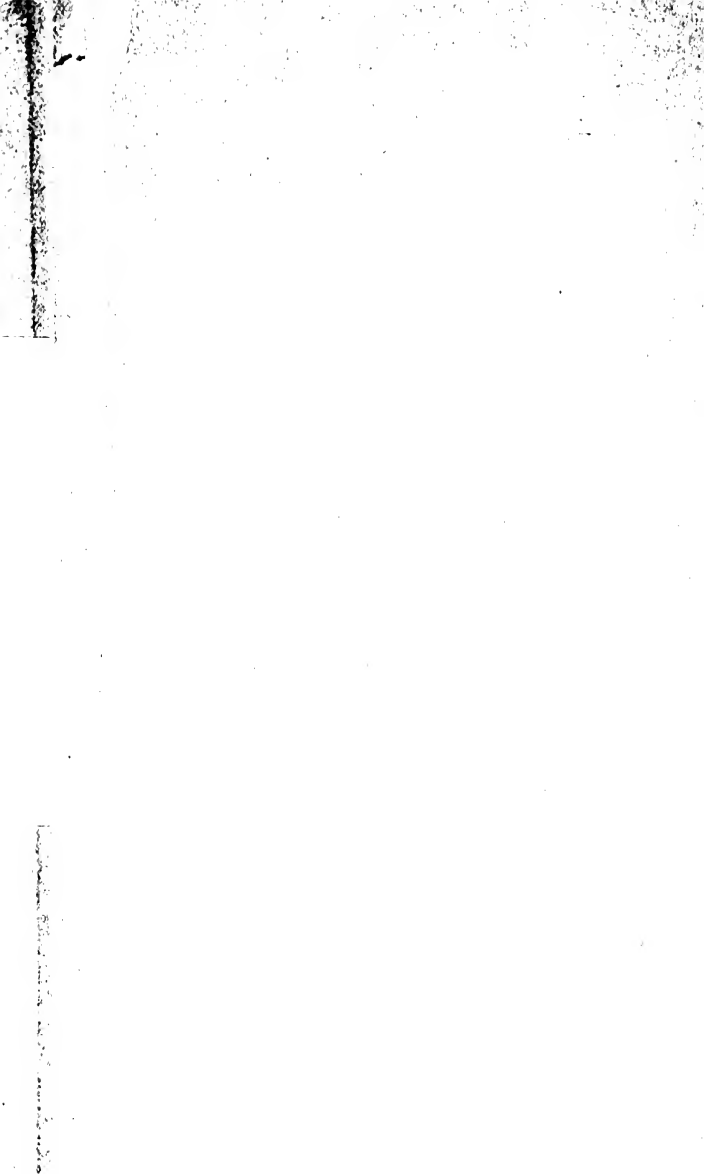


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MARRUAT









A

DIARY IN AMERICA,

WITH

REMARKS ON ITS INSTITUTIONS.

BY

CAPT. MARRYAT, C.B.,

AUTHOR OF

“PETER SIMPLE,” “JACOB FAITHFUL,”  
“FRANK MILD MAY.”

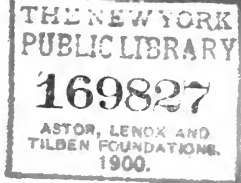
IN TWO VOLUMES.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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AFTER many years of travel, during which I had seen men under almost every variety of government, religion, and climate, I looked round to discover if there were not still new combinations under which human nature was to be investigated. I had traversed the old continent until satisfied, if not satiated; and I had sailed many a weary thousand miles from west to east, and from north to south, until people, manners, and customs were looked upon by me with indifference.

The press was constantly pouring out works upon the new world, so contradictory to each other, and pronounced so unjust by the Americans, that my curiosity was excited. It appeared strange to me that travellers whose works showed evident marks of talent should view the same people through such very different mediums; and that their gleanings should, generally speaking, be of such meagre materials. Was there so little to be remarked about America, its government, its institutions, and the effect which these had upon the people, that the pages of so many writers upon that country should be filled up with, how the Americans dined or drank wine, and what descriptions of spoons and forks were used at table? Either the Americans remained purely and unchangedly English, as when they left their father-land; or the question required more investigation and deeper research than travellers in their hasty movements had been able to bestow upon it.

Whether I should be capable of throwing any new light upon the subject, I knew not, but at all events I made up my mind that I would visit the country and judge for myself.

On my first arrival I perceived little difference between the city of New York and one of our principal provincial towns; and, for its people, not half so much as between the people of Devonshire or Cornwall and those of Middlesex. I had been two or three weeks in that city, and I said: There is certainly not much to write about, nor much more than what has already been so continually repeated. No wonder that those who preceded me have indulged in puerilities to swell out their books. But in a short time I altered my opinion: even at New York, the English appearance of the people gradually wore away; my perception of character became more keen, my observance consequently more nice and close, and I found that there was a great deal to reflect upon and investigate, and that America and the American people were indeed an enigma; and I was no longer surprised at the incongruities which were to be detected in those works which had attempted to describe the country. I do not assert that I shall myself succeed, when so many have failed, but, at any rate, this I am certain of, my remarks will be based upon a more sure foundation—an analysis of human nature.

There are many causes why those who have written upon America have fallen into error: they have represented the Americans as a nation; now they are not yet, nor will they for many years be, in the true sense of the word, a nation,—they are a mass of many people cemented together to a certain degree, by a general form of government; but they are in a constant state of transition, and (what may at first appear strange,) no amalgamation has as yet taken place: the puritan of the east, the Dutch descent of the middle states, the cavalier of the south, are nearly as marked and distinct now as at the first occupation of the country; softened down indeed, but still distinct. Not only are the popula-

tions of the various states distinct, but even those of the cities; and it is hardly possible to make a remark which may be considered as general to a country, where the varieties of soil and of climate are so extensive. Even on that point upon which you might most safely venture to generalize, namely, the effect of a democratical form of government upon the mass, your observations must be taken with some exceptions, arising from the climate, manners, and customs, and the means of livelihood, so differing in this extended country.

Indeed the habit in which travellers indulge of repeating facts which have taken place, as having taken place in America, has, perhaps unintentionally on their part, very much misled the English reader. It would hardly be considered fair, if the wilder parts of Ireland, and the disgraceful acts which are committed there, were represented as characteristic of England, or the British Empire: yet between London and Connaught there is a less difference than between the most civilized and intellectual portion of America, such as Boston and Philadelphia, and the wild regions, and wilder inhabitants of the west of the Mississippi, and Arkansas, where reckless beings compose a scattered population, residing too far for the law to reach; or where if it could reach, the power of the government would prove much too weak to enforce obedience to it. To do justice to all parties, America should be examined and portrayed piecemeal, every state separately, for every state is different, running down the scale from refinement to a state of barbarism almost unprecedented; but each presenting matter for investigation and research, and curious examples of cause and effect.

Many of those who have preceded me have not been able to devote sufficient time to their object, and therefore have failed. If you have passed through a strange country, totally differing in manners, and customs, and language from your own, you may give your readers some idea of the contrast, and the impressions made upon you by what you saw, even if you have travelled

in haste or sojourned there but a few days; but when the similarity in manners, customs, and language is so great, that you may imagine yourself to be in your own country, it requires more research, a greater degree of acumen, and a fuller investigation of cause and effect than can be given in a few months of rapid motion. Moreover English travellers have apparently been more active in examining the interior of houses, than the public path from which they should have drawn their conclusions; they have searched with the curiosity of a woman, instead of examining and surveying with the eye of a philosopher. Following up this wrong track has been the occasion of much indiscretion and injustice on their parts, and of justifiably indignant feeling on the part of the Americans. By many of the writers on America, the little discrepancies, the mere trifles of custom have been dwelt upon, with a sarcastic, ill-natured severity to give to their works that semblance of pith, in which, in reality, they were miserably deficient; and they violated the rights of hospitality that they might increase their interest as authors.

The Americans are often themselves the cause of their being misrepresented; there is no country perhaps, in which the habit of deceiving for amusement, or what is termed hoaxing, is so common. Indeed this and the hyperbole constitute the major part of American humour. If they have the slightest suspicion that a foreigner is about to write a book, nothing appears to give them so much pleasure as to try to mislead him: this has constantly been practised upon me, and for all I know, they may in some instances have been successful; if they have, all I can say of the story is that "*se non e vero, e si ben trovato,*" that it might have happened.\*

\* *Paragraph from a New York Paper.*

That old, deaf English maiden lady, Miss Martineau, who travelled through some of the States, a few years since, gives a full account of Mr. Poindexters' death; unfortunately for her



When I was at Boston, a gentleman of my acquaintance brought me Miss Martineau's work, and was excessively delighted when he pointed out to me two pages of fallacies, which he had told her with a grave face, and which she had duly recorded and printed. This practice, added to another, that of attempting to conceal (for the Americans are aware of many of their defects,) has been with me productive of good results: it has led me to much close investigation, and has made me very cautious in asserting what has not been proved to my own satisfaction to be worthy of credibility.

Another difficulty and cause of misrepresentation is, that travellers are not aware of the jealousy existing between the inhabitants of the different states and cities. The eastern states pronounce the southerners to be choleric, reckless, regardless of law, and indifferent as to religion; while the southerners designate the eastern states as a nursery of over-reaching pedlars, selling clocks and wooden nutmegs. This running into extremes is produced from the clashing of their interests as producers and manufacturers. Again, Boston turns up her erudite nose at New York; Philadelphia, in her pride, looks down upon both New York and Boston; while New York, chinking her dollars, swears the Bostonians are a parcel of puritanical prigs, and the Philadelphians a would-be-aristocracy. A western man from Kentucky, when at Tremont House in Boston, begged me particularly not to pay attention to what they said of his state in that quarter.

veracity, the gentleman still lives; but this is about as near the truth as the majority of her statements. The *Loafing* English men and women who visit America, as penny-a-liners, are perfectly understood here, and Jonathen amuses himself whenever he meets them, by imposing upon their credulity the most absurd stories which he can invent, which they swallow whole, go home with their eyes sticking out of their heads with wonder, and print all they have heard for the benefit of John Bull's calves.

Both a Virginian and Tennesseean, when I was at New York, did the same.

At Boston, I was drinking champagne at a supper. "Are you drinking champagne?" said a young Bostonian. "That's New York—take claret; or, if you will drink champagne, pour it into a *green* glass, and they will think it *hock*; champagne's not right." How are we to distinguish between right and wrong in this queer world? At New York, they do drink a great deal of champagne; it is the small beer of the dinner-table. Champagne becomes associated with New York, and therefore is not *right*. I will do the New Yorkers the justice to say, that, as far as *drinks* are concerned, they are above prejudice; all's right with them, provided there's enough of it.

The above remarks will testify, that travellers in America have great difficulties to contend with, and that their channels of information have been chiefly those of the drawing-room or dinner-table. Had I worked through the same, I should have found them very difficult of access; for the Americans had determined that they would no longer extend their hospitality to those who returned it with ingratitude—nor can they be blamed. Let us reverse the case. Were not the doors of many houses in England shut against an American author, when, from his want of knowledge of conventional *usage*, he published what never should have appeared in print? And should another return to England, after his tetchy, absurd remarks upon the English, is there much chance of his receiving a kind welcome? Most assuredly not; both these authors will be received with caution. The Americans, therefore, are not only not to blame, but would prove themselves very deficient in a proper respect for themselves, if they again admitted into their domestic circles those who eventually requited them with abuse.

Admitting this, of course I have no feelings of ill-will towards them for any want of hospitality towards me; on the contrary, I was pleased with the neglect, as it

left me free, and unshackled from any real or fancied claims which the Americans might have made upon me on that score. Indeed, I had not been three weeks in the country before I decided upon accepting no more invitations, even charily as they were made. I found that, although invited, my presence was a restraint upon the company; every one appeared afraid to speak; and when any thing ludicrous occurred, the cry would be—"Oh, now, Captain Marryat, don't put that into your book." More than once, when I happened to be in large parties, a question such as follows would be put to me by some "free and enlightened individual:" "Now, Captain M., I ask you before this company, and I trust you will give me a categorical answer, Are you, or are you not about to write a book upon this country?" I hardly need observe to the English reader, that, under such circumstances, the restraint became mutual; I declined all further invitations, and adhered to this determination, as far as I could without cause of offence, during my whole tour through the United States.

But if I admit, that after the usage which they had received, the Americans are justified in not again tendering their hospitality to the English, I cannot, at the same time, but express my opinion as to their conduct towards me personally. They had no right to insult and annoy me in the manner they did, from nearly one end of the Union to the other, either because my predecessors had expressed an unfavourable opinion of them before my arrival, or because they expected that I would do the same upon my return to my own country. I remark upon this conduct, not from any feeling of ill-will or desire of retaliation, but to compel the Americans to admit that I am under no obligations to them; that I received from them much more of insult and outrage than of kindness; and, consequently, that the charge of ingratitude cannot be laid to my door, however offensive to them some of the remarks in this work may happen to be.

And here I must observe, that the Americans can no

longer anticipate lenity from the English traveller, as latterly they have so deeply committed themselves. Once, indeed, they could say, "We admit and are hospitable to the English, who, as soon as they leave our country, turn round, and abuse and revile us. We have our faults, it is true; but such conduct on their part is not kind or generous." But they can say this no longer: they have retaliated, and in *their* attacks they have been regardless of justice. The three last works upon the Americans, written by English authors, were, on the whole, favourable to them; Mr. Power's and Mr. Grund's most decidedly so; and Miss Martineau's, filled as it is with absurdities and fallacies, was *intended*, at all events, to be favourable.

In opposition to them, we have Mr. Cooper's remarks upon England, in which my countrymen are certainly not spared; and since that publication, we have another of much greater importance, written by Mr. Carey, of Philadelphia, not, indeed, in a strain of vituperation or ill feeling, but asserting, and no doubt to his own satisfaction and that of his countrymen, proving, that in every important point, that is to say, under the heads of "Security of Person and Property, of Morals, Education, Religion, Industry, Invention, Credit," (and consequently Honesty,) America is in advance of England and every other nation in Europe!! The tables, then, are turned; it is no longer the English, but the Americans, who are the assailants; and such being the case, I beg that it may be remembered, that many of the remarks which will subsequently appear in this work have been forced from me by the attacks made upon my nation by the American authors; and that if I am compelled to draw comparisons, it is not with the slightest wish to annoy or humiliate the Americans, but in legitimate and justifiable defence of my own native land.

America is a wonderful country, endowed by the Omnipotent with natural advantages which no other can boast of; and the mind can hardly calculate upon

the degree of perfection and power to which, whether the States are eventually separated or not, it may in the course of two centuries arrive. At present all is energy and enterprise; every thing is in a state of transition, but of rapid improvement—so rapid, indeed, that those who would describe America now would have to correct all in the short space of ten years; for ten years in America is almost equal to a century in the old continent. Now, you may pass through a wild forest, where the elk browses and the panther howls. In ten years, that very forest, with its denizens, will, most likely, have disappeared, and in their place you will find towns with thousands of inhabitants; with arts, manufactures, and machinery, all in full activity.

In reviewing America, we must look upon it as showing the development of the English character under a new aspect, arising from a new state of things. If I were to draw a comparison between the English and the Americans, I should say that there is almost as much difference between the two nations at this present time, as there has long been between the English and the Dutch. The latter are considered by us as phlegmatic and slow; and we may be considered the same, compared with our energetic descendants. Time to an American is every thing,\* and space he attempts to reduce to a mere nothing. By the steam-boats, rail-roads, and the wonderful facilities of water-carriage, a journey of five hundred miles is as little considered in America, as would be here a journey from London to Brighton. "*Go ahead*" is the real motto of the country; and every man does push on, to gain in advance of his neighbour. The American

\* The clocks in America—there rendered so famous by Sam Slick—instead of the moral lessons inculcated by the dials of this country, such as "Time flies," &c., teach one more suited to American feeling:

"Time is money!"

lives twice as long as others; for he does twice the work during the time that he lives. He begins life sooner: at fifteen he is considered a man, plunges into the stream of enterprize, floats and struggles with his fellows. In every trifle an American shows the value he puts upon time. He rises early, eats his meals with the rapidity of a wolf, and is the whole day at his business. If he be a merchant, his money, whatever it may amount to, is seldom invested; it is all floating—his accumulations remain active; and when he dies, his wealth has to be collected from the four quarters of the globe.

Now, all this energy and activity is of English origin; and were England expanded into America, the same results would be produced. To a certain degree, the English were in former times what the Americans are now; and this it is which has raised our country so high in the scale of nations; but since we have become so closely packed—so crowded, that there is hardly room for the population, our activity has been proportionably cramped and subdued. But, in this vast and favoured country, the very associations and impressions of childhood foster and ripen the intellect, and precociously rouse the energies. The wide expanse of territory already occupied—the vast and magnificent rivers—the boundless regions, yet remaining to be peopled—the rapidity of communication—the dispatch with which every thing is effected, are evident almost to the child. To those who have rivers many thousand miles in length, the passage across the Atlantic (of 3,500 miles) appears but a trifle; and the American ladies talk of spending the winter at Paris with as much indifference as one of our landed proprietors would, of going up to London for the season.

We must always bear in mind the peculiar and wonderful advantages of *country*, when we examine America and its form of government; for the country has had more to do with upholding this democracy than people might at first imagine. Among the advantages of de-

mocracy, the greatest is, perhaps, that *all start fair*; and the boy who holds the traveller's horse, as Van Buren is said to have done, may become the president of the United States. But it is the *country*, and not the government, which has been productive of such rapid strides as have been made by America. Indeed, it is a query whether the form of government would have existed down to this day, had it not been for the advantages derived from the vast extent and boundless resources of the territory in which it was established. Let the American direct his career to any goal he pleases, his energies are unshackled; and, in the race, the best man must win. There is room for all, and millions more. Let him choose his profession—his career is not checked or foiled by the excess of those who have already embarked in it. In every department there is an opening for talent; and for those inclined to work, work is always to be procured. You have no complaint in this country, that every profession is so full that it is impossible to know what to do with your children. There is a vast field, and all may receive the reward due for their labour.

In a country where the ambition and energies of man have been roused to such an extent, the great point is to find out worthy incitements for ambition to feed upon. A virtue directed into a wrong channel, may, by circumstances, prove little better than, (even if it does not sink down into,) actual vice. Hence it is that a democratic form of government is productive of such demoralizing effects. Its rewards are few. Honours of every description, which stir up the soul of man to noble deeds—worthy incitements, they have none. The only compensation they can offer for services, is money; and the only distinction—the only means of raising himself above his fellows left to the American—is wealth: consequently, the acquisition of wealth has become the great spring of action. But it is not sought after with the avarice to hoard, but with the ostentation to expend. It is the effect of ambition directed into a

wrong channel. Each man would surpass his neighbour; and the only great avenue open to all, and into which thousands may press without much jostling of each other, is that which leads to the shrine of Mammon. It is our nature to attempt to raise ourselves above our fellow men; it is the mainspring of existence—the incitement to all that is great and virtuous, or great and vicious. In America, but a small portion can raise themselves, or find rewards for superior talent, but wealth is attainable by all; and having no aristocracy, no honours, no distinctions to look forward to, wealth has become the substitute, and, with very few exceptions, every man is great in proportion to his riches. The consequence is, that to leave a sum of money when they die, is of little importance to the majority of the Americans. Their object is to amass it while young, and obtain the consideration which it gives them during their life-time.

The society in the United States is that which must naturally be expected in a new country where there are few men of leisure, and the majority are working hard to obtain that wealth which almost alone gives importance under a democratic form of government. You will find intellectual and gentlemanlike people in America, but they are scattered here and there. The circle of society is not complete: wherever you go, you will find an admixture, sudden wealth having admitted those who but a few years back were in humble circumstances; and in the constant state of transition which takes place in this country, it will be half a century, perhaps, before a select circle of society can be collected together in any one city or place. The improvement is rapid, but the vast extent of country which has to be peopled prevents that improvement from being manifest. The stream flows inland, and those who are here to-day are gone to-morrow, and their places in society filled up by others who ten years back had no prospect of ever being admitted. All is transition, the waves follow one another to the far west, the froth and scum boiling in the advance.



America is, indeed, well worth the study of the philosopher. A vast nation forming, society ever changing, all in motion and activity, nothing complete, the old continent pouring in her surplus to supply the loss of the eastern states, all busy as a hive, full of energy and activity. Every year multitudes swarm off from the East, like bees: not the young only, but the old, quitting the close-built cities, society, and refinement, to settle down in some lone spot in the vast prairies, where the rich soil offers to them the certain prospect of their families and children being one day possessed of competency and wealth.

To write upon America *as a nation* would be absurd, for nation, properly speaking, it is not; but to consider it in its present chaotic state, is well worth the labour. It would not only exhibit to the living a somewhat new picture of the human mind, but, as a curious page in the Philosophy of History, it would hereafter serve as a subject of review for the Americans themselves.

It is not my intention to follow the individualising plans of the majority of those who have preceded me in this country. I did not sail across the Atlantic to ascertain whether the Americans eat their dinners with two-prong iron, or three-prong silver forks, with chopsticks, or their fingers; it is quite sufficient for me to know that they do eat and drink; if they did not, it would be a curious anomaly which I should not pass over. My object was, to examine and ascertain *what were the effects of a democratic form of government and climate upon a people which, with all its foreign admixture, may still be considered as English.*

It is a fact that our virtues and our vices depend more upon circumstances than upon ourselves, and there are no circumstances which operate so powerfully upon us as government and climate. Let it not be supposed that, in the above assertion, I mean to extenuate vice, or imply that we are not free agents. Naturally prone to vices in general, circumstances will render us more prone to one description of vice than to another; but

that is no reason why we should not be answerable for it, since it is our duty to guard against the besetting sin. But as an agent in this point, the form of government under which we live is, perhaps, the most powerful in its effects, and thus we constantly hear of vices peculiar to a country, when it ought rather to be said, of vices peculiar to a government.

Never, perhaps, was the foundation of a nation laid under such peculiarly favourable auspices as that of America. The capital they commenced with was industry, activity, and courage. They had, moreover, the advantage of the working of genius and wisdom, and the records of history, as a beacon and a guide; the trial of ages, as to the respective merits of the various governments to which men have submitted; the power to select the merits from the demerits in each; a boundless extent of country, rich in every thing that could be of advantage to man; and they were led by those who were really giants in those days, a body of men collected and acting together, forming an aggregate of wisdom and energy such as probably will not for centuries be seen again. Never was there such an opportunity of testing the merits of a republic, of ascertaining if such a form of government could be maintained—in fact, of proving whether an enlightened people could govern themselves. And it must be acknowledged that the work was well begun; Washington, when his career had closed, left the country a pure republic. He did all that man could do. Miss Martineau asserts that “America has solved the great problem, that a republic can exist for fifty years;” but such is not the case. America has proved that, under peculiar advantages, a people can govern themselves for fifty years; but if you put the question to an enlightened American, and ask him, “Were Washington to rise from his grave, would he recognize the present government of America as the one bequeathed to them?” and the American will himself answer in the negative. These fifty years have afforded another proof, were it

necessary, how short-sighted and fallible are men—how impossible it is to keep anything in a state of perfection here below. Washington left America as an infant nation, a pure and, I may add, a virtuous republic; but the government of the country has undergone as much change as every thing else, and it has now settled down into any thing but a pure democracy. Nor could it be otherwise; a republic may be formed and may continue in healthy existence when regulated by a small body of men, but as men increase and multiply so do they deteriorate; the closer they are packed the more vicious they become, and, consequently, the more vicious become their institutions. Washington and his coadjutors had no power to control the nature of man.

It may be inquired by some, what difference there is between a republic and a democracy, as the terms have been, and are often, used indifferently. I know not whether my distinction is right, but I consider that when those possessed of most talent and wisdom are selected to act for the benefit of a people, with full reliance upon their acting for the best, and without any shackle or pledge being enforced, we may consider that form of government as a republic ruled by the most enlightened and capable; but that if, on the contrary, those selected by the people to represent them are not only bound by pledges previous to their election, but ordered by the mass how to vote after their election, then the country is not ruled by the collected wisdom of the people, but by the majority, who are as often wrong as right, and then the governing principle sinks into a democracy, as it now is in America.\*

\* And in this opinion I find that I am borne out by an American writer, who says—“It is true, indeed, that the American government, which, as first set up, was properly republican—that is, representation in a course of salutary degrees, and with salutary checks upon the popular will, on the powers of legislation, of the executive, and the judiciary,—was assailed at an early period of its history, and has been assailed continuously down to the present time, by a power called democracy, and

It is singular to remark, notwithstanding her monarchical form of government, how much more republican England is in her institutions than America. Ask an American what he considers the necessary qualifications of a president, and, after intellectual qualifications, he will tell you firmness, decision, and undaunted courage; and it is really an enigma to him, although he will not acknowledge it, how the sceptre of a country like England, subject to the monarchical sway which he detests, can be held in the hand of a young female of eighteen years of age.

But upon one point I have made up my mind, which is that, with all its imperfections, democracy is the form of government *best suited to the present condition of America*, in so far as it is the one under which the country has made, and will continue to make, the most rapid advances. That it must eventually be changed is true, but the time of its change must be determined by so many events, hidden in futurity, which may accelerate or retard the convulsion, that it would be presumptuous for any one to attempt to name a period when the present form of government shall be broken up, and the multitude shall separate and re-embody themselves under new institutions.

In the arrangement of this work, I have considered it advisable to present, first, to the reader those *portions* of my diary which may be interesting, and in which are recorded traits and incidents which will bear strongly upon the commentaries I shall subsequently make upon the institutions of the United States, and the results of those institutions as developed in the American character. Having been preceded by so many writers on America, I must occasionally tread in well-beaten tracts; but, although I shall avoid repetition as

that this power has been constantly acquiring influence and gaining ascendancy in the republic during the term of its history."—(*A Voice from America to England*, by an American Gentleman, page 10.)

much as possible, this will not prevent me from describing what I saw or felt. Different ideas, and different association of ideas, will strike different travelers, as the same landscape may wear a new appearance, according as it is viewed in the morning, by noon, or at night; the outlines remain the same, but the lights, and shadows, and tints, are reflected from the varying idiosyncrasy of various minds.

My readers will also find many quotations, either embodied in the work or supplied by notes. This I have considered necessary, that my opinions may be corroborated; but these quotations will not be extracted so much from the works of English as from *American* writers. The opinions relative to the United States have been so conflicting in the many works which have been written, that I consider it most important that I should be able to quote American authorities against themselves, and strengthen my opinions and arguments by their own admissions.



# DIARY IN AMERICA.

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## CHAPTER I.

I LIKE to begin at the beginning; it's a good old fashion, not sufficiently adhered to in these modern times. I recollect a young gentleman who said he was thinking of going to America; on my asking him, "how he intended to go?" he replied, "I don't exactly know; but I think I shall take the fast coach." I wished him a safe passage, and said, "I was afraid he would find it very dusty." As I could not find the office to book myself by this young gentleman's conveyance, I walked down to St. Katherine's Docks; went on board a packet; was shewn into a superb cabin, fitted up with bird's-eye maple, mahogany, and looking-glasses, and communicating with certain small cabins, where there was a sleeping berth for each passenger, about as big as that allowed to a pointer in a dog-kennel. I thought that there was more finery than comfort; but it ended in my promising the captain to meet him at Portsmouth. He was to sail from London on the 1st of April, and I did not choose to sail on that day—it was ominous; so I embarked at Portsmouth on the 3d. It is not my intention to give a description of crossing the Atlantic; but as the reader may be disappointed if I do not tell him how I got over, I shall first inform him that we were thirty-eight in the cabin, and 160 men, women, and children, literally stowed in bulk in the steerage. I shall describe what took place from the time I first went up the side at Spithead, until

the ship was under weigh, and then make a very short passage of it.

At 9, 30, A. M.—Embarked on board the good ship Quebec; and a good ship she proved to be, repeatedly going nine and a-half knots on a bowling, sails lifting. Captain H. quite delighted to see me—all captains of packets are to see passengers: I believed him when he said so.

At 9, 50.—Sheriff's officer, as usual, came on board. Observed several of the cabin passengers hasten down below, and one who requested the captain to stow him away. But it was not a pen-and-ink affair; it was a case of burglary. The officer has found his man in the steerage—the handcuffs are on his wrists, and they are rowing him ashore. His wife and two children are on board; her lips quiver as she collects her baggage to follow her husband. One half-hour more, and he would have escaped from justice, and probably have led a better life in a far country, where his crimes were unknown. By the bye, Greenacre, the man who cut the woman up, was taken out of the ship as she went down the river: he had very nearly escaped. What cargoes of crime, folly and recklessness do we yearly ship off to America! America ought to be very much obliged to us.

The women of the steerage are persuading the wife of the burglar not to go on shore; their arguments are strong, but not strong enough against the devoted love of a woman.—“Your husband is certain to be hung; what's the use of following him? Your passage is paid, and you will have no difficulty in supporting your children in America.” But she rejects the advice—goes down the side, and presses her children to her breast, as, overcome with the agony of her feelings, she drops into the boat; and, now that she is away from the ship, you hear the sobs, which can no longer be controlled.

10, A. M.—“All hands up anchor.”

I was repeating to myself some of the stanzas of Mrs. Norton's “Here's a Health to the Outward-bound,”



when I cast my eyes forward I could not imagine what the seamen were about; they appeared to be *pumping*, instead of heaving, at the windlass. I forced my way through the heterogeneous mixture of human beings, animals, and baggage which crowded the decks, and discovered that they were working a patent windlass, by Dobbinson—a very ingenious and superior invention. The seamen, as usual, lightened their labour with the song and chorus, forbidden by the etiquette of a man-of-war. The one they sung was peculiarly musical, although not refined; and the chorus of “Oh! Sally Brown,” was given with great emphasis by the whole crew between every line of the song, sung by an athletic young third mate. I took my seat on the knight-heads—turned my face aft—looked and listened.

“Heave away there, forward.”

“Aye, aye, sir.”

“‘Sally Brown—oh! my dear Sally.’” (Single voice).

“‘Oh! Sally Brown.’” (Chorus)

“‘Sally Brown, of Buble Al-ly.’” (Single voice).

“‘Oh! Sal-ly Brown’” (Chorus).

“Avast heaving there; send all aft to clear the boat.”

“Aye, aye, sir. Where are we to stow these casks, Mr. Fisher?”

“Stow them! Heaven knows; get them in at all events.”

“Captain H.! Captain H.! there’s my piano still on deck; it will be quite spoiled—indeed it will.”

“Don’t be alarmed, ma’am; as soon as we’re under weigh we’ll hoist the cow up, and get the piano down.”

“What! under the cow?”

“No, ma’am; but the cow’s over the hatchway.”

“Now, then, my lads, forward to the windlass.”

“‘I went to town to get some toddy.’”

“‘Oh! Sally Brown.’”

“‘T’wasn’t fit for any body.’”

“‘Oh! Sally Brown.’”—

“Out there, and clear away the jib.”

“Aye, aye, sir.”

“Mr. Fisher, how much cable is there out?”

“Plenty yet, sir.—Heave away, my lads.”

“‘Sally is a bright mulattar.’”

“‘Oh! Sally Brown.’”

“‘Pretty girl, but can’t get at her.’”

“‘Oh!——’”

“Avast heaving; send the men aft to whip the ladies in.—Now, miss, only sit down and don’t be afraid, and you’ll be in, in no time. Whip away, my lads, handsomely; steady her with the guy; lower away.—There, miss, now you’re safely landed.”

“Landed, am I? I thought I was *shipped*.”

“Very good, indeed—very good, miss; you’ll make an excellent sailor, I see.”

“I should make a better sailor’s *wife*, I expect, Captain H.”

“Excellent! Allow me to hand you aft; you’ll excuse me.—Forward now, my men; heave away!”

“‘Seven years I courted Sally.’”

“‘Oh! Sally Brown.’”

“‘Seven more of shilley-shally.’”

“‘Oh! Sally Brown.’”

“‘She won’t wed——’”

“Avast heaving. Up there, and loose the topsails; stretch along the topsail-sheets.—Upon my soul, half these children will be killed.—Whose child are you?”

“I—don’t—know.”

“Go and find out, that’s a dear.—Let fall; sheet home; belay starboard sheet; clap on the larboard; belay all that.—Now, then, Mr. Fisher.”

“Aye, aye, sir.—Heave away, my lads.”

“‘She won’t wed a Yankee sailor.’”

“‘Oh! Sally Brown.’”

“‘For she’s in love with the nigger tailor.’”

“‘Oh! Sally Brown.’”

“Heave away, my men; heave, and in sight. Hurrah! my lads.”

“‘Sally Brown—Oh! my dear Sally!’”

“‘Oh! Sally Brown!’”

“Sally Brown, of Buble Alley.”

“Oh! Sally Brown.”

“Sally has a cross old granny.”

“Oh!——”

“Heave and fall—jib-halyards—hoist away.”

“Oh! dear—oh! dear.”

“The clumsy brute has half-killed the girl!—Don’t cry, my dear.”

“Pick up the child, Tom, and shove it out of the way.”

“Where shall I put her?”

“Oh, any where just now; put her on the turkey-coop.”

“Starboard!”

“I say, clap on, some of you *he* chaps, or else get out of the way.”

“Sailor, mind my band box.”

“Starboard!”

“Starboard it is; steady so.”

Thus, with the trifling matter of maiming half-a-dozen children, upsetting two or three women, smashing the lids of a few trunks, and crushing some band-boxes as flat as a muffin, the good ship Quebec was at last fairly under weigh. and standing out for St. Helen’s.

3, P. M.—Off St. Helen’s; ship steady; little wind; water smooth; passengers sure they won’t be sick.

3, 20.—Apologies from the captain for a cold dinner on this day.

4 o’clock.—Dinner over; every body pulls out a number of “Pickwick;” every body talks and reads Pickwick; weather getting up squally; passengers not quite so sure they won’t be sea-sick.

Who can tell what the morrow may bring forth? It brought forth a heavy sea, and the passengers were quite sure that they were sea-sick. Only six out of thirty-eight made their appearance at the breakfast-table; and, for many days afterwards, there were Pickwicks in plenty strewed all over the cabin, but passengers were very scarce.

But we had more than sea-sickness to contend with—the influenza broke out and raged. Does not this prove that it is contagious, and not dependant on the atmosphere? It was hard, after having snuffled with it for six weeks on shore, that I should have another month of it on board. But who can control destiny? The ship was like a hospital; an elderly woman was the first victim—then a boy of twelve years of age. Fortunately, there were no more deaths.

But I have said enough of the passage. On the 4th of May, in the year of our Lord 1837, I found myself walking up Broadway, among the free and enlightened citizens of New York.



## CHAPTER II.

A VISIT, to make it agreeable to both parties, should be well timed. My appearance at New York was very much like bursting into a friend's house with a merry face when there is a death in it—with the sudden change from levity to condolence. "Any other time most happy to see you. You find us in a very unfortunate situation."

"Indeed I'm very—very sorry."

Two hundred and sixty houses have already failed, and no one knows where it is to end. Suspicion, fear, and misfortune have taken possession of the city. Had I not been aware of the cause, I should have imagined that the plague was raging, and I had the description of Defoe before me.

Not a smile on one countenance among the crowd who pass and repass; hurried steps, care-worn faces,

rapid exchanges of salutation, or hasty communication of anticipated ruin before the sun goes down. Here two or three are gathered together on one side, whispering and watching that they are not overheard; there a solitary, with his arms folded and his hat slouched, brooding over departed affluence. Mechanics, thrown out of employment, are pacing up and down with the air of famished wolves. The violent shock has been communicated, like that of electricity, through the country to a distance of hundreds of miles. Canals, rail-roads, and all public works, have been discontinued, and the Irish emigrant leans against his shanty, with his spade idle in his hand, and starves, as his thoughts wander back to his own Emerald Isle.

The Americans delight in the hyperbole; in fact they hardly have a metaphor without it. During this crash, when every day fifteen or twenty merchants' names appeared in the newspapers as bankrupts, one party, not in a very good humour, was hastening down Broadway, when he was run against by another whose temper was equally unamiable. This collision roused the cholera of both.

“What the devil do you mean, sir?” cried one; “I’ve a great mind to knock you into *the middle of next week.*”

This occurring on a Saturday, the wrath of the other was checked by the recollection of how very favourable such a blow would be to his present circumstances.

“Will you! by heavens, then pray do; it’s just the thing I want, for how else I am to get over next Monday and the acceptances I must take up, is more than I can tell.”

All the banks have stopped payment in specie, and there is not a dollar to be had. I walked down Wall Street, and had a convincing proof of the great demand for money, for somebody picked my pocket.

The militia are under arms, as riots are expected. The banks in the country and other towns have fol-

lowed the example of New York, and thus has General Jackson's currency bill been repealed without the aid of Congress. Affairs are now at their worst, and now that such is the case, the New Yorkers appear to recover their spirits. One of the newspapers humorously observes—"All Broadway is like unto a new-made widow, and don't know whether to laugh or cry." There certainly is a very remarkable energy in the American disposition; if they fall, they bound up again. Somebody has observed that the New York merchants are of that *elastic* nature, that, when fit for nothing else, they might be converted into *coach springs*, and such really appears to be their character.

Nobody refuses to take the paper of the New York banks, although they virtually have stopped payment;—they never refuse any thing in New York;—but nobody will give specie in change, and great distress is occasioned by this want of a circulating medium. Some of the shopkeepers told me that they had been obliged to turn away a hundred dollars a-day, and many a Southerner, who has come up with a large supply of southern notes, has found himself a pauper, and has been indebted to a friend for a few dollars in specie to get home again.

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The radicals here, for there are radicals, it appears, in a democracy—

"In the lowest depth, a lower deep"—

are very loud in their complaints. I was watching the swarming multitude in Wall Street this morning, when one of these fellows was declaiming against the banks for stopping specie payments, and "robbing a poor man in such a willanous manner," when one of the merchants, who appeared to know his customer, said to him—"Well, as you say, it is hard for a poor fellow like you not to be able to get dollars for his notes; hand them out, and I'll give you specie for them myself!" The blackguard had not a cent in his pocket,

and walked away, looking very foolish. He reminded me of a little chimney-sweeper at the Tower Hamlets election, asking—"Vot vos my hopinions about primaginitur?"—a very important point to him certainly, he having no parents, and having been brought up by the parish.

I was in a store when a thorough-bred democrat walked in: he talked loud, and voluntarily gave it as his opinion that all this distress was the very best thing that could have happened to the country, as America would now keep all the specie and pay her English creditors with bankruptcies. There always appears to me to be a great want of moral principle in all radicals; indeed, the levelling principles of radicalism are adverse to the sacred rights of *meum et tuum*. At Philadelphia the ultra-democrats have held a large public meeting, at which one of the first resolutions brought forward and agreed to was—"That they did not owe one farthing to the English people."

"They may say the times are bad," said a young American to me, "but I think that they are excellent. A twenty dollar note used to last me but a week, but now it is as good as Fortunatus's purse, which was never empty. I eat my dinner at the hotel, and show them my twenty dollar note. The landlord turns away from it, as if it were the head of Medusa, and begs that I will pay another time. I buy every thing that I want, and I have only to offer my twenty dollar note in payment, and my credit is unbounded—that is, for any sum under twenty dollars. If they ever do give change again in New York it will make a very unfortunate change in my affairs."

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A government circular, enforcing the act of Congress, which obliges all those who have to pay custom-house duties or postage to do so in specie, has created great dissatisfaction, and added much to the distress and difficulty. At the same time that they (the government) refuse to take from their debtors the notes

of the banks, upon the ground that they are no longer legal tenders, they compel their creditors to take those very notes—having had a large quantity in their possession at the time that the banks suspended specie payments—an act of despotism which the English government would not venture upon.

Miss Martineau's work is before me. How dangerous it is to prophecy. Speaking of the merchants of New York, and their recovering after the heavy losses they sustained by the calamitous fire of 1835, she says, that although eighteen millions of property were destroyed, not one merchant failed; and she continues, "It seems now as if the commercial credit of New York could stand any shock short of an earthquake like that of Lisbon." That was the prophecy of 1836. Where is the commercial credit of New York now in 1837?!!!

The distress for change has produced a curious remedy. Every man is now his own banker. Go to the theatres and places of public amusement, and, instead of change, you receive an I. O. U. from the treasury. At the hotels and oyster-cellars it is the same thing. Call for a glass of brandy and water and the change is fifteen tickets, each "good for one glass of brandy and water." At an oyster-shop, eat a plate of oysters, and you have in return seven tickets, good for one plate of oysters each. It is the same every where.—The barbers give you tickets, good for so many shaves; and were there beggars in the streets, I presume they would give you tickets in change, good for so much philanthropy. Dealers, in general, give out their own bank notes, or as they are called here, *shin plasters*, which are good for one dollar, and from that down to two and a-half cents, all of which are redeemable, and redeemable only upon a general return to cash payments.

Hence arises another variety of exchange in Wall Street.

"Tom, do you want any oysters for lunch to-day?"

"Yes!"



“Then here’s a ticket, and give me two *shaves* in return.”

The most prominent causes of this convulsion have already been laid before the English public; but there is one—that of speculating in land—which has not been sufficiently dwelt upon, nor has the importance been given to it which it deserves; as, perhaps, next to the losses occasioned by the great fire, it led, more than any other species of over-speculation and over-trading, to the distress which has ensued. Not but that the event must have taken place in the natural course of things. Cash payments produce sure but small returns; but no commerce can be carried on by this means on any extended scale. Credit, as long as it is good, is so much extra capital, in itself nominal and non-existent, but producing real returns. If any one will look back upon the commercial history of these last fifty years, he will perceive that the system of credit is always attended with a periodical *blow up*; in England, perhaps, once in twenty years; in America, once in from seven to ten. This arises from there being no safety valve—no check which can be put to it by mutual consent of all parties. One house extends its credit, and for a time, its profits; another follows the example. The facility of credit induces those who obtain it to embark in other speculations, foreign to their business; for credit thus becomes extra capital which they do not know how to employ. Such has been the case in the present instance: but this is no reason for the credit system not being continued. These occasional explosions act as warnings, and, for the time, people are more cautious: they stop for a while to repair damages, and recover from their consternation; and when they go a-head again, it is not quite so fast. The loss is severely felt, because people are not prepared to meet it; but if all the profits of the years of healthy credit were added up, and the balance-sheet struck between that and the loss at the explosion, the advantage gained by the credit system would still be

found to be great. The advancement of America depends wholly upon it. It is by credit alone that she has made such rapid strides, and it is by credit alone that she can continue to flourish, at the same time that she enriches those who trade with her. In this latter crisis there was more blame to be attached to the English houses, who *forced* their credit upon the Americans, than to the Americans, who, having such unlimited credit, thought that they might advantageously speculate with the capital of others.

One of the most singular affections of the human mind is a proneness to excessive speculation; and it may here be noticed that the disease (for such it may be termed) is peculiarly English and American. Men, in their race for gain, appear, like horses that have run away, to have been blinded by the rapidity of their own motion. It almost amounts to an epidemic, and is infectious—the wise and the foolish being equally liable to the disease. We had ample evidence of this in the bubble-manias which took place in England in the years 1825 and 1826. A mania of this kind had infected the people of America for two or three years previous to the crash: it was that of speculating in land; and to show the extent to which it had been carried on, we may take the following examples:—

The city of New York, which is built upon a narrow island about ten miles in length, at present covers about three miles of that distance, and has a population of three hundred thousand inhabitants. Building lots were marked out for the other seven miles; and, by calculation, these lots, when built upon, would contain an additional population of one million and three-quarters. They were first purchased at from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars each, but, as the epidemic raged, they rose to upwards of two thousand dollars. At Brooklyn, on Long Island, opposite to New York, and about half a mile distant from it, lots were marked out to the extent of fourteen miles, which would contain an extra population of one million, and these were as eagerly speculated in.

At Staten Island, at the entrance into the Sound, an estate was purchased by some speculators for ten thousand dollars, was divided into lots, and planned as a town to be called New Brighton; and had the whole of the lots been sold at the price for which many were, previous to the crash, the original speculators would have realised three million of dollars. But the infatuation was not confined to the precincts of New York: every where it existed. Government lands, which could only be paid for in specie, were eagerly sought after; plans of new towns were puffed up; drawings made, in which every street was laid down and named; churches, theatres, hospitals, rail-road communications, canals, steamboats in the offing, all appeared on paper as if actually in existence, when, in fact, the very site was as yet a forest, with not a log-hut within a mile of the pretended city. Lots in these visionary cities were eagerly purchased, increased daily in value, and afforded a fine harvest to those who took advantage of the credulity of others. One man would buy a lot with extensive *water privileges*, and, upon going to examine it, would find those privileges rather too extensive, the whole lot being *under water*. Even after the crisis, there was a man still going about who made a good livelihood by setting up his plan of a city, the lots of which he sold by public auction, on condition of one dollar being paid down to secure the purchase, if approved of. The mania had not yet subsided, and many paid down their dollar upon their purchase of a lot. This was all he required. He went to the next town, and sold the same lots over and over again.

To check this madness of speculation, was one reason why an act of Congress was passed, obliging all purchasers of public lands to pay in specie. Nevertheless, government received nine or ten millions in specie after the bill passed. Now, when it is considered what a large portion of the capital drawn from England was applied to these wild speculations—sums which, when they were required, could not be realized,

as, when the crisis occurred, property thus purchased immediately fell to about one-tenth of what was paid for it—it will be clearly seen that, from this unfortunate mania, a great portion of the present distress must have arisen.

The attempt of General Jackson and his successors, to introduce a specie currency into a country which exists upon credit, was an act of folly, and has ended in complete failure.\* A few weeks after he had issued from the Mint a large coinage of gold, there was hardly an eagle to be seen, and the metal might almost as well have remained in the mine from whence it had been extracted. It was still in the country, but had all been absorbed by the agriculturalists; and such will ever be the case in a widely extended agricultural country. The farmers, principally Dutch, live upon a portion of their produce and sell the rest. Formerly they were content with bank bills or Mexican dollars, which they laid by for a rainy day, and they remained locked up for years before they were required. When the gold was issued, it was eagerly collected by these people, as more convenient, and laid by, by the farmers' wives, in the foot of an old worsted stocking, where the major part of it will remain. And thus has the famous gold-currency bill been upset by the hoarding propensities of a parcel of old women.†

\* One single proof may be given of the ruinous policy of the Jackson administration in temporising with the credit of the country. To check the export of bullion from our country, the Bank of England had but one remedy, that of rendering money scarce: they contracted their issues, and it became so. The consequence was, that the price of cotton fell forty dollars per bale. The crop of cotton amounted to 1,600,000 bales, which, at forty dollars per bale, was a loss to the southern planters of 64,000,000 dollars.

† A curious proof of this system of hoarding, which immediately took place upon the bank stopping payment, was told me by a gentleman from Baltimore. He went into a store to purchase, as he often had done, a canvas shot-bag, and to his surprise was asked three times the former price of it. Upon his expostulating, the venders told him, that the demand for

## CHAPTER III.

FIFTY years ago, New York was little more than a village; now, it is a fine city with three hundred thousand inhabitants. I have never seen any city so admirably adapted for commerce. It is built upon a narrow island, between Long Island Sound and the Hudson River, Broadway running up it like the vertebræ of some huge animal, and the other streets diverging from it at right angles, like the ribs; each street running to the river, and presenting to the view a forest of masts.

There are some fine buildings in this city, but not many. Astor House, although of simple architecture, is, perhaps, the grandest mass; and next to that, is the City Hall, though in architecture very indifferent. In the large room of the latter are some interesting pictures and busts of the presidents, mayors of the city, and naval and military officers, who have received the thanks of Congress and the freedom of the city. Some are very fair specimens of art: the most spirited is that of Commodore Perry, leaving his sinking vessel, in the combat on the Lakes, to hoist his flag on board of another ship. Decatur's portrait is also very fine. Pity that such a man should have been sacrificed in a foolish duel!

At the corner of many of the squares, or *blocks* of buildings, as they are termed here, is erected a very high mast, with a cap of liberty upon the top. The only idea we have of the cap of liberty is, the *bonnet rouge* of the French; but the Americans will not copy the French, although they will the English; so they

them by the farmers and other people who brought their produce to market, and who used them to put their specie in, was so great, that they could hardly supply them.

have a cap of their own, which, (begging their pardon,) with its gaudy colours and gilding, looks more like a *fool's cap* than any thing else.

New York is not equal to London, nor Broadway to Regent Street, although the Americans would compare them. Still, New York is very superior to most of our provincial towns, and, to a man who can exist out of London, Broadway will do very well for a lounge—being wide, three miles long, and the upper part composed of very handsome houses; besides which, it may almost challenge Regent Street for pretty faces, except on Sundays.\* Many of the shops, or *stores*, as they are here called, (for in this land of equality nobody keeps a shop,) have already been fitted up with large plate-glass fronts, similar to those in London, and but for the depression which has taken place, many more would have followed the example.

Among the few discrepancies observable between this city and London, are the undertaker's *shops*. In England they are all wooden windows below and scutcheons above; planks and shavings within—in fact, mere workshops. Here they are different: they have large glass fronts, like a millinery or cut-glass shop with us, and the shop runs back thirty or forty feet, its sides being filled with coffins on end, mahogany and French polished. Therein you may select as you please, from the seven feet to receive the well-grown adult, to the tiny receptacle of what Burns calls, "Wee unchristened babe." I have, however, never heard of any one choosing their own coffin; they generally leave it to their relatives to perform that office.

I may here remark, that the Americans are sensible enough not to throw away so much money in funerals as we do; still it appears strange to an Englishman to see the open hearse containing the body, drawn by only one horse, while the carriages which follow are drawn

\* On Sundays the coloured population take possession of Broadway.

by two: to be sure, the carriages generally contain six individuals, while the hearse is a sulky, and carries but one.

The New York tradesmen do all they can, as the English do, to attract the notice of the public by hand-bills, placards, advertisements, &c.; but in one point they have gone a-head of us. Placards, &c. may be read by those who look upwards or straight-forward, or to the right or to the left; but there are some people who walk with their eyes to the ground, and consequently see nothing. The New Yorkers have provided for this contingency, by having large marble tablets, like horizontal tomb-stones, let into the flag pavements of the *trottoir* in front of their shops, on which is engraved in duplicate, turning both ways, their names and business; so, whether you walk up or down Broadway, if you cast your eyes downwards so as not to see the placards above, you cannot help reading the inscriptions below.

Every traveller who has visited this city has spoken of the numerous fires which take place in it, and the constant running, scampering, hallooing, and trumpeting of the firemen with their engines; but I do not observe that any one has attempted to investigate the causes which produce, generally speaking, three or four fires in the twenty-four-hours. New York has certainly great capabilities, and every chance of improvement as a city; for, about one house in twenty is burnt down every year, and is always rebuilt in a superior manner. But, as to the causes, I have, after minute inquiry, discovered as follows. These fires are occasioned—

1st. By the notorious carelessness of black servants, and the custom of smoking cigars all the day long.

2nd. By the knavery of men without capital, who insure to double and treble the value of their stock, and realize an honest penny by setting fire to their stores. (This is one reason why you can seldom recover from a fire-office without litigation.)

3d. From the hasty and unsubstantial way in which

houses are built up, the rafters and beams often communicating with the flues of the chimnies.

4th. Conflagrations of houses *not* insured, effected by agents employed by the *fire insurance companies*, as a punishment to some, and a warning to others, who have neglected to take out policies.

These were gravely stated to me as the causes of so many fires in New York. I cannot vouch for the truth of the last, although I feel bound to mention it. I happen to be lodged opposite to two fire-engine houses, so that I always know when there is a fire. Indeed, so does every body; for the church nearest to it tolls its bell, and this tolling is repeated by all the others; and as there are more than three hundred churches in New York, if a fire takes place no one can say that he is not aware of it.

The duty of firemen is admirably performed by the young men of the city, who have privileges for a servitude of seven years; but they pay too dearly for their privileges, which are an exemption from militia and jury summons. Many of them are taken off by consumptions, fevers, and severe catarrhs, engendered by the severe trials to which they are exposed: the sudden transitions from extreme heat to extreme cold in winter, being summoned up from a warm bed, when the thermometer is below zero—then exposed to the scorching flames—and afterwards (as I have frequently seen them myself), with the water hanging in icicles upon their saturated clothes. To recruit themselves after their fatigue and exhaustion they are compelled to drink, and thus it is no wonder that their constitutions are undermined. It is nevertheless a favourite service, as the young men have an opportunity of shewing courage and determination, which raises them high in the opinion of their brother citizens.

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I made a purchase at a store; an intelligent looking little boy brought it home for me. As he walked by my side, he amused me very much by putting the following questions:—



“Pray, captain, has Mr. Easy left the King of England’s service?”

“I think he has,” replied I; “if you recollect, he married and went on shore.”

“Have you seen Mr. Japhet lately?” was the next query,

“Not very lately,” replied I; “the last time I saw him was at the publisher’s.”

The little fellow went away, perfectly satisfied that they were both alive and well.



## CHAPTER IV.

THE dogs are all tied up, and the musquitos have broke loose—it is high time to leave New York.

The American steamboats have been often described. When I first saw one of the largest sweep round the battery, with her two decks, the upper one screened with snow-white awnings—the gay dresses of the ladies—the variety of colours—it reminded me of a floating garden, and I fancied that *Isola Bella*, on the Lake of Como, had got under weigh, and made the first steam voyage to America.

The Hudson is a noble stream, flowing rapidly through its bold and deep bed. Already it has many associations connected with it—a great many for the time which has elapsed since Henrick Hudson first explored it. Where is the race of red men who hunted on its banks, or fished and paddled their canoes in its stream? They have disappeared from the earth, and scarce a vestige remains of them, except in history. No portion of this world was ever intended to remain for

ages untenanted. Beasts of prey and noxious reptiles are permitted to exist in the wild and uninhabited regions until they are swept away by the broad stream of civilization, which, as it pours along, drives them from hold to hold, until they finally disappear. So it is with the more savage nations: they are but *tenants at will*, and never were intended to remain longer than till the time when Civilization, with the Gospel, Arts, and Sciences, in her train, should appear, and claim as her own that portion of the universe which they occupy.

About thirty miles above New York is Tarry Town, the abode of Washington Irving, who has here embosomed himself in his own region of romance; for Sleepy Hollow lies behind his domicile. Nearly opposite to it, is the site of a mournful reality—the spot where poor Major André was hung up as a spy,

You pass the State prison, built on a spot which still retains its Indian name—Sing Sing—rather an odd name for a prison, where people are condemned to perpetual silence. It is a fine building of white marble, like a palace—very appropriate for that portion of the *sovereign* people, who may qualify themselves for a residence in it.

I had a genuine Yankee story from one of the party on deck. I was enquiring if the Hudson was frozen up or not during the winter? This led to a conversation as to the severity of the winter, when one man, by way of proving how cold it was, said—“Why, I had a cow on my lot up the river, and last winter she got in among the ice, and was carried down three miles before we could get her out again. The consequence has been that she has milked nothing but *ice-creams* ever since.”

When you have ascended about fifty miles, the bed of the river becomes contracted and deeper, and it pours its waters rapidly through the high lands on each side, having at some distant time forced its passage through a chain of rocky mountains. It was quite dark long before we arrived at West Point, which I had embarked to visit. A storm hung over us, and as we passed

through the broad masses piled up on each side of the river, at one moment illuminated by the lightning as it burst from the opaque clouds, and the next towering in sullen gloom, the effect was sublime.

Here I am at West Point.

West Point is famous in the short history of this country. It is the key of the Hudson river. The traitor Arnold had agreed to deliver it up to the English, and it was on his return from arranging the terms with Arnold, that André was captured and hung.

At present, a Military College is established here, which turns out about forty officers every year. Although they receive commissions in any regiment of the American army when there may be vacancies, they are all educated as engineers. The democrats have made several attempts to break up this establishment, as savouring too much of *monarchy*, but hitherto have been unsuccessful. It would be a pity if they did succeed, for such has been the demand lately for engineers to superintend rail-roads and canals, that a large portion of them have resigned their commissions, and found employment in the different states. This consideration alone is quite sufficient to warrant the keeping up of the college, for civil engineers are a *sine qua non* in a country like America, and they are always ready to serve should their military services be required. There was an inspection at the time that I was there, and it certainly was highly creditable to the students, as well as to those who superintend the various departments.

When I awoke the next morning, I threw open the blinds of my windows, which looked out upon the river, and really was surprised and delighted. A more beautiful view I never gazed upon. The Rhine was fresh in my memory; but, although the general features of the two rivers are not dissimilar, there is no one portion of the Rhine which can be compared to the Hudson at West Point. It was what you may imagine the Rhine to have been in the days of Cæsar, when the lofty mountains through which it sweeps were not bared and

naked as they now are, but clothed with forests, and rich in all the variety and beauty of undisturbed nature.

There is a sweet little spot not far from the college, where a tomb has been erected in honour of Kosciusko—it is called Kosciusko's Garden. I often sat there and talked over the events of the War of Independence. Many anecdotes were narrated to me, some of them very original. I will mention one or two which have not escaped my memory.

One of the officers who most distinguished himself in the struggle was a General Starke; and the following is the speech he is reported to have made to his men previous to an engagement:—

“Now, my men, you see them ere Belgians; every man of them bought by the king of England at 17s. 6d. a-head, and I've a notion he'd paid too dear for them. Now, my men, we either beats them this day, or Molly Starke's a widow, by G—d.” He did beat them, and in his despatch to head-quarters he wrote—“We've had a dreadful hot day of it, General, and I've lost my horse, saddle and bridle and all.”

In those times, losing a *saddle* and *bridle* was as bad as losing a horse.

At the same affair, the captain commanding the outposts was very lame, and he thought proper thus to address his men:—

“Now, my lads, you see we're only an outpost, and we are not expected to beat the whole army in face of us. The duty of an outpost, when the enemy comes on, is to go in, *treeing* it, and keeping ourselves not exposed. Now, you have my orders; and as I am a *little lame*, I'll go in first, and mind you do your duty and come in after me.”

I passed several days at this beautiful spot, which is much visited by the Americans. Some future day, when America shall have become wealthy, and New York the abode of affluence and ease, what taste may not be lavished on the banks of this noble river! and what a

lovely retreat will be West Point, if permitted to remain in all its present wildness and grandeur!

I re-embarked at midnight in the steamboat descending from Albany, and which is fitted out as a night boat. When I descended into the cabin, it presented a whimsical sight: two rows of bed-places on each side of the immense cabin, running right fore and aft; three other rows in the centre, each of these five rows having three bed-places, one over the other. There were upwards of five hundred people, lying in every variety of posture, and exhibiting every state and degree of repose—from the loud uneasy snorer lying on his back, to the deep sleeper tranquil as death. I walked up and down, through these long ranges of unconsciousness, thinking how much care was for the time forgotten. But as the air below was oppressive, and the moon was beautiful in the heavens, I went on deck, and watched the swift career of the vessel, which, with a favouring tide, was flying past the shores at the rate of twenty miles an hour—one or two people only, out of so many hundreds on board of her, silently watching over the great principle of locomotion. The moon sank down, and the sun rose and gilded the verdure of the banks and the spires of the city of New York, as I revelled in my own thoughts and enjoyed the luxury of being alone—a double luxury in America, where the people are gregarious, and would think themselves very ill-bred if they allowed you one moment for meditation or self-examination.

## CHAPTER V.

STEPS ON board of the Narragansett steam-vessel for Providence. Here is a fair specimen of American travelling:—From New York to Providence, by the Long Island Sound, is two hundred miles; and this is accomplished, under usual circumstances, in thirteen hours; from Providence to Boston, forty miles by rail-road, in two hours—which makes, from New York to Boston, an average speed of sixteen miles an hour, stoppages included.

I was, I must confess, rather surprised, when in the rail-road cars, to find that we were passing through a *church-yard*, with tomb-stones on both sides of us. In Rhode Island and Massachusetts, where the pilgrim-fathers first landed—the two States that take pride to themselves (and with justice) for superior morality and a strict exercise of religious observances—they look down upon the other States of the Union, especially New York, and cry out, “I thank thee, Lord, that I am not as that publican.” Yet here, in Rhode Island, are the sleepers of the railway laid over the sleepers in death; here do they grind down the bones of their ancestors for the sake of gain, and consecrated earth is desecrated by the iron wheels, loaded with Mammon-seeking mortals. And this in the puritanical state of Rhode Island! Would any engineer have ventured to propose such a line in England? I think not. After all, it is but human nature. I have run over the world a long while, and have always observed that people are very religious so long as religion does not interfere with their pockets; but, with gold in one hand and godliness in the other, the tangible is always preferred to the immaterial. In America every thing is sacrificed to time; for time is money. The New Yorkers

would have dashed right through the church itself; but then, *they* are publicans, and don't *pretend* to be good.

Boston is a fine city, and, as a commercial one, almost as well situated as New York. It has, however, lost a large portion of its commerce, which the latter has gradually wrested from it, and it must eventually lose much more. The population of Boston is about eighty thousand, and it has probably more people of leisure in it (that is out of business and living on their own means) than even Philadelphia; taking into the estimate the difference between the populations. They are more learned and scientific here than at New York, though not more so than at Philadelphia; but they are more English than in any other city in America. The Massachusetts people are very fond of comparing their country with that of England. The scenery is not unlike; but it is not like England in its high state of cultivation. Stone walls are bad substitutes for green hedges. Still, there are some lovely spots in the environs of Boston. Mount Auburn, laid out as a Père la Chaise, is, in its natural beauties, far superior to any other place of the kind. One would almost wish to be buried there; and the proprietors, anxious to have it peopled, offer, by their arrangements as to the price of places of interment, a handsome premium to those who will soonest die and be buried—which is certainly a consideration.

Fresh Pond is also a very romantic spot. It is a lake of about two hundred acres, whose water is so pure that the ice is transparent as glass. Its proprietor clears many thousand dollars a year by the sale of it. It is cut out in blocks of three feet square, and supplies most parts of America down to New Orleans; and every winter latterly two or three ships have been loaded and sent to Calcutta, by which a very handsome profit has been realised.

Since I have been here, I have made every enquiry relative to the sea-serpent which frequents this coast alone. There are many hundreds of most respect-

able people, who, on other points, would be considered as incapable of falsehood, who declare they have seen the animals, and vouch for their existence. It is rather singular that in America there is but one copy of Bishop Pontoppidon's work on Norway, and in it the sea-serpent is described, and a rough wood-cut of its appearance given. In all the American newspapers, a drawing was given of the animal as described by those who saw it, and it proved to be almost a *fac-simile* of the one described by the Bishop in his work.

Now that we are on marine matters, I must notice the prodigious size of the lobsters off Boston Coast: they could stow a dozen common English lobsters under their coats of mail. My very much respected friend Sir Isaac Coffin, when he was here, once laid a wager that he would produce a lobster weighing thirty pounds. The bet was accepted, and the admiral despatched people to the proper quarter to procure one: but they were not then in season, and could not be had. The admiral, not liking to lose his money, brought up, instead of the lobster, the affidavits of certain people that they had often seen lobsters of that size and weight. The affidavits of the deponents he submitted to the other party, and pretended that he had won the wager. The case was referred to arbitration, and the admiral was cast with the following pithy reply—“*Depositions are not lobsters.*”

Massachusetts is certainly very English in its scenery, and Boston essentially English as a city. The Bostonians assert that they are more English than we are, that is, that they have strictly adhered to the old English customs and manners, as handed down to them previous to the Revolution. That of sitting a very long while at their wine after dinner, is one which they certainly adhere to, and which, I think, would be more honoured in the breach than the observance; but their hospitality is unbounded, and you do, as an Englishman, feel at home with them. I agree with the Bostonians so far, that they certainly appear to have made



no change in their manners and customs for these last hundred years. You meet here with frequent specimens of the Old English Gentlemen, descendants of the best old English families who settled here long before the Revolution, and are now living on their incomes, with a town house and a country seat to retire to during the summer season. The society of Boston is very delightful; it wins upon you every day, and that is the greatest compliment that can be paid to it.

Perhaps of all the Americans, the Bostonians are the most sensitive to any illiberal remarks made upon the country, for they consider themselves, and pride themselves, as being peculiarly English; while, on the contrary, the majority of the Americans deny that they are English. There certainly is less intermixture of foreign blood in this city than in any other in America. It will appear strange, but so wedded are they to old customs, even to John Bullism, that it is not more than seven or eight years that French wines have been put on the Boston tables, and become in general use in this city.

It is a pity that this feeling towards England is not likely to continue; indeed, even at this moment it is gradually wearing away. Self-interest governs the world. At the declaration of the last war with England, it was the Northern States which were so opposed to it, and the Southern who were in favour of it: but now circumstances have changed; the Northern States, since the advance in prosperity and increase of produce in the Southern and Western States, feel aware that it is only as manufacturing states that they can hold their rank with the others. Their commerce has decreased since the completion of the Erie and Ohio canals, and during the war they discovered the advantage that would accrue to them, as manufacturers, to supply the Southern and Western markets. The imports of English goods have nearly ruined them. They now manufacture nothing but coarse articles, and as you travel through the Eastern countries, you are surprised to witness splendid fabrics commenced, but, for want of

encouragement, not finished. This has changed the interests of the opponent States. The Southern are very anxious to remain at peace with England, that their produce may find a market; while the Northern, on the contrary, would readily consent to a war, that they might shut out the English manufactures, and have the supply entirely in their own hands. The Eastern States (I particularly refer to Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island) offer a proof of what can be effected by economy, prudence, and industry. Except on the borders of the rivers, the lands are generally sterile, and the climate is severe, yet, perhaps, the population is more at its ease than in any other part of the Union; but the produce of the States is not sufficient for the increasing population, or rather what the population would have been had it not migrated every year to the West and South. They set a higher value upon good connections in these poor States than they do in others; and if a daughter is to be married, they will ask what family the suitor is of, and if it bears a good name, they are quite indifferent as to whether he has a cent or not. It is remarkable, that if a man has three or four sons in these States, one will be a lawyer, another a medical man, another a clergyman, and one will remain at home to take the property; and thus, out of the proceeds of a farm, perhaps not containing more than fifty acres, all these young men shall be properly educated, and in turn sent forth to the West and South, where they gain an honourable independence, and very often are sent to Congress as senators and representatives. Industry and frugality are the only entailed estate bequeathed from father to son. Yet this State alone manufactures to the value of 86,282,616 of dollars in the year. As a general axiom it may fairly be asserted, that the more sterile the soil, the more virtuous, industrious, and frugal are the inhabitants; and it may be added, that such a country sends out more clever and intelligent men than one that is nominally more blessed by Providence. The fact is, without frugality

and industry the Eastern States could not exist; they become virtues of necessity, and are the basis of others; whilst, where there is abundance, vice springs up and idleness takes deep root.

The population of Massachusetts is by the last returns 701,331 souls. I rather think the proportion of women to men is very great.

An energetic and enterprising people are naturally anxious for an investigation into cause and effect, a search into which is, after all, nothing but curiosity well directed, and the most curious of all men is the philosopher. Curiosity, therefore, becomes a virtue or a small vice, according to the use made of it. The Americans are excessively curious, especially the mob: they cannot bear any thing like a secret,—that's *un-constitutional*. It may be remembered, that the Catholic Convent near Boston, which had existed many years, was attacked by the mob, and pulled down. I was enquiring into the cause of this outrage in a country where all forms of religion are tolerated; and an American gentlemen told me, that although other reasons had been adduced for it, he fully believed, in his own mind, that the majority of the mob were influenced more by *curiosity* than any other feeling. The Convent was *sealed* to them, and they were determined to know what was in it. "Why, sir," continued he, "I will lay a wager that if the authorities were to nail together a dozen planks, and fix them up on the Common, with a caution to the public that they were not to go near or touch them, in twenty-four hours a mob would be raised to pull them down and ascertain what the planks contained." I mention this conversation to show in what a dexterous manner this American gentleman attempted to palliate one of the grossest outrages ever committed by his countrymen.

## CHAPTER VI.

CROSSED over to New Jersey, and took the rail-road to view the falls of the Passaic River, about fifteen miles from New York. This water power has given birth to Patterson, a town with ten thousand inhabitants, where a variety of manufactures is carried on. A more beautiful wild spot can hardly be conceived; and to an European who has been accustomed to travel far in search of the picturesque, it appears singular that at so short a distance from a large city, he should at once find himself in the midst of such a strange combination of nature and art. Independent of their beauty, they are, perhaps, the most singular falls that are known to exist. The whole country is of trappe formation, and the black rocks rise up strictly vertical. The river, which at the Falls is about one hundred and twenty yards wide, pours over a bed of rock between hills covered with chestnut, walnut, pine, and sycamore, all mingled together, and descending to the edge of the bank; their bright and various foliage forming a lovely contrast to the clear rushing water. The bed of black rock over which the river runs, is, at the Fall suddenly split in two, vertically, and across the whole width of the river. The fissure is about seventy feet deep, and not more than twelve feet wide at any part. Down into this chasm pour the whole waters of the river, escaping from it, at a right angle, into a deep basin, surrounded with perpendicular rocks from eighty to ninety feet high. You may therefore stand on the opposite side of the chasm, looking up the river within a few feet of the Fall, and watch the roaring waters as they precipitate themselves below. In this position, with the swift, clear, but not deep waters before you, forcing their passage through the rocky bed, with the

waving trees on each side, their branches feathering to the water's edge, or dipping and rising in the stream, you might imagine yourself far removed from your fellow-men, and you feel that in such a beautiful spot you could well turn anchorite, and commune with Nature alone. But turn round with your back to the Fall—look below, and all is changed: art in full activity—millions of reels whirling in their sockets—the bright polished cylinders incessantly turning, and never tiring. What formerly was the occupation of thousands of industrious females, who sat with their distaff at the cottage door, is now effected in a hundredth part of the time, and in every variety, by those compressed machines which require but the attendance of one child to several hundreds. But machinery cannot perform every thing, and notwithstanding this reduction of labour, the romantic Falls of the Passaic find employment for the industry of thousands.

We walked up the banks of the river above the Fall, and met with about twenty or thirty urchins who were bathing at the mouth of the cut, made for the supply of the water-power to the manufactories below. The river is the property of an individual, and is very valuable: he receives six hundred dollars per annum for one square foot of water-power; ten years hence it will be rented at a much higher price.

We amused ourselves by throwing small pieces of money into the water, where it was about a fathom deep, for the boys to dive after; they gained them too easily; we went to another part in the *cut*, where it was much deeper, and threw in a dollar. The boys stood naked on the rocks, like so many cormorants, waiting to dart upon their prey; when the dollar had had time to sink to the bottom the word was given—they all dashed down like lightning and disappeared. About a minute elapsed ere there was any sign of their re-appearance, when they came up, one by one, breathless and flushed (like racers who had pulled up), and at last the victor appeared with the

dollar between his teeth. We left these juvenile *Sam Patches*,\* and returned to the town.

There is no part of the world, perhaps, where you have more difficulty in obtaining permission to be alone, and indulge in a reverie, than in America. The Americans are as gregarious as school-boys, and think it an incivility to leave you by yourself. Every thing is done in crowds, and among a crowd. They even prefer a double bed to a single one, and I have often had the offer to sleep with me made out of real kindness. You must go "east of sun-rise" (or west of sunset) if you would have solitude.

I never was in a more meditative humour, more anxious to be left to my own dreamings, than when I ascended the rail-road car with my companion to return to Jersey city; we were the only two in that division of the car, and my friend, who understood me, had the complaisance to go fast asleep. I made sure that, for an hour or two, I could indulge in my own castle-buildings, and allow my fleeting thoughts to pass over my brain, like the scud over the moon. At our first stoppage a third party stepped in and seated himself between us. He looked at my companion, who was fast asleep. He turned to me, and I turned away my head. Once more was I standing at the Falls of the Passaic; once more were the waters rolling down before me, the trees gracefully waving their boughs to the breeze, and the spray cooling my heated brain; my brain was like the camera-obscura, filled with the pleasing images, which I watched as they passed before me so vividly portrayed, all in life and motion, when I was interrupted by—

"I was born in the very heart of Cheshire, sir."

\* Sam Patch, an American peripatetic, who used to amuse himself and astonish his countrymen by leaping down the different falls in America. He leaped down a portion of the Niagara without injury; but one fine day, having taken a drop too much, he took a leap too much. He went down the Genesee Fall, and since that time he has not been seen or heard of.

Confound the fellow! The river, falls, foliage, all vanished at once; and I found myself sitting in a railroad-car (which I had been unconscious of), with a heavy lump of humanity by my side. I wished one of the largest Cheshire cheeses down his throat.

"Indeed!" replied I, not looking at the man.

"Yes, sir—in the very heart of Cheshire."

"Would you had staid there!" thought I, turning away to the window without replying.

"Will you oblige me with a pinch of your snuff, sir? I left my box at New York."

I gave him the box, and, when he had helped himself, laid it down on the vacant seat opposite to him, that he might not have to apply again, and fell back and shut my eyes, as a hint to him that I did not wish to enter into conversation. A pause ensued, and I had hopes; but they were delusive.

"I have been eighteen years in this country, sir."

"You appear to be quite *Americanized!*" thought I; but I made him no answer.

"I went up to Patterson, sir," continued he (now turning round to me, and speaking in my ear), "thinking that I could get to Philadelphia by that route, and found that I had made a mistake; so I have come back. I am *told* there are some pretty falls there, sir."

"Would you were beneath them!" thought I; but I could not help laughing at the idea of a man going to Patterson, and returning without seeing the falls! By this time he had awakened his companion, who, being American himself, and finding that there was to be no more sleep, took him up, in the American fashion, and put to him successively the following questions, all of which were answered without hesitation:—"What is your name? where are you from? where are you going? what is your profession? how many dollars have you made? have you a wife and children?" All these being duly responded to, he asked my companion who I might be, and was told that I was an operative artist, and one of the first cotton spinners in the country.

This communication procured for me considerable deference from our new acquaintance during the remainder of our journey. He observed in the ear of my companion, that he thought I knew a thing or two. In a country like America the Utilitarian will always command respect.



## CHAPTER VIII.

THE 4th of July, the sixty-first anniversary of American independence!

Pop—pop---bang---pop---pop---bang---bang—bang! Mercy on us! how fortunate it is that anniversaries come only once a year. Well, the Americans may have great reason to be proud of this day, and of the deeds of their forefathers, but why do they get so confoundedly drunk? why, on this day of independence, should they become so *dependent* upon posts and rails for support?—The day is at last over; my head aches, but there will be many more aching heads to-morrow morning!

What a combination of vowels and consonants have been put together! what strings of tropes, metaphors, and allegories, have been used on this day! what varieties and gradations of eloquence! There are at least fifty thousand cities, towns, villages, and hamlets, spread over the surface of America—in each the Declaration of Independence has been read; in all one, and in some two or three, orations have been delivered, with as much gunpowder in them as in the squibs and crackers. But let me describe what I actually saw.

The commoration commenced, if the day did not, on the evening of the 3d, by the municipal police going



round and placing up placards, informing the citizens of New York, that all persons letting off fireworks would be taken into custody, which notice was immediately followed up by the little boys proving their independence of the authorities, by letting off squibs, crackers, and bombs; and cannons, made out of shin bones, which flew in the face of every passenger, in the exact ratio that the little boys flew in the face of the authorities. This continued the whole night, and thus was ushered in the great and glorious day, illumined by a bright and glaring sun. (as if bespoken on purpose by the mayor and corporation.) with the thermometer at 90° in the shade. The first sight which met the eye after sunrise, was the precipitate escape, from a city visited with the plague of gunpowder, of respectable or timorous people in coaches, carriages, waggons, and every variety of vehicle. "My kingdom for a horse!" was the general cry of all those who could not stand fire. In the meanwhile the whole atmosphere was filled with independence. Such was the quantity of American flags which were hoisted on board of the vessels, hung out of windows, or carried about by little boys, that you saw more stars at noon-day than ever could be counted on the brightest night. On each side of the whole length of Broadway, were ranged booths and stands; similar to those at an English fair, and on which were displayed small plates of oysters, with a fork stuck in the board opposite to each plate; clams sweltering in the hot sun; pine-apples, boiled hams, pies, puddings, barley-sugar, and many other indescribables. But what was most remarkable, Broadway being three miles long, and the booths lining each side of it, in every booth there was a roast pig, large or small, as the centre of attraction. Six miles of roast pig! and that in New York city alone; and roast pig in every other city, town, hamlet, and village, in the Union. What associations can there be between roast pig and independence? Let it not be supposed that there was any deficiency in the very necessary articles of potation on

this auspicious day; no! the booths were loaded with porter, ale, cider, mead, brandy, wine, ginger-beer, pop, soda-water, whiskey, rum, punch, gin slings, cocktails, mint juleps, besides many other compounds, to name which nothing but the luxuriance of American-English could invent a word. Certainly the preparations in the refreshment way were most imposing, and gave you some idea of what had to be gone through on this auspicious day. Martial music sounded from a dozen quarters at once; and as you turned your head, you tacked to the first bars of a march from one band, the concluding bars of Yankee Doodle from another. At last the troops of militia and volunteers, who had been gathering in the park and other squares, made their appearance, well dressed and well equipped, and, in honour of the day, marching as independently as they well could. I did not see them go through many manœuvres, but there was one which they appeared to excel in, and that was grounding arms and eating pies. I found that the current went towards Castle Garden, and away I went with it. There the troops were all collected on the green, shaded by the trees, and the effect was very beautiful. The artillery and infantry were drawn up in a line pointing to the water. The officers in their regimental dresses and long white feathers, generals and aides-de-camp, colonels, commandants, majors, all galloping up and down in front of the line—white horses and long tails appearing the most fashionable and correct. The crowds assembled were, as American crowds usually are, quiet and well behaved. I recognised many of my literary friends turned into generals, and flourishing their swords instead of their pens. The scene was very animating; the shipping at the wharfs were loaded with star-spangled banners; steamers paddling in every direction, were covered with flags; the whole beautiful Sound was alive with boats and sailing vessels, all flaunting with pennants and streamers. It was, as Ducrow would call it, "A Grand Military and Aquatic Spectacle."

Then the troops marched up into town again, and so did I follow them as I used to do the reviews in England, when a boy. All creation appeared to be independent on this day; some of the horses particularly so, for they would not keep "in no line not no how." Some preferred going sideways like crabs, others went backwards, some would not go at all, others went a great deal too fast, and not a few parted company with their riders, whom they kicked off just to show their independence; but let them go which way they would, they could not avoid the squibs and crackers. And the women were in the same predicament: they might dance right, or dance left, it was only out of the frying-pan into the fire; for it was pop, pop—bang, bang—fiz, pop, bang, so that you literally trod upon gunpowder.

When the troops marched up Broadway, louder even than the music were to be heard the screams of delight from the children, at the crowded windows on each side. "Ma! ma! there's pa!" "Oh! there's John!" "Look at uncle on his big horse!"

The troops did not march in very good order, because, independently of their not knowing how, there was a great deal of independence to contend with. At one time an omnibus and four would drive in and cut off the general and his staff from his division; at another, a cart would roll in and insist upon following close upon the band of music; so that it was a mixed procession—generals, omnibus and four, music, cart-loads of bricks, troops, omnibus and pair, artillery, hackney coach, &c. &c. Notwithstanding all this, they at last arrived at the City Hall, when those who were old enough heard the Declaration of Independence read for the sixty-first time; and then it was, "Begone, brave army, and don't kick up a row."

I was invited to dine with the mayor and corporation at the City Hall. We sat down in the Hall of Justice, and certainly, great justice was done to the dinner, which (as the wife says to her husband after a party, where

the second course follows the first with unusual celerity) "went off remarkably well." The crackers popped outside, and the champagne popped in. The celerity of the Americans at a public dinner is very commendable; they speak only now and then; and the toasts follow so fast, that you have just time to empty your glass, before you are requested to fill again. Thus the arranged toasts went off rapidly, and after them, any one might withdraw. I waited till the thirteenth toast, the last on the paper, to wit, the ladies of America; and, having previously, in a speech from the recorder, bolted Bunker's Hill and New Orleans. I thought I might as well bolt myself, as I wished to see the fireworks, which were to be very splendid.

Unless you are an amateur, there is no occasion to go to the various places of public amusement where the fireworks are let off, for they are sent up every where in such quantities that you hardly know which way to turn your eyes. It is, however, advisable to go into some place of safety, for the little boys and the big boys have all got their supply of rockets, which they fire off in the streets—some running horizontally up the pavement, and sticking into the back of a passenger; and others mounting slantingly and Paul-Prying into the bed-room windows on the third floor or attics, just to see how things are going on *there*. Look in any point of the compass, and you will see a shower of rockets in the sky: turn from New York to Jersey City, from Jersey city to Brooklyn, and shower is answered by shower on either side of the water. Hoboken repeats the signal: and thus it is carried on to the east, the west, the north, and the south, from Rhode Island to the Missouri, from the Canada frontier to the Gulf of Mexico. At the various gardens the combinations were very beautiful, and exceeded any thing that I had witnessed in London or Paris. What with sea-serpents, giant rockets scaling heaven, Bengal lights, Chinese fires, Italian suns, fairy bowers, crowns of Jupiter, exoranthemums, Tartar temples, Vesta's diadems, magic

circles, morning glories, stars of Columbia, and temples of liberty, all America was in a blaze; and, in addition to this mode of manifesting its joy, all America was tipsy.

There is something grand in the idea of a national intoxication. In this world, vices on a grand scale dilate into virtues; he who murders one man, is strung up with ignominy; but he who murders twenty thousand has a statue to his memory, and is handed down to posterity as a hero. A staggering individual is a laughable and, sometimes, a disgusting spectacle; but the whole of a vast continent reeling, offering a holocaust of its brains for mercies vouchsafed, is an appropriate tribute of gratitude for the rights of equality and the *levelling spirit* of their institutions.



## CHAPTER IX.

ONCE more flying up the noble Hudson. After you have passed West Point, the highlands, through which the river has forced its passage, gradually diminish, and as the shore becomes level, so does the country become more fertile.

We passed the manor of Albany, as it is called, being a Dutch grant of land, now in the possession of one person, a Mr. Van Rensalaer, and equal to many a German principality, being twenty miles by forty-eight miles square. Mr. Van Rensalaer still retains the old title of Patroon. It is generally supposed in England that, in America all property must be divided between the children at the decease of the parent. This is not the case. The entailing of estates was abolished by an act of Congress in 1788, but a man may will away his property entirely to his eldest son

if he pleases. This is, however, seldom done; public opinion is too strong against it, and the Americans fear public opinion beyond the grave. Indeed, were a man so to act, the other claimants would probably appeal to have the will set aside upon the grounds of lunacy, and the sympathy of an American jury would decree in their favour.

As you ascend to Albany City, the banks of the river are very fertile and beautiful, and the river is spotted with many very picturesque little islands. The country seats which fringe the whole line of shore, are all built in the same, and very bad, style. Every house or tenement, be it a palace or a cottage, has its porticos and pillars—a string of petty Parthenons which tire you by their uniformity and pretence.

I had intended to stop at Hudson, that I might proceed from thence to New Lebanon to visit the Shaking Quakers; but, as I discovered that there was a community of them not five miles from Troy, I, to avoid a fatiguing journey, left Albany, and continued on to that city.

Albany is one of the oldest Dutch settlements, and among its inhabitants are to be found many of the descendants of the Dutch aristocracy. Indeed, it may even now be considered as a Dutch city. It is the capital of the state of New York, with a population of nearly 30,000. Its commerce is very extensive, as it is here that the Erie canal communications with the Far West, as well as the Eastern States, debouche into the Hudson.

We have here a singular proof, not only of the rapidity with which cities rise in America, but also how superior energy will overcome every disadvantage. Little more than twenty years ago, Albany stood by itself, a large and populous city without a rival, but its population was chiefly Dutch. The Yankees from the Eastern States came down and settled themselves at Troy, not five miles distant, in opposition to them. It would be supposed that Albany could have crushed this city in its

birth, but it could not, and Troy is now a beautiful city, with its mayor, its corporation, and a population of 20,000 souls, and divides the commerce with Albany, from which most of the eastern trade has been ravished. The inhabitants of Albany are termed Albanians, those of Troy, Trojans! In one feature these cities are very similar, being both crowded with lumber and pretty girls.

I went out to see the Shakers at Niskayuna. So much has already been said about their tenets that I shall not repeat them, further than to observe that all their goods are in common, and that, although the sexes mix together, they profess the vows of celibacy and chastity. Their lands are in excellent order, and they are said to be very rich.\*

We were admitted into a long room on the ground-floor, where the Shakers were seated on forms, the men opposite to the women, and apart from each other. The men were in their waistcoats and shirt-sleeves, twiddling their thumbs, and looking awfully puritanical. The women were attired in dresses of very light striped cotton, which hung about them like full dressing-gowns, and concealed all shape and proportions. A plain mob cap on their heads, and a thick muslin handkerchief in many folds over their shoulders, completed their attire. They each held in their hands a pocket-handkerchief as large as a towel, and of almost the same substance. But the appearance of the women was melancholy and unnatural; I say unnatural because it required to be accounted for. They had all the advantages of exercise and labour in the open air, good food, and good

\* I should be very sorry to take away the character of any community, but, as I was a little sceptical as to the possibility of the vow of chastity being observed under circumstances above alluded to, I made some inquiries, and having met with one who had seceded from the fraternity, I discovered that my opinion of human nature was correct, and the conduct of the Shakers not altogether so. I must not enter into details, as they would be unfit for publication.

clothing; they were not overworked, for they are not required to work more than they please; and yet there was something so pallid, so unearthly in their complexions, that it gave you the idea that they had been taken up from their coffins a few hours after their decease: not a hue of health, not a vestige of colour in any cheek or lip;—one cadaverous yellow tinge prevailed. And yet there were to be seen many faces very beautiful, as far as regarded outline, but they were the features of the beautiful in death. The men, on the contrary, were ruddy, strong, and vigorous. Why, then, this difference between the sexes, where they each performed the same duties, where none were taxed beyond their strength, and all were well fed and clothed?

After a silence of ten minutes, one of the men of the community, evidently a coarse illiterate person, rose and addressed a few words to the spectators, requesting them not to laugh at what they saw, but to behave themselves properly, &c., and then he sat down.

One of the leaders then burst out into a hymn, to a jiggling sort of tune, and all the others joined chorus. After the hymn was sung they all rose, put away the forms on which they had been seated, and stood in lines, eight in a row, men and women separate, facing each other, and about ten feet apart—the ranks of men being flanked by the boys, and those of the women by the girls. They commenced their dancing by advancing in rows, just about as far as profane people do in *L'été* when they dance quadrilles, and then retreated the same distance, all keeping regular time, and turning back to back after every third advance. The movement was rather quick, and they danced to their own singing of the following beautiful composition:—

Law, law, de lawdel law,  
 Law, law, de law,  
 Law, law, de lawdel law,  
 Lawdel, lawdel, law—

keeping time also with the hands as well as feet, the former raised up to the chest, and hanging down like



the fore-paws of a dancing bear. After a quarter of an hour they sat down again, and the women made use of their large towel pocket-handkerchiefs to wipe off the perspiration. Another hymn was sung, and then the same person addressed the spectators, requesting them not to laugh, and inquiring if any of them felt a wish to be saved—adding “Not one of you, I don’t think.” He looked round at all of us with the most ineffable contempt, and then sat down; and they sang another hymn, the burden of which was—

“Our souls are saved, and we are free  
From vice and all in-i-qui-ty,”

which was a very comfortable delusion, at all events.

They then rose again, put away the forms as before, and danced in another fashion. Instead of *L’été*, it was *Grande ronde*. About ten men and women stood in two lines in the centre of the room, as a vocal band of music, while all the others, two and two, women first and men following, promenaded round, with a short quick step, to the tune chaunted in the centre. As they went round and round, shaking their paws up and down before them, the scene was very absurd, and I could have laughed had I not felt disgusted at such a degradation of rational and immortal beings. This dance lasted a long while, until the music turned to croaking, and the perspiration was abundant; they stopped at last, and then announced that their exercise was finished. I waited a little while after the main body had dispersed, to speak with one of the elders. “I will be with you directly,” replied he, walking hastily away; but he never came back.

I never heard the principle upon which they dance. David danced before the ark; but it is to be presumed that David danced as well as he sung. At least he thought so; for when his wife Michal laughed at him, he made her conduct a ground of divorce.

Every community which works in common, and is provided for in the mass, must become *rich*, especially

when it has no children to maintain. It is like receiving a person's labour in exchange for victuals and clothing only, and this is all I can perceive that can be said in favour of these people. Suffice it to say, I have a very bad opinion of them: and were I disposed to dilate on the subject, I should feel no inclination to treat them with the lenity shewn to them by other travellers.

From this mockery, I went to see what had a real tendency to make you feel religious—the Falls of the Mohawk, about three miles from Troy. Picturesque and beautiful as all falling water is, to describe it is extremely difficult, unless, indeed by a forced simile; the flow of language is too tame for the flow of water; but if the reader can imagine a ledge of black rocks, about sixty or seventy feet high, and that over this ledge was poured simultaneously the milk of some millions of cows, he will then have some idea of the beauty of the *creaming* Falls of the Mohawk, imbedded as they are in their wild and luxuriant scenery.

Close to the Falls, I perceived a few small wooden shealings, appearing, under the majestic trees which overshadowed them, more like dog-kennels than the habitations of men: they were tenanted by Irish emigrants, who had taken work at the new locks forming on the Erie canal. I went up to them. In a tenement about fourteen feet by ten, lived an Irishman, his wife, and family, and seven boys as he called them, young men from twenty to thirty years of age, who boarded with him. There was but one bed, on which slept the man, his wife, and family. Above the bed were some planks, extending half way the length of the shealing, and there slept the seven boys, without any mattress, or even straw, to lie upon. I entered into conversation with them: they complained bitterly of the times, saying that their pay was not 2s. 6d. of our money per day, and that they could not live upon it. This was true, but the distress had been communicated to all parts, and they were fortunate in finding work at all, as most of the public works had been discontinued. I mentioned to them that the price of labour in Ohio, Illinois, and

the West, was said to be two dollars a-day, and asked them, why they did not go there? They replied, that such were the price quoted, to induce people to go, but that they never could find it when they arrived; that the clearing of new lands was attended with ague and fever; and that if once down with these diseases there was no one to help them to rise again. I looked for the pig, and there he was, sure enough, under the bed.

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## CHAPTER X.

TROY, like a modern academy, is classical, as well as commercial, having Mount Olympus on one side, and Mount Ida in its rear. The panorama from the summit of the latter is splendid. A few years back, a portion of Mount Ida made a slip, and the avalanche destroyed several cottages and five or six individuals. The avalanche took place on a dark night, and in a heavy snow storm. Two brick kilns were lighted at the time, and as the mountain swept them away, the blaze of the disturbed fires called out the fire engines, otherwise more lives would have been lost. Houses, stables, and sheds, were all hurled away together. Horses, children, and women, rolled together in confusion. One child had a very strange escape. It had been forced out of its bed, and was found on the top of a huge mass of clay, weighing forty or fifty tons; he was crying, and asking who had put him there. Had all the inhabitants of the cottages been within, at least forty must have perished; but notwithstanding the severity of the weather, the day being Sunday, they had all gone to evening meeting, and thus, being good Christians, they were for once rewarded for it on this side of the grave.

As I surveyed the busy scene below me, the gentle-

men who accompanied me to the summit of the mountain, informed me that forty-three years ago his father was the first settler, and that then there was but his one hut in the place where now stood the splendid town.

But signs of the times were manifest here also. Commerce had stopped for the present, and a long line of canal boats were laid up for want of employment.

I remained two hours perched upon the top of the mountain. I should not have staid so long, perhaps, had they not brought me a basket of cherries, so that I could gratify more senses than one. I felt becomingly classical whilst sitting on the precise birth-place of Jupiter, attended by Pomona, with Troy at my feet, and Mount Olympus in the distance; but I was obliged to descend to lumber and gin slings, and I set off for Albany, where I had an engagement, having been invited to attend at the examination of the young ladies at the seminary.

Here again is a rivalry between Albany and Troy, each of them glorying in possessing the largest seminary for the education of young ladies, who are sent from every State of the Union, to be finished off at one or the other of them. Here, and indeed in many other establishments, the young ladies upon quitting it have diplomas given to them, if they pass their examinations satisfactorily. They are educated upon a system which would satisfy even Miss Martineau, and prepared to exercise the rights of which she complains that women have been so unjustly deprived. Conceive three hundred modern Portias, who regularly take their degrees, and emerge from the portico of the seminary full of algebra, equality, and the theory of the constitution! The quantity and variety crammed into them is beyond all calculation. The examination takes place yearly, to prove to the parents that the preceptors have done their duty, and is in itself very innocent, as it only causes the young ladies to blush a little.

This afternoon they were examined in algebra, and their performance was very creditable. Under a certain age, girls are certainly much quicker than boys,

and I presume would retain what they learnt if it were not for their subsequent duties in making puddings, and nursing babies. Yet there are affairs which must be performed by one sex or the other, and of what use can algebra and other abstruse matters be to a woman in her present state of domestic thralldom.

The theory of the American constitution was the next subject on which they were examined; by their replies, this appeared to be to them more abstruse than algebra: but the fact is, women are born Tories, and admit no other than petticoat government as legitimate.

The next day we again repaired to the hall, and French was the language in which they were to be examined, and the examination afforded us much amusement.

The young ladies sat down in rows on one side of the room. In the centre, towards the end, was an easel, on which was placed a large black board, on which they worked with chalk the questions in algebra, &c.—a towel hanging to it, that they might wipe out and correct. The French preceptor, an old Emegré Count, sat down with the examiners before the board, the visitors (chiefly composed of anxious papas and mammas) being seated on benches behind them. As it happened, I had taken my seat close to the examining board, and at some little distance from the other persons who were deputed or invited to attend. I don't know how I came there. I believe I had come in too late; but there I was, within three feet of every young lady who came up to the board.

“Now, messieurs, have the kindness to ask any question you please,” said the old Count. “Mademoiselle, you will have the goodness to step forward. A question was proposed in English, which the young lady had to write down in French. The very first went wrong; I perceived it, and without looking at her, pronounced the right word, so that she could hear it. She caught it, rubbed out the wrong word with the towel, and rec-

tified it. This was carried on through the whole sentence, and then she retreated from the board that her work might be examined. "Very well, very well, indeed, Miss, c'est parfaitement bien;" and the young lady sat down blushing. Thus were they all called up, and one after another prompted by me; and the old Count was delighted at the success of his pupils.

Now, what amused me in this was the little bit of human nature; the *tact* displayed by the sex, which appears to be innate, and which never deserts them. Had I prompted a boy, he would most likely have turned his head round towards me, and thus have revealed what I was about; but not one of the whole class was guilty of such indiscretion. They heard me, rubbed out, corrected, waited for the word when they did not know it, but never by any look or sign made it appear that there was any understanding between us. Their eyes were constantly fixed on the board, and they appeared not to know that I was in the room. It was really beautiful. When the examination was over, I received a look from them all, half comic half serious, which amply repaid me for my assistance.

As young ladies are assembled here from every State of the Union, it was a *fair* criterion of American beauty, and it must be acknowledged that the American women are the *prettiest* in the whole world.



## CHAPTER XI.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.—Watering places all over the world are much alike: they must be well filled with company, and full of bustle, and then they answer the purpose for which they are intended—a general muster, under the banner of folly, to drive care and common sense out of the field. Like assembly-rooms, un-

less lighted up and full of people, they look desolate and forlorn: so it was with Saratoga: a beautiful spot, beautiful hotels, and beautiful water; but all these beauties were thrown away, and the water ran away unheeded, because the place was empty. People's pockets were empty, and Saratoga was to let. The consequence was that I remained a week there, and should have remained much longer had I not been warned, by repeated arrivals, that the visitors were increasing, and that I should be no longer alone.

The weariness of solitude, as described by Alexander Selkirk and the Anti-Zimmermans, can surely not be equal to the misery of never being alone; of feeling that your thoughts and ideas, rapidly accumulating, are in a state of chaos and confusion, and that you have not a moment to put them into any lucid order; of finding yourself, against your will, continually in society, bandied from one person to the other, to make the same bows, extend the same hand to be grasped, and reply to the same eternal questions; until, like a man borne down by sleep after long vigils, and at each moment roused to reply, you either are not aware of what you do say, or are dead beat into an unmeaning smile. Since I have been in this country, I have suffered this to such a degree as at last to become quite nervous on the subject; and I might reply in the words of the spirit summoned by Lochiel—

“Now my weary lips I close;  
Leave, oh! leave me to repose.”

It would be a strange account, had it been possible to keep one, of the number of introductions which I have had since I came into this country. Mr. A introduces Mr. B and C, Mr. B and C introduce Mr. D, E, F, and G. Messrs. D, E, F, and G, introduce Messrs. H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, and so it goes on, *ad infinitum* during the whole of the day; and this to me who never could remember either a face or a name.

At introduction it is invariably the custom to shake

hands; and thus you go on shaking hands here, there, and every where, and with every body; for it is impossible to know who is who, in this land of equality.

But one shake of the hand will not do; if twenty times during the same day you meet a person to whom you have been introduced, the hand is every where extended with—"Well, captain, how do you find yourself by this time?" and, in their good-will, when they seize your hand, they follow the apothecary's advice—"When taken, to be well shaken." As for the constant query—"How do you like our country?"—that is natural enough. I should ask the same of an American in England, but to reply to it is not the less tedious. It is all well meant, all kindness, but it really requires fortitude and patience to endure it. Every one throws in his voluntary tribute of compliments and good-will, but the accumulated mass is too great for any one individual to bear. How I long for the ocean prairies, or the wild forests. Subsequently, I begged hard to be shut up for six months in the Penitentiary at Philadelphia, but Sammy Wood said it was against the regulations. He comforted me with a *tête-à-tête* dinner, which was so agreeable, that at the time I quite forgot I wished to be alone.

When I left Saratoga, I found no one, as I thought, in the car, who knew me; and I determined, if possible, they should, in the Indian phrase, *lose my trail*. I arrived at Schenectady, and was put down there. I amused myself until the train started for Utica, which was to be in a few hours, in walking about the engine-house, and examining the locomotives; and having satisfied myself, set out for a solitary walk in the country. There was no name on my luggage, and I had not given my name when I took my ticket for the railroad. "At last," said I to myself, "*I am incog.*" I had walked out of the engine-house, looked round the compass, and resolved in which direction I would bend my steps, when a young man came up to me, and very politely taking off his hat, said, "I believe I have the



pleasure of speaking to Captain M.” Had he known my indignation when he mentioned my name, poor fellow! but there was no help for it, and I replied in the affirmative. After apologizing, he introduced himself, and then requested the liberty of introducing his friend. “Well, if ever,” thought I; and, “no never,” followed afterwards as a matter of course, and as a matter of course his friend was introduced. It reminded me of old times, when midshipmen at balls, we used to introduce each other to ladies we had none of us seen before in our lives. Well, there I was, between two overpowering civilities, but they meant it kindly, and I could not be angry. These were students of Schenectady College: would I like to see it? a beautiful location, not half a mile off. I requested to know if there was any thing to be seen there, as I did not like to take a hot walk for nothing, instead of the shady one I had proposed for myself. “Yes, there was Professor Nott”—I had of course heard of Professor Nott.—Professor Nott, who governed by moral influence and paternal sway, and who had written so largely on stones and anthracite coal. I had never before heard of moral influence, stones, or anthracite coal. Then there were more professors, and a cabinet of minerals—the last was an inducement, and I went.

I saw Professor Nott, but not the cabinet of minerals, for Professor Savage had the key. With Professor Nott I had rather a hot argument about anthracite coal, and then escaped before he was cool again. The students walked back with me to the hotel, and with many apologies for leaving me, informed me that dinner was ready. I would not tax their politeness any longer, and they departed.

Schenectady College, like most of the buildings in America, was commenced on a grand scale, but has never been finished; the two wings are finished, and the centre is lithographed, which looks very imposing in the plate. There is a peculiarity in this college: it is called the Botany Bay, from its receiving young men

who have been expelled from other colleges, and who are kept in order by moral influence and paternal sway, the only means certainly by which wild young men are to be reclaimed. Seriously speaking Professor Nott is a very clever man, and I suspect this college will turn out more clever men than any other in the Union. It differs from the other colleges in another point. It upholds no peculiar sect of religion, which almost all the rest do. For instance, Yale, William's Town, and Amherst Colleges, are under Presbyterian influence; Washington, Episcopal; Cambridge, in Massachusetts, Unitarian.

There is one disadvantage generally attending rail-roads. Travellers proceed more rapidly, but they lose all the beauty of the country. Rail-roads of course run through the most level portions of the states; and the levels, except they happen to be on the banks of a river, are invariably uninteresting. The road from Schenectady to Utica is one of the exceptions to this rule: there is not perhaps a more beautiful variety of scenery to be found any where. You run the whole way through the lovely valley of the Mohawk, on the banks of the Mohawk river. It was really delightful, but the motion was so rapid that you lamented passing by so fast. The Utica rail-road is one of the best in America; the eighty miles are performed in four hours and a-half, stoppages for taking in water, passengers, and refreshments, included. The locomotive was of great power, and as it snorted along with a train of carriages of half a mile long in tow, it threw out such showers of fire, that we were constantly in danger of conflagration. The weather was too warm to admit of the windows being closed, and the ladies, assisted by the gentlemen, were constantly employed in putting out the sparks which settled on their clothes—the first time I ever heard ladies complain of having too many *sparks* about them. As the evening closed in we actually were whirled along through a stream of fiery threads—a beautiful, although humble imitation of the tail of a comet.

I had not been recognised in the rail car, and I again flattered myself that I was unknown. I proceeded, on my arrival at Utica, to the hotel, and asking at the bar for a bed, the book was handed to me, and I was requested to write my name. Wherever you stop in America, they generally produce a book and demand your name, not on account of any police regulations, but merely because they will not allow secrets in America, and because they choose to know who you may be. Of course, you may frustrate this espionage by putting down any name you please; and I had the pen in my hand, and was just thinking whether I should be Mr. Snooks or Mr. Smith, when I received a slap on the shoulder, accompanied with—"Well, Captain, how are you by this time?" In despair I let the pen drop out of my hand, and instead of my name I left on the book a large blot. It was an old acquaintance from Albany, and before I had been ten minutes in the hotel, I was recognised by at least ten more. The Americans are such locomotives themselves, that it is useless to attempt the incognito in any part except the west side of the Mississippi, or the rocky mountains. Once known at New York, and you are known every where, for in every place you will meet with some one whom you have met walking in Broadway.

A tremendous thunder-storm, with torrents of rain, prevented my leaving Utica for Trenton Falls until late in the afternoon. The roads, ploughed up by the rain, were any thing but democratic; there was no level in them; and we were jolted and shaken like peas in a rattle, until we were silent from absolute suffering.

I rose the next morning at four o'clock. There was a heavy fog in the air, and you could not distinguish more than one hundred yards before you. I followed the path pointed out to me the night before, through a forest of majestic trees, and descending a long flight of steps found myself below the Falls. The scene impressed you with awe—the waters roared through deep chasms, between two walls of rock, one hundred and

fifty feet high, perpendicular on each side, and the width between the two varying from forty to fifty feet. The high rocks were of black carbonate of lime in perfectly horizontal strata, so equally divided that they appeared like solid masonry. For fifty or sixty feet above the rushing waters they were smooth and bare; above that line vegetation commenced with small bushes, until you arrived at their summits, which were crowned with splendid forest trees, some of them inclining over the chasm, as if they would peep into the abyss below and witness the wild tumult of the waters.

From the narrowness of the pass, the height of the rocks, and the superadded towering of the trees above, but a small portion of the heavens was to be seen, and this was not blue, but of a misty murky grey. The first sensation was that of dizziness and confusion, from the unusual absence of the sky above, and the dashing frantic speed of the angry boiling waters. The rocks on each side have been blasted so as to form a path by which you may walk up to the first fall; but this path was at times very narrow, and you have to cling to the chain which is let into the rock. The heavy storm of the day before had swelled the torrent so that it rose nearly a foot above this path; and before I had proceeded far, I found that the flood swept between my legs with a force which would have taken some people off their feet. The rapids below the Falls are much grander than the Falls themselves; there was one down in a chasm between two riven rocks which it was painful to look long upon, and watch with what a deep plunge—what irresistible force—the waters dashed down and then return to their own surface, as if struggling and out of breath. As I stood over them in their wild career, listening to their roaring as if in anger, and watching the madness of their speed, I felt a sensation of awe—an inward acknowledgment of the tremendous power of Nature; and, after a time, I departed with feelings of gladness to escape from thought which became painful when so near to danger.

I gained the lower falls, which now covered the whole width of the rock, which they seldom do except during the freshets. They were extraordinary from their variety. On the side where I stood, poured down a rapid column of water about one-half of the width of the fall; on the other, it was running over a clear thin stream, as gentle and amiable as water could be. That part of the fall reminded me of ladies' hair in flowing ringlets, and the one nearest me of the Lord Chancellor Eldon, in all the pomposity and frowning dignity of his full-bottomed wig. And then I thought of the lion and the lamb, not lying down, but falling down together; and then I thought that I was wet through, which was a fact; so I climbed up a ladder, and came to a wooden bridge above the fall, which conveyed me to the other side. The bridge passes over a staircase of little falls, sometimes diagonally, sometimes at right angles with the sites, and is very picturesque. On the other side you climb up a ladder of one hundred feet, and arrive at a little building with a portico, where travellers are refreshed. Here you have a view of all the upper falls, but these seem tame after witnessing the savage impetuosity of the rapids below. You ascend another ladder of one hundred feet, and you arrive at a path pointed out to you by the broad chips of the woodman's axe. Follow the chips and you will arrive four or five hundred feet above both the bridge and the level of the upper fall. This scene is splendid. The black perpendicular rocks on the other side; the succession of falls; the rapids roaring below; the forest trees rising to the clouds and spreading with their majestic boughs the vapour ascending from the falling waters; together with the occasional glimpses of the skies here and there—all this induces you to wander with your eyes from one point of view to another, never tiring with its beauty, wildness, and vastness: and, if you do not exclaim with the Mussulman, God is great! you *feel* it through every sense, and at every pulsation of the heart.

The mountain was still above me, and I continued my ascent; but the chips now disappeared, and, like Tom

Thumb, I lost my way. I attempted to retreat, but in vain; I was no longer amongst forest trees, but in a maze of young mountain ash, from which I could not extricate myself; so I stood still to think what I should do. I recollected that the usual course of proceeding on such occasions, was either to sit down and cry, or attempt to get out of your scrape. Tom Thumb did both; but I had no time to indulge in the former luxury, so I pushed and pushed, till I pushed myself out of my scrape, and found myself in a more respectable part of the woods. I then stopped to take breath. I heard a rustling behind me, and made sure it was a panther:—it was a beautiful little palm squirrel, who came close to me, as if to say “Who are you?” I took off my hat and told him my name, when, very contemptuously, as I thought, he turned short round, cocked his tail over his back, and skipped away. “Free, but not enlightened.” thought I; “hasn’t a soul above nuts.” I also beat a retreat, and on my arrival at the hotel, found that, although I had no guides to pay, Nature had made a very considerable levy upon my wardrobe; my boots were bursting, my trowsers torn to fragments, and my hat was spoilt; and, moreover, I sat shivering in the garments which remained. So I, in my turn, levied upon a cow that was milking, and having improved her juice very much by the addition of some rum, I sat down under the portico, and smoked the cigar of meditation.

The walls of the portico were, as usual, scribbled over by those who would obtain cheap celebrity. I always read these productions; they are pages of human life. The majority of the scribblers leave a name and nothing more: beyond that, some few of their productions are witty, some sententious, mostly gross. My thoughts, as I read over the rubbish, were happily expressed by the following distich which I came to:—

Les Fenêtres et les Murailles,  
Sont le papier des Canailles.

A little farther on, I found the lie given to this remark by some philosophic Spaniard :

Amigo quien quiera que seas, piensa que si aqui  
Pones tu nombre, pronto il tiempo lo borrara  
Escribe lo pues en il libro de Dio en donde  
Permancera eternamente—

In Amigo.

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## CHAPTER XII.

RETURNING to Utica, I fell in with a horse bridled and saddled, that was taking his way home without his master, every now and then cropping the grass at the road-side, and then walking on in a most independent manner. His master had given him a certificate of leave, by chalking in large letters on the saddle-flaps on each side, "*Let him go.*" This was a very primitive proceeding ; but I am not quite sure that it could be ventured upon in Yorkshire, or in Virginia either, where they know a good horse, and are particularly careful of it. It is a fact, that wherever they breed horses they invariably learn to steal them.

Set off for Oswego in a canal boat ; it was called a packet-boat because it did not carry merchandize, but was a very small affair, about fifty feet long by eight wide. The captain of her was, however, in his own opinion, no small affair ; he puffed and swelled until he looked larger than his boat. This personage, as soon as we were under weigh, sat down in the narrow cabin,

before a small table ; sent for his writing-desk, which was about the size of a street organ, and, like himself, no small affair ; ordered a bell to be rung in our ears to summon the passengers ; and, then, taking down the names of four or five people, received the enormous sum of ten dollars passage-money. He then locked his desk with a key large enough for a street door, ordered his steward to remove it, and went on deck to walk just three feet and return again. After all, there is nothing like being a captain.

Although many of the boats are laid up, there is still considerable traffic on this canal. We passed Rome, a village of two thousand inhabitants, at which number it has for many years been nearly stationary. This branch of the canal is, of course, cut through the levels, and we passed through swamps and wild forests ; here and there some few acres were cleared, and a log-house was erected, looking very solitary and forlorn, surrounded by the stumps of the trees which had been felled, and which now lay corded up on the banks of the canal, ready to be disposed of. Wild and dreary as the country is, the mass of the forest is gradually receding, and occasionally some solitary tree is left standing, throwing out its wide arms, and appearing as if in lamentation at its separation from its companions, with whom for centuries it had been in close fellowship.

Extremes meet : as I looked down from the roof of the boat upon the giants of the forest, which had for so many centuries reared their heads undisturbed, but now lay prostrate before civilization, the same feelings were conjured up in my mind as when I have, in my wandering, surveyed such fragments of dismembered empires as the ruins of Carthage or Rome. There the reign of Art was over, and Nature had resumed her sway—here Nature was deposed, and about to resign her throne to the usurper Art. By the bye, the mosquitoes of this district have reaped some benefit from the cutting of the canal here. Before this impervious forest retreats were thus pierced, they could not have tasted



human blood; for ages it must have been unknown to them, even by tradition; and if they taxed all other boats on the canal as they did ours, *a canal share* with them must be considerably above par, and highly profitable.

At five o'clock we arrived at Syracuse. I do detest these old names vamped up. Why do not the Americans take the Indian names? They need not be so very scrupulous about it; they have robbed the Indians of everything else.

After you pass Syracuse, the country wears a more populous and inviting appearance. Salina is a village built upon a salt spring, which has the greatest flow of water yet known, and this salt spring is the cause of the improved appearance of the country; the banks of the canal, for three miles, are lined with buildings for the boiling down of the salt water, which is supplied by a double row of wooden pipes. Boats are constantly employed up and down the canal, transporting wood for the supply of the furnaces. It is calculated that two hundred thousand cord of wood are required every year for the present produce; and as they estimate upon an average about sixty cord of wood per acre in these parts, those salt works are the means of yearly clearing away upwards of three thousand acres of land. Two million bushels of salt are boiled down every year: it is packed in barrels, and transported by the canals and lakes to Canada, Michigan, Chicago, and the far West. When we reflect upon the number of people employed in the manufactories, and in cutting wood, and making barrels, and engaged on the lakes and canals in transporting the produce so many miles, we must admire the spring to industry which has been created by this little, but bounteous, spring presented by nature.

The first sixty miles of this canal (I get on very slow with my description, but canal travelling is very slow), which is through a flat swampy forest, is without a lock; but after you pass Syracuse, you have to descend by locks to the Oswego river, and the same at every rapid of the river; in all there is a fall of one hundred and

sixty feet. Simple as locks are, I could not help reverting to the wild rapids at Trenton Falls, and reflecting upon how the ingenuity of man had so easily been able to overcome and control Nature! The locks did not detain us long—they never lose time in America. When the boat had entered the lock, and the gate was closed upon her, the water was let off with a rapidity which considerably affected her level, and her bows pointed downwards. I timed one lock with a fall of fifteen feet. From the time the gate was closed behind us until the lower one was opened for our egress was exactly one minute and a quarter; and the boat sank down in the lock so rapidly as to give you the idea that she was scuttled and sinking.

The country round the Oswego is fertile and beautiful, and the river, with its islands, falls, and rapids, very picturesque. At one P.M. we arrived at the town of Oswego, on Lake Ontario; I was pleased with the journey, although, what with ducking to bridges, bites from mosquitoes, and the constant blowing of their unearthly horn with only one note, and which one must have been borrowed from the gamut of the infernal regions, I had had enough of it.

For the first time since my arrival in the country, no one—that is to say, on board the canal-boat—knew who I was. As we tracked above the Oswego river, I fell into conversation with a very agreeable person, who had joined us at Syracuse. We conversed the whole day, and I obtained much valuable information from him about the country: when we parted, he expressed a wish that we should meet again. He gave me his name and address, and when I gave my card in return, he looked at it, and then said, "I am most happy to make your acquaintance, sir; but I will confess that had I known with whom I had been conversing, I should not have *spoken so freely* upon certain points connected with the government and institutions of this country." This was American all over; they would conceal the truth, and

then blame us because we do not find it out. I met him afterwards, but he never would enter into any detailed conversation with me.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

NIAGARA FALLS.—Perhaps the wisest, if not the best description of the Falls of Niagara, is in the simple ejaculation of Mrs. Butler ; for it is almost useless to attempt to describe when you feel that language fails ; but if the falls cannot be described, the ideas which are conjured up in the mind, when we contemplate this wonderful combination of grandeur and beauty, are often worth recording. The lines of Mrs. Sigourney, the American poetess, please me most.

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe  
Of terror and of beauty ; God hath set  
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud  
Mantles around thy feet. And he doth give  
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him  
Eternally—bidding the lip of man  
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour  
Incense of awe-struck praise.

When the Indian first looked upon the falls, he declared them to be the dwelling of the Great Spirit. The savage could not imagine that the Great Spirit dwelt also in the leaf which he bruised in his hand ; but here

it appealed to his senses in thunder and awful majesty, and he was compelled to acknowledge it.

The effects which the contemplation of these glorious waters produce, are of course very different, according to one's temperament and disposition. As I stood on the brink above the falls, continuing for a considerable time to watch the great mass of water tumbling, dancing, capering, and rushing wildly along, as if in a hurry to take the leap and delighted at it, I could not help wishing that I too had been made of such stuff as would have enabled me to have joined it; with it to have rushed innocuously down the precipice; to have rolled uninjured into the deep unfathomable gulf below, or to have gamboled in the atmosphere of spray, which rose again in a dense cloud from its recesses. For about half an hour more I continued to watch the rolling waters, and then I felt a slight dizziness and a creeping sensation come over me—that sensation arising from strong excitement, and the same, probably, that occasions the bird to fall into the jaws of the snake. This is a feeling which, if too long indulged in, becomes irresistible, and occasions a craving desire to leap into the flood of rushing waters. It increased upon me every minute; and retreating from the brink, I turned my eyes to the surrounding foliage, until the effect of the excitement had passed away. I looked upon the waters a second time, and then my thoughts were directed into a very different channel. I wished myself a magician, that I might transport the falls to Italy, and pour their whole volume of waters into the crater of Mount Vesuvius; witness the terrible conflict between the contending elements, and create the largest steam-boiler that ever entered into the imagination of man.

I have no doubt that the opinion that these falls have receded a distance of seven miles is correct; but what time must have passed before even this tremendous power could have sawed away such a mass of solid rock! Within the memory of man it has receded but a few feet—changed but little. How many thousand years must these waters have been flowing and falling, unvary-

ing in their career, and throwing up their sheets of spray to heaven.

It is impossible for either the eye or the mind to compass the whole mass of falling water; you cannot measure, cannot estimate its enormous volume; and this is the reason, perhaps, why travellers often express themselves disappointed by it. But fix your eye upon one portion—one falling and heaving wave out of the millions, as they turn over the edge of the rock; watch, I say, this fragment for a few minutes, its regular time-beating motion never varying or changing; pursuing the laws of nature with a regularity never ceasing and never tiring; minute after minute; hour after hour; day after day; year after year, until time recedes into creation; then cast your eyes over the whole multitudinous mass which is, and has been, performing the same and coeval duty, and you feel its vastness! Still the majesty of the whole is far too great for the mind to compass—too stupendous for its limited powers of reception.

Sunday.—I had intended to have passed the whole day at the Falls; but an old gentleman whose acquaintance I had made in the steamboat on Lake Ontario, asked me to go to church; and as I felt he would be annoyed if I did not, I accompanied him to a Presbyterian meeting not far from the Falls, which sounded like distant thunder. The sermon was upon temperance—a favourite topic in America; and the minister rather quaintly observed, that “alcohol was not sealed by the hand of God.” It was astonishing to me that he did not allude to the Falls, point out that the seal of God was there, and shew how feeble was the voice of man when compared to the thunder of the Almighty so close at hand. But the fact was, he had been accustomed to preach every Sunday with the Falls roaring in his ear, and (when the wind was in a certain quarter,) with the spray damping the leaves of his sermon: he, therefore, did not feel as we did, and, no doubt, thought his sermon better than that from the God of the elements.

Yes, it is through the elements that the Almighty has ever deigned to commune with man, or to execute his

supreme will, whether it has been by the wild waters to destroy an impious race——by the fire hurled upon the doomed cities——by seas divided, that the chosen might pass through them——by the thunders on Sinai's Mount when his laws were given to man——by the pillar of fire or the gushing rock. or by the rushing of mighty winds. And it is still through the elements that the Almighty speaks to man, to warn, to terrify, to chasten ; to raise him up to wonder, to praise, and adore. The forked and blinding lightning which, with the rapidity of thought, dissolves the union between the body and the soul ; the pealing thunder, announcing that the bolt has sped ; the fierce tornado, sweeping away everything in its career, like a besom of wrath ; the howling storm ; the mountain waves ; the earth quaking, and yawning wide, in a second overthrowing the work and pride of centuries, and burying thousands in a living tomb ; the fierce vomiting of the crater, pouring out its flames of liquid fire, and changing fertility to the arid rock : it is through these that the Deity still speaks to man ; yet what can inspire more awe of him, more reverence, and more love, than the contemplation of thy falling waters, great Niagara !

## CHAPTER XIV.

Two gentlemen have left their cards, and will be happy to see me on my route; one lives at Batavia, the other at Pekin. I recollect going over the ferry to Brooklyn to visit the Commodore at the Navy Yard; I walked to where the omnibuses started from, to see if one was going my way. There were but two on the stand: one was bound to *Babylon*, the other to *Jericho*.

Buffalo is one of the wonders of America. It is hardly to be credited that such a beautiful city could have risen up in the wilderness in so short a period. In the year 1814 it was burnt down, being then only a village; only one house was left standing, and now it is a city with twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The Americans are very judicious in planning their new towns; the streets are laid out so wide that there will never be any occasion to pull down to widen and improve, as we do in England. The city of Buffalo is remarkably well built; all the houses in the principal streets are lofty and substantial, and are either of brick or granite. The main street is wider, and the stores handsomer, than the majority of those in New York. It has five or six very fine churches, a handsome theatre, town-hall, and market, and three or four hotels, one of which is superior to most others in America; and to these we must add a fine stone pier, with a lighthouse, and a harbour full of shipping and magnificent steam-boats. It is almost incomprehensible, that all this should have been accomplished since the year 1814. And what has occasioned this springing up of a city in so short a time as to remind you of Alladin's magic palace?—the Erie Canal, which here joins the Hudson River with the Lake, passing through the centre of the most populous and fertile States.

At present, however, the business of Buffalo, as well as of every other city, is nearly at a stand-still; the machinery of America is under repair, and until that repair is completed, the country will remain paralyzed. America may just now be compared to one of her own steam-boats, which, under too high pressure, has burst her boiler. Some of her passengers have (in a commercial point of view) been killed outright, others severely injured, and her progress has for a time been stopped; but she will soon be enabled to go a-head again as fast as ever, and will then probably pay a little more attention to her safety-valve.

I went out to the Indian reservation, granted to the remnant of the Seneca tribe of Indians, once a portion of the Mohawks, and all that now remains in the United States of the famed six nations. The chief of them (Red Jacket), lately dead, might be considered as the last of the Mohicans. I had some conversation with his daughter, who was very busily employed in the ornamenting of a pair of mocassins, and then visited the tomb, or rather the spot, where her father was buried, without name or record. This omission has since been repaired, and a tablet is now raised over his grave. It is creditable to the profession that the "poor player," as Shakspeare hath it, should be the foremost to pay tribute to worth. Cooke, the tragedian, was lying without a stone to mark his resting-place, when Kean came to America, found out the spot, and raised a handsome cenotaph to his memory; and it is to Mr. Placide, one of the very best of American actors, that Red Jacket is indebted for the tablet which has been raised to rescue his narrow home from oblivion.

Red Jacket was a great chief and a great man, but, like most of the indians, he could not resist the temptations of alcohol, and was during the latter part of his life very intemperate. When Red Jacket was sober, he was the proudest chief that ever walked, and never would communicate even with the highest of the American authorities but through his interpreter: but when intoxicated, he would speak English and French fluently,



and then the proud Indian warrior, the most eloquent of his race, the last chief of the six nations, would demean himself by begging for a sixpence to buy more rum.

I must now revert to the singular causes by which, independent of others, such as locality, &c., Buffalo was so rapidly brought to a state of perfection—not like many other towns which, commencing with wooden houses, gradually supercede them by brick and stone. The person who was the cause of this unusual rise was a Mr. Rathbun, who now lies incarcerated in a gaol of his own building. It was he who built all the hotels, churches, and other public edifices; in fact every structure worthy of observation in the whole town was projected, contracted for, and executed by Mr. Rathbun. His history is singular. Of quiet, unassuming manners, Quaker in his dress, moderate in all his expenses, (except in charity, wherein, assisted by an amiable wife, he was very liberal) he concealed under this apparent simplicity and goodness a mind capable of the vastest conceptions, united with the greatest powers of execution. He undertook contracts, and embarked in building speculations to an amount almost incredible. Rathbun undertook every thing, and every thing undertaken by Rathbun was well done. Not only at Buffalo, but at Niagara and other places, he was engaged in raising vast buildings, when the great crash occurred, and Rathbun, with others, was unable to meet his liabilities. Then, for the first time, it was discovered that for more than five years he had been conniving at a system of forgery, to the amount of two millions of dollars: the forgery consisted in putting to his bills the names of responsible parties as indorsers, that they might be more current. It does not appear that he ever intended to defraud, for he took up all his notes as fast as they became due; and it was this extreme regularity on his part which prevented the discovery of his fraud for so unusually long a period. It is surmised, that had not the general failure taken place, he would have eventually withdrawn all these forged bills from the market, and have paid all

his creditors, reserving for himself a handsome fortune. It is a singular event in the annals of forgery, that this should have been carried on undiscovered for so unprecedented a time. Mr. Rathbun is to be tried as an accessory, as it was his brother who forged the names. As soon as it was discovered, the latter made his escape, and he is said to have died miserably in a hovel on the confines of Texas.

Embarked on board of the Sandusky, for Detroit. As we were steering clear of the pier, a small brig of about two hundred tons burthen was pointed out to me as having been the *flag-ship* of Commodore Barclay, in the action upon Lake Erie. The appearance of Buffalo from the Lake is very imposing. Stopped at Dunkirk to put some emigrants on shore. As they were landing, I watched them carefully counting over their little property, from the iron tea-kettle to the heavy chest. It was their whole fortune, and invaluable to them; the nest-egg by which, with industry, their children were to rise to affluence. They remained on the wharf as we shoved off, and no wonder that they seemed embarrassed and at a loss. There was the baby in the cradle, the young children holding fast to their mother's skirt, while the older had seated themselves on a log, and watched the departure of the steam-vessel;—the bedding, cooking utensils, &c., all lying in confusion, and all to be housed before night. Weary did they look, and weary indeed they were, and most joyful would they be when they at last should gain their resting-place. It appears from the reports sent in, that upwards of 100,000 emigrants pass to the west every year by the route of the Lakes, of which it is estimated that about 30,000 are from Europe, the remainder migrating from the eastern States of the Union.

I may keep a log now.—5 A.M. Light breezes and clear weather, land trending from South to S.S.W. Five sail in the offing.

At 6, ran into Grand River. Within these last two years, three towns have sprung up here, containing between them about three thousand inhabitants.

How little are they aware, in Europe, of the vastness and extent of commerce carried on in these inland seas, whose coasts are now lined with flourishing towns and cities, and whose waters are ploughed by magnificent steamboats, and hundreds of vessels laden with merchandize. Even the Americans themselves are not fully aware of the rising importance of these Lakes as connected with the West. Since the completion of the Ohio Canal, which enters the Lake Erie at Cleveland, that town has risen almost as rapidly as Buffalo. It is beautifully situated. It is about six years back that it may be said to have commenced its start, and it now contains more than ten thousand inhabitants. The buildings are upon the same scale as those of Buffalo, and it is conjectured with good reason, that it will become even a larger city than the other, as the ice breaks up here and the navigation is open in the spring, six weeks sooner than it is at Buffalo; abreast of which town the ice is driven down and collected, previous to its forcing its passage over the falls.

Erie, which was the American naval depôt during the war, has a fine bay, but it is now falling into insignificance: it has a population of about one thousand.

Sandusky is a fast-rising town, beautifully situated upon the verge of a small prairie; it is between Sandusky and Huron that the prairie lands commence. The bay of Sandusky is very picturesque, being studded with small verdant islands. On one of these are buried in the same grave all those who fell in the hard-fought battle of the Lakes, between Perry and Barclay, both of whom have since followed their companions.

Toledo is the next town of consequence on the Lake. It is situated at the mouth of the Miami River; and as a railroad has already been commenced across the isthmus, so as to avoid going round the whole peninsula of Michigan, it is fast rising into importance. Three years ago the land was purchased at a dollar and a-half per acre; now, it is selling for building lots at one hundred dollars per foot. They handed me a paper printed in this town called "The Toledo Blade;" a

not inappropriate title, though rather a bold one for an editor to write up to, as his writings ought to be very *sharp*, and, at the same time, extremely *well-tempered*.

The American government have paid every attention to their inland waters. The harbours, light-houses, piers, &c. have all been built at the expense of government, and every precaution has been taken to make the navigation of the Lakes as safe as possible.

In speaking of the new towns rising so fast in America, I wish the reader to understand that, if he compares them with the country towns of the same population in England, he will not do them justice. In the smaller towns of England you can procure but little, and you have to send to London for any thing good: in the larger towns, such as Norwich, &c., you may procure most things; but, still, luxuries must usually be obtained from the metropolis. But in such places as Buffalo and Cleveland, every thing is to be had that you can procure at New York or Boston. In those two towns on Lake Erie are stores better furnished, and handsomer, than any shops at Norwich, in England; and you will find, in either of them, articles for which, at Norwich, you would be obliged to send to London. It is the same thing at almost every town in America with which communication is easy. Would you furnish a house in one of them, you will find every article of furniture—carpets, stoves, grates, marble chimney-pieces, pier-glasses, pianos, lamps, candelabra, glass, china, &c., in twice the quantity, and in greater variety, than at any provincial town in England.

This arises from the system of credit extended through every vein and artery of the country, and by which English goods are forced, as if with a force-pump, into every available depot in the Union; and thus, in a town so newly raised, that the stumps of the forest-trees are not only still surrounding the houses, but remain standing in the cellars, you will find every luxury that can be required. It may be asked what becomes of all these goods. It must be recollected that hundreds of new houses spring up every year in the towns, and that the

surrounding country is populous and wealthy. In the farm-houses—mean-looking and often built of logs—is to be found not only comfort, but very often luxury.

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## CHAPTER XV.

THE French never have succeeded as colonists, and their want of success can only be ascribed to an amiable want of energy. When located at any spot, if a Frenchman has enough, he seeks no more; and, instead of working as the Englishman or the American does, he will pass his time away, and spend his little surplus in social amusements. The town of Detroit was founded as early as the city of Philadelphia, but, favourably as it is situated, it never until lately rose to any thing more than, properly speaking, a large village. There is not a paved street in it, or even a foot-path for a pedestrian. In winter, in rainy weather you are up to your knees in mud; in summer, invisible from dust: indeed, until lately, there was not a practicable road for thirty miles round Detroit. The muddy and impassable state of the streets has given rise to a very curious system of making morning or evening calls. A small one-horse cart is backed against the door of a house; the ladies dressed get into it, and seat themselves upon a buffalo-skin at the bottom of it; they are carried to the residence of the party upon whom they wish to call; the cart is backed in again, and they are landed dry and clean. An old inhabitant of Detroit complained to me that people were

now getting so proud, that many of them refused to visit in that way any longer. But owing to the rise of the other towns on the lake, the great increase of commerce, and Michigan having been admitted as a State into the Union, with Detroit as its capital, a large Eastern population has now poured into it, and Detroit will soon present an appearance very different from its present, and become one of the most flourishing cities of America. Within these last six years it has increased its population from two to ten thousand. The climate here is the very best in America, although the State itself is unhealthy. The land near the town is fertile. A railroad from Detroit already extends thirty miles through the State; and now that the work has commenced, it will be carried on with the usual energy of the Americans.

Left Detroit in the Michigan steam-vessel for Mackinaw; passed through the Lake St. Clair, and entered Lake Huron; stopped at a solitary wharf to take in wood, and met there a specimen of American politeness or (if you please) independence in the gentleman who cut down and sold it. Without any assignable motive, he called out to me, "You are a damned fool of an Englishman;" for which, I suppose, I ought to have been very much obliged to him.

Miss Martineau has not been too lavish in her praises of Mackinaw. It has the appearance of a fairy isle floating on the water, which is so pure and transparent that you may see down to almost any depth; and the air above is as pure as the water, so that you feel invigorated as you breathe it. The first reminiscence brought to my mind after I had landed, was the description by Walter Scott of the island and residence of Magnus Troil and his daughters Minna and Brenda, in the novel of the "Pirate."

The low buildings, long stores, and out-houses full of nets, barrels, masts, sails, and cordage; the abundance of fish lying about; the rafters of the houses laden with dried and smoked meat; and the full and jolly proportions of most of the inhabitants, who would have rivalled

Scott's worthy in height and obesity, immediately struck my eye ; and I might have imagined myself transported to the Shetland isle, had it not been for the lodges of the Indians on the beach, and the Indians themselves either running about, or lying stripped in the porches before the whiskey stores.

I inquired of one of the islanders, why all the white residents were generally such large portly men, which they are at a very early age ; he replied, " We have good air, good water, and what we eat agrees with us." This was very conclusive.

I inquired of another, if people lived to a good old age in the island ; his reply was quite American—" I guess they do ; if people want to die, they can't die here—they're obliged to go elsewhere."

Wandering among the Indian lodges (wigwams is a term not used now-a-days), I heard a sort of flute played in one of them, and I entered. The young Indian who was blowing on it, handed it to me. It was an imperfect instrument, something between a flute and a clarinet, but the sound which it gave out was soft and musical. An islander informed me that it was the only sort of musical instrument which the Northern tribes possessed, and that it was played upon by the young men only when they were *in love*. I suspected at first that he was bantering me, but I afterwards found that what he said was true. The young Indian must have been very deeply smitten, for he continued to play all day and all night, during the time that I was there.

" If music be the food of love, play on."

Started in a birch canoe for Sault St. Marie, a small town built under the rapids of that name, which pour out a portion of the waters of Lake Superior. Two American gentlemen, one a member of Congress, and the other belonging to the American Fur Company, were of the party. Our crew consisted of five Canadian

half-breeds—a mixture between the Indian and the white, which spoils both. It was a lovely morning; not a breath of air stirred the wide expanse of the Huron, as far as the eye could scan; and the canoe, as it floated alongside of the landing-place, appeared as if it were poised in the air, so light did it float, and so clear and transparent are these northern waters. We started, and in two hours arrived at Goose Island, unpoetical in its name, but in itself full of beauty. As you stand on the beach, you can look down through the water on to the shelving bottom, bright with its variety of pebbles, and trace it almost as far off as if it had not been covered with water at all. The island was small, but gay as the gayest of parterres, covered with the sweet wild rose in full bloom (certainly the most fragrant rose in the world), blue campanellos, yellow exeranthemums, and white ox-eyed daisies. Underneath there was a perfect carpet of strawberries, ripe, and inviting you to eat them, which we did, while our Canadian brutes swallowed long strings of raw salt pork. And yet, in two months hence, this lovely little spot will be but one mass of snow—a mound rising above to serve as a guide to the chilled traveller who would find his way over the frozen expanse of the wide Huron Lake.

As soon as our Canadians had filled themselves to repletion with raw pork, we continued our route that we might cross the lake and gain the detour, or point which forms the entrance of the river St. Marie, before it was dark. We arrived a little before sunset, when we landed, put up our light boat, and bivouacked for the night. As soon as we put our feet on shore, we were assailed by the musquitoes in myriads. They congregated from all quarters in such numbers, that you could only see as if through a black veil, and you could not speak without having your mouth filled with them. But in ten minutes we had a large fire, made, not of logs or branches, but of a dozen small trees. The wind eddied, and the flame and smoke, as they rose in masses, whirled about the musquitoes right and left, and in every quarter of the



compass, until they were fairly beaten off to a respectable distance. We supped upon lake-trout and fried ham; and rolling ourselves up in our Mackinaw blankets, we were soon fast asleep.

There was no occasion to call us the next morning. The Canadians were still snoring, and had let the fires go down. The mosquitoes, taking advantage of this neglect, had forced their way into the tent, and sounded the reveillé in our ears with their petty trumpets; following up the summons with the pricking of pins, as the fairies of Queen Mab are reported to have done to lazy housemaids. We kicked up our half-breeds, who gave us our breakfast, stowed away the usual quantity of raw pork, and once more did we float on the water in a piece of birch bark. The heat of the sun was oppressive, and we were broiled; but we dipped our hands in the clear cool stream as we skimmed along, listening to the whistling of the solitary loon as it paddled away from us, or watching the serrated back of the sturgeon, as he rolled lazily over and showed above the water. Now and then we stopped, and the silence of the desert was broken by the report of our fowling-pieces, and a pigeon or two was added to our larder. At noon a breeze sprung up, and we hoisted our sail, and the Canadians who had paddled dropped asleep as we glided quietly along under the guidance of the "timonier."

After you have passed through the river St. Clair, and entered the Huron lake, the fertility of the country gradually disappears. Here and there indeed, especially on the Canadian side, a spot more rich than the soil in general is shown by the large growth of the timber; but the northern part of the Lake Huron shores is certainly little fit for cultivation. The spruce fir now begins to be plentiful; for, until you come to the upper end of the lake, they are scarce, although very abundant in Upper Canada. The country wears the same appearance all the way up to the Sault St. Marie, showing maple and black poplar intermingled with fir; the oak but rarely appearing. The whole lake from Mackinaw

to the Detour is studded with islands. A large one at the entrance of the river is called St. Joseph's. The Hudson Bay Company had a station there, which is now abandoned, and the island has been purchased, or granted to an English officer, who has partly settled it. It is said to be the best land in this region, but still hardly fit for cultivation. It was late before our arrival at the Sault, and we were obliged to have recourse to our paddles, for the wind had died away. As the sun went down, we observed a very curious effect from the refraction of tints, the water changing to a bright violet every time that it was disturbed by the paddles. I have witnessed something like this just after sunset on the Lake of Geneva.

We landed at dusk, much fatigued; but the Aurora Borealis flashed in the heavens, spreading out like a vast plume of ostrich feathers across the sky, every minute changing its beautiful and fanciful forms. Tired as we were, we watched it for hours before we could make up our minds to go to bed.

## CHAPTER XVI.

SAULT ST. MARIE.—Our landlord is a very strange being. It appears that he has been annoyed by some traveller, who has published a work in which he has found fault with the accommodations at Sault St. Marie, and spoken very disrespectfully of our host's bed and bed-furniture. I have never read the work, but I am so well aware how frequently travellers fill up their pages with fleas, and "such small gear," that I presume the one in question was short of matter to furnish out his book; yet it was neither just nor liberal on his part to expect at Sault St. Marie, where, perhaps, not five travellers arrive in the course of a year, the same accommodations as at New York. The bedsteads certainly were a little ricketty, but every thing was very clean and comfortable. The house was not an inn, nor, indeed, did it pretend to be one, but the fare was good and well cooked, and you were waited upon by the host's two pretty modest daughters—not only pretty, but well-informed girls; and, considering that this village is the Ultima Thule of this portion of America, I think that a traveller might have been very well content with things as they were. In two instances, I found in the log-houses of this village complete editions of Lord Byron's works.

Sault St. Marie contains, perhaps, fifty houses, mostly built of logs, and has a palisade put up to repel any attack of the Indians.

There are two companies of soldiers quartered here. The rapids from which the village takes its name are just above it; they are not strong or dangerous, and the canoes descend them twenty times a day. At the foot

of the rapids the men are constantly employed in taking the white fish in scoop nets, as they attempt to force their way up into Lake Superior. The majority of the inhabitants here are half-breeds. It is remarkable that the females generally improve, and the males degenerate, from the admixture of blood. Indian wives are here preferred to white, and perhaps with reason—they make the best wives for poor men; they labour hard, never complain, and a day of severe toil is amply recompensed by a smile from their lord and master in the evening. They are always faithful and devoted, and very sparing of their talk, all which qualities are considered as recommendations in this part of the world.

It is remarkable, that although the Americans treat the negro with contumely, they have a respect for the red Indian: a well-educated half-breed Indian is not debarred from entering into society; indeed, they are generally received with great attention. The daughter of a celebrated Indian chief brings heraldry into the family, for the Indians are as proud of their descent (and with good reason) as we, in Europe, are of ours. The Randolph family in Virginia still boast of their descent from Pocahontas, the heroine of one of the most remarkable romances in real life which was ever heard of.

The whole of this region appears to be incapable of cultivation, and must remain in its present state, perhaps, for centuries to come. The chief produce is from the lakes; trout and white fish are caught in large quantities, salted down, and sent to the west and south. At Mackinaw alone they cure about two thousand barrels, which sell for ten dollars the barrel; at the Sault, about the same quantity; and on Lake Superior, at the station of the American Fur Company, they have commenced the fishing, to lessen the expenses of the establishment, and they now salt down about four thousand barrels; but this traffic is still in its infancy, and will become more profitable as the west becomes more populous. Be it here observed that, although the Canadians have the same rights and the same capabilities of fish-

ing, I do not believe that one barrel is cured on the Canadian side. As the American fish is prohibited in England, it might really become an article of exportation from the Canadas to a considerable amount.

There is another source of profit, which is the collecting of the maple sugar; and this staple, if I may use the term, is rapidly increasing. At an average, the full grown maple-tree will yield about five pounds of sugar each tapping, and, if carefully treated, will last forty years. All the State of Michigan is supplied from this quarter with this sugar, which is good in quality, and refines well. At Mackinaw they receive about three hundred thousand pounds every year. It may be collected in any quantity from their vast wildernesses of forests, and although the notion may appear strange, it is not impossible that one day the Northern sugar may supersede that of the Tropics. The island of St. Joseph, which I have mentioned, is covered with large maple-trees, and they make a great quantity upon that spot alone.

I was amused by a reply given me by an American in office here. I asked how much his office was worth, and his answer was six hundred dollars, besides *stealings*. This was, at all events, frank and honest; in England the word would have been softened down to perquisites. I afterwards found that it was a common expression in the States to say a place was worth so much besides cheatage.

In all this country, from Mackinaw to the Sault, hay is very scarce; and, during the short summer season, the people go twenty or thirty miles in their canoes to any known patch of prairie or grass land to collect it. Nevertheless, they are very often obliged, during the winter, to feed their cattle upon fish, and, strange to say, they acquire a taste for it. You will see the horses and cows disputing for the offal; and our landlord told me that he has often witnessed a particular horse wait very quietly while they were landing the fish from the canoes, watch his opportunity, dart in, steal one, and *run away with it in his mouth*.

A mutiny among our lazzaroni of half-breeds, they refuse to work to-day, because they are tired, they say, and we are obliged to procure others. Carried our canoe over the portage into the canal, and in five minutes were on the vast inland sea of Lake Superior. The waters of this lake are, if possible, more transparent than those of the Huron, or rather the variety and bright colours of the pebbles and agates which lie at the bottom, make them appear so. The appearance of the coast, and the growth of timber, are much the same as on Lake Huron, until you arrive at Gros Cape, a bold promontory, about three hundred feet high. We ascended this cape, to have a full view of the expanse of water: this was a severe task, as it was nearly perpendicular, and we were forced to cling from tree to tree to make the ascent. In addition to this difficulty, we were unremittingly pursued by the musquitoes, which blinded us so as to impede our progress, being moreover assisted in their malevolent attacks by a sort of sand-fly, that made triangular incisions behind our ears, exactly like a small leech bite, from which the blood trickled down two or three inches as soon as the little wretch let go his hold. This variety of stinging made us almost mad, and we descended quite exhausted, the blood trickling down our faces and necks. We threw off our clothes, and plunged into the lake; the water was too cold; the agates at the bottom cut our feet severely, and thus were we phlebotomized from head to foot.

There is a singular geological feature at this cape; you do not perceive it until you have forced your way through a belt of firs, which grow at the bottom and screen it from sight. It is a ravine in which the rocks are pouring down from the top to the bottom, all so equal in size, and so arranged, as to wear the appearance of a cascade of stones; and when, half-blinded by the musquitoes, you look upon them, they appear as if they are actually in motion, and falling down in one continued stream.

We embarked again, and after an hour's paddling landed upon a small island, where was the tomb of an

Indian chief or warrior. It was in a beautiful spot, surrounded by the wild rose, blue peas, and campanellas. The kinnakinnee, or weed which the Indians smoke as tobacco, grew plentifully about it. The mound of earth was surrounded by a low palisade, about four feet wide and seven feet long, and at the head of it was the warrior's pole, with eagle feathers, and notches denoting the number of scalps he had taken from the enemy.

The Hudson Bay and American Fur Companies both have stations on Lake Superior, on their respective sides of the lake, and the Americans have a small schooner which navigates it. There is one question which the traveller cannot help asking himself as he surveys the vast mass of water, into which so many rivers pour their contributions, which is—In what manner is all this accumulation of water carried off? Except by a very small evaporation in the summer time, and the outlet at Sault St. Marie, where the water which escapes is not much more than equal to two or three of the rivers which feed the lake, there is no apparent means by which the water is carried off. The only conclusion that can be arrived at is, that when the lake rises above a certain height, as the soil around is sandy and porous, the surplus waters find their way through it; and such I believe to be the case.

We saw no bears. They do not come down to the shores, (or travel, as they term it here,) until the huckleberries are ripe. We were told that a month later there would be plenty of them. It is an ascertained fact, that the bears from this region migrate to the west every autumn, but it is not known when they return. They come down to the eastern shores of the Lakes Superior and Huron, swim the lakes and rivers from island to island, never deviating from their course, till they pass through by Wisconsin to the Mississippi. Nothing stops them; the sight of a canoe will not prevent their taking the water; and the Indians in the River St. Marie have been known to kill fifteen in one day. It is singular that the bears on the other side of the Mississippi are said to migrate to the east, exactly in the con-

trary direction. Perhaps the Mississippi is their fashionable watering-place.

A gathering storm induced us to return, instead of continuing our progress on the lake. A birch canoe in a gale of wind on Lake Superior, would not be a very insurable risk. On our return, we found our half-breeds very penitent, for had we not taken them back, they would have stood a good chance of wintering there. But we had had advice as to the treatment of these lazy gluttonous scoundrels, who swallowed long pieces of raw pork the whole of the day, and towards evening were, from repletion, hanging their heads over the sides of the canoe and quite ill. They had been regaled with pork and whiskey going up; we gave them salt fish and a broomstick by way of variety on their return, and they behaved very well under the latter fare.

We started again down with the stream, and the first night took up our quarters on a prairie spot, where they had been making hay, which was lying in cocks about us. To have a soft bed we carried quantities into our tent, forgetting that we had disturbed the mosquitoes who had gone to bed in the hay. We smoked the tent to drive them out again; but in smoking the tent we set fire to the hay, and it ended in a conflagration. We were burnt out, and had to re-pitch our tent.

I was sauntering by the side of the river when I heard a rustling in the grass, and perceived a garter snake, an elegant and harmless little creature, about a foot and a half long. It had a small toad in its mouth, which it had seized by the head: but it was much too large for the snake to swallow, without leisure and preparation. I was amused at the precaution, I may say invention of the toad, to prevent its being swallowed: it had inflated itself till it was as round as a bladder, and upon this, issue was joined—the snake would not let go, the toad would not be swallowed. I lifted up the snake by the tail and threw them three or four yards into the river. The snake rose to the surface, as majestic as the great sea serpent in miniature, carrying his head well out of the water, with the toad still in his mouth, reminding me



of Cæsar with his Commentaries. He landed close to my feet ; I threw him in again, and this time he let go the toad, which remained floating and inanimate on the water ; but after a time he discharged his superfluous gas, and made for the shore ; while the snake, to avoid me, swam away down with the current.

The next morning it blew hard, and as we opened upon Lake Huron, we had to encounter a heavy sea ; fortunately, the wind was fair for the island of Mackinaw, or we might have been delayed for some days. As soon as we were in the lake we made sail, having fifty-six miles to run before it was dark. The gale increased, but the canoe flew over the water, skimming it like a sea bird. It was beautiful, but not quite so pleasant to watch it, as, upon the least carelessness on the part of the helmsman, it would immediately have filled. As it was, we shipped some heavy seas, but the blankets at the bottom being saturated, gave us the extra ballast which we required. Before we were clear of the islands, we were joined by a whole fleet of Indian canoes, with their dirty blankets spread to the storm, running, as we were, for Mackinaw, being on their return from Maniton Islands, where they had congregated to receive presents from the Governor of Upper Canada. Their canoes were, most of them, smaller than ours, which had been built for speed, but they were much higher in the gunnel. It was interesting to behold so many hundreds of beings trusting themselves to such fragile conveyances, in a heavy gale and running sea ; but the harder it blew, the faster we went ; and at last, much to my satisfaction, we found ourselves in smooth water again, alongside of the landing wharf at Mackinaw. I had had some wish to see a fresh-water gale of wind, but in a birch canoe I never wish to try the experiment again.

## CHAPTER XVII.

MACKINAW.—I mentioned that, in my trip to Lake Superior, I was accompanied by a gentleman attached to the American Fur Company, who have a station at this island. I was amusing myself in their establishment, superintending the unpacking and cleaning of about forty or fifty bales of skins, and during the time collected the following information. It is an average computation of furs obtained every year, and the value of each to the American Fur Company. The Hudson Bay Company are supposed to average about the same quantity, or rather more; and they have a larger proportion of valuable furs, such as beaver and sable, but they have few deer and no buffalo. When we consider how sterile and unfit for cultivation are these wild northern regions, it certainly appears better that they should remain as they are:—

SKINS.		Average Value.
Deer, four varieties . . . . .	150,000	54 cents per lb.
Buffalo . . . . .	35,000	5 dollars per skin.
Elk . . . . .	200	
Beaver . . . . .	15,000	4½ dollars per lb.
Musk Rat . . . . .	500,000	12 cents per skin.
Otters . . . . .	5,000	6½ dollars per skin.
. . . . .	2,500	2 do.
Martin or Sable . . . . .	12,000	2 do. or more.
Minx . . . . .	10,000	
Silver and Black Fox . . . . .	15	
Crop Fox . . . . .	100	4 dollars per skin.
Red Fox . . . . .	3,000	1 do.
Grey Fox . . . . .	1,000	1½ do.
Prairie Fox . . . . .	5,000	½ do.
Bears . . . . .	4,000	4½ do.
Lynx . . . . .	500	2½ do.
Wild Cat . . . . .	2,000	2½ do.
Racoon . . . . .	70,000	½ do.
Wolves . . . . .	12,000	½ do.
Wolverin . . . . .	50	2½ do.
Panthers . . . . .	50	
Badgers . . . . .	250	¼ do.

besides skunks, ground-hogs, hares, and many others. These are priced at the lowest: in proportion as the skins are finer, so do they yield higher profit. The two companies may be said to receive, between them, skins yearly to the amount of from two to three millions of dollars.

*Fable apropos to the subject.*

A hare and a fox met one day on the vast prairie, and after a long conversation, they prepared to start upon their several routes. The hare, pleased with the fox, lamented that they would in all probability separate for ever. "No, no," replied the fox, "we shall meet again, never fear." "Where?" inquired his companion. "In the *hatter's shop*, to be sure," rejoined the fox, tripping lightly away.

*Detroit.*—There are some pleasant people in this town, and the society is quite equal to that of the eastern cities. From the constant change and transition which takes place in this country, go where you will you are sure to fall in with a certain portion of intelligent, educated people. This is not the case in the remoter portions of the Old Continent, where every thing is settled, and generation succeeds generation, as in some obscure country town. But in America, where all is new, and the country has to be peopled from the other parts, there is a proportion of intelligence and education transplanted with the inferior classes, either from the Eastern States or from the Old World, in whatever quarter you may happen to find yourself.

Left my friends at Detroit with regret, and returned to Buffalo. There is a marked difference between the behaviour of the lower people of the eastern cities and those whom you fall in with in this town; they are much less civil in their behaviour here; indeed, they appear to think rudeness a proof of independence. I went to the theatre, and the behaviour of the majority of the com-

pany just reminded me of the Portsmouth and Plymouth theatres. I had forgotten that Buffalo was a fresh-water sea-port town.

Returning to Niagara, I took possession of the roof of the rail-coach, that I might enjoy the prospect. I had not travelled three miles before I perceived a strong smell of burning; at last the pocket of my coat, which was of cotton, burst out into flames, a spark having found its way into it: fortunately (not being insured) there was no property on the premises.

When the celebrated Colonel David Crocket first saw a locomotive, with the train smoking along the rail-road, he exclaimed, as it flew past him, "Hell in harness, by the 'tarnel!"

I may, in juxtaposition with this, mention an Indian idea. Nothing surprised the Indians so much at first, as the percussion caps for guns: they thought them the *ne plus ultra* of invention: when therefore an Indian was first shown a locomotive, he reflected a little while, and then said, "I see—*percussion*."

There is a beautiful island, dividing the Falls of Niagara, called Goat Island; they have thrown a bridge across the rapids, so that you can now go over. A mill has already been erected there, which is a great pity; it is a contemptible disfigurement of nature's grandest work.

At the head of the Island, which is surrounded by the rapids, exactly where the waters divide to run on each side of it, there is a small triangular portion of still or slack water. I perceived this and went in to bathe. The line on the current on each side of it is plainly marked, and runs at the speed of nine or ten miles an hour; if you put your hand or foot a little way outside this line, they are immediately borne away by its force; if you went into it yourself, nothing could prevent your going down the falls. As I returned, I observed an ugly snake in my path, and I killed it. An American who came up, exclaimed, "I reckon that's a *copper-head*, stranger! I never knew that they were in this island." I found out that I had

killed a snake quite as venomous, if not more so, than a rattlesnake.

One never tires with these falls; indeed, it takes a week at least to find out all their varieties and beauties. There are some sweet spots on Goat Island, where you can meditate and be alone.

I witnessed, during my short stay here, that indifference to the destruction of life, so very remarkable in this country. The rail-car crushed the head of a child of about seven years old, as it was going into the engine-house; the other children ran to the father, a blacksmith, who was at work at his forge close by, crying out "Father, Billy killed." The man put down his hammer, walked leisurely to where the boy lay, in a pool of his own blood, took up the body, and returned with it under his arm to his house. In a short time, the hammer rang upon the anvil as before.

The game of nine-pins is a favourite game in America, and very superior to what it is in England. In America, the ground is always covered properly over, and the balls are rolled upon a wooden floor, as correctly levelled as a billiard table. The ladies join in the game, which here becomes an agreeable and not too fatiguing an exercise. I was very fond of frequenting their alleys, not only for the exercise, but because, among the various ways of estimating character, I had made up my mind that there was none more likely to be correct, than the estimate formed by the manner in which people roll the balls, especially the ladies. There were some very delightful specimens of American females when I was this time at Niagara. We sauntered about the falls and wood in the day time, or else played at nine-pins; in the evening we looked at the moon, spouted verses, and drank mint juleps. But all that was too pleasant to last long: I felt that I had not come to America to play at nine-pins; so I tore myself away, and within the next twenty-four hours found myself at Toronto, in Upper Canada.

Toronto, which is the present capital and seat of government of Upper Canada, is, from its want of spires

and steeples, by no means an imposing town, as you view it on entering the harbour. The harbour itself is landlocked, and when deepened will be very good. A great deal of money has been expended by the English government upon the Canadian provinces, but not very wisely. The Rideau and Willend canals are splendid works; they have nothing to compare with them in the United States; but they are too much in advance of the country, and will be of but little use for a long period, if the provinces do not go a-head faster than they do now. One half the money spent in making good roads through the provinces would have done more good, and would have much increased the value of property. The proposed rail-road from Hamilton to Detroit would be of greater importance; and if more money is to be expended on Upper Canada, it cannot be better disposed of than in this undertaking.

The minute you put your foot on shore, you feel that you are no longer in the United States; you are at once struck with the difference between the English and the American population, systems, and ideas. On the other side of the Lake you have much more apparent property, but much less real solidity and security. The houses and stores at Toronto are not to be compared with those of the American towns opposite. But the Englishman has built according to his means—the American, according to his expectations. The hotels and inns at Toronto are very bad; at Buffalo they are splendid: for the Englishman travels little; the American is ever on the move. The private houses of Toronto are built, according to the English taste and desire of exclusiveness, away from the road, and are embowered in trees; the American, let his house be ever so large, or his plot of ground however extensive, builds within a few feet of the road, that he may see and know what is going on. You do not perceive the bustle, the energy, and activity at Toronto, that you do at Buffalo, nor the profusion of articles in the stores; but it should be remembered that the Americans procure their articles upon credit, whilst at Toronto they proceed more cautiously. The English-

man builds his house and furnishes his store according to his means and fair expectation of being able to meet his acceptance. If an American has money sufficient to build a two-story house, he will raise it up to four-stories on speculation. We must not, on one side, be dazzled with the effects of the credit system in America, nor yet be too hasty in condemning it. It certainly is the occasion of much over-speculation; but if the parties who speculate are ruined, provided the money has been laid out, as it usually is in America, upon real property—such as wharfs, houses, &c.—a new country becomes a gainer, as the improvements are made and remain, although they fall into other hands. And it should be further pointed out, that the Americans are justified in their speculations from the fact, that property improved rises so fast in value, that they are soon able to meet all claims and realize a handsome profit. They speculate on the future; but the future with them is not distant as it is with us, ten years in America being, as I have before observed, equal to a century in Europe: they are therefore warranted in so speculating. The property in Buffalo is now worth one hundred times what it was when the first speculators commenced; for as the country and cities become peopled, and the communication becomes easy, so does the value of every thing increase.

Why, then, does not Toronto vie with Buffalo? Because the Canadas cannot obtain the credit which is given to the United States, and of which Buffalo has her portion. America has returns to make to England in her cotton crops: Canada has nothing; for her timber would be nothing, if it were not protected. She cannot, therefore, obtain credit as America does. What, then, do the Canadas require, in order to become prosperous? Capital!

I must not, however, omit to inform my readers that at Toronto I received a letter from a "Brother Author," who was polite enough to send me several specimens of his poetry; stating the remarkable fact, that he had never written a verse until he was past forty-five years of age; and that, as to the unfair accusation of his having

plagiarized from Byron, it was not true, for he never had read Byron in his life. Having put the reader in possession of these facts, I shall now select one of his printed poems for his gratification :—

From the Regard the Author has for the

LADIES OF TORONTO,

He presents them with the following

ODE.

*To the Ladies of the City of Toronto.*

1.

How famed is our city  
 For the beauty and talents  
 Of our ladies, that's pretty  
 And *chaste* in their *sentiments*.

2.

The ladies of Toronto  
 Are fine, noble, and charming,  
 And are a great memento  
 To all, most fascinating.

3.

Our ladies are the best kind,  
 Of all others the most fine ;  
 In their manners and their minds  
 Most refined and *genuine*.

4.

We are proud of our ladies,  
 For they are superior  
 To all other beauties  
 And others are inferior.



## 5.

How favoured is our land  
To be honoured with the fair,  
That is so majestic grand !  
And to please them is our care.

## 6.

Who would not choose them before  
All others that's to be found,  
And think of others no more ?  
Their like is not in the world round.

T. S.

TORONTO,  
21st Jan. 1837.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

THROUGH Lake Ontario to Montreal, by rail-road to Lake Champlain, and then by steamboat to Burlington.

Burlington is a pretty county town on the border of the Lake Champlain ; there is a large establishment for the education of boys kept here by the Bishop of Vermont, a clever man : it is said to be well conducted, and one of the best in the Union. The bishop's salary, as bishop, is only five hundred dollars ; as a preacher of the established church he receives seven hundred ; whilst as a schoolmaster his revenue becomes very hand-

some. The bishop is just now in bad odour with the *majority*, for having published some very sensible objections to the Revivals and Temperance Societies.

Plattsburg.—This was the scene of an American triumph. I was talking with a States officer, who was present during the whole affair, and was much amused with his description of it. There appeared to be some fatality attending almost all our attacks upon America during the last war; and it should be remarked, that whenever the Americans entered upon our territory, they met with similar defeat. Much allowance must of course be made for ignorance of the country, and of the strength and disposition of the enemy's force; but certainly there was no excuse for the indecision shown by the British general, with such a force as he had under his command.

Now that the real facts are known, one hardly knows whether to laugh or feel indignant. The person from whom I had the information is of undoubted respectability. At the time that our general advanced with an army of 7,000 Peninsular troops, there were but 1,000 militia at Plattsburg, those ordered out from the interior of the State not having arrived. It is true that there were 2,000 of the Vermont militia at Burlington opposite to Plattsburg, but when they were sent for, they refused to go there; they were alarmed at the preponderating force of the British, and they stood upon their State rights—*i.e.*, militia raised in a State are not bound to leave it, being raised for the defence of that State alone. The small force at Plattsburg hardly knew whether to retreat or not; they expected large reinforcements under General M'Coomb, but did not know when they would come. At last it was proposed and agreed to that they should spread themselves and keep up an incessant firing, but out of distance, so as to make the British believe they had a much larger force than they really possessed; and on this judicious plan they acted, and succeeded.

In the mean time, the British general was anxious for the assistance of the squadron on the lakes, under

Commodore Downie, and pressed him to the attack of the American squadron then off Plattsburg. Some sharp remarks from the General proved fatal to our cause by water. Downie, stung by his insinuations, rushed inconsiderately into a *close* engagement. Now Commodore Downie's vessels had all long guns. McDonough's vessels had all carronades. Had, therefore, Downie not thrown away this advantage, by engaging at close quarters, there is fair reason to suppose that the victory would have been ours, as he would have chosen his distance, and the fire of the American vessels would have been comparatively harmless; but he ran down close to McDonough's fleet, and engaged them broadside to broadside, and then the carronades of the Americans, being of heavy calibre, threw the advantage on their side. Downie was killed by the wind of a shot a few minutes after the commencement of the action. Still it was the hardest contested action of the war; Pring being well worthy to take Downie's place.

It was impossible to have done more on either side; and the gentleman who gave me this information added, that McDonough told him that so nicely balanced were the chances, that he took out his watch just before the British colours were hauled down, and observed, "If they hold out ten minutes more, it will be more than I am afraid, we can do." As soon as the victory was decided on the part of the Americans, the British general commenced his retreat, and was followed by this handful of militia. In a day or two afterwards, General McCoomb came up, and a large force was poured in from all quarters.

There was something very similar and quite as ridiculous in the affair at Sackett's harbour. Our forces advancing would have cut off some hundreds of the American militia, who were *really* retreating, but by a road which led in such a direction as for a time to make the English commandant suppose that they were intending to take him in flank. This made him imagine that they must be advancing in large numbers, when, the fact was, they were running away from his superior

force. He made a retreat; upon ascertaining which, the Americans turned back and followed him, harassing his rear.

I was told, at Baltimore, that had the English advanced, the American militia was quite ready to run away, not having the idea of opposing themselves to trained soldiers. It really was very absurd; but in many instances during the war, which have come to my knowledge, it was exactly this,—“If you don't run, I will; but if you will, I won't!”

The name given by the French to Vermont, designates the features of the country, which is composed of small mountains, covered with verdure to their summits; but the land is by no means good.

At the bottoms, on the banks of the rivers, the alluvial soil is rich, and, generally speaking, the land in this State admits of cultivation about half-way up the mountains; after which, it is fit for nothing but sheep walks, or to grow small timber upon. I have travelled much in the Eastern States, and have been surprised to find how very small a portion of all of them is under cultivation, considering how long they have been settled; nor will there be more of the land taken up, I presume, for a long period; that is to say, not until the West is so over-peopled that a reflux is compelled to fall back into the Eastern States, and the crowded masses, like the Gulf-stream, find vent to the northward and eastward.

Set off by coach, long before day-light. There is something very gratifying when once you *are up*, in finding yourself up before the sun; you can repeat to yourself, “How doth the little busy bee,” with such satisfaction. Some few stars still twinkled in the sky, winking like the eyelids of tired sentinels, but soon they were relieved, one after another, by the light of morning.

It was still dark when we started, and off we went, up hill and down hill—short steep *itches*, as they term them here—at a furious rate. There was no level ground; it was all undulating, and very trying to the

springs. But an American driver stops at nothing ; he will flog away with six horses in hand ; and it is wonderful how few accidents happen : but it is very fatiguing, and one hundred miles of American travelling by stage, is equal to four hundred in England.

There is much amusement to be extracted from the drivers of these stages, if you will take your seat with them on the front, which few Americans do, as they prefer the inside. One of the drivers, soon after we had changed our team, called out to the off-leader, as he flanked her with his whip. "Go along, you *no-tongued* crittur !"

"Why *no-tongued*?" inquired I.

"Well, I reckon she has no tongue, having bitten it off herself, I was going to say—but it wasn't exactly that, neither."

"How was it, then?"

"Well now, the fact is, that she is awful ugly (ill-tempered); she bites like a badger, and kicks up as high as the church-steeple. She's an almighty crittur to handle. I was trying to hitch her under-jaw like, with the halter, but she worretted so, that I could only hitch her tongue: she ran back, the end of the halter was fast to the ring, and so she left her tongue in the hitch—that's a *fact*!"

"I wonder it did not kill her; didn't she bleed very much? How does she contrive to eat her corn?"

"Well, now, she bled pretty considerable—but not to speak off. I did keep her *one day* in the stable, because I thought she might feel *queer*; since that she has worked in the team every day; and she'll eat her peck of corn with any horse in the stable. But her tongue is out, that's certain—so *she'll tell no more lies*!"

Not the least doubting my friend's veracity I, nevertheless, took an opportunity, when we changed, of ascertaining the fact; and her tongue was *half* of it out, that *is* the fact.

When we stopped, we had to shift the luggage to another coach. The driver, who was a slight man, was, for some time, looking rather puzzled at the trunks which

lay on the road, and which he had to put on the coach : he tried to lift one of the largest, let it down again, and then beckoned to me :—

“ I say, captain, them four large trunks be rather over-much for me ; but I guess you can master them, so just lift them up on the hind board for me.”

I complied ; and as I had to lift them as high as my head, they required all my strength.

“ Thank ye, captain ; don't trouble yourself any more, the rest be all right, and I can manage them myself.”

The Americans never refuse to assist each other in such difficulties as this. In a young country they must assist each other, if they wish to be assisted themselves—and there always will be a mutual dependance. If a man is in a *fix* in America, every one stops to assist him, and expects the same for himself.

Bellows Falls, a beautiful, romantic spot on the Connecticut River, which separates the States of New Hampshire and Vermont. The masses of rocks through which the river forces its way at the Falls, are very grand and imposing ; and the surrounding hills, rich with the autumnal tints, rivet the eye. On these masses of rocks are many faces, cut out by the tribe of Pequod Indians, who formerly used to fish in their waters. Being informed that there was to be a militia muster, I resolved to attend it.

The militia service is not in good odour with the Americans just now. Formerly, when they did try to do as well as they could, the scene was absurd enough, but now they do all they can to make it ridiculous. In this muster there were three or four companies, well equipped ; but the major part of the men were what they call here *flood-wood*, that is of all sizes and heights—a term suggested by the pieces of wood borne down by the freshets of the river, and which are of all sorts, sizes, and lengths. But not only were the men of all sorts and sizes, but the uniforms also, some of which were the most extraordinary I ever beheld, and not unlike the calico dresses worn by the tumblers and vaulters at an English fair. As for the exercise, they either did not,

or would not, know any thing about it ; indeed, as they are now mustered but once a year, it cannot be expected that they should ; but as they faced every way, and made mistakes on purpose, it is evident, from their consistent pertinacity in being wrong, that they did know something. When they marched off single file, quick time, they were one half of them dancing in and out of the ranks to the lively tune which was played—the only instance I saw of their keeping time. But the most amusing part of the ceremony was the speech made by the brigade major, whose patience had certainly been tried, and who wishes to impress his countrymen with the importance of the militia. He ordered them to form a hollow square. They formed a circle, proving that if they could not square the circle, at all events they could circle the square, which is coming very near to it. The major found himself, on his white horse, in an arena about as large as that in which Mr. Ducrow performs at Astley's. He then commenced a sort of perambulating equestrian speech, riding round and round the circle, with his cocked hat in his hand. As the arena was large, and he constantly turned his head as he spoke to those nearest to him in the circle, it was only when he came to within a few yards of you that you could distinguish what he was saying, and of course the auditors at the other point were in the same predicament. However he divided his speech out in portions very equally, and those which came to my share were as follows :

“ Yes, gentlemen—the president, senate, and house of representatives, and all others . . . . you militia, the bones and muscle of the land, and by whom . . . . Eagle of America shall ruffle her wings, will ever dart . . . . those days so glorious, when our gallant forefathers . . . . terrible effect of the use of ardent spirits, and showing . . . . Temperance societies, the full benefits of which, I am . . . . Star-spangled banner, ever victorious, blazing like— . . . . ”

The last word I heard was *glory* ; but his audience being very impatient for their dinner, cried out loudly

for it—preferring it to the mouthful of eloquence which fell to their share, but did not stay their stomach. Altogether it was a scene of much fun and good-humour.

Stopped at the pretty village of Charlestown, celebrated for the defence it made during the French war. There is here, running by the river side, a turnpike road, which gave great offence to the American citizens of this State: they declared that to pay toll was *monarchical*, as they always assert every thing to be which taxes their pockets. So, one fine night, they assembled with a hawser and a team or two of horses, made the hawser fast to the house at the gate, dragged it down to the river, and sent it floating down the stream, with the gate and board of tolls in company with it.

Progressing in the stage, I had a very amusing specimen of the ruling passion of the country—the spirit of barter, which is communicated to the females, as well as to the boys. I will stop for a moment, however, to say, that I heard of an American, who had two sons, and he declared that they were so clever at barter, that he locked them both up together in a room, without a cent in their pockets, and that before they had *swopped* for an hour, they had each gained two dollars a piece. But now for my fellow-passengers—both young, both good-looking, and both ladies, and evidently were total strangers to each other. One had a pretty pink silk bonnet, very fine for travelling; the other, an indifferent plush one. The young lady in the plush, eyed the pink bonnet for some time: at last *Plush* observed in a drawling half-indifferent way:

“That’s rather a pretty bonnet of your’s, miss.”

“Why yes, I calculate it’s rather smart,” replied Pink.

After a pause and closer survey.—“You wouldn’t have any objection to part with it, miss?”

“Well now, I don’t know but I might; I have worn it but three days, I reckon.”

“Oh, my! I should have reckoned that you carried it longer—perhaps it rained on them three days.”



"I've a notion it didn't rain, not one.—It's not the only bonnet I have, miss."

"Well now, I should not mind an exchange, and paying you the *balance*."

"That's an awful thing that you have on, miss."

"I rather think not, but that's as may be.—Come, miss, what will you take?"

"Why I don't know,—what will you give?"

"I reckon you'll know best when you answer my question."

"Well then, I shouldn't like less than five dollars."

"Five dollars and my bonnet! I reckon two would be nearer the mark—but it's of no consequence."

"None in the least, miss, only I know the value of my bonnet.—We'll say no more about it."

"Just so, miss."

A pause and silence for half a minute, when Miss Plush looks out of the window, and says, as if talking to herself, "I shouldn't mind giving four dollars, but no more." She then fell back in her seat, when Miss Pink put her head out of the window, and said:—"I shouldn't refuse four dollars after all, if it was offered," and then she fell back to her former position.

"Did you think of taking four dollars, miss?"

"Well! I don't care, I've plenty of bonnets at home."

"Well," replied Plush, taking out her purse, and offering her the money.

"What bank is this, miss?"

"Oh, all's right there, Safety Fund, I calculate."

The two ladies exchange bonnets, and Pink pockets the balance.

I may here just as well mention the custom of *whittling*, which is so common in the Eastern States. It is a habit, arising from the natural restlessness of the American when he is not employed, of cutting a piece of stick, or any thing else, with his knife. Some are so wedded to it from long custom, that if they have not a piece of stick to cut, they will whittle the backs of the chairs, or any thing within their reach. A yankee

shown into a room to await the arrival of another, has been known to whittle away nearly the whole of the mantle-piece. Lawyers in court whittle away at the table before them; and judges will cut through their own bench. In some courts, they put sticks before noted whittlers to save the furniture. The Down-Easters, as the yankees are termed generally, whittle when they are making a bargain, as it fills up the pauses, gives them time for reflection, and moreover, prevents any examination of the countenance—for in bargaining, like in the game of brag, the countenance is carefully watched, as an index to the wishes. I was once witness to a bargain made between two respectable yankees, who wished to agree about a farm, and in which whittling was resorted to.

They sat down on a log of wood, about three or four feet apart from each other, with their faces turned opposite ways—that is, one had his legs on one side of the log with his face to the East, and the other his legs on the other side with his face to the West. One had a piece of soft wood, and was sawing it with his penknife; the other had an unbarked hickory stick which he was peeling for a walking-stick. The reader will perceive a strong analogy between this bargain and that in the stage between the two ladies.

“Well, good morning—and about this farm?”

“I don’t know; what will you take?”

“What will you give?”

Silence, and whittle away.

“Well, I should think two thousand dollars, a heap of money for this farm.”

“I’ve a notion it will never go for three thousand, any how.”

“There’s a fine farm, and cheaper, on the North side.”

“But where’s the sun to ripen the corn?”

“Sun shines on all alike.”

“Not exactly through a Vermont hill, I reckon. The driver offered me as much as I say, if I recollect right.”

"Money not always to be depended upon. Money not always forthcoming."

"I reckon, I shall make an elegant 'backy stopper of this piece of sycamore."

Silence for a few moments. Knives hard at work.

"I've a notion this is as pretty a hicory stick as ever came out of a wood."

"I shouldn't mind two thousand five hundred dollars, and time given."

"It couldn't be more than six months then, if it goes at that price."

(Pause.)

"Well, that might suit me."

"What do you say, then?"

"Suppose it must be so."

"It's a bargain then (*rising up*), come let's liquor on it."

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE farmers on the banks of the Connecticut river are the richest in the Eastern States. The majestic growth of the timber certified that the soil is generally good, although the crops were off the ground. They grow here a large quantity of what is called the broom corn: the stalk and leaves are similar to the maize or Indian corn, but, instead of the ear, it throws out, at top and on the sides, spiky plumes on which seed is carried. These plumes are cut off, and furnish the brooms and whisks of the country; it is said to be a very profitable crop. At Brattleboro' we stopped at an inn kept by one of the State representatives, and, as may be supposed, had very bad fare in consequence, the man being above his business. We changed horses at Bloody Brook, so termed in consequence of a massacre of the settlers by the Indians. But there are twenty Bloody Brooks in America, all records of similar catastrophes.

Whether the Blue laws of Connecticut are supposed to be still in force I know not, but I could not discover that they had ever been repealed. At present there is no theatre in Connecticut, nor does anybody venture to propose one. The proprietors of one of the equestrian studs made their appearance at the confines of the State, and intimated that they wished to perform, but were given to understand that their horses would be confiscated if they entered the State. The consequence is that Connecticut is the dullest, most disagreeable State in the Union; and, if I am to believe the Americans themselves, so far from the morals of the community being kept uncontaminated by this rigor, the very reverse is the case—especially as respects the college students,

who are in the secret practice of more vice than is to be found in any other establishment of the kind in the Union. But even if I had not been so informed by creditable people, I should have decided in my own mind that such was the case. Human nature is everywhere the same.

It may be interesting to make a few extracts from a copy of the records and of the Blue laws which I have in my possession, as it will show that if these laws were still in force how hard they would now bear upon the American community. In the extracts from the records which follow I have altered a word or two, so as to render them fitter for perusal, but the sense remains the same:—

“(13.) If any childe or children above sixteen years old, and of sufficient understanding, shall curse or smite their naturall father or mother, hee or they shall bee *put to death*; unless it can be sufficiently testified that the parents have been very unchristianly negligent in the education of such children, or so provoked them by extreme and cruell correction that they have been forced thereunto to preserve themselves from death, maiming.—Exo., xxi., 17. Levit., xx. Ex., xxi., 15.

“(14.) If any man have a stubborne and rebellious sonne of sufficient yeares and understanding, viz., sixteene yeares of age, which will not obey the voice of his father or the voice of his mother, and that when they have chastened him will not hearken unto them, then may his father and mother, being his naturall parents, lay hold on him, and bring him to the magistrates assembled in courte, and testifie unto them that their sonne is stubborne and rebellious, and will not obey their voice and chastisement, but lives in sundry notorious crimes—such a sonne shall bee *put to death*.—Deut., xxi, 20, 21.

“(Lyinge.) That every person of the age of discretion, which is accounted fourteene yeares, who shall wittingly and willingly make, or publish, any lye which may be pernicious to the publique weal, or tending to the damage or injury of any perticular person, to

deceive and abuse the people with false news or reportes, and the same duly proved in any courte, or before any one magistrate, who hath hereby power granted to heare and determine all offences against this lawe, such person shall bee fyned—for the first offence, ten shillings, or if the party bee unable to pay the same, then to be sett in the stocks so long as the said courte or magistrate shall appointe, in some open place, not exceeding three houres; for the second offence in that kinde, whereof any shall bee legally convicted, the summe of twenty shillings, or be whipped upon the naked body, not exceeding twenty stripes; and for the third offence that way, forty shillings, or if the party be unable to pay, then to be whipped with more stripes, not exceeding thirtye; and if yet any shall offend in like kinde, and be legally convicted thereof, such person, male or female, shall bee fyned ten shillings at a time more than formerly, or if the party so offending bee unable to pay, then to be whipped with five or six stripes more than formerly, not exceeding forty at any time.

“(Ministers’ meintenance.)—Whereas the most considerable persons in the land came into these partes of America, that they might enjoye Christe in his ordinances without disturbance; and whereas, amongst many other pretious meanes, the ordinances have beene, and are, dispensed amongst us, with much purity and power, they tooke it into their serious consideration, that a due meintenance, according to God, might bee provided and settled, both for the present and future, for the encouragement of the ministers’ work therein; and doe order, that those who are taught in the word, in the severall plantations, bee called together, that every man voluntarily sett downe what he is willing to allow to that end and use; and if any man refuse to pay a meete proportion, that then hee bee rated by authority in some just and equal way; and if after this, any man withhold or delay due payment, the civill power to be exercised as in other just debts.

“(Profane Swearing.)—That if any person within this jurisdiction shall sweare rashly and vainely, either

by the holy name of God, or any other oath, and shall sinfully and wickedly curse any, hee shall forfeit to the common treasure, for every such severe offence, ten shillings; and it shall be in the power of any magistrate, by warrant to the constable, to call such persons before him, and uppon just prooffe to pass a sentence, and levye the said penalty, according to the usual order of justice; and if such persons bee not able, or shall utterly refuse to pay the aforesaid fyne, hee shall be committed to the stocks, there to continue, not exceeding three hours, and not less than one houre.

“(Tobacko.)—That no person under the age of twenty-one years, nor any other that hath not already accustomed himself to the use thereof, shall take any tobacko, until hee hath brought a certificate under the hands of some who are approved for knowledge and skill in phisick, that it is usefull for him, and allso that he hath received a lycense from the courte, for the same.

“*It is ordered*—That no man within this colonye, shall take any tobacko publiquely, in the streett, high-wayses or any barne, yardes, or uppon training dayes, in any open places, under the penalty of sixpence for each offence against this order,” &c. &c.

Among the records we have some curious specimens:—

“At a Court, held May 1, 1660,

“Jacob M. Murline and Sarah Tuttle being called, appeared, concerning whom the governor declared, that the business for which they were warned to this Court, he had heard in private at his house, which he related thus:—On the day that John Potter was married, Sarah Tuttle went to Mistress Murline’s house for some thredd; Mistress Murline bid her go to her daughters in the other roome, where she felle into speeche of John Potter and his wife, that they were both lame; upon which Sarah Tuttle said, how very awkward it would be. Whereupon Jacob came in, and tooke up, or tooke away her gloves. Sarah desired him to give her the gloves, to which he answered, he would do so if she would give

him a kysse ; upon which they sat down together, his arme being about her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder, or about his neck, and *he* kissed her, and *she* kissed him, or they kissed one another, continuing in this posture about half an hour, as Marian and Susan testified, which Marian, now in Court affirmed to be so.

“ Mistress Murline, now in Court, said that she heard Sarah say, how very awkward it would be ; but it was matter of sorrow and shame unto her.

“ Jacob was asked what he had to say to these things ; to which he answered, that he was in the other roome, and when he heard Sarah speak those words, he went in, when shee having let fall her gloves, he tooke them up, and she asked him for them ; he told her he would, if she would kisse him. Further said, hee took her by the hand, and they both sat down upon a chest, but whether his arme were about her waiste, and her arm upon his shoulder, or about his neck, he knows not, for he never thought of it since, till Mr. Raymond told him of it at Mannatos, for which he was blamed, and told he had not layde it to heart as he ought. But Sarah Tuttle replied, shee did not kysee him. Mr. Tuttle replied, that Marian hath denied it, and he doth not looke upon her as a competent witness. Thomas Tuttle said, that he asked Marian if his sister kyssed Jacob, and she said not. Moses Mansfield testified, that he told Jacob Murline that he heard Sarah kyssed him, but he denied it. But Jacob graunted not what Moses testified.

“ Mr. Tuttle pleaded that Jacob had endeavoured to steal away his daughter’s affections. But Sarah being asked, if Jacob had inveigled her, she said no. Thomas Tuttle said, that he came to their house two or three times before he went to Holland, and they two were together, and to what end he came he knows not, unless it were to inveigle her : and their mother warned Sarah not to keep company with him : and to the same purpose spake Jonathan Tuttle. But Jacob denied that he came to their house with any such intendment, nor did it appear so to the Court.



“The governor told Sarah that her miscarriage is the greatest, that a virgin should be so bold in the presence of others, to carry it as she had done, and to speake suche corrupt words ; most of the things charged against her being acknowledged by herself, though that about kyssing is denied, yet the *thing* is proved.

“Sarah professed that she was sorry that she had carried it so sinfully and foolishly, which she saw to be hateful : she hoped God would help her to carry it better for time to come.

“The governor also told Jacob that his carriage hath been very evil and sinful, so to carry it towards her, and to make such a light matter of it as not to think of it, (as he exprest) doth greatly aggravate ; and for Marian, who was a married woman, to suffer her brother and a man’s daughter to sit almost half an hour in such a way as they have related, was a very great evil. She was told that she should have showed her indignation against it, and have told her mother, that Sarah might have been shut out of doors. Mrs. Murline was told, that she, hearing such words, should not have suffered it. Mr. Tuttle and Mrs. Merline being asked if they had any more to say, they said, no.

“Whereupon the Court declared, that we have heard in the publike ministry, that it is a thing to be lamented, that young people should have their meetings, to the corrupting of themselves and one another. As for Sarah Tuttle, her miscarriages are very great, that she should utter so corrupt a speeche as she did, concerning the persons to be married ; and that she should carry it in such a wanton, uncivil, immodest, and lacivious manner as hath been proved. And for Jacob, his carriage hath been very corrupt and sinful, such as brings reproach upon the family and place.

“The sentence, therefore, concerning them is, that they shall pay either of them as a fine, twenty shillings to the treasurer.”

“Isaiah, Captain Turner’s man, fined 5*l.*, for being drunk on the Lord’s-day.

“William Broomfield, Mr. Malbon’s man, was set in the stocks, for profaning the Lord’s-day, and stealing wine from his master, which he drunk and gave to others.

“John Fenner, accused for being drunke with strong waters, was acquitted, it appearing to be of infirmity, and occasioned by the extremity of the cold.

“Mr. Moulend, accused of being drunke, but not clearly proved, was respited.”

Here comes a very disorderly reprobate, called Will Harding.

“1st of 1st MONTH, 1643.

“John Lawrence and Valentine, servants to Mr. Malbon, for imbezilling their master’s goods, and keeping disorderly night meetings with Will Harding, a lewd and disorderly person, plotting with him to carry their master’s daughters to the farmes in the night, concealing divers dalliances; all which they confessed, and were whipped.

“Ruth Acie, a covenant-servant to Mr. Malbon, for stubornes, lyeing, stealing from her mistress, and yielding to dalliance with Will Harding, was *whipped*.

“Martha Malbon, for consenting to goe in the night to the farmes, with Will Harding, to a venison feast; for stealing things from her parents, and dalliance with the said Harding, was *whipped*.

“Goodman Hunt and his wife, for keeping the councells of the said Will Harding, *bakeing him a pastry and plum cakes*, and keeping company with him on the Lord’s-day; and she suffering Harding to kisse her, they being only admitted to sojourn in this plantation upon their good behaviour, was ordered to be sent out of this towne within one month after the date thereof.”

Will Harding, however, appears to have met with his deserts.

“ Dec. 3rd, 1651.

“ Will Harding, being convicted of a great deal of base carriage with divers yonge girls, together with enticing and corrupting divers men-servants in this plantation, haunting with them at night meetings and junketings, &c., was sentenced to be *severely* whipped, and fined 5*l.* to Mr. Malbon, and 5*l.* to Will Andrews, whose famylyes and daughters he hath so much wronged ; and presently to depart the plantation.”

Thus winds up the *disgraceful* end of our Colonial Don Juan of 1643.

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The articles of the Blue laws, which I have extracted, are from a portion which appears to have been drawn up more in detail ; but, generally, they are much more pithy and concise, as the following examples will show —

“ No. 13. No food and lodgings shall be allowed a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic.

“ No. 14. If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return, on pain of death.”

I was walking in Philadelphia, when I perceived the name of Buffum, Hatter. Wishing to ascertain whether it was an English name or not, I went in, and entered into conversation with Mr. Buffum, who was dressed as what is termed a wet Quaker. He told me that his was an English name, and that his ancestor had been banished from Salem for a heinous crime—which was, as the sentence worded it, for being a dam-ned Quaker. The reason why Quakers were banished by the Puritans was because they would not go out to *shoot the Indians !*  
To continue :—

“ No. 17. No one shall *run* of a Sabbath-day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from church.

“ No 18. No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on Sabbath-day.

“No. 19. No husband shall kiss his wife, and no mother shall kiss her child upon the Sabbath-day.

“No. 31. No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or saints'-day, make mince-pies, dance, or play on any instrument of music, except the drum, the trumpet, and the jews-harp.”

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I do not know any thing that disgusts me so much as *cant*. Even now we continually hear, in the American public orations, about the *stern virtues* of the pilgrim fathers. *Stern*, indeed! The fact is, that these pilgrim fathers were fanatics and bigots, without charity or mercy, wanting in the very *essence* of Christianity. Witness their conduct to the Indians when they thirsted for their territory. After the death (murder we may well call it) of Alexander, the brother of the celebrated Philip, the latter prepared for war. “And now,” says a reverend historian of the times, “war was begun by a fierce nation of Indians upon an *honest, harmless* Christian generation of English, who might very truly have said to the aggressors, as it was said of old unto the Ammonites, ‘I have not sinned against thee; but thou doest me wrong to war against me.’” Fanaticism alone—deep, incurable fanaticism—could have induced such a remark. Well may it be said, “We deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.”

And when the war was brought to a close by the death of the noble-minded, high-spirited Philip; when the *Christians* had slaked their revenge in his blood, exposed his head in triumph on a pike, and captured his helpless innocent child of nine years old; would it be credited, that there was council held to put this child to death, and that the clergy were summoned to give their opinion? And the clergy *quoted Scripture*, that the *child must die!* Dr. Increase Mather compared it with the

child of Hadid, and recommended, with his brother apostles, that it be murdered. But these pious men were overruled; and, with many others, it was sent to the Bermudas, and sold as a slave. *Stern virtues!!* Call them rather diabolical vices. God of Heaven! when shall we learn to call things by their right names? The next time Governor Everett is called up for an oration at Bloody Brook, let him not talk quite so much of the virtues of the pilgrim fathers.

This reminds me of a *duty* towards this gentleman, which I have great pleasure in performing. Every one who is acquainted with him must acknowledge his amiable manners, and high classical attainments and power of eloquence. His orations and speeches are printed, and are among the best specimens of American talent. Miss Martineau, in her work upon America, states that she went up to hear the orator at Bloody Brook; and, in two pages of very coarse, unmeasured language, states "that all her *sympathies* were baffled, and that she was deeply disgusted;" that the orator "offered them shreds of tawdry sentiment, without the intermixture of one sound thought or simple and natural feeling, simply and naturally expressed." I have the Address of Governor Everett before me. To insert the whole of it would be inconvenient; but I do most unequivocally deny this, as I must, I am afraid, too many of Miss Martineau's assertions. To prove, in this one instance alone, the very contrary to what she states, I will merely quote the peroration of Governor Everett's Address.—

"Yon simple monument shall rise a renewed memorial of their names on this sacred spot, where the young, the brave, the patriotic, poured out their life-blood in defence of that heritage which has descended to us. We this day solemnly bring our tribute of gratitude. Ages shall pass away; the majestic tree which overshadows us shall wither and sink before the blast, and we who are now gathered beneath it shall mingle with the honoured dust we eulogise; but the 'Flowers of Essex' shall bloom in undying remembrance; and, with

every century, these rites of commemoration shall be repeated, as the lapse of time shall continually develope, in rich abundance, the fruits of what was done and suffered by our forefathers!"

I can, however, give the reader a key to Miss Martineau's praise or condemnation of every person mentioned in her two works: you have but to ask the question, "Is he, or is he not, an abolitionist?"

Governor Everett is *not*.

## CHAPTER XX.

MONTREAL, next to Quebec, is the oldest looking and most aristocratic city in all North America. Lofty houses, with narrow streets, prove antiquity. After Quebec and Montreal, New Orleans is said to take the next rank, all three of them having been built by the French. It is pleasant to look upon any structure in this new hemisphere which bears the mark of time upon it. The ruins of Fort Putnam are one of the curiosities of America.

Montreal is all alive—mustering here, drilling there, galloping every where; and, moreover, Montreal is knee-deep in snow, and the thermometer below Zero. Every hour brings fresh intelligence of the movements of the rebels or patriots—the last term is doubtful yet it may be correct. When they first opened the theatre at Botany Bay, Barrington spoke the prologue, which ended with these two lines:—

“True *Patriots* we, for be it understood,  
We left our country for our country’s good.”

In this view of the case, some of them, it is hoped, will turn out patriots before they die, if they have not been made so already.

Every hour comes in some poor wretch, who for refusing to join the insurgents, has been made a beggar; his cattle, sheep and pigs driven away; his fodder, his barns, his house, all that he possessed, now reduced to ashes. The cold-blooded, heartless murder of Lieutenant Weir has, however sufficiently raised the choler of the troops, without any further enormities on the part of the

insurgents being requisite to that end ; when an English soldier swears to show no mercy, he generally keeps his word. Of all wars, a civil war is the most cruel, the most unrelenting, and the most exterminating ; and deep indeed must be the responsibility of those, who, by their words or their actions, have contrived to set countryman against countryman, neighbour against neighbour, and very often brother against brother, and father against child.

On the morning of the — the ice on the branch of the Ottawa river, which we had to cross, being considered sufficiently strong to bear the weight of the artillery, the whole force marched out, under the command of Sir John Colborne in person, to reduce the insurgents, who had fortified themselves at St. Eustache and St. Benoit, two towns of some magnitude in the district of Bois Brulé. The snow, as I before observed, lay very deep ; but by the time we started, the road had been well beaten down by the multitudes which had preceded us.

The effect of the whole line of troops, in their fur caps and great coats, with the trains of artillery, ammunition, and baggage-wagons, as they wound along the snow-white road, was very beautiful. It is astonishing how much more numerous the force, and how much larger the men and horses appeared to be, from the strong contrast of their colours with the wide expanse of snow.

As we passed one of the branches of the Ottawa, one of the ammunition-wagons falling through the ice, the horses were immediately all but choaked by the drivers—a precaution which was novel to me, and a singular method of saving their lives ; but such was the case ; the air within them, rarified by heat, inflated their bodies like balloons, and they floated high on the water. In this state they were easily disengaged from their traces, and hauled out upon the ice ; the cords which had nearly strangled them were then removed, and, in a few minutes they recovered sufficiently to be led to the shore.



Let it not be supposed that I am about to write a regular despatch. I went out with the troops, but was of about as much use as the fifth wheel of a coach; with the exception, that as I rode one of Sir John Colborne's horses, I was, perhaps, so far supplying the place of a groom who was better employed.

The town of St. Eustache is very prettily situated on the high banks of the river, the most remarkable object being the Catholic church, a very large massive building, raised about two hundred yards from the river side, upon a commanding situation. This church the insurgents had turned into a fortress, and perhaps, for a fortress "*d'occasion*," there never was one so well calculated for a vigorous defence, it being flanked by two long stone-built houses, and protected in the rear by several lines of high and strong palisades, running down into the river. The troops halted about three hundred yards from the town, to reconnoitre; the artillery were drawn up and opened their fire, but chiefly with a view that the enemy, by returning the fire, might demonstrate their force and position. These being ascertained, orders were given by Sir John Colborne, so that in a short time the whole town would be invested by the troops. The insurgents perceiving this, many of them escaped, some through the town, others by the frozen river. Those who crossed on the ice were chased by the volunteer dragoons, and the slipping and tumbling of the pursued and the pursuers, afforded as much merriment as interest; so true it is, that anything ludicrous will make one laugh, in opposition to the feelings of sympathy, anxiety, and fear. Some of the runaways were cut down, and many more taken prisoners.

As soon as that portion of the troops which had entered the town, and marched up the main street towards the church, arrived within half-musket shot, they were received with a smart volley, which was fired from the large windows of the church, and which wounded a few of the men. The soldiers were then ordered to make their approaches under cover of the houses; and the artillery being brought up, commenced firing upon the

church; but the walls of the building were much too solid for the shot to make any impression, and had the insurgents stood firm they certainly might have given a great deal of trouble, and probably have occasioned a severe loss of men; but they became alarmed, and fired one of the houses which abutted upon and flanked the church,—this they did with the view of escaping under cover of the smoke. In a few minutes the church itself was obscured by the volumes of smoke thrown out; and at the same time that the insurgents were escaping, the troops marched up and surrounded the church. The poor wretches attempted to get away, either singly or by twos and threes; but the moment they appeared a volley was discharged, and they fell. Every attempt was made by the officers to make prisoners, but with indifferent success; indeed, such was the exasperation of the troops at the murder of Lieut. Weir, that it was a service of danger to attempt to save the life of one of these poor deluded creatures. The fire from the house soon communicated to the church. Chenier, the leader, with ten others, the remnant of the insurgents who were in the church, rushed out; there was one tremendous volley, and all was over.

By this time many other parts of the town were on fire, and there was every prospect of the whole of it being burnt down, leaving no quarters for the soldiers to protect them during the night. The attention of everybody was therefore turned to prevent the progress of the flames. Some houses were pulled down, so as to cut off the communication with the houses in the centre of the town, and in these houses the troops were billeted off. The insurgents had removed their families, and most of their valuables and furniture, before our arrival; but in one house were the commissariat stores, consisting of the carcasses of all the cattle, sheep, pigs, &c. which they had taken from the loyal farmers; there was a very large supply, and the soldiers were soon cooking in all directions. The roll was called, men mustered, and order established.

The night was bitterly cold: the sky was clear, and

the moon near to her full : houses were still burning in every direction, but they were as mere satellites to the lofty church, which was now one blaze of fire, and throwing out volumes of smoke, which passed over the face of the bright moon, and gave to her a lurid reddish tinge, as if she too had assisted in these deeds of blood. The distant fires scattered over the whole landscape, which was one snow-wreath ; the whirling of the smoke from the houses which were burning close to us, and which, from the melting of the snow, were surrounded by pools of water, reflecting the fierce yellow flames, mingled with the pale beams of the bright moon—this, altogether, presented a beautiful, novel, yet melancholy panorama. I thought it might represent, in miniature, the burning of Moscow.

About midnight, when all was quiet, I walked up to the church, in company with one of Sir John Colborne's aid-de-camps : the roof had fallen, and the flames had subsided for the want of further aliment. As we passed by a house which had just taken fire we heard a cry, and, on going up, found a poor wounded Canadian, utterly incapable of moving, whom the flames had just reached ; in a few minutes he would have been burned alive : we dragged him out, and gave him in charge of the soldiers, who carried him to the hospital.

But what was this compared to the scene which presented itself in the church ! But a few weeks back, crowds were there, kneeling in adoration and prayer ; I could fancy the Catholic priests in their splendid stoles, the altar, its candlesticks and ornaments, the solemn music, the incense, and all that, by appealing to the senses, is so favourable to the cause of religion with the ignorant and uneducated ; and what did I now behold?—nothing but the bare and blackened walls, the glowing beams and rafters, and the window-frames which the flames still licked and flickered through. The floor had been burnt to cinders, and upon and between the sleepers on which the floor had been laid, were scattered the remains of human creatures, injured in various degrees, or destroyed by the fire ; some with

merely the clothes burnt off, leaving the naked body ; some burnt to a deep brown tinge ; others so far consumed that the viscera were exposed ; while here and there the blackened ribs and vertebra were all that the fierce flames had spared.

Not only inside of the church, but without its walls, was the same revolting spectacle. In the remains of the small building used as a receptacle for the coffins previous to interment, were several bodies, heaped one upon another, and still burning, the tressels which had once supported the coffins serving as fuel ; and further off were bodies still unscathed by fire, but frozen hard by the severity of the weather.

I could not help thinking, as I stood contemplating this melancholy scene of destruction, bloodshed, and sacrilege, that if Mr. Hume or Mr. Roebuck had been by my side, they might have repented their inflammatory and liberal opinions, as here they beheld the frightful effects of them.

## CHAPTER XXI.

CROSSING the river St. Lawrence at this season of the year is not very pleasant, as you must force your passage through the large masses of ice, and are occasionally fixed among them; so that you are swept down the current along with them. Such was our case for about a quarter of an hour, and, in consequence, we landed about three miles lower down than we had intended. The next day the navigation of the river, such as it was, was stopped, and in eight and forty hours heavy wagons and carts were passing over where we had floated across.

My course lay through what were termed the *excited* districts; I had promised to pass through them, and supply the folks at Montreal with any information I could collect. The weather was bitterly cold, and all communication was carried on by sleighs, a very pleasant mode of travelling when the roads are smooth, but rather fatiguing when they are uneven, as the sleigh then jumps from hill to hill, like an oyster-shell thrown by a boy to skim the surface of the water. To defend myself from the cold, I had put on, over my over coat, and under my cloak, a wadded black silk dressing-gown; I thought nothing of it at the time, but I afterwards discovered that I was supposed to be one of the rebel priests escaping from justice.

Although still in the English dominions, I had not

been over on the opposite side more than a quarter of an hour before I perceived that it would be just as well to hold my tongue ; and my adherence to this resolution, together with my supposed canonicals, were the cause of not a word being addressed to me by my fellow-travellers. They presumed that I spoke French only, which they did not, and I listened in silence to all that passed.

It is strange how easily the American people are excited, and when excited, they will hesitate at nothing. The coach (for it was the stage-coach although represented by an open sleigh), stopped at every town, large or small, every body eager to tell and to receive the news. I always got out to warm myself at the stove in the bar, and heard all the remarks made upon what I do really believe were the most absurd and extravagant lies ever circulated—lies which the very people who uttered them knew to be such, but which produced the momentary effect intended. They were even put into the newspapers, and circulated every where ; and when the truth was discovered, they still remained uncontradicted, except by a general remark that such was the Tory version of the matter, and of course was false. The majority of those who travelled with me were Americans who had crossed the St. Lawrence in the same boat, and who must, therefore, have known well the whole circumstances attending the expedition against St. Eustache ; but, to my surprise, at every place where we stopped they declared that there had been a battle between the insurgents and the King's troops, in which the insurgents had been victorious ; that Sir John Colborne had been compelled to retreat to Montreal ; that they had themselves seen the troops come back (which was true,) and that Montreal was barricaded (which was also true) to prevent the insurgents from marching in. I never said one word ; I listened to the exultations—to the declarations of some that they should go and join the patriots, &c. One man amused me by saying—"I've a great mind to go, but what I want is a good general to take the com-

mand ; I want a Julius Cæsar, or a Bonaparte, or a Washington,—then I'll go."

I stopped for some hours at St. Albân's. I was recommended to go to an inn, the landlord of which was said not to be of the democratic party, for the other two inns were the resort of the Sympathisers, and in these, consequently, scenes of great excitement took place. The landlord put into my hand a newspaper, published that day, containing a series of resolutions, founded upon such falsehoods that I thought it might be advantageous to refute them. I asked the landlord whether I could see the editor of the paper ; he replied that the party lived next door ; and I requested that he would send for him, telling him that I could give him information relative to the affair of St. Eustache.

I had been shewn into a large sitting-room on the ground-floor, which I presumed was a private room, when the editor of the newspaper, attracted by the message I had sent him, came in. I then pointed to the resolutions passed at the meeting, and asked him whether he would allow me to answer them in his paper. His reply was, "Certainly ; that his paper was open to all."

"Well, then, call in an hour, and I will by that time prove to you that they can only be excused or accounted for by the parties who framed them being totally ignorant of the whole affair."

He went away, but did not return at the time requested. It was not until late in the evening that he came ; and, avoiding the question of the resolutions, begged that I would give him the information relative to St. Eustache. As I presumed that, like most other editors in the United States, he dared not put in anything which would displease his subscribers, I said no more on that subject, but commenced dictating to him, while he wrote the particulars attending the St. Eustache affair. I was standing by the stove, giving the editor this information, when the door of the room opened, and in walked seven or eight people, who, without speaking, took chairs ; in a minute, another party of about the same number was ushered into the room by the landlord, who, I thought,

gave me a significant look. I felt surprised at what I thought an intrusion, as I had considered my room to be private ; however, I appeared to take no notice of it, and continued dictating to the editor. The door opened again and again, and more chairs were brought in for the accommodation of the parties who entered, until at last the room was so full that I had but just room to walk round the stove. Not a person said a word ; they listened to what I was dictating to the editor, and I observed that they all looked rather fierce ; but whether this was a public meeting, or what was to be the end of it, I had no idea. At last, when I had finished, the editor took up his papers and left the room, in which I suppose there might have been from one hundred to a hundred and fifty persons assembled. As soon as the door closed, one of them struck his thick stick on the floor (they most of them had sticks), and gave a loud " Hem !"

" I believe, sir, that you are Captain M——."

" Yes," replied I, " that is my name."

" We are informed, sir, by the gentleman who has just gone out, that you have asserted that our resolutions of yesterday could only be excused or accounted for from our total ignorance." Here he struck his stick again upon the floor, and paused.

" Oh !" thinks I to myself, " the editor has informed against me !"

" Now, sir," continued the spokesman, " we are come to be enlightened ; we wish you to prove to us that we are totally ignorant ; you will oblige us by an explanation of your assertion."

He was again silent. (Thinks I to myself, I'm in for it now, and if I get away without a broken head, or something worse, I am fortunate ; however, here goes.) Whereupon, without troubling the reader with what I did say, I will only observe, that I thought the best plan was to gain time by going back as far as I could. I therefore commenced my oration at the period when the Canadas were surrendered to the English ; remarking upon the system which had been acted upon by our go-



vernment from that time up to the present; proving, as well as I could, that the Canadians had nothing to complain of, and that if England had treated her other American colonies as well, there never would have been a declaration of independence, &c. &c. Having spoken for about an hour, and observing a little impatience on the part of some of my company, I stopped. Upon which, one rose and said, that there were several points not fully explained, referring to them one after another, whereupon "the honourable member rose to explain,"—and was again silent. Another then spoke, requesting information as to points not referred to by me. I replied, and fortunately had an opportunity of paying the Americans a just compliment; in gratitude for which their features relaxed considerably. Perceiving this, I ventured to introduce a story or two, which made them laugh. After this, the day was my own; for I consider the Americans, when not excited (which they too often are), as a very good-tempered people; at all events, they won't break your head for making them laugh; at least, such I found was the case. We now entered freely into conversation; some went away, others remained, and the affair ended by many of them shaking hands with me, and our taking a drink at the bar.

I must say, that the first appearances of this meeting were not at all pleasant; but I was rightly served for my own want of caution, in so publicly stating, that the free and enlightened citizens of St. Albans were very ignorant, and for opposing public opinion at a time when the greatest excitement prevailed. I have mentioned this circumstance, as it throws a great deal of light upon the character of the Yankee or American of the Eastern States. They would not suffer opposition to the majority to pass unnoticed (who, in England, would have cared what a stranger may have expressed as his opinion); but, at the same time, they gave me a patient hearing, to know whether I could show cause for what I said. Had I refused this, I might have been very roughly handled; but as I defended my observations, although they were not complimentary to them, they gave me fair

play. They were evidently much excited when they came into the room, but they gradually cooled down until convinced of the truth of my assertions; and then all animosity was over. The landlord said to me afterwards, "I reckon you got of that uncommon well, captain." I perfectly agreed with him, and made a resolution to hold my tongue until I arrived at New York.

The next day, as I was proceeding on my journey, I fell in with General Brown, celebrated for running away so fast at the commencement of the fight at St. Charles. He had a very fine pair of mustachios. We both warmed our toes at the same stove in solemn silence.

Sunday, at Burlington.—The young ladies are dressing up the church with festoons and garlands of evergreens for the celebration of Christmas, and have pressed me into the service. Last Sunday I was meditating over the blackened walls of the church at St. Eustache, and the roasted corses lying within its precincts; now I am in another church, weaving laurel and cypress, in company with some of the prettiest creatures in creation. As the copy-book says, *variety is charming!*

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## CHAPTER XXII.

PHILADELPHIA is certainly, in appearance, the most wealthy and imposing city in the Union. It is well built, and ornamented with magnificent public edifices of white marble; indeed there is a great show of this

material throughout the whole of the town, all the flights of steps to the doors, door-lintels, and window-sills, being very generally composed of this material. The exterior of the houses, as well as the side pavement, are kept remarkably clean ; and there is no intermixture of commerce, as there is at New York, the bustle of business being confined to the Quays, and one or two streets adjoining the river side.

The first idea which strikes you when you arrive at Philadelphia, is that it is Sunday : every thing is so quiet, and there are so few people stirring ; but by the time that you have paraded half a dozen streets, you come to a conclusion that it must be Saturday, as that day is, generally speaking, a washing-day. Philadelphia is so admirably supplied with water from the Schuylkill water-works, that every house has it laid on from the attic to the basement ; and all day long they wash windows, door, marble steps, and pavements in front of the houses. Indeed, they have so much water, that they can afford to be very liberal to passers-by. One minute you have a shower-bath from a negress, who is throwing water at the windows on the first floor ; and the next you have to hop over a stream across the pavement, occasioned by some black fellow, who, rather than go for a broom to sweep away any small portion of dust collected before his master's door, brings out the leather hose, attached to the hydrants, as they term them here, and fizzes away with it till the stream has forced the dust into the gutter.

Of course, fire has no chance in this city. Indeed, the two elements appear to have arranged that matter between them ; fire has the ascendant in New York, while water reigns in Philadelphia. If a fire does break out here, the housekeepers have not the fear of being *burnt* to death before them ; for the water is poured on in such torrents, that the furniture is washed out of the windows, and all that they have to look out for, is to escape from being drowned.

The public institutions, such as libraries, museums,

and the private cabinets of Philadelphia, are certainly very superior to those of any other city or town in America, Boston not excepted. Every thing that is undertaken in this city is well done; no expense is spared, although they are not so rapid in their movements as at New York: indeed the affluence and ease pervading the place, with the general cultivation which invariably attend them, are evident to a stranger.

Philadelphia has claimed for herself the title of the most aristocratic city in the Union. If she refers to the aristocracy of wealth, I think she is justified; but if she would say the aristocracy of family, which is much more thought of by the few who can claim it, she must be content to divide that with Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, and the other cities which can date as far back as herself. One thing is certain, that in no city is there so much fuss about lineage and descent; in no city are there so many cliques and sets in society, who keep apart from each other: and it is very often difficult to ascertain the grounds of their distinctions. One family will live at No. 1, and another at No. 2, in the same street, both have similar establishments, both keep their carriages, both be well educated, and both may talk of their grandfathers and grandmothers; and yet No. 1 will tell you that No. 2 is nobody, and you must not visit there; and when you enquire why? there is no other answer, but that they are not of the right sort. As long as a portion are rich and a portion are poor, there is a line of demarcation easy to be drawn, even in a democracy; but in Philadelphia, where there are so many in affluent circumstances, that line has been effaced, and they now seek an imaginary one, like the equinoctial, which none can be permitted to pass without going through the ceremonies of perfect ablution. This social contest, as may be supposed, is carried on among those who have no real pretensions; but there are many old and well-connected families in Philadelphia, whose claims are universally, although perhaps unwillingly, acknowledged.

I doubt if the claims of Boston to be the most scientific city in the Union, can be now established. I met a greater number of scientific men in Philadelphia than I did in Boston; and certainly the public and private collections in the former city are much superior. The collection of shells and minerals belonging to Mr. Lea, who is well known as an author and a naturalist, is certainly the most interesting I saw in the States, and I passed two days in examining it; it must have cost him much trouble and research.

The Girard College, when finished, will be a most splendid building. It is, however, as they have now planned it, incorrect, according to the rules of architecture, in the number of columns on the sides in proportion to those in front. This is a great pity; perhaps the plan will be re-considered, as there is plenty of time to correct it, as well as money to defray the extra expense.

The water-works at Schuylkill are well worth a visit, not only for their beauty, but their simplicity. The whole of the river Schuylkill is dammed up, and forms a huge water-power, which forces up the supply of water for the use of the city. As I presume that river has a god as well as others, I can imagine his indignation, not only at his waters being diverted from his channel, but at being himself obliged to do all the work for the benefit of his tyrannical masters.

I have said that the museums of Philadelphia are far superior to most in the States; but I may just as well here observe, that, as in many other things, a great improvement is necessary before they are such as they ought to be. There is not only in these museums, but in all that I have ever entered in the United States, a want of taste and discrimination, of that correct feeling which characterises the real lovers of science, and knowledge of what is worthy of being collected. They are such collections as would be made by school-boys and school-girls, not those of erudite professors and scientific men. Side by side with the most interesting and valuable specimens, such as the fossil mammoth, &c., you

have the greatest puerilities and absurdities in the world—such as a cherry-stone formed into a basket, a fragment of the boiler of the Moselle steamer, and Heaven knows what besides. Then you invariably have a large collection of daubs, called portraits of eminent personages, one-half of whom a stranger never heard of—but that is national vanity; and lastly, I do not recollect to have seen a museum that had not a considerable portion of its space occupied by most execrable wax-work, in which the sleeping beauty (a sad misnomer) generally figures very conspicuously. In some, they have models of celebrated criminals in the act of committing a murder, with the very hatchet or the very knife: or such trophies as the bonnet worn by Mrs. — when she was killed by her husband; or the shirt, with the blood of his wife on it, worn by Jack Sprat, or whoever he might be, when he committed the bloody deed. The most favourite subject, after the sleeping beauty in the wax-work, is General Jackson, with the battle of New Orleans in the distance. Now all these things are very well in their places; exhibit wax-work as much as you please—it amuses and interests children; but the present collections in the museums remind you of American society—a chaotic mass, in which you occasionally meet with what is valuable and interesting, but of which the larger proportion is pretence.

It was not until I had been some time in Philadelphia that I became convinced how very superior the free colored people were in intelligence and education, to what, from my knowledge of them in our West-India Islands, I had ever imagined them capable of. Not that I mean to imply that they will ever attain to the same powers of intellect as the white man, for I really believe that the race are not formed for it by the Almighty. I do not mean to say that there *never* will be great men among the African race, but that such instances will always be very *rare*, compared to the numbers produced among the white. But this is certain, that in Philadelphia the free colored people are a very respectable class,

and, in my opinion, quite as intelligent as the more humble of the free whites. I have been quite surprised to see them take out their pencils, write down and calculate with quickness and precision, and in every other point show great intelligence and keenness.

In this city they are both numerous and wealthy. The most extravagant funeral I saw in Philadelphia was that of a black ; the coaches were very numerous, as well as the pedestrians, who were all well dressed, and behaving with the utmost decorum. They were preceded by a black clergyman, dressed in his full black silk canonicals. He did look very odd, I must confess.

Singular is the degree of contempt and dislike in which the free blacks are held in all the free States of America. They are deprived of their rights as citizens; and the white pauper, who holds out his hand for charity (and there is no want of beggars in Philadelphia), will turn away from a negro, or coloured man, with disdain. It is the same thing in the Eastern States, notwithstanding their religious professions. In fact, in the United States, a negro, from his colour, and I believe his colour alone, is a degraded being. Is not this extraordinary, in a land which professes universal liberty, equality, and the rights of man? In England this is not the case. In private society no one objects to sit in company with a man of colour, provided he has the necessary education and respectability. Nor, indeed, is it the case in the Slave States, where I have frequently seen a lady in a public conveyance with her negress sitting by her, and no objection has been raised by the other parties in the coach ; but in the Free States a man of colour is not admitted into a stage coach; and in all other public places, such as theatres, churches, &c., there is always a portion divided off for the negro population, that they may not be mixed up with the whites. When I first landed at New York, I had a specimen of this feeling. Fastened by a rope yarn to the rudder chains of a vessel next in the tier, at the wharf to which the packet had hauled in, I perceived the body of a black man, turning over and

over with the ripple of the waves. I was looking at it, when a lad came up: probably his curiosity was excited by my eyes being fixed in that direction. He looked, and perceiving the object, turned away with disdain, saying, "Oh, it's only a nigger."

And all the Free States in America respond to the observation, "It's only a nigger."\* At the time that I was at Philadelphia a curious cause was decided. A coloured man of the name of James Forten, who was, I believe, a sailmaker by profession, but at all events a person not only of the highest respectability, but said to be worth 150,000 dollars, appealed because he was not permitted to vote at elections, and claimed his right as a free citizen. The cause was tried, and the verdict, a very lengthy one, was given by the judge against him, I have not that verdict in my possession; but I have the opinion of the Supreme Court on one which was given before, and I here insert it as a curiosity. It is a remarkable feature in the tyranny and injustice of this case, that although James Forten was not considered white enough (he is, I believe, a mulatto) to *vote* as a citizen, he has always been quite white enough to be

\* "On the whole, I cannot help considering it a mistake to suppose that slavery has been abolished in the Northern States of the Union. It is true, indeed, that in these States the power of compulsory labour no longer exists; and that one human being within their limits can no longer claim property in the thews and sinews of another. But is this all that is implied in the boon of freedom? If the word mean anything, it must mean the enjoyment of equal rights, and the unfettered exercise in each individual of such powers and faculties as God has given. In this true meaning of the word, it may be safely asserted that this poor degraded class are still slaves—they are subject to the most grinding and humiliating of all slaveries, that of universal and unconquerable prejudice. The whip, indeed, has been removed from the back of the negro; but the chains are still upon his limbs, and he bears the brand of degradation on his forehead. What is it but the mere abuse of language to call him *free*, who is tyrannically deprived of all the motives to exertion which animate other men? The law, in truth, has left him in that most pitiable of all conditions—a *masterless slave*."—*Hamilton's Men and Manners in America*.



*taxed* as one, and has to pay his proportion (which, from the extent of his business, is no trifle) of all the rates and assessments considered requisite for the support of the poor, and improving and beautifying that city, of which he is declared not to be a citizen.

Although the decision of the Supreme Court enters into a lengthened detail, yet as it is very acute and argumentative, and touches upon several other points equally anomalous to the boasted freedom of the American institutions, I wish the reader would peruse it carefully, as it will amply repay him for his trouble; and it is that he *may* read it, that I have not inserted it in an Appendix.

The question arose upon a writ of error to the judgment of the Common Pleas of Luzerne county, in an action by Wm. Fogg, a negro, against Hiram Hobbs, inspector, and Levi Baldwin and others, judges of the election, for refusing his vote. In the Court below the plaintiff recovered. The Supreme Court being of opinion that a negro has not a right to vote under the present constitution, reversed the judgment.

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“ Respectfully,

FRED. WATTS.

“ WM. FOGG *v.* HIRAM HOBBS and others.

“ The opinion of the court was delivered by Gibson, C. J.

“ This record raises, a second time, the only question on a phrase in the Constitution which has occurred since its adoption; and, however partizans may have disputed the clearness and precision of phraseology, we have often been called upon to enforce its limitations of legislative power; but the business of interpretation was incidental, and the difficulty was not in the diction, but in the uncertainty of the act to which it was to be applied. I have said a question on the meaning of a phrase has arisen a second time. It would be more accurate to say the *same* question has arisen the second time. About the year 1795, as I have it from James Gibson, Esquire, of

the Philadelphia bar, the very point before us was ruled by the High Court of Errors and Appeals against the right of negro suffrage. Mr. Gibson declined an invitation to be concerned in the argument, and therefore has no memorandum of the cause to direct us to the record. I have had the office searched for it; but the papers had fallen into such disorder as to preclude a hope of its discovery. Most of them were imperfect, and many were lost or misplaced. But Mr. Gibson's remembrance of the decision is perfect, and entitled to full confidence. That the case was not reported, is probably owing to the fact that the judges gave no reasons; and the omission is the more to be regretted, as a report of it would have put the question at rest, and prevented much unpleasant excitement. Still, the judgment is not the less authoritative as a precedent. Standing as the court of last resort, that tribunal bore the same relation to this court that the Supreme Court does to the Common Pleas; and as its authority could not be questioned then, it cannot be questioned now. The point, therefore, is not open to discussion on original grounds.

“But the omission of the judges renders it proper to show that their decision was founded in the true principles of the constitution. In the first section of the third article it is declared, that ‘in elections by the citizens, every *freeman* of the age of twenty-one years, having resided in the State two years before the election, and having within that time paid *a state or county tax*,’ shall enjoy the rights of an elector. Now, the argument of those who assert the claim of the coloured population is, that a negro is a *man*; and when not held to involuntary service, that he is free, consequently that he is a *freeman*; and if a freeman in the common acceptance of the term, then a freeman in every acceptance of it. This pithy and syllogistic sentence comprises the whole argument, which, however elaborated, perpetually gets back to the point from which it started. The fallacy of it is its assumption that the term ‘freedom’ signifies nothing but exemption from involuntary service; and that it has

not a legal signification more specific. The freedom of a municipal corporation, or body politic, implies fellowship and participation of corporate rights: but an inhabitant of an incorporated place, who is neither servant nor slave, though bound by its laws, may be no freeman in respect to its government. It has indeed been affirmed by text writers, that habitance, paying scot and lot, give an incidental right to corporate freedom; but the courts have refused to acknowledge it, even when the charter seemed to imply it; and when not derived from prescription or grant, it has been deemed a qualification merely, and not a title. (*Wilcox*, chap. iii. p. 456.) Let it not be said that the legal meaning of the word freeman is peculiar to British corporations, and that we have it not in the charters and constitutions of Pennsylvania. The laws agreed upon in England in May 1682, use the word in this specific sense, and even furnish a definition of it: 'Every inhabitant of the said province that is, or shall be, a purchaser of one hundred acres of land or upwards, his heirs or assigns, and every person who shall have paid his passage, and shall have taken up one hundred acres of land, at a penny an acre, and have cultivated ten acres thereof; and every person that hath been a servant or bondsman, and is free by his service, that shall have taken up his fifty acres of land, and shall have cultivated twenty thereof; and every inhabitant, artificer, or other resident in the said province, that pays scot and lot to the government, *shall be deemed and accounted a FREEMAN of the said province*; and every such person shall be capable of electing, or being elected representatives of the people in provincial council, or general assembly of the said province.' Now, why this minute and elaborate detail? Had it been intended that all but servants and slaves should be freemen to every intent, it had been easier and more natural to say so. But it was not intended. It was foreseen that there would be inhabitants, neither planters nor taxable, who, though free as the winds, might be unsafe depositories of popular power; and the design was, to admit no man to the freedom of the province who had

not a stake in it. That the clause which relates to freedom by service was not intended for manumitted slaves is evident, from the fact that there were none; and it regarded not slavery, but limited servitude expired by efflux of time. At that time, certainly, the case of a manumitted slave, or of his free-born progeny, was not contemplated as one to be provided for in the founder's scheme of policy. I have quoted the passage, however, to show that the word freeman was applied in a peculiar sense to the political compact of our ancestors, resting like a corporation, on a charter from the crown; and exactly as it was applied to bodies politic at home.

In entire consonance, it was declared in the Act of Union, given at Chester in the same year, that strangers and foreigners holding land 'according to the law of a freeman,' and promising obedience to the proprietary, as well as allegiance to the crown, 'shall be held and reputed freemen of the province and counties aforesaid;' and it was further declared, that when a foreigner 'shall make his request to the governor of the province *for the aforesaid freedom*, the same person shall be *admitted* on the conditions herein expressed, paying twenty shillings sterling, and no more:'—modes of expression peculiarly appropriate to corporate fellowship. The word in the same sense pervades the charter of privileges, the act of settlement, and the act of naturalization, in the preamble to the last of which it was said, that some of the inhabitants were foreigners and not freemen, according to the acceptance of the laws of England; it held its place also in the legislative style of enactment down to the adoption of the present constitution; after which, the words 'by and with the advice and consent of the freemen,' were left out, and the present style substituted. Thus, till the instant when the phrase on which the question turns was penned, the term freeman had a peculiar and specific sense, being used like the term citizen, which supplanted it, to denote one who had a voice in public affairs. The citizens were denominated freemen even in the constitution of 1776; and under the present constitution, the

word, though dropped in the style, was used in legislative acts, convertible with electors, so late as the year 1798, when it grew into disuse. In an act passed the 4th of April in that year for the establishment of certain election districts, it was, for the first time, used indiscriminately with that word; since when it has been entirely disused. Now, it will not be pretended, that the legislature meant to have it inferred, that every one not a freeman within the purview, should be deemed a slave; and how can a convergent intent be collected from the same word in the constitution, that every one not a slave is to be accounted an elector? Except for the word citizen, which stands in the context also as a term of qualification, an affirmance of these propositions would extend the right of suffrage to aliens; and to admit of any exception to the argument, its force being derived from the supposed universality of the term, would destroy it. Once concede that there may be a freeman in one sense of it, who is not so in another, and the whole ground is surrendered. In what sense, then, must the convention of 1790 be supposed to have used the term? questionless in that which it had acquired by use in public acts and legal proceedings, for the reason that a dubious statute is to be expounded by usage. 'The meaning of things spoken and written, must be as hath been constantly received,' (Vaugh. 169.) On this principle, it is difficult to discover how the word freeman, as used in previous public acts, could have been meant to comprehend a coloured race: as well might it be supposed, that the declaration of universal and unalienable freedom in both our constitutions was meant to comprehend it. Nothing was ever more comprehensively predicted, and a practical enforcement of it would have liberated every slave in the State; yet mitigated slavery long continued to exist among us, in derogation of it. Rules of interpretation demand a strictly verbal construction of nothing but a penal statute; and a constitution is to be construed still more liberally than even a remedial one, because a convention legislating for masses, can do little more than

mark an outline of fundamental principles, leaving the interior gyrations and details to be filled up by ordinary legislation. 'Conventions intended to regulate the conduct of nations,' said Chief Justice Tilghman, in the *Farmers' Bank v. Smith*, 3 Serg. & Rawl. 69, 'are not to be construed like articles of agreement at the common law. It is of little importance to the public, whether a tract of land belongs to A. or B. In deciding these titles, strict rules of construction may be adhered to; and it is best that they should be adhered to, though sometimes at the expense of justice. But where multitudes are to be affected by the construction of an amendment, great regard is to be paid to the spirit and intention.' What better key to these, than the tone of antecedent legislation discoverable in the application of the disputed terms.

"But in addition to interpretation from usage, this antecedent legislation furnishes other proofs that no coloured race was party to our social compact. As was justly remarked by President Fox, in the matter of the late contested election, our ancestors settled the province as a community of white men, and the blacks were introduced into it as a race of slaves, whence an unconquerable prejudice of caste, which has come down to our day, inasmuch that a suspicion of taint still has the unjust effect of sinking the subject of it below the common level. Consistently with this prejudice, is it to be credited that parity of rank would be allowed to such a race? Let the question be answered by the statute of 1726, which denominated it an idle and a slothful people; which directed the magistrates to bind out free negroes for laziness or vagrancy; which forbade them to harbour Indian or mulatto slaves, on pain of punishment by fine, or to deal with negro slaves, on pain of stripes; which annexed to the interdiction of marriage with a white, the penalty of reduction to slavery; which punished them for tippling with stripes, and even a white person with servitude for intermarriage with a negro. If freemen, in a political sense, were subjects of these cruel and degrading oppressions,

what must have been the lot of their brethren in bondage? It is also true, that degrading conditions were sometimes assigned to white men, but never as members of a caste. Insolvent debtors, to indicate the worst of them, are compelled to make satisfaction by servitude; but that was borrowed from a kindred, and still less rational, principle of the common law. This act of 1726, however, remained in force, till it was repealed by the Emancipating Act of 1789; and it is irrational to believe, that the progress of liberal sentiments was so rapid in the next ten years, as to produce a determination in the convention of 1790 to raise this depressed race to the level of the white one. If such were its purpose, it is strange that the word chosen to effect it should have been the very one chosen by the convention of 1776 to designate a white elector. 'Every freeman,' it is said, (chap. 2, sect. 6,) 'of the full age of twenty-one years, having resided in this State for the space of one whole year before the day of election, and paid taxes during that time, shall enjoy the rights of an elector.' Now, if the word freeman were not potent enough to admit a free negro to suffrage under the first constitution, it is difficult to discern a degree of magic in the intervening plan of emancipation sufficient to give it potency, in the apprehension of the convention, under the second.

"The only thing in the history of the convention which casts a doubt upon the intent, is the fact, that the word *white* was prefixed to the word freeman in the report of the committee, and *subsequently struck out*—probably because it was thought superfluous, or still more probably, because it was feared that respectable men of dark complexion would often be insulted at the polls, by objections to their colour. I have heard it said, that Mr. Gallatin sustained his motion to strike out on the latter ground. Whatever the motive, the disseverance is insufficient to warp the interpretation of a word of such settled and determinate meaning as the one which remained. A legislative body speaks to the judiciary, only through its final act, and expresses its will in the words

of it; and though their meaning may be influenced by the sense in which they have usually been applied to extrinsic matters, we cannot receive an explanation of them from what has been moved or said in debate. The place of a judge is his forum—not the legislative hall. Were he even disposed to pry into the motives of the members, it would be impossible for him to ascertain them; and, in attempting to discover the ground on which the conclusion was obtained, it is not probable that a member of the majority could indicate any that was common to all; previous prepositions are merged in the act of consummation, and the interpreter of it must look to that alone.

“I have thought it fair to treat the question as it stands affected by our municipal regulations, without illustration from those of other states, where the condition of the race has been still less favoured. Yet it is proper to say, that the second section of the fourth article of the Federal Constitution presents an obstacle to the political freedom of the negro, which seems to be insuperable. It is to be remembered that citizenship, as well as freedom, is a constitutional qualification; and how it could be conferred, so as to overbear the laws, imposing countless disabilities on him in other states, is a problem of difficult solution. In this aspect, the question becomes one, not of intention, but of power; so doubtful, as to forbid the exercise of it. Every man must lament the necessity of the disabilities; but slavery is to be dealt with by those whose existence depends on the skill with which it is treated. Considerations of mere humanity, however, belong to a class with which, as judges, we have nothing to do; and, interpreting the constitution in the spirit of our own institutions, we are bound to pronounce that men of colour are destitute of title to the elective franchise; their blood, however, may become so diluted in successive descent, as to lose its distinctive character; and then both policy and justice require that previous disabilities should cease. By the amended constitution of North Carolina, no free negro, mulatto, or free person of mixed blood, descended from



negro ancestors to the fourth generation inclusive, *though one ancestor of each generation may have been a white person*, shall vote for the legislature. I regret to say, no similar regulation for practical purposes, has been attempted here; in consequence of which, every case of disputed colour must be determined by no particular rule but by the discretion of the judges; and thus a great constitutional right, even under the proposed amendments of the constitution, will be left the sport of caprice. In conclusion, we are of opinion the court erred in directing that the plaintiff could have his action against the defendant for the rejection of his vote. Judgment reversed."

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It will be observed by those who have had patience to read through so long a legal document, that reference is made to the unjust prejudice against any taint of the African blood. There is an existing proof of the truth of this remark, in the case of one of the most distinguished members of the house of representatives. 'This gentleman has some children who are not of pure blood; but, to his honour, he has done his duty by them, he has educated them, and received them into his house as his acknowledged daughters. What is the consequence. Why, it is considered that by so doing, he has outraged society; and whenever they want to raise a cry against him, this is the charge, and very injurious it is to his popularity—"that he has done his duty as a father and a Christian."

"Captain Marryat, we are a very moral people!"

The laws of the state relative to the intermarriage of the whites with the coloured population, are also referred to. A case of this kind took place at New York when I was there; and as soon as the ceremony was over, the husband, I believe it was, but either the husband or the wife, was seized by the mob and put under the pump

for half an hour. At Boston, similar modes of expressing public opinion have been adopted, notwithstanding that that city is the stronghold of the abolitionists.

It also refers to the white slavery, which was not abolished until the year 1789. Previous to that period, a man who arrived out, from the old continent, and could not pay his passage, was put up to auction for the amount of his debt, and was compelled to serve until he had worked it out with the purchaser. But not only for the debt of passage-money, but for other debts, a white man was put up to auction, and sold to the best bidder. They tell a curious story, for the truth of which I cannot vouch, of a lawyer, a very clever but dissipated and extravagant man, who, having contracted large debts and escaped to New Jersey, was taken and put up to auction; a keen Yankee purchased him, and took him regularly round to all the circuits to plead causes, and made a very considerable sum out of him before his time expired.

I have observed that Mr. Forten, the coloured man, was considered quite white enough to pay taxes. It is usually considered in this country, that by going to America you avoid taxation, but such is not the case. The municipal taxes are not very light. I could not obtain any very satisfactory estimates from the other cities, but I gained thus much from Philadelphia.

The assessments are on property:

City Tax, 70 cents upon the 100 dollars valuation.

County Tax, 65 cents upon ditto.

Poor's Rate, 40 cents.

Taxes on Horses, 1 dollar each.

Taxes on Dogs, half a dollar each.

Poll Tax, from a quarter dollar to 4 dollars each person.

It is singular that such a tax as the *Poll* tax, that which created the insurrection of Wat Tyler in England, should have forced its way into a democracy. In the collection of their taxes, they are quite as summary as they are in England. This is the notice:

“ You are hereby informed, that your property is included in a list of delinquents now preparing, and will be advertised and sold for the assessments due thereon. (This being the last call.)

“ Your immediate attention will save the costs of advertising, sale, &c.

“———— Collector.

“ Collector’s Office, No. 1, State of ———”

It is a strange fact, and one which must have attracted the reader’s notice, that there should be a poor’s rate in America, where there is work for every body; and still stranger that there should be one in the city of Philadelphia, in which, perhaps, there are more beneficent and charitable institutions than in any city in the world of the same population: notwithstanding this there are many mendicants in the streets. All this arises from the advantage taken of an unwise philanthropy in the first place, many people preferring to live upon alms in preference to labour; and next from the state of destitution to which many of the emigrants are reduced after their arrival, and before they can obtain employment. Indeed, not only Philadelphia, but Baltimore and New York, are equally charged for the support of these people—the two first by legal enactment, the latter by voluntary subscription.

And it is much to the credit of the inhabitants of all these cities that the charge is paid cheerfully, and that an appeal is never made in vain.

But let the Americans beware: the poor rate at present is trifling—40 cents in the 100 dollars, or about  $1\frac{3}{4}$ d. in the pound; but they must recollect, that they were not more in England about half a century back, and see to what they have risen now! It is the principle which is bad. There are now in Philadelphia more than 1,500 paupers, who live entirely upon the public; but, who if relief had not been continued to them, would, in all probability, by this time, have found their way to where their labour is required. The Philadelphians are proverbially generous and charitable; but they should remember that in thus yielding to the dictates of their hearts, they are

sowing the seeds of what will prove a bitter curse to their posterity.\*

\* Miss Martineau, who is not always wrong, in her remarks upon pauperism in the United States, observes:—"The amount, altogether, is far from commensurate with the charity of the community; and it is to be hoped that the curse of a legal charity will be avoided in a country where it certainly cannot become necessary within any assignable time. I was grieved to see the magnificent Pauper Asylum near Philadelphia, made to accommodate luxuriously, 1,200 persons; and to have its arrangements pointed out to me, as yielding more comforts to the inmates than the laborer could secure at home by any degree of industry and prudence."

## CHAPTER XXII.

WASHINGTON.—Here are assembled from every State in the Union, what ought to be the collected talent, intelligence, and high principle of a free and enlightened nation. Of talent and intelligence there is a very fair supply, but principle is not so much in demand; and in every thing, and every where, by the demand the supply is always regulated.

Every body knows that Washington has a Capitol; but the misfortune is that the Capitol wants a city. There it stands, reminding you of a general without an army, only surrounded and followed by a parcel of ragged little dirty boys; for such is the appearance of the dirty, straggling, ill-built houses which lie at the foot of it.

Washington, notwithstanding, is an agreeable city, full of pleasant clever people, who come there to amuse and be amused; and you observe in the company (although you occasionally meet some very queer importations from the Western settlements) much more *usage du monde* and continental ease than in any other parts of the State. A large portion of those who come up for the meeting of Congress, as well as of the residents, having travelled, and thereby gained more respect for other nations, are consequently not so conceited about their own country as are the majority of the Americans.

If any thing were required to make Washington a more agreeable place than it is at all times, the arrival and sub-

sequent conduct of Mr. Fox as British ambassador would be sufficient. His marked attention to all the Americans of respectability; his *empressement* in returning the calls of English gentlemen who may happen to arrive; his open house; his munificent allowance, dedicated wholly to the giving of fêtes and dinner parties as his Sovereign's representative; and, above all, his excessive urbanity, can never be forgotten by those who have ever visited the Capitol.

The Chamber of the House of Representatives is a fine room, and taking the average of the orations delivered there, it possesses this one great merit—you *cannot hear in it*. Were I to make a comparison between the members of our House of Commons and those of the House of Representatives, I should say that the latter have certainly great advantages. In the first place, the members of the American Senate and House of Representatives are paid, not only their travelling expenses to and fro, but eight dollars a day during the sitting of Congress. Out of these allowances many save money, and those who do not, are at all events enabled to bring their families up to Washington for a little amusement. In the next place, they are so comfortably accommodated in the house, every man having his own well-stuffed arm-chair, and before him his desk, with his papers and notes! Then they are supplied with every thing, even to pen-knives with their names engraved on them—each knife having two pen-blades, one whittling blade, and a fourth to clean their nails with, showing, on the part of the government, a paternal regard for their cleanliness as well as convenience. Moreover, they never work at night, and do very little during the day.

It is astonishing how little work they get through in a session at Washington: this is owing to every member thinking himself obliged to make two or three speeches, not for the good of the nation, but for the benefit of his constituents. These speeches are printed and sent to them, to prove that their member makes some noise in the house. The subject upon which he speaks is of

little consequence, compared to the sentiments expressed. It must be full of eagles, star-spangled banners, sovereign people, claptrap, flattery, and humbug. I have said that very little business is done in these houses; but this is caused not only by their long-winded speeches about nothing, but by the fact that both parties (in this respect laudably following the example of the old country) are chiefly occupied, the one with the paramount and vital consideration of keeping in, and the other with that of getting in—thus allowing the business of the nation, (which after all is not very important, unless such a trump as the Treasury Bill turns up,) to become a very secondary consideration.

And yet there are principle and patriotism among the members of the legislature, and the more to be appreciated from their rarity. Like the seeds of beautiful flowers, which, when cast upon a manure-heap, spring up in greater luxuriance and beauty, and yield a sweeter perfume from the rankness which surrounds them, so do these virtues shew with more grace and attractiveness from the hot-bed of corruption in which they have been engendered. But there has been a sad falling-off in America since the last war, which brought in the democratic party with General Jackson. America, if she would wish her present institutions to continue, must avoid war; the best security for her present form of government existing another half century, is a state of tranquillity and peace; but of that hereafter. As for the party at present in power, all I can say in its favour is, that there are three clever gentlemen in it—Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Poinsett, and Mr. Forsyth. There may be more, but I know so little of them, that I must be excused if I do not name them, which otherwise I should have had great pleasure in doing.

Mr. Van Buren is a very gentleman-like, intelligent man; very proud of talking over his visit to England, and the English with whom he was acquainted. It is remarkable, that although at the head of the democratic party, Mr. Van Buren has taken a step striking at the

very roots of their boasted equality, and one on which General Jackson did not venture—*i. e.* he has prevented the mobocracy from intruding themselves at his levees. The police are now stationed at the door, to prevent the intrusion of any improper person. A few years ago, a fellow would drive his cart, or hackney coach, up to the door; walk into the saloon in all his dirt, and force his way to the president, that he might shake him by the one hand, whilst he flourished his whip in the other. The revolting scenes which took place when refreshments were handed round, the injury done to the furniture, and the disgust of the ladies, may be well imagined. Mr. Van Buren deserves great credit for this step, for it was a bold one; but I must not praise him too much, or he may lose his next election.

The best lounge at Washington is the library of the Capitol, but the books are certainly not very well treated. I saw a copy of Audubon's Ornithology, and many other valuable works, in a very dilapidated state; but this must be the case when the library is open to all, and there are so many juvenile visitors. Still it is much better than locking it up, for only the bindings to be looked at. It is not a library for show, but for use, and is a great comfort and amusement.

There are three things in great request amongst Americans of all classes—male, I mean—to wit, oysters, spirits, and tobacco. The first and third are not prohibited by Act of Congress, and may be sold in the Capitol, but spirituous liquors may not. I wondered how the members could get on without them, but upon this point I was soon enlightened. Below the basement of the building is an oyster-shop and refectory. The refectory has been permitted by Congress upon the express stipulation that no spirituous liquors should be sold there, but law-makers are too often law-breakers all over the world. You go there and ask for pale sherry, and they hand you gin; brown sherry, and it is brandy; madeira, whiskey; and thus do these potent, grave, and reverend



signors evade their own laws, beneath the very hall wherein they were passed in solemn conclave.

It appears that tobacco is considered very properly as an article of fashion. At a store, close to the hotel, the board outside informs you that among fashionable requisites to be found there, are gentlemen's shirts, collars, gloves, silk handkerchiefs, and the best chewing tobacco. But not only at Washington, but at other large towns, I have seen at silk-mercers and hosiers this notice stuck up in the window—" *Dulcissimus* chewing tobacco."—So prevalent is the habit of chewing, and so little, from long custom, do the ladies care about it, that I have been told that many young ladies in the south carry, in their work-boxes, &c., pig-tail, nicely ornamented with gold and coloured papers; and when their swains are at fault, administer to their wants, thus meriting their affections by such endearing solicitude.

I was rather amused in the Senate at hearing the claims of parties who had suffered during the last war, and had hitherto not received any redress, discussed for adjudication. One man's claim, for instance, was for a cow, value thirty dollars, eaten up, of course, by the Britishers. It would naturally be supposed that such claims were unworthy the attention of such a body as the senate, or when brought forward, would have been allowed without comment: but it was not so. The member who saves the public money always finds favour in the eyes of the people, and therefore every member tries to save as much as he can, except when he is himself a party concerned. And there was as much arguing and objecting, and discussion of the merits of this man's claim, as there would be in the English House of Commons at passing the Navy Estimates. Eventually he lost it. The claims of the Fulton family were also brought forward, when I was present, in the House of Representatives. Fulton was certainly the father of steam-navigation in America, and to his exertions and intelligence, America may consider herself in a great degree indebted for her present prosperity. It once required six or seven months to ascend

the Mississippi, a passage which is now performed in fifteen days. Had it not been for Fulton's genius, the west would still have remained a wild desert, and the now flourishing cotton growing States would not yet have yielded the crops which are the staple of the Union. The claim of his surviving relatives was a mere nothing, in comparison with the debt of gratitude owing to that great man; yet member after member rose to oppose it with all the ingenuity of argument. One asserted that the merit of the invention did not belong to Fulton; another, that even if it did, his relatives certainly could found no claim upon it; a third rose and declared that he would prove that, so far from the government owing money to Fulton, Fulton was in debt to the government. And thus did they go on, showing to their constituents how great was their consideration for the public money, and to the world (if another proof were required) how little gratitude is to be found in a democracy. The bill was thrown out, and the race of Fultons left to the chance of starving, for anything that the American nation seemed to care to the contrary. Whitney, the inventor of the gin for clearing the cotton of its seeds (perhaps the next greatest boon ever given to America,) was treated in the same way. And yet, on talking over the question, there were few of the members who did not individually acknowledge the justice of their claims, and the duty of the state to attend to them; but the *majority* would not have permitted it, and when they went back to their constituents to be re-elected, it would have been urged against them that they had voted away the public money, and they would have had the difficult task of proving that the interests of the *majority*, and of the majority alone, had regulated their conduct in congress.

There was one event of exciting interest which occurred during my short stay at Washington, and which engrossed the minds of every individual; the fatal duel between Mr. Graves and Mr. Cilley. Not only the duel itself, but what took place after it, was to me, as a stranger, a subject for grave reflection,

Notice of Mr. Cilley's decease having been formally given to the House, it adjourned for a day or two, as a mark of respect, and a day was appointed for the funeral.

The coffin containing the body was brought into the House of Representatives, and there lay in state, as it were. The members of Senate and the Supreme Court were summoned to attend, whilst an eulogium was passed on the merits and virtues of the deceased by the surviving representative of the State of Maine: the funeral sermon was delivered by one clergyman, and an exhortation by another, after which the coffin was carried out to be placed in the hearse. The following printed order of the procession was distributed, that it might be rigidly attended to by the members of the two Houses and the Supreme Court:—

Order of Arrangements

for the Funeral of

THE HON. JONATHAN CILLEY,

Late a Representative in Congress, from the State of Maine.

The Committee of Arrangement, Pall-bearers, and Mourners, will attend at the late residence of the deceased, at Mr. Birth's, in Third-street, at 11 o'clock A. M., Tuesday, February 27th; at which time the remains will be removed, in charge of the Committee of Arrangements, attended by the Serjeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, to the hall of the House.

At 12 o'clock, meridian, funeral service will be performed in the hall of the House of Representatives, and immediately after the procession will move to the place of interment in the following order:—

The Chaplains of both Houses.  
Committee of Arrangement, *viz.*  
Mr. Evans, of Maine.

Mr. Atherton, of N. H.  
Mr. Connor, of N. C.  
Mr. Whittlesey, of Ohio.

Mr. Coles, of Va.  
Mr. Johnson, of La.  
Mr. Fillmore, of N. Y.

Pall-bearers, *viz.*

Mr. Thomas, of Maryland.

Mr. Campbell, of S. C.

Mr. Williams, of N. H.  
Mr. Ogle, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. White, of Indiana.  
Mr. Martin, of Ala.

The Family and Friends of the deceased.  
The Members of the House of Representatives, and Senators  
from Maine, as Mourners.  
The Serjeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives.  
The House of Representatives, preceded by their  
Speaker and Clerk.  
The Serjeant-at-Arms of the Senate.  
The Senate of the United States, preceded by the  
Vice President and their Secretary.  
The President of the United States.  
The Heads of the Departments.  
Judges of the Supreme Court, and its Officers.  
Foreign Ministers.  
Citizens and Strangers.

*February 26th, 1838.*

The burial-ground being at some distance, carriages were provided for the whole of the company, and the procession even then was more than half a mile long. I walked there to witness the whole proceeding; but when the body had been deposited in the vault I found, on my return, a vacant seat in one of the carriages, in which were two Americans, who went under the head of "Citizens." They were very much inclined to be communicative. One of them observed of the clergyman, who, in his exhortation, had expressed himself very forcibly against the practice of duelling:—

"Well, I reckon that chaplain won't be 'lected next year, and sarve him right too; he did pitch it in rather too strong for the members; that last flourish of his was enough to raise all their danders."

To the other, who was a more staid sort of personage, I put the question, how long did he think this tragical event, and the severe observations on duelling, would stop the practice.

"Well, I reckon three days, or thereabouts," replied the man.

I am afraid that the man was not far out in his calculation. Virginia, Mississippi, Louisiana, and now Con-

gress, as respects the district of Columbia, in which Washington is built, have all passed severe laws against the practice of duelling, which is universal; but they are no more than dead letters. The spirit of their institutions is adverse to such laws; and duelling always has been, and always will be, one of the evils of democracy. I have, I believe, before observed, that in many points a young nation is, in all its faults, very like to a young individual; and this is one in which the comparison holds good. But there are other causes for, and other incentives to this practice, besides the false idea that it is a proof of courage. Slander and detraction are the inseparable evils of a democracy; and as neither public nor private characters are spared, and the law is impotent to protect them, men have no other resource than to defend their reputations with their lives, or to deter the defamer by the risk which he must incur.

And where political animosities are carried to such a length as they are in this exciting climate, there is no time given for coolness and reflection. Indeed, for one American who would attempt to prevent a duel, there are ten who would urge the parties on to the conflict. I recollect a gentleman introducing me to the son of another gentleman who was present. The lad, who was about fourteen, I should think, shortly after left the room; and then the gentleman told me, before the boy's father, that the lad was one of the right sort, having already fought, and wounded his man; and the father smiled complacently at this tribute to the character of his son. The majority of the editors of the newspapers in America are constantly practising with the pistol, that they may be ready when called upon, and are most of them very good shots. In fact, they could not well refuse to fight, being all of them colonels, majors, or generals,—“*tam Marte quam Mercurio.*” But the worst feature in the American system of duelling is, that they do not go out, as we do in this country, to satisfy honour, but with the determination to kill. Independently of general practice,

immediately after a challenge has been given and received, each party practises as much as he can.

And now let us examine into the particulars of this duel between Mr. Graves and Mr. Cilley. It was well known that Mr. Graves had hardly ever fired a rifle in his life. Mr. Cilley, on the contrary, was an excellent rifle-shot, constantly in practice: it was well known, also, that he intended to fix a quarrel upon one of the southern members, as he had publicly said he would. He brought his rifle down to Washington with him; he practised with it almost every day, and more regularly so after he had sent the challenge, and it had been accepted. It so happened that, contrary to the expectation of all parties, Mr. Cilley, instead of Mr. Graves, was the party who fell: but surely, if ever there was a man who *premeditated murder*, it was Mr. Cilley. I state this, not with the wish to assail Mr. Cilley's character, as I believe that almost any other American would have done the same thing; for whatever license society will give, that will every man take,—and moreover, from habit, will not consider it as wrong.

But my reason for pointing out all this is to show that society must be in a very loose state, and the standard of morality must be indeed low in a nation, when a man who has fallen in such a manner,—a man who, had he killed Mr. Graves, would, according to the laws of our country, have been condemned and executed for murder, (inasmuch as, from his practising after the challenge was given, it would have proved *malice prepense*, on his part) should now, because he falls in the attempt, have *honours paid to his remains*, much *greater* than we paid to those of *Nelson*, when he fell so nobly in his country's cause. The chief magistrate of England, which is the king, did not follow Nelson to the grave; while the chief magistrate of the United States) attended by the Supreme Court and judges, the Senate, the representatives,) does honour to the remains of one who, if Providence had not checked him in his career, would have been considered as a cold-blooded murderer.

And yet the Americans are continually dinning into my ears—Captain Marryat, we are a very moral people! Again, I repeat, the Americans are the happiest people in the world in their own delusions. If they wish to be a moral people, the government must show them some better example than that of paying those honours to vice and immorality which are only due to honour and to virtue.

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*Legislation on Duelling.*—The legislature of Mississippi has prohibited duelling, and the parties implicated, in any instance, are declared to be ineligible to office. The act also imposes a fine of not less than three hundred dollars, and not more than one thousand, and an imprisonment of not less than six months; and in case of the death of one of the parties, the survivor is to be held chargeable with the payment of the debts of his antagonist. The estate of the party who falls in the combat is to be exonerated from such debts until the surviving party be first prosecuted to insolvency. The seconds are made subject to incapacity to hold office, fine, and imprisonment.

#### ANTI-DUELLING BILL.

The bill, as it passed the senate, is in the following words:—

A BILL to prohibit the giving or accepting, within the District of Columbia, of a challenge to fight a Duel, and for the punishment thereof.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That if any person shall, in the District of Columbia, challenge another to fight a duel, or shall send or deliver any written or verbal message purporting or intending to be such challenge, or shall accept any such challenge or message, or shall knowingly carry or deliver any

such challenge or message, or shall knowingly carry or deliver an acceptance of such challenge or message to fight a duel in or out of said district, and such duel shall be fought in or out of said district; and if either of the parties thereto shall be slain or mortally wounded in such duel, the surviving party to such duel, and every person carrying or delivering such challenge or message, or acceptance of such challenge or message as aforesaid, and all others aiding and abetting therein, shall be deemed guilty of felony, and upon conviction thereof, in any court competent to the trial thereof, in the said district, shall be punished by imprisonment and confinement to hard labor in the penitentiary for a term not exceeding ten years, nor less than five years, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, that if any person shall give or send, or cause to be given or sent, to any person in the district of Columbia, any challenge to fight a duel, or to engage in single combat with any deadly or dangerous instrument or weapon whatever, or shall be the bearer of any such challenge, every person so giving or sending, or causing to be given or sent, or accepting such challenge, or being the bearer thereof, and every person aiding or abetting in the giving, sending or accepting such challenge, shall be deemed guilty of a high crime and misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof in any court competent to try the same, in the said district, shall be punished by imprisonment and confinement to hard labor in the penitentiary, for a term not exceeding ten years, nor less than five years, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, that if any person shall assault, strike, beat, or wound, or cause to be assaulted, stricken, beaten, or wounded, any person in the district of Columbia for declining or refusing to accept any challenge to fight a duel, or to engage in single combat with any deadly or dangerous instrument or weapon whatever, or shall post or publish, or cause to be posted or published, any writing charging any such person so



declining or refusing to accept any such challenge to be a coward, or using any other opprobrious or injurious language therein, tending to deride and disgrace such person, for so offending on conviction thereof in any court competent to trial thereof, in said district, shall be punished by confinement to hard labor in the penitentiary for a term not exceeding seven years, nor less than three years, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, that in addition to the oath now to be prescribed by law to be administered to the grand jury in the District of Columbia, they shall be sworn faithfully and impartially to inquire into, and true presentment make of, all offences against this act.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

I HAVE been for some time journeying through the province of Upper Canada, and, on the whole, I consider it the finest portion of all North America. In America, every degree of longitude which you proceed west, is equal to a degree of latitude to the southward in increasing the mildness of the temperature. Upper Canada, which is not so far west as to sever you from the civilised world, has every possible advantage of navigation, and is at the same time from being nearly surrounded by water, much milder than the American States to the southward of it. Every thing grows well and flourishes in Upper Canada; even tobacco, which requires a very warm atmosphere. The land of this province is excellent, but it is a hard land to clear, the timber being very close and of a very large size. A certain proof of the value of the land of Upper Canada is, that there are already so many Americans who have settled there. Most of them had originally migrated to establish themselves in the neighbouring state of Michigan; but the greater part of that state is at present so unhealthy from swamps, and the people suffer so much from fever and agues, that the emigrants have fallen back upon Upper Canada, which (a very small portion of it excepted) is the most healthy portion of North America. I have before observed, that the Rideau and Welland canals, splendid works as they are, are too much in advance of the country; and had the Government spent one-half the money in opening

communications and making good roads, the province would have been much more benefited. In the United States you have a singular proof of the advantages of communication: in the old continent, towns and villages rise up first, and the communications are made afterwards; in the United States, the roads are made first, and when made, towns and villages make their appearance on each side of them, just as the birds drop down for their aliment upon the fresh furrows made across the fallow by the plough.

From Hamilton, on Lake Ontario, to Bradford, the country is very beautifully broken and undulating, occasionally precipitate and hilly. You pass through forests of splendid timber, chiefly fir, but of a size which is surprising. Here are masts for "tall admirals," so lofty that you could not well perceive a squirrel, or even a larger animal, if upon one of the topmost boughs. The pine forests are diversified by the oak; you sometimes pass through six or seven miles of the first description of timber, which gradually changes, until you have six or seven miles of forest composed entirely of oak. The road is repairing and levelling, preparatory to its being macadamised—certainly not before it was required, for it is at present execrable throughout the whole province. Every mile or so you descend into a hollow, at the bottom of which is what they term a *mud hole*, that is, a certain quantity of water and mud, which is of a depth unknown, but which you must fathom by passing through it. To give an Englishman an idea of the roads is not easy; I can only say that it is very possible for a horse to be drowned in one of the *ruts*, and for a pair of them to disappear, waggon and all, in a *mud hole*.

At Bradford, on Grand River, are located some remnants of the Mohawk tribe of Indians; they are more than demi-civilized; they till their farms, and have plenty of horses and cattle. A smart looking Indian drove into town, when I was there, in a waggon with a pair of good horses; in the waggon were some daughters of one of their chiefs; they were very richly dressed after their own fashion, their petticoats and leggings

being worked with beads to the height of two feet from the bottom, and in very good taste; and they wore beaver hats and feathers, of a pattern which used formerly to be much in vogue with the ladies of the seamen at Plymouth and Portsmouth.

From Bradford to London the roads are *comparatively* good; the country rises, and the plain is nearly one hundred feet above the level of the river Thames, a beautiful wide stream, whose two branches join at the site of this town. The land here is considered to be the finest in the whole province, and the country the most healthy.

From London to Chatham the roads are really *awful*. I had the pleasure of tumbling over head and ears into a mud hole, at about twelve o'clock at night; the horses were with difficulty saved, and the waggon remained *fixed* for upwards of three hours, during which we laboured hard, and were refreshed with plentiful showers of rain.

Chatham, on the river Thames, is at present a sad dirty hole; but, as the country rises, will be a place of great importance. From Chatham I embarked in the steam-boat, and went down the Thames into Lake St. Clair, and from thence to Sandwich, having passed through the finest country, the most beautiful land, and about the most infamous roads that are to be met with in all America.

Within these last seven or eight years, the lakes have risen; many hypotheses have been offered to account for this change. I do not coincide with any of the opinions which I have heard, yet, at the same time, it is but fair to acknowledge that I can offer none of my own. It is quite a mystery. The consequence of this rising of the waters is, that some of the finest farms at the mouth of the river Thames and on Lake St. Clair, occupied by the old Canadian settlers, are, and have been for two or three years, under water. These Canadians have not removed; they are waiting for the waters to subside; their houses stand in the lake, the basements being under

water, and they occupy the first floors with their families communicating by boats. As they cannot cultivate their land, they shoot and fish. Several miles on each side of the mouth of the river Thames the water is studded with these houses, which have, as may be supposed, a very folorn appearance, especially as the top rail of the fences is generally above water mark, marking out the fields, which are now tenanted by fish instead of cattle.

Went out with a party into the bush, as it is termed, to see some land which had been purchased. Part of the road was up to the saddle flaps under water, from the rise of the lakes. We soon entered the woods, not so thickly growing but that our horses could pass through them, had it not been for the obstacles below our feet. At every third step a tree lay across the path, forming, by its obstruction to the drainage, a pool of water; but the Canadian horses are so accustomed to this that they very coolly walked over them, although some were two feet in diameter. They never attempted to jump, but deliberately put one foot over and then the other—with equal dexterity avoiding the stumps and sunken logs concealed under water. An English horse would have been foundered before he had proceeded fifty yards. Sometimes we would be for miles wading through swamps; at others the land rose, and then it was clear and dry, and we could gallop under the oak trees.

We continued till noon before we could arrive at the land in question, forcing our way through the woods, and guided by the blazing of the trees. *Blazing* is cutting off a portion of the bark of the trees on both sides of the road with an axe, and these marks, which will remain for many years, serve as a guide. If lost in the woods, you have but to look out for a blaze, and by following it you are certain to arrive at some inhabited place. We found the land at last, which was high, dry and covered with large oak trees. A herd of deer bounded past us as we approached the river, which ran through it; and we could perceive the flocks of wild

turkies at a distance, running almost as fast as the deer. The river was choked by trees which had fallen across its bed, damming up its stream, and spreading it over the land; but the scene was very beautiful and wild, and I could not help fancying what a pretty spot it would one day be, when it should be cleared and farm houses built on the banks of the river.

On our way we called upon a man who had been in the bush but a year or so; he had a wife and six children. He was young and healthy, and although he had been used to a life of *literary* idleness, he had made up his mind to the change, and taken up the axe—a thing very few people can do. I never saw a person apparently more cheerful and contented. He had already cleared away about fifteen acres, and had procured a summer crop from off a portion of it the year before, having no other assistance than his two boys, one thirteen and the other fourteen years old, healthy, but not powerfully built lads. When we called upon him, he was busied in burning the felled timber, and planting Indian corn. One of his boys was fencing in the ground. I went with the man into his log hut, which was large and convenient, and found his wife working at her needle and three little girls as busy as bees; the eldest of these girls was not twelve years old, yet she cooked, baked, washed, and, with the assistance of her two little sisters did all that was required for the household. After a short repose, we went out again into the clearing, when one of my friends asked him how he got on with his axe? “Pretty well,” replied he, laughing: “I’ll show you. He led us to where a button-wood tree was lying; the trunk was at least ninety feet long, and the diameter where it had been cut through, between five and six feet; it was an enormous tree. “And did you cut that down yourself?” inquired my companion, who was an old settler. “Not quite; but I cut through the north half while my boys cut through the south; we did it between us.” This was really astonishing; for if these two lads could cut through half the tree, it is evident

that they could have cut it down altogether. We had here a proof of how useful children can be made at an early age.

We promised to call upon him on our return; which we did. We found him sitting with his wife in his log-house; it was five o'clock in the afternoon; he told us "work was over now, and that the children had gone into the bush to play." They had all worked from five o'clock in the morning, and had since learnt their lessons. We heard their laughter ringing in the woods at a distance.

Now this is rather a remarkable instance among settlers, as I shall hereafter explain. Had this man been a bachelor, he would have been, in all probability, a drunkard; but, with his family, he was a happy, contented, and thriving man. We parted with him, and arrived at Windsor, opposite Detroit, very tired, having been, with little exception, fourteen hours in the saddle.

I took cold, and was laid up with a fever. I mention this, not as any thing interesting to the reader, but merely to shew what you may expect when you travel in these countries. I had been in bed three days, when my landlady came into the room. "Well, captain, how do you find yourself by this time?"—"Oh, I am a little better, thank you," replied I.—"Well, I am glad of it, because I want to whitewash your room; for if the coloured man stops to do it to-morrow, he'll be for charging us another quarter of a dollar."—"But I am not able to leave my room."—"Well, then, I'll speak to him; I dare say he won't mind your being in bed while he whitewashes."

I have often remarked the strange effects of intoxication, and the different manner in which persons are affected by liquor. When I was on the road from London to Chatham, a man who was very much intoxicated got into the waggon, and sat beside me. As people in that state usually are, he was excessively familiar; and although jerked off with no small degree of violence, would continue, until we arrived at the inn where we were to sup, to attempt to lay his head upon my shoulder.

As soon as we arrived supper was announced. At first he refused to take any, but on the artful landlady bawling in his ear that all *gentlemen* supped when they arrived, he hesitated to consider (which certainly was not at all necessary) whether he was not bound to take some. Another very important remark of the hostess, which was, that he would have nothing to eat until the next morning, it being then eleven o'clock at night, decided him, and he staggered in, observing,—“Nothing to eat till next morning! well, I never thought of that.” He sat down opposite to me, at the same table. It appeared as if his *vision was inverted* by the quantity of liquor which he had taken; everything close to him on the table he considered to be out of his reach, whilst everything at a distance he attempted to lay hold of. He sat up as erect as he could, balancing himself so as not to appear *corned*, and fixing his eyes upon me, said, “Sir, I'll trouble you—for some fried ham.” Now the ham was in the dish next to him, and altogether out of my reach; I told him so. “Sir,” said he again, “as a gentleman, I ask you to give me some of that fried ham.” Amused with the curious demand, I rose from my chair, went round to him, and helped him. “Shall I give you a potato,” said I—the potatoes being at my end of the table, and I not wishing to rise again. “No, Sir,” replied he, “I can help myself to them.” He made a dash at them, but did not reach them; then made another, and another, till he lost his balance, and lay down upon his plate; this time he gained the potatoes, helped himself, and commenced eating. After a few minutes he again fixed his eyes upon me. “Sir, I'll trouble you—for the pickles.” They were actually under his nose, and I pointed them out to him. “I believe, Sir, I asked you for the pickles,” repeated he, after a time. “Well, there they are,” replied I, wishing to see what he would do. “Sir, are you a gentleman—as a gentleman—I ask you as a gentleman, for them 'ere pickles.” It was impossible to resist this appeal, so I rose and helped him. I was now convinced that his vision was somehow or an-



other inverted, and to prove it, when he asked me for the salt, which was within his reach, I removed it farther off. "Thank ye, Sir," said he, sprawling over the table after it. The circumstance, absurd as it was, was really a subject for the investigation of Dr. Brewster.

At Windsor, which is directly opposite to Detroit, where the river is about half a mile across, are stores of English goods, sent there entirely for the supply of the Americans, by smugglers. There is also a row of tailors' shops, for cloth is a very dear article in America, and costs nearly double the price it does in the English provinces. The Americans go over there, and are measured for a suit of clothes; which, when ready, they put on, and cross back to Detroit with their old clothes in a bundle. The smuggling is already very extensive, and will, of course, increase as the Western country becomes more populous.

Near Windsor and Sandwich are several villages of free blacks, probably the major portion of them having been assisted in their escape by the Abolitionists. They are not very good neighbours, from their propensity to thieving, which either is innate, or, as Miss Martineau would have it, is the effect of slavery. I shall not dispute that point; but it is certain that they are most inveterately hostile to the Americans, and will fight to the last, from the dread of being again subjected to their former masters. They are an excellent frontier population; and in the last troubles they proved how valuable they would become, in case their services were more seriously required.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

ONCE more on board of the Michigan, one of the best vessels on Lake Erie; as usual, full of emigrants, chiefly Irish. It is impossible not to feel compassion for these poor people, wearied as they are with confinement and suffering, and yet they do compose occasionally about as laughable a group as can well be conceived. In the first place, they bring out with them from Ireland articles which no other people would consider worth the carriage. I saw one Irish woman who had five old tin tea-pots; there was but one spout among the whole, and I believe not one bottom really sound and good. And then their costumes, more particularly the fitting out of the children, who are not troubled with any extra supply of clothes at any time! I have witnessed the seat of an old pair of corduroy trowsers transformed into a sort of bonnet for a laughing fair-haired girl. But what amused me more was the very reverse of this arrangement: a boy's father had just put a patch upon the hinder part of his son's trowsers, and cloth not being at hand, he had, as an expedient for stopping the gap, inserted a piece of an old straw bonnet; in so doing he had not taken the precaution to put the smooth side of the plait inwards, and, in consequence, young Teddy when he first sat down felt rather uncomfortable. "What's the matter wid ye, Teddy; what makes ye wriggle about in that way? Sit aisy, man; sure enough, havn't ye a straw-bottomed

chair to sit down upon all the rest of your journey, which is more than your father ever had before you?" And then their turning in for the night! A single bed will contain one adult and four little ones at one end, and another adult and two half-grown at the other. But they are all packed away so snug and close, and not one venturing to move, there appears to be room for all.

We stopped half an hour at Mackinaw to take in wood and then started for Green Bay, in the Wisconsin territory. Green Bay is a military station; it is a pretty little place, with soil as rich as garden mould. The Fox river debouches here, but the navigation is checked a few miles above the town by the rapids, which have been dammed up into a water-power; yet there is no doubt that as soon as the whole of the Wisconsin lands are offered for sale by the American Government, the river will be made navigable up to its meeting with the Wisconsin which falls into the Mississippi. There is only a portage of a mile and a half between the two, through which a canal will be cut, and then there will be another junction between the lakes and the Far West. It was my original intention to have taken the usual route by Chicago and Galena to St. Louis, but I fell in with Major F——, with whom I had been previously acquainted, who informed me that he was about to send a detachment of troops from Green Bay to Fort Winnebago, across the Wisconsin territory. As this afforded me an opportunity of seeing the country, which seldom occurs, I availed myself of an opportunity to join the party. The detachment consisted of about one hundred recruits, nearly the whole of them Canada patriots, as they are usually called, who, having failed in taking the provinces from John Bull, were fain to accept the shilling from Uncle Sam.

Major F—— accompanied us to pay the troops at the fort, and we therefore had five waggons with us, loaded with a considerable quantity of bread and pork, and not quite so large a proportion of specie, the latter not having as yet become plentiful again in the United States. We set off, and marched fifteen miles in about half a day

passing through the settlement Des Péres, which is situated at the rapids of the Fox river. Formerly they were called the Rapids des Péres, from a Jesuit college which had been established there by the French. Our course lay along the banks of the Fox river, a beautiful swift stream pouring down between high ridges, covered with fine oak timber.

The American Government have disposed of all the land on the banks of this river and the lake Winnebago, and consequently it is well settled; but the Winnebago territory in Wisconsin, lately purchased of the Winnebago Indians, and comprising all the prairie land and rich mineral country from Galena to Mineral Point is not yet offered for sale; when it is, it will be eagerly purchased; and the American Government, as it only paid the Indians at the rate of one cent and a fraction per acre, will make an enormous profit by the speculation. Well may the Indians be said, like Esau, to part with their birthright for a mess of pottage; but, in truth, they are *compelled* to sell—the purchase-money being a mere subterfuge, by which it may *appear* as if their lands were not wrested from them, although, in fact, it is.

On the second day we continued our march along the banks of the Fox river, which, as we advanced, continued to be well settled, and would have been more so, if some of the best land had not fallen, as usual, into the hands of speculators, who aware of its value, hold out that they may obtain a high price for it. The country through which we passed was undulating, consisting of a succession of ridges, covered with oaks of a large size, but not growing close as in a forest; you could gallop your horse through any part of it. The tracks of deer were frequent, but we saw but one herd of fifteen, and that was at a distance. We now left the banks of the river, and cut scross the country to Fond du Lac, at the bottom of Lake Winnebago, of which we had had already an occasional glimpse through the openings of the forest. The deer were too wild to allow of our getting near them;

so I was obliged to content myself with shooting wood pigeons, which were very plentiful.

On the night of the third day we encamped upon a very high ridge, as usual studded with oak trees. The term used here to distinguish this variety of timber land from the impervious woods, is *oak openings*. I never saw a more beautiful view than that which was afforded us from our encampment. From the high ground upon which our tents were pitched, we looked down to the left, upon a prairie flat and level as a billiard-table, extending, as far as the eye could scan, one rich surface of unrivalled green. To the right, the prairie gradually changed to oak openings, and then to a thick forest, the topmost boughs and heads of which were level with our tents. Beyond them was the whole broad expanse of the Winnebago lake, smooth and reflecting like a mirror the brilliant tints of the setting sun, which disappeared, leaving a portion of his glory behind him; while the moon in her ascent, with the dark portion of her disk as clearly defined as that which was lighted, gradually increased in brilliancy, and the stars twinkled in the clear sky. We watched the features of the landscape gradually fading from our sight, until nothing was left but broad masses partially lighted up by the young moon.

Nor was the foreground less picturesque; the spreading oaks, the tents of the soldiers, the wagons drawn up with the horses tethered, all lighted up by the blaze of our large fires. Now when I say our large fires, I mean the *large* fires of *America*, consisting of three or four oak trees, containing a load of wood each, besides many large boughs and branches, altogether forming a fire some twenty or thirty feet long, with flames flickering up twice as high as one's head. At a certain distance from this blazing pile you may perceive what in another situation would be considered as a large coffee-pot (before this huge fire it makes a very diminutive appearance). It is placed over some embers drawn out from the mass, which would soon have burnt up coffee-pot and coffee altogether; and at a still more respectful distance you

may perceive small rods, not above four or five feet long, bifurcated at the smaller end, and fixed by the larger in the ground, so as to hang towards the huge fire, at an angle of forty degrees, like so many tiny fishing rods. These rods have at their bifurcated ends a piece of pork or ham, or of bread, or perhaps of venison, for we bought some, not having shot any; they are all private property, as each party cooks for himself. Seeing these rods at some distance, you might almost imagine that they were the fishing rods of little imps bobbing for salamanders in the fiery furnace.

In the mean time, while the meat is cooking, and the coffee is boiling, the brandy and whiskey are severely taxed, as we lie upon our cloaks and buffalo skins at the front of our tents. There certainly is a charm in this wild sort of life, which wins upon people the more they practise it; nor can it be wondered at; our wants are in reality so few and so easily satisfied, without the restraint of form and ceremony. How often, in my wanderings, have I felt the truth of Shakspeare's lines in "As you Like It."

"Now, my co-mates and partners in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam—  
The seasons' difference."

On the fourth day we descended, crossed the wide prairie, and arrived at the Fond du Lac, where we again fell in with the Fox river, which runs through the Winnebago lake. The roads through the forests had been very bad, and the men and horses shewed signs of fatigue; but we had now passed through all the thickly wooded country, and had entered into the prairie country, extending to Fort Winnebago, and which was beautiful beyond conception. Its features alone can be described; but its effects can only be felt by being seen. The prairies here are not very large, seldom being above six or seven miles

in length or breadth; generally speaking, they lie in gentle undulating flats, and the ridges and hills between them are composed of oak openings. To form an idea of these oak openings, imagine an inland country covered with splendid trees, about as thickly planted as in our English parks; in fact, it is English park scenery, Nature having here spontaneously produced what it has been the care and labour of centuries in our own country to effect. Sometimes the prairie will rise and extend along the hills, and assume an undulating appearance, like the long swell of the ocean; it is then called rolling prairie.

Often, when I looked down upon some fifteen or twenty thousand acres of these prairies, full of rich grass, without one animal, tame or wild, to be seen, I would fancy what thousands of cattle will, in a few years, be luxuriating in those pastures, which, since the herds of buffalo have retreated from them, are now useless, and throwing up each year a fresh crop, to seed and to die unheeded.

On our way we had fallen in with a young Frenchman, who had purchased some land at Fond du Lac, and was proceeding there in company with an American, whom he had hired to settle on it. I now parted company with him; he had gone out with me in my shooting excursions, and talked of nothing but his purchase: it had water; it had a waterfall; it had, in fact, everything that he could desire; but he thought that, after two years, he would go home and get a wife: a Paradise without an Eve would be no Paradise at all.

The price of labour is, as may be supposed, very high in this part of the country. Hiring by the year, you find a man in food, board, and washing, and pay him three hundred dollars per annum (about £70 English.)

The last night that we bivouacked out was the only unfortunate one. We had been all comfortably settled for the night, and fast asleep, when a sudden storm came on, accompanied with such torrents of rain as would have washed us out of our tents, if they had not been already blown down by the violence of the gale. Had we

had any warning, we should have provided against it; as it was, we made up huge fires, which defied the rain; and thus we remained till daylight, the rain pouring on us, while the heat of the fire drying us almost as fast as we got wet, each man threw up a column of steam from his still saturating and still heated garments. Every night we encamped where there was a run of water, and plenty of dead timber for our fires; and thus did we go on, emptying our waggons daily of the bread and pork, and filling up the vacancies left by the removal of the empty casks with the sick and lame, until at last we arrived at Fort Winnebago.



## CHAPTER XXV.

WE had not to arrive at the fort to receive a welcome, for when we were still distant about seven miles, the officers of the garrison, who had notice of our coming, made their appearance on horseback, bringing a handsome britchska and gray horses for our accommodation. Those who were not on duty (and I was one) accepted the invitation, and we drove in upon a road which, indeed, for the last thirty miles, had been as level as the best in England. The carriage was followed by pointers, hounds, and a variety of dogs, who were off duty like ourselves, and who appeared quite as much delighted with their run as we were tired with ours. The medical officer attached to the fort, an old friend and correspondent of Mr. Lea of Philadelphia, received me with all kindness, and immediately installed me in one of the rooms in the hospital.

Fort Winnebago is situated between the Fox and Wisconsin rivers at the Portage, the two rivers being about a mile and a-half apart; the Fox river running east, and giving its water to Lake Michigan at Green Bay, while the Wisconsin turns to the west, and runs into the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien. The fort is merely a square of barracks, connected together with palisades, to protect it from the Indians; and it is hardly sufficiently strong for even that purpose. It is beautifully situated, and when the country fills up will become a place of im-

portance. Most of the officers are married, and live a very quiet, and secluded, but not unpleasant life. I stayed there two days, much pleased with the society and the kindness shewn to me; but an opportunity of descending the Wisconsin to Prairie du Chien, in a keel-boat, having presented itself, I availed myself of an invitation to join the party, instead of proceeding by land to Galena, as had been my original intention.

The boat had been towed up the Wisconsin with a cargo of flour for the garrison; and a portion of the officers having been ordered down to Prairie du Chien, they had obtained this large boat to transport themselves, families, furniture, and horses, all at once, down to their destination. The boat was about one hundred and twenty feet long, covered in to the height of six feet above the gunnel, and very much in appearance like the Noah's Ark given to children, excepting that the roof was flat. It was an unwieldy craft, and, to manage it, it required at least twenty-five men with poles and long sweeps; but the army gentlemen had decided that, as we were to go down with the stream, six men with short oars would be sufficient—a very great mistake. In every other respect she was badly found, as we term it at sea, having but one old piece of rope to hang on with, and one axe. Our freight consisted of furniture stowed forward and aft, with a horse and cow. In a cabin in the centre we had a lady and five children, one maid and two officers. Our crew was composed of six soldiers, a servant, and a French *half bred* to pilot us down the river. All Winnebago came out to see us start; and as soon as the rope was cast off, away we went down with the strong current, at the rate of five miles an hour. The river passed through forests of oak, the large limbs of which hung from fifteen to twenty feet over the banks on each side; sometimes whole trees lay prostrate in the stream, held by their roots still partially remaining in the ground, while their trunks and branches offering resistance to the swift current, created a succession of small masses of froth, which floated away on the dark green water.

We had not proceeded far, before we found that it was impossible to manage such a large and cumbrous vessel with our few hands; we were almost at the mercy of the current, which appeared to increase in rapidity every minute; however, by exertion and good management, we contrived to keep in the middle of the stream, until the wind sprung up and drove us on to the southern bank of the river, and then all was cracking and tearing away of the wood-work, breaking of limbs from the projecting trees, snapping, cracking, screaming, hallooing and confusion. As fast as we cleared ourselves of one tree, the current bore us down upon another; as soon as we were clear above water, we were foul and entangled below. It was a very pretty general average; but what was worse than all, a snag had intercepted and unshipped our rudder, and we were floating away from it, as it still remained fixed upon the sunken tree. We had no boat with us not even a *dug-out*—(a canoe made out of the trunk of a tree,)—so one of the men climbed on shore by the limbs of an oak, and went back to disengage it. He did so, but not being able to resist the force of the stream, down he and the rudder came together—his only chance of salvation being that of our catching him as he came past us. This we fortunately succeeded in effecting; and then hanging on by our old piece of rope to the banks of the river after an hour's delay, we contrived to re-ship our rudder, and proceeded on our voyage, which was a continuation of the same eventful history. Every half hour we found ourselves wedged in between the spreading limbs of the oaks, and were obliged to have recourse to the axe to clear ourselves; and on every occasion we lost a further portion of the frame work of our boat, either from the roof, the sides, or by the tearing away of the stancheons themselves.

A little before sunset, we were again swept on to the bank with such force as to draw the pintles of our rudder. This finished us for the day; before it could be replaced, it was time to make fast for the night; so there we lay, holding by our rotten piece of rope, which cracked and

strained to such a degree, as inclined us to speculate upon where we might find ourselves in the morning. However, we could not help ourselves, so we landed, made a large fire, and cooked our victuals; not, however venturing to wander away far, on account of the rattle-snakes, which here abounded. Perhaps there is no portion of America in which the rattle-snakes are so large and so numerous as in Wisconsin. There are two varieties; the black rattle-snake, that frequents marshy spots, and renders it rather dangerous to shoot snipes and ducks; and the yellow, which takes up its abode in the rocks and dry places. Dr. F—— told me he had killed inside of the fort Winnebago, one of the latter species, between seven and eight feet long. The rattle-snake, although its poison is so fatal, is in fact not a very dangerous animal, and people are seldom bitten by it. This arises from two causes: first, that it invariably gives you notice of its presence by its rattle; and secondly, that it always coils itself up like a watch-spring before it strikes, and then darts forward only about its own length. Where they are common, the people generally carry with them a vial of ammonia, which, if instantly applied to the bite, will at least prevent death. The copper-head is a snake of a much more dangerous nature, from its giving no warning, and its poison being equally active.

This river has been very appropriately named by the Indians the "Stream of the Thousand Isles," as it is studded with them; indeed, every quarter of a mile you find one or two in its channel. The scenery is fine, as the river runs through high ridges, covered with oak to their summits; sometimes these ridges are backed by higher cliffs and mountains, which half way up are of a verdant green, and above that present horizontal strata of calcareous rock of rich gray tints, having, at a distance, very much the appearance of the dilapidated castles on the Rhine.

The scenery, though not so grand as the high lands of the Hudson, is more diversified and beautiful. The river was very full, and the current occasionally so rapid

as to leave the foam as it swept by any projecting point. We had, now that the river widened, sand banks to contend with, which required all the exertions of our insufficient crew.

On the second morning, I was very much annoyed at our having left without providing ourselves with a boat, for at the gray of dawn, we discovered that some deer had taken the river close to us, and were in mid-stream. Had we had a boat, we might have procured a good supply of venison. We cast off again and resumed our voyage; and without any serious accident we arrived at the shot-tower, where we remained for the night. Finding a shot-tower in such a lone wilderness as this gives you some idea of the enterprise of the Americans; but the Galena, or lead district, commences here, on the south bank of the Wisconsin. The smelting is carried on about twelve miles inland, and the lead is brought here, made into shot, and then sent down the river to the Mississippi, by which, and its tributary streams, it is supplied to all America, west of the Alleghanies. The people were all at work when we arrived. The general distress had even affected the demand for shot, which was now considerably reduced.

On the third day we had the good fortune to have no wind, and consequently made rapid progress, without much further damage. We passed a small settlement called the English prairie—for the prairies were now occasionally mixed up with the mountain scenery. Here there was a smelting-house and a steam saw-mill.

The *diggings*, as they term the places where the lead is found (for they do not mine, but dig down from the surface), were about sixteen miles distant. We continued our course for about twenty miles lower down, when we wound up our day's work by getting into a more serious *fix* among the trees, and eventually losing our only *axe*, which fell overboard into deep water. All Noah's Ark was in dismay, for we did not know what might happen, or what the next day might bring forth. Fortunately, it was not requisite to cut wood for firing.

During the whole of this trip I was much amused with our pilot, who, fully aware of the dangers of the river, was also equally conscious that there were not sufficient means on board to avoid them; when, therefore, we were set upon a sand-bank, or pressed by the wind on the sunken trees, he always whistled; that was all he could do, and in proportion as the danger became more imminent, so did he whistle the louder, until the affair was decided by a bump or a crash, and then he was silent.

On the ensuing day we had nothing but misfortunes. We were continually twisted and twirled about, sometimes with our bows, sometimes with our stern foremost, and as often with our broadside to the stream. We were whirled against one bank, and, as soon as we were clear of that we were thrown upon the other. Having no axe to cut away, we were obliged to use our hands. Again our rudder was unshipped, and with great difficulty replaced. By this time we had lost nearly the half of the upper works of the boat, one portion after another having been torn off by the limbs of the trees as the impetuous current drove us along. To add to our difficulties, a strong wind rose against the current, and the boat became quite unmanageable. About noon, when we had gained only seven miles, the wind abated, and two Menounomie Indians, in a *dug-out*, came alongside of us; and as it was doubtful whether we should arrive at the mouth of the river on that night, or be left upon a sand bank, I got into the canoe with them, to go down to the landing-place, and from thence to cross over to Prairie du Chien, to inform the officers of the garrison of our condition, and obtain assistance. The canoe would exactly hold three, and no more; but we paddled swiftly down the stream, and we soon lost sight of the Noah's Ark. Independently of the canoe being so small, she had lost a large portion of her stem, so that at the least ripple of the water she took it in, and threatened us with a swim; and she was so very narrow, that the least motion would have destroyed her equilibrium and upset her. One Indian sat in the bow, the other in the stern, whilst I

was doubled up in the middle. We had given the Indians some bread and pork, and after paddling about half an hour, they stopped to eat. Now, the Indian at the bow had the pork, while the one on the stern had the bread; any attempt to move, so as to hand the eatables to each other, must have upset us; so this was their plan of communication:—The one in the bow cut off a slice of pork, and putting it into the lid of a saucepan which he had with him, and floating it alongside of the canoe, gave it a sufficient momentum to make it swim to the stern, when the other took possession of it. He in the stern then cut off a piece of bread, and sent it back in return by the same conveyance. I had a flask of whisky, but they would not trust that by the same perilous little conveyance; so I had to lean forward very steadily, and hand it to the foremost, and, when he returned it to me, to lean backwards to give it the other, with whom it remained till we landed, for I could not regain it. After about an hour's more paddling, we arrived safely at the landing-place. I had some trouble to get a horse, and was obliged to go out to the fields where the men were ploughing. In doing so, I passed two or three very large snakes. At last I was mounted somehow, but without stirrups, and set off for Prairie du Chien. After riding about four miles, I had passed the mountains, and I suddenly came upon the beautiful prairie (on which were feeding several herd of cattle and horses), with the fort in the distance, and the wide waters of the upper Mississippi flowing beyond it. I crossed the prairie, found my way into the fort, stated the situation of our party, and requested assistance. This was immediately despatched, but on their arrival at the landing place, they found that the keel-boat had arrived at the ferry without further difficulty. Before sunset the carriages returned with the whole party, who were comfortably accommodated in the barracks—a sufficient number of men being left with the boat to bring it round to the Mississippi, a distance of about twelve miles.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN is a beautiful meadow, about eight miles long by two broad, situated at the confluence of the Wisconsin and the Mississippi; it is backed with high bluffs, such as I have before described, verdant two-thirds of the way up, and crowned with rocky summits. The bluffs, as I must call them, for I know not what other name to give them, rise very abruptly, often in a sugar-loaf form, from the flat lands, and have a very striking appearance: as you look up to them, their peculiar formation and vivid green sides, contrasting with their blue and gray summits, give them the appearance of a succession of ramparts investing the prairie. The fort at the prairie, which is named Fort Crawford, is, like most other American outposts, a mere inclosure, intended to repel the attacks of Indians; but it is large and commodious, and the quarters of the officers are excellent; it is, moreover, built of stone, which is not the case with Fort Winnebago or Fort Howard at Green Bay. The Upper Mississippi is here a beautiful clear blue stream, intersected with verdant islands, and very different in appearance from the Lower Mississippi, after it has been joined by the Missouri. The opposite shore is composed of high cliffs, covered with timber, which, not only in form, but in tint and colour, remind you very much of Glover's landscapes of the mountainous parts of Scotland and Wales.

I made one or two excursions to examine the ancient



mounds which are scattered all over this district, and which have excited much speculation as to their origin; some supposing them to have been fortifications, others the burial places of the Indians. That they have latterly been used by the Indians as burial places, there is no doubt; but I suspect they were not originally raised for that purpose. A Mr. Taylor has written an article in one of the periodicals, stating his opinion that they were the burial places of chiefs; and to prove it, he asserts that some of them are thrown up in imitation of the figure of the animal which was the heraldic distinction of the chief whose remains they contain, such as the beaver, elk, &c. He has given drawings of some of them. That the Indians have their heraldic distinctions, their *totems*, as they call them, I know to be a fact; as I have seen the fur traders' books, containing the receipts of the chiefs, with their crests drawn by themselves, and very correctly too; but it required more imagination than I possess, to make out the form of any animal in the mounds. I should rather suppose the mounds to be the remains of tenements, sometimes fortified, sometimes not, which were formerly built of mud or earth, as is still the custom in the northern portion of the Sioux country. Desertion and time have crumbled them into these mounds, which are generally to be found in a commanding situation or in a string as if constructed for mutual defence. On Rock River there is a long line of wall, now below the surface which extends for a considerable distance, and is supposed to be the remains of a city built by a former race, probably the Mexican, who long since retreated before the northern races of Indians. I cannot recollect the name which has been given to it. I had not time to visit this spot, but an officer showed me some pieces of what they called the brick which composes the wall. Brick it is not—no right angles have been discovered, so far as I could learn; it appears rather as if a wall had been raised of clay, and then exposed to the action of fire, as portions of it are strongly vitrified, and others are merely hard clay. But admitting

my surmises to be correct, still there is evident proof that this country was formerly peopled by a nation whose habits were very different, and in all appearance more civilised than those of the races which were found here; and this is all that can be satisfactorily sustained. As, however, it is well substantiated that a race similar to the Mexican formerly existed on these prairie lands, the whole question may perhaps be solved by the following extract from Irving's *Conquest of Florida*.

“The village of Onachili resembles most of the Indian villages of Florida. The natives always endeavoured to build upon high ground, or at least to erect the house of their cacique or chief upon an eminence. As the country was very level, and high places seldom to be found, they constructed artificial mounds of earth, capable of containing from ten to twenty houses; there resided the chief, his family, and attendants. At the foot of the hill was a square, according to the size of the village, round which were the houses of the leaders and most distinguished inhabitants.”

I consider the Wisconsin territory as the finest portion of North America, not only from its soil, but its climate. The air is pure, and the winters, although severe, are dry and bracing; very different from, and more healthy than those of the Eastern States. At *Prairie du Chien* every one dwelt upon the beauty of the winter, indeed they appeared to prefer it to the other seasons. The country is, as I have described it in my route from *Green Bay*, alternate prairie, oak openings, and forests; and the same may be said of the other side of the *Mississippi*, now distinguished as the district of *Ioway*. Limestone quarries abound, indeed, the whole of this beautiful and fertile region appears as if nature had so arranged it that man should have all difficulties cleared from before him, and have little to do but to take possession and enjoy. There is no clearing of timber requisite; on the contrary, you have just as much as you can desire, whether for use or ornament. Prairies of fine rich grass, upon which cattle fatten in three or four

months, lay spread in every direction. The soil is so fertile that you have but to turn it up to make it yield grain to any extent; and the climate is healthy, at the same time that there is more than sufficient sun in the summer and autumn to bring every crop to perfection. Land carriage is hardly required, from the numerous rivers and streams which pour their waters from every direction into the Upper Mississippi. Add to all this, that the Western lands possess an inexhaustible supply of minerals, only a few feet under the surface of their rich soil—a singular and wonderful provision, as, in general, where minerals are found below, the soil above is usually arid and ungrateful. The mineral country is to the south of the Wisconsin river—at least nothing has at present been discovered north of it; but the northern part is still in the possession of the Winnebago Indians, who are waiting for the fulfilment of the treaty before they surrender it, and at present will permit no white settler to enter it. It is said that the portions of the Wisconsin territory will come into the market this year; at present, with the exception of the Fox river and Winnebago Lake settlements, and that of Prairie du Chien, at the confluence of the two rivers Wisconsin and Mississippi, there is hardly a log-house in the whole district. The greatest annoyance at present in this western country is the quantity and variety of snakes; it is hardly safe to land upon some parts of the Wisconsin river banks, and they certainly offer a great impediment to the excursions of the geologist and botanist; you are obliged to look right and left as you walk, and as for putting your hand into a hole, you would be almost certain to receive a very unwished-for and unpleasant shake to welcome you.

I ought here to explain an American law relative to what is termed squatting, that is, taking possession of land belonging to government and cultivating it: such was the custom of the back-woodsmen, and, for want of this law, it often happened that after they had cultivated a farm, the land would be applied for and purchased by some speculator, who would forcibly eject the occu-

pant and take possession of the improved property. A back-woodsman was not to be trifled with, and the consequences very commonly were that the new proprietor was found some fine morning with a rifle-bullet through his head. To prevent this unjust spoliation on the one part, and summary revenge on the other, a law has been passed, by which any person having taken possession of land belonging to the States Government shall, as soon as the lands have been surveyed and come into the market, have the right of purchasing the quarter section, or one hundred and sixty acres round him. Many thousands are settled in this way all over the New Western States, and this pre-emption right is one of the few laws in Western America strictly adhered to. A singular proof of this occurred the other day at Galena. The government had made regulations with the diggers and smelters on the government lands for a per centage on the lead raised, as a government tax; and they erected a large stone building to warehouse their portion, which was paid in lead. As soon as the government had finished it, a man stepped forward and proved his right of pre-emption on the land upon which the building was erected, and it was decided against the government, although the land was actually government land!

## CHAPTER XXVII.

I REMAINED a week at Prairie du Chien, and left my kind entertainers with regret; but an opportunity offering of going up to St. Peters in a steam-boat, with General Atkinson, who was on a tour of inspection, I could not neglect so favourable a chance. St. Peters is situated at the confluence of the St. Peter River with the Upper Mississippi, about seven miles below the Falls of St. Anthony, where the River Mississippi becomes no longer navigable; and here, removed many hundred miles from civilization, the Americans have an outpost called Fort Snelling, and the American Fur Company an establishment. The country to the north is occupied by the Chippeway tribe of Indians; that to the east by the Winnebagos, and that to the west by the powerful tribe of Sioux or Dacotahs, who range over the whole prairie territory between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

The river here is so constantly divided by numerous islands, that its great width is not discernible: it seldom has less than two or three channels, and often more: it courses through a succession of bold bluffs, rising sometimes perpendicularly, and always abruptly from the banks or flat land, occasionally diversified by the prairies, which descend to the edge of the stream. These bluffs are similar to those I have described in the Wisconsin river and Prairie du Chien, but are on a grander

scale, and are surmounted by horizontal layers of limestone rock. The islands are all covered with small timber and brushwood, and in the spring, before the leaves have burst out, and the freshets come down, the river rises so as to cover the whole of them, and then you behold the width and magnificence of this vast stream. On the second day we arrived at Lake Pepin, which is little more than an expansion of the river, or rather a portion of it, without islands. On the third, we made fast to the wharf, abreast of the American Fur Company's Factory, a short distance below the mouth of the river St. Peters. Fort Snelling is about a mile from the factory, and is situated on a steep promontory, in a commanding position; it is built of stone, and may be considered as impregnable to any attempt which the Indians might make, provided that it has a sufficient garrison. Behind it is a splendid prairie, running back for many miles.

The Falls of St. Anthony are not very imposing, although not devoid of beauty. You cannot see the whole of the falls at one view, as they are divided, like those of Niagara, by a large island, about one-third of the distance from the eastern shore. The river which, as you ascended poured through a bed below the strata of calcareous rock, now rises above the limestone formation; and the large masses of this rock, which at the falls have been thrown down in wild confusion over a width of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty yards, have a very picturesque effect. The falls themselves, I do not think, are more than from thirty to thirty-five feet high; but, with rapids above and below them, the descent of the river is said to be more than one hundred feet. Like those of Niagara, these falls have constantly receded, and are still receding.

Here, for the first time, I consider that I have seen the Indians in their primitive state; for till now all that I had fallen in with have been debased by intercourse with the whites, and the use of spirituous liquors. The Winnebagoes at Prairie du Chien were almost always in a state of intoxication, as were the other tribes at Macki-

naw, and on the Lakes. The Winnebagos are considered the dirtiest race of Indians, and with the worst qualities: they were formerly designated by the French, *Puans*, a term sufficiently explanatory. When I was at Prairie du Chien, a circumstance which had occurred there in the previous winter was narrated to me. In many points of manners and customs, the red men have a strong analogy with the Jewish tribes: among others, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, is most strictly adhered to. If an Indian of one tribe is killed by an Indian of another, the murderer is demanded, and must either be given up, or his life must be taken by his own tribe; if not, a feud between the two nations would be the inevitable result. It appeared that a young Menonomie, in a drunken fray, had killed a Winnebago, and the culprit was demanded by the head men of the Winnebago tribe. A council was held; and instead of the Menonomie, the chiefs of the tribe offered them whisky. The Winnebagos could not resist the temptation; and it was agreed that ten gallons of whisky should be produced by the Menonomies, to be drunk by all parties over the grave of the deceased. The squaws of the Menonomie tribe had to dig the grave, as is the custom,—a task of no little labour, as the ground was frozen hard several feet below the surface.

The body was laid in the grave; the mother of the deceased, with the rest of the Winnebago squaws, howling over it, and denouncing vengeance against the murderer; but in a short time the whisky made its appearance, and they all set to, to drink. In an hour they were all the best friends in the world, and all very drunk. The old squaw mother was hugging the murderer of her son; and it was a scene of intoxication which, in the end, left the majority of the parties assembled, for a time, quite as dead as the man in the grave. Such are the effects of whisky upon these people, who have been destroyed much more rapidly by spirituous liquors than by all the wars which they have engaged in against the whites.

The Sioux are a large band, and are divided into six or seven different tribes; they are said to amount to from 27,000 to 30,000. They are, or have been, constantly at war with the Chippeways to the north of them, and with the Saucs and Foxes, a small but very warlike band, residing to the south of them, abreast of Des Moines River. The Sioux have fixed habitations as well as tents; their tents are large and commodious, made of buffalo skins dressed without the hair, and very often handsomely painted on the outside. I went out about nine miles to visit a Sioux village on the borders of a small lake. Their lodges were built cottage fashion, of small fir-poles, erected stockadewise, and covered inside and out with bark; the roof also of bark with a hole in centre for the smoke to escape through. I entered one of those lodges: the interior was surrounded by a continued bed-place round three of the sides, about three feet from the floor, and on the platform was a quantity of buffalo skins and pillows; the fire was in the centre, and their luggage was stowed away under their bed-places. It was very neat and clean; the Sioux generally are; indeed, particularly so, compared with the other tribes of Indians. A missionary resides at this village, and has paid great attention to the small band under his care. Their patches of Indian corn were clean and well tilled; and although, from demi-civilization, the people have lost much of their native grandeur, still they are a fine race, and well disposed. But the majority of the Sioux tribe remain in their native state: they are *Horse* Indians, as those who live on the prairies are termed; and although many of them have rifles, the majority still adhere to the use of the bow and arrows, both in their war parties and in the chase of the buffalo.

During the time that I passed here, there were several games of ball played between different bands, and for considerable stakes; one was played on the prairie close to the house of the Indian agent. The Indian game of ball is somewhat similar to the game of golf in Scotland, with this difference, that the sticks used by the Indians



have a small network racket at the end, in which they catch the ball and run away with it, as far as they are permitted, towards the goal, before they throw it in that direction. It is one of the most exciting games in the world, and requires the greatest activity and address. It is, moreover, rendered celebrated in American history from the circumstance that it was used as a stratagem by the renowned leader of the northern tribes, Pontiac, to surprise in one day all the English forts on and near to the lakes, a short time after the Canadas had been surrendered to the British. At Mackinaw they succeeded, and put the whole garrison to the sword, as they did at one or two smaller posts; but at Detroit they were foiled by the plan having been revealed by one of the squaws.

Pontiac's plan was as follows. Pretending the greatest good-will and friendship, a game of ball was proposed to be played, on the same day, at all the different outposts, for the amusement of the garrisons. The interest taken in the game would, of course, call out a proportion of the officers and men to witness it. The squaws were stationed close to the gates of the fort, with the rifles of the Indians cut short, concealed under their blankets. The ball was, as if by accident, to be thrown into the fort; the Indians, as usual, were to rush in crowds after it: by this means they were to enter the fort, receiving their rifles from their squaws as they hurried in, and then slaughter the weakened and unprepared garrisons. Fortunately, Detroit, the most important post, and against which Pontiac headed the stratagem in person, was saved by the previous information given by the squaw; not that she had any intention to betray him, but the commanding officer having employed her to make him several pair of mocassins out of an elk skin, desired her to take the remainder of the skin for the same purpose; this she refused, saying that it was of no use, as he would never see it again. This remark excited his suspicions, and led to the discovery.

The game played before the fort when I was present lasted nearly two hours, during which I had a good opportunity of estimating the agility of the Indians, who

displayed a great deal of mirth and humour at the same time. But the most curious effect produced was by the circumstance, that having divested themselves of all their garments, except their middle clothing, they had all of them fastened behind them a horse's tail; and as they swept by, in their chase of the ball, with their tails streaming to the wind, I really almost made up my mind that such an appendage was rather an improvement to a man's figure than otherwise.

While I was there a band of Sioux from the *Lac qui Parle*, (so named from a remarkable echo there,) distant about two hundred and thirty miles from Fort Snelling, headed by a Mons. Rainville, came down, on a visit to the American Fur Company's factory. Mons. Rainville, (or *de* Rainville, as he told me was his real name,) is, he asserts, descended from one of the best families in France, which formerly settled in Canada. He is a half-bred, his father being a Frenchman, and his mother a Sioux; his wife is also a Sioux, so that his family are three quarters red. He has been residing many years with the Sioux tribes, trafficking with them for peltry, and has been very judicious in his treatment of them, not interfering with their pursuits of hunting; he has, moreover, to a certain degree civilised them, and obtained great power over them. He has induced the band who reside with him to cultivate a sufficiency of ground for their sustenance, but they still course the prairie on their fiery horses, and follow up the chase of the buffalo. They adhere also to their paint, their dresses, and their habits, and all who compose his band are first-rate warriors; but they are all converted to Christianity.

Latterly two missionaries have been sent out to his assistance. The Dacotah language has been reduced to writing, and most of them, if not all, can write and read. I have now in my possession an elementary spelling-book and Watts's catechism, printed at Boston, in the Sioux tongue, and many letters and notes given to me by the missionaries, written to them by the painted warriors; of course, they do not touch spirituous liquors. The dress of the band which came down with Mr. Rainville was

peculiarly martial and elegant. Their hair is divided in long plaits in front, and ornamented with rows of circular silver buckles; the ear is covered with ear-rings up to the top of it, and on the crown of the head they wear the war-eagle's feathers, to which they are entitled by their exploits. The war-eagle is a small one of the genus, but said to be so fierce that it will attack and destroy the largest of his kind; the feathers are black about three inches down from the tips, on each side of the stem, the remainder being white. These feathers are highly valued, as the bird is scarce and difficult to kill. I saw two very fine feathers carried by a Sioux warrior on the point of his spear, and I asked him if he would part with them. He refused, saying that they cost too dear. I asked him how much, and he replied that he had given a very *fine horse* for them. For every scalp taken from the enemy, or grisly bear killed, an Indian is entitled to wear one feather, and no more; and this rule is never deviated from. Were an Indian to put on more feathers than he is entitled to, he would be immediately disgraced. Indeed, you can among this primitive people know all their several merits as warriors. I have now the shield of Yank-ton Sioux, a chief of a tribe near the Missouri. In the centre is a black eagle, which is his *totem*, or heraldic distinction; on each side hang war-eagle's feathers and small locks of human hair, denoting the number of scalps which he has taken, and below are smaller feathers, equal to the number of wounds he has received. These warriors of Mr. Rainville's were constantly with me, for they knew I was an *English* warrior, as they called me, and they are very partial to the English. It was really a pleasing sight, and a subject for meditation, to see one of these fine fellows, dressed in all his wild magnificence, with his buffalo robe on his shoulders, and his tomahawk by his side, seated at a table, and writing out for me a Sioux translation of the Psalms of David.

Mr. Rainville's children read and write English, French, and Sioux. They are modest and well-behaved, as the Indian women generally are. They had prayers every evening, and I used to attend them. The warriors

sat on the floor round the room; the missionary, with Mr. Rainville and his family, in the centre; and they all sang remarkably well. This system with these Indians is, in my opinion, very good. All their fine qualities are retained; and if the system be pursued I have no doubt but that the sternness and less defensible portions of their characters will be gradually obliterated.

A half-bred, of the name of Jack Fraser, came up with us in the steam-boat. He has been admitted into one of the bands of Sioux who live near the river, and is reckoned one of the bravest of their warriors. I counted twenty-eight notches on the handle of his tomahawk, every one denoting a scalp taken, and when dressed he wears eagle's feathers to that amount. He was a fine intellectual-looking man. I conversed with him through the interpreter, and he told me that the only man he wished to kill was his *father*. On inquiring why, he replied that his father had broken his word with him; that he had promised to make a *white man* of him (that is to have educated him, and brought him up in a civilised manner), and that he had left him a Sioux. One could not help admiring the thirst for knowledge and the pride shown by this poor fellow, although mixed up with their inveterate passion for revenge.

The following story is told of Jack Fraser:—When he was a lad of twelve years old he was with three other Sioux Indians, captured by the Chippeways. At that period these tribes were not at war, but they were preparing for it; the Chippeways, therefore, did not kill, but they insulted all the Sioux who fell into their hands.

The greatest affront to a Sioux is to cut off his hair, which is worn very long before and behind, hanging down in plaits ornamented with silver brooches. The Chippeways cut off the hair of the three Sioux Indians, and were about to do the same office for Jack, when he threw them off, telling them that if they wanted his hair, they must take it with the *scalp* attached to it.

This boldness on the part of a boy twelve years old astonished the Chippeways, and they all put their hands to their mouths, as the Indians always do when they

are very much surprised. They determined, however, to ascertain if Jack was really as brave as he appeared to be, and whether he had fortitude to bear pain.

One of the chiefs refilled his pipe, and put the hot bowl of it to Jack's nether quarters, and kept it there in close contact until he had burnt a hole in his flesh as wide as a dollar, and half an inch deep. Jack never flinched during the operation, and the Indians were so pleased with him that they not only allowed Jack to retain his hair, but they gave him his liberty.

The Sioux are said to be very honest, except on the point of stealing horses; but this, it must be recollected, is a part of their system of warfare, and is no more to be considered as stealing than is our taking merchant-vessels on the high seas. Indeed, what are the vast rolling prairies but as the wide ocean, and their armed bands that scour them but men-of-war and privateers, and the horses which they capture but unarmed or defenceless convoys of merchant-vessels? But sometimes they steal when they are not at war, and this is from the force of habit, and their irresistible desire to possess a fine horse. Mr. Rainville informed me that three hundred dollars was a very common price for a good horse, and if the animal was very remarkable, swift, and well-trained for buffalo hunting, they would give any sum (or the equivalent for it) that they could command.

In many customs the Sioux are closely allied to the Jewish nation; indeed, a work has been published in America to prove that the Indians were originally Jews. There is always a separate lodge for the woman to retire to before and after childbirth, observing a similar purification to that prescribed by Moses. Although there ever will be, in all societies, instances to the contrary, chastity is honoured among the Sioux. They hold what they term Virgin Feasts, and when these are held, should any young woman accept the invitation who has by her misconduct rendered herself unqualified for it, it is the duty of any man who is aware of her unfitness, to go into the circle and lead her out. A circumstance of this kind occurred the other day, when the daughter of a celebrated

chief gave a Virgin Feast: a young man of the tribe walked into the circle and led her out; upon which the chief led his daughter to the lodge of the young Sioux, and told him that he gave her to him for his wife, but the young man refused to take her, as being unworthy. But what is more singular (and I have it from authority which is unquestionable), they also hold Virgin Feasts for the young men; and should any young man take his seat there who is unqualified, the woman who is aware of it must lead him out, although in so doing, she convicts herself; nevertheless it is considered a sacred duty and is done.

The shells found in their western rivers are very interesting. I had promised to procure some for Mr. Lea, of Philadelphia, and an old squaw had been despatched to obtain them. She brought me a large quantity, and then squatted down by my side. I was seated on the stone steps before the door, and commenced opening and cleaning them previous to packing them up. She watched me very attentively for half an hour, and then got up, and continued, as she walked away, to chuckle and talk aloud. "Do you know what the old woman says?" said the old Canadian interpreter to me; "she says, the man's a fool; he keeps the shells, and throws the meat away."

The French Canadians, who are here employed by the Fur Company, are a strange set of people. There is no law here, or appeal to law; yet they submit to authority, and are managed with very little trouble. They bind themselves for three years, and during that time (little occasional deviations being overlooked) they work diligently and faithfully; ready at all seasons and at all hours, and never complaining, although the work is often extremely hard. Occasionally they return to Canada with their earnings, but the major part have connected themselves with Indian women, and have numerous families; for children in this fine climate are so numerous, that they almost appear to spring from the earth.

While I remained at St. Peters, one or two of the settlers at Red River came down. Red River is a colony

established by Lord Selkirk, and at present is said to be composed of a population of four thousand. This settlement, which is four degrees of latitude north of St. Peters, has proved very valuable to the Hudson Bay Company, who are established there; most of their servants remaining at it after their three years' service is completed, and those required to be hired in their stead being obtained from the settlement. Formerly they had to send to Montreal for their servants, and those discharged went to Canada and spent their money in the provinces; now that they remain at the settlement, the supplies coming almost wholly from the stores of the Company, the money returns to it, and they procure their servants without trouble. These settlers informed me that provisions were plentiful and cheap, beef being sold at about two-pence per lb.; but they complained, and very naturally, that there was no market for their produce, so that if the Company did not purchase it, they must consume it how they could; besides that the supply being much greater than the demand, of course favour was shown. This had disgusted many of the settlers, who talked of coming down further south. One of the greatest inducements for remaining at Red River, and which occasioned the population to be so numerous, was the intermixture by marriage with the Indian tribes surrounding them. They do not like to return to Canada with a family of half-breeds, who would not there be looked upon with the same consideration as their parents.

I give the substance of this conversation, without being able to substantiate how far it is true: the parties who gave me the information were certainly to be classed among that portion of the settlers who were discontented.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

FORT SNELLING is well built, and beautifully situated: as usual, I found the officers gentlemanlike, intelligent, and hospitable; and together with their wives and families, the society was the most agreeable that I became acquainted with in America. They are better supplied here than either at Fort Crawford or Fort Winnebago, having a fine stock of cattle on the prairie, and an extensive garden cultivated for the use of the garrison. The principal amusement of the officers is, as may be supposed, the chase; there is no want of game in the season, and they have some very good dogs of every variety. And I here had the pleasure of falling in with Captain Scott, one of the first Nimrods of the United States, and who, perhaps, has seen more of every variety of hunting than any other person. His reputation as a marksman is very great; and there is one feat which he has often performed that appears almost incredible. Two potatoes being thrown up in the air, he will watch his opportunity and pass his rifle ball through them both. I had long conversations with him; and as, from his celebrity, he may be accounted a public character, I use no ceremony in amusing my readers with two or three personal anecdotes which he related to me.

First—Showing how it was that, in his after life, Captain Scott became so celebrated a hunter:—

“I was hardly twelve years old, and had never been allowed to go out *gunning*, although I was permitted to rest my father’s gun upon a rail when he returned home with it charged, and fire it off in that way; and that was the greatest pleasure I then knew. We lived at Beddington, in the State of Vermont, where I was born. One morning they brought down the intelligence that three bears had been seen near the mill, about a mile from my



father's house. The whole country turned out, some with rifles, and others with what weapons they could get; the blacksmith shouldered his sledge hammer, the labourer his pitch-fork; for all I know to the contrary, the barber carried his pole. There were two other boys, my companions, but older than me, whose names were Pratt; they went out and carried guns. The chase proved to be an old she bear, a gray-nose, as they are termed, with her two cubs. One of the boys had been stationed on a road near the mill, more to keep him out of harm's-way than for any thing else; but it so happened that one of the cubs came out in that direction, and was shot by him. The people fixed the bear's carcass on two poles, mounted him on it, and carried him home in triumph. I can hardly express what were my feelings on that occasion, although time has not obliterated them: I was dying of jealousy; young Pratt had killed a bear, and I had not.

“I went to bed, but could not sleep a wink. The next day the chase was renewed, and it so happened that, much in the same way, the other cub was killed by the other brother, who, in the same manner, was carried home in triumph. I thought I should have died that night; it was on a Saturday evening when they returned from this second expedition, and they did not go out the next day, as it was the Sabbath. On Sunday evening I went over to a cross old man, who had a good dog, and after a deal of persuasion, I obtained the loan of it, pledging myself before another party, that if it was not returned safe, I would pay him ten dollars—rather a bold promise for a boy to make, who had never had more than twenty-five cents in his pocket at one time during his life. I took the dog to my bed room, tied him fast to my wrist that he might not escape during the night, and tried to go to sleep. I rose before daylight on Monday morning, and found that my father had discovered that I had employed the Sabbath in looking for a dog; and in consequence, as he was a very strict man, I received a severe caning. On these memorable occasions, he always used to hold me by the wrist with one hand, while he chastised me with the other. I found

the best plan was to run round him as fast as I could, which obliged my father to turn round after me with the stick, and then in a short time he left off; not because he thought I had had enough, but because he became so giddy that he could not stand. A greater punishment, however, was threatened—that of not being permitted to go to the bear hunt, which was to take place on that day; but I pleaded hard, and asked my father how he would have liked it, if he had been prevented from going to the battle of B—— (where he had very much distinguished himself.) This was taking the old man on his weak side, and I was, at last, permitted to be present. Then there arose another difficulty; I was thought too little to carry a gun, which I had provided, but a neighbour, who had witnessed my anxiety, took my part, said that he would be answerable for me, and that I should not quit his side; so at last all was settled to my satisfaction. As for the caning, I thought nothing at all of that.

“We set off, and before we reached the mill, we passed a hollow; the dog barked furiously, and I let him go. After a time I heard a noise in a bush. ‘Did you not hear?’ said I to my neighbour.—‘Yes,’ replied he, ‘but I also heard a rustling on the bank this way. Do you look out sharp in that direction, whilst I look out in this.’ He had hardly said so, and I had not turned my head, when out came the old she bear, in the direction where my neighbour had been watching, and sat upon her hind legs in a clear place. My friend levelled his gun; to my delight he had forgotten to cock it. While he was cocking it, the bear dropped down on her fore legs, and I fired; the ball passed through her chest into her shoulder. She was at that time on the brink of a shelving quarry of sharp stone, down which she retreated. I halloo’d for the dog, and followed, slipping and tumbling after her, for I was mad at the idea of her escaping me. Down we went together, the dog following; when we arrived at the bottom, the dog seized her. She was so weak that she supported herself against a rock; at last she rolled on her back, hugging the dog in

her fore paws. This was a terrible source of alarm to me. I caught the dog by the tail, pulling at it as hard as I could to release him, crying out, although no one was near me, "Save the dog—save the dog—or I'll have to pay ten dollars." But, fortunately, the bear, although she held the dog fast, had not sufficient strength left to kill it. Other people now came up; my own musquet was down the bear's throat, where, in my anxiety, I had thrust it; one of them handed me his, and I shot the bear through the head. Even then, so fearful was I of losing my prey, that I seized a large stone and beat the animal on the head till I was exhausted. Then I had *my* triumph. The Pratts had only killed bear-cubs; I had killed a full-grown bear. I was, as you may suppose, also carried home upon the animal's back: and from that day I was pointed out as a bear-hunter."

Secondly. "I was once buffalo hunting in Arkansas. I was on a strong, well trained horse, pursuing a bull, when we arrived at a rent or crack in the prairie, so wide, that it was necessary for the animals to leap it. The bull went over first, and I, on the horse, following it close, rose on my stirrups, craning a little, that I might perceive the width of the rent. At that moment the bull turned round to charge; the horse perceiving it, and knowing his work, immediately wheeled also. This sudden change of motion threw me off my saddle, and I remained hanging by the side of the horse, with my leg over his neck; there I was, hanging on only by my leg, with my head downwards below the horse's belly. The bull rushed on to the charge, ranging up to the flank of the horse on the side where I was dangling, and the horse was so encumbered by my weight in that awkward position, that each moment the bull gained upon him. At last my strength failed me; I felt that I could hold on but a few seconds longer; the head of the bull was close to me, and the steam of his nostrils blew into my face. I gave myself up for lost; all the prayer I could possibly call to mind at the time, was, the first two lines of a hymn I used to repeat as a child—'Lord now I lay me down to sleep;' and that I repeated two or three

times, when, fortunately, the horse wheeled short round, evaded the bull, and leaped the gap. The bull was at fault; the jolt of the leap, after nearly dropping me into the gap, threw me up so high, that I gained the neck of my horse, and eventually my saddle. I then thought of my rifle, and found that I had held it grasped in my hand during the whole time. I wheeled my horse and resumed the chase, and in a minute the bull was dead at my horse's feet."

Thirdly. "I was riding out one day in Arkansas, and it so happened I had not my rifle with me, nor indeed a weapon of any description, not even my jack-knife. As I came upon the skirts of a prairie, near a small copse, a buck started out, and dashed away as if much alarmed. I thought it was my sudden appearance which had alarmed him; I stopped my horse to look after him, and, turning my eyes afterwards in the direction from whence it had started, I perceived, as I thought, on a small mound of earth raised by an animal called a gopher, just the head of the doe, her body concealed by the high grass. I had no arms, but it occurred to me, that if I could contrive to crawl up very softly, the high grass might conceal my approach, and I should be able to spring upon her and secure her by main strength. 'If I can manage this,' said I to myself, 'it will be something to talk about.' I tied my horse to a tree, and commenced crawling very softly on my hands and knees towards the gopher hill, I arrived close to it, and the doe had not started; I rose gently with both hands ready for a grab, and prepared to spring, slowly raising my head that I might get a sight of the animal. It appeared that the animal was equally inquisitive, and wished to gain a sight of me, and it slowly raised its head from the grass as I did mine. Imagine what was my surprise and consternation, to find that, instead of a doe, I was face to face with a large male panther. It was this brute which had so scared the buck, and now equally scared me. There I was, at hardly one yard's distance from him, without arms of any description, and almost in the paws of the panther. I knew that my only chance was keep-

ing my eyes fixed steadfastly on his, and not moving hand or foot; the least motion to retreat would have been his signal to spring; so there I was, as white as a sheet, with my eyes fixed on him. Luckily he did not know what was passing within me. For some seconds the animal met my gaze, and I began to give myself up for lost. 'Tis time for you to go; thought I, or I am gone; will you never go? At last the animal blinked, and then his eyes opened like balls of fire; I remained fascinated as it were; he blinked again, turned his head a very little, then turned round and went away at a light canter. Imagine the relief. I hastened back to my horse, and away also went I at a light canter, and with a lighter heart, grateful to Heaven for having preserved me."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

THE band of warriors attached to Monsieur Rainville have set up their war-tent close to the factory, and have entertained us with a variety of dances. Their dresses are very beautiful, and the people, who have been accustomed to witness these exhibitions for years, say that they have never seen any thing equal to them before. I was very anxious to obtain one of them, and applied to Mr. Rainville to effect my purpose; but it required all his influence to induce them to part with it, and they had many arguments and debates among themselves before they could make up their minds to consent to do so. I was the more anxious about it, as I had seen Mr. Catlin's splendid exhibition, and I knew that he had not one in his possession. The dress in question consisted of a sort of kilt of fine skins, ornamented with beautiful porcupine quill-work and eagle's feathers; garters of animals' tails, worn at their ankles; head-dress of eagle's feathers and ermines' tails, &c. They made little objection to part with any portions of the dress except the kilt; at last they had a meeting of the whole band, as the dress was not the property of any one individual; and I was informed that the warriors would come and have a *talk* with me.

I received them at the factory's new house, in my room, which was large, and held them all. One came and presented me with a pair of garters; another with a portion of the head-dress; another with mocassins; at last, the kilt or kirdle was handed to me. M. Rainville sat by as interpreter. He who had presented me with the kilt or girdle spoke for half a minute, and then stopped while what he said was being interpreted.

“You are an Englishman, and a warrior in your own

country. You cross the great waters as fast as we can our prairies. We recollect the English, and we like them; they used us well. The rifles and blankets which they gave us, according to promise, were of good quality; not like the American goods; their rifles are bad, and their blankets are thin. The English keep their word, and they live in our memory."

"Ho!" replied I; which is as much as to say, I understand what you have said, and you may proceed.

"You have asked for the dress which we wear when we dance; we have never parted with one as yet; they belong to the band of warriors; when one who has worn a dress goes to the land of spirits, we hold a council to see who is the most worthy to put it on in his place. We value them highly; and we tell you so not to enhance their value, but to prove what we will do for an English warrior."

"Ho!" says I.

"An American, in the fort, has tried hard to obtain this dress of us; he offered us two barrels of flour, and other things. You know that we have no game, and we are hungry; but if he had offered twelve barrels of flour, we would not have parted with them. (This was true.) But our father, Rainville, has spoken; and we have pleasure in giving them to an English warrior. I have spoken."

"Ho!" says I; upon which the Indian took his seat with the others, and it was my turn to speak. I was very near beginning, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking;" but I knew that such an acknowledgment would, in their estimation, have very much lessened my value as a warrior; for, like the Duke of Wellington, one must be as valuable in the council as in the field, to come up to their notions of excellence. So I rose and said.

"I receive with great pleasure the dress which you have given me. I know that you do not like to part with it, and that you have refused the American at the fort; and I therefore value it the more. I shall never look upon it, when I am on the other side of the great

waters, without thinking of my friends the Sioux; and I will tell my nation that you gave them to me because I was an English warrior, and because you liked the English."

"Ho!" grunted the whole conclave, after this was interpreted.

"I am very glad that you do not forget the English, and that you say they kept their word, and that their rifles and blankets were good, I know that the blankets of the Americans are thin and cold. (I did not think it worth while to say that they were all made in England.) We have buried the hatchet now; but should the tomahawk be raised again between the Americans and the English, you must not take part with the Americans."

"Ho!" said they.

"In the Fur Company's store you will find many things acceptable to you. I leave Mr. Rainville to select for you what you wish; and beg you will receive them in return for the present which you have made me."

"Ho!" said they; and thus ended my first Indian council.

It is remarkable that the Sioux have no expression to signify, "I thank you," although other Indians have. When they receive a present, they always say, *Wash tay*: it is good.

Of all the tribes I believe the Sioux to be the most inimical to the Americans. They have no hesitation in openly declaring so; and it must be acknowledged that it is not without just grounds. During the time that I was at St. Peters, a council was held at the Indian agent's. It appears that the American Government, in its paternal care for the Indians, had decided that at any *strike* taking place between tribes of Indians near to the confines, no war should take place in consequence: that is to say, that should any Indians of one tribe attack or kill any Indians belonging to another, that instead of the tribes going to war, they should apply for and receive redress from the American Government. Some time back, a party of Chippeways came down to a trader's house, about half a mile from Fort Snelling. Being almost hereditary ene-



mies of the Sioux, they were fired at, at night, by some of the young men of the Sioux village close by, and two of the Chippeways were wounded. In conformity with the intimation received, and the law laid down by the American government and promulgated by the Indian agent, the Chippeways applied for redress. It was granted—four Sioux were taken and shot. This summary justice was expected to produce the best effects, and, had it been followed up, it might have prevented bloodshed: but, since the above occurrence, some Chippeways came down, and meeting a party of Sioux, were received kindly into their lodges; they returned this hospitality by treacherously murdering eleven of the Sioux, while they were asleep. This time the Sioux brought forward their complaint. “You tell us not to go to war; we will not; you shot four of our people for wounding two Chippeways; now do us justice against the Chippeways, who have murdered eleven of our Sioux.” As yet no justice has been done to the Sioux. The fact is, that the Chippeways live a long way off; and there are not sufficient men to garrison the fort, still less to send a party out to capture the Chippeways; and the Sioux are, as may well be supposed, indignant at this partial proceeding.

I was at the council, and heard all the speeches made by the Sioux chiefs on the occasion. They were some of them very eloquent, and occasionally very severe; and the reply of the Indian agent must have rendered the American government very contemptible in the eyes of the Indians—not that the agent was so much in fault as was the American government, which, by not taking proper measures to put their promises and agreements into force, had left their officer in such a position. First, the Indian agent said, that the wounding of the two Chippeways took place close to the fort, and that it was on account of the insult offered to the *American flag*, that it was so promptly punished—a very different explanation, and quite at variance with the principle laid down by the American government. The Indians replied; and the agent then said, that they had not sufficient troops to defend the fort, and, therefore, could not send out a party;

an admission very unwise to make, although strictly true. The Indians again replied; and then the agent said, wait a little till we hear from Washington, and then, if you have no redress, you are brave men, you have arms in your hands, and your enemies are before you. This was worse than all, for it implied the inability or the indifference of the American government to do them justice, and told them, after that government had distinctly declared that they should fight no longer, but receive redress from it, that they now might do what the government had forbidden them to do, and that they had no other chance of redress. The result of this council was very unsatisfactory. The Indian chiefs declared that they were ashamed to look their people in the face, and walked solemnly away.

To make this matter still worse, after I left St. Peters I read in the St. Louis Gazette a report of some Chippeways having come down, and that, in consequence of the advice given by the Indian agent, the Sioux had taken the law into their own hands and murdered some of the Chippeways; and that although they had never received redress for the murder of their own people, some of the Sioux were again taken and executed.

The arms of the Sioux are the rifle, tomahawk, and bow; they carry spears more for parade than use. Their bows are not more than three feet long, but their execution with them is surprising. A Sioux, when on horseback chasing the buffalo, will drive his arrow, which is about eighteen inches long, with such force that the barb shall appear on the opposite side of the animal. And one of their greatest chiefs, *Wanataw*, has been known to kill two buffaloes with one arrow, it having passed through the first of the animals, and mortally wounded the second on the other side of it. I was about two hundred yards from the fort, and asked a Sioux if he could send his arrow into one of the apertures for air, which were near the foundation, and about three inches wide. It appeared like a mere thread from where we stood. He took his bow, and apparently with a most careless aim he threw the arrow right into it.

The men are tall and straight, and very finely made, with the exception of their arms, which are too small. The arms of the squaws, who do all the labour, are much more muscular. One day, as I was on the prairie, I witnessed the effect of custom upon these people. A Sioux was coming up without perceiving me; his squaw followed very heavily laden, and to assist her he had himself a large package on his shoulder. As soon as they perceived me, he dropped his burden, and it was taken up by the squaw and added to what she had already. If a woman wishes to upbraid another, the severest thing she can say is, "You let your husband carry burthens."

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## CHAPTER XXX.

LEFT St. Peters. Taking the two varieties in the mass, the Indians must be acknowledged the most perfect gentlemen in America, particularly in their deportment. It was with regret that I parted with my friends in the fort, my kind host, Mr. Sibley, and my noble-minded warrior Sioux. I could have remained at St. Peters for a year with pleasure, and could only regret that life was so short and the Mississippi so long.

There is, however, one serious drawback in all America to life in the woods, or life in cities, or every other kind of life; which is the manner, go where you will, in which you are pestered by the musquitoes. Strangers are not the only sufferers; those who are born and die in the country are equally tormented, and it is slap, slap, all day

and all night long, for these animals bite through every thing less thick than a buffalo's skin. As we ascended the river they attacked us on the crown of the head—a very unusual thing,—and raised swellings as large as pigeons' eggs. I must have immolated at least five hundred of them upon my bump of benevolence. Whatever people may think, I feel that no one can be very imaginative where these animals are so eternally tormenting them. You meditate under the shady boughs of some forest-king (slap knee, slap cheek), and farewell to anything like concentration of thought; you ponder on the sailing moon (slap again, right and left, above, below), always unpleasantly interrupted. It won't do at all; you are teased and phlebotomized out of all poetry and patience.

It is midnight, the darkness is intense, not even a star in the heaven above, and the steam-boat appears as if it were gliding through a current of ink, with black masses rising just perceptible on either side of it, no sound except the reiterated note of the "Whip poor Will," answered by the loud coughing of the high-pressure engine. Who, of those in existence fifty years ago, would have contemplated that these vast and still untenanted solitudes would have had their silence invaded by such an unearthly sound? a sound which ever gives you the idea of vitality. It is this appearance of breathing which makes the high-pressure engine the nearest approach to creation which was ever attained by the ingenuity of man. It appears to have respiration, and that short quick respiration occasioned by exertion; its internal operations are performed as correctly and as mechanically as are our own; it is as easily put out of order and rendered useless as we are; and like us, it can only continue its powers of motion by being well supplied with aliment.

Ran up Fever River to Galena, the present emporium of the Mineral country. There is an unpleasant feeling connected with the name of this river; it is, in fact, one of the American translations. It was originally called Fève or Bean River, by the French, and this they have construed into Fever. The Mineral district compre-

hends a tract of country running about one hundred miles north and south, and fifty miles east and west, from the River Wisconsin to about twenty miles south of Galena. It was purchased by the American government about fifteen years ago, the northern portion from the Winnebagos, and the southern from the Saux and Fox Indians. The Indians used to work the diggings to a small extent, bringing the lead which they obtained to exchange with the traders. As may be supposed, they raised but little, the whole work of digging and smelting being carried on by the squaws. After the land was surveyed a portion of it was sold; but when the minerals made their appearance the fact was notified by the surveyors to the government, and the remaining portions were withdrawn from the market.

A license was granted to speculators to dig the ore and smelt it, upon condition of their paying to the government a per centage on the mineral obtained. Those who found a good vein had permission to work it for forty yards square on condition that they carried the ore to a licensed smelter. This occasioned a new class of people to spring up in this speculative country, namely *finders*, who would search all over the country for what they called a good *prospect*, that is, every appearance on the surface of a good vein of metal. This when found they would sell to others, who would turn *diggers*; and as soon as these finders had spent their money, they would range over the whole country to find another *prospect* which they might dispose of. But although it was at first supposed that the government had retained all the mineral portion of the district in its own hands, it was soon discovered that nearly the whole country was one continued lead mine, and that there was an equal supply of mineral to be obtained from those portions which had been disposed of. Lead was found not only in the mountains and ravines, but under the surface of the wide prairies. As the lands sold by government has not to pay a per centage for the lead raised from them, those who worked upon the government lands refused to pay any longer, asserting that it was not *legal*. The

superintendent of government soon found that his office was a sinecure, as all attempt at *coercion* in that half-civilized country would have been not only useless but dangerous. The government have gone to law with their tenants, but that is of no avail, for a verdict against the latter would not induce them to pay. The cause was not attempted to be tried at Galena, for the government knew what the decision of the jury would have been, but it is contested at Vandalia. It is three years since the mines have paid any per centage, and the government are now advised to sell all their reserved lands, and thus get rid of the business. How weak must that government be when it is compelled to submit to such a gross violation of all justice. The quantity of mineral found does not appear to affect the quality of the soil, which is as fine here, if not finer, than in those portions of Wisconsin where the mineral is not so plentiful. The quantity of lead annually smelted is said to amount to from 18,000,000 to 20,000,000 lbs. Galena is a small town, picturesquely situated on the banks of the river, but very dirty.

Ioway, the new district opposite Wisconsin, on the western banks of the Mississippi, has, in all probability, a large proportion of metal under its surface. When it was in the possession of the Sioux Indians, they used to obtain from it a considerable portion of lead, which they brought down to barter; and I am inclined to think, that to the north of the Wisconsin river, they will find no want of minerals, even as high up as Lake Superior, where they have already discovered masses of native copper weighing many *tons*: and on the west side of the river, as you proceed south, you arrive at the iron mines, or rather mountains of iron, in the Missouri.

After you proceed south of Prairie du Chien, the features of the Mississippi river gradually change; the bluffs decrease in number and in height, until you descend to Rock Island, below which point they are rarely to be met with. The country on each side now is chiefly composed of variegated rolling prairies, with a less proportion of timber. To describe these prairies would be difficult;

that is, to describe the effect of them upon a stranger: I have found myself lost, as it were; and indeed sometimes, although on horseback, have lost myself, having only the sun for my guide. Look round in every quarter of the compass, and there you are as if on the ocean—not a landmark, not a vestige of any thing human but yourself. Instead of sky and water, it is one vast field, bounded only by the horizon, its surface gently undulating like the waves of the ocean; and as the wind (which always blows fresh on the prairies) blows down the heads of the high grass, it gives you the idea of a running swell. Every three or four weeks there is a succession of beautiful flowers, giving a variety of tints to the whole map, which die away and are succeeded by others equally beautiful; and in the spring, the strawberries are in such profusion, that you have but to sit down wherever you may happen to be, and eat as long as you please.

We stopped at Alton, in the State of Illinois, to put on shore three thousand pigs of lead. This town has been rendered notorious by the murder—for murder it was, although it was brought on by his own intemperate conduct—of Mr. Lovejoy, who is now raised to the dignity of a martyr by the abolitionists. Alton is a well-built town, of stone, and, from its locality, must increase; it is, however, spoilt by the erection of a penitentiary with huge walls, on a most central and commanding situation. I read a sign put out by a small eating-house, and which was very characteristic of the country—

“Stranger, here’s your chicken fixings.”

Four miles below Alton, the Missouri joins its waters with the Mississippi; and the change which takes place at the mingling of the two streams is very remarkable—the clear pellucid current of the upper Mississippi being completely extinguished by the foul mud of the other turbid and impetuous river. It was a great mistake of the first explorers, when they called the western branch, at the meeting of the two rivers, the Missouri, and the eastern the Mississippi: the western branch, or the Mis-

souri, is really the Mississippi, and should have been so designated: it is the longest and farthest navigable of the two branches, and, therefore is the main river.

The Falls of St. Anthony put an end to the navigation of the eastern branch, or present upper Missouri, about nine hundred miles above St. Louis; while the western branch, or present Mississippi, is navigable above St. Louis for more than one thousand two hundred miles.

The waters of the present upper Mississippi are clear and beautiful; it is a swift, but not an angry stream, full of beauty and freshness, and fertilizing as it sweeps along; while the Missouri is the same impetuous, discoloured, devastating current as the Mississippi continues to be after its junction—like it constantly sweeping down forests of trees in its wild course, overflowing, inundating, and destroying, and exciting awe and fear.

As soon as you arrive at St. Louis, you find that you are on the great waters of Mississippi. St. Louis is a well-built town, now containing about twenty thousand inhabitants, and situated on a hill shelving down to the river. The population increases daily; the river a-breast of the town is crowded with steam-boats, lying in two or three tiers, and ready to start up or down, or to the many tributary navigable rivers which pour their waters into the Mississippi.

In point of heat, St. Louis certainly approaches the nearest to the Black Hole of Calcutta of any city that I have sojourned in. The lower part of the town is badly drained, and very filthy. The flies, on a moderate calculation, are in many parts fifty to the square inch. I wonder that they have not a contagious disease here during the whole summer; it is, however, indebted to heavy rains for its occasional purification. They have not the yellow fever here; but during the autumn they have one which, under another name, is almost as fatal—the bilious congestive fever. I found sleep almost impossible from the sultriness of the air, and used to remain at the open window for the greater part of the night. I did not expect that the muddy Mississippi would be able to reflect the silver light of the moon; yet it did, and the



effect was very beautiful. Truly it may be said of this river, as it is of many ladies, that it is a candle-light beauty. There is another serious evil to which strangers who sojourn here are subject—the violent effects of the waters of the Mississippi upon those who are not used to them. The suburbs of the town are very pretty; and a few miles behind it you are again in a charming prairie country, full of game, large and small. Large and small are only so by comparison. An American was asked what game they had in his district? and his reply was, “Why, we’ve plenty of *baar* (bear) and deer, but no *large* game to count on.”

There is one great luxury in America, which is the quantity of clear pure ice which is to be obtained wherever you are, even in the hottest seasons, and ice-creams are universal and very cheap. I went into an establishment where they vended this and other articles of refreshment, when about a dozen black swarthy fellows, employed at the iron foundry close at hand, with their dirty shirt-sleeves tucked up, and without their coats and waist-coats, came in, and sitting down, called for ice-creams. Miss Martineau says in her work, “Happy is the country where factory-girls can carry parasols, and pig-drivers wear spectacles:” she might have added and the sons of Vulcan eat ice-creams. I thought at the time what the ladies who stop in their carriages at Gunter’s would have said, had they beheld these Cyclops with their bare sinewy arms, blackened with heat and smoke, refreshing themselves with such luxuries; but it must be remembered that *porter* is much the dearer article. Still the working classes all over America can command not only all necessary comforts, but many luxuries; for labor is dear and they are very well paid. The Americans will point this out and say, behold the effects of our institutions; and they fully believe that such is the case. Government has, however, nothing to do with it; it is the result of circumstances. When two years’ exertion will procure a clever mechanic an independence, the effects will be the same, whether they labor under a democratic or a monarchical form of government.

Bear cubs (I mean the black bear) are caught and brought down to the cities on this side of the river, to be fattened for the table. I saw one at Alton about a year old, which the owner told me was to be killed the next day, having been bespoken for the feast of the 4th of July. I have eaten old bear which I dislike; but they say that the cub is very good. I also saw here a very fine specimen of the grizzly bear (*Ursus Horridus* of Linnæus). It was about two years old, and, although not so tall, must have weighed quite as much as a good sized bullock. Its width of shoulders and apparent strength were enormous, and they have never yet been tamed. Mr. Van Amburgh would be puzzled to handle one of them. The Indians reckon the slaying of one of these animals as a much greater feat than killing a man, and the proudest ornament they can wear is a necklace of the grizzly bear's claws.

I, for myself, must confess, that I had rather be attacked by, and take my chance with, three men than by one of these animals, as they are seldom killed by the first or even second bullet. It requires numbers to overcome them. The largest lion, or Bengal tiger, would stand but a poor chance, if opposed to one of these animals full grown. One of the gentlemen employed by the Fur Company told me, that he once saw a grizzly bear attack a bull buffalo, and that, at the first seizure, he tore one of the ribs of the buffalo out of his side, and eventually carried away the whole carcass, without much apparent effort. They are only to be found in the rocky mountains, and valleys between them, when the game is plentiful.

Visited the museum. There were once five large alligators to be seen alive in this museum; but they are now all dead. One demands our sympathy, as there was something Roman in his fate. Unable to support such a life of confinement, and preferring death to the loss of liberty, he committed suicide by throwing himself out of a three-story-high window. He was taken up from the pavement the next morning; the vital spark had fled, as the papers say, and, I believe, his remains were decently interred.

The other four, never having been taught in their youth the hymn, "Birds in their little nests agree," fought so desperately, that one by one they all died of their wounds. They were very large, being from seventeen to twenty-one feet long. One, as a memorial, remains preserved in the museum, and to make him look more poetical, he has a stuffed negro in his mouth.

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

THANK Heaven I have escaped from St. Louis; during the time that I remained in that city, I was, day and night, so melting away, that I expected, like some of the immortal half-breeds of Jupiter, to become a tributary stream to the Mississippi.

As you descend the river the land through which it flows becomes more level and flat, while the size of the forest trees increases; the log-houses of the squatters, erected on the banks under their trunks, appear, in contrast with their size, more like dog kennels than the habitations of men. The lianes, or creeping plants, now become plentiful, and embrace almost every tree, rising often to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and encircling them with the apparent force of the boa-constrictor. Most of them are poisonous; indeed, it is from these creeping parasites that the Indians, both in North and South America, obtain the most deadly venom. Strange that these plants, in their appearance and their habits so similar to the serpent tribe, should be endowed with the

same peculiar attributes, and thus become their parallels in the vegetable kingdom—each carrying sudden death in their respective juices. I hate the Mississippi, and as I look down upon its wild and filthy waters, boiling and eddying, and reflect how uncertain is travelling in this region of high-pressure, and disregard of social rights, I cannot help feeling a disgust at the idea of perishing in such a vile sewer, to be buried in mud, and perhaps to be rooted out again by some pig-nosed alligator.

Right glad was I when we turned into the stream of the Ohio, and I found myself on its purer waters. The Ohio is a splendid river, running westward from the chain of Alleghany mountains into the Mississippi, dividing the States of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio on its northern bank from Kentucky and Virginia on its south; the northern being free, and the southern slave states. We stopped at the mouth of the Cumberland river, where we took in passengers. Among others were a slave-dealer and a runaway negro whom he had captured. He was secured by a heavy chain, and followed his master, who, as soon as he arrived on the upper deck, made him fast with a large padlock to one of the stancheons. Here he remained looking wistfully at the northern shore, where every one was free, but occasionally glancing his eye on the southern, which had condemned him to toil for others. I had never seen a slave-dealer, and scrutinized this one severely. His most remarkable feature was his eye; it was large but not projecting, clear as crystal, and eternally in motion. I could not help imagining, as he turned it right and left from one to the other of the passengers, that he was calculating what price he could obtain for them in the market. The negro had run away about seven months before, and not having a pass, he had been secured in gaol until the return of his master, who had been on a journey with a string of slaves, to the State of Arkansas: he was about to be sold to pay expenses, when his master saw the advertisement and claimed him. As may be supposed, a strong feeling exists on the opposite shores of the river as to slavery and freedom. The Abolitionists used to assist the slaves to escape, and send

them off to Canada; even now many do escape; but this has been rendered more difficult by a system which has latterly been put in practice by a set of miscreants living on the free side of the river. These would go to the slave-states opposite, and persuade the negroes to run away, promising to conceal them until they could send them off to Canada; for a free state is bound to give up a slave when claimed. Instead of sending them away, they would wait until the reward was offered by the masters for the apprehension of the slaves, and then return them, receiving their infamous guerdon. The slaves aware of this practice, now seldom attempt to escape.

Louisville is the largest city in Kentucky; the country about is very rich, and every thing vegetable springs up with a luxuriance which is surprising. It is situated at the falls of the Ohio, which are only navigable during the freshets; there is no river in America which has such a rise and fall as the Ohio, sometimes rising to sixty feet in the spring; but this is very rare, the general average being about forty feet. The French named it *La Belle Riviere*: it is a very grand stream, running through hills covered with fine timber and underwood; but a very small portion is as yet cleared by the settlers. At the time that I was at Louisville the water was lower than it had been remembered for years, and you could walk for miles over the bed of the river, a calcareous deposit full of interesting fossils; but the mineralogist and geologist have as much to perform in America as the agriculturist.

Arrived at Cincinnati. How rapid has been the advance of this western country. In 1803, deer-skin at the value of forty cents per pound, were a legal tender; and if offered instead of money, could not be refused—even by a lawyer. Not fifty years ago, the woods which towered where Cincinnati is now built, resounded only to the cry of the wild animals of the forest, or the rifle of the Shawnee Indian: now Cincinnati contains a population of 40,000 inhabitants. It is a beautiful, well-built, clean town, reminding you more of Philadelphia than any other city in the Union. Situated on a hill on the banks of the

Ohio, it is surrounded by a circular phalanx of other hills: so that look up and down the streets, whichever way you will, your eye reposes upon verdure and forest trees in the distance. The streets have a row of trees on each side, near the curb-stone; and most of the houses have a small frontage, filled with luxuriant flowering shrubs, of which the *Althea Frutex* is the most abundant. It is, properly speaking a Yankee city, the majority of its inhabitants coming from the East; but they have intermarried and blended with the Kentuckians of the opposite shore, a circumstance which is advantageous to the character of both.

There are, however, a large number of Dutch and German settlers here; they say 10,000. They are not much liked by the Americans; but have great influence, as may be conceived when it is stated that, when a motion was brought forward in the Municipal Court, for the city regulations to be printed in German as well as English, it was lost by one vote only.

I was told a singular fact, which will prove how rapidly the value of land rises in this country as it becomes peopled. Fifty-six years ago, the major part of the land upon which the city of Cincinnati stands, and which is now worth many millions of dollars, was *swapped* away by the owner of it for a poney!! The man who made this unfortunate bargain is now alive, and living in or near Cincinnati.

Cincinnati is the pork-shop of the Union; and in the autumnal and early winter months, the way in which they kill pigs here is, to use a Yankee phrase, *quite a caution*. Almost all the hogs fed in the oak forests of Ohio, Kentucky, and Western Virginia, are driven into this city, and some establishments kill as many as fifteen hundred a day; at least so I am told. They are despatched in a way quite surprising; and a pig is killed upon the same principle as a pin is made—by division, or more properly speaking, by combination of labor. The hogs confined in a large pen are driven into a smaller one; one man knocks them on the head with a sledge hammer, and then cuts their throats; two more pull away the carcase, when

it is raised by two others, who tumble it into a tub of scalding water. His bristles are removed in about a minute and a half by another party; when the next duty is to fix a stretcher between his legs. It is then hoisted up by two other people, cut open, and disembowelled; and in three minutes and a half from the time that the hog was grunting in his obesity, he has only to get cold before he is again packed up, and re-united in a barrel, to travel all over the world. By the bye, we laugh at the notion of pork and molasses. In the first place, the American pork is far superior to any that we ever have salted down; and, in the next, it eats uncommonly well with molasses. I have tasted it, and "*it is a fact.*" After all, why should we eat currant jelly with venison, and not allow the Americans the humble imitation of pork and molasses.

Mrs. Trollope's bazaar raises its head in a very imposing manner: it is composed of many varieties of architecture; but I think the order under which it must be classed is the *preposterous*. They call it Trollope's Folly; and it is remarkable how a shrewd woman like Mrs. Trollope should have committed such an error. A bazaar like an English bazaar is only to be supported in a city which has arrived at the acme of luxury; where there are hundreds of people willing to be employed for a trifle; hundreds who will work at trifles, for want of better employment; and thousands who will spend money on trifles, merely to pass away their time. Now, in America, in the first place, there is no one who makes trifles; no one who will devote their time, as sellers of the articles, unless well compensated; and no one who will be induced, either by fashion or idleness, to give a halfpenny more for a thing than it is worth. In consequence, nothing was sent to Mrs. Trollope's bazaar. She had to furnish it from the shops, and had to pay very high salaries to the young women who attended; and the people of Cincinnati, aware that the same articles were to be purchased at the stores for less money, preferred going to the stores. No wonder, then, that it was a failure; it is now used as a dancing academy, and occasionally as an assembly-room.

Whatever the society of Cincinnati may have been at the time that Mrs. Trollope resided there, I cannot pretend to say; probably some change may have taken place in it, but at present it is as good as any in the Union, and infinitely more agreeable than in some other cities, as in it there is a mixture of the southern frankness of character. A lady, who had long resided at Cincinnati, told me that they were not angry with Mrs. Trollope for having described the society which she saw, but for having asserted, that that was the best society: and she further remarked—"It is fair to us that it should be understood that when Mrs. Trollope came here, she was quite unknown, except inasmuch as that she was a married woman, travelling without her husband. In a small society, as ours was, it was not surprising, therefore, that we should be cautious about receiving a lady who, in our opinion, was offending against *les bienséances*. Observe, *we do not accuse Mrs. Trollope of any impropriety*; but you must be aware how necessary it is, in this country, to be regardful of appearances, and how afraid every one is of their neighbour. Mrs. Trollope then took a cottage on the hill, and used to come down to the city to market, and attend to the erection of her bazaar. I have now told you all that we know about her, and the reason why she did not receive those attentions, the omission of which caused her indignation." I think it but fair that the lady's explanation should be given, as Mrs. Trollope is considered to have been very severe and very unjust by the inhabitants of Cincinnati.

The fact is, that Mrs. Trollope's representation of the manners and customs of Cincinnati, at the period when she wrote, was probably more correct than the present inhabitants of the city will allow: that it would be a libel upon the Cincinnatians of the present day is certain; whether it was one at the time she wrote, and the city was, comparatively speaking, in its infancy, is quite another affair. However, one thing is certain, which is, that the Americans have quite forgiven Mrs. Trollope, and if she were again to cross the water, I think she would be well received. Her book made them laugh,



though at their own expense; and the Americans, although appearances are certainly very much against it, are really, at the bottom, a very good tempered people.

The heat has been this year very remarkable all over the Western country, and the drought equally uncommon, the thermometer standing from  $100^{\circ}$  to  $106^{\circ}$ , in the shade, every where from St. Peters to New Orleans. It is very dangerous to drink iced water, and many have died from yielding to the temptation. One young man came into the bar of the hotel where I resided, drank a glass of water, and fell down dead at the porch. This reminds me of an ingenious plan put in practice by a fellow who had drunk every cent out of his pocket, and was as thirsty as ever. The best remedy, in case of a person being taken ill from drinking cold water, is to pour brandy down his throat immediately. Aware of this, the fellow used to go to one of the pumps, pump away, and pretend to drink water in large quantities; he would then fall down by the pump, as if he had been taken suddenly ill; out would run people from every house, with brandy, and pour it down his throat till even he had had enough; he would then pretend gradually to recover, thank them for their kindness and walk away. When he required another dose, he would perform the same farce at another pump; and this he continued to do for some time, before his trick was discovered.

I had two good specimens of democracy during my stay in this city. I sent for a tailor to take my measure for a coat, and he returned for answer, that such a proceeding was not *republican*, and that I must *go to him*.

A young lady, with whom I was acquainted, was married during the time I was there, and the marriage party went a short tour. On their return, when but a few miles from the city, they ordered the driver of the carriage to put his horses to, that they might proceed; he replied that he would take them no further. On inquiring the cause of his refusal, he said that he had not been treated as a gentleman; that they had had private meals every day, and had not asked him to the table; that they had used him very ill, and that he would drive them no

more. Things appear to be fast verging to the year 1920, or thereabouts, as described by Theodore Hook. A duchess wishing for a drive, the old mare sends an answer from the stable, that "She'll be d——d if she'll go out to-day."

Left Cincinnati, in a very small steam-boat for Guyandotte, on my way to the Virginia Springs. I have often heard the expression of "Hell afloat" applied to very uncomfortable ships in the service, but this metaphor ought to have been reserved for a small high-pressure steam-boat in the summer months in America; the sun darting his fierce rays down upon the roof above you, which is only half-inch plank, and rendering it so hot that you quickly remove your hand if, by chance, you put it there; the deck beneath your feet so heated by the furnaces below that you cannot walk with slippers; you are panting and exhausted between these two fires, without a breath of air to cool your forehead. Go forward, and the chimneys radiate a heat which is even more intolerable. Go—but there is no where to go, except overboard, and then you lose your passage. It is, really, a fiery furnace, and, day or night, it is in vain to seek a cool retreat. As we proceeded up the river, things became worse. We had not proceeded more than twenty miles, when a larger steam-boat, which had started an hour before us, was discovered aground on a bar, which, from the low state of the river, she could not pass. After a parley between the captains, we went along-side and took out all her passengers, amounting to upwards of a hundred, being more than we were on board of our own vessel. But they behaved like pirates, and treated us just as if we had been a captured vessel. Dinner was just ready; they sat down and took possession of it, leaving us to wait till the table was replenished. A young Englishman had just taken his seat by me, when a very queer-looking man came up to him and begged that he would give up his place to a *lady*. Aware of the custom of the country, he immediately resigned his seat, and went to look for another. When the lady took her seat by me I involuntarily drew my chair to a more respectful distance, there being some-

thing so particularly uninviting in her ladyship's appearance. On our arrival at Maysville, this lady, with her gentleman, told the captain that they were sorry they had not a cent wherewith to defray the expenses of their passage. Their luggage had been landed before this declaration was made, but it was immediately ordered on board again by the captain; and as, of course, they would not part with their goods and chattles, they remained on board of the boat. The captain took them up the river about twenty miles further, and then landed them on the bank, with their luggage, to find their way back to Maysville how they could. This is the usual punishment for such mal-practices; but, after all, it is only the punishment of delay, as they would hail the first boat which came down the river, make out a piteous tale of ill-treatment, be received on board, and landed at their destination.

This reminds me of a clever trick played by a Yankee pedlar upon one of the captains of the steam-boats running from New York to Albany on the Hudson river.—The Yankee was fully aware of this custom of putting people on shore who attempted to gain a passage for nothing, and his destination was to a place called Poughkeepsie, about halfway between New York and Albany. He, therefore, waited very quietly until he was within a mile or two of Poughkeepsie, and then went up to the captain.—“Well, now, Captain, I like to do things on the square, that's a fact;—I might have said nothing to you, and run up all the way to Albany—and to Albany I must go on most particular business—that's a fact; but I thought it more honourable-like to tell you at once—I hav'nt got a cent in my pocket; I've been unfortunate; but, by the 'tarnal, I'll pay you my passage-money as soon as I get it. You see, I tell you now, that you may'nt say that I cheat you; for pay you I will as soon as I can, that's a fact.” The captain, indignant, as usual, at being tricked, called him certain names, swore a small quantity, and as soon as he arrived at Poughkeepsie, as a punishment, put him ashore at the very place the keen Yankee wished to be landed at.

The Ohio river becomes much more rapid as you ascend. Abreast of Guyandotte, where we landed, the current was so strong that it was very difficult for men to wade across it, and the steam-boats running against the stream could not gain more than a mile in the course of half an hour.

On board of this steam-boat was a negro woman, very neatly dressed, with a very good-looking negro child, about nine months old, in her arms. It was of the darkest ebony in colour, and its dress rather surprised me. It was a chali frock, of a neat fawn coloured pattern, with fine muslin trousers edged with Valenciennes lace at the bottom; and very pretty did its little tiny black feet look, relieved by these expensive *unnecessaries*. I did not inquire who the young gentleman was; but I thought what pleasure the sight of him would have given Miss Martineau, who, as I have before observed, exclaims, "Happy is the country where factory-girls carry parasols, and pig-drivers wear spectacles." How much more happy must be that country where a little black boy, of nine months old, wears Valenciennes lace at the bottom of his trousers! It is, however, a question of figures, and may be solved, not by the rule of three, but by the rule of five, which follows it in the arithmetic-book.

If a pig-driver : produces so much : : a little black boy  
with spectacles            happiness,            Valenciennes lace.

I leave Miss Martineau to make the calculation.





