. Bell decided that he was a gentleman; and I was not a little delighted with the suavity of his manners and the elegance of his conversation. When the children withdrew, I entered on the terms of my proposed engagement, and presented to him a letter which I had been honoured with from Mr. Jefferson. I knew my host to be a Virginian who favoured

the administration, and thought a letter from the President would operate on him like witchcraft. But I was unacquainted with my man. Mr. Ball was not to be biassed by the whistling of a name; he read my letter more from complaisance than any motive of curiosity; observed that a man's conduct could alone decide his character; congratulated himself upon the acquisition of a man of letters in his family, and offered to engage me for a twelvemonth at a salary of a hundred guineas. I acknowledged the honour he did me, and engaged with him for a quarter of a year.

The following day every farmer came from the neighbourhood to the house, who had any children to send to my academy; for such they did me the honour to term the log hut in which I was to teach. Each man brought his son or his daughter, and rejoiced that the day was arrived when their little ones could light their tapers at the torch of knowledge. I was confounded at the encomiums they heaped upon a man whom they had never seen before, and was at a loss what construction to put upon their speech. No price was too great for the services I was to render their children, and they all expressed an

eagerness to exchange perishable coin for lasting knowledge. If I would continue with them seven years! only seven years, they would erect for me a brick seminary on a hill not far off; but for the present I was to occupy a log house, which, however homely, would soon vie with the sublime college of William and Mary, and consign to oblivion the renowned academy in the vicinity of Fanquier Court House. I thought Englishmen sanguine, but these Virginians were infatuated.

I now opened what some called an academy,[1]

[1] It is worth the while to describe the academy I occupied on Mr. Ball's plantation. It had one room and a half. It stood on blocks about two feet and a half above the ground, where there was free access to the hogs, the dogs, and the poultry. It had no ceiling; nor was the roof lathed or plastered, but covered with shingles. Hence, when it rained, like the nephew of old Elwes, I moved my bed (for I slept in my academy) to the most comfortable corner. It had one window, but no glass, nor shutter. In the night, to remedy this, the mulatto wench who waited on me, contrived very ingeniously to place a square board against the window with one hand, and fix the rail of a broken-down fence against it with the other. In the morning, when I returned from breakfasting in the "great big house" (my scholars being collected), I gave the rail a forcible kick with my foot, and down tumbled the board with an awful roar. "Is not my window," said I to Virginia, "of a very curious con-

and others an old field school; and however it may be thought that content was never felt within the walls of a seminary, I, for my part, experienced an exemption from care, and was not such a fool as to measure the happiness of my condition by what others thought of it. It was pleasurable to behold my pupils enter the school over which I presided; for they were not composed only of truant boys, but some of the fairest damsels in the country. Two sisters generally rode on one horse to the school door, and I was not so great a pedagogue as to refuse them my assistance to dismount from their steeds. A running footman, of the negro tribe, who followed with their food in a basket, took care of the beast, and after being saluted by the young ladies with the curtesies of the morning, I proceeded to instruct them with gentle exhortations to diligence of study.

Common books were only designed for common minds. The unconnected lessons of Scott, the tasteless *Selections* of Bingham, the florid harangues of Noah Webster, and the somniferous

struction?" "Indeed, indeed, sir," replied my fair disciple, "I think it is a mighty noisy one."

Compilation of Alexander, were either thrown aside or suffered to gather dust on the shelf, while the charming Essays of Goldsmith, and his not less delectable novel, together with the impressive work of Defoe and the mild productions of Addison, conspired to enchant the fancy and kindle a love of reading. The thoughts of these writers became engrafted on the minds, and the combinations of their diction on the language of the pupils.

Of the boys I cannot speak in very encomiastic terms, but they were perhaps like other schoolboys, that is, more disposed to play truant than enlighten their minds. The most important knowledge to an American, after that of himself, is the geography of his country. I therefore put into the hands of my boys a proper book, and initiated them by an attentive reading of the discoveries of the Genoese. I was even so minute as to impress on their minds the man who first descried land on board the ship of Columbus. That man was Roderic Triana; and on my exercising the memory of a boy by asking him the name, he very gravely made answer, Roderic Random.

Among my male students was a New Jersey gentleman of thirty, whose object was to be ini-

tiated in the language of Cicero and Virgil. He had before studied the Latin grammar at an academy school (I use his own words) in his native state; but the academy school being burnt down, his grammar, alas! was lost in the conflagration, and he had neglected the pursuit of literature since the destruction of his book. When I asked him if he did not think it was some goth who had set fire to his academy school, he made answer, "So it is, like enough." Mr. Dye did not study Latin to refine his taste, direct his judgment, or enlarge his imagination; but merely that he might be enabled to teach it when he opened school, which was his serious design. He had been bred a carpenter, but he panted for the honours of literature.

Optat ephippia bos, piger optat arare caballus.

Such was the affectation or simplicity of this man, that he impressed his fears the English students would interrupt his acquirement of Latin. Not knowing whether to storm or laugh, I advised him to retire with his books into Maddison's Cave.

The Blue Ridge Mountains were in sight from

the plantation of Mr. Ball, and the rays of the descending sun gilded their summits. But no situation could be more dreary. It had neither the wildness of nature, nor the uniformity of art; and in any month of the year would inspire an Englishman with thoughts of suicide. I never saw slavery wear so contented an aspect as on Pohoke plantation. The work of the slaves was light, and punishment never inflicted. A negro who had run away, being brought back by a person who recognized him, he was asked by Mr. Ball the reason of his elopement. "Because," said the fellow, "I was born to travel." This man, I presume, was a predestinarian. On the Sabbath the negroes were at liberty to visit their neighbours. Woman, of whatever colour, delights in finery; and the girls never failed to put on their garments of gladness, their bracelets and chains, rings and earrings, and deck themselves bravely to allure the eyes of the white men. Nor are they often unsuccessful; for, as the arrow of a strong archer cannot be turned aside, so the glance of a lively negro girl cannot be resisted. The verse of Virgil will apply to the people of Virginia:

Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.

Several families from New Jersey were settled in the neighbourhood. The characters of men are best illustrated by comparison, and it may not be useless to compare the Jersey man with the native Virginian. The New Jersey man puts his hand to the plough; the Virginian only inspects the work of his farm. The New Jersey man lives with the strictest economy, and very seldom visits or receives visits; the Virginian exceeds his income, loves to go abroad, and welcomes his guests with the smiles of hospitality. The New Jersey man turns every horse out to labour, and walks whither he has to go on business: the Virginian, thinking it degrading to be seen on foot, has always his riding-nag saddled and fastened to the fence. The New Jersey man is distinguished by his provincial dialect, and seldom enlarges his mind or transfers his attention to others: the Virginian is remarkable for his colloquial happiness, loses no opportunity of knowledge, and delights to shew his wit at the expense of his neighbour. Neither a dancing-master, a pedlar, or a maker of air-balloons was ever encouraged by a New Jersey man: but on a Virginian they never fail to levy contributions. The treasury

of the pedlar is in vain laid open to the eyes of the New Jersey man; neither the brilliant water of the diamond, the crimson flame of the ruby, nor the lustre of the topaz has charms to allure him; but the Virginian, enamoured of ornament, cannot gaze on them with impunity. He empties his coffers of every dollar to adorn the apparel of his wife and daughters.

Of my female students there was none equal in capacity to Virginia. The mind of this fair creature was susceptible of every culture; but it had been neglected, and I opened to her worlds of sentiment and knowledge. Geography was one of her favourite studies. The greatest trifler can scarce inspect a map without learning something; but my lovely pupil always rose from it with a considerable accession of knowledge. Imparting such new ideas was no undelightful employment, and I often addressed my rose of May in an appropriate ode.

It was my desire to open to my pupil the treasures of Shakespeare; of that poet whose works will be studied with increasing rapture on the banks of the Mississippi, the Ohio and Potomac when the language in which Voltaire reviled him

shall have perished with the wreck of nations. But the library of the plantation did not supply the poet of nature, and I was almost in despair, when on a shelf in a miserable log house I found the first volume of Theobald's edition. The book I obtained for a trifle, and I removed it to my school. I shall not easily forget the feeling with which my pupil read aloud that beautiful and natural scene in the *Tempest* where Miranda sympathises with Ferdinand, who is bearing logs to Prospero's cell. No scene can be more exquisitely tender, and no lips could give juster utterance to the speeches of its characters than those of my fair disciple. Her voice possessed more magic than Prospero's wand. I was transported into fairy-land. I was rapt in a delicious dream from which it was misery to be waked. All around was enchantment. And what Ferdinand had before exclaimed on hearing the music of Ariel, I applied in secret to the voice of Virginia:

> This is no mortal business, nor no sound
> That the earth owes.

The female mind seems peculiarly adapted to relish tender poetry; and in the *Elegy* of Gray

and the *Ballad* of Goldsmith, I spread before my pupil a rich banquet to exercise reflection. Such poets are ever read with advantage; for they embellish nature and virtue with an elevated but chaste imagination.

My pupil was, perhaps, not a regular beauty; but her form was exquisitely delicate, and there were a spirit and expression in her countenance that charmed more than mere regular features. Her hair was rather light for eyes perfectly black.

> Voilà mon élève: il faut encore y joindre
> Un petit nez, mais un nez fait au tour,
> Nez retroussé comme le veut l'amour.

As the studies of my pupil never tired, so the relation of them will never fatigue me. She learnt French with avidity, and it was no unpleasant task to hear her give utterance to the musical language of a Sévigné. The epic narrative of Fénelon, and the pathetic tale of Saint-Pierre were the French books that most delighted her. But she thought the translation of *Paul and Virginia* from the pen of Miss Helen Maria Williams more beautiful in her attire than that of the author. "The sonnets," exclaimed Virginia, "are so pretty. Indeed, indeed, sir, they are!"

The rose, the queen of flowers, and theme of the Persian poets, grew abundantly in the garden, and my girls never came to school without having gathered clusters of them to decorate their dress. Hence I breathed only fragrance in a circle of happiness. How unspeakably delightful was the employment of cultivating the taste of Virginia! By the magic of the belles-lettres I was opening the avenues of her innocent heart to friendship and to pity; I was exciting its natural susceptibility for every mild and tender passion that can soften humanity.

Let the reader throw aside my volume whose mind feels disgust from the images afforded by a school in the woods of America. I deprecate not his severity. I write not for such feelings. But, reader, if thou art a father, or if thy mind, uncorrupted by the business and vanities of life, can delight in the images of domestic privacy, thou wilt derive more real satisfaction from the picture of a group of schoolboys at play than from the conflict of the Austrians with the French on the plains of Marengo.

My recreation, after school in the evening, was to sit and meditate before my door in the open

air, while the vapours of a friendly pipe administered to my philosophy. In silent gravity I listened to the negro calling to his steers returning from labour, or contemplated the family group, on the grass-plat before the dwelling-house, of whom the father was tuning his violin, the mother and daughters at their needles, and the boys running and tumbling in harmless mirth upon the green. Before me was an immense forest of stately trees; the cat was sitting on the barn floor; the firefly was on the wing, and the whippoorwill in lengthened cries was hailing the return of night. I was now, perhaps, called to supper, and enjoyed the society of Mr. Ball and his family till the hour of their repose, when I returned to my log hut and resumed my pipe before the door. The moon in solemn majesty was rising from the woods; the plantation dog was barking at the voices of the negroes pursuing their nightly revels on the road; while the mocking songster mimicked the note of every bird that had sung during the day.

A skilful chymist will endeavour to extract good from every substance, and I declined not the conversation of a man because his face dif-

fered in colour from my own. Old Dick, the negro whom I had met on the road, never failed to visit my cell in the evening, and the purpose of his visit was to obtain a dram of whiskey. Dick said that it comforted him, and I never withheld my comfort from him. As I considered old Dick a much greater philosopher than many of his white brethren who have written volumes on resignation under misfortunes, but could never bear the toothache patiently, I always put him upon talking about himself; and one evening when he came to see me, I desired he would relate to me the story of his life.

Story of Dick the Negro

"I was born at a plantation on the Rappahannock River. It was the pulling-of-corn time, when Squire Musgrove was Governor of Virginia. I have no mixed blood in my veins. I am no half-and-half breed, no chestnut-sorrel of a mulatto; but my father and mother both came over from Guinea.

When I was old enough to work I was put to look after the horses, and, when a boy, I would

not have turned my back against the best negur at catching or backing the most vicious beast that ever grazed in a pasture. Squire Sutherland had a son who rode every fall to look at a plantation on James River, which was under the care of an overseer. Young master could not go without somebody on another horse to carry his saddle-bags, and I was made his groom. This young chap, sir [here Dick winked his left eye], was a trimmer. The first thing he did, on getting out of bed, was to call for a julep; and I honestly date my own love of whiskey from mixing and tasting my young master's juleps. But this was not all. He was always upon the scent after game, and mighty ficious when he got among the negur wenches. He used to say that a likely negur wench was fit to be a queen; and I forget how many queens he had among the girls on the two plantations. My young master was a mighty one for music, and he made me learn to play the banger. I could soon tune it sweetly, and of a moonlight night he would set me to play, and the wenches to dance. My young master himself could shake a desperate foot at the fiddle. There was nobody that could face him at a Congo min-

uet; but Pat Hickory could tire him at a Virginia jig.

The young squire did not live long. He was for a short life and a merry one. He was killed by a drunken negur man, who found him overficious with his wife. The negur man was hanged alive upon a gibbet. It was the middle of summer; the sun was full upon him; the negur lolled out his tongue, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and for three long days his only cry was 'Water! water! water!'

The old gentleman took on to grieve mightily at the death of his son. He wished that he had sent him to Britain for his education; but afterwits is of no use; and he followed his son to that place where master and man, planter and slave, must all at last lie down together. The plantation and negurs now fell to the lot of a second son, who had gone to Edinburgh to learn the trade of a doctor. He was not like Squire Tommy. He seemed to be carved out of different wood. The first thing he did, on his return from Britain, was to free all the negur people on the plantation, and settle each on a patch of land. He tended the sick himself, gave them medicine, healed their

wounds, and encouraged every man, woman and child to go to a meeting-house that every Sunday was opened between our plantation and Fredericksburgh. Everything took a change. The young wenches who, in Master Tommy's time, used to put on their drops, and their bracelets, and ogle their eyes, now looked down like modest young women, and carried their gewgaws in their pockets till they got clear out of the woods. He encouraged matrimony on the plantation by settling each couple in a log house on a wholesome patch of land; hired a schoolmaster to teach their children, and to everyone that could say his letters gave a Testament with cuts. This made me bold to marry, and I looked out sharp for a wife. I had before quenched my thirst at any dirty puddle; but a stream that I was to drink at constant, I thought should be pure; and I made my court to a wholesome girl who had never bored her ears and went constantly to meeting. She was daughter to old Solomon the carter, and by moonlight I used to play my banger under her window and sing a Guinea love-song that my mother had taught me. But I found there was another besides myself whose mouth watered

after the fruit. Cuffey, one of the crop hands, came, one night, on the same errand. I am but a little man, and Cuffey was above my pitch; for he was six foot, two inches high, with a chew of tobacco clapped above that. But I was not to be scared because he was a big man and I was a little one. I carried a good heart, and a good heart is everything in love.

'Cuffey,' says I, 'what part of the play is you acting? Does you come after Sall?'

'May be,' says he, 'I does.'

'Then,' says I, 'here 's have at you, boy!' and I reckoned to fix him by getting the finger of one hand into his ear, and the knuckles of the other into his eye. But the whoreson was too strong for me, and after knocking me down upon the grass, he began to stomp upon me, and ax me if I had yet got enough. But Dick was not to be scared; and getting his great toe into my mouth, I bit it off and swallowed it. Cuffey now let go his hold, and it was my turn to ax Cuffey if he had got enough. Cuffey told me he had, and I walked away to the quarter. My master the next day heard of my battle with Cuffey. He said that I ought to live among painters and wolves, and

sold me to a Georgia man for two hundred dollars. My new master was the devil. He made me travel with him handcuffed to Savannah, where he disposed of me to a tavern-keeper for three hundred dollars. I was the only man servant in the tavern, and I did the work of half a dozen. I went to bed at midnight, and was up an hour before sun. I looked after the horses, waited at table, and worked like a new negur. But I got plenty of spirits; and that, I believe, helped me.

The war now broke out, and in one single year I changed masters a dozen times. But I knowed I had to work, and one master to me was just as good as another. When the war ended I was slave to Squire Fielding, at Annapolis, in Maryland. I was grown quite steady, and I married a house servant who brought me a child every year. I have altogether had three wives, and am the father of twelve children, begot in lawful wedlock; but this you shall hear.

My wife dying of a flux, I was left to the management of my children; but my master soon saved me that trouble, for directly they were strong enough to handle a hoe, he sold the boys

to Mr. Randolph of Fairfax, and the girls to Squire Barclay of Port Tobacco. It was a hard trial to part with my little ones, for I loved them like a father; but there was no help for it, and it was the case of thousands besides myself. When a man has been used to a wife, he finds it mighty lonesome to be without one; so I married a young girl who lived house servant to a tavern-keeper at Elk Ridge Landing. It is a good twenty-five miles from Annapolis to the Landing-place; but a negur never tire when he go to see his sweetheart, and after work on Saturday night I would start for Elk Ridge, and get to my wife before the supper was put away. Dinah was a dead hand at making of mush; but she could not love it better than I. 'Dinah,' says I to her one night, 'if you was a queen what would you have for supper?' 'Why, milk and mush, Dick,' says she. 'Concern it! Dinah,' says I, 'why if you was to eat all the good things what would there be left for me?'

I was not perfectly satisfied with my new wife. I had some suspecion that she gave her company, when I was away, to a young mulatto fellow; but as her children were right black, I was not much

troubled. I never could bear the sight of a mulatto; they are made up of craft. They are full of impudence, and will tell a black man that the devil is a negur; but I believe one colour is as much akin to him as another. I did not keep to my second wife long. She was a giddy young goose, fond of dress. She wore a ruffled smock, and on a Sunday put on such sharp-toed shoes that the points of them would have knocked out a mosquito's eye. If her children had not been right black and right ugly, like myself, I should have suspected her vartue long before I had a real cause.

I had made Dinah a present of a little lap-foist; a right handsome dog as you would see; ond one Saturday, at negur daytime [a cant term among the negroes for night, they being then at leisure], a mile before I got to Elk Ridge, the little foist came running up to me. 'Hie,' thought I, 'Dinah must be out gadding,' and looking forward I saw a man and a woman run across the main road into the woods. I made after them; but I was getting in years, and a walk of twenty miles had made my legs a little stiff. So after cursing till my blood boiled like a pitch-pot, I walked on to

the tavern. I found Dinah in the kitchen, but the mulatto fellow was not there. She ran to me, and fell on my neck. I hove her off. 'Begone, girl,' says I; 'no tricks upon travellers. Dick, in his old age, is not to be made a fool of. Did not I see you with Paris, Mr. Jackson's mulatto?' 'Lackadaisy! Dick,' says she, 'I have not stirred out of the house. I swear pointblank I have not. I would kiss the Bible, and take my blessed oath of it!' 'Nor the foist either,' says I. 'Get you gone, you hussey, I will seek a new wife.' And so saying I went upstairs, made her gowns and her coats and her smocks into a bundle, took the drops out of her ears and the shoes off her feet, and walked out of the kitchen. I trudged home the same night. It troubled me to be tricked by a young girl, but it was some satisfaction to know that I had stripped her of all her clothing. Fine feathers makes fine birds; and I laughed to think how she would look next Sunday; for I had left her nothing but a homespun suit, that she had put on when she got back.

I now said to myself that it was right foolish for an old man to expect constancy from a young girl, and I wished that my first wife had not got

her mouth full of yellow clay. Half a mile from Annapolis by the roadside is a graveyard. It was here my poor wife was buried. I had often heard tell of ghosts, and wanted to see if there was any truth in it. I stole softly to the hedge that skirted the road. 'Hoga,' says I, 'does you rest quiet? Hoga does you rest quiet? Say, Hoga! and quiet old Dick.' I had hardly said the words when the leaves began to stir. I trembled as though I had an ague. 'Hoga,' says I, 'don't scare me.' But in less than a minute I saw a black head look over the hedge, with a pair of goggle-eyes that flamed worse than the branches of a pine-tree on fire. 'Faith,' says I, 'that can't be Hoga's head; for Hoga had little peepy eyes.' I took to my heels and run for it. The ghost followed quick. As luck would have it, there was a gate across the road. I jumped the gate, and crawled into a hedge. The ghost did not follow. The gate had stopped him. But I heard him bellow mightily; and when I peeped over the hedge I saw it was Squire Hamilton's black bull.

My master at Annapolis being made a bankrupt, there was an execution lodged against his negurs. I was sent to Alexander, and knocked

down at vendue to old Squire Kegworth. I was put to work at the hoe. I was up an hour before sun, and worked naked till after dark. I had no food but homony, and for fifteen months did not put a morsel of any meat in my mouth but the flesh of a possum or a raccoon that I killed in the woods. This was rather hard for an old man, but I knowed there was no help for it.

Squire Kegworth was a wicked one. He beat Master Tommy. He would talk of setting us free. 'You are not,' he would say, 'slaves for life, but only for ninety-nine years.' The Squire was never married; but an old negur woman kept house, who governed both him and the plantation.

Hard work would not have hurt me, but I could never get any liquor. This was desperate, and my only comfort was the stump of an old pipe that belonged to my first wife. This was a poor comfort without a little drap of whiskey, now and dan, and I was laying a plan to run away, and travel through the wilderness of Kentucky, when the old squire died. I was now once more put up at vendue, and, as good luck would have it, I was bid for by Squire Ball. Nobody would bid

against him because my head was gray, my back covered with stripes, and I was lame of the left leg by the malice of an overseer who stuck a pitchfork into my ham. But Squire Ball knowed I was trusty; and though self-praise is no praise, he has not a negur on the plantation that wished him better than I; or a young man that would work for him with a more willing heart. There is few masters like the squire. He has allowed me to build a log house and take in a patch of land, where I raise corn and watermelions.[1] I keep chickens and ducks, turkeys and geese, and his lady always gives me the price of the Alexander market for my stock. But what 's better than all, Master never refuses me a dram; and with the help of whiskey I don't doubt but I shall

[1] Dick's log hut was not unpleasantly situated. He had built it near a spring of clear water, and defended it from the sun by an awning of boughs. It was in Mr. Ball's peach-orchard. A cock that never strayed from his cabin served him instead of a time-keeper; and a dog that lay always before his door was an equivalent for a lock. With his cock and his dog, Dick lived in the greatest harmony; and notwithstanding the pretensions of a white man to superiority over a black one, neither the cock nor the dog would acknowledge any other master but Dick.

serve him these fifteen years to come. Some of his negurs impose on him. There 's Hinton, a mulatto rascal, that will run him in debt; and there 's Let, one of the house girls, who will suck the eggs and swear it was a blacksnake. But I never wronged master of a cent, and I do the work of Hinton, of Henry, and Jack without grumbling. I look after the cows, dig in the garden, beat out the flax, currycomb the riding-nag, cart all the wood, tote the wheat to the mill, and bring all the logs to the schoolhouse."

Such is the history of the life and slavery of Dick the negro as he delivered it to me word for word. It will, perhaps, exhibit a better picture of the condition of negroes in America than any elaborate dissertation on the subject. But it aspires to more credit than the mere gratification of curiosity. It will enable the reader to form a comparison of his own state with that of another, and teach him the unmanly grief of repining at the common casualties of life when so many thousands of his fellow creatures toil out with cheerfulness a wretched life under the imprecations and scourgings of an imperious taskmaster.

Mr. Ball was son-in-law to Counsellor Carter, of Baltimore, who had formerly resided in the woods of Virginia, and emancipated the whole of his negroes except those whom he had given with the marriage portion of his daughter. Of this he afterwards repented, and in a fit of religious enthusiasm wrote a serious letter to Mr. Ball, exhorting him to free his negroes, or he would assuredly go to hell. Mr. Ball, whose property consisted in his slaves, and whose family was annually augmenting, entertained different notions; and with much brevity returned answer to the old gentleman's letter, " Sir, I will run the chance."

But the period is hasting when I must leave Mr. Ball and the worthy families in his neighbourhood, and another page or two will conduct me out of the woods of Pohoke. I had been three months invested in the first executive office of pedagogue, when a cunning old fox of a New Jersey planter (a Mr. Lee) discovered that his eldest boy wrote a better hand than I. Fame is swift-footed; *viresque adquirit eundo.* The discovery spread far and wide, and whithersoever I went I was an object for the hand of scorn to

point his slow, unmoving finger at, as a schoolmaster that could not write. Virginia gave me for the persecutions I underwent a world of sighs; her swelling heavens rose with indignation at old Lee and his abettors. But the boys caught spirit from the discovery. I could perceive a mutiny breaking out among them, and had I not in time broke down a few branches from an apple-tree before my door, it is probable they would have displayed their gratitude for my instructions by throwing me out of my school window. But by arguing with one over the shoulders and another over the back, I maintained with dignity the first executive office of pedagogue.

I revenged myself amply on old Lee. It was the custom of his son (a lengthy fellow of about twenty) to come to the academy with a couple of huge mastiffs at his heels. Attached to their master (*par nobile fratrum*) they entered without ceremony Pohoke Academy, bringing with them myriads of fleas, wood-lice, and ticks. Nay, they would often annoy Virginia by throwing themselves at her feet, and inflaming the choler of a little lap-dog which I had bought because of

his diminutive size, and which Virginia delighted to nurse for me. I could perceive the eye of Virginia rebuke me for suffering the dogs to annoy her; and there lay more peril in her eye than in the jaws of all the mastiffs in Prince William County.

"Mr. Lee," said I, "this is the third time I have told you not to convert the academy into a kennel, and bring your dogs to school." Lee was mending his pen "judgmatically." He made no reply, but smiled.

I knew old Dick, the negro, had a bitch, and that his bitch was proud. I walked down to Dick's log house. Dick was beating flax.

"Dick," said I, "old Farmer Lee has done me much evil." — "I don't like the old man myself, Master," said Dick. — "And his son, repugnant to my express commands, has brought his father's two plantation dogs to the academy. Revenge is sweet — "

"Right, Master," said Dick, "I never felt so happy as when I bit off Cuffey's great toe and swallowed it."

"Do you, Dick," said I, "walk past the schoolhouse with your bitch. Lee's dogs will come out

after her. Go round with them to your log house, and when you have once secured them, hang both of them up by the neck."

"Leave it to me, master," said Dick, "I'll fix the business for you in a few minutes. I have a few fadoms of rope in my house — that will do it."

I returned to the academy. The dogs were stretched at their ease on the floor. "Oh, I am glad you are come," exclaimed Virginia; "those great big dogs have quite scared me."

In a few minutes Dick passed the door with his slut. Quick from the floor rose Mr. Lee's two dogs, and followed the female. The rest may be supplied by the imagination of the reader. Dick hung up both the dogs to the branch of a pine-tree. Old Lee lost the guards to his plantation; the negroes broke open his barn, pilfered his sacks of Indian corn, rode his horses in the night; and thus was I revenged on Alexander the coppersmith.

Three months had now elapsed, and I was commanded officially to resign my sovereign authority to Mr. Dye, who was in every respect better qualified to discharge its sacred functions. He understood tare and tret, wrote a copperplate

hand, and, balancing himself upon one leg, could flourish angels and corkscrews. I therefore gave up the "Academy School" to Mr. Dye to the joy of the boys, but the sorrow of Virginia.

Virginia bewailed my impending departure with tears in her eyes. "Alas!" said she, "I must now quit my French, my poetry and English grammar! I shall be taught no more geography! I shall no more read in *Paul and Virginia,* but be put back into Noah Webster's hornbook! I shall [sobbing] do nothing but write and cypher! I wish Mr. Dye would mind his own business. I wish, instead of coming to teach school, he would go and work at the crop."

I now once more seized my staff, and walked towards Baltimore. It was a killing circumstance to separate from Virginia; but who shall presume to contend against fate?

I still, and shall ever behold Virginia in my fancy's eye. I behold her fair form among the trees. I contemplate her holding her handkerchief to her eyes. I still hear a tender adieu faltering on her lips, and the sob that choked her utterance still knocks against my heart.

Phyllida amo ante alias; nam me discedere flevit.

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR

[JOHN DAVIS]

THE opinion formed of a writer is generally transferred by association from his profession to his life, and he is considered as having all his days done nothing but kept the press and paper-mill in motion. I cannot lay claim to this honour. My life has been passed chiefly in voyages and travels.

It was never my fortune to repose under the shade of academic bowers. This, however, was not owing either to the *angusta res domi*, or local circumstances. I was reared in the lap of opulence, and Salisbury, my native place, boasts a grammar-school, that initiated Addison in the elegancies of literature.

I had read, or rather lisped, four books that determined my future life; namely, Robert Drury, The Unfortunate Englishman, Pierre Vaud, and Capt. Richard Falconer. Nothing now would satisfy me but going to sea, and a ship was the idol of my mind.

My first voyage was an Indiaman called the Essex, Capt. Strover. We went to St. Helena, Batavia and China. It was in the year 1787, and I was literally a sea-boy upon the high and giddy mast, being little more than eleven years old.

I returned to England charmed with a sea life. The voyage seemed nothing, and before I had been ashore six months, I again, if I may so express myself, shoved off my boat.

I embarked (1790) in the Worcester, Capt. Hall. We touched at Hunzuan,[1] and proceeded to Bombay. In the Essex, the chief mate was Ebenezer Roebuck, a man conspicuous for his courage, consummate seamanship and rigid discipline.[2] The chief officer of the Worcester was Owen Ellis, a disciple of Roebuck, full of fire, fancy and mischief. Our captain and he did not agree. Hall was timorous; Ellis rash. Hall was uncommonly corpulent; remarkable for the circumference of his belly, and Ellis swore the ship could never be in trim, as by being in the cabin he brought her down by the stern.

[1] See a magical description of this fairy island by Sir William Jones.

[2] Mr. Roebuck has left the company's service; he is now constructing docks in India.

Off the high land of Chaul, the Worcester was attacked by Angria's Pirates. Our captain was scared almost to death.

Obstupuit, steteruntque comae, et vox faucibus haesit!

Ellis saved the ship. He jumped down on the gun-deck, and cast loose a midship-gun. "A match here!" said he, while he was pointing the gun with a handspike. The match was brought by the ship's cook from the galley-fire; a man named John Thornton had primed the gun, the chief mate gave it to the Moors in style, and dispersed the mosquito fleet. A loud laugh now succeeded the hallooing, dawling, cursing and swearing, that before shook the good ship Worcester from stem to stern. For no sooner did the Moor taste our pills than he put his helm up, wore right round upon his heel, and went away before the wind; this was the ship; the ketch, brig and gallivats did the same.

We took a hundred company's recruits to Bombay. Among these was a German (Oberstein) of dissipated fortune, but elegant education. Now did my mind first catch a ray of intellectual light; now was it ordained I should not be all my life illiterate. I began to learn French under Ober-

stein between the tropics; in my watch upon deck my station was in the maintop, to haul down the topgallant studding sail at the approach of a squall, or to go up and hand the royal. For our topgallantmasts were folded, and our royal yards rigged across. When the boatswain's mate piped starbowlines, I walked up the main rigging into the top. I always put Le Sage in my pocket; and in the maintop of an East Indiaman, under a cloudless tropical sky, when the breeze was so steady that for days we had no occasion to start either tack or sheet, I began to cultivate the language of the court of Louis the fourteenth.

I was several months on shore at Bombay. I lodged at the country tavern. It was kept by Mr. Loudwick, and shaded with cocoanut and banana trees. My landlord had a complete set of European magazines; I rather devoured than read them; and it is to the perusal of these volumes that I ascribe that love of the belles-lettres which has always made me loathe the mathematics and other crabbed sciences. For whoever, after having lived in a beautiful country, where all was fruit and flowers and fragrance, could seek an abode in a rugged, bleak and dreary region.

Neither Mr. Loudwick nor Mrs. Loudwick could talk English. I now thanked my stars that I had learnt French in the maintop of the Worcester, and conversed with my host and hostess in their own idiom.

From Bombay we went twice down the Malabar coast, anchoring at every port. I landed at Cochin where Camoens wrote his Lusiad,[1] and at Anjengo, where Eliza was born;[2] and I was engaged in the reduction of Cannamore under General Abercrombie. In our passage home I landed at the Cape of Good Hope.

When I returned to England, I found my brother had embarked as a cadet for Madras. He was a considerable time ensign to a battalion of native infantry at Kistnagherry, a hill fort, in the Baramhal country. At the taking of Pondicherry he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant; he died a captain at Madras. His account of the Sepoy soldiers in India is full, elegant, accurate: it was first communicated by him in a letter from India to the editor of the *European Magazine,*

[1] See Mickle's *Lusiad.*

[2] See Sterne's *Letters to Eliza,* and Raynal's *Apostrophe to Anjengo.*

and adopted in the article *Sepoy* by the compilers of the *Encyclopedia Britannica.*

Sic vos non vobis —

On my return to Salisbury from my second voyage, the love of literature that had been lighted up in my mind, directed my attention to our family library. We had a room full of books, but I was made a student by the perusal of a small pamphlet; Spence's *Life of Magliabechi and Hill.* The *Life of Hill* engaged me with superior interest, and set me about learning Latin. My pleasure in reading an English book was diminished by not knowing the sources of its classical allusions, and of the propriety or efficacy of their application I could be no judge. By the happiest fortune in the world I got Mant's *Phaedrus,* with a parsing index, which strewed flowers in my road, and obtained me the rewards of study without undergoing its toils.

In the beginning of 1793, I was sent into the navy. In the Active frigate, Capt. Nagle, I went to the Orkneys, Cadiz, and into the Elbe. Being turned over with the ship's company to the Artois, (her former commander Lord Charles Fitzgerald

was given the command of the Brunswick, seventy-four) I belonged a year and a half to a flying squadron of frigates; namely, the Pomone, Sir John Borlase Warren, the Arethusa, Sir Edward Pellew, and the Diamond, Sir Sidney Smith. Our cruising ground was the coast of France, and our port of rendezvous was Falmouth.

The Artois was the fastest sailing frigate of the squadron. She could sail round the others. No ship could touch her, whether going large, or close-hauled. We were always the first up with the chase; and on the twenty-first of October 1794, after an action close, vigourous and persevering, the Revolutionnaire, French frigate, hauled down her colours to the Artois. It is true the Diamond at that juncture had come up, and that Sir Sidney had placed her in a position to rake the Frenchman; but had Capt. Nagle been alone, her resistance could have been of no avail, as she had long slackened her fire before she struck.[1] During the conflict the other ships of the squadron were hull down astern; the Arethusa was the sternmost ship; and Sir Edward Pellew, the whole time he beheld us blazing away

[1] See Naval History of the last war.

at each other, was heard to exclaim, "God bless Nagle and the Artois." On our quarter-deck fell lieutenant Craigie of the marines,[1] and three seamen. Captain Nagle was knighted by his majesty for the action.

In 1798, I embarked in a small brig at Bristol, for the United States. I had before made some progress in Greek, and begun the study of the language of harmony, with the Father of Poetry, and the Bible of the Ancients. In Latin I had looked into every writer of the Julian and Augustan ages; the study of French had always been to me like cracking of nuts; and in my vernacular idiom I had neglected no writer from Bunyan to Bolingbroke. Lowth put me *au fait* of all the critical niceties of grammar; and when I read it was always with an eye to new combinations of diction.

I translated at New York, *Buonaparte's Campaign in Italy,* a considerable octavo, and proceeded to the south. I now experienced the advantage of having educated myself. By imparting what I knew of English, French and

[1] A monument has been erected at Plymouth in memory of Mr. Craigie.

Latin to others, I was enabled to gratify my disposition to travel, and to subsist comfortable. I visited South Carolina, Georgia, Maryland and Virginia.

I, however, have no further desire to travel. It is true I should like much to cross again the Atlantic, but then that would be to go home. I am only a sojourner in America. When the cold turf presses against my breast, I hope it will be one dug out of the valleys of my native land.[1]

In 1802, I returned to England. I landed from the ship within twelve miles of my mother's house. It commanded a view of the English channel, and the tall English fleet. I did not stay long in Hampshire. I proceeded to London, where my time was divided between pleasure and literature. I published a large volume of my own peregri-

[1] I have been in the four quarters of the globe, yet never saw I a spot that pleased me like my own little England. Oh! it is a nice little island — a tight little island! Its cities are not disgraced by dirty editors of papers — apostates — "wicked *sarpents;*" — blackguards, as destitute of any real politics as they are of religion; calling themselves, *risum teneatis amici,* Republicans and Federalists! One, daubing Jefferson with a plaisterer's trowel — the other, pelting him with human excrement! *Qui capit ille facit.* Let the galled jade wince.

nations. I wrote an American tale, called *Walter Kennedy — A Life of Chatterton,* and a novel, entitled *The Wooden Walls Well Manned; or, A Picture of a British Frigate.*

In the winter of 1804, I returned to America. I embarked at Liverpool for New York. I came in the steerage — it being a rule with me, never to throw my money into old Davy's locker.

Our passage, however, in the Cotton Planter, was a rough one. I never witnessed severer gales. It was necessary to keep the broad axe sharp, when the ship was lying to, in case she should go on her beam-ends; that we might cut away her weather-rigging or the masts, in order to enable her to get upon her legs again.

And now, to the holy keeping of that Great Being, whose protecting arm extends over land and sea, I commend myself and my readers.

[From *The First Settlers of Virginia,* an historical novel . . . 3d edition. Wilmington, Del. . . . 1825.]

THE END