

Transatlantic sketches, comprising visits to the most interesting scenes in North and South America, and the West Indies. With notes on negro slavery and Canadian emigration. By Capt. J. E. Alexander

TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES, COMPRISING VISITS TO THE MOST INTERESTING SCENES IN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA, AND HE WEST INDIES. WITH NOTES ON NEGRO SLAVERY AND CANADIAN EMIGRATION.

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INTRODUCTION.

In submitting these Sketches of Voyages and Travels in the Western Hemisphere to the public, I beg to state the reasons why I undertook them, and also to furnish an outline of the route which I followed, in order that the reader may clearly understand the nature of the work which he may think it worth his while to peruse.

In the beginning of 1831, being unattached to any regiment, and having already visited may parts of the Old World, I determined on an expedition to the New, previous to returning to full pay. I communicated my intention to the Secretary of the Royal

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Geographical Society, and to other literary and scientific individuals, and volunteered to execute commissions for them in America or the West Indies. I thus obtained a series of interrogatories to answer, and in collecting information for myself, had my attention directed to other matters of great interest, which I might otherwise have omitted to notice.

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Having provided myself with introductions for the various places I intended to visit, I sailed from the Port of London for South America, and in due time arrived at Stabroek. I spent some time among the planters of the coast of Guiana, and made inquiries into the state of slavery, and the present condition and future prospects of this valuable colony. I also penetrated into the interior, and saw Indian life on the banks of the mighty streams which descend from the Andes, and under the shade of the primeval forest almost untrodden by the foot of the European. I collected in "the Bush" many particulars regarding the wandering tribes in the South American wilderness, and paid some attention to the animate and inanimate productions in general, which are here so different from those of the Eastern hemisphere. I have condensed my information on these subjects as much as possible, and rendered it in, I hope, a popular form. As my sojourn on the great continent daily furnished me with something novel and interesting, I have endeavoured to make my readers participate in the pleasures I enjoyed.

I next steered for Barbadoes, made the tour of that ancient settlement, and have furnished an account of the late dreadful hurricane which swept across it with destruction on its wings.

I then visited in succession Tobago, the scene of the shipwreck and hermitage of the celebrated Robinson Crusoe; Trinidad, a most valuable island, but whose capabilities have been as yet very partially developed; Grenada, that gem of the ocean, the most beautiful of the Antilles; St. Vincent, with scenery of the most sublime and magnificent character, and distinguished by a soufriere or volcano; and Jamaica, with its blue mountains, fertile savannahs, and deadly lagoons.

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Whilst voyaging among the British West India Islands, the reader will be furnished with the state of society and manners among the Antilles. Military matters will be discussed, and the condition of the negroes inquired into, about whom the philanthropic in England take such interest; their condition under British masters will also be noticed and compared with that under other proprietors of negroes, on which subject the writer was sworn to give evidence at the bar of the House of Lords. Having the honour and prosperity of our native land at heart, an endeavour is made to show the value of our Western intertropical possessions;—possessions, to obtain which the blood of our bravest countrymen has been shed, and their bones lie thickly strewn beside those of the rivals they displaced.

One fact may be here mentioned: so far back as the year 1828, the value of the imports from the British West Indies into Great Britain was £8,908,672. From the East Indies and China the same year, £8,348,767. The exports to the former £4,049,856, to the latter £6,388,330.

From Jamaica I sailed in a frigate for that splendid possession of Spain, Cuba. I there visited the tomb of the great Columbus, and during my residence in Havannah, and in the country, saw many strange sights and heard many strange tales, which are faithfully recorded.

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I next sailed in a Spanish vessel for New Orleans, or “the Wet Grave,” and arrived there during the sickly season. Whilst I was detained amongst the cane-brakes and cypress swamps of Louisiana, I collected some information regarding the neighbouring territory of Texas, which the reader will find to be the garden of North America.

From New Orleans I sailed up the Mississippi, and, after several adventures, some of a grave, and others of a ludicrous nature, I arrived at Memphis; from thence I journeyed as a sailor, partly on foot and partly in wagons, through the back woods of Tennessee and Kentucky, to Louisville, at the Falls of Ohio.

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I next proceeded up the "Queen of Rivers," the Ohio, by Cincinnati to Wheeling, in Virginia; then crossed to Lake Erie, whence I went to Buffalo, and saw the glories of Niagara. I then crossed Lake Ontario to York, Upper Canada; was present at a distribution of presents to Indians; then went to Kingston. I thence proceeded, by the Lake of the Thousand Isles, to the Ottawa, which I ascended to Bytown, on the Rideau Canal, of which, and of the Welland Canal, a short account is given.

I next descended the Ottawa, by the Rapids of St. Anne, to Montreal, and then embarked on the St. Lawrence, for Quebec. There I obtained information regarding the condition of the Canadian emigrants; and, after visiting various interesting scenes in the neighbourhood of the Canadian capital, arrived at New York, by Lake Champlain, and the noble Hudson.

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I then journeyed to Washington, by Philadelphia and Baltimore, to see Congress opened, and had the honour of several interviews with the President of the United States, General Jackson. I returned to New York, and visited the Military Academy at West Point, and the old and agreeable city of Boston; finally, I embarked for Liverpool.

Perhaps, I ought not to confess that these volumes were written, and about sixteen thousand miles were traversed, (in the spirit of the motto of my people,)

"Per mare, per terram." by flood and field, in the space of a twelvemonth. Some will exclaim, "What solid information can we expect from one who hurries over so extensive a range of travel?" To this I answer, that I had very quick voyages to and from the New World. To South America, three weeks; from North America, sixteen days; and I was equally fortunate among the West India Islands. I halted a month, a fortnight, or three days, at various places, according to circumstances, and my observation being continually on the alert, I did all in my power to make up for the want of a longer acquaintance with

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the people and scenes I have attempted to describe. I therefore trust that I shall not be censured for venturing to put forth these tomes.

J. E. A.

Berwick Barracks, April 1833.

TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES. CHAPTER I.

Embark in a ship bound for South America.—Reflections on leaving England.—Pleasing anticipations.—The General Harris East Indiaman.—Deal boatmen.—Sail down Channel.—A wreck.—Awful catastrophe.—Custom-house regulations.—The solitude of a ship highly beneficial.—A rattling breeze.—Reconnoitered by a suspicious looking vessel.—The Elysian climate of Madeira.—Nautical superstitions.—A night scene.—The Gulf stream.—The great Columbus and the sea weed.—Tropical showers.—The Coast of Guiana.—Nearly run aground.—A black Pilot.—The Essequibo River.—Appearance of Stabroek.

On a bright and balmy morning, the face of Nature smiling under the mild influence of a vernal sun (in 1891,) I sailed down the Thames to join the good ship Thomas King, James Williamson, R. N. Commander, bound for British Guiana, South America.

Having been so long a wanderer, the pang of leaving my fatherland was not severe, still a train of melancholy reflections intruded itself on my mind on again embarking on the changeful deep; I was leaving valued friends, many of whom it perhaps might never be my lot to see in life again, and England ere long might again be engaged in stirring warfare, and there might be scenes of high excitement on the Continent of Europe, whilst I was about to separate myself from them, and to plunge into the wilds of America.

The Old World which I was leaving was rich in the pleasures of memory, the New in the pleasures of hope and of anticipation; in the former had been enacted glorious deeds, and the great men of the earth had there earned an imperishable fame. The treasures of ages

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were there accumulated, and the imposing monuments of antiquity, the majestic cathedral, and the baronial castle, all bore the impress of matured civilization, and of “the shadowy grandeur of the past.” In America I was about to see Nature in her pristine vigour, the virgin soil bursting with fertility and abundance the mountains lakes, and rivers, on a scale of magnificence 10 far surpassing that of Europe; and her endless forests, many of them nearly impenetrable and trackless from the wild luxuriance and rankness of the vegetation. There was risk and uncertainty before me, but mingled with many pleasing anticipations.

The ship lay a day at Gravesend, and a solitary stroll in Kent was particularly interesting to one leaving his country, even for a short season. The trees and hedge-rows were just beginning to assume their verdant liveries; the spring birds were coyly wooing their mates, and the villagers were busily employed in their gardens; all around “Hope told a flattering tale,” and gave promise of abundance and plenty in the forthcoming autumn.

An Indiaman of the first class passed up the river between two steam vessels, and I recognised in her the old General Harris, which ten years before had borne thirty-six beardless youths besides myself to “the land of the sun.” Over the bones of many of these, who with me left England full of life and high in hope, the sands of the Carnatic are now drifting, or the rank grass of the Deccan waving over their early graves.

Whilst we lay at Deal, many boatmen came off to supply us with sea stores. They seemed anxious for another war; for since the last, their circumstances had been daily declining of specie to the opposite coast. Fortunes they had made, but these they had squandered by imprudently investing their funds in ships and foreign stock; and penury was now the lot of hundreds of these hardy seamen.

On leaving the Downs, myself the only passenger besides a Master Lewis, we had heavy rain: this is considered a good omen by mariners, and so it proved, for a favouring gale filled our canvass, and we quickly passed the white cliffs on the coast of Kent—how often gazed on with eyes moist with the salt tear of both joy and sorrow!

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We had go about half way down Channel, when a wine cask floated past us, followed by a dozen others, besides spars and pieces of wreck. Finally a large vessel keel upwards, appeared on the swell of the merciless deep, apparently a French ship, recently wrecked. It was a most melancholy sight; the black hull of the noble vessel, with the white crested waves dashing over it, at one time was buried in foam, then it rose above the billows, and showed its dark length. Most probably the crew had met with a watery grave, for she seemed to have been run down. To what painful reflections did not this give rise; the thick channel fog causing the steersman to look round in perplexity, in dread, and in continual apprehension of disaster. Suddenly a black cross appears towering above him—it is the foretop-gallant-mast of a large ship; the lower stratum of the dense vapour is rolled aside by the 11 broad bows, and rising fearfully on a mountain wave, she crashes over the frail and sinking wreck, and hurries on her course with the blast which bears after her the shrieks of the drowning crew.

“Then all is hushed, Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash Of billows.”

The Custom-house regulations requiring wine and spirits picked up at sea to be surrendered, our captain did not wait to secure any of the casks floating so temptingly round us, but philosophically bore away from them, and ere long we bade adieu to the last vestige of England, the Lizard light.

Few contrasts are so great as that of one day moving in the midst of a bustling crowd, madly pursuing pleasure and gain, and the next finding oneself alone, and without companions on the ocean; few situations are so beneficial to the mind and heart, and few so well calculated to fit man for fulfilling his various duties in life, as quitting for a while the tumultuous scenes of a metropolis, with its noisy enjoyments on one hand, and squalid misery and heart-rending distress on the other, and seeking for a while repose in the “solitude of retirement.”

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On the silent mountain's side, in the depths of forests, or whilst navigating the great waters, the mind may regenerate itself, and, freed from the artificial atmosphere in which it may have existed, it has then opportunity for reflection on by-gone scenes, on successful projects, or on hopes blighted; has then a chance of gathering wisdom from experience, can then look inwardly with a rigid self-examination, and firmly resolve on future well-doing.

So far from feeling melancholy or *ennui* during the voyage to South America, it was the source of the greatest satisfaction to me, and let no man delay or abandon an expedition for want of a companion; if pleasure only is sought, companions are indispensable, but on a journey to acquire information, they are quite unnecessary. With books, and as many resources as possible within himself, the solitary voyager may hold on his way with a cheerful spirit, and taste the joys of an Eden easily created in his own breast.

We stood away towards Madeira with a nine-knot breeze, and a very heavy sea running; and though we shipped a good deal of water over the bows, yet the captain was determined to make a quick passage, “cracked on” all the canvass our tight little bark could bear, and more; for she was borne down on her beam ends, and seemed frequently on the verge of upsetting; with all this we made about seven hundred miles in three days, 12 and rushed onward through the seas crested with white and sparkling foam.

Along the coasts of Spain and Portugal we saw some ships, most of them appearing specks in the distant horizon, but after we passed the latitude of Gibraltar, we had the vast expanse of the Atlantic to ourselves. Two little birds of the finch genus remained on board as long as the blowing weather continued, but left us when we got into summer seas; and with the exception of a shoal or two of porpoises, no living thing came near us during the voyage.

One of the above vessels caused some speculation; the reason was this—seeing us steering towards her, she clewed up her mainsail, and backed her mizen-topsail, and lay

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across our bows at the distance of a mile and a half; she was a rakish looking man of war or pirate, corvette size, and as she rose on the swell, she showed a straight sheer and broad tier of ports; we had only two carronades on board, and should have fallen an easy prize to her, and she certainly had a most suspicious look. She closely reconnoitered us as we approached, and up went a tri-coloured flag at her peak over a white and red ensign in four horizontal stripes; she backed and filled for a time, seemingly undecided how to act, but at last set her mainsail, and stood away to the north-east.

What an Elysian climate is experienced in the latitude of that last resort and faint hope of the worn-out invalid—Madeira! How bright the sky, and how gentle and soothing blows the trade wind near that favoured shore! “*Fortunata Insula!*” but how painful it is to reflect on the many hundred fair forms and brave spirits who have been compelled to seek its climate to avert for a time the stroke of the fell tyrant—Death! How few with renovated constitutions have been permitted to revisit their fatherland! Our captain had frequently taken out passengers to Madiera; young women adorned with every personal grace and highly cultivated minds, but on whose cheek was painted the fatal hectic flush; and young men, ornaments to their professions, but afflicted with a sepulchral cough, which told too plainly that their days were numbered, and that they were shortly to repose in the shade of the myrtles of the Funchal cemetery.

“The genius of the isle that showers His germs of fruits, his fairest flowers, Hath cast his robes of vernal bloom In guardian fondness o'er their tomb.”

In the evening, when the ship was under easy sail, a few of the hands would sit in a group in the waist, and as usual tell their 13 favorite ghost stories. It is wonderful what superstition there is among seamen, and how easily they are frightened with any thing that savours of the supernatural; sometimes they are so excited by tales of terror that they are afraid to look round, to leave the group, or to go to their berths. I made a small collection of naval anecdotes of the above stamp, one may serve as a specimen of the whole.

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A ship was sailing in the North Sea, and black clouds hurrying across the welkin, and collecting in heavy masses, indicated to the careful commander that a storm was brewing aloft; the haul-yards were let go preparatory to reefing the topsails, but the main-topsail-yard would not come down on the cap, and two hands were sent up to “overhaul the tie;” they had just got into the main-top, when a coffin tumbled out of it, and fell on the quarter-deck. The captain immediately went to his cabin, loaded his pistols, called the hands aft, and ordered them to touch the coffin in succession; the two men who had gone aloft were the last to do so, but when they approached the bier, blood flowed from it, they confessed a murder, the coffin disappeared in a flash of fire, and the criminals were placed in irons, landed, and in due course hanged.

Poets sigh for “a lodge in some vast wilderness,” and truly they might have found it in our quiet ship, as she pursued her lonely way over the Atlantic. Of an evening, after sitting for hours holding sweet converse with a favourite author under the cabin lamp swinging overhead, and every sound hushed in the vessel, except the monotonous creaking of the timbers joining in chorus with the rush of the billows as we bounded over the deep, I would change the scene and stroll on deck: solitude was also there; the watch (by permission) was asleep under the booms, the helmsman plied his silent task, the clouds rolling on the easy gale across the face of the “gentle moon,” occasionally obscured her disk, and then permitted her to send a broad beam of light over the ocean, and to illuminate our canvass, and cause us to move “in glory and in joy” over the dark waters.

The easterly wind bore us within the influence of the gulf stream, where branches of sea weed continually floated past us, some fresh and green, others yellow and withered, as if they had long been torn from their bed, about the situation of which the scientific are so divided in opinion; but as these “Sketches” are intended for the general reader, we will not here pause to speculate on “the fields of the ocean” from whence these beautiful marine plants are derived, and only recall to mind their effect on the crew of the prince of navigators, the immortal Christopher Colon. Disheartened with the length of their voyage,

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the trade winds blowing 14 continually from a quarter which seemed to debar the hope of their return, the ravenous shark rising “like a sceptre” from the depths of the Atlantic, and flying fish seen for the first time, besides other causes of alarm, induced them to demand from their intrepid commander an abandonment of his unrivalled enterprise; but his gallant spirit bore him through his desperate trials, and pointing to the sea weed, he revived the drooping spirits of his crew by the prospect of a speedy sight of the land of promise.

After some heavy squalls of wind, accompanied with a deluge of rain, we found ourselves transferred from a blue and transparent sea, into water of a turbid brown colour; and though we did not see land, yet we sounded and found bottom with only three fathoms of line: we then knew that we were close to the South American coast, and to the mouth of one of the mighty streams of the New World. A small schooner appeared steering across our bows, at the distance of two or three miles; a boat with six stout hands was sent to inquire our exact position, and we anchored to await the return of the mission. The horizon in the mean time clearing, we perceived the tops of trees resting, as it were, on the surface of the water to leeward: the anchor was then got up, and we stood along shore, the current setting strong to the north-east; we thought to make the Demerara River, but we passed it, and got by mistake into the Great Essequibo (there twenty-five miles in breadth with numerous islands), and before our boat rejoined us, we tacked in a quarter less three fathoms on the hard and dangerous sand of Quakeraba, where, if we had struck, we must have gone to pieces: fortunately we deepened our water, and again anchored.

The Essequibo communicates with the Great Amazons and Oronoco rivers by means of the Rio Negro; and it was interesting to reflect that the grey water on which we floated was perhaps tinged with the *debris* of the Andes, which, having been transported from the interior for two or three thousand miles, was now mingling with the briny flood.

After dusk a black pilot, with a bunch of plantains in his hand, boarded us from a small cutter; he requested a glass of porter, asked me if “Massa got any old trowsers?” and then took charge of the vessel.

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The current was still setting strong from the mouth of the Great Amazons towards the Oronooco; heavy clouds charged with rain hung over the land, and we were drenched with tropical showers, which fell not in drops, but as if a sluice or the windows of heaven had been suddenly opened. We stood towards the mouth of the Demerara, which appeared, as opening among the trees, of two miles in breadth: the sable Palinurus carried us over the bar (with 15 only nine feet of water on it at ebb-tide), and we found ourselves in a broad river.

On both banks the coridore and mangrove trees grew thick; here and there amongst them the palms waved their fringe-like leaves, their tall stems appearing like living columns over the lower vegetation. No hill or rising ground was visible in any direction, for this part of South America is a dead flat, consisting of a rich alluvial soil, carried down from the branches of the giant Andes. Stabroek, or George Town, was situated on the left, but few of the houses could be seen, the foliage being so dense; a lighthouse (of which there are far too few in our western possessions) became the most conspicuous object in the picture. About sixty vessels lay opposite the town, all under the British flag; schooners conveying the produce from the different estates along the coast, were leaving and entering the noble stream; the negro crews of these droghers shouted, laughed, and asked us the news as they passed under our stern; occasionally they sung in wild chorus, or like Tritons blew a long blast from a large conch shell.

Whilst inhaling the fresh and fragrant odour of the land breeze, on viewing the serenity of the sky, the gorgeous foliage shading comfortable white houses of two stories, surrounded with verandahs, the river bearing on its bosom a fleet of merchantmen, the windmills and tall chimneys of numerous steam-engines on the bank opposite to Stabroek, and all betokening the wealth and importance of British Guiana, or the united colonies of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, I was led to exclaim, "Are these the splendid possessions which some in England are willing to sacrifice to an unjust and ignorant clamour, whereby the thousands depending on them for subsistence would be plunged

into ruin? and above all, when the superabundant population at home, renders it so difficult to provide employment for the rising generation?" But a truce to this subject; my reader must be rather sea-sick, and so, if he pleases, we will land, and commence another chapter.

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CHAPTER II.

Land at Stabroek.—The streets.—The white inhabitants.—The coloured.—The negroes.—The coloured and black freemen.—The Indians or Bucks.—The military. —The barracks.—Medical men.—Causes of mortality among the troops.—Injudicious manner in which the English and Dutch live in Stabroek.—Animal food condemned. —The public buildings and private residences.—Stabroek a city of refuge. —Anecdote.—Form of Government.—Civil and criminal courts.—Grants of land. —Anti-Malthusian doctrine.—Salubrity of the climate.—A castle of indolence.—Tricks played with electric eels.—The last census.—Slave population on the increase. —Returns of produce.—Imports.—Price of labour and provisions.—Examination of soil.—Defence of British Guiana from foreign invasion.

The stelling, or wooden landing-place, was occupied by a few negresses sitting beside trays of fruit and vegetables; from thence a road, flanked by canals, led to the streeets, which were unpaved, but in excellent order. Except close to the river, the houses of the inhabitants were widely scattered, each being surrounded by a garden and lofty trees. Last year it was found impossible to keep the gardens free from weeds, owing to the amazing quantity of rain that had fallen, which was reckoned by feet, and not by inches in the usual way: thus in five months six feet eight inches of rain fell at Stabroek!

The European inhabitants were riding or walking about in white Panama hats, and clothes suited to a tropical climate: though nearly under the line, the men had a tolerably healthy look, because they moved about in the open air; but the white ladies were exceedingly pale and sickly in their appearance; a few were observed riding in gigs, for they never

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condescend to walk abroad, the consequence of which is that they are généralement very languid and debilitated. The mulatto men, in straw hats and round jackets, were tall and robust, and the brown ladies also well grown and in excellent case; they wore handkerchiefs tied round the head, after the fashion of the French *femmes de chambre*; but above all the negroes attracted attention.

One would have imagined, from the incessant outcry in England about ameliorating the condition of the black population in the colonies, that the negroes are in a very deplorable condition— emaciated, borne down with hard labour, wearing a look of hopeless despondency, badly fed, badly clothed, and sounds of suffering and of the whip of the driver everywhere heard: no such thing. The men were well clothed and well fed; hats or striped caps they wore on their heads; and though they prefer carrying their jacket under their arm to wearing it on their shoulders, and strip to their work to the trowsers, yet they all seemed to be abundantly supplied with clothes. The negresses were decently, clad in printed gowns, and were commonly seen walking about huckstering vegetables, carried in a wooden tray on their heads. There were no sounds but those of merriment; the song and chorus of a group of young negresses, the salutations and jokes of friends meeting, and the incessant gabbling of the old women, who, when they can get no one to converse with, carry on a conversation (aloud) with their own sweet selves, like negroes at their balls, sometimes dancing to their own shadow on the wall for want of a partner.

Contrasted with the sleek appearance of the slaves, there were certain ragged and miserable looking beings sitting at the corners of the streets, or sleeping off their drunkenness in the shade. These were free negroes, and disreputable people of colour; those who were awake, were gambling and quarrelling; blasphemy and horrid oaths were on their lips, and their presence was offensive. As a proof of the incorrigible laziness and worthlessness of these “low caste” freemen of Stabroek, they cannot be induced to push a canoe into the river and fish. The market is badly supplied with fish, which are scarce and dear in town, though they abound in the stream.

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Last of all; the Indians, or Bucks, from the interior are to be noticed, and it is with great interest that a stranger contemplates these children of nature moving among civilized life. Of short stature, but well proportioned, they walk about in a state of nudity, with the exception of a narrow lap or strip of blue Salampore about their loins, their head protected from the sun and shower by their straight and glossy black hair alone, their skins beautifully clean, and of a light mahogany colour; their features were those of handsome Tartars, oval, the nose long but not prominent, the eyes wide apart and narrow; their expression was pathetic, but good-natured and amiable. Their wives followed them in blue petticoats, and with the breasts exposed, rows of party-coloured glass beads about their necks, their raven tresses neatly braided, and fastened with a silver skewer on the crown of the head. Men and women carried either a child across the hip, or bows and arrows, pegals or baskets, parrots, or skins of birds to barter for powder, shot, and cloth.

I have thus given a sketch of the people I met in walking through Stabroek to a lodging-house, and before I repose in the New World I shall say a word on the military. An old acquaintance, Lieutenant-Colonel Chalmers of the 25th, on my arrival invited me to join the mess of his regiment. I availed myself of the hospitable invitation, but was sorry to remark that several of the officers and many of the men of the regiment were suffering from C 18 fever and ague; one hundred were sick out of three hundred. The barracks were in a low, swampy, and badly-drained situation; in fact, there was a puddle of water covered with weeds in the middle of the barrack square. The burial ground was immediately opposite: altogether the site of the barracks is very bad, but it could be improved without removing them.

The soil and climate of Guiana are totally different from the West India islands, though people at home are so ignorant of this, that the colony of Demerara is commonly considered to be an island, Essequibo to be in Mexico, and in the Edinburgh Almanac for 1831, Berbice is placed among the Bahama islands! No wonder, then, that the surgeons who accompany regiments from England are unacquainted with the diseases and their

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mode of treatment in Guiana; but when they arrive, they undoubtedly should condescend to be instructed by the old and experienced surgeons of the colony.

During the war a frightful source of disease among the military was the crowded state of the barracks; though building materials are cheap and most abundant (wood I mean,) and though a water and sun proof shed, with a dry floor, all that is required for soldiers in the West, yet they were crowded into small rooms, their hammocks were touching one another, and six men used to occupy the same space that three now do in those admirable contrivances the iron bedsteads.

Formerly when a regiment of seven hundred strong arrived in the country, they were all cramped up together, and made to occupy as little space as possible. Three hundred would quickly die off with impure air and new rum; the four hundred who would survive would be healthy, because, they had got inured to the climate, but in reality because they had got room to breathe; and the troops in the islands are now comparatively healthy for the same reason. Yet there are many points which still require alteration and amendment, and if medical men would only make representations in the proper quarter, doubtless abuses would be immediately inquired into and removed; but, alas! what is "every body's business is nobody's."

I shall not now trespass further on the patience of the general reader with observations on the treatment of soldiers in the western colonies, but reserve for another place some more observations on this important point. Health is a subject in which we are all interested, and he must be unfeeling indeed, who does not sympathise with brave men suffering under an injudicious system, which cannot be known at head-quarters unless subordinate officers will most respectfully submit proposed improvements to the higher authorities.

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Whilst on the subject of health I may remark, that during the few days I remained at Stabroek I was particularly struck with the manner in Which the English and Dutch families

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live; it seemed to me to be highly injudicious even in a cold climate. Before breakfast a Dutchman has his pipe and several drams of schidam, and some of the old English residents adopt the same system; at breakfast is the favourite pepper-pot, or meat stewed with cassireep, (the juice of the bitter cassava or manioc), and made pungent with red and green pepper; there is also salt fish from the United States or Newfoundland, beef-steaks and unripe plantains roasted; abundance of butter and grease of every kind is employed in the *cuisine*, and green tea is in high favour. After this substantial meal, between ten and twelve o'clock there is a little sauntering exercise, according to the calls of business; in the middle of the day there is a meat lunch, after which the siesta in the grass hammock. At dinner there are again loads of meat, and a mixture of porter, spirits, wine, &c. and supper at ten o'clock: all this would produce inflammatory diseases in any climate, and particularly within 6° of the line. I need hardly say, that if a person wishes to enjoy good health, he must place a restraint upon his appetite in all situations, and live by rule; and I may state, after an experience of all climates, that two small slices of meat per day are quite sufficient to support nature, with milk, bread, and vegetables as may be requisite, and even whilst taking very violent exercise; thus two hundred miles have been ridden in one day, and fifty walked in another, without any animal food for some time previous. When young men visit the tropics, their friends say, "Don't drink," (every one knows that strong drink is injurious,) but they are seldom warned against strong meat; it is that which is so pernicious; but consume it in moderation,

"Then good digestion waits on appetite, And health on both."

The public buildings in Stabroek are the residence of the Governor, Sir Benjamin d'Urban, G. C. B. called the Camp, which is commodious, rendered cool by broad galleries round it, and shaded with many noble trees. There are also several excellent churches; an extensive range of public offices of brick, now just finished; a jail, with that useful appendage a treadmill; hospitals, &c.; and there is a steam-boat for the ferry across the

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river, which vessel is also employed to convey purchasers to estates that may be exposed to sale.

I was much pleased with the neat manner in which the private houses of respectability were fitted up; the broad piazzas rendered them extremely cool, and the open windows and doors gave free passage to the fragrant breeze; goglets of porous earthenware in the varandah, cooled the rain water collected in tanks and cisterns from the roof; convolvuli twined round the pillars and trellis-work of the gallery, and rich odour of the mignonette was diffused through the rooms. The broad-leaved plantain and papaw, the acacia with golden flowers, the fig tree and myrtle, grew beside the majestic palmetto royal in the garden; couches, tables and chairs, were of the beautiful colonial woods; the walls of the rooms were handsomely papered, and on them were wall-shades in silver sockets, to screen the light from the wind and winged insects; and the floors were covered with oil-cloths. The East Indian punkah was wanting, but the seabreeze from the north-east during the day, and the land breeze from the south-east during the night, obviated the necessity for the “punkah's cooling breath;” and it has been truly said of the good people of Stabroek, whose hospitality is gratefully remembered by one who ardently desires their prosperity, “that their doors are ever open to the stranger, and their purses never shut to the needy.”

Stabroek is a city of refuge for the bad characters from the West India islands—they abound here, and it seems difficult to prevent their ingress. The manner in which they live is this:— every estate has a schooner, manned by a black captain and six negroes; in these vessels, as I said before, the produce (rum and sugar) is conveyed to Georgetown for shipment to England. The estates are principally on the coast, and not up the rivers, since the conquest of British Guiana from the Dutch in 1796. In every schooner there is an experienced cooper, who dexterously opens the casks, takes out a part of their contents, and, like a cunning workman, makes all smooth again. At night the black captain sends a canoe under the wooden wharfs with the plunder; a trap-door communicates with the obscure dwellings of the white vagabonds before-mentioned; they purchase from the

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negro captain at a cheap rate, and again sell their commodities to hucksters and grog-shops in town. In 1823 five hundred whites were ferreted out to serve in the militia against the negroes in a state of insurrection; of these Europeans the police had previously no knowledge, for they slept all day and drank and gambled all night; they shunned the light "because their deeds were evil."

The Dutch form of Government is still preserved in British Guiana, and the laws are administered by a governor and council. The members of council are elected by the keizers, or representatives of the people, and each burgher possessing 21 twenty-five slaves, or six hundred guilders per annum, is entitled to a vote.

The council framing laws is termed the court of policy, and the court of justice was composed, when I was in Stabroek, of the governor and certain councillors. Great civil and criminal causes came under the cognizance of this court, while petty offences were referred to the commissary court. The fiscal, or public prosecutor or attorney-general, was the principal officer of this court; his duty was also to inspect the roads of the colony, accompanied by the burgher captains of the districts. Lately the courts of civil and criminal justice have been annihilated, and others created in their place; peripatetic judges holding sessions in British Guiana, Trinidad, and St. Lucie twice a year; also petty courts are to be established. The crown colonists complain of this new arrangement, because it will produce great delay, debtors will be favoured, property in the market will deteriorate in value, and so on.

Grants of land are obtained by application to the governor and council; the usual size of an estate is a quarter of a mile of front, and a mile and a half in depth; if not cleared in part within a certain time the grant is annulled. Strange to say, it was Englishmen who first showed the Dutch the superiority of the land of the coast to that on the banks of the rivers. From the Pomeroon river to the Berbice, there is a stripe of cultivation with the richest soil in the world, and bounded by a forest which extends across the continent, passes the Andes, and ends only with the Pacific.

I did not visit Berbice, which was first settled, but the appearance of the country there, and the manner of cultivating sugar and coffee, are similar to Demerara and Essequibo. Many cotton estates have been abandoned in Berbice, such a mania prevails for sugar making, though it is well known that the colonies produce far more than there is a demand for in England. A sugar estate requires a negro per acre; a coffee estate two for three acres; and a cotton estate one for two acres; it will thus be seen the great expense that attends a sugar estate.

I often wished that some of those who think that ere long the world will be overpeopled, and that we shall shoulder one another off it, or into the sea, could view the vast solitudes of Guiana, and reflect that nearly the whole of the interior of the South American continent, though capable of supporting billions of inhabitants, is as yet almost entirely in the keeping of nature. The cultivation in British Guiana is now confined to two hundred miles of the coast, and the same may be said of South America generally.

22

In the West the general impression is, that the climate of Guiana is unhealthy, but it is really less so than that of the neighbouring islands. When the forest was first cleared on the coast, and the decayed trees and leaves exposed to the influence of the sun, when the sea unconfined by dikes was allowed to form salt marshes, then yellow fever prevailed, but for several years this fatal malady has been altogether unknown here.

The "Dandy," or stiffening fever, three years ago paid a flying visit to the islands and the main; it seems to have been a sort of rheumatic attack, the joints became suddenly stiff, and the patient was assisted to his hammock, where for two or three days he remained in a helpless state, and in considerable pain, but gradually recovering, no bad effects resulted.

I walked about Stabroek, and visited the friends to whom I had introductions, the public buildings, and that castle of indolence, the Logie, or shed on the banks of the river, for the

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accommodation of the Bucks, or Indians, who visit the town. There the men and children lay in their hammocks, suited in size for an adult or for a child a day old; the buckeens, or women, were commonly baking the flour of Cassava on an iron plate, and they eat as they felt inclined, for the Indians have no fixed hours for meals, and of course have not the slightest idea of the value of time.

In Stabroek, it is usual for the old residents to amuse themselves at the expense of strangers; wonderful stories are told of snakes, as large as trees, of alligators cooling themselves on the streets of an evening, and occasionally looking in at a bed-room window, of vampires attacking the throat, and of land crabs, so large that two or three of them will drag a man into their holes if he happens to sleep near them. I heard many strange tales which I need not repeat, but will mention a trick which was played me, and with which new comers are often served.

I was standing in the gallery of a house belonging to a half-pay officer (now a planter,) when I observed a large jar in the garden; I inquired what it contained, and was told, an electric eel, "but," said my friend, "I have had it a long time, it is sickly, and has entirely lost its electrifying powers." I went to examine it, and saw a brown flat-headed broad-tailed eel, four or five feet long, with a look of "*noli me tangere*," moving slowly round the inside of the jar. The planter then taking up a piece of old iron hoop, said in an off-handed manner, "If you touch him with this, you will perceive he has lost all his power." I did so, and was nearly knocked flat on my back: the shock was most severe, though the eel did not appear to be in the least agitated; of course my friend was highly delighted.

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Scenes of great diversion are occasioned among the English sailors who come to Stabroek by electric eels; they are told to bring them to be cooked. Jack bares his arm and plunges his hand into the jar, and in a moment receives a shock which benumbs him; he looks round in wild amazement, and then at the eel, all the while rubbing his elbow. "Try again, Jack, for a bottle of rum;" he does so, grasps the eel firmly, grins and swears at "the

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beggar," receives shock after shock, drops the eel in despair, and runs off as if the devil had struck him. A little dog was thrown into a jar one day in which there was an electric eel, and was so paralyzed that it sunk helpless to the bottom, and was got out alive with some difficulty; and a horse that attempted to drink out of the jar was immediately thrown back on its haunches, and galloped off with mane and tail on end snorting with terror.

The last census of Demerara and Essequibo I have seen is of 1829, there were then,

White males, 2,100

Ditto females, 906— 3006

Coloured and black freemen, 2,530

Ditto ditto females, 3,830— 6,360

Slaves, males, 37,092

Ditto females, 32,276—69,968

Total, — 78,734

At present more than seven-twentieths of the slave population are under twenty years of age, and a large proportion of the females are already arrived at the age of bearing children; the average age of all the slaves is about thirty-two years and a half, and I now select at random a few plantations as exhibiting increase during the last three years, fully equal to the periodical increase of the population of Great Britain, which has been estimated at one and a half per cent. per annum.

Negroes. Births. Deaths. Increase. per ct. Average age. Enmore, 301 34 9 9 nearly 28#
Hamburg, 260 19 7 5 42 Batchelor's adventure, 690 62 36 4 31 Chateau Margeau, 241 23
9 6 30 Foulis, 156 20 7 9 27 Jalousie, 309 25 10 5 1/10 35

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The different parishes differ in salubrity, and the greater mortality in some is to be imputed to their situation on the banks of rivers and creeks, which have always been considered unhealthy. 24 This conclusion is borne out by the smaller degree of mortality in the parishes on the sea coast, where the air is very salubrious. The mortality of the colony on the average for the last three years is one in twelve. Further, with regard to the slave population, a check has been given to the natural but serious loss hitherto suffered by the dropping off of the old Africans, and the approaching equalization of the sexes; and it must be highly gratifying to the humane to know that the colony has reached the termination of a period of decrease, and will now doubtless exhibit an increasing population.

The amount of the produce of Demerara and Essequibo in 1829 was—

Sugar, 91,652,331 lbs.

Coffee, 4,555,789 “

Rum, 3,389,739 gallons.

Molasses, 288,737 “

Cotton, 1,217,269 lbs.

Plantains, 526,424 guilders.

Cattle, 64,844 “

4 s. 6 d. sterling is equal to 1 Spanish dollar,=3 guilders,=60 stivers. The measures are English, from a gill to a gallon, and 110 lbs. English are equal to 100 lbs. Dutch. The expenditure of 1830 was guilders 985,899. The average value of the imports for the last three years—

From Great Britain, value of imports £554,869

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Ships 177

Tonnage 51,704

From British North American Colonies £139,180

Ships 302

Tonnage 29,645

The price of labour is very high in Stabroek; a dollar a day is usually given to a common artizan, but certain Europeans purchase negroes and let them out as task-gangs, and realize a handsome profit in this way. I saw many of these task-gangs building houses, digging trenches, making dikes, &c.

Medical men usually receive as follows, eleven guilders for a visit during the day, and twenty-two during the night; and lawyers also twenty-two for an hour's consultation.

All proprietors of slaves pay six guilders of a capitation tax per annum.

The price of provisions varies much; for instance, American flour, which usually sells for eight dollars a barrel, rose to four-and-twenty when I was in Stabroek. The trade with the United States had just been thrown open, but the Americans imagined that they could not compete with the Canadians, and they again thought that the market would be overstocked by the Americans; the consequence was, that neither Americans nor Canadians sent any flour, and the price rose to a ruinous amount, but this was temporary. Butcher's meat usually sells for ten stivers the pound, and a large querriman fish from six to nine guilders.

Though the soil of Stabroek is argillaceous, yet no one makes bricks for the foundations of the wooden houses, or tiles instead of the Wallaba shingles for the roofs; the bricks are

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sent from England at an enormous expense. Some brick sugar-works near town have cost £20,000. I examined the only shaft that ever was sunk in Stabroek for water, the strata were as follows—

To the depth of 44 feet—blue clay.

10 do.—fragments of wood partly decayed.

19 do.—compact whitish grey clay.

31 do.—yellow sand mixed with clay.

6 do.—violet coloured clay when first brought to the surface, afterwards it became light grey.

10 do.—white sand and clay mixed.

2 do.—quartorze sand and clay mixed; water.

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The principal defence of Guiana from a foreign foe consists in the shallowness of the sea on the coast; large men of war are unable to approach it, and the rivers are guarded by dangerous bars. Signals can be made from the Berbice river to the Pomeroon with great rapidity, and what with regular troops, the colonial militia, sailors from the ships, and the Indians, a formidable force might be speedily assembled to repel invasion. Still, however, the fort at Stabroek is too small to make a good defence. The works on Fort Island, on the Essequibo, formerly mounted forty pieces of cannon, but Kykoveral, at the junction of the three rivers, Essequibo, Coioony, and Mazarooni, is the natural citadel of the colony. D

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CHAPTER III.

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Desire to visit the interior.—Eldorado.—Sail to the Essequibo.—Carelessness of negro crews.—Anecdote.—Islands of the Essequibo.—Mazarooni and Coioony Rivers.—Few traces of early Settlers.—The mighty Forest.—The Mora, Cotton, Palmetto, and mangrove trees.—The Campanero.—The Tapir.—Manati.—American Leopard.—The Cayman.—Monkeys.—Deer.—Peccari Hogs, and other quadrupeds of Guiana.—Parrots, Macaws, Vampires, Owls, and Goat-suckers.—Aquatic birds.—Humming birds.—The Cock of the Rock.—Aboma Snake.—The Conacoushi, Labarri, and Rattlesnakes.—Anecdote.—The cobra of India.—The Pipa Frog.—Visit a Dutch Entomologist.—Remarkable fishes.—Guiana a rich field of the Naturalist.—Awful solitude.—Approach of a Storm.—Geology of the Essequibo.—Woodcutters.—A forest residence.—Wood-nymphs.—Kykoveral.—The post.—Visit an Indian settlement.

I remained but a short time in Stabroek, for I was impatient to plunge into the primeval forests of the interior—to navigate the mighty rivers fertilizing regions unexplored by European travellers—to visit the nameless creeks overshadowed by the gloomy, though rich and luxuriant vegetation—to tread the soil of that country, ever famous since the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, as containing the magnificent city of Eldorado, which “for greatness, riches, and the excellent seat, far exceeded any city in the world, and founded on an inland sea two hundred leagues long, like unto the Mare Caspium.”

No Eldorado has ever yet been discovered, though a shallow lake called Parima exists between the Amazons and Oronooco; and the gallant courtier is right when he says, “he never saw a more beautiful country (than that to the south of the Oronooco), nor more lively prospects; hills so raised here and there over the valleys, the rivers winding into divers branches, the plains adjoining without bush or stubble, all fair green grass (in many parts), with ground of hard sand, easy to march on either for horse or foot; the deer crossing in every path; the birds toward the evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes; cranes and herons of white, crimson, and carnation, perching on the river's

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side; the air fresh, with a gentle easterly wind, and every stone that we stooped to pick up promised either gold or silver by its complexion.”

Elated with pleasing anticipations, I embarked in a small schooner to sail up the great Essequibo river, in company with a Dutch 27 physician, full of life and good humour, Dr. Springshoek, and Mr. Hilhouse, a surveyor in British Guiana, and late of the staff corps, a gentleman who has seen more of the interior of Guiana, and is better acquainted with its natural productions and the habits of the wandering tribes of Indians, than any other person I know. I was extremely fortunate in my companions, and most thankful to these gentlemen for volunteering to accompany me.

The navigation at the entrance of the Essequibo is very dangerous from the shifting banks of sand: the coasting schooners constantly get aground there, and are sometimes totally wrecked; but this is oftener owing to the carelessness of the crews than any other reason. It is difficult to keep even the steersman awake; and I have seen him nodding over the tiller, and the vessel constantly taken aback, the captain during this time quietly asleep in the fore part of the schooner. The drogher belonging to the estate called Maria—s pleasure, was totally lost a short time before I arrived at Stabroek; and as an instance of the folly and carelessness of negro crews, I shall give a short anecdote.

Some time ago a schooner got aground between the Demerara and Essequibo rivers; she lay in the mud for several tides, and at last was noticed by a pilot cutter, the master of which boarded the schooner, and found half the crew a sleep; the other were coolly roasting plantains. “Why don't you lay out a warp, and try to get your vessel off? if it comes on to blow, you will all be lost,” said the pilot. “Me no care, suppose lost,” replied Quaco; “Massa schooner, massa nigger—all massa's loss.”

At the mouth of the Essequibo, the three islands of Leguan, Waakenaam, and Tiger, are cultivated like gardens, and produce most luxuriant crops of coffee and sugar.

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We sailed up the Essequibo for eighty miles, and occasionally took to canoes, or coorials, to visit the creeks. We then went up a part of the Mazarooni, and saw also the unexplored Coioony. These three rivers join their waters about one hundred miles from the Atlantic.

In sailing or paddling up the stream, the breadth is so great, and the wooded islands so numerous, that it appears as if we navigated a large lake. The Dutch, in former times, had cotton, indigo, and cocoa estates up the Essequibo, and even beyond their old capital Kykoveral, at the forks or junction of the three rivers; at present, however, beyond the islands at the mouth of the Essequibo, there are no estates, and the mighty forest has obliterated all traces of former cultivation. There is solitude and silence on either hand; and not a vestige of the dwellings of the Hollanders is to be seen; but occasionally in struggling through the entangled brushwood, one stumbles over a marble tomb stone, brought from the shores of the Zuyder Zee, covering the remains of a Hollander.

“An hundred summer suns had showered Their fostering warmth and radiance bright,
Since first this remnant of his race Did tenant his lone dwelling-place.”

And truly one is tempted to exclaim, that such a mercenary, cold-hearted, and cruel people to their slaves as the early Dutch settlers generally appear to have been, from the painfully interesting narrative of Stedman, deserve as richly to lose their valuable possessions, as the Spaniards did for their barbarities to the unoffending Indians: at the same time it must not be forgotten that, fifty years ago, our own planters, with their negro task-masters, too often grievously oppressed and abused their sable bondsmen; but to the honour of the nation, a mighty change for the better has taken place.

At every turn of the river we descried objects of great interest; the dense and nearly impenetrable forest itself occupied our chief attention. Magnificent trees, altogether new to me, were anchored to the ground by the bush rope. Convolvuli, and the flowers of parasitical plants of every variety, caused the woods to appear as if hung with garlands. Pre-eminent above the other sons of the forest, was the “towering and majestic mora” its

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trunk spread out into buttresses; and on its top would be seen the king of the vultures, spreading out its immense wings to dry after the dews of night.

Rivalling the mora in height, and surpassing it in beauty, was the silk cotton tree. A naturalist might study for days one of these grand objects, produced by exuberant nature from the richest mould, with the combined advantages of a tropical sun and a moist atmosphere, and still he would find something new and much to wonder at. Yet the timber is not valuable, and the cotton is only used for pillows. Let us pause awhile, and admire the noble shaft, eighty feet in height, without knot or branch, and its grey surface smooth and shining as if polished by the hand of man: high overhead it stretches out its great limbs, partly hidden by the bright green leaves, forming a mighty pillared shade, fit to grace the foreground of a Salvator Rosa.

Supporting many other plants, and a numerous colony of animated nature, on the topmost branches of the tree are seen the wild pine; while the vines descending like shrouds to the earth, afford to the traveller a pleasant beverage, for, if skilfully cut with the knife, the water gushes out, as from the rock in the wilderness at the touch of the rod of Moses. The opossums and other small quadrupeds, ascending by the vines, drink from the deep cup of 29 the pines, which contains nearly a quart of water, collected from the dews and rain. In the forks of the branches are seen the black clay nests of the wood ant, with double galleries down the stem, by which the tiny colonists ascend and descend without interrupting each other. Sometimes the marabuntahs, or wild bees, occupy the place of the ants, and are surrounded by the hanging nests of the black and yellow mocking birds; they live sociably together, and it is said that the bees attack the foes of the orioles, but these last ungratefully forgetting their obligations to their neighbours, attempt to kidnap them when their young cry for food.

Here and there, singly or in groups, the palmetto royal reared its head, one hundred feet in height, and the stem seven or eight in thickness; the straight grey pillar terminated in a green and edible shaft, affording the mountain cabbage; then the branches, fifteen feet in

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length, spread out horizontally, from which depended the close-set, pinnated, and pointed leaves, agitated by the slightest breath of air. From the midst of the leafy diadem a green spike appeared, said to be a lightning conductor. On the soft bank of the streams the red mangrove from trunk and branches sent down its ligneous shoots, to anchor it to the shifting soil; whilst the white mangrove on harder ground dispensed with supports.

Whilst we lay in the noon-day heat, shadowed under the thick wood, the very peculiar and romantic cry of the campanero, or bell-bird, would be heard at intervals; it is white, about the size of a pigeon, with a leathery excrescence on its forehead, and the sound which it produces in the lone woods is like that of a convent bell tolling at a distance.

A crash of reeds and brushwood on the river's bank would be followed by a tapir, the western elephant, coming down to drink and roll his dark hide in the mud. In bulk he is about the size of an ox, with thick legs and a short prehensile proboscis. The maipoori, manati, or river cow, would lift its black head and small piercing eye above water, to graze on the leaves of the coridore tree. These harmless animals are shot from a stage fixed in the water with branches of their favourite food hanging from it; in form they resemble the common seal, and one of twenty-two hundred weight was killed not long ago.

A shout from the negro boatmen eagerly gazing at the middle of the river, would point out the head of the spotted jaguar, or American leopard. Swimming strongly across, and fearless of the aquatic monsters doubtless following in his wake, he dashes the water aside with his muscular paws; a long ripple goes from either flank; he approaches the bank, and, impatient to land, springs vigorously from the stream, and with a growl of defiance disappears among the canes and moco mocos.

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A long-drawn and heavy sigh would direct attention to apparently a gnarled and black log of wood under the river's bank; it would then begin slowly to move towards the river, and a green and malignant eye would be turned to the spectator; horrid claws would be

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observed sinking into the slime over which was dragged a bloated and scaly body, ending in a pointed tail, with strength in it to break the leg of a horse. The long jaws would open and shut with a snapping noise, displaying the rows of sharp white teeth; headlong it would plunge into the river, and re-appear far up the stream. This is the cayman, or alligator, which is found in all the tropical rivers of America: one I saw in the Essequibo was of the great length of twenty-two feet: of such a monster it might be said, "He esteemed iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood; the arrow could not make him flee, darts were counted as stubble, and he laughed at the shaking of the spear."

The trees of the forests, matted together by the bush rope, here running up their stem, and there joining branch to branch, were at times alive on each side of the river with the restless saccawinkee, or small red monkey with a white face. They travel from tree to tree with facility by means of the wild vines; and numerous families of these active little creatures, with their offspring on their backs, may be seen disporting themselves among the leaves and feeding on the nuts, far removed above their enemies, the snakes, below.

Advancing up a creek, the wanderer may come to a lonely spot, rocks and trees casting broad shadows into the pools, and he will there see the spotted wirrebocerra, or red bajeer deer, reposing at noon, or rushing with panting sides to the water. The flesh of both these deer is delicious eating, particularly that of the wirrebocerra.

Rushing through entangled brushwood will be heard a score or two of piccaree hogs, remarkable for the gland on the back, emitting a fetid odour, which some improperly suppose to be the navel. The ant bear, tree porcupine, the scaly armadillo, and the languid sloth are not unfrequently met with in traversing these luxuriant and unbroken forests; but above all the red men desire to meet with the amphibious laaba, about the size of a pig a year old, with short neck and legs, and the body brown with white spots, affording flesh, rich and delicate. It is a saying in Guiana, "that he who eats laaba and drinks creek water will be sure to return to the country." I did both, and the grateful flavour of the former is still present in my recollection.

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When the sun sinks rapidly in the west, and disappears behind the trees like a fiery target, gorgeous macaws and screaming parrots fly in pairs over head returning from their feeding-grounds 31 to their favourite roosts; the dreaded vampire then leaves the shady nook or hollow tree where he had dozed during the day, and flits on ebon and leathery wing along the river's bank. Not unfrequently he attacks the naked foot of the sleeper in his hammock under the trees, applies the cylindrical tongue, and whilst dexterously cupping, gently fans the foot with his wings in an ecstasy of delight—the sleeper awakes faint and exhausted, and sees below him a pool of his own gore. These foul bats are sometimes three feet from wing to wing.

During the night the owls and goat-suckers lament with ominous cry, and at early dawn the black hannaqua loudly repeats its own name; the woodpeckers commence their hammering on the decayed trunks, and the mighty-billed toucans yelp from the loftiest trees.

Near the mouths of the rivers the curry-curry, or scarlet curlew, stalks conspicuously among other aquatic birds; and the pelican and spoonbill are seen with flocks of clucks and teal. Water fowl, in particular, are so numerous on the coasts of Guiana at particular seasons of the year, that huntsmen say, you may bring down an acre of them in a day! or like the renowned Munchausen, spit half a dozen ducks on the ramrod at one shot.

With active though invisible wing, the minute humming birds are often observed, the metallic lustre of their plumage glistening in the sunbeam:

“The winglet of the fairy humming-bird, Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round.”

Darting from flower to flower of the shrubs planted near the habitations of the settlers, they extract a honeyed repast of sweets and insects with the slender filaments of their tongues, and too often are they shot by the idler sitting listlessly in his shady piazza, not for the purpose of preserving the delicate skins, but out of sheer wantonness.

Far removed from the haunts of men, sits the cock of the rock, in orange plumage, so brilliant that some will say it is impossible to look stedfastly on it. It is a crested bird, about the size of a pigeon, and of an elegant form; but I must not stop to describe at greater length the great variety of the feathered tribe that are met with in these wilds, but merely mention the names of the scarlet and blue aras, the great trumpeter and powese, or peacock pheasant, the brown marrodee, the spotted tiger bird, the blue bird, and the rice bird, the green sparrow, and, above all, the kishee kishee, the size of a lark, but decorated with splendid plumage, the various colours of which are beautifully arranged so as to enchant the eye of every beholder.

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Nourished in hot swamps is the mighty camoodi, aboma or boa: he drags his great bulk to the edge of his favourite marsh, and lies in wait for the passing deer, or even the wandering Indian; suddenly he twines round his victim, breaks the yielding bones of his prey, (writhing in helpless agony,) covers it with saliva, and slowly gorges the prepared morsel. But far more dreaded by the red man, is the conacoushi. Waterton, the prince and paragon of wanderers in desert places, enthusiastic as a naturalist, and peerless as a preserver of birds, of this formidable snake beautifully says, "Unrivalled in his display of every lovely colour of the rainbow, and unmatched in the effects of his deadly poison, the conacoushi glides undaunted on; sole monarch of these forests, both man and beast fly before him, and allow him to pursue an undisputed path." The conacoushi is better known by the name of bush-master; I saw one twelve feet long, and his general appearance was that of the head of the ugliest toad on the foul body of a serpent. The Indians avoid this monster by means of their dogs, sent in advance to warn their masters of the bush-masters occupying the path; but I have also been made aware of the vicinity of a poisonous snake by the strong musky odour left by it in its progress through the herbage.

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The labarri is nearly as poisonous as the conacoushi, and is sometimes killed in Stabroek. No object can be conceived more horrid than this reptile; when irritated, every scale rises from its body like the feathers of a cock, the eye sparkles with malignant ire, and the open jaws show the long fangs ready to dart the venom into the shrinking limb.

But let the sceptic who says in his proud heart "there is no God," be covered with confusion, when he is told that a merciful Creator has provided certain remarkable plants which grow near the haunts of these deadly snakes, and are effectual remedies against their bites; and he has clearly pointed out to the naked and ignorant Indian, by the spotted stems of these plants, resembling the colour of the poisonous reptiles, by their coiled roots and flowers like the open mouthed serpent, that there is yet a balm in Gilead.

Rattlesnakes are common in almost all parts of America, and in Guiana they are not wanting; there are also tree and water snakes of several varieties, of the rattlesnake I may here give an original anecdote.

A stout negro belonging to a friend near Stabroek, brought in from the bush two rattlesnakes in a box; he seemed to have completely subdued them by intimidation, and after a time he would let them out in the verandah, and they would return to him at his call. One day they were missing, and the negro's master going to an out-house saw them coiled up under the step of the door, he was a long time imprisoned, but at last plucked up courage and sprang into the open air over them. The negro went out with his box to catch them, "Ah! you damn rascal, you go way! Get in house this minute," said Quaco, and the reptiles obeyed him! Sometimes he would irritate his pets, and they would bite him in the hand, then he would run out to the high grass near the house, and rub the wound with a plant, the name of which he would not reveal, for his fellow slaves looked on him with great respect from his being a snake-charmer. At last, on one occasion, he got drunk, began handling the snakes, they bit him, he neglected to apply his antidote, went to the field to work, and in a short time was a bloated corpse.

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I have seen the cobra dé capello, or hooded snake of India, caught in my garden, have watched the snake-charmer with feathered turban sitting beside a hole under the hedge of prickly pear, and piping on a rude musical instrument made from a gourd and a bit of looking-glass in front of it; unlike "the deaf adder," the head of the cobra would soon appear above ground as if listening to the wild strains, and his eye attracted by the dazzling glass. An assistant would be ready to catch him behind the neck, would draw forth his yellow and writhing length, and without extracting the poisonous fangs, would slip him into a covered basket, muttering the usual curse of "Hut Teré." Next day the charmer would return, place his basket on the ground, sit on his haunches before it and pipe, the lid would rise, and the subdued snake come forth, partly coil himself up, and move his head to the music, and ever and anon display his spectacled hood, or hiss when the charmer approached his hand; the assistant would go behind and hold up the reptile by the tail, then he could not do injury, but if a fowl were to be thrown at him, it would be dead in a few minutes. What I have said of tame rattlesnakes is less surprising than the feats of oriental snake charmers with the cobra.

The pipa or Guiana frog, hideous as a toad, and of the size of a duck, abounds in all the pools: the combined croak of a number of these reptiles amounts almost to a roar in loudness: the tadpoles come to maturity by attaching themselves to granules on the back of the mother. Though harmless, the pipa is a most disgusting animal.

Whilst on the Essequibo I heard of a recluse who collected insects, and I went in a canoe to visit him. I landed in a cane brake, up to the knees in mud, and scrambled for half a mile through an entangled and swampy path to his retreat. A small open space in the forest was cultivated as a cassava-field, and in E 34 the midst of it stood a close and an open shed for the cold rains and the dry weather. Mynheer Faber, a thin, grey-headed man, displayed before me a rich and valuable entomologica collection, consisting of the most beautiful varieties of butterflies and moths, of beetles in coats of shining armour, lantern and fire-flies of different species, the remarkable walking leaves, gigantic bush-spiders, the

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red-footed tarantula, centipedes a foot long, and scorpions whose bite occasions fevers and death in a few hours. I was strongly tempted to purchase, but when I came to inquire the prices that Mynheer affixed to a double tray of selections from the Guiana insects, I refrained from indulging myself. M. Faber asked 10 joes, or 15 *l.* for what he collected about his own door, so I made my salam and returned from whence I came.

I saw many remarkable fishes of species unknown in Europe, for the river ichthyology of Guiana requires yet to be described. Mr. Hilhouse has applied himself to this branch of zoological inquiry, and is making a large collection of valuable drawings of the finny tribes of Guiana; and it is to be hoped that he will one day make them public, with descriptive letter-press.

Many of the Guiana river-fish are of the most delicious flavour, and afford excellent sport to the angler. Among others, the pacoo, which is found near the rapids of the Essequibo, is flat, twenty inches in length, and weighs four pounds. It feeds on the seeds of the arum arborescens, in devouring which the Indians shoot it with their arrows. Of similar genus are the cartaback, waboory, and omah.

The perai or omah, is deservedly dreaded by the swimmer in the Guiana waters. It is two feet long, and its teeth and jaws are so strong that it cracks the shells of most nuts to feed on their kernels, and is most voracious, for the Indians say that it will snap off the breast of a woman or one of the extremities with the greatest ease. The genus silurus is very remarkable, for the young swim in shoals of one hundred and fifty over the head of the mother, who at the approach of danger opens her mouth—they rush in, and she swims off with her progeny to a place of safety.

The loricaria calicthys, or assa, constructs a nest on the surface of the pools from the floating blades of grass; in this it deposits its spawn, which are hatched by the sun. In the dry season this singular fish, however incredible it may appear, has been dug out of the ground in the broad savannahs, for it burrows in the rains, owing to the strength and power

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of the spine and gill-fin, and the body being covered with strong plates. Far below the surface it finds moisture to keep it alive till the rain again converts the plains into shallow lakes.

35

The electric eel, a well-known inhabitant of these waters, has sometimes nearly proved fatal to the strong swimmer, for if it paralyzes him with its touch, he sinks at once to the bottom. I have seen electric eels eight feet long; their head is broad, and below they are keel-shaped. If this fish is sent to England in tubs, the wood and iron act as conductors, and keep the fish in a continued state of exhaustion, causing eventually death. An earthenware jar is the vessel in which to keep it in health.

The fish called wurwureema (a tetrodon), though only three inches in length, resembles the bushmaster of the woods, for it not only disdains to retreat before man, but inflicts a bite of the most deadly poison. When first taken out of the water it blows itself out like a ball.

Lastly, I shall notice the rana paradoxa, or frog-fish, perhaps the most singular production of Guiana; first a fish of five inches long, then gradually assuming legs, and losing its tail, it becomes a frog of a pea-green colour, leaves the water, and emits a melancholy note before rain.

I have thus given a sketch of the treasures that are to be met with on the surface of British Guiana. As a pupil of one of the most distinguished naturalists of the age, Professor Jameson, I might have been expected to enter more fully into the natural history of the colony, but I am fearful of fatiguing many of those who honour these pages with perusal; I therefore briefly state, that I know of no finer field in the universe for a naturalist to distinguish himself in than that of Guiana. There are vast mineral treasures yet to be discovered in the mountain ranges; the most valuable gums, spices, and medicinal plants abound in these romantic woods, scented by the sweet hyawa; and in a morning's

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walk, under the matted trees, or by the side of the lonely creek, new species of insects, inhabiting the land or water, are continually to be met with. Let this rich harvest then be reaped by some able hand, and let “the natural history of British Guiana” teach the public to appreciate the noble possessions of England in South America.

But let not the wanderer imagine that whilst voyaging by land or water in Guiana, he will meet with animated nature at every step; no—the forests may be trodden for hours, and not a sound be heard, or a quadruped or bird seen. Creeks silent as the grave may be navigated for miles, and at last an approaching shower will alone relieve the awful solitude. First the heavy drops are heard at a little distance, singly among the leaves, then they fall around, and lastly, the rushing blast sweeps through the foliage, forked lightning displays the forms of the trunks and branches, 36 and the thunder-cloud in dark majesty moves across the welkin—

“And then the mighty organ of the wind Raised up that tuneful anthem which has rung Since the creation day!”

The fertile soil near the mouth of the Essequibo was still seen higher up the river, and the decayed trees and leaves afforded a rich mould over the clayey bottom. Still higher up, the alluvium of the estuary was changed for white sandstone on the immediate river's bank, and I saw occasionally black oxide of manganese. The rocks at the forks were of a granitic nature. Inland were seen wooded hills of small elevation, which no one has perhaps ever visited: the Indians think they are inhabited by demons; and their distance from the river prevented the early settlers occupying them.

Scattered along the banks of the Essequibo, at wide intervals, are the lonely residences of a few woodcutters, of Dutch descent. They send down to Stabroek logs of the ducollubola, rivalling mahogany, the bouracourra or letter-wood, the durable green-heart, the tough hackea, ebony, and iron-wood, and receive in return cloth, powder, shot, &c. Their wants

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are few, for they live like the Indians, on cassava bread, and pepperpot, and drink creek water, with a modicum of rum when they can procure it.

I visited several of the houses of these Backwoodsmen; some consisted of only two rooms, others, had more pretension; Mynheer Hoenkirk's was two-storied, with gable ends to the front, a stoop or gallery to the upper story, where a Hollander could enjoy a quiet pipe, and a most noble view of the broad river, studded with its wooded islands. The house was shaded with palms, and under a spreading pomeroose tree was the tomb of a brother, surrounded with rails. It was an affecting sight, and I often remarked in Guiana that the mouldering remains of a near relative repose in the corner of the garden of those who loved him when living, and who constantly desire to cherish his memory when dead.

“What doth it matter then, if thus, Without a stone, without a name, To impotently herald us, We float not on the breath of fame, But like the dew-drop from the flower Pass, after glittering an hour?”

There was plain furniture in the rooms, which were clean and neatly boarded; and we were served with pepperpot of guana, (a large lizard, delicate to eat, but not particularly agreeable to view,) also the fish called querriman; we dipped the roasted plantains into the rich sauce, and washed down the pungent food with weak spirits and water.

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There were no beds in the house, but net hammocks were slung across the principal rooms by ropes of the silk grass plant; and we slept in these till morning, and enjoyed a cool and delicious repose, undisturbed by the stings of the mosquitoes of the coast. Behind Mynheer Hoenkirk's peaceful retreat was the endless and entangled forest, and through it there were a few paths, one of exceeding beauty, for it followed the course of a clear rivulet, and opened out into little glades, in which stood groups of moras, and across which the light-footed wirrebocarra deer would skip, or a herd of the peccaree hog rush pursued by the spotted jaguar.

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The females one meets with in these wood-cutters' houses are one or two Dutch girls, some fair as the flowers of their own savannahs, a few mulattas and negresses. The brown men are excessively indolent, and it is no unusual thing to see one of these stout fellows fast asleep in the bottom of a canoe with a bottle of rum in close embrace, and allowing himself to glide down with the stream, with fishing-lines fastened to his toes.

The fort of Kykoveral is an interesting remnant of the old masters of the Essequibo, the Dutch. A coat-of-arms is yet to be traced over the gateway, and the high walls which enclosed the island to the water's edge are still in tolerable preservation. The site of Kykoveral is most picturesque, for it is at the forks of the three rivers, but it has long been deserted, and the ancient capital of Essequibo, like the estates on the banks of the river, has been buried under rank vegetation. There is the house of a Post-holder near Kykoveral; his duty is to report to the Protector of Indians at Stabroek the proceedings of the red men, and to prevent, if possible, suspicious characters proceeding into the interior. The triennial presents are distributed to the Indians here, when hundreds assemble from their different settlements in the wilderness, and bring their wives and children in their large coorials or canoes, and live for some days at the post in open logies or sheds prepared for their reception. The post is on a high rocky bank, and below it the clear stream runs swift and deep; here, two years ago, a son of Sir Benjamin D'Urban leaped from a rock to bathe, in the middle of the day, and was never again seen in life.

We were in the Mazarooni river, and observed a family of Indians crossing the stream in their log canoe and disappearing under the bush on the opposite side. Mr. Hilhouse and myself paddled after them in a small coorial, and landed under some locust trees, and found an Indian settlement. The logies were open all round, and thatched with the leaves of the trooly palm, some of them twenty-four feet long. Suspended from the bamboo timbers of the roof were grass hammocks: in these the men were lazily swinging; one or two of those who were awake were fashioning arrow heads out of the cockarito palm. The men and children were entirely naked, with the exception of the blue lap or cloth for

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the loins, the lap of the former ending in a fringed tail, and bands of beads were round the wrists and ankles of the latter. The young women in their blue petticoats, braided hair, hands stained with the seed of the arnotto, like the rosy-fingered and gazel-eyed beauties of Persia, were scraping the roots of the bitter or poisonous cassava tree into a trough of bark; it was then put into a long press of matting, which expressed the poisonous juice; the dry farina was afterwards baked on an iron plate, and the juice converted by boiling into cassereep for the savoury pepperpot.

The old women were weaving the square coëoo, or lap of beads, which they wear sometimes without a petticoat, also armlets and ankle ornaments of beads, the wampum of the North American Indians. Some were fabricating clay pots, and all the females seemed actively employed. Parrots and saccawinkee monkeys were on the rafters, and little sharpnosed dogs and spotted fly-catchers were below. I was attracted by the arms scattered about the logies—the short and heavy war-clubs, a rifle or two, bows and arrows, with many barbs for shooting fish, and with blunted heads for stunning birds, and above all the blow-pipe made of a straight reed sixteen feet long, by means of which the miniature arrows dipped in Wourali poison and ending in cotton balls, are projected with deadly aim to the distance of three hundred feet.

The Indians stared at us without speaking, and we sat down in empty hammocks and commenced swinging like the rest. I caught up a red boy, a chubby-faced firm little rogue of a year and a half old, and tickled him till he screamed with laughing; his mother, who was pounding maize in a wooden mortar, ceased from her labour, and courteously offered us casséree in a gourd—a crimson liquor made from the sweet potatoe; of this I partook, and found it to taste like cider: however, I politely declined the pywarree. This intoxicating beverage is like thick rice-water, and is prepared by the sweet mouths of the Indian fair, old and young: they chew the cassava flower, spit it into a wooden trough, or sometimes a small canoe, add water, the liquor ferments, and at the pywarree feasts the men sit round the vessel, and the entertainers and their guests roll in the sand, drunk for two or three days together: their tender helpmates look after them, and keep them from being

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suffocated with the sand getting into their mouths. But pywarree is a harmless liquor, that is to say, it does not produce the disease and baneful effects of spirits; for after a 39 sleep the Indians rise fresh and well, and only occasionally indulge in a debauch of this kind.

We saw the fish and birds which the men had just shot with their arrows, brought out of their canoe and *barbacoted* or smoke-dried on a grating of bamhoo over the fire; and we then followed an aged Indian with a cutlass to the small fields of cassava cleared by girdling and burning part of the forest behind the logies. The cassava plant is four feet in height, has a knotted ash-coloured stem, with slender branches at the top, from whence proceed the red footstalks of the broad digitated leaves; the white root is cylindrical and a foot long. In the bitter, or poisonous cassava, is a fibre, which the sweet wants.

The Indians, above described, were Arrawaks, and we afterwards saw Accaways, Caribs, &c. and I have seldom experienced greater pleasure than in visiting the settlements of these children of nature, passing their days under the majestic trees by the side of the oozy creek, or clear and rapid stream, sometimes listlessly reclining in their hammocks, then, instigated by the calls of hunger, proceeding warily and stealthily through the bush in quest of game; at one time paddling their canoe up the river, dragging it up the rapids, and nimbly springing from rock to rock with a stout towing-rope of nibbee, or vine in their hand, and animating each other to exertion by short and impatient shouts. A small cataract is to be passed, the canoe is unloaded and transported on the shoulders to the still water above, and the voyage is resumed. The creek teeming with the finny tribes is visited below the foam of a cascade, and dammed up; the roots of the Hyaree tree poison the water, and in a short time the fish rise to the surface, agitated, and for a time drunk with the tainted element. The Indians are then all life and agility, dart from their long bows their barbed arrows, and their women plunge into the pool and bear the rich prize to the bank. Again they they descend the river to their logies and shoot the rapids, the steersmen sit in silence and watchfulness with balanced paddle at the head and stern of the canoe, glancing on either side their practised eye; the water boiling and roaring among the rocks sends them breathless into the midst of the breakers, crested with foam; the spray dashes

into the frail bark, but the danger is past, and with a wild chorus they regain their lowly sheds.

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CHAPTER IV.

On the Indians of British Guiana.—Population.—The names of the Tribes.—The Arrawaks.—Best known to the Settlers.—Practise polygamy.—Inconveniences of this system.—How to win a Bride.—Shameful conduct of some Europeans.— Dreadful effects of seduction.—The Indian not unwilling to be related to the white man.—The birth of a child.—Named by the Peiman.—How the Indians spend their time.—Rum ought to be prohibited.—Hospitality of the Indians.—The behaviour of the Indians in the house of an European.—Indian deportment.— Highly useful as Bush-rangers.—Diseases.—The Village of the Dead.—Funeral Ceremonies.—Indian Theology.—Tradition of the Creation.—Of the Deluge.— Never address the Diety.—The Accaways.—Wourali poison.—The Caribisce.— The Wurrows.—The Macoushis.—Indian language.—Indians ought to be reclaimed.— The Protectors and Postholders.—Their duties.—Their Character.— Roguery of a Postholder.—The Soil and Climate of the Indian country.—Adapted for Colonization.—A settlement recommended.—Moral and religious Instruction. —Indian labourers.—Labour of sexes equal.—Mismanagement of Indian affairs.—A remedy proposed.—Colonial policy.

The Indian population which inhabits British Guiana is estimated at twenty thousand souls, but only about five thousand of these receive presents from the Colonial Government, the rest are wanderers, extending their migrations from the Amazons to the Oronooco. The principal tribes are the Arrawaks, Accaways, Caribisce, Wurrows, and Macoushis.

The Arrawaks are best known to the European settlers on the coast, as they continually visit the towns and plantations, and many of them live on the creeks near the sea; they are invaluable as bush-rangers, and for tracking run-away slaves; and rendered great

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assistance to the colony in the insurrection of 1823, when the Missionary Smith was supposed to have instigated the negroes to insubordination.

The Arrawaks practise polygamy, and I have seen one man with two sisters as his wives, and another with two middle-aged, women, and a young girl who was to succeed them, all living apparently in great harmony; but I have been assured by those well acquainted with Indians, that in the forests of the West, as much inconvenience is experienced as in the harems of the East, by the lord of a plurality of wives. In the latter he retreats for a time "to smoke the pipe of patience," till the domestic broils have ceased; whereas in the former he hesitates not to use a stout bush rope to restore order. Indian wives are won by presents to the parents; or when the lady herself is wooed, the Shakspearian maxim is followed:

"Win her with gifts, if she respects not words; Dumb jewels often in their silent kind, More than quick words, do move a woman's mind."

41

The descent is traced from the family of the mother. Though in public a native sense of propriety prevents the men caressing the women, yet they are extremely attached both to them and to their offspring, and the children never receive personal correction. It was with feelings of unmingled disgust that I remarked some Europeans uncovering the bosoms of the Arrawak women in presence of their husbands, and otherwise behaving rudely to these inoffensive people. Coarse must that mind be, and destitute of all sense of propriety, which induces an individual to outrage so grossly another's feelings.

A short time before I arrived in the colony, a brown man had induced the young wife of an Arrawak to visit him. The husband saw his wife leave the house of the seducer, and led her to his logie: there he taxed her with her infidelity; she confessed she was deserving of death, and the husband acknowledging his fondness for her, avowed that he was unable to wipe off the stain his honour had sustained if she looked at him; on which she deliberately turned her back, and he struck her to the ground with his heavy war club, and

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then stabbed her. The Arrawak's friends gave him up to the Fiscal, to prevent a “bellum interneeivum,” or war of mutual extermination. He was tried and found guilty of mnrderr, and the sentence remitted for approval to England. The brother of the woman declared in court, that if the husband was not hanged, he would have his life, though it cost him his own. After this, what more need be said to show the fatal consequences of a libertine interfering with the domestic concerns of the Arrawaks?

But the Indian is not unwilling to give one of his nation to be an helpmate to the white man, and is even proud of the connexion. The Dutch possessed great influence over the tribes, by selecting their mistresses from among them, while the English, by some extraordinary perversity of taste, prefer the daughters of Africa.

I was anxious to ascertain whether an extraordinary custom prevailed among the Arrawaks of which I had read, viz. that on the birth of a child the lazy father lies in his hammock, acts the part of a woman indisposed, and is nursed for some weeks by his family. I was assured that this was not the case; that the father merely receives in his hammock the congratulations of his friends, and does not act so ridiculous a part as has been formerly described.

The child is named by the peiman, or magician, and doctor of the tribe, who is distinguished by possessing a calabash containing certain seeds and shining pebbles, and ornamented with parrots' F 42 feathers; with this he performs his incantations, and is besides possessed of a knowledge of medicinal herbs.

The Indian leads a life of the most luxurious ease. A bountiful nature supplies all his wants, and the climate obviates the necessity for clothes. For two months in the year he cultivates his cassava, and raises a supply of farinaceous food, which, with game and fish, is sufficient for the remainder of the year. Then, like the French Canadians, he visits his friends, and sings, dances, and drinks pywarree.

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I was pained to see the Europeans pay the Indians for any little articles they purchased from them, as a parrot, pegals or baskets, models of buck houses, or bows and arrows, with the health-destroying rum. Indians are *not* naturally fond of spirits; and young men to whom it is offered for the first time, constantly refuse it, but by persuasion they are at last induced to taste “the poisoned chalice,” and the usual consequences follow:—Disease, death, and the extinction of families. Oh! cursed destroyer of happiness, soon may there be an end of thy pernicious influence!

The Indians are extremely hospitable, and I was delighted to see the readiness with which food and drink was offered to the stranger. An Indian visitor, naked and armed for the chase, on coming into a hut, says to the man dozing in his hammock, and who may never have seen him before, “Prooha meroo,” (I am come,) to which the other replies deliberately, “Cherré” (sit down,) and no other introduction is required, but food and lodging immediately tendered.

When the Indians untie their hammocks and visit the whites, the women and children are commonly left with the coorials in the neighbouring creek, and the men walk quietly through the house or sit on their hams in the verandah, smoking tobacco rolled up in a leaf; they will not pilfer if confidence is placed in them, and are ready to barter their handywork for cloth or cutlery. In the lonely “bush,” or in a crowded assembly, they are grave and sedate in their demeanour, graceful in their action, upright in their carriage, and rarely express astonishment at novel sights; this may be natural to them, but my old friends the Persian Kizzilbash are *taught* to suppress their wonder, and to contemplate strange sights with *sang-froid*, as if they had been long accustomed to them.

Light of foot and unencumbered with dress or heavy knapsack, the Indian will march three times the distance that an European soldier would in a day, and their sagacity in tracing those of whom they may be in pursuit is quite astonishing. Their senses of hearing and seeing are most acute; sounds unheeded by the dull ear of the whites immediately convey intelligence to the 43 red man, and the pressed leaf in the path, or the broken twig, not

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only inform him that he of whom he is in pursuit has gone before, but the very time he has passed that way.

The Indians of Guiana are subject to few diseases, though small-pox contracted on the coast sometimes cuts off whole tribes. Thus, I was told by a friend that once, on an expedition to some of the streams that fall into the Oronooco from the south, he landed with his Arrawak followers to pass the night at an Indian settlement of at least a hundred logies; in the sheds, the hammocks, cooking pots, and arms, were all in the usual order, but there were no other signs of the inhabitants. Thinking they were gone on an expedition into the bush, the travellers took possession of one of the logies, eat and slept in it. In the morning, a wood-skin, or the bark of a purple heart-tree, suspended from the rafters, was seen to contain a corpse, and on examining the other logies, they were each found to contain two or three dead bodies. The Arrawaks were alarmed, and precipitately fled from this village of the dead; and it was afterwards ascertained that the small-pox having appeared among this (extinct) tribe of Indians, the Spaniards had isolated them, and they had been cut off nearly to a man. The Indians when attacked by this frightful disease, cannot be made to believe that the cold-bath is very dangerous; they plunge into the stream when the burning fever is on them, and the virus which would otherwise expend itself on the surface, is driven inwardly with fatal effect—the peiman all the while rattling his calabash, blowing the fumes of tobacco over the patient, and screaming horribly.

The Indians of Guiana frequently bury their dead under the floors of their logies, and burn a fire over the grave for some time afterwards. Sometimes they desert the spot where their friends have died, and seek a new settlement. The annual feast of the dead is said to prevail among some of the tribes far in the interior: all who have died since the former feast, are disinterred and brought from considerable distances to be interred in one spot. It must be an awfully impressive ceremony. The recent corpse loathsome with corruption; in others the flesh wasted away, and the skin alone covering the bones like parchment; and then of some, the skeleton alone remaining! See these poor people piously collecting the loved remains of their departed friends, renewing their lamentations

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and their grief, and with rude pomp and ceremony again committing them in honour to their native earth. Though the feelings of the inhabitants of the Old World may be shocked at this savage solemnity in the New, let them not deny that the Indians of America are capable of affection towards one another, and continue their regard for their relatives even beyond the grave.

“How sorrowful their hearts! when to their dead The last sad melancholy *rite* was paid,
They buried their old men and the young boy, And the athletic hunter, in their last And
narrow home, and mournfully departed.”

The Arrawaks say that they believe in a supreme Creator of all things, who has a brother, the Governor of the Universe; there is also an Evil Spirit, (Yabahoo,) whom they endeavour to conciliate by means of their peimen, who attempt to cast out the Evil Spirit with their calabash.

Their tradition of the creation is, that the Great Spirit set on a silk cotton-tree, and cut off pieces of bark, which he threw into the stream below him, and they became animated, and assumed the forms of all animals. That man at last was created, that a deep sleep fell upon him, that he was touched by the Deity, and when he awoke he found a wife by his side. The world becoming desperately wicked was drowned by a flood, only one man was saved in a canoe, from this he sent out a *rat*, to discover if the waters had subsided and it returned with a head of Indian corn.

The Indians believe in “free will,” and have neither priesthood nor form of worship; they say that it is unnecessary to address the Creator in prayer, for that as he is supremely just, he will not give any one undue precedence on supplication, neither will he willingly afflict his creatures. By incantations they attempt to propitiate the Evil Spirit.

Further removed from the coast than the Arrawaks are the Accaways; in stature they differ not from the former, but are more energetic, quarrelsome, and insubordinate to their

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chiefs. Under proper leaders they are capable of the most desperate enterprises, and are universally dreaded by the other wandering tribes.

It is the Accaways who principally prepare the wourali poison from the wourali vine, certain bulbous roots known only to themselves, with the addition of the muneery, or large black ant, and the fangs of the conacoushi, labarri, and rattlesnakes.

The Caribisce inhabit the upper country, between the Essequibo and Coioony, and are a manly and intrepid race. Those that I saw were fairer than the Arrawaks, and I was particularly struck with the noble bearing of a young chief on a visit to an Arrawak family, from the members of which he was distinguished by a dash of red arnotto under the eyes, and a chintz scarf gracefully crossed over his broad chest.

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The houses of the Caribisce are all roof, and not open at the sides, like the logies of the Arrawak; and they have a tradition that they once inhabited the West India islands.

The Wurrows occupy the coast between the Pomeroon and Oronoco: though a black and wretched-looking race, they are very skilful boat-builders, and construct the Spanish launches, so famed for elegance and speed. The food of the Wurrows is principally fish, and the edible part of the eta, or mauritia, from which invaluable tree they also manufacture their hammocks and baskets, and with the leaves thatch their sheds. Occasionally the Wurrows visit Stabroek, to barter smoked and salted querriman (mugil) for cloth and cutlery.

Far in the deep recesses of the forests of the interior, dwell, in constant dread, the persecuted Macoushis; they surround their dwellings with poisoned stakes, carry continually about them, in the tooth of the cayman or alligator, deadly poison, and when they suspect a guest of treachery, they take a little of this under the nail and mix it with the bread, and thus relieve themselves of their fears. The other tribes plunder them of their

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property and kidnap them without mercy, but not always with impunity, for the cunning of the Macoushis is very great, and they are implacable in their revenge.

The language of the South American Indians is necessarily very copious, from the immense number of objects of natural history with which they are surrounded, for all of which they have appropriate names.

The origin of nations is to be learned from an analogy of features and language, and few have yet made a study of the different dialects of South America. The researches of my friend Mr. Ranking, as to the origin of the American Indians, are extremely interesting and well worthy of attention; and it appears to me, from the similarity of colour and feature between the inhabitants of Eastern Asia and the Guiana Indians, that that learned antiquary is borne out in his assumption that the American continent was partly peopled by Tartars.

On rocks high up the Essequibo, there are certain rude figures or hieroglyphics, which ought to be accurately copied for the purpose of comparison with those so rife in Mexico. The Carib language is considered the first great language on the east of the Andes, then the Arrawak and Wurrow. The Accaway is merely a dialect of the Caribisce, whilst the Arrawak and Wurrow are totally different.

As a specimen:—Fire, in Arrawak, is *ikehkee*; in Wurrow, *ikoonooh*; and in Caribisce and Accaway, *waatuh*. Water, in Arrawak, is *wunney-yaboo*; in Wurrow, *ho*; and in Caribisce and Accaway, *tooniah* and *toonah*. Earth, in Arrawak, is *ororoo*; in Wurrow, *hotah*; and in Caribisce and Accaway, *eetoh*.

This, then, is a sketch of the different tribes who inhabit British Guiana. At present they are of little or no value to the colony, except, like the Maroons of Jamaica, being a check upon the negroes; but with care they might be of great benefit to the province. No time ought to be lost in endeavouring, to reclaim them, and to teach them settled and industrious habits,

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or they will quickly disappear from the face of the earth by European diseases, for which they have no cure, and the vicious habit they acquire of drinking spirits.

The great Chateaubriand lays down most judicious directions for the management of Indians; and from a little work entitled "Indian Notices," by Mr. Hilhouse, published in Stabroek seven years ago, valuable instruction may be derived by those who have the interest of these neglected wanderers at heart.

What have been the consequences to the Hollanders of neglecting their Indians in Surinam? Dangerous settlements of bush negroes, amounting now to seventy thousand souls, who continually plunder the plantations, and may one day drive the Dutch into the sea.

In British Guiana there are six Protectors of Indians, but in reality mere honorary appointments, and under these there are six Postholders and assistants on the different rivers. The Postholders receive £158 of salary per annum and a house, and their assistant £72. The duties of the Protectors are, to see that the Postholders do their duty and fill their offices agreeably to instructions; to endeavour to make peace between contending parties of Indians; to transmit quarterly returns to the Lieutenant-Governor. The duties of Postholders are, to keep the posts in good order; to attach the Indians to their posts; to endeavour, on all occasions, to prevent misunderstanding and quarrelling between individuals or tribes; to preserve peace among them; to deter all persons, whether whites or free coloured, from passing the posts without permission of the lieutenant-Governor or Protector of Indians; and to give in, through their respective Protectors, to the Lieutenant-Governor, a quarterly return of all occurrences at their post.

The Protectors have no salary, and are merchants and planters who live on the coast; the Indians are therefore left to the tender mercies of the Postholders, who, removed from observation in the interior, report "what seemeth good to them" to the Protectors, who again only triennially visit the posts.

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I took pains to get introduced to one of the Protectors, expecting to get from him a good deal of information regarding the 47 Indian population, their condition, manners and customs, &c.; but what was my surprise to find that he knew nothing whatever about them, and seemed to care as little!

Some of the Postholders are men of mongrel breed between the English and Dutch, are altogether unprincipled and worthless, shamefully neglecting or abusing the charge committed to them. Their sole aim seemed to be to enrich themselves, or to find the means of living a debauched life by inducing the Indians to cut wood for them by presents of rum, thereby demoralizing the people they were intended to protect, “*Ex uno disce omnes*,” —one instance of their roguery will suffice:

After the declaration of independence by Colombia, three hundred Indians from the Spanish missions, refusing to place themselves under the republican government, came to the banks of the Pomeroon river and settled on the British territory. They were in a very civilized state, were well clothed and well acquainted with agriculture, and many mechanical arts, to the honour of the Jesuit padres who had instructed them. Altogether they were a valuable acquisition to the colony. A drunken and unprincipled Postholder on the Pomeroon, concealing from his Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor the arrival of these people, immediately employed them in cutting troolees for his own benefit; and Mr. Hyne a most respectable Roman Catholic clergyman told me that he was the first to discover them to the Lieutenant-Governor, for a deputation from these Spanish Indians came to him in Stabroek, requesting that he would visit their settlement, which he did, married many of their young people, and baptized about seventy children. From this excellent man I got many interesting particulars of the state in which he found these Indians.

Mr. Hilhouse's report on the soil and climate of the interior of Guiana, or the region inhabited only by the Indians, is very favourable. “For,” says he, “it is far more salubrious

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than that of the coast;" though nearer the line, its superior elevation lowers the temperature, and the thick shade of the forest keeps the surface of the earth cool.

I said that the number of deaths on the estates on the rivers and creeks was greater than those on the coast, but this meant only the flat banks of the rivers near the sea; for higher up, and beyond the influence of the tide, the rivers' banks are extremely healthy. There the drainage is perfect; no stagnant waters exist, nor is miasma generated by decayed vegetables exposed to the influence of the sun.

As forest tracts are always moist, so in the interior great quantities of rain fall; the forests attract the clouds required for their own support, and between the tropics abundant nourishment is required for vegetation; therefore it is recommended, in clearing a country for cultivation, that groups of trees be left to increase the fertility of the soil.

My informant stated, that it was his opinion, if the hand of cultivation reached the hills of the interior, and a few artificial improvements were added to the advantages of local situation, the climate of Guiana would be the most healthy and agreeable of any within the tropics, with fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables in abundance, pure water, no fevers, and no mosquitoes.

One therefore naturally supposes this region would be a favourable one for the occupation of British emigrants, and it really would be so, if the emigrants were properly directed. But first it would be necessary to act justly with regard to the Indians: to colonize them, to assemble them in communities, teach them industrious habits, and elevate their minds by moral and religious instruction.

Mr. Hilhouse recommends Bartika, at the confluence of the three rivers, as an eligible situation for a colony, and thinks it will succeed best if it is half European and half Indian. Thus the former would learn the appropriate habits of the climate, the moral character of the Indian would be improved, (supposing that the Europeans conducted themselves with

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propriety), and no hostilities or opposition would then be experienced on the part of the Indians.

The head of this colony should be well acquainted with the character of the Indians, be of sound principles and unspotted reputation; he should reside constantly at the colony, and report to the Lieutenant-Governor alone. No worthless characters should be allowed to approach the red man, no spirit drinking allowed, no debauching of their women, and no interference with their prejudices.

Of course the white colonists ought to have the immediate benefit of instruction with religion for its basis, without which it is highly pernicious. But with regard to the Indians, their morals ought first to be improved before they can be duly susceptible of religious impressions; industry and sobriety ought first to be inculcated, and then let religion shed its benign influence over them—

“Then let the desert sing: Where sprang the thorn, the twining vine shall spring, And where unsightly and rank thistles grew, Shall grow the myrtle and luxuriant yew.”

A military force, partly white and partly Indian, may be organized from the colonists, which as bush rangers, and preventing 49 slave insurrection, and detecting runaway negroes, would be invaluable.

It is a singular fact, that the colonies of Guiana owed their origin to Indians. The Dutch came amongst them, induced some to labour and others to procure for them Indian slaves. The free Indians received a few European articles, which they prized, as cloth and ammunition. The Dutch gradually becoming richer by the export of their produce, purchased negro slaves, and dispensed with the services of the Indians. The coffee, indigo, cocoa and arnotto (dye), which were cultivated high up the river, are now succeeded by cotton and sugar on the sea coast.

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At present, the agricultural labours of the Indians only occupy them two months in the year, but, with proper management, they might be induced to raise sufficient maize, cassava, and plantains to support them, without roving about for fish and game, as they do at present; and though the savannahs of Colombia and of Brazil are occupied with immense herds of cattle, the savannahs of British Guiana are grazed only by the deer.

Those who are Superficially acquainted with the Indians, complain of the drudgery that the women are subjected to: thus they see them *en route*, first the husband, with upright carriage, bearing only his light arms; behind him, in single file, walk the women carrying the heavy burdens:—then again the women are seen weeding in the fields, drawing water, collecting fire-wood, and preparing the food; whilst all this time the man may be lazily hanging his legs and arms out of his hammock:—but then it must be considered that on a journey his hands ought to be free to guard against surprise; that he clears the fields, builds the coorial and the logie, hunts and fishes—so that the division of labour is not unequal.

It is a very painful reflection, that although the colony annually pays the Protectors, for presents, provisions, Postholders' salaries, &c. about £3000, in order to induce the Indians to remain in British Guiana, yet the office of Postholder has been so shamefully abused, that the Indians are yearly and rapidly decreasing in numbers.

In the Coromantyne negro rebellion of 1793 and 1794, eight hundred Carib warriors took the field to suppress it. Scarcely fifty can now be found in Demerara: nine-tenths of the Arrawaks which then existed, exist no more; half the Accaways and half of the Wurrows have now disappeared. The Indians have rendered signal services to the colony, but neither have pains been taken to preserve them, nor has their welfare been at all promoted. No charge of corrupt dealing can be brought against the Protectors, who are generally highly respectable gentlemen; but their indifference G 50 to the interests of the red men cannot be excused; and really the system which has existed in British Guiana for

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forty years, compared with that in Colombia, with respect to the Indians, makes one blush for one's country.

The reasons why the administration of Indian affairs ought immediately to be changed, are these important ones:—First, on the score of humanity; at present the Indians near the coast imitate the vices of the Europeans, and contract their diseases, and no arm is stretched forth to save them from the utter destruction, bodily and mental, which is about to overwhelm them.—Secondly, on the score of interest; if the colony is again attacked by a foreign foe, the negroes would probably rise in rebellion if there are no Indians to keep them in check; the regular militia will be obliged to succumb to the invader; the honour of the British arms will be tarnished, and the rich South American colonies lost. The change recommended to be made is simply this. One active, zealous, and responsible Superintendent of Indians, with an adequate salary, instead of six unpaid Protectors. Steady half-pay officers as Postholders; annual Indian fairs, and the formation of Indian communities.

To conclude, “our policy is simple, and the danger to be avoided is great.”

CHAPTER V.

Settlers on the coast.—Unacquainted with the interior of Guiana.—Pleasures of a Bash expedition.—Advice to Wanderers.—Expedition of Mr. Hilhouse and Mr. Tichmaker.—Sail up the Mazarooni.—Magnificent mountain ranges.—Raleigh's Peak.—Arrawak fathers.—The great falls of Cumarrow.—A glorious scene.How to spend the night in the bush.—A tale of the living and the dead.—Interesting collections.—The melancholy fate of the travellers Smith and Gullifer.—Left valuable papers.—Cannibalism on the Essequibo.—The enchanted pool—The Rev. Mr. Hyne's visit to the Spanish Indians of Morocco.—Their civilized state.— Conduct of certain parties of pleasure condemned.—A warning.

Is it not strange and surprising, that although most of the rivers and creeks of the interior of British Guiana are unknown, hardly one has attempted to explore them? The merchants

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and planters on the coast ridicule the idea of expeditions into the interior, attended as they are with risk, discomfort, and no profit. Yet, if one is willing to leave for a while the pursuits of wealth or idle pleasures, let him penetrate the wilds of Guiana, and he will be amply repaid for his trouble; he will there view the grandest productions of the torrid zone—the broad rivers 51 abounding with undescribed fish; the vast forests tenanted with wild beasts, shunning the approach of man; and with the most beautiful of the feathered tribes, appearing like blossoms among leaves; the swamps nourishing in their gloomy recesses serpents of the largest size; and the rich green plain of the broad savannahs, perhaps diversified only here and there with a solitary tree. High excitement will attend the pilgrim, and no great danger, either from Indians or wild animals,—respect the prejudices of the former, and cautiously tread near the haunts of the latter:— *Prudens et audax* , Prudence with daring, is an excellent motto and maxim for a traveller.

If the dry season in October and November is selected, comparative comfort will attend the wanderer; he will then enjoy a clear sky, the rapids will be more easily passed, and the rivers flowing with gentler current than during the freshes in the rains; he will have a long morning twilight, and in the evening the moon-light and the refreshing breeze will delight him as he prepares for his repose under the serene canopy of heaven, listens to the hum and noise of the myriads of insects around his hammock, or watches the sparkling showers of the fire-flies among the foliage.

“And nought of gloom he feels, or inward dread, But joy-inspiring shades he sees before him spread!”

I was unable to ascend the rivers as far as I wished to do, from the great freshes in them. The season of the year was most unfavourable, and I was daily drenched with rain; yet I penetrated in every direction as far as I could, and by practising a Spartan abstinence, shielding my head from the sun's influence, and taking care always to sleep dry, I suffered no injury on the score of health. I recommend a broad-brimmed leather hat, covered with white linen, a light waterman's jacket; short water-proof cloak, and leather leggings, for

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bush expedition between the tropics. The arms,—a rifle, sword, dagger, and double-barrelled pistol.

Mr. Hilhouse, and a young and intelligent planter of the name of Tichmaker, availed themselves of the dry season of 1830, and had, to the distance of two hundred and fifty miles, a most interesting expedition up the Mazarooni river, by them explored for the first time. I now subjoin a short sketch of their proceedings.

At Stabroek the travellers hired a number of Arrawak Indians, and a large canoe, in which they placed tin boxes containing their clothes; presents of cloth, cutlery, and beads for the red men, and fowling-pieces to kill their food. From the Essequibo river they passed into the Mazarooni, which makes a considerable sweep to the north-east, and then returns, so as to form a large peninsula enclosing lofty mountains and considerable creeks. 52 The isthmus of the peninsula is so narrow, that three days will suffice to cross it, so that thus the sweep may be avoided. The travellers, however, pursued the course of the river, passed the mouths of several creeks, and saw on the left, mountain ranges seemingly of white quartz, and several thousand feet in height Towering above the rest, was a noble peak on which rested a diadem of clouds: this they named Raleigh's Peak, for they were in Eldorado, the shining, particles of mica in the quartz having been mistaken for precious ore—hence a region of gold. Afar off was also seen a magnificent waterfall, which, like a thread of silver fell over a face of rock apparently eleven hundred feet high!

It was remarked of the Arrawak men, women, and children, who accompanied the travellers, that the fathers evinced great fondness for their children, carefully wrapped them up in coarse blankets, at night, sheltered them from the rain, and tended them as carefully as the mothers did. We read of the indifference of the American Indians to their offspring—that like the stony-hearted ostrich, they leave them to nature; but it is not so true. They allow them to eat whatever they can pick up; thus they may be seen with a large piece of indigestible cocoa-nut in their hand, or munching green fruit; but the parents

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know not how pernicious this food may be;—and it often surprised me to see so many children survive such a system. But let us follow the expedition.

White sand-stone rocks on the rivers' banks, were succeeded by felspar, then granite and quartz seemed to form the highest ridges. On coming to the Cumarrow creek, the travellers were told by their Indians, that up it there were very fine falls; accordingly, they left the Mazarooni and turned up the creek. No white man had ever been seen there before, except three Spanish padres, who twenty years before had lived at the mouth of the creek, and persuaded many Indians to accompany them to the missions on the Oronoco.

The banks of the Cumarrow were, as usual, shaded with magnificent trees, and there were scattered settlements of Indians, in all, about one hundred and fifty people. The water shoaled as they proceeded; in some places it was only one foot, and then three; on these occasions the Indians jumped out of the coorial, and dragged it into deep water. The colour of the water was often very peculiar, being a deep chocolate, from the decomposed vegetable matter held in solution in it. At last they came to where the surface of the water was white, with streaks of foam, and rapids ran between high rocks.

They now left the coorial, and proceeded towards the rushing 53 of mighty waters; they climbed up the steep face of a hill, holding on by the bushes, and found themselves suddenly near the top of a magnificent cascade. They crawled on their hands and knees to the edge of a cliff of perpendicular descent, and saw the fall, glorious with rainbows amongst the foam of its waters, plunging into an awful abyss, and surrounded by sublime scenery. Mountain ranges, four thousand feet in altitude, were before the enraptured spectators, and untrodden forests encompassed them. The thermometer at the top and bottom of the fall, indicated in boiling water 206° and 208°; the height of the cataract was estimated at five hundred feet, the breadth at the top one hundred.

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After remaining some time at the grand falls of Cumarrow, the rains set in before the travellers could penetrate any further, and dysentery attacked Mr. Hilhouse. Accordingly they retraced their steps, and every night they landed and slept in their hammocks between trees. But they had omitted to take any covering for their hammocks; a painted sheet to form an awning would have effectually protected them; and when they neglected to make the Indians cut a few leaves and make a shed to shelter them, they were forced to sit on their tin boxes under an umbrella, back to back, and this for three nights.

One evening they heard a man howling in the woods; they landed, and found an Arrawak Indian swinging in a hammock between two dead bodies on each side of him, also in hammocks; he swung his hammock from side to side, and thus caused the dead also to swing, and all the while he uttered the most distressing cries. On inquiring what was the matter, he said that the corpses were those of his two brothers, who had just died from injuries they had received from an unfriendly tribe which had passed up the creek in the night; but no wounds were apparent on the bodies, and they were taken down and laid on the ground.

The surviving brother then cut thorny twigs, and beat the bodies all over, uttering at the same time, "Heia, heia," as if he felt the pain of the flagellation; he then took the grease of a hog just killed, and anointed the mouths and faces of the dead, grunting all the while, when, seeing that it was impossible to reanimate the lifeless clay, he opened the eyes and beat the thorns into the eye-balls, and all over the face. It was a dreadful sight, but it evinced how deeply the poor Indian felt the loss of his brothers, and the rude means he took to restore animation. At last he was persuaded to bury them: a mat was thrown over them, the grave filled up, and strewed with leaves.

After a day of fish-shooting at a poisoned creek, the travellers returned to Stabroek with a carefully executed chart by Mr. Hilhouse, 54 of the Mazarooni river, and many of the

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creeks that flow into it; also many specimens of minerals, birds, insects, &c. from the interesting district they had just explored.

Two years ago a Mr. Smith, a mercantile man from the Caraccas, was joined at Stabroek by a Lieutenant Gullifer, R. N.; they proceeded down the Pomeroon river, then up the Wyeena Creek, travelled across to the Coioony, sailed down it, and then went up the Essequibo to the Rio Negro, connecting the Amazons with the Oronnoco. At Para, on the Rio Negro, Mr. Smith, from sitting so long cramped up in a coorial, got dropsy, and allowing himself to be tapped by an ignorant quack, he died after a fortnight's illness. Lieutenant Gullifer sailed down the Rio Negro to the Amazons, and remained at Para for some months, till he heard from England. From domestic details which he received at Para, he fell into low spirits and proceeded to Trinidad, where one morning he was found suspended to a beam under the steeple of the Protestant church. His papers, and Mr. Smith's, consisting of journals of their travels, were sent to a brother of Lieutenant Gullifer on the Morocco coast of Essequibo. I went there and saw the papers, and was anxious to edit them, or to obtain them for the Royal Geographical Society, but Mr. Gullifer said he must first consult with the relatives in England.

Among the other interesting details I found in their notes, I may mention the following: High up the Essequibo they fell in with a nation of Anthropophagi, of the Carib tribe. The chief received the travellers courteously, and placed before them fish with savoury sauce; on this being removed, two human hands were brought in, and a steak of human flesh. The travellers thought this might be a part of a baboon of a new species; however, they declined the invitation to partake, saying, that in travelling they were not allowed to eat animal food. The chief picked the bones of the hands with excellent appetite, and asked them how they had relished the fish and the sauce; they replied that the fish was good, and the sauce still better. On which he answered, "Human flesh makes the best sauce for any food; these hands and the fish were dressed together. You see these Macoushi men, our slaves, we lately captured these people in war, and their wives we eat from time to time." The travellers were horrified, but concealed the state of their feelings as well as

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they could; and before they retired for the night, they observed that the Macoushi females were confined in a large logie, surrounded with a stockade of bamboo; so that daily, the fathers, husbands, and brothers of these unfortunate women saw them brought out and knocked on the head, and devoured by these inhuman cannibals. Lieutenant Gullifer, who was then "in bad condition," 55 got into his hammock and slept soundly; but Mr. Smith being "in good case," walked about all night, fearing that their landlord might take a fancy to a steak of white meat.

"For he could drink hot blood, And do such business as the bitter day Would quake to look on."

They afterwards visited a cave in which there was an enchanted pool of water; the Indians requested them not to bathe in this pool, for if they did, they would die before the year was out. They laughed at their brown monitors, bathed, and sure enough were both clods of the valley before the twelve months had expired.

A very intelligent and most worthy Catholic clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Hyne (before mentioned), paid a visit a short time ago to the Indians who had come from the Spanish Missions of Colombia, and settled in the British territory on the banks of the Pomeroon. I had the pleasure of making Mr. Hyne's acquaintance, and got his report of the state in which he found these interesting people.

In 1830 there were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred families of these Indians scattered on the Pomeroon, and on the creeks which fall into it, and into the sea on the Morocco coast of Essequibo; and though their existence there had been carefully concealed from the British governor by a Dutch postholder receiving British pay, yet it appears that they had emigrated from the Orinoco several years back, under very peculiar circumstances. Being essentially royalists, they took an early and decided part in the revolutionary war which distracted their country. Every inducement which the love of liberty, licentiousness, or money, could suggest or inspire, was held out by the patriots as

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the price of their apostacy; but true to the interests of their sovereign, they struggled (till the last strong hold was abandoned by the European Royalists) to uphold the declining fortunes of their master.

This devotedness brought down upon them a dreadful retaliation; their priests were massacred, their villages plundered and razed to the ground, and these forlorn beings, whose greatest crime was an attachment to the institutions which rescued them from barbarism, were driven from their comfortable homes, and the land they fertilized with the sweat of their brows, to seek a shelter amongst the forests of Guiana. One wide desolation has since overspread these Missions, and the Indians, assembled together with so much trouble, are again wandering in the woods.

It was but natural to suppose, that, freed from every restraint, civil and ecclesiastical, they were much deteriorated in their moral and intellectual condition since their departure from the Oronooco. The temptations to idleness and profligacy which such a state of life holds out, and the corrupting influence of the erratic tribes with whom they were compelled to assort, are not easily withstood. They yielded to them in a certain degree, but though degenerated, it was easy to discover a degree of intelligence, and a refinement of feeling, which marked at once the early impress of civilization and religion. Happy at being tolerated within the pale of a more enlightened and settled Government, they were eager to evince their gratitude for the protection it afforded them; they were likewise most anxious, but unable of themselves, to transmit to their children those blessings which elevated them in the scale of beings under the excellent and liberal administration of Sir Benjamin D'Urban. These advantages, it is to be hoped, will be secured to them, and the colony will be amply repaid for the patronage extended to them, in the attachment and fidelity of a grateful people.

Mr. Hyne's visit to the Morocco Indians was at their own urgent request. In the beginning of 1830, they commissioned a white man to call on him, and inform him of their destitute condition, deprived of the comforts of religion, and the advantages of civilized life.

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This person gave so much curious information concerning them, their manners and habits, that Mr. Hyne expressed a wish to see and confer with some of their head men; and accordingly, within a few weeks after this interview, Mr. Hyne had the pleasure of conversing with their chief, Captain Guan Aguilar, and a few others, and was struck with the good sense and intelligence which characterized their discourse.

The captain read well in his own language, wrote, and was not deficient in what might be called general information. His knowledge of the system of Christianity and of morals, was as extensive and correct as is generally found among the generality of those who compose the lower orders of peasantry in civilized Europe. As a proof of his general knowledge, Mr. Hyne instanced what occurred on the occasion of his first visit to his house. The eye of the Indian happened to be arrested by some scriptural and historical pictures which were suspended in one of the apartments, and after adjusting his spectacles (which, as an inhabitant of the forest is described, it may not be uninteresting to mention were of gold,) and surveying them, he instantly gave the history of what they represented.

This good old man then informed Mr. Hyne that all his compatriots were most desirous to see the padre, and entreated him to name a day that he would visit their settlement, to give them an opportunity once more of assisting at the rites of their religion. 57 They had likewise many children to be baptized; and there were some young couples who were desirous to be joined in wedlock. With the consent of the Governor, St. John's day was named as the one on which Mr. Hyne would visit the Indians, which was a day of great festivity among them.

On the eve of the feast of St. John he reached their settlement among the dark woods of Pomeroon, and was received by them with many demonstrations of joy and affection. Muskets were fired as he approached; and on his landing, men, women, and children flocked to kiss his hand in token of respect. It being night, the forest was illuminated with wax lights of their own manufacture. Considerable numbers had arrived from all quarters

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for the celebration of the festival, and they danced and enjoyed themselves with much sobriety and decorum till a late hour, and without indulging in any of that uproarious mirth so characteristic of the savage.

On the morning of the festival great preparations were made for the celebration of the divine mysteries; a large logie was cleared out for the purpose, and tastefully decorated with flowers and green boughs, and in this rustic temple the service was performed to a most orderly and devout congregation. Seventy-five children were then baptized, all under the age of ten years. The appearance of these little innocents was quite attractive; they approached the font attired in the prettiest manner, attended by their godfathers and godmothers; the girls robed in white, with necklaces of coral and silver, and their hair nicely arranged with combs tipped with gold. These children were catechised, and they were all well instructed in their prayers. Some couples were then joined in wedlock; and their appearance and demeanour also gave great satisfaction to the worthy padre.

During the three days that Mr. Hyne stayed at Morocco, a single case of inebriety did not fall under his observation, so that in the work of reforming these people there was a vice less to combat among them. They were generally decent in their manners, and their appearance was very prepossessing. The men were all well clad, in Spanish straw hats, trowsers, and a loose upper robe; and the females were also gracefully attired in flowing drapery, and their hair carefully arranged. In all the scattered settlements Mr. Hyne remarked a degree of comfort and cleanliness that it would be in vain to look for among other Indians; their houses were all neat and commodious, and their grounds tolerably well cultivated—sufficiently so perhaps for their wants. Coffee, sugar-cane, plantains, yams, cassava, maize, and a variety of vegetables were observed growing. They also raised great quantities of feathered stock. They expressed the juice from the H 58 cane by a simple machine, and from it made a liquor like spruce beer; if this were to be introduced among other Indians, they might be weaned of their liking for rum. They also caught and cured fish, particularly the querriman, so much sought after in the colony.

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At present these Spanish Indians are out of the sphere of usefulness to the colony, and if left to themselves must relapse into a state of barbarism. The colony would materially benefit if they were settled up the Demerara river; for instance, formed into one community, and drilled to act against negroes in case of revolt; their bravery is undoubted, and they were originally all trained in the Missions. Their highmindedness and conscious feeling of superiority, never suffer them to ally themselves with the negroes. A few thousand dollars might be advanced to enable them to build and fit up a church, school, and family houses; and their settlement should be so situated that other Indians should see them and profit by their example; but no European of bad caste should be allowed to approach them, and drunken Post-holders should not be tolerated.

It is with pain I mention it, but a sense of duty compels me to state, that some parties who at various times have gone a short way up some of the rivers of Guiana "for pleasure," have behaved most imprudently, as far as their own safety was concerned, and in a manner which seriously wounded the feelings of the kind-hearted woodcutters and the inoffensive Indians. I have no doubt that several of those who conducted themselves in the way to which I allude, were led to believe, from the reports of libertines, that the females up the rivers, belonging either to Creole woodcutters or red hunters, might be tampered with; but they ought to have reflected that men have hearts and affections, whether they live in the sunshine of civilized society or in the shade of a forest, and it cannot be endured that those who dwell in the wilds, and are comparatively unprotected, should be liable to be abused by whoever choose to make free with what does not belong to them. I heard of certain individuals who gave so much offence at the Wyeena creek to a party of Indians, by endeavouring to seduce their women, of whom they are very jealous, that the hired followers of the whites were obliged to conceal their masters for three days in the bush from the vengeance of the justly-offended Accaways.

Surely if a person "takes the road" it is then (above all other seasons) his bounden duty to leave his sinful propensities behind him; if he does not, he not only endangers his own

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safety, and commits a great moral offence, but also causes serious inconvenience to those who follow him. He who walks forth with pure 59 intent, may spread his carpet in the chamber and dip his hand in the dish of the jealous Mussulman; but he who allows his eyes to wander towards what is forbidden, may well dread the knife of the avenger and the beak of the vulture.

CHAPTER VI.

Descend the Essequibo.—Dangerous rocks.—Arrive at Plantation Meerzorg.—The House, Garden and Works described.—A negro holiday.—Musicians and Dancers.—Piccaninnies.—Ladies of Quality.—Creole Dance.—The poor oppressed Slaves.—Insect serenade.—Ride round the estate.—A plantain thief.—Walks.—Canals.—Punts.—Cattle.—A Field-gang.—Book-keeper and Driver.—Studies for a Statuary.—Breakfast.—A Jaguar at the Hog-pen.—Dutch Coffins and Land-crabs.—The manufacture of Sugar.—Grinding.—Boiling.—Curing.—Animating Scene.—The Calabash Estate.—A sucking Thief.—Military Smugglers.—A Dinner party.—Fishing for Guanias.—A Buck party.—Sunday party.—Sunday in Wakenaam.—Negro Congregation.—Critique on a Sermon.—Misstatements of the Abolitionists.—The Church establishment of the Colony.—Moravians the best Missionaries.—A candid Statement.

Let us now descend to the coast, and visit the coffee and sugar plantations, and see the actual condition of the negroes on the estates; but as we drop down with the current, let us not forget our obeisance to the Old Man's Rock in the Essequibo, which a murdered Buckeen continually haunts, and at which it is dangerous to point the finger; and let us avoid the water boiling near the dangerous Sisters, and particularly the current sweeping past the sharp edge of the Sail Rock.

Heavy squalls of wind and rain assailed us before we reached Wakenaam Island, and we got aground off Fort Island; but at last I found myself, after a most interesting excursion, under the care of Mr. Pearson, the hospitable manager of the Meerzorg plantation.

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The house, commanding a view of the broad river and of the Atlantic, was two-storied; built on brick pillars; had a broad gallery round the first floor; and the cool breeze from Quakeraba played through the airy apartments. The garden which surrounded it was in excellent order, which is not always the case in Guiana, for vegetation is so rapid, and there is such a demand for the field labourers, that seldom can hands be spared from the raising of sugar or coffee, to cultivate fruits and flowers. Here, however, I saw neat walks, shaded by the broad-leaved vine, ornamental trees, and shrubs in great variety, as the bread fruit tree, the tall cocoa nut, the majestic palmetto royal, the grenadillo, 60 water lemon, the star-apple, fig, mango, and above all the broad leaves shading the golden bunches of the banana, waved gracefully round the pleasant dwelling.

“The sight was pleased, The scent regaled, each odoriferous leaf, Each op'ning blossom, freely breathed abroad Its gratitude, and charmed us with its sweets.”

The “works” were visited, where I saw the steam-engine for crushing the canes; the five cauldrons for boiling the juice; the coolers in which it congeals and becomes sugar; the curing-house, where hogsheads on end allowed the molasses to drain from them; the still-house, where from the skimming of the cauldrons the rum is prepared; the trash-house, where under cover is kept the dry and pressed canes to be mind as fuel; the hospital, where every care and attention was paid to the sick negroes; and the negro-houses in two rows, with gardens round them, in which were pigs, poultry and culinary vegetables.

It was a holiday, and Quashee and Quasheba were lounging about in their gala dresses, and waiting impatiently for evening, to commence their festivities in the “Great House.” The men were dressed in white vests and trowsers, and cloth jackets; and the women in printed gowns, with straw hats or handkerchiefs on their heads. Every where as we passed through the different groups in the garden, the white teeth were displayed in a smile, and “How de massa? ready for dance massa!” was heard. The piccaninnies, black

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and mischievous as monkeys, were “scurrying” about, running between their parents' legs, laughing loud, and tumbling one another head over heels on the grass.

At last a drum is heard in the gallery, and the negroes take possession of the house; two or three musicians then seat themselves in chairs, and with fiddle, tambourine, and drum strike up some lively jigs, at the same time thumping the floor vigorously with their heels. Every one is alive; short cries of mirth are uttered by the men as they hand out their sable partners; and they lead one another up and down the lane of the country dance, with as much enjoyment as I have ever witnessed at a Highland wedding.

The little black urchins, boys and girls, are not idle round the room, whilst their parents are “tripping it” in the centre, but copying their elders, they “cut and shuffle” at a great rate; the mothers, with children at their breasts, alone quietly enjoy the scene. A worthless fellow who rushed in his chemise into the room, and attempted to join the well-dressed figurantes, was instantly expelled. Santa (sweet punch) and cakes, were handed round from time to time. Mulatta ladies looked in at the windows ⁶¹ at the mirthful scene, but declined to join the negroes; and a few overseers and book-keepers “whispered soft nonsense” in their ears.

Outside the house, in the moonlight, a musician seated himself with his drum on the grass, and commenced singing an African air, when a circle of men and women, linked hand in hand, danced round him with rattling seeds on their legs, and joined in the chorus.

Oh! how I wished that some of the kind ladies of Peckham could have contemplated for five minutes this scene of mirth! could have beheld what they are pleased to call “the naked, starved, and oppressed negroes,” well clothed, plump, and full of glee: instead of shrieks of misery, could have heard shouts of laughter: and instead of the clang of the whip, could have heard the lively music of the fiddles, and the gladsome songs of the creole dancers. Surely, then, their feeling hearts would prompt them to look for more distressed objects nearer home on which to exercise their benevolence, would induce

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them to leave emancipation to be wrought out by slow and rational means, and not cruelly insist, that since the planters have had for so long time the use of their slaves, they should now give them liberty,—forgetting that to the suddenly emancipated slave this boon immediately opens the door to licentiousness and misery. “Vide ut supra,” see the preceding statement, and be convinced of your error.

But at the midnight hour let us dismiss the dancers to their neat cottages, to sleep off their fatigue, and to be ready to take the field on the morrow, though at a later hour than usual. We throw ourselves on our couch, and draw round us the mosquito gauze, and hear the tiny tormentors ply their busy wings round us, heedless of their vain efforts to feast on our blood. The hum of other insects, the harsh notes of the razor grinder, the shrill chirping of crickets, and the croaking of the bull frogs outside the house, after a time, lull us to rest; dreamless we pass the night. At early dawn Quambo appears in the room, and skillfully introducing under the gauze a cup of exhilarating coffee, at Shell Blow we spring vigorous and refreshed from our lair.

Mounting a horse, and receiving from a black groom a palm leaf to keep off the flies, I proceeded to ride round the estate with the manager. We had gone but a little way when the negro watchman over the plantain walks, with a cutlass in his hand, advanced to us, dragging along with him a roguish-looking and meagre varlet, who he said had been detected stealing bunches of the favourite food; the culprit made a great outcry, loudly protesting his innocence,—“I neber do that; him tell damn lie.” But as he had been caught in the fact, and not only that but a quantity of 62 stolen plantains found in his house, he was forthwith condemned to the stocks, amidst the laughter of the women who flocked around us.

We rode down the centre walk of the estate, a broad road bordered by canals, from which others proceeded at right angles through fields waving with the beautiful cane plant, under the influence of the cool morning breeze. I observed in the canals the flat-bottomed punts, in which the canes were conveyed to the mill; and the cattle grazing on the rich grass

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of the banks, under the care of a young negro. Palm trees bordered the road for some distance, and then we came to a gang of athletic negroes at work with the hoe, under the eye of a white book-keeper, in straw hat and cotton dress; he held in his hand a board containing a register of names, and certain little pegs to mark off the tasks performed, which were frequently completed at three in the afternoon. A black driver stood beside the line of negroes, bearing in his hand a small cane, the badge of office. The whole gang worked vigorously, and were employed clearing a cane plot, that is, hoeing up the weeds; all seemed in high spirits, and occasionally they burst into a wild chorus.

A few women now joined the gang, advancing along the walk with calabashes of plantain and salt fish on their heads, which having deposited by the side of the fields, they also commenced their labour with the hoe. Their petticoats were tucked up to their knees, by a handkerchief tied round the loins; they thus made a kind of kilt of it, by which they were not impeded in their work. The men had generally stripped off their shirts, and worked in their trowsers, and some of the busts of these labourers would have furnished models for the statuary; the deep chest, the broad shoulders, and muscles of the arm fully developed, formed a perfect picture of manly beauty and strength.

At a signal from the book-keeper the negroes left off work and went to eat their breakfast; some partook of pepper-pot, and others contented themselves with plantains and salt fish. The book-keeper, joined by two others, returned to the house, where they sat down to fish, meat, and coffee, and though there was bread on the table, yet the nutritive plantain was preferred.

We continued our ride, thermometer in the shade at 80°, at nine A. M. and passed the hog-pen in an uncleared part of the estate. The negro keeper, an old African, dried and withered, and unlike the superior race of creole negroes, or those born in the colony, reported that a jaguar, or leopard, had swum over from the main to Wakenaam; had visited the pen the night before, and carried off a hog. The robber must have been of formidable

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size, for the print of his foot was as large as a plate. 63 The manager warned the man to keep a better look out in future, and mind his watch-fire.

Further on, after crossing some wooden bridges, we turned into another “walk,” and found, on either side, the forest recently cleared or the trees cut down, the stumps remaining, and plantains as a first crop to prepare the rich soil for canes. We returned home under the shade of fruit trees, and examined the front dike which prevented the enroachments of the sea; but recent flood in the Essequibo had swept over it and exposed a row of coffins of the old. Dutch residents, made without a bend, like sea chests, in which were seen the bones of the dead clean picked by the voracious land-crabs, which ran out and in of their holes, and abounded in the moist soil. They were not unlike the common sea crab, moved sideways, and were of all sizes, from a man's hand to a nutshell.

I eat a light breakfast, and then went to neighbouring estate, to see the operation of grinding the canes and boiling the juice; the piccaninny, or children's gang, under the charge of a matron, carried on their heads the canes to the upright cylinders revolving by steam, and an old negro placed the canes in order. The juice was quickly expressed by the revolving cylinders, and conveyed into a cistern; from thence it was emptied into the first large copper, or clarifier, in the boiling-house; there the juice was skimmed and tempered with lime, to give it substance, and afterwards ladled into four other boilers, from whence it was transferred to the square and shallow coolers, and finally into hogsheads in the curing-house.

I was amused with the shouts of the boiler-men to the firemen outside, as they handled their large ladles to skim the bubbling juice, diffusing through the building a grateful steam. “Mo fyer” (more fire) was continually demanded in stentorian voice, accompanied by a joke and hearty laugh. All seemed on the *qui vive*, and the noise of the engines was mingled with the animating cries of the people, who were all following their vocations in excellent humour.

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Negroes, if not strictly looked after, are very prone to steal sugar and rum, which they carry away from the works in calabashes. Hence the saying of “the calabash estate” being always the most productive in the colonies, as it is conducted at no expense. The sugar is commonly stolen by the negroes employed in emptying the coolers, or abstracted from the hogsheads on board the schooners; and the rum is obtained before being shipped in the following singular manner:—An overseer told me that he had frequently missed rum from a cask which stood near a window in a room which was locked up; he could not account 64 for the manner in which the liquor disappeared; he determined to keep watch all night, and from time to time walked round the house; at it last, on suddenly turning the corner of the building, he saw a negro with a long pipe in his mouth, made from the hollow foot stalks of the papaw tree, introduced between the blinds of the window, through which he sucked the rum, and spat it out into a calabash on the ground beside him. This he intended to dispose of at the grog-shops in the town, which are principally supplied from stolen produce.

Soldiers in the colonies, when prevented from introducing spirits into their barracks, have sometimes eluded detection by dipping their flannel vests into rum, passing the sentry, and wringing them out at their leisure. The negro mode of stealing rum was equally refined with the soldiers' mode of smuggling it.

In the afternoon I sat down to an excellent dinner with a party of hospitable managers from the neighbouring estates, who generally took a glass of wine and bitters, and some of them spirits, in the Russian way, to sharpen the appetite before the meal. We had excellent crab-soup, fish, turtle, tortoise, lamb, turkey, and ham; patisserie followed, and then a dessert of pines, shaddocks, melons, water lemons, and Agovado pears, or the vegetable marrow. The fluids were seltzer water, malt liquor, and excellent hock and madeira. After two hours occupied in eating and drinking, the party adjourned to the gallery, to smoke segars and enjoy the cool sea breeze, or doctor.

“It was the hour to musing sweet, When sun and sea in glory meet.”

Whilst we sat thus in luxurious enjoyment, half a dozen negroes, who had been allowed a holiday, returned from the forest with a number of guanas, or lizards, from two to three feet in length, with a serrated ridge on the back. These poor animals had their forelegs tied over their backs, reminding one of Waterton and the Cayman. They make excellent pepper-pot, and their eggs are delicious. The negroes had caught them on the trees with a long stick and hair noose at the end of it. They whistle, fix their eye upon them, and approach them cautiously; the guana is fascinated, allows itself to be tickled with the end of the stick, the noose is slipped over the neck, and it is thus dexterously fished from the trees. An Arrawak and his two wives then paddled their canoe up a creek to the front of the house, and commenced bartering their bows and arrows and letter wood; they said that, since leaving their logie, they had slept on a few leaves at the bottom of the canoe.

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Next day was Sunday, and I rode seven miles to hear a Presbyterian clergyman, whom the planters of Wakenaam had particularly requested to be sent to them from Scotland for their own benefit and that of their negroes; but he had grievously disappointed them: and though I heard many complaints of him, yet I was determined to judge for myself. On arriving at the house of prayer, I found it to be a large open shed, with a small pulpit and desk in the centre, and rows of forms for the congregation, as usual, principally composed of women, who were remarkably neat and clean in their persons and dress. I felt deeply the peculiarity of my situation, sitting in the midst of these sable worshippers of a Deity in whose eyes the adoration of a pure heart, whether it beats beneath an alabaster or ebon skin, is equally acceptable.

The discourse was delivered in an impressive manner, and the minister took pains to explain to the negroes, as clearly as he could, though not in the language to which they are most accustomed, the Creole Dutch, the doctrines he was desirous of inculcating; but he seemed to neglect the precepts of the apostle James, and insisted on faith alone;

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forgetting that “as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without (good) works is dead also.” Religion and morality ought to be inseparable.

I particularly remarked that this clergyman took no pains whatever to teach teach subordination to superiors—to show the duties of servants to masters, or that their interests were the same; and he was very reprehensible in altogether omitting to pray either for the King, the Governor of the Colony, or any in authority. He appeared to be a sincere Christian, but undoubtedly lacked judgment. He had quarrelled with all the planters who entertained mistresses; and had also given great offence to the negroes for refusing to baptize any of their children born out of wedlock. How can he or any other preacher of the gospel, expect to do good among negroes, unless with unprejudiced mind he makes some allowance for colonial habits, and endeavours to conciliate the proprietors of slaves?

It was gravely stated a short time ago by one of the most violent of the abolitionists of slavery, that if he had seen any disposition on the part of the colonists to prepare the slaves by religious instruction for emancipation, it would have given him great joy; but that the policy of the whole of the Colonial Assemblies was to reject religious instruction. “Let the Commons recall one name to their recollection,” said he. “Let them remember Mr. Smith of Demerara. When the colonial authorities had persecuted that martyr to death, what did they do? They banished the missionaries from that colony, and passed a law to prevent their admission in future; and they have constantly endeavoured to put down 166 schools, to shut up meeting-houses, and to abolish instruction altogether.”

Now what are the facts.—Mr. Smith was tried before a court martial of thirteen military officers, altogether unconnected with the colony; they found him guilty of exciting the slaves to insurrection, and their sentence was confirmed by the King. Mr. Smith died before the sentence was published. Never has a missionary been banished from Demerara, nor has any law been proposed or passed to prevent the admission of missionaries into the colony; on the contrary, they have always been permitted to exercise their sacred functions uninterruptedly, and there are at present at least ten resident in the

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colony; in which besides the missionaries at their schools, there are eight clergymen of the established church, five Scotch ministers, two Roman Catholic priests, and twelve catechists, all paid by a colony with a population of three thousand whites.

A new chapel has just been erected in Stabroek; the stipends of the clergy and catechists amount to 100,000 florins annually, and 30,000 /. have lately, been expended in building and repairing churches and parsonages; besides, many planters have private schools on their own estates. In answer, then, to the above assertion, that “attempts are made to put down schools and abolish instruction,” as we say in the East—What can I say more?

I have the highest respect for Moravians. Their system of instruction is most judicious; they teach mechanical arts, and at the same time enlighten the understanding; thus gradually preparing the negro by slow but sure means to take care of himself, when eventually emancipated. Cowper beautifully says of the Moravians,

“Fir'd with a zeal peculiar, they defy The rage and rigour of a polar sky; And plant succssfully sweet Sharon's rose, On burning plains, and in eternal snows.”

I cannot trust myself to speak of certain other sects, but merely say that their system is quite the reverse of the Moravians, who ought everywhere to be encouraged; whereas the others, with their “lip service,” will find plenty of employment among the fanatics and ultra religionists at home, without visiting the colonies.

I am aware that this is a very delicate subject to meddle with, and I lay myself open to censure for noticing it at all; however, I cannot help stating my sentiments, and to prevent mistakes, conclude this chapter in the words of a popular writer.

“I hate all humbug, and would eschew that cant and fanaticism which are at present tainting extensive portions of society, as 67 sincerely as I venerate and wish to cultivate a spirit of sober, manly, and rational piety.”

CHAPTER VII.

The important question of Abolition of Slavery.—Impartial Witnesses ought to be heard.—Colonies ought not to be sacrificed.—Slavery in the abstract cannot be defended.—Ruinous Consequences of sudden Emancipation.—St. Domingo.—Character of a Functionary there.—Humane enactments of the British Government.—Protectors of Slaves and their Assistants.—Their Duties.—Sunday Markets prohibited.—Also servile labour on that day.—Men, Women, and Children, how punished.—Religious Instruction and Medical Attendance.—Marriages of Slaves.—May acquire property.—Relatives not to be separated.—Manumission.—Slaves may purchase their Freedom.—Evidence of Slaves to be taken.—The food and maintenance of the Slaves.—Supported by an allowance of provisions or an allotment of land.—Hours of Labour.—Slaves' clothing.—How lodged.—Planters plead their inability to comply with all the Legislative enactments.—Slavery in the East.—A cruel Punishment.—Treatment of Slaves in Surinam.—Incredible. —Fresh Importations of Slaves.—Community of Lepers.—Comparative Slavery.—Brazilian Slaves.—A Slave Ship.—A Slave Market.—Some Slaves more degraded than beasts of burden.—French Slaves.—British Planters cannot compete with Foreigners if the present great Trade in Slaves is not suppressed.

The more I think on the important question of the abolition of slavery, the more I am convinced that certain theorists in England take a wrong view of the case. Impartial witnesses are not listened to; and no credit is given to the British West India proprietors for all they have done, and are willing to do, to ameliorate the condition of the negroes. Besides, no lover of his country would wish to see a portion, and a most important portion, of her possessions sacrificed to an idle clamour; and if he is actuated by a true spirit of patriotism, he will run the risk of obloquy and reproach, and stand forth fearlessly, and state what he knows, from personal observation, and “information collected on the spot,” to be facts, and for the truth of which he pledges his honour.

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No one with the slightest spark of fellow-feeling for his species, can be an advocate for slavery in the abstract; "it is always a bitter draught, disguise it as we will," and God grant that the day may not be far distant, when it will be altogether abolished and unknown in European settlements, or in those of their descendants. Still, since the evil exists, and was formerly encouraged by every Government, and since immediate emancipation of negroes, altogether unprepared for the blessings of freedom, would ruin their proprietors, (for without slaves their lands would be valueless, plough husbandry not yet having been extensively introduced,) and since it must be evident to every one who knows what negroes are, that to please Anti-slavery Society, and grant immediate emancipation, *would not contribute to the happiness of the negro*; for idleness, crime, and punishment would rapidly succeed each other; it becomes the humane and philanthropic to inquire how can *eventual* emancipation be brought about without disaster and ruin to those who are at present interested in West India property, and with advantage to the slave?

Let this be written on the palms of the hands of the abolitionists. "The slave question must be approached with a vast fund of information, and must be discussed with consummate prudence."

What was the consequence of the sudden emancipation of the slaves in the valuable Island of St. Domingo during the French revolution? The massacre of hundreds of the whites; the expulsion of the remainder; the loss of the colony, and ruin to the Bourdeaux merchants. What is the state of society in the free republic of Hayti at this moment? I answer by a short anecdote. A British man of war anchored off Port au Prince, and was shortly afterwards boarded by the black captain of the Port, in cocked hat, gold epaulettes, and side arms. He was taken down to the cabin, and shown every attention; and in return he asked the English captain to accompany him on shore; the invitation was declined, as it was intended to get under weigh early next morning. The captain of the Port then returned on shore. After night-fall it came on to blow, and the sea "got up;" the ship was hailed from

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a canoe alongside, half full of water; in it there was the (speculating) captain of the Port, naked to his drawers, and two female copanions. "What can I say more?"

I greatly admire the enactments of the British Government for improving the condition of the slaves in the crown colonies, British Guiana, Trinidad, St. Lucie, the Cape, and the Mauritius. I shall now give a short analysis of them.

A protector of slaves is appointed for each of the crown colonies with an adequate salary; he is obliged to have an office, and to attend regularly at that office. If the protector becomes an owner or a manager of slaves, he immediately forfeits his appointment; though, if unable to obtain free servants, he may hire slaves for *domestic purposes*. Protectors may enter on the estates, and into negroes' houses, to communicate with the slaves, and a penalty is imposed on those who oppose the protector in the discharge of his duties (this last ought perhaps to be amended.)

Assistant protectors are appointed by the Governors for different districts. If a slave is brought to trial for a capital or trans 69 portable offence, the protector or an assistant is to attend in court on behalf of the slave. Again, on receiving notice of an injury done to a slave, the protector or assistant is immediately to inquire into the case, and if necessary, to sue or prosecute the wrong doer.

Sunday markets are entirely prohibited, and the public sale of goods on Sunday, except medicines and some perishable articles, after the hours of Divine service. The Governors appoint a market day in each week.

All servile labour is prohibited on Sunday, and those working their slaves on that day are subject to a fine of from one to three pounds for each slave so employed: this of course does not apply to domestic servants.

The whip is not to be carried in the field as a stimulus to labour, nor as an emblem of authority, nor used, except for the punishment of a fault previously committed; six hours

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must elapse between an offence and the punishment. Females are not to be punished by whipping; and male slaves are not to receive more than fifteen lashes for one offence (thirty-nine and then twenty-five used to be the number), nor any whipping so long as scars remain on the body, nor unless one free witness, or six slaves be present. Judicial punishments form an exception to this rule.

Female children may be lightly punished by whipping; and female adults by confinement in the stocks, the tread-mill or imprisonment.

Managers of estates are to keep a record of all punishments inflicted on plantation slaves, and submit it half-yearly to the protector for inspection; and on omitting to make the proper entries, heavy penalties are to be inflicted. Slaves are authorized to attend divine worship, and licensed ministers only are to officiate. A medical attendant, as heretofore, is to be supplied for the slaves, who is to keep a journal.

Slaves are declared competent to marry, and receive a license from the protector on producing the owner's consent; or if the owner dissents, the protector is to inquire into the case, and see justice done the parties. Registers are to be kept of the marriages of the slaves.

Slaves may acquire property to any amount, and bring and defend actions for it; they are however not to be proprietors of boats, or to possess arms and ammunition, nor to be proprietors of slaves. Slaves are not to be taken in execution in satisfaction of debts contracted by themselves.

Husbands and wives, parents and children, are not to be separated under legal process, and separation of families is not to take place on the death of their owners intestate; neither can they be separated by conveyance, contract, or will. Slave children above 70 the age of sixteen may be separated from their parents, and if families signify to the protector their willingness to be separated.

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All fees of office and duties on manumission are abolished; all persons may manumit slaves belonging to them with the concurrence of all the joint owners. If a slave is manumitted gratuitously, bond must be given for his maintenance if he be less than six or more than fifty years old, or in a state of disease, or else the estate of a testator becomes liable.

With the concurrence of the protector, slaves may contract with their owners for the purchase of their freedom, and if the owner be unwilling, slaves may effect the purchase by compulsory process. Appraisers or umpires are to make the valuation. However, the judge may stay proceeding if it is found that the money to be paid has been raised by donation *inter vivos* , and if the slave has committed any robbery within five years.

By the produce of their gardens, and by the sale of their pigs and poultry, many slaves have accumulated in a few years a sum for the purchase of their freedom; but after self-emancipation they never have been known to remain on estates as free labourers,—they all flock to the towns and keep grog or huckster shops.

The evidence of slaves is to be admitted; and slaves are forfeited on conviction of the owners for cruelty, but are punished when making calumnious accusations.

The rules to be followed with regard to the food and maintenance of the slaves are these:—every owner or manager of slaves is to intimate to the protector, or to an assistant, in the first week of January, whether he intends to maintain his slaves by the cultivation of ground to be to them appropriated for that purpose, or by an allowance of provisions; which intimation is however revocable.

The quantity of provisions to be supplied is as follows:—every slave above the age of ten years shall receive in each week not less than twenty-one pints of wheat-flour, or India or Guinea corn-flour, of good average merchantable quality, or fifty-six full grown plantains, or fifty-six pounds of cocoas or yams; and also seven herrings or shads, or other salt

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provisions equal thereto. Children under ten years of age receive half of this allowance (which by the way is much more than a slave can consume).

Those who propose to maintain their slaves by an appropriation of land, are to allot to those above fifteen years of age half an acre of good land within two miles of the residence of the slaves; a quarter of an acre is allotted for children under fifteen, to be cultivated by the parents or friends. Seeds and implements of husbandry ⁷¹ are to be supplied to the slaves; and forty days of twenty-four hours each are to be allowed for cultivating the lots.

The labour of slaves is limited from six in the morning to six in the evening, deducting three hours for their meals; but the young, the aged, and pregnant women, only to labour six hours in the twenty-four, and no slaves whatever are to labour more than nine hours in the twenty-four, whether employed in sugar boiling or otherwise.

The clothing required for slaves is to be as follows:—once a year there is to be delivered to every male slave above fifteen years of age, one hat of chip, straw, or felt, one cloth jacket, two cotton check-shirts, one pair of Osnaburgh trowsers, one blanket, two pairs of shoes, one knife and one razor; (the shoes and razor might be dispensed with—negroes dislike shoes and have no beards.) To every female slave of the age of thirteen and upwards, one chip or straw-hat, two gowns or wrappers, two cotton check-shifts, two Osnaburgh petticoats, two pairs of shoes, one blanket and one pair of scissors. Half of the above to children; and to each family, one saucepan, one kettle, pot, or cauldron, for the cooking of provisions. Every slave is to be provided with a wooden or iron bedstead, so as to be elevated when asleep at least a foot above the ground; and their houses are to be comfortable, and a separate one for each family.

Such is the substance of the late orders in council, addressed in a spirit of benevolence to the crown colonies, and which are also recommended to the colonies with legislative assemblies, as Jamaica, Barbadoes, &c.; and the only plea the planters can urge for

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non-compliance with them is poverty—inability, from their reduced means, to furnish the requisite food and clothing; and they earnestly pray for a reduction of the four and a half per cent duty on their produce.

If the abolitionists of negro slavery really wish to improve the condition of the negroes, let them endeavour to improve the condition of their proprietors; and let us hear no more of that monstrous doctrine, “If the planters are depressed, the better will be the situation of the slaves.”

Let us now take a glance at slavery in other countries, and first let us make an expose of an Oriental punishment which I have often been obliged most reluctantly to superintend. In the East Indies, if a person is unable to pay his debts to another, the debtor becomes the slave of the creditor until the amount is paid off. Now, in the regiments of cavalry, there is a grass-cutter to collect forage for each horse; these are under a head man, called on the Madras establishment a choudry; the grass-cutters are of both sexes, but principally women, and are often slaves of the choudry. When the bundles of grass are paraded in the troop-lines of 72 an evening, the choudry measures them with a stick, to see that they are of the regulated height, length, and thickness; if any are deficient, the grass-cutters who brought them, whether male or female, old or young, are ordered to the front, and the choudry taking a Russian knout from his shoulders, or a short stick with a very long and heavy lash, inflicts with it such a flagellation, under the superintendence of an officer, that, compared with it, the fifteen lashes that negroes receive with a cat or cow skin are nothing. Talk of the severity of West Indian punishments after this!

Whoever has perused Stedman's Narrative, descriptive of Dutch Guiana fifty years ago, has had his indignation excited and his feelings agonized at the recital of the abominable cruelties practised by the Hollanders of those days on the bodies of their helpless slaves; and it will hardly be believed that many of the same atrocities are practised at this moment in Surinam. I derive my information from a most respectable gentleman of undoubted veracity who recently visited that colony; and he stated to me as follows:

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During the summer of 1830 the Governor of Surinam issued a proclamation, similar to those that have been promulgated from time to time, enjoining that no negro should smoke, or sing, or whistle in the streets of Paramaribo; that on approaching a white man within five yards the negro must uncover his head; that no negress is permitted to wear clothes above the waist, the breasts are to be exposed, and a petticoat from the waist to the knee is the only covering allowed. There are a few of our countrymen settled in Surinam, and even at their tables my informant said he was shocked to see the negresses in attendance with what ought to be sacred and concealed, exposed—their bosoms. This is most disgraceful.

“Oh most degrading of all ills that wait
On many a mourner in his best estate!
All other sorrows Virtue may endure
But Slavery. Virtue dreads it as her grave;
Patience itself is meanness in a slave.”

The manner in which men and women are punished with the cart-whip is stated to be thus:—Both sexes are stripped entirely naked, the wrists and ankles are firmly tied together with cords; the victims, thus “huddled up,” are laid on the ground on their right sides; a stake passing between their legs and arms, and driven into the ground, effectually pins them to the earth. They are flogged on one buttock till it is quite raw, and then they are turned over and unmercifully chastised on the other, by black drivers, under the eye of a Dutch Overseer quietly smoking his pipe!

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After one hundred and fifty or two hundred lashes are inflicted, the sufferers are lifted up, as they are unable to rise or stand alone, and it is frequently a month before they are sufficiently well to resume their work. Any one sending a negro to the jail may have one hundred and fifty lashes inflicted by the executioner for one dollar, so on, paying in proportion to the number of lashes required.

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In Dutch Guiana it is well known that slaves are continually imported from the coast of Africa, and therefore the price of an able-bodied field slave is only 40 *l.* ; whereas in British Guiana, into which every one conversant with the slave question knows that none have been introduced since 1807, when the negroes on an estate are sold, a field negro brings 250 *l.* at least.

At Surinam, his Britannic Majesty's commissioners for the adjudication of captured slaves, not having the faculty of ubiquity, cannot effectually prevent the importation of slaves, and particularly if the Dutch authorities lend an inattentive ear to their remonstrances. But slavers may land their living cargoes on any part of the coast of Surinam, without even the authorities knowing it.

There is only one doctor with a regular diploma in the whole of the extensive colony of Surinam; ignorant negro doctors are all the poor slaves have. The mortality is dreadful, but the supply abundant. The camps of runaway negroes, high up the Surinam river, which the Dutch made several ineffectual efforts last century to surprise and disperse, now consist of sixty or seventy thousand souls, who have entered into a sort of treaty with their late masters, receive presents from them, but they still occasionally plunder the plantations. Last of all, there is a community of seven thousand lepers, far in the woods of Surinam—men, women and children, cast off from all attendance, all comforts; a Catholic priest alone volunteered to administer spiritual consolation to them and live near them.

Such, I learned, is the treatment of slaves among the Dutch; and though I was requested by some to omit these details, yet I have ventured to give them publicity, in the hope that by showing the condition of negroes under English and other masters in the New World, I may, by means of “comparative slavery,” prove that the greatest injustice has been done our colonists. The British slave laws are most humane, and the colonists endeavour to obey them; whereas cruelty and injustice prevail under other masters, since other governments, except the American, still connive at the importation of slaves. At the same time let it be borne in mind, that, so far from all Dutch masters using their slaves cruelly, I

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knew of several in Guiana who were most indulgent to K 74 their negroes, fed and clothed them properly, and tenderly watched them in sickness, living amongst them like parents among their children, and entering into all their feelings and sympathising in their joys and in their griefs. I have no cause to dislike Dutchmen; on the contrary, I have several personal friends of that nation whom I highly esteem, and it is really with great reluctance that I give the above details; but since I have professed an earnest desire to serve the British colonists, a sketch of “comparative slavery” is one of the means I have adopted to do so.

Since we have noticed Dutch slaves, let us also observe for a few moments the condition of Portuguese slaves in Brazil. In 1830 the slave trade was carried on with such activity between the coasts of Africa and Brazil, that vessels were fitted out at Rio Janeiro to carry one thousand slaves; one of these was captured by a British cruiser.

The slave merchants of Rio Janeiro import their negroes from Cabinda and Benguela; they negotiate with the chiefs of these countries, who seize their own people and barter them for European goods. The negroes are then branded on the back or on the forehead, and often, without a rag to cover them, are packed closely in slave ships, occupying a confined space over the hold; they have only sitting room, and spreading their legs they sit in rows one behind the other, between each other's legs. Two large hatches give air to the slaves' room. They are brought on deck in gangs to walk about,—“and,” said the mate of a slaver to me, “we occasionally compel them to dance to keep them in health. A strong bulkhead separates them from the poop, on which are a brace of guns loaded with grape, and pointing forwards; double sentries with lighted matches are stationed beside these guns, and every evening the shot is drawn and the guns fired off, to show the negroes that we are prepared for them if they attempt to mutiny.”

“What wish can prosper, or what prayer
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gauge, and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?”

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Arrived at Rio, they are quartered in large sheds near the sea, and are fed on maize flour eaten out of gourds. Those desirous of purchasing slaves repair to the market called Vallongo, where the negroes are drawn up, quite naked for inspection. They are then compelled to show their teeth, to walk, run, and strike out their legs and arms, to ascertain if they have any bodily defect; if a purchase is concluded, the sellers commonly warrant for a fortnight.

What did Dr. Walsh see when he landed at Rio Janeiro in 1828? The whole labour of bearing and moving burdens performed 75 by slaves in a state revolting to humanity. They were entirely naked, with the exception of a covering of dirty rags tied about their waist. Their skins, from constant exposure to the weather, had become hard; crusty, and seamed, resembling the coarse black covering of some beast, or like that of an elephant, a wrinkled hide, scattered with scanty hairs. In contemplating their persons, you saw them with a physical organization resembling beings of a grade below the rank of man, long projecting heels, the gastronomic muscle wanting, and no calves to their legs; their mouths and chin protruded, their noses flat, their foreheads retiring, having exactly the head and legs of the baboon tribe.

Some of these beings were yoked to drays, on which they dragged heavy burdens; some were chained by the neck and legs, and moved with loads thus encumbered; some followed each other in ranks, with heavy weights on their heads, chattering the most inarticulate and dismal cadence as they moved along; some were munching young sugar-canes, like beasts of burden eating green provender; and some were seen near the water, lying on the bare ground among filth and offal, "curled up like dogs, and seeming to expect or require no more comfort or accommodation, exhibiting a state and confirmation, so inhuman, that they not only seemed but actually were, far below the inferior animals around them.

Horses and mules were not employed in the way the slaves were; they were used for pleasure, and not for labour. They were seen in the same street pampered, spirited

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and richly caparisoned, enjoying a state far superior to the negroes, and appearing to look down on the fettered and burdened wretches they were passing, as beings of an inferior rank in the creation to themselves. Some of the negroes actually seemed to envy the caparison of their fellow brutes and eyed with jealousy their glittering harness. Did I see any human beings degraded to the lot of “the beasts which perish,” on landing at Stabroek? Not one; only a few melefactors working in chains, on the roads; but this sight I have often witnessed in the East: besides, white convicts work in chains in our dock-yards, and white convicts work in chains in the streets of New Orleans.

In justice, however, to the Brazilians, we must add, that from all I have read and heard of the treatment of their slaves on estates, they are for more humane than the Dutch, and their slaves soon become habituated to a country of which the climate so much resembles their own.

While in South America I had not the good fortune to fall in with any one who had visited the beautiful French colony of Cayenne, rich in cloves, cinnamon, pepper, nutmeg, and other 76 choice spices, and consequently could not inquire how negroes were treated there. The French are an amiable and kind-hearted people, and in Europe invariably treat their domestics well. I understand that in the French islands the house negroes are indulged, but the out-door negroes are often over-worked though certain holidays are allowed them, and on Sundays they are very gaily dressed. When I landed from an Indiaman on the African Isle of Bourbon, some ten years ago, I was hauled on shore through the heavy surf by a gang of naked negroes, chained together, and I afterwards saw others cruelly flogged by French overseers. There is a flourishing slave-trade carried on at Martinique, Guadeloupe, and other French West India islands, and, as far as I could learn, *more slaves were imported from Africa in 1830 into settlements not British, than ever there were before*. How then can the British planter compete with foreigners? and how can he afford to sell his produce at so cheap a rate as they can?

CHAPTER VIII.

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Visit the Morocco coast of Essequibo.—Attention of the Planters.—Their prospects.—Not allowed a hearing.—Old prejudices.—Additional labourers much wanted.—East India competition.—Mistake of a distinguished Writer.—Plough husbandry ought to be introduced.—Rice.—Negroes at times very provoking.—Anecdotes. Contrivance to attract the Birds of the Forest.—Plantation Lima.—Again enter “the Bush.”—A Boat Song.—The Tapacooma Lake.—A Woodman's retreat.—Forest amusements.—The Water Mamma.—A deserted Settlement.—Effects of Indian superstition.—Adventures.—Combat between a Jaguar and Cayman.—A Bush expedition.—Fascination of the Forest.—Effects of instruction in Gymnastics.—A pleasant predicament.—Sail for Stabroek.—Pleasant companions in the hold of a Schooner.—Land in safety.

From Wakenaam island I proceeded to the Morocco coast, and visited many estates between the Essequibo and Pomeroon. There is a broad road which leads along the coast to connect the different plantations, though the planters commonly go between Stabroek and their estates by sea. With the usual kindness of the planters, I was transferred, without trouble or expense, from the one house to the other, either on horseback or in a light chaise, and every attention was paid to my comfort and convenience. One jolly-looking old planter I met with, in talking of his prospects said, “By Jove! Sir, I know very well that in a year or two we'll all be ruined by the influence of the saints at home; they are so bitter against us that they won't believe a word we say in our defence; and worse than that, though we are Englishmen and entitled to a hearing, we are condemned without being heard. Every now and then a planter at home writes and publishes a pamphlet, showing the true state of our case, but no one reads it, and even when an impartial witness who visits the West (like the clever author of “Six months in the West Indies”) pronounces a favourable judgment on us, our enemies immediately cry out, ‘Oh! this man lived on sugarplums, and was treated with sparkling champagne; no wonder then he speaks well of the planters.’ But I am tired to death of the senseless outcry against us, and since it seems we are to be sacrificed, d—n it, I had rather it would happen at once, and have it over.”

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Every sugar-estate had its steam-engine, and some had two; and the old Dutch windmills were in ruins. However, some of the gray-headed planters, like the prejudiced in general, are adverse to all improvements and innovations in sugar-making. In talking to one of these about a new mode of boiling cane juice *in vacuo*, and potting the sugar with syrup, so as to increase the size of the grain, he said, "I don't care a fig about improvements in sugar-making, only give me a good crop of canes; the old plans are the best, they are easiest learned, and are less expensive; but we want hands, Sir: here we are with an immense country, almost too rich for canes, plenty of provisions for negroes, and hundreds of miles uncleared; in many of the islands the negroes are starving, their masters have more hands than they can feed, yet they cannot benefit themselves and their people by bringing them here. I answered, "On the first view of the case, that seems very strange, but you remember that negroes were not allowed to be transferred from one colony to another, as it might open the door to smuggling in fresh slaves from Africa." "Very true, but I don't believe that a single fresh slave would be introduced, for since the abolition of the trade in 1807, no slaver has ever been detected within sight of a British colony. If we had more hands, we would supply the world with sugar, and as it is, we produce more than all the British West India islands put together, Jamaica excepted. But we are afraid of being undersold by the East India sugar. Is not labour there very cheap?" "You may make yourself perfectly easy about the East India sugars," I replied, "they will never do you any harm; the wages of labour to be sure, are low in the East, but the quantity of work done is next to nothing; it takes ten men to do the work of one here. If you have two men to work for you there, you require to have a third to look after them. You see then, that in reality, labour is very dear in the East; besides, the freight is heavy, and the distance between the East Indies and England is 78 three times greater than that between England and the West Indies."

This gentleman was one of the few exceptions to what I so generally remarked in British Guiana, that the planters to the utmost of their ability tried to improve the manufacture of sugar. A deservedly popular writer, Mr. Galt, committed a great mistake some time ago, in

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a paper on the sugar colonies; he said, "The planters are very careless in the manufacture of sugar, they will not adopt the most approved modes for producing a superior article, they will not refine their sugars; the days of molasses and dirt ought to be now gone by," or words to that effect. Now, refined sugars are not allowed to be imported into England, only clayed; and really in the manufacture of sugar, the planters spare no expense, but immediately adopt (if they can) whatever is considered an improvement. Sometimes men of first-rate intelligence trip; "Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus"—is due to Mr. Galt on this occasion.

The cultivation of the cane is certainly defective in Guiana. Plough husbandry ought really to be extensively tried there. The Americans succeed very well with the plough in the sugar-states of Louisiana and Mississippi. Guiana is flat like them, and has abundant food for cattle; unlike Barbadoes and other islands, where they complain of wanting fodder. Guiana has also a great advantage over the islands in her canals, which intersect the estates in every direction, whereby the produce is conveyed to the mill with light labour, and at trifling expense. Why not then gradually diminish the number of "hoeing" slaves by substituting the plough, and use the limbs of brutes instead of men? If the soil is too soft for the hoofs of cattle, let broad boots be used, as in the morass between Manchester and Liverpool.

I saw a little rice on one estate, and I asked the manager why it was not more generally cultivated? He replied, "Rice, succeeds admirably on this flat coast where it is easily irrigated, but if one man only plants rice, the birds all flock to his fields and eat up the grain; whereas, if all the planters would plant simultaneously, the loss among many fields would be trifling. We don't think either, that it is so nutritive for our people as plantains."

At the house of an assistant protector of slaves I heard a negro make some frivolous complaints against his master; but when the protector proceeded to take down his deposition, the negro retracted a great part of what he first stated; and it is a singular fact,

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that negro witnesses, when they see that their statements are recorded, generally give true evidence, and *vice versa*.

There is nothing so common as for negroes to take a lazy fit, 79 and sham sick. One day I saw a negress come to a manager, and with a rueful face say, “No can work, massa.” “What’s the matter?” “Very seek, massa.” The pulse was immediately felt and the tongue examined—all right; “Head turn round, mass.” On another occasion, a negro had absented himself without leave, and I saw him approach the house limping and supporting himself as if in great pain, “What now, Cupid?” “Snake bite um foot, massa—no can walk, massa.” I watched him after he had turned the corner, when he shouldered his stick and stepped out as nimbly as needs be. Negroes are really at times excessively provoking.

In my progress along the coast, I was most hospitably and kindly treated by Colonel Dougan, the Honourable Mr. Bean, Mr. Mackie, and the Honourable Mr. Rose; their civilities to me I duly acknowledge and always gratefully remember. At Mr. Bean’s I remarked an ingenious contrivance to attract the birds of the forest to the veranda: a yellow and ripe banana was placed in an open basket, and fearlessly the feathered tribe in their gorgeous plumage picked the sweet fruit. I was strongly tempted to ensnare some of these visitors, for the sake of their handsome coats, but I placed a restraint on my evil propensities.

Mr. Rose, at Lima, (an estate in a high state of cultivation with five hundred negroes upon it,) was so kind as to man a canoe with some of his people, and I again proceeded into the bush, to visit an Indian settlement and the Tapacooma lake, eight miles in length, formed by a dam between two sand hills, and intended to irrigate the Morocco estate in the event of a scarcity of rain. The negroes merrily plied the paddles, and we brushed past the overhanging trees to their favourite song of “Velly well, yankee, velly well oh!

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De bottley oh! de bottley oh! Do neger like the bottley oh! Right early in the marning, de neger like the bottley oh! A bottle o'rum, loaf a bread, Make de neger dandy oh! Right early in de marning, de neger like de bottley oh!

We passed through the Tapacooma lake, and saw those trees leafless and rapidly decaying whose roots were unaccustomed to be continually submerged. Spurbills and spoonbills were fishing in the newly-formed lake, and the black clay nests of the Marabuntahs, or wasps, were surrounded by the pendant habitation of the orioles swinging from slender branches.

I hung my hammock in the forest retreat of Mr. James Frazer, an eccentric countryman, to whom I became much attached. Indifferent to luxuries, either in dress or lodging, he ranged the forest in quest of game in check shirt and trowsers. His cottage was simple and unadorned, thatched with palm leaves, and the sides enclosed with split manicole, but the jaguars, snakes, and vampires had free admission if they chose, and I was lulled to sleep by the melancholy note of the hootou, and the distant cry of the howling baboon. Thermometer during the night 70°.

With Frazer I visited the logie of Wallabanari, an Arrawak chief; traversed the gloomy forest, or paddled our canoe in the dark creeks. Sometimes we made the woods resound with the martial music of the pipes, or on the beams of a logie competed with the Indians in gymnastic exercises; then induced them to play their rude flute of bamboo, or simple viol with three strings, and enjoyed their dance, performed by three or four men clasping one another with their arms, advancing, retreating, pirouetting and stamping the ground with their heels, to the song of "Na, na, na!"

We were paddling our canoe among the water-lilies of the Tapacooma lake, when Frazer related a singular instance of superstition in the Indians. He was engaged to superintend some Arrawaks who had agreed to work at the dam which formed the lake, but they declared that they would not commence their labours until the Water-Mamma was

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appeased:—this is a sort of mermaid, believed by the Indians to inhabit the fresh waters of Guiana, and to be possessed of malign influence. “I told the Arrawaks,” said Frazer,—that instead of appeasing the Water-Mamma of the Tapacooma creek, I knew how to catch it; so I set to work and stuffed a bear-skin jacket with straw, and put it into an old puncheon full of water in a dark corner. Three of the Arrawaks were persuaded to come and see it, which they did in fear and trembling, and no sooner had they looked into the puncheon than they fled, fell sick and actually died, though we took the greatest pains to explain to them the trick that had been played them.

One afternoon we paddled down a dark creek, and landed where an overgrown path led into the bush. We proceeded cautiously along it, to allow the snakes to get out of our way; though neither they nor other wild animals will attack unless suddenly disturbed, always excepting the horrid bush-master: fortunately these are seldom seen, and the Indians are warned of their presence by their dogs, and making a wide circuit round them, they transfix them with their arrows at a safe distance.

Leaping over the fallen trees, and brushing aside the branches of the underwood with our paddles, we came to an elevated and cleared spot, on which were three deserted logies: here a tragedy had been enacted, which caused the Indians to desert a place of evil omen. At a Pigwarry feast an Arrawak had been killed in a moment of irritation, and the murderer, a Peiman (or sorcerer), was sentenced by the tribe to be shot by the nearest relative of the murdered man after digging his own grave. With this latter part of the sentence he complied, and was led out to execution; when left alone, he suddenly sprang into the forest; one man fired at him and missed him, and dreading his spells he sickened and died. Under the floor of one of the logies were the graves of the murdered Arrawak and the bad marksman.

As we were proceeding leisurely with the stream on another occasion, I said to Frazer, “You must have met with a number of strange adventures, and seen many strange sights in your wanderings?” “Yes,” said he, “particularly when I used to visit the Oronooco, to

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procure the laurel oil, so famous for the cure of chronic rheumatism. I went principally by water from Stabroek to Angostura, not by way of the coast, but by the numerous rivers that intersect all parts of Colombia south of the Oronooco. We made short portages from one river to the other, the Indians carrying the canoe and the baggage on their heads.

“I was twice bit by labarri snakes. I cut round the wounds, and one of them still gives me pain. One of my dogs was bit by a labarri in the head; the labarri-plant was at hand—I rubbed the root of it into the wound, and there is the dog alive and well. You see Antonio, there, a Spanish Indian, in the bow of the canoe; well, he and myself, and a few others, once went up the Apoori, a branch of the Oronooco, to look for turtle's eggs, and on that expedition we saw a very strange sight, which might not be believed at home—and I don't like to tell it to every one.”— “Don't hesitate to tell it me, Frazer. I have seen sights myself that I don't like telling, as I Would rather have a character for veracity than be considered one who has seen wonders, and is fond of doing them full justice in the narration; but communicate freely, and I'll reciprocate.”—“Well, then; we went up the Apoori and came to the sandbank where the nests were, and whenever there was a smooth part of the sand we dug down eight or nine inches, and commonly found five-and-twenty eggs, with a soft shell like parchment. After procuring as many as we wanted, we dropped down the Apoori and got into the Oronooe, broad and deep, and bordered by heavy forests. We were passing a spit of sand on a clear afternoon, when we saw a large cayman, ten feet long, asleep on the sand, at the distance of a few feet from the water's edge. We approached in the coorial, to shoot the monster in the eye, but, as we neared him, a spotted jaguar was seen to issue from the edge of the forest, and stole towards the alligator, L 82 creeping with his belly on the ground like a cat preparing to surprise a bird. We drew off, to see what would happen. The leopard made a sudden spring on the cayman, and they both disappeared in the river, in a cloud of spray and foam. The cayman did not reappear, but the nimble jaguar soon rose to the surface, blowing with his exertion; sitting on his haunches, like a dog, on the sand, licked himself for a few moments, and recovering his breath, he again plunged into the river like a Newfoundland dog. Up he came again; still no

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cayman was seen, though the water was much agitated, and air-bells rose to the surface. At last, after a third dive, he dragged the alligator on the sand in a dying state. We wanted to secure them both, and fired away all our powder and ball at the jaguar, but he just sat looking at us, grinning and growling as we fired, and we were obliged to move off; but next day we got the dead cayman, but don't know what became of his conqueror. No part of the cayman had been eaten; perhaps a ball may have spoilt the jaguar's appetite." "Yes, or perhaps he had attacked the cayman merely through natural animosity, like the ichneumon the snake."

About this time there was a bush expedition, to recover some runaway negroes. The manager of an estate had been changed: then the negroes usually try what he is made of; some are insolent, others refuse to work, and when threatened with punishment, run away and secrete themselves in the forests. Part of the militia on the Morocco coast was called out, principally consisting of the book-keepers; but their inefficiency was soon proved. On the second morning, one man complained of illness for want of his coffee; another said he was unable to proceed, having lost a shoe in the mud; and a third said he must look after his helpmate, who was in the family-way. Frazer and a few Arrawaks soon tracked the runaways, and they were lightly punished under the eye of a protector.

I had now been some weeks in British Guiana, and I thought it high time to proceed to the islands. I therefore quitted the woods with extreme reluctance, and returned to Plantation Lima.

To certain temperaments, removing for a time from all connexion with mankind to "the silent shade of some sequestered spot," is very congenial, and even beneficial; it estranges the mind from the pursuit of sensual enjoyment, enables us to see the folly and vanity of the votaries of pleasure, and induces one to exclaim,

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"Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene, And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene; There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest: The sense is ravished, and the soul is blest."

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But it is sinful and presumptuous in one who has been placed in a certain station in society, altogether to seclude himself. He has duties to perform, which in retirement he must neglect, and therefore, though, in common with many others, I was fascinated "with the boundless contiguity of shade," where one is independent of Fashion's edicts, I determined to break the spell and return to Stabroek.

On a dark and stormy night I bade adieu to Mr. Rose and his excellent lady, and walked down to the Lima stelling, or pier. A small schooner rode at anchor at some distance from it; and on hailing her, a boat was sent to bring me off. A heavy sea was running, and it was dangerous for the skiff to come alongside the pier. Accordingly, the negro steersman allowed the waves to wash it under the piles, and I suspended myself by the hands, with a depth of some three or four fathoms water below me, in order to drop into the boat. It was an interesting predicament, no doubt, though rather a ridiculous one. The sea rolled the boat in and out, the negro was unskilful, and there I remained swinging in mid-air, like the epicurean in the trials of initiation, and calling lustily to direct the steersman. The spray washed my feet, and the wind confounded me; at last I dropped into the boat, and nearly stove it, but reached the schooner in safety.

The negro captain then directed the anchor to be weighed, and to stand out to sea; but, with the usual carelessness of a black crew, after sail was made the schooner was allowed to run aground; she struck heavily on the hard sand: however, by great exertion we got her head round, and bore away under a reefed mainsail.

Black clouds obscured the heavens, and torrents of rain accompanied the heavy squalls of wind; the influence of sleep began to steal over me, and as there was no cabin, I

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descended to the dark hold to woo the “sweet restorer.” I felt for a pillow on which to repose, and found a bunch of plantains; and wrapping myself up in my cloak, I lay down, but a more comfortless night I have seldom experienced. The schooner rolled and pitched heavily, agitated the bilge water, which saluted the olfactories with aught but “the perfumes of Arabia,” and the rain poured in upon me through the seams of the deck. I was not the only occupant of the hold; squadrons of cockroaches flew against me, mosquitoes stung me, rats nibbled at the plantains, and ran over me, as also did long files of ants; then an unwieldy hog, that usually occupied the fore part of the hold, paid me a visit, and commenced grunting at my ear. I struck out in desperation, and drove him off for a time. I got no rest from my numerous tormentors till morning dawned, when I discovered three negresses sleeping beside me, on their way to the tread-mill, and over-head hung a basket 84 containing two Camoodi snakes; but after a voyage of twenty hours, I arrived, unscathed, at Stabroek, and then, as on many other occasions, was compelled to laugh at the annoyances to which I voluntarily exposed myself.

CHAPTER IX.

Embark in a schooner bound to Barbadoes.—Crowded cabins.—Bid adieu to South America,—Passengers' anecdotes.—Yankee Skippers.—Change of colour in the Sea.—A Barbadian dame.—Barbadoes descried.—View of the Island from the Sea.—Carlisle Bay.—His Majesty's ship Shannon.—Bridgetown.—Enmore.—Population and produce of Barbadoes.—Agriculture.—Public Buildings.—The Governor.—The Bishop.—Schools.—The country.—Worthing, the Barbadian Brighton.—The shooting season.—Upton.—Codrington College.—The Principal.—Course of Instruction.—The black Population rapidly increasing.—A part ought to be removed.—Distressed state of many Proprietors.—Peculiar habits of Negroes. The Barracks of St. Anne.—Healthy situation for Troops.—Forts, Magazines, and Hospitals.—The Court-house and Gaol.—Government of the Island.

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I now engaged a berth in the Paget schooner, Captain Gilbert, proceeding to Barbadoes, and at three o'clock one morning took leave of my old schoolfellow, Mr. James Glen, of the wealthy house of Glen and Co., and rowed down the Demerara river to join the vessel, which, though a "clipper," was little larger than a ship's launch; the negro boatmen nearly upset us among the hungry sharks by running foul of a hawser, but after some trouble we got safe on board.

I found all hands asleep, and beheld three ladies, consisting of two actresses and a young creole, who occupied berths in the small cabin, where was also my resting-place. The ladies said they preferred the gentlemen's cabin to their own, as it was cooler; and the captain said that the other cabin was full of mulatto women. Here was another trial of initiation, so we lay down in our clothes in our berth, with the consent of the fair.

At daybreak the tide and wind favoured, and lightly bounding over the billows, we bade adieu to the shores of South America, and saw the long line of mangroves gradually disappear in the horizon. We had sixteen passengers on board; the men all seasick, lay about the deck in their cloaks, and the ladies lay in their berths, as it rained heavily during the day. We were extremely crowded, the sea was very rough, and our little bark seemed every moment about to be immersed beneath "the briny flood;" the 85 white-crested waves curled high over her stern, but she heeded them not, but gallantly scudded before the blast

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"The wanton courser thus with rein unbound, Breaks from his stall and beats the trembling ground, Pampered and proud he seeks the wonted tides, And laves in height of blood his shining sides."

After our evening meal on deck, the passengers began to recover a little, and sat round the main-mast telling stories. The subject of these was principally instances of the devotion

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to the main chance, and the cunning tricks of the Yankee skippers who visit the British posts in the West. I beg to give three of these anecdotes.

A Yankee captain was lying in the Demerara river when his brother arrived from the States; the skipper said, "Well, what news from Charleston?" "Not much news, I guess, only father dead;" on which the other coolly responded, "Oh! H—I."

A Yankee sold an English captain a watch, warranting it to go, but next day it was brought back with this address; "D—n it, you humbugged me about this here watch, it won't go at all."—"A bargain's a bargain," said Jonathan; "to be sure it won't go, unless you carry it, I reckon."

Some time ago a Demerara merchant purchased a barrel of beef from a Yankee captain, who shortly afterwards sailed. On coming to the bottom of the barrel a horse's head was found in it: the merchant said nothing, but when the skipper returned to Demerara, he sold him a hogshead of sugar, which, when examined at the custom-house at Boston, was found to have a head of the heavy green heartwood, six inches thick, which was forthwith hung up as a proof of British honesty; but no mention was made of the choice morsel which had been found in the beef-barrel.

We pitched and rolled over the troubled deep; the graceful tropic bird soared high above us, appearing with its long tail and wings like a white cross, beautifully relieved against the dark rain clouds; but we shortly left these and the turbid water of Guiana behind us, and a clear sky and clear seas succeeded.

I was much amused with an elderly Barbadian dame on board; she delighted in "porter cup," made of Barclay and Perkins' entire, with the addition of water, sugar, and nutmeg. Occasionally she would call out to young Mungo, her servant, in a drawling voice, "Bae, go to drip, and bring me a little waeter, please;" then in a lower key, "when pass buffet, put a

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little rum in it, please.” “Yees, Missa; want nutmeg, Missa.” “Go lang, 86 you black niggars you. What! you tink I drink punch, eh?” “No, Missa, beg pardon Missa.”

On the second night we backed our topsail, lay to occasionally, and were struck heavily by the sea; the ladies ever and anon called out, thinking we were on a rock. When the third morning dawned, we perceived from “the high and giddy mast” the dim outline of Barbadoes.

All sail was cracked on the schooner, innumerable shoals of flying fish rose round us, and we stood towards the land. Hills of some elevation were observed, but we steered towards where a long point stretched to the south-east: gradually the beauties of the island were revealed, the grouped foliage, the white houses scattered amongst it, the windmills, and the cane-fields of bright green, all gladdened the eye, and presented the appearance of a well-cultivated garden.

It was Sunday, in the month of June, and no living thing was seen moving on shore, only the leaves of the palms skirting the beach coquetted with the breeze; not a sail was observed until we weathered a point and some dangerous reefs—then Carlisle Bay opened before us, a noble panorama.

Round the bay were umbrageous trees, and the neat houses of Bridge Town; at one extremity of the bay was a formidable battery, and behind it the handsome barracks of St. Anne. “The meteor flag of England” floated proudly from its staff, and “long,” I exclaimed, “may it continue to float over these glorious isles of the West!” The corresponding point of the bay was covered with a lovely grove of cocoa, the royal palm, the seaside grape, and the beautiful though noxious machineal.

In the centre of the picture the land rose above the town, and sloped far into the distance to the hills of the Barbadian Scotland, clothed in a rich and varied garment, studded with pleasant villas and enlivened with a bright sun. Ships of war, merchantmen, and coasting

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schooners, rode at anchor, with pendants and ensigns displayed, for it was Sunday; and I was quite fascinated with the enchanting prospect.

His Majesty's frigate the Shannon, of high reputation, lay outside the other vessels; a long seine, or fishing-net, hung between her fore and main rigging, and her boats were seen to dash out from her sides under broad lug sails, competing with one another in a race to sea. A shot or two was fired over us to bring us to; we were boarded by an officer, and in the evening landed on a stone pier.

There was a remarkable contrast here to the wooden houses, moist soil, and canals of Guiana. The streets of Bridgetown were narrow, clean, and perfectly dry; the brick houses were 87 shaded with piazzas, and the free coloured inhabitants and negroes, neatly dressed, lounged about on the day of rest. I found a comfortable chamber at Enmore, the delightful residence of Mr. Cavan; but alas! that house, so cool and agreeable, with its shady trees and marble verandah, is now a heap of ruins, the dreadful hurricane of August having prostrated it in the dust.

For the fortnight I remained in this most ancient, most loyal, and most windward colony, and spent my time very pleasantly and profitably, generally studying until three o'clock, and then sallying out with a white cover over my cap, and taking exercise on foot or on horseback for three hours.

Courteous reader, I am not going to trouble you with a history or "present state" of Barbadoes, but a mere outline of this remarkable island, in size nearly equal to the Isle of Wight, producing, with what the abolitionists call "a worn-out soil," four hundred thousand hundredweight of sugar annually, besides exporting poultry and plantains to the Leeward Islands, and supporting a population of one hundred and twenty thousand souls, eighty-three thousand of whom are slaves, and rapidly increasing!

The scanty soil, on a coral substratum, is carefully manured, and the sloping fields are divided into terraces, to prevent the rain washing away the precious mould. The highest

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land in the north-eastern quarter is one thousand feet above the level of the sea; and there, in deep valleys, are the remains of the ancient forest which covered the whole island in the days of the good Queen Bess. In other parts of the island, hill and dale are equally cultivated with the light hoe. Fire-wood is scarce, and great quantities are brought from Demerara. There are no steam-engines here, but at least three hundred windmills for grinding the canes, besides others for drawing water from the deep wells.

Bridgetown, extending for two miles round Carlisle Bay, contains twenty thousand inhabitants, a square with a statue of the immortal Nelson; and some churches without steeples, but the cathedral, a massive pile, had a square tower. The respectable inhabitants, though greatly reduced in means, tried to be contented with their lot, and lived in comparative comfort till the late awful visitation unroofed their dwellings and overthrew their walls; but they have a noble spirit within them, and I doubt not but that Bridgetown will shortly again rise from its ruins, and that yet prosperity may dawn upon the people.

Spikes Town, on the west coast, is a considerable place; but Hole and Austin Town are mere hamlets. The remains of old 88 forts and honeycombed guns are thickly scattered all over the island, which has never surrendered to a foreign foe.

Let me gratefully recall to mind the hospitality of the governor, much beloved by the Barbadians, Sir James Lyon,—his abundant table, his choice wines. West Indians are urbane and hospitable themselves, and they delight in a ruler who partakes of their own character. King's-house and Pilgrim or Government-house, were both of them residences worthy of the chief of the Windward Islands.

The Bishop of Barbadoes (Dr. Coleridge) had been most indefatigable; a church and chapel were in each of the eleven parishes of the island; and besides the central school for one hundred and sixty white boys, founded by Lord Combermere, there were many others of recent establishment, for both sexes and for all colours.

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In riding into the country, though some of the white roads were lined with trees, yet the generality of them were painfully glaring to the eyes. On each side it was interesting to remark the peculiarity of the cultivation; four distinct crops, of cane, maize, tobacco, and sweet potatoes, would be seen in the same field, and in alternate drills.

Worthing, a small sea-bathing place, was a most delightful spot; lofty palms shaded the wood, which was washed by the lively ripple of the crystal sea, and comfortable houses accommodated the invalids. Near Worthing is a swamp, which is celebrated as the shooting-ground in the month of August. Then innumerable flocks of wild fowl resort there, sheds are erected which let for a high price, and under these the sportsmen sit in chairs, with a table and refreshments before them, and a black boy looking out; on seeing the birds approach he whistles, when the active venator rouses himself and fires; but two or three others may fire at the same flock at the same time, and they all rush out after the volley and often dispute for the prize.

I spent some pleasant hours at Upton, the beautiful residence of Mr. Barrow; seated on an eminence surrounded with trees collected from "furthest Ind and Afric's burning plains," and a garden where

"Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed."

While at Upton, I visited Codrington College in a light caleche; on our way we halted at Mr. Barrow's upper estate, and in passing the fields where his people were at work, they cordially saluted him with "Good marning massa, good marning 89 how de massa?" Truly it was a pleasant sight to see the affection of these poor people.

After a drive of several miles and a steep ascent, we found ourselves on a level plateau romantically enclosed with high cliffs; at the bottom of an avenue of living columns, was the long range of the college, and the residence of the principal, both constructed of solid masonry which had withstood many hurricanes.

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The situation of the college is one of the most delightful that can possibly be conceived; shut out from the world by hills possessing the superior advantages of the sea breeze, and an unbounded view of the Atlantic, and refreshed by a clear stream of water collected in front into a small lake. Gracefully the long leaves of the palms waved over our heads as we rode down the avenue, and I was quite enamoured of a spot so suited for study and reflection.

We were received by the Rev. Mr. Pinder, the principal, in his usual kind and obliging manner, and by him conducted over the establishment. There were twenty-three students receiving instruction, and it was a singular sight to observe these young men walking about the grounds in their academics, the cap and gown of our universities, between the Tropics.

The students belonged to different islands, and their board and education only cost 35 *l.* a-year, exclusive of clothes; they are examined and ordained by the bishop, if intended for the church; and it is really a pity that so noble an institution as this college should not be more patronized by the West Indians than it is. The fault partly lies with the trustees of the late General Codrington, who for years were studious only to educate and render comfortable the negroes on the estates left for the support of the college, and until lately neglected the great object of the charity— the education of the whites; forgetting that no slaves can be so well treated as under masters who have themselves benefitted by moral and religious instruction.

We returned in the afternoon to Upton, and spent a pleasant evening with a few friends.

The black population of Barbadoes is now so numerous and disproportionate to the size and resources of the island, that the restrictions laid by Government upon the transmission of slaves from one island to another is here, especially, severely felt by the planters, who, in the neighbouring islands of Trinidad or Jamaica, or in Guiana, might find a ready mart for their superabundant population, and at the same time benefit these noble colonies.

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"Slavery," says the philanthropist, "would thus be perpetuated." I answer, that planters and negroes are at present in danger of M 90 starving in the old islands; that slaves could be more effectually prepared for emancipation in the midst of abundance, than while wanting daily bread; and that I see no danger whatever of slave-smuggling taking place, since registers are now so strictly kept, since there is such an establishment of protectors and assistant protectors, and since there are so many agents of the abolitionists in the colonies, who would be anxious and ready to report any introduction of Africans, if such an improbable occurrence took place.

Why do the negroes increase in Barbadoes and decrease in Jamaica? Simply because the climate of the former is so much better than that of the latter.

It is with pain I record the fact, that in the island of Barbadoes, which was considered one of the most productive of our western colonies, the greater number of the estates are mortgaged considerably above their value; indeed, the nominal proprietors can only be considered as the agents of their creditors, who receive all their produce, and allow them a fixed income; and it grieves me to reflect how many unfeelingly contemplate further inroads on the property of the already impoverished planter.

Among the negroes of Barbadoes, the custom prevails of having two or three mistresses, but either free or on different estates: one of these is always an old woman who feeds and supports her young friend. It is very difficult to persuade negroes to marry, here or elsewhere—they prefer concubinage; and on this account their masters sustain heavy loss. If a free negress has a child by a slave, the mother and child are supported clandestinely from the estate to which the father belongs, and the child does not become the property of the negro's master: but if a female slave has a child by a free man, then the child and its mother remain in bondage.

I was much delighted in viewing the esplanade at St. Anne's, and the handsome barracks, where the troops (as they ought always to be between the tropics) were coolly and

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comfortably lodged. Lofty well-ventilated rooms, shaded by broad verandahs, were occupied by rows of iron bedsteads, with the Wellington arm rack at the head of each. The beds were of hackled corn husk; and though the men got five days in the week salt provisions, yet they looked healthy. The penny a day compensation in lieu of an allowance of liquor had worked wonders among the recruits, though it is difficult to keep an old soldier out of a canteen.

Three years ago the parade-ground at Barbadoes was a swamp; in crossing it to a dry spot for drill, the men carried their shoes in their hands, perhaps were half drunk from the effects of the 91 debauch of the night before, and had most of them swallowed a "slug," or "chuck," to keep the fog out, as they called it. Drill over, they returned to their barracks wet, went to sleep wet, and often got up in a burning fever. Now, the parade is perfectly dry, and there is much less drinking; so that there were fewer in the Sick list in Barbadoes in June last, than there were amongst a like force in England.

The greater number of the soldiers of the 35th and 36th regiments had brown wives; many of these ladies were very well educated, but owing to their depressed circumstances, and the numbers there are of them in Barbadoes, they are glad to place themselves under the protection of private sentinels.

Captain Byrne of the Royals, and Fort Adjutant, was kind enough to accompany me round the barracks, forts, and magazines. St. Anne's fort, though small, would yet make a good defence, and in it there are excellent magazines stored with the munitions of war, and an armoury with many thousand stand of arms in the highest order. In the hospitals there were a few fever cases, principally drunkards; and in the asylum some negro soldiers in chains, dangerous lunatics.

In visiting the court-house, I was surprised to find that the goal was a part of the same building; debtors and rogues were confined in the ground-floor. The tread-mill, "that sovereign rectifier," was in the yard, and the imprisoned were allowed to lounge in and

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about the court-house whilst the judges were on the bench. Classification is much required here, else mutual corruption must extend among the incarcerated.

Besides the Governor, his twelve Councillors, and the twentytwo Members of the House of Assembly, the laws are administered by twenty-seven Judges (planters and merchants); but as few or none of these have been educated for the bar, His Majesty's Attorney General assists them in their deliberations and decisions. There are many evils attending this system, which I need not enlarge upon. Electors are those who possess really or nominally ten acres of land.

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CHAPTER X.

Leave Enmore to make the tour of the Island.—Splendid view from Hackleston's Cliff.—Precipitous descent.—The white Creoles.—Plantations.—Turner's Hall Wood.—The boiling Spring.—Harrison's Cave and the animal flower cave.—How to travel between the Tropics.—Creole hostess of the Bridgetown Clarendon.—A Joan-Johnny dance.—Unpleasant finale.—A quality Ball.—An exclusive Party.—Barbadian drinks.—Fair Barbadians.—Character of the white Inhabitants.—A cock-fight.—The mysterious Vault.—The charming residence of Vaucluse.—Strange infatuation of a Negro.—The first hurricane of the season.—Preparations for departure.

One morning I set out on horseback at six o'clock, with Mr. Best, late of the 8th hussars, to make a tour on the windward side of the island. We rode gaily out to Blackman's estate, and there breakfasted, and it was delightful to remark the air of comfort and excellent state of cultivation which the country presented. The house at Blackman's was a Montpellier for salubrity; on a lofty site, and surrounded with a garden crowded with rare exotics. After our meal of fruit, bread, and coffee, I put on an oriental turban, and we continued our excursion. After a smart canter, we suddenly found ourselves on the verge of a very precipitous descent, Haekleston's Cliff by name; and here from one of the highest points

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in the island, one thousand feet above the level of the sea, a most beautiful and extensive prospect burst upon us. On the slope below were plantations with groves of trees around them, fields of bright green, streams glittering in the sunbeam, and beyond, the ocean reposed in silent splendour—

“It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies, Or like a cradled creature lies.” We then commenced the descent of a path so rugged and precipitous that, viewing it, and my own extraordinary figure in eastern guise, I was transported in imagination to the awful mountain passes of Persia, the Koutuls, where loaded mules are continually precipitated among the rocks far below, strewn with white merchandize and white bones.

We gave our horses the rein, and slid and stumbled down to the bottom; here we fell in with a Barbadian, trudging along to his small farm in Scotland; he talked learnedly on cock-fighting, and belonged to a class of white men who are noted for indolence, 93 vicious propensities, and ridiculous pretensions. We looked in at several houses, and were served with cooling liquors, but declined punch and man-dram; and then made for Turner's Hall Wood, a part of the aboriginal forest. The soil had now changed from the black mould near Bridgetown to red argillaceous earth, and in some parts of Scotland (which we were now in) we observed as it were chalky cliffs, though calcareous only in appearance.

The scenery was varied and extremely picturesque; there were hill and dale, the rich tints of tropical vegetation, and glimpses of the Atlantic at the bottom of the long vistas of the valleys between the ridges. We rode past some small pools, where tar issued out of the earth, and then screened ourselves from the scorching rays of the sun under the shelter of the ancient forest. Tying our horses to a tree, we scrambled down to the boiling spring, and on approaching the dark gully where it is situated, we became sensible of an unpleasant gaseous odour; and discovered a hole in the ground, from which there were “mutterings of unutterable things” proceeding. We threw water into the hole, and a violent bubbling immediately ensued; and if we had applied a light, the inflammable gas would have burst into a flame. Harmless snakes, monkeys, and birds of varied plumage, inhabit

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Turner's Hill Wood, which by the ancients would have been considered a delicious retreat for fauns and dryads.

I shall not now stop minutely to describe the other natural curiosities of this part of Barbadoes. Harrison's Cave, incrusted with beautiful petrifications, and through which, like Styx, a stream flows, but clear and limpid; and again the animal flower cave, where in a natural basin into which the tide flows, there is a rock with beautiful varieties attached to it, of that remarkable zoophyte—the hydra; they appear like petals of the marigold, of purple, yellow, and green colours, to attract the insect prey, but when touched they contract and become invisible. This remarkable production forms the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms of that extraordinary gradation, or chain of beings, proceeding from the rudest unorganised matter up to man.

We rode home in the evening, and after a bath felt no bad effects from the long excursion. Protect the head from the sun, be temperate, and exercise may be taken between the tropics with impunity whilst the thermometer stands in the shade at 110°.

To get an insight into creole character, I sometimes strolled down to town, and sat for an hour with the well known Betsy Austin, the hostess of the Bridgetown Clarendon. At the door, lolling in her easy chair, would be seen the jolly dame, decked in 94 gaudy finery and superintending the light labours of some female slaves, whom she occasionally rated in no measured terms. She kept a very clean house of entertainment, and was always remarkably civil. “Ah! you stranger gentleman, I know very well why you come down and see me. You go away and laugh. The devil take you, Sally, be quick and bring the captain a chair; will you take cocoa-nut water or lemonade, sir?” “The cocoanut, if you please.”—“You heard some people abuse me, I suppose, sir, but I don't care, I tell you;—damn you, Pompey, why don't you sweep up the floor, you black negaar you.”

One evening whilst sitting in the marble verandah at Enmore, and listening to the ceaseless hum of the insects and the gentle rustling of the trees, and thinking of again

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venturing on the treacherous deep, I heard the lively sound of a drum at some distance, and immediately repaired to where the negroes were amusing themselves under the mild rays of the Cynthian queen. On a level spot, surrounded by small houses of coloured and black people, was a bench, on which were seated two negro fiddlers and a thin fellow beating a drum; behind stood a man shaking violently a calabash filled with small stones and and singing with contortions an African air. The crowd formed a ring, and those who wished to dance the Joan-Johnny stepped forward, presented the leader of the band with a bit, and he

“Bid the fiddle to the banjar speak, The banjar to the calabash without,”

and a couple would twist their bodies, thump the ground with their heels, and circle round one another to the inspiring strains. The little black urchins, as usual were setting to one another on the outskirts of the admiring crowd, or kneeling down behind their elders, who would pushed over amidst shouts of laughter, or mimicking the actions of the white lookers on. I was much amused with the scene, but a violent end was put to the entertainment, for a huge stone was hurled at the musicians by some unknown hand, which wounded the leader's bow-arm. Immediately there was a great uproar, and a second stone nearly demolishing an instrument, the party broke up, venting curses on the unseen spoiler of the sport—probably some choleric freeman, who did not like sounds of obstreperous mirth near his dwelling.

The “quality balls” of the coloured people are well worth visiting. The brown beaux and belles are gaily dressed—kid gloves, silk stockings, “tight continuations,” and quizzing-glasses, are seen on the gentlemen; whilst the ladies sport feathers, silks, book-muslin, tinsel turbans, bustles, and satin slippers.

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I was fortunate enough to be present at two balls of the “Première Qualité.” They were conducted in a similar manner to what we are accustomed to at home. At these parties

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I saw many fair forms, who left a lasting Impression; and an additional interest has been excited—for these pale and dark-eyed maids have since had to hurry from their couches at the dead of night, the roofs blown from their dwellings, and the walls crumbling in ruins behind them.

Whilst the dance proceeded, the thirsty souls among the gentlemen would adjourn to pledge one another in tea-anne and coffeeanne, (preparations of congo ormocha, with spirits,) or each would take up a huge glass vase of sangoree, with a “spry” of lemonpeel floating on it, and quaff deep draughts of the tempting beverage, half wine, half water, with sugar and nutmeg. It was really very enticing, but we must resist seductions of all kinds whilst wayfaring.

Many of the fair creoles whom I had seen in the morning languidly reclining on a couch, and apparently incapable of the slightest exertion, were now as it were inspired; their eyes sparkled with animation, the colour played in their cheeks, like “a rose crushed on marble,” and with delicate shapes they moved in the dance gracefully and untiringly.

“What do you think of the Bims or Barbadians?” said an English resident, accosting me at one of these balls. “Why, I have been so short a time on the island,” I replied, “that I ought not to give an opinion at all. The impressions I have formed of them are these:—open-hearted and good-tempered, with no small opinion of themselves or of their island; which I am not surprised at, as it seems a right pleasant island, and its turtle and punch, I am sure, find favour in your eyes.”—“Yes,” answered he; “but many of the Barbadians are very ignorant. Would you believe it, Sir, only the other day a Bim asked me how long the people were locked up in England? ‘Locked up!’ I answered; ‘what! do you think the cold confines us to the house?’—‘Yes.’—‘Not in England, my good friend. True, it does so in Siberia; you must be thinking of that part of the world, where if you yawn, such an icicle forms in your mouth that it requires a hatchet to cut it!’ Now, the Bim believed this nonsense, and repeated it to his friends.”—“I can assure you,” I retorted, “that the ignorance of the Barbadians regarding England is more excusable than the absurdities we hear regarding

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the West Indies at home; a certain party make people believe that in the Antilles there is nothing but weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, chains and whips, yaws and yellow fever.”

I said that cockfighting was one of the principal amusements of the lower class of white Barbadians, but the middle class also is 96 partial to this cruel and disgusting sport. At a main, fought by the birds of two well known sporting-gentlemen, the pit was quite full, and great amusement was derived from watching some of the betters and lookers on. They seemed to feel such intense anxiety in the fate of their favourite birds, that every stroke had an electric effect upon them. A hideous, sunburnt, buccaneering-looking fellow appeared to suffer as much as the cock upon which he had staked his money; suddenly he would writhe as if in acute pain, his hands clenched, breath drawn in, and his body bent forwards, watching with convulsive eagerness the pending battle. At last, his bird received the *coup de grace*, when with a wo-begone face, and mouth screwed up, he uttered aloud, “Whew! he ben't a cock; he's a 'orse; see how he jumps on the flats o' his foots!”

It is not generally known, that in Barbadoes there is a mysterious vault, in which no one now dares to deposit the dead. It is in a churchyard near the sea-side. In 1807 the first coffin that was deposited in it was that of a Mrs. Goddard; in 1808 a Miss A. M. Chase was placed in it; and in 1812 Miss D. Chase. In the end of 1812 the vault was opened for the body of the Honourable T. Chase; but the three first coffins were found in a confused state, having been apparently tossed from their places. Again was the vault opened to receive the body of an infant, and the four coffins, all of lead, and very heavy, were much disturbed. In 1816 a Mr. Brewster's body was placed in the vault, and again great disorder was apparent in the coffins. In 1819 a Mr. Clarke was placed in the vault, and, as before, the coffins were in confusion.

Each time that the vault was opened the coffins were replaced in their proper situations, that is, three on the ground, side by side, and the others laid on them. The vault was then

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regularly closed; the door (and a massive stone which required six or seven men to move) was cemented by masons; and though the floor was of sand, there were no marks of footsteps or water.

The last time the vault was opened was in 1S19; Lord Combermere was then present, and the coffins were found thrown confusedly about the vault; some with the heads down, and others up. What could have occasioned this phenomenon? In no other vault in the island has this ever occurred. Was it an earthquake which occasioned it, or the effects of an inundation in the vault?

In England there was a parallel occurrence to this some years ago at Staunton, in Suffolk. It is stated, that on opening a vault there, several leaden coffins, with wooden cases, which had been fixed on biers; were displaced, to the great consternation of the villagers. The coffins were again placed as before, and the vault properly closed, when again another of the family dying, they 97 were a second time found displaced; and two years after that, they were not only found all off their biers, but one coffin (so heavy as to require eight men to raise it) was found on the fourth step which led down to the vaults, and it seemed perfectly certain that no human hand had done this. As yet no one has satisfactorily accounted for the Barbadian or the Staunton wonder.

I spent one day at a most charming residence, Vaucluse, on a high spot, delightfully cool, commanding extensive views. The proprietor said that some Moravian brethren had established themselves in his neighbourhood, and that those of his negroes who attended the instructions of that excellent fraternity, were extremely sober and industrious. His butler had lately died, and he gave him a handsome funeral, for he had served him faithfully for many years, and the master was anxious to testify his respect for his servant. Shortly after this, a healthy negro refused all food, lay with his eyes open, and gasping as it were for breath; the doctor could discover no ailment, and it was conjectured that the butler's funeral had so excited his envy, that he determined to have a similar one, and to starve himself. The master came in, and said aloud, "If this negro dies, I mean to throw him into a

hole, and bury him with his face down.” It is almost unnecessary to add, that, shortly after this speech, the sick took up his bed and walked forth healed.

One night whilst I was ruminating on my intended route in bed, the wind, which had shifted suddenly from one point of the compass to another, at last set in to blow with fearful violence from the south-east; it roared among the trees, bent them, and tore off branches, injured the roof and seemed to sweep with resistless violence across the island, which it drenched with heavy rain. This was the first hurricane of the season. Next morning I walked down to Carlisle Bay, to see how it had fared with the shipping: the men of war and merchantmen were pitching violently at their anchors; immense waves, in long ridges of green water, broke over the pier-head and shook the stones. Some of the smaller craft had drifted on shore, and when the wind moderated a little, the launches were sent from the frigates to collect all the “Libertymen” on shore, and prepare to go to sea. I also prepared to go to sea, for I calculated that immediately after a storm there is likely to be moderate weather. “The vehicle to mount is that which has been upset the day before.”

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CHAPTER XI.

The great hurricane of 1831.—The English suffer from their prejudices.—Will not change their habits in any climate.—The hurricane of 1780.—Injudicious style of building.—Flat roofs recommended.—The writer apologises for his remarks.—Barbadoes before the hurricane of 1831.—The last great hurricane more destructive than the former one.—Destruction in Bridgetown.—The effects of hurricanes illustrated.—Atmospherical phenomena on the 10th of August.—Commencement of the gale.—Awful and sudden gusts from different points of the compass.—Destructive effects.—The air filled with fragments of wood and stone.—An earthquake and shower of hail.—The salt spray.—Examples of the violence of the wind.—Fire-balls.—Exposed situation of delicate females.—Appearance of Barbadoes after the hurricane.—The dead and dying—Destruction of St. Anne's barracks and the public buildings.—Great loss of shipping.—The

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wounded, how disposed of.—Generosity of the lie Governor.—Liberality of the merchant.
—Resignation and enterprise of the people.

In the splendid possessions of Great Britain situated between the tropics, I have often remarked to what a prejudiced nation I belong. In the East, or in the West, our countrymen are continually at war with the climate—attempt to build their houses as they are wont to do at home, dress as if they intended to walk the streets of London, and eat and drink as if the thermometer never exceeded 65°. One would imagine, that having spread themselves over the four quarters of the globe, Britons would now have voluntarily become endowed with the properties of Proteus—that they would be able to change their habits according to change of scene; but as yet this is far from being the case. Our African travellers were spit upon and reviled because they dressed as Britons and as Christians; and Englishmen abroad suffer continual inconvenience, great loss of property, and life itself prematurely, because they will not study and accommodate to the peculiarities of foreign climes—

“Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.”

Many of the West India islands are subject to dreadful hurricanes in the months of August and September. Barbadoes, in particular, has suffered most severely. In 1780 it was laid waste, and four thousand five hundred of its inhabitants were buried under the ruins of the houses; yet I remarked that the style of building throughout the island was, as usual, very badly adapted to the climate. The houses were generally on a small scale, the rooms were not sufficiently lofty, and the roofs, covered with tin or shingles, retained the heat, as the iron roofs of Moscow, during a great part of the night.

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Then again, instead of excluding the sun by light mats, as in the East Indies, every window was left open, and thus what little comfort was gained by the circulation of air was counterbalanced by the reflected heat from the white roads. But the great inconsistency in the mode of building at Barbadoes was this: instead of flat roofs, the houses were covered

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in with a lofty and clumsy structure, quite disproportionate to the rest of the building, and offering a resistance to the wind which too often has occasioned their destruction. To this it may be replied, that the houses thus constructed are much cooler than others; but this is disproved, for in Eastern countries, where the heat far exceeds that of the Antilles, and where inland there are no refreshing sea-breezes, the houses are flat roofed, yet cool. With flat roofs, single stories, and substantial piazzas, hurricanes are not to be dreaded. The barracks of Antigua, occupying the highest ground on the island, resist all tempests, and are built on the above excellent principle.

But why should I indulge in this train of observations after the direful calamity of the 10th of August 1831? why should I irritate and vex those who have suffered so grievously, by insinuating that they were partly to blame for what has befallen them? “Shame be my portion, and let my head be sprinkled with ashes,” if I were to be so unfeeling as to upbraid the luckless inhabitants of Barbadoes for their heavy misfortune! I merely give my own impressions, and those of others who have visited the East, on the manner in which their houses were built, in the hope that in future the Oriental plan may have at least a trial in the Antilles.

But let us now proceed to describe, as concisely and distinctly as possible, from various authentic documents, the dreadful visitation of the autumn of 1831. On the morning after the hurricane it was truly said that Barbadoes, the gay, the prosperous, and the happy—one of the finest of the colonial isles—the Brighton of the West Indies—the mart of commerce—the home of hospitality—Barbadoes in its pride, was no more. Bridgetown, the capital, was a heap of ruins; and country, villa, and hamlet, were alike level with the earth.

On Wednesday, the 10th of August, it pleased the Almighty Disposer of joy and sorrow to visit this island with one of the most destructive hurricanes ever known in the western hemisphere; and misery, irretrievable misery to thousands, has been the dreadful consequence. The islands of St. Vincent, St. Lucia, St. Domingo, and Cuba, with the city

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of New Orleans, also came within the track of the destroying tornado, and suffered most materially.

Those who recollect the great hurricane of 1780, all agree that 100 the wind on the late tremendous gale was far more violent than the former, and the truth of this may be proved by mathematical demonstration. If the force of the wind in 1831 in five hours did twice as much damage as was done in 1780 in eleven hours, it follows that the last hurricane raged with far greater fury than the first; and that more than twice as much mischief was actually done by the last storm, a view of the face of the island, even after several weeks had elapsed, sufficiently testified.

After the gale of 1780, about one-fourth of the houses with which the island was thickly dotted remained standing; whereas on the 11th of last August no more than two in every twenty remained. In the first storm Spikestown suffered very little injury; it is now little better than a heap of ruins. With regard to Bridgetown, it is certain that it suffered far greater injury in 1780, but that circumstance is to be attributed as much to the duration as the violence of the storm. On these dreadful occasions one street protects another, and the protecting streets must be blown down before the others can be violently assailed. Had the last gale lasted in its utmost severity only two hours longer, every house in the town, every building, both of stone and wood, throughout the whole island, would have been completely levelled with the earth, and would have met with the fate of Jerusalem, without one stone or timber being left upon another.

An intelligent Barbadian gave me a very clear account of the nature of a West India hurricane. The wind does not on such an occasion, as is commonly imagined, act with a broad sweep, bearing down with equal force every thing before it; it comes in squalls or whirlwinds, and very frequently a tornado does not extend in *width* beyond two or three miles. The next squall may exert its force on another part of the sea or land, not far distant from the first.

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To make this more intelligible, suppose there are two vessels at sea, about two miles from each other, east and west; let us imagine the squall to come from the north or south, it may strike one of the vessels and miss the other; one may be dismasted, while the other has only a moderate breeze. The next squall may take the other vessel, and leave untouched the dismasted one. Were the vessels, instead of being east and west of each other, to be north and south, exactly in the tack of the wind, the case would be altered, the same squall would equally affect both. One unfortunate planter in Barbadoes had his house blown down as early as half past two A.M. by a dreadful gust from the north-north-west. At that moment a gentleman who lived not more than a mile and a half to the east of the other, said he was "snug in bed listening to the wind, which did not seem to him at that time to be alarmingly 101 high." It is evident, then, that the blast which struck the first missed the second; but he also suffered, for the south-west wind at six in the morning unroofed him, and this same gust levelled with the earth most of the buildings in the southern and eastern parts of the island. On the western coast the cocoa-nut and other trees lay in general from the north north-west to south-south-east; in the interior of the island they lay from south to north.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 10th of August, certain appearances in the sky indicated unsettled weather, and many persons in Bridgetown prognosticated that there would be a gale before the morning, but few anticipated so dreadful a visitation as that which took place. The wind was at times rather high, and about ten o'clock there was a shower of rain, which was succeeded by a calm; after this a dense mass of clouds gathered over the horizon, and remained for some time suspended in a gloomy canopy over the devoted island, as if the spirit of the storm was looking down from his dark throne, and contemplating the feeble works of man which he was about to overthrow.

At midnight the clouds burst in a severe squall, which was followed by a torrent of rain. Then a smart breeze set in from the north-east, and the atmosphere was clear and bright, and smiled as it were malignantly for a while:—the wind increased; in two hours it blew a

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tremendous gale, and the atmosphere, portentously dark, was lighted up at short intervals with vivid flashes of the electric fluid. At half past two the gale lulled; but at three came the force of the hurricane, when heavy, sudden, and awful gusts seemed to shake the foundation of the island itself.

“And all around, the clouds, the air, the sea, Rose from unnatural, dead tranquillity, And came to battle with their legions.”

Then the work of destruction commenced; every succeeding five minutes there was heard in the town the dreadful crash of falling trees, chimneys, roofs, anti houses themselves, above the roaring of the gale. Those who had cellars to their houses took shelter in them, overpowered with feelings of intense agony; they were helpless, and could only commit themselves to the care of a merciful Providence. Huge pieces of timber, tiles, and bricks would continually strike the frail tenements, and the inhabitants whose houses had been overwhelmed, would be heard wandering about the streets crying for shelter.

The greater number of the houses were levelled with the earth or unroofed; the largest trees were torn up by the roots, or their branches were twisted off them, and whirled like the autumnal leaves before the blast; the air was filled with shattered fragments, 102 threatening with instant death those exposed without shelter to the pelting storm. The majestic palms would be tossed to and fro as a withe, then snapped off with all appalling crash, or uplifted from the earth with terrific force, and dashed against the buildings they were wont to shade; and tombstones prostrated, exposed the coffins of the dead.

Some imagined there was an earthquake during the storm. There was a rapid shower of hail while the wind was between north and west; then it shifted and blew fiercely from the east, veered to the south-east, and about six o'clock burst from the south-west with renewed violence, accompanied with a deluge of rain. The sea all this time rolled in mountain waves towards the shore, and was lashed into one immense sheet of white

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foam. As the quick rising billows uplifted their heads, the wind carried the salt spray into the troubled air, and swiftly bore it on its pinions over the ill-fated island.

During the tremendous squall from the north-west, which swept the western part of the island, the power of the wind was such, that a heavy cart was blown into a pond a considerable distance from it, and taken out afterwards piecemeal. A large leaden cistern (attached to a sugar mill), which received the cane juice, was battered or *crumpled* by the wind like paper squeezed in the hands; and those who were driven into the fields, so far from being able to stand on their legs, could not even sit up, the wind was so violent as to throw them on their faces.

The lightning flashed tremendously in their eyes, and appeared to strike the ground only a few yards from them; but such was the roar of the wind, that the thunder could not be heard. Innumerable fire-balls were seen to fall from the clouds. Those who saved themselves in their cellars or hurricane chambers, although doubtless they had dangers and terrors enough of their own (the dread of the walls falling in upon them, keeping them in a state of horrible agony and suspense), yet could form no adequate idea of what was seen, heard, and felt by those who lay in the open fields.

The gentleman beforementioned said, that whilst he lay with his family around him in a pool of water, the blue lightning appeared just to miss his wretched group, and the phosphoric light, which seemed to be falling in great balls from the clouds, in one instance was brushed from the head of a child, who providentially remained unhurt. The dreadful howling of the wind, which resembled the not far distant roar of heavy artillery; the pelting of the rain drops, which seemed to fall like small shot on the eyes, and reddened and bruised the tender necks of the delicate females; the pieces of timber falling within a few feet of the 103 trembling group; the impenetrable, the Cimmerian darkness which shrouded the sky in a black pall in those intervals when the lightning glared not, were horrors which were not witnessed by those under cover— *they* have yet to learn what the fearful accompaniments of a hurricane are.

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Conceive the situation of those who, reared in the lap of luxury, never before had been exposed to the rude warfare of the elements; who, accustomed to every comfort, and even superfluity which money could procure, were driven forth from their dwellings at the midnight hour, their roof pursuing them and flying in thousands of fragments over their heads; then lying down on the damp ground, cramped and chilled by the cold, paralyzed and stupified with terror, and continuing in this state for several hours! The bodily and mental torture of those who were in health must have been excruciating, but what must the state have been of delicate females who had been lingering on a bed of sickness? and many of these there were, some in the open fields, separated from their relatives and friends, and almost in a state of nudity; helpless infants too were in like manner torn from the arms of their distracted parents.

From six to eight the wind and rain continued, but there was little standing to encounter the fury of the hurricane; then the tempest subsided, and winged its flight to the north-west. The noise of the winds and the crashing of the falling ruins having ceased, the shrieks of the affrighted, and the groans of the wounded and dying, broke in mournful sounds and pitiable accents on the ears of the less unfortunate survivors; all was desolation and ruin—not one house in Bridgetown had escaped, and thousands of the population of the island were buried, or fallen among the ruins of their own habitations, or severely injured. “The groans of the people spread over the hills; it was like the thunder of night, when the cloud bursts on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind.”

Every street was impassable, every roof was gone. every lane closed up, shingles and immense pieces of wood, stone, and bricks were knee deep in the streets. In one place the heads of the numberless dead were seen; in another their arms and legs, in many instances severed from their bodies. Those whose strength remained, commenced a sorrowful search for the respective members of their families, some of whose lifeless bodies were disinterred from the ruins to be transferred on boards to another grave, whilst mangled forms of others were dragged forth frightful from their bruises, and making the

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hearts of their sympathising relatives bleed with anguish. Wives would be seen crying bitterly for the loss of their husbands, mothers weeping for their children, 104 sons and daughters lamenting the loss of all that was dear to them in life. Then again, those who unexpectedly met after a signal deliverance, would rush into each other's arms and cry aloud for joy.

On the garrison of St. Anne, the storm spent a portion of its severity; fifty men were killed under the ruins, and upwards of two hundred officers and men were seriously injured. The wind rushed under the broad verandahs, tore off the roofs, demolished the walls, and the pillars were levelled in rows.

The country villas were now no more, and the once beautiful and smiling scenery was now also gone. No vestiges remained of the woods and the groves of palms, and even the soil which produced them was washed away; almost all the public buildings were razed to the ground. Besides the magnificent barracks, and the military store houses, Government-house and King's-house, Codrington's college, the custom-house, theatre, and national school, were heaps of ruins.

The shipping which rode so proudly and apparently so safely in the noble bay had disappeared, but the beach told the fate of many ships, brigs, schooners, and cutters; some of them were stranded, others foundered at their moorings, and a few were driven to sea; twelve at least were seen high and dry, total wrecks. Twenty years will not repair the damage done in Bridgetown alone, and a century, it is said, will not place the planters or estates on the same good footing as they were on the 10th of August, the fields, which on that day presented so luxuriant an appearance, were completely changed into a desert; neither canes, corn, nor provisions, with a few inconsiderable exceptions, were left in the ground, and the sugar mills were all overthrown.

The cathedral, although it received considerable injury in the roof, was yet made available as an hospital, and presented a dismal spectacle. There the dead and the dying were

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borne from different places, and the bruised taken for surgical assistance. The pews were filled with white, free-coloured, and slaves, no respect of persons was shown—all, by a very judicious and benevolent arrangement, were provided with every comfort, with food and medicine, and were most diligently and regularly attended by the physicians and surgeons of the town, assisted by medical gentlemen of the army; the clergy and the staff took their watch day and night, and ministered to the comforts of the afflicted patients.

His Excellency Sir James Lyon, himself a considerable sufferer in worldly estate, and having been driven to the cellar of Government-house, was most prompt in calling the legislature together, and did all, which in his situation he could do, for removing 105 or lessening the public distress. Besides, that excellent and distinguished officer who happily for the colony then administered the government, most generously announced his determination not to receive his colonial salary during the severe exigency of the island.

The active exertions of the ecclesiastical chief, Lord Bishop Coleridge, and of the venerable the Archdeacon, can never be remembered but with gratitude: the spiritual and temporal wants of the distressed were most promptly attended to by these distinguished persons; and crowded congregations offered up to that God who had humbled and afflicted, but not destroyed them, their sacrifice of thanksgiving, humiliation, and prayer. It was indeed truly gratifying to see the pious feelings of the people generally, rich and poor, bond and free, under this afflicting dispensation. A subdued spirit, a patience, a tranquillity of feeling, a cheerful and truly Christian resignation, pervaded all ranks. Many who had always occupied spacious apartments, furnished with every convenience and every elegant article of domestic use, were now, with their families and dependants, and in many instances with their neighbours, who had been deprived of *all* shelter, huddled together, ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty persons, in a negro-house or a cellar, a kitchen, a stable, or a coach-house.

It is said that “the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb;” and this was verified in the present instance: a pestilence was dreaded from the putrid dead and unburied bodies of men

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and animals, a famine was to be feared, and a negro insurrection; but providentially none of these calamities took place, for the cup of suffering of the Barbadians was already full. Some of the slaves showed insolence and insubordination, but the majority of them behaved in the most exemplary manner; and though at first paralyzed and stupified, they at last made every exertion to preserve their own and their master's property. Would this have been the case if their proprietors had previously ill-treated them?

The noise of the carpenter's hammer was heard in every direction, and all exerted themselves to restore shelter. Food was abundant, and we record the fact with feelings of unmingled pleasure, that the merchants of the town disdained to take any advantage of the distress of the moment to raise the price of any articles of necessaries. They not only disposed of them at the usual prices, but also effectually prevented any base attempt to monopolize articles of food by retailing them, thus accommodating families with small quantities at a time. This noble and disinterested conduct must ever be remembered with respect and gratitude. O

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The conduct of the neighbouring colonists cannot, either, be too highly extolled; sums of money were voted from the public chests, subscriptions were opened, and vessels freighted with timber and provisions for the sufferers, not only at Barbadoes, but at also at St. Vincent's and St. Lucia; and though themselves suffering from the general depression in the West Indies, one and all most humanely and promptly stepped forth in aid of the kind, brave, and hospitable people, who on every occasion of colonial distress have evinced themselves so ready to help others. The government also most liberally granted £100,000 to Barbadoes, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, &c. to assist in repairing the damage they had sustained; £50,000 of which sum was appropriated to the use of Barbadoes.

The amount of property destroyed in Barbadoes was estimated at two millions and a half; and five thousand human beings miserably perished, and were severely wounded in the ever memorable hurricane of the 11th of August 1831. So great a destruction of

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property, and so melancholy a loss of life, is believed to be without a parallel in history, except where whole cities with their inhabitants have been swallowed up by earthquakes, or overwhelmed with volcanic eruptions.

CHAPTER XII.

Sail from Barbadoes.—A party in the cabin.—Anecdotes of Clapperton the traveller—Appearance of Tobago.—The drowning mariner.—View of Scarborough.—Robinson Crusoe.—Land.—Delightful prospect from Mr. Noding's residence.—Effects of Defoe's celebrated narrative.—The citadel.—The country.—Visit to the Governor.—See Trinidad from a hill.—Attractions of the fair Creoles.—Dangerous to travellers.—An excellent character.—Ridiculous fears of a Tobago proprietor.—Ride across the Island.—Effects of a hurricane.—Courland Bay.—Outline of the history of the Tobago.—The negroes.—Natural productions of Tobago.—The currents and Crusoe's Cave.—Indians from the main.

I took a passage for Tobago in the mail schooner Jean, the fastest in commission in the Antilles, lately the yacht of Sir W. W. Wynne; and one stormy-looking evening, with black clouds hanging over Carlisle Bay, we stood away from "Little England."

It blew fresh and rained during the night, but we had a very comfortable party in the cabin, where the tale went round as usual. Our captain had been a shipmate of that daring traveller Clapperton, and told many characteristic anecdotes of him. "He was a d—d smart fellow, sir; drew well, but was not particularly 107 clever with the pen; he was first of all in the merchant service, and then in a man of war, and it was not long before he got on the quarter-deck, but he ran away when a midshipman, and some time afterwards was pressed from a merchantman, and was placed in the same ship he had been in before, where a second time he was made an officer, for he was a thorough seaman every inch of him. He was tall, and strong as a young elephant.—Lord! I remember him springing across the forehatch, and taking our two biggest hands in the ship and rapping their heads

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together for quarrelling; he could floor an ox, sir,—such a fore arm! He was headstrong, but of a fine, generous and brave spirit, and proud as Lucifer of the navy. Once we were lying off Macao, in China, the captain was on shore, when a typhoon came on; it blew as if St. Antonio had burst his bags, and we all thought the frigate would go down at her anchors. I was in bed, under the effects of mercury to cure a stiff attack of fever, when Clapperton jumps down into my berth with only a pair of nankeen trowsers on, rolled up to his knees—‘Well, old fellow, get up,’ says he, ‘I’m come for you, there’s no time to be lost, we must make a swim of it; we’re old cronies you know, and I would rather save you than any man aboard.’ ‘It’s of no use,’ said I, ‘water will kill me, I may as well lie here, but take the captain’s commission, his decoration, and his mother’s picture, and save them;’ so he tied them in a handkerchief round his neck, and was actually forcing me out of my cot when the gale began to lull. D—n it, Clapperton was made of the right stuff, depend upon it; and his death is a great loss to the service.”

We were not long in sighting Tobago; it seemed when seen from the north to be a mass of high mountains, had a very gloomy appearance, for black precipices descended abruptly into the sea, and rain clouds rested on the heavy forests.

“The land appeared a high and rocky coast, And higher grew the mountains as we drew,
Set by a current, towards it.”

We ran along shore, the colour of the sea being livid like molten lead, with very strong currents. We had a view of the melancholy island in its whole extent, the high central ridge of basalt, with separate hills rising from it, and below it, and forming deep and narrow ravines, through which streams were seen to pour. The north side terminated in abrupt precipices, with the dark islands of little Tobago and the dangerous rocks called St. Giles’s, skirted with white breakers, dashing high upon them with sullen roar: the south side terminated in plains and lowlands. Truly it was a sight of gloom; very different from smiling Barbadoes.

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A few plantations were observed on the sides of the mountains, and we saw in a bay a five-hundred-ton ship stranded in the late hurricane. It was evening, and though unable to run in with the land; yet we could not lie too, or the current would soon have swept us out of sight of the island; so we stood away, avoiding the dangerous rock called the Minister. We were straining our eyes to catch the lights of the houses in Scarborough, (for here, as in the other West India Isles, there is a deplorable want of light houses,) and were at the same time all anxiety to clear the sunken Minister, when a voice of distress hailed us from the sea; we answered the shout, but got no reply, and it was so dark that we could not perceive the wretched being from whom the voice proceeded; we shortened sail, but it was useless—the wind whistled through our cordage and the sails flapped heavily, but the sea and sharks had done their work.

We saw a twinkling light afar off and stood in again, and got under the rocks of Scarborough and into a fine bay. From the heights above us numerous lights flashed out, and at eight o'clock the bugles from the citadel sent forth their warning sounds. We anchored, and at early dawn a strange sight presented itself: on our right, nearly five hundred feet above us, was Fort George, on a conical hill below it was the town—houses and trees intermixed—before us; the head of the bay was covered with wrecks, as if the island had lately been visited by an invader. Cocoonut trees fringed the water, and the land sloped away to the main ridge, green and verdant, and on the left the land stretched out long and low to where it ended in Sandy Point. Flocks of pelicans flew round us, dived, brought up fish, and goodnaturedly allowed the parasite gull to light on their heads and partake with them. Reader, it was here that Defoe laid the scene of the shipwreck and hermitage of the celebrated Robinson Crusoe.

I landed, and walked up the steep streets of Scarborough, admiring the handsome forms of the creoles of French extraction, sitting at the doors of the houses. I passed a large town-house and a methodist meeting-house, conspicuously situated, and delivered my letters to Mr. Noding, one of the most respectable merchants on the island, with whom

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I took up my residence. What a delightful view of Rocky Bay, famous for turtle, and of the garden of the island, where the rich black mould is highly cultivated, did Mr. Noding's house command! and above all of the strand where "the hermit is said to have walked about, lifting up his hands, and his whole soul being wrapped up in the contemplation of his deliverance from the raging ocean, then cast his eyes on the stranded vessel, which the breach and froth of the sea nearly covered, and reflected on all his companions who 109 were drowned, and looked to Heaven and thanked God in the ecstasy and transport of his soul that his life was spared." Yet thus he often thought, "though monarch of all he surveyed,"

"Society, friendship, and love, Divinely bestowed upon man, Oh! had I the wings of a dove, How soon would I taste you again!"

What a tide of recollections of our boyish days did not this scene occasion, and of the extraordinary effects of Defoe's great work; of how many it had unsettled, of how many it had sent roaming, and imbued with a spirit of adventure. Good Master Daniel! though your fiction (if fiction it be, which I really much doubt,) suggests very useful instruction "by showing how the native powers of man may be exerted for surmounting the difficulties of any external situation;" yet the wonders of the life of your hero are so exciting, and of such variety, that you have occasioned thousands of youths of lively imagination and ardent temperaments to court danger and difficulty, and have moistened many a fond mother's and sister's cheek with salt tears, for those destined never again to be a light to their eyes.

I visited the citadel with poor Klocker of the Royal Engineers, now no more, and was sorry to see that the quarters of the troops (a wing of the Royals) were not very agreeable, and that there was a deadly morass under the hill of Scarborough. This morass had been partly drained and cultivated, still there is much to be done; and it would cost but little to prevent the overflowing of the low land by the tide, which here rises four feet. It would also be worth while to employ the military, morning and evening, in throwing up earthen ramparts with turf revêtements, where the stone ramparts are open and unfinished. Some

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officers try how they can save their men between the tropics from all fatigue; that is not the secret of health, but moderate exercise and labour, with temperance.

I mounted a horse to visit the Governor, General Blackwell, who resided in a hired residence some four miles in the country, till the new Government house (on an elevated site, with the town and Rockley Bay below it,) should be completed. In traversing the country I was struck with its beauty, and forgot my first impressions of the island from the sea; many of the hills, though steep, were so regular, that they were cultivated to near their summits, that is, those in the direction of Courland Bay, on the west side of the island; while to the north it was one wild and romantic scene of mountain and wood, with numerous cascades 110 in dark glens, where wild hogs and birds, resembling the beautiful varieties met with in the Spanish main, are found.

General Blackwell, who had served unremittingly from the taking of Seringapatam to the end of the last great Continental war, received me with great urbanity and kindness. I left his Excellency, and proceeded to one of the highest points in the centre of the island, and had a noble view across it from Rockley to Courland Bay. To the South was seen the Island of Trinidad. What says Crusoe? "It being a very clear day, I fairly descried land, whether an island or a continent I could not tell, but it lay very high, extending from the west to the west south-west, at a very great distance; by my guess it could not be less than fifteen or twenty leagues of—probably the savage coast between the Spanish country and Brazil, whose inhabitants are indeed the worst of savages, for they are cannibals or man-eaters, and fail not to murder and devour all the human bodies that fall into their hands."

I returned to Mr. Noding's, and spent the evening with some of his friends, acquiring information regarding the island, with the pleasant interlude of music.

I may say with truth, that if the wanderer does not keep watch on his heart while voyaging among the Antilles, he will find them to be isles of Calypso, and there forget Ithaca. Fair

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daughters of the West, “your languid beauty captivates in the morning, and the lively gaiety of your heart delights at eventide.” True, you are not very industrious, but that is the fault of your early education among indolent Africans, and also arises from the enervating effects of the climate; but after a visit to the old country, you return graceful and accomplished, with mild and gentle manners, and pure hearts. I saw a Penelope in Tobago, whom I fain would have wooed, but the Fates forbade it; with hair black and glossy as the raven's wing—with eyes like those of doves “by the rivers of waters washed with milk, and fitly set—and with a countenance like Lebanon, excellent as the cedar;” her form like the beautiful cypress in a garden of Iran amidst beds of spices and pleasant flowers—her voice like that of the boolbool telling his loves to his favourite rose.

Though at the risk of offending a friend, I cannot omit giving a sketch of the career of a gentleman of Tobago, so highly to his praise; presenting at the same time a picture creditable to humanity, and one which ought to attach us more and more to our species. Of a respectable Dutch family, he was shipwrecked when a mere infant, on the island of Barbadoes, and lost all his relatives; he alone was saved, and was left a naked and helpless child. A kind-hearted planter adopted him, tenderly reared him, educated him, and established him as a merchant. He was intelligent and industrious, and fortune was propitious. He settled in Tobago, and was living in comfort and independence, with a charming wife and family, when fortune frowned on his benefactor in the evening of his days. He then eagerly solicited him to share his dwelling with him, and there I saw him.

A young man who had been left considerable estates in Tobago, went there lately from Liverpool to see his property, but the demon of yellow-fever seemed to haunt him whilst he remained on the island. He was in constant dread and alarm; brought with him a large supply of chlorate of lime; carried some continually about his person; white-washed his room with it, and sprinkled it on the floor. It was quite laughable to see his apprehension; he thought, he talked, he dreamt of nothing but “the black vomit;” and one evening whilst at dinner, on some one by way of joke telling him that “a case” had just occurred in town, though in reality Tobago has been remarkably free from yellow-fever of late years, he

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got up from table, hurried down to the beach, embarked in a vessel that was to sail for England next day, and was off without previously arranging his affairs; he being of opinion that—

“The weariest and most loathed worldly life, That ago, ache, penury and imprisonment Can lay on nature, is a paradise To what he feared of death.”

I started one morning at an early hour to breakfast with the Governor, and visit some of the plantations and the west side of the island; Knocker, as before, accompanied me; an excellent young man he was, quiet and gentlemanly in his deportment, and I believe fully prepared for the dread visit of the remorseless blighter of youthful hopes and anticipations.

We everywhere saw the effects of the late hurricane: trees lay across the road which had been cut up by the heavy rain; the rivers at the bottom of the steep hills had risen ten feet at once, and swept off houses, mills, and cattle, the plantains and yams of the negro grounds. The canes too had slipped down in many places, and it was calculated that £15,000 of damage had been sustained on the estates, and £6000 by the shipping.

With my oriental head-dress, I rode all day in the flaming sun with impunity, but was drenched by some heavy tropical showers. In descending to Courland Bay, a beautiful sea view opened upon us; palm trees waved on the iron bound shore, on which the breakers played and coquetted with the black rocks; a single droguing (coasting) sloop lay at anchor in the smooth water before 112 a battery of cannon placed at the point which commands the entrance of the harbour; and the scattered houses of the small town of Plymouth, half hidden in foliage, were immediately below us.

It is not known by whom Tobago was discovered, but its abundant production of useful woods, fertile soil, and numerous streams, attracted a small colony from Barbadoes in 1625, which shortly afterwards abandoned the island, and left perhaps the goats and cats of which Crusoe makes mention. The Dutch and Courlanders alternately possessed the island, and from the latter Courland Bay is named; but after Tobago fell in 1677 to the

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French, it lay desert and neglected until 1757, when a French hermit was discovered by the Stirling castle, who had been living alone for twenty-one years. Since 1803, it has been in the undisputed possession of the English.

I observed and heard that the negroes in Tobago were well treated and contented, and seem to be on excellent terms with their masters; their houses were built of boards, or wattled, and consisted of two apartments, with a portico in front of many of them; and here, after the day's work was over, might be seen the families enjoying themselves in thoughtless levity, or else basket-making, and preparing their trays of market goods. On Saturday night a negro wench balancing an empty bottle on her head, and rattling a calabash filled with small pebbles, advances with a dancing step to the manager, and sings,

“Ax de bottle what he da want, Masse full him, massa full him;”

whilst Tim makes a triangle out of a stirrup and a rusty key, and Jack vigorously thumps a skin stretched across a barrel, throws back his woolly head, and shouts with delight at his own rude music.

Though the country of Tobago is for the most part improvable, there is but little of it in cultivation; still it is valuable for supplying timber for ship-building, and victualling for fleets. Merchants and planters may here make fortunes if the fanatics would only leave them alone. If the naturalist visits the island, he will find it abound in fruits and flowers, and in birds of the most splendid plumage, in great numbers and of infinite variety. I saw several beautiful collections, consisting principally of mannikens, parroquets, and humming birds. Basalt, sienite, and trap, from the highest ridges, and I picked up some madrepores on the hills, and enriched my sketch-book with many interesting views.

It will be in the recollection of my readers, that when Robinson 113 Crusoe put to sea in his canoe, he describes minutely the currents which set round his desolate island, and how they seemed to be affected by the stream of a great river on the main, doubtless the

great Oronoocu. So correct is the description of the set of these currents, that they could only have been seen to be so particularly noticed. "Surely," I exclaimed, "Defoe's work has a true narrative for its basis;" and will it be believed that near Sandy-point there is a cave, answering the description of the one in which the hermit saw the frightful monster, the old he-goat, glaring upon him? The entrance of this cave is hidden by brushwood, which requires to be cut away before the mouth of it is reached. The cave is level and dry, and divided into two apartments, and the floor is covered with the skeletons of goats; near it is the sandy beach where the print of the man's foot paralyzed Crusoe.

I was cogitating on all the similarities I had observed between Tobago and the island of Crusoe, when on walking to the beach I discovered two canoes of Carib Indians which had just arrived, assisted by the currents from Trinidad or the main; not, as in days of yore, to partake of a bloody feast, but to barter fish, basket-work, and variegated wood for cutlery and beads. These people were nearly naked, of a dark olive colour, their faces round and plump, eyes sparkling, nose small and straight, a good mouth set with ivory teeth, and withal comely, handsome people, perfectly well made, and with strong limbs; then I thought of the Man Friday, and was perfectly convinced that I trod the soil hallowed in the recollection of the English youth, as the scene of the hermitage of their esteemed favourite Robinson Crusoe.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Sail from Tobago.—Adventure of a French Doctor.—A narrow escape.—Sight of the lofty shores of Trinidad.—The King-fish.—Pass the Boccas.—Bay of Chagaramus.—Combat between a Whale and Thrasher.—The Port of Spain.—The Antilles well adapted for Panoramas.—The first Alcalde.—Drive through the Capital of Trinidad.—The Cathedral.—Beauty of the Creole Women.—The Catholic Church.—Visit the Markets.—Feathered Scavengers.—The late Captain T. Abercrombie Trant.—Environs of Port of Spain.—The Government House at St. Anne's.—The Barracks of St. James.—The Church Service

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ought to be curtailed for Soldiers.—Trinidad Races.—The Coloured Spectators.—Sacrifice to Bacchus.—Sable Divinities.—The Spanish Ladies.—The Carnival.—The ride to St. Joseph's.—Swamps.—Injudicious clearing of Timber.—Great fertility of the Soil.—Sugar Estates.—Manner of Purchasing Estates.—The Cocoa Planters ruined.—Climate of St. Joseph's good.—Mortality in the West Indies less than that in the East.—The Lepers.

Once more upon the waters, the anchor weighed, jib, fore, and mainsail set, pennant and ensign displayed, and the long black hull with its narrow red streaks buries its bows in the rolling sea. We steered cautiously out of Rocky Bay, passed the dangerous reefs, and two conspicuous red rocks with shrubby tops, white with sea-fowl, and saw a large turtle entangled in the seine set by the mulatto fishermen. We soon left behind us the pleasant houses at Scarborough, which ere long dimly blended with the verdure of Tobago; and gladly careered over the waves. In any other craft we should have been washed fore and aft, but the rake of our masts was such, that we were lifted clear over the sparkling crests, and left a bright snowy track in our wake.

One of our passengers was a French doctor, who said he was a botanist, making a tour among the Antilles; when he afterwards left us, he omitted to pay his passage money, thinking, perhaps, that men of science ought to be franked everywhere. I got into conversation with him, and he said, that a short time before he had sailed from Surinam, in a schooner of fifteen tons, bound for Martinique; so small was she that the water was “flush” with the gunwale; there were only the Dutch captain and two hands on board, and one of the last was laid up with ophthalmia. The captain took no observation said his quadrant was out of order; but the fact was, he himself was constantly drunk. A few rotten plantains were the only eatables on board, and after sixteen days out, all reckoning lost, and the water gone, an American fortunately hove in sight, and took them into Antigua, or else they must have all perished.

It is strange to see the small schooners and cutters which navigate 115 between the Antilles; many disappear every year, either foundering in squalls, or captured by pirates

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and slavers. Thus a gentleman told me, that he landed from a schooner, with his servant, at St. Vincent's, leaving all his baggage on board, and a rich collection of objects of natural history, for he intended merely to speak to a friend and return in an hour or two to the schooner, which lay off and on waiting for him; a squall came on, the schooner stood out to sea, and has never been heard of to this day—there was a narrow escape!

Fresh blew the breeze as we sighted the lofty and romantic shores of Trinidad; the captain kept near the land, and from the deck of our little bark we enjoyed a glorious prospect. The mountainous coast was covered with gigantic forest trees, the tropical woods of noble growth descending to meet the waves, where precipices did not fall abruptly into the deep water; on the right were the blue ridges of Cumana, in South America, and before us were the wooded islands between the mouths of the Dragon, or Boccas, seeing all which, in Oriental phrase, “caused the goblet of the heart to overflow with the wine of ecstasy.”

We stood out for the Bocca Grande, and caught a king-fish (not unlike a salmon) of twelve pounds weight, with a line over the stern; it was immediately cut up and cooked, and a more delicious morsel I have seldom tasted. Our eyes and mouths feasted with beautiful scenery and savoury morsels; we rolled under a wall of rocks on the right, and found a strong ripple and powerful current setting against us; we were between a Scylla and Charybdis, and the danger is imminent if in these dreaded passages the breeze fails. We saw the rock on which a large ship had lately been broken up, but to Æolus was favourable—

“Implevit velis ventisque secundis,”

and we dashed into the clear waters of the gulf of Paria.

In the bay of Chagaramus is a whaling establishment, and here it is usual to see the monsters of the deep majestically ploughing the waves, turning up their black sides to the sun, and spouting water to a great height in the air; here also are frequently witnessed desperate combats between the whale and the thrasher; the latter springing into the air

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falls with violence on its enormous foe, and belabours it with its tail. The noise of the combatants, and agitation in the sea are very great; the whale dives perpendicularly, and is then said to be attacked by the sword-fish, and again reappearing, the thrasher assails it, till worn out and exhausted in the encounter, it falls a prey to its enemies, and its flesh is devoured.

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Low lying and surrounded with an amphitheatre of hills, was Port of Spain, the most imposing and the handsomest city in the West Indies, with tower and spire, and massive stone buildings. Before it lay the shipping and canoes, with white sails, darting amongst the larger vessels. Stretching to the south of the city was the Savannah Grande, of fertility equalled only by that of the plains of Guiana; and as we cast our eyes back to the Boceas, we saw the coast studded with rocky islets.

I sketched the enchanting panorama as we were becalmed for a short time, before we slowly approached the anchorage grounds; and in the hands of a Claude, the scene might be worked up into a picture of surpassing loveliness. Panoramic views of the Antilles would make the fortune of any painter, and give the English public some idea of the beauty and value of their Occidental possessions, alas! how decried.

The harbour-master carried me on shore in his boat, and I landed on an excellent pier, beside a battery of cannon, and took up my residence in the suburban villa of the first Alcalde, M. Shine.

Port of Spain is extremely well built, and I was delighted with the regularity of the streets, the public walks shaded with trees, and the neat trottoirs for foot passengers; but at this time, the month of July, the thermometer was at 90° in the shade, and the refreshing sea breeze was shut out by the picturesque hills to windward.

I drove through the streets with my kind entertainer, and remarked the substantial air of the Spanish houses, so different from the wooden buildings usual in British colonies.

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Our countrymen visit tropical countries only to accumulate wealth, and return to enjoy it in Old England; whereas foreigners expatriate themselves entirely, and build for their descendants. The general air of cleanliness about the city said much in favour of its municipal police; and those public buildings which had been constructed under the eye of a late Governor, Sir Ralph Woodford, were evidences of his good taste.

We first visited the Protestant church, or cathedral, occupying one side of a square, and built in the gothic style with a lofty square tower. The body of the cathedral is extremely elegant, the great expanse of the roof, unbroken by ailes, is beautifully groined, and the wainscoting, altar, doors and pews were composed of the rich woods of the island, carved in excellent taste. The draperies were purple, and there were no invidious distinctions between the accommodation for the whites and the coloured people.

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“Fleecy locks and dark complexion Cannot forfeit Nature's claim; Skins may differ, but devotion Dwells in white and black the same.”

Truly, the coloured women here are uncommonly handsome; Spanish blood they say amalgamates better than British with African, and really I saw some faces and figures that reminded me of the healthy olive cheeks and cypress waists of the East. Now the brown creoles of the old English islands have not such characteristics, neither do they dress so well; and I was particular in learning from the fair daughter of the alcalde the fashionable mode of adjusting the saffron and crimson handkerchief, which so well becomes the head of the Trinidad mulattas.

The Catholic church, also of gothic architecture, is a more prominent and beautiful object than the Protestant, and is very conspicuous from the harbour, with its tower, lofty roof, and pointed windows. Here, under the chancel, are entombed the remains of a bishop who died a short time ago, leaving behind him an unblemished character, and bearing with him to the grave the regrets of all the inhabitants of Port of Spain, whether Roman Catholic or

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Protestant. Indeed the kindly feeling and absence of all religious animosity which exists among the inhabitants of this island, are highly deserving of praise. Though there was a superb avenue of trees leading up to the entrance of the church, forming a most delightful promenade, it seemed to be at all times deserted, the ladies preferring the roads near the town, and even the hot streets.

I visited the markets, and saw the treasures, in the shape of vegetables and fruits, which are here bestowed in luxurious abundance by a bountiful nature. Plantains and sweet potatoes, okras, yams and teniers were exposed in baskets before brown or black hucksters, sitting under the shade of umbrellas, whilst the eye delighted to wander over the heaps of pomegranates, guavas, shaddocks, oranges, limes, custard-apples, mangoes, pines, and grenadilloes, which could be purchased for very trifling sums.

The butchers had a cool hall immediately opposite the vegetable and fruit market, and it would have pleased those who “hanker after the flesh pots of Egypt,” to have witnessed the cleanliness of the stalls, and the excellent appearance of the beef and mutton, of which eight pence per pound was, I believe, the price. Outside and unmolested, were at least one hundred black vultures, waiting patiently in rows to perform the office of scavengers; like the adjutant of India, their voracity is quite surprising, and they make “no bones” of whatever is thrown them.

When I went out in the morning I had remarked an Indian 118 from the interior sitting on a log and looking towards the sea; in the afternoon I looked again to the log, and lo! there was the self-same day-dreamer sitting in the same spot, and in the same attitude, but his face now turned inland.

Before we take a glance of the environs of Port of Spain let us state to the reader, that from a highly-valued friend, now no more, we derived much information regarding Trinidad; that friend, whose loss we never cease to deplore, was Captain T. Abercrombie Trant of the twenty-eighth regiment, who resided a year on this island. A concise account of the

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extraordinary career of this young officer, who was cut off at the early age of twenty-seven, will be found in the attractive pages of the United Service Journal for April 1832; and here let it suffice to state, that he had served his king and country with honour and reputation in the four quarters of the globe, was favourably known to the public as the author of "Two Years in Ava," and the "Narrative of a Journey in Greece," and was cut off after protracted sufferings, occasioned by the various trying changes of climate he had undergone at a time when the star of his fortune was apparently in the ascendant. But, alas! for youthful anticipations and fond hopes of future success,

"'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, that when the poor heart clings, With all its finest tendrils, with all its flexile rings, That goodly thing it cleaveth to, so fondly and so fast, Is struck to earth by lightning, or shattered by the blast."

Of the colony of Trinidad, abounding as it does in natural curiosities, with a rich and productive soil, with valleys bounded by the most picturesque and beautiful hills, and those few parts of the island under cultivation indicating its vast capabilities, and how important it may yet become, I could see little in the course of a few days; but my friend supplied my deficiencies; and to him then let the reader ascribe much of the information which is found in the following pages.

Much as the Port of Spain is to be admired, still more does the country around it attract attention; the mountains form a wide semicircle in the back ground, and between them and the town the intervening level plain is cultivated; the sides of the circular road, for four miles out of town, are diversified with cottage residences and plantations, and in addition to the eternal verdure of the trees, the waving fields of sugar-cane present a bright sheet of green, "whilst the red blossoms of the bois immortal shine like clusters of rubies in a setting of emeralds, and the yellow flowers of the tulip-trees form a dazzling relief to the dark-coloured leaves."

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I drove out to St. Anne's, the country residence of the interim-Governor, Sir Charles Smith, R. E. The house is cool and commodious, stands on an elevated plateau commanding a delightful view of the town and gulf of Paria, and is backed by the forest-covered mountains, and surrounded by a botanical garden, in which are rare and valuable plants from distant climes. The nutmeg, cinnamon, and clove there flourish, the banyan and teak, the bread fruit, cocoa, and vanilla, grow on a soil carpeted with delicious lemon grass.

Next I visited the barracks of St. James, two miles from town, in a most beautiful situation, but badly chosen in point of salubrity. The buildings were extremely handsome and substantial, surrounded with iron railings, and behind them was a park over which waved the feathery leaves of palms: above were wooded hills, and in front was the sea; but near them was a badly-drained swamp, and the cold currents of air from the lovely valley of Maraval, caused great mortality in a wing of the Royal regiment. Though there was a prodigal disbursement of money in the construction of St. James's barracks, yet there is not accommodation for a regiment in them.

I attended divine service with the officers and men of the Royals (among the former I discovered some fellow-students at the Royal Military College), and though I remarked that attention was given to the sermon, I am of opinion that between the tropics, the service of the Church of England would not be the worse for being shortened, for many a slumbering soldier behind me gave nasal tokens of inattention; and I have always remarked the same to prevail among negroes. During the prayers they doze, rouse themselves to listen to the sermon, and are always wide awake to accompany the organ with their excellent voices.

Sometimes, but rarely, there are races in front of St. Anne's; the novelty consequently attracts a great many spectators, and the scene becomes very animated. A stand is erected for the accommodation of the fair sex, and a profusion of bonnets and ribbons, many pretty faces, and neatly turned ankles, may be seen crowded within its limits.

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At four in the afternoon scarcely a soul remains in town, except the old and the bed-ridden. The merchants shut up their stores (for though here, as in other western Isles, there are veritables boutiques, yet the word shop is unknown), and if single, mount their horses, or if they have a better half step into a light one-horse chaise, and whirl along the firmly macadamized road to the place of rendezvous. Then the more aristocratic part of the society follow, amidst a crowd of merry, grinning blacks and good-looking coloured girls, with bright flaming fichus tied *a la Française*, 120 and feeling as proud and consequential as the first lady in the land. Even “Beau Nash” closes his retail store, and Reine Maude leaves her throne, whence she is wont to dole out “Epicerie en detail,” and proceed to join the spectators.

There being none of the Greek ##?####, or officers to preserve order and regularity, at the St. Anne's races, when the horses start with black jockeys in their silken jackets and top boots, what a shout arises from the motley crowd—such an uproar, such anxiety, such betting! men who, one might suppose, possessed nothing but the clothes on them, stake their dollars, joes and doubloons, and then the eagerness with which the “legs” (to call them black would be invidious), make their bets, and strive to take each other in, is not the least amusing part of the scene. Then in the interval between the heats, some tents where refreshments are sold become the caaba, or point of attraction; and when the rum begins to take effect, and blackey's wit to be excited, many are the jokes, and loud the roars of laughter, one might hear there.

“Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas,”

said a great man, now no more. The justness of the observation must have been acknowledged, when Wellington and Napoleon were seen rolling along in drunken fellowship, whilst Pompey and Cæsar forgot their rivalry, and merrily enjoyed a glass of grog. Nelson, who carried too much sail aloft, fell on his beam ends; and Blucher staggering past, jeeringly pointed at him, and exclaimed, “Hi, Massa! me tink him dam drunk; him black nigger.” There also the forgotten favourite of a queen, Bergami, might be

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seen,—of course a precious young scamp: innumerable goddesses forsook Olympus, and in the semblance of ebony-coloured damsels joined in the happy group; Juno, Minerva, and Venus, Diana, Aurora, and Hebe, without any apples of discord, severally honoured the assemblage with their presence, and many English names, which might remind one of

“Cheeks vying with the blooming rose, And lips like brightest coral,”

were responded to by ladies having visages as black as coal, noses like saucepans, and mouth from ear to ear. Certainly it is rather annoying to hear names which have been ennobled by the glorious deeds of those who bore them, or which may be endeared to us by recollections of love and affection, thus degraded. There is a full house of peers to be found in any of the Western Isles; and either of the West India regiments contain as many general officers as there are names in the army list; so that those who 121 have earls and viscounts to converse with daily, ought not to complain of their society.

Except on Sundays, and *jours de fetes*, the Spanish creole women are seldom seen. I was fortunate enough to see a considerable number in white and black mantillas (veils); their appearance was very Castilian, though more languishing, and eyes swimming in love; or, “like hawks, these black-eyed damsels playfully glancing, seized with the talons of their eyelashes, the hearts of helpless lovers in their grasp.” They say, however, that there is less dancing and gaiety now among the Spanish residents than formerly; that the light guitar is seldom heard accompanying the voice of a lover when serenading his mistress in her bower, or the castanets keeping time to the steps of a bolero or fandango; yet at the period when the people give a loose to their gaiety, at the Carnival, every house in Port of Spain is thrown open, and the authority of Momus universally acknowledged. Groups of masks perambulate the streets at all hours, and as much life and spirit are then shown as there is listlessness during the previous period of the year.

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The races always close with a ball (but race-balls are nowhere select;) and those who may have been selling gloves or millinery in the morning, may be seen figuring in the dance in the evening— mere trifles to philosophical travellers.

In riding into the interior of the island, the usual road to take is that leading to the town of St. Joseph, due east of the capital; on the left is a range of hills, and on the right, connected with the Savannah Grande, is an extensive swamp covered with mangrove shrubs, and from whence such a noxious vapour exhales that many of the houses built in its vicinity have been deserted. Very little attention has been paid to the draining of swamps in the West; we hear constantly “the bad climate” talked of, but it is like a man's feeble constitution being blamed. The fault rests with ourselves only: if no pains are taken to drain salt marshes, we must expect yellow fever; if no pains are taken to live judiciously, we cannot expect a green old age.

After the swamp is passed, the country is highly cultivated; the pretty village of St. Juan is passed, a fine stream of water crossed, and then the spire of St. Joseph is seen above the cocoa plantations at the entrance of the valley of Maraccas. Gorgeous wild flowers are on the sides of the road, and birds of the richest plumage disport on either hand. The country on the road from St. Joseph's is every where cleared, and being well watered by numerous mountain streams, offers great facilities for cultivation; the clearing of the ground from wood has however been performed with little discrimination, as, not contented with the removal of Q 122 the brushwood and shrubs which might interfere with agriculture, the planters have also felled those majestic trees, which if left in clumps or groups of four or five, would not only have given the estates the semblance of parks, and not have impeded the progress of cultivation, but would also attract rain, so indispensable for canes.

But everywhere in the New World I made the same remark; little or no taste is displayed by the clearers of land, every thing is swept off, “root and branch,” with remorseless hands; so that, as in Trinidad, one sees the houses placed in the middle of an uninteresting open

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space of ground, rendered still more insipid by its contrast with the richness of the wooded mountains which overhang it.

The returns of the soil at Trinidad are so great, that it would seem an easy matter to acquire a large fortune; but although a planter's outset does not seem to be an arduous undertaking, yet when his situation is minutely inquired into, it will appear to be one of much exertion, and requires a great share of perseverance. Land is here so abundant that the price of an estate is not calculated from the number of acres that it comprises, but from the number of slaves belonging to it, each slave being considered adequate to cultivate and manufacture three, or three and a half hogsheads of sugar.

Thus the primary object is to secure a well-manned estate, since owing to the laws prohibiting the removal of slaves from one island to another, those in Trinidad are too few in number to do justice to the prolific soil, and other natural advantages, which give this island a superiority over our other western colonies.

It is also of great importance to fix upon a part of the island whence the sugar may be transported with ease to the coast; but these points being settled, that which one might suppose the most difficult to arrange, namely, the payment, is a matter of no importance, as the purchaser, until by his own industry he has cleared off his mortgages, is merely the agent of the former proprietor.

For instance, if an estate is for sale for £20,000, and a person chooses to become the purchaser, it is merely necessary for him to pay as a first instalment £3000 or £4000, which could be borrowed on the security of the estate; the remainder of the purchase money would only be required in instalments, at considerable intervals; and as an estate of this value would produce £2000 a year, it may be easily understood, that by constant industry and economy a man may, in the course of time, clear off his incumbrances and become independent. There are instances of people having purchased estates without possessing any capital with which to 123 commence, and by judicious management and

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fortunate seasons have secured an unincumbered property in seven years; but these examples are not of frequent occurrence, and for one estate that is out of debt there are a dozen that are mortgaged.

These remarks are solely applicable to the sugar estates, the cocoa plantations being now of no value; hence the depressed state of the poor Spaniards, who principally cultivated this pleasant fruit. Cocoa, many years since, was the staple commodity of the island, but a short-sighted policy induced the planters to introduce an inferior description of that plant, because more productive; and the South American estates having been laid waste by the contending parties during the revolutionary war, they found no difficulty in disposing of it.

But when the peace enabled the Colombians to attend to the cultivation of their estates, the superiority of their cocoa was universally acknowledged, and the result was that the Trinidad planters, who had been in the habit of selling their cocoa at thirty dollars the hundred weight, could no longer find a mart for their produce, and now would be glad to obtain for the best cocoa four dollars a fanega, or one hundred and ten pounds; they are therefore, poor people, mostly ruined. Some are cutting down their beautiful cocoa plantations, "those aromatic shades," in order to plant canes; while others allow the cocoa groves to run wild, and employ their slaves on other estates in cultivating sugar.

Captain Trant, who lived several months at St. Joseph's (seven miles from Port of Spain, now containing about a hundred houses, though formerly the capital, and plundered by Sir Walter Raleigh,) gave a very favourable account of the climate, the thermometer being four or five degrees below that at the modern capital; during the day a refreshing breeze prevailed, which reduced the heat to the temperature of a summer's day in England. Certainly one was not prepared to meet with so fine a climate in the West Indies.

We hear so much of the mortality which is supposed to take place in the West Indies, that they are viewed in the worst possible light, and many suppose when their relatives and friends embark for these islands, that they are preparing to encounter certain death; they

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are pitied for their impending fate, and praised for the fortitude they evince in not shrinking from the trial; and perhaps these very people may live much longer and enjoy better health than those they are leaving.

The fact is, that at least two thirds of the deaths are brought on by imprudence; and if one lives in a quiet moderate way, without absolutely avoiding or seeking exposure to the sun, there is little doubt but that a man may live in the West Indies for many 124 years (at a distance from swamps,) without their proving the Golgotha they are said to be.

The climate there is decidedly superior to that of Bengal; in the latter, if a person were to take exercise at noon in the sun, without a thick turban on, or (what I particularly dislike) an umbrella over his head, a fever would be the inevitable consequence; whereas in the West the sun is comparatively harmless. Observe also the personal appearance of those who have resided for many years in the two climates; the East Indians are (many of them) sallow, withered, and emaciated, while the West Indians, on the contrary, still appear to retain the vigour of their European constitutions (though of course not altogether unimpaired,) and seem much fresher and healthier than their eastern brethren.

In fatal diseases the two countries are much on a par; the East is scourged with the cholera, while in the West the yellow fever leaves few who can boast of having recovered when once attack. ed. I saw several cases of that terrible disease, the leprosy, at Trinidad; English, French, and Spaniards, had it in their families introduced by black women; parents had been careless as to whom they selected as nurses, and the consequences were very painful to witness.

“‘Room for the leper,’ and aside they stood, Matron and child, and pitiless manhood—all
Who met him on his way, and let him pass, And he went forth alone; not one of all The
many whom he loved, nor she whose name Was woven in the fibres of the heart, Breaking
within him now, to come and speak Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way, Sick and
broken-hearted, and alone to die, For God hath cursed the leper.”

CHAPTER XIV.

The British Government judiciously preserves the Laws of conquered Colonies.—The Government of Trinidad.—The Cabildo.—Inhabitants wish a Representative Government.—The commandants of Districts.—Population of the Island.—Governors of Colonies might take an example from Sir Ralph Woodford.—The Valley of Maraccas.—The River St. Joseph.—A Tropical scene.—Free Blacks.—The Falls of Maraccas.—The Village of Arima.—An Indian Settlement.—Indian Cottages.—The Red Men.—Their appearance.—Character and habits.—Schools. Trinidad Indians have no traditions.—Here as elsewhere their numbers are diminishing.—Change of system again recommended.—The Pitch Lake.—Its Islands. —Singular effect of standing on the pitch.—Experiments.—Mud Volcanoes.—Similarities between Crim Tartary and Trinidad.—The Bois immortal.—A Spicy Grove and Tropical Residence.—Strange instance of delicacy in a Creole. The Trinidad Militia.—Fort St. George.—Defence of the Island criticized.—Trinidad too valuable to be sacrificed.

The British government, with great judgment, has preserved the laws, as they respect private property, in the colonies conquered in the West. The Spanish laws of Trinidad still remain with some modification, and by them almost despotic power is vested in the Governor, who is aided by a council of his own nomination. In addition to the council, a corporate body of considerable influence, called the cabildo, exists in Port of Spain; it is selected from among the most respectable inhabitants of the Island, who, when they retire at the end of the year, nominate their own successors.

The cabildo has an income of £12,000 *per annum* , which is dedicated to the erection of public works, and to pay the salaries of the executive officers. Though not possessed of the same power as the representative assemblies of other islands, the cabildo can, notwithstanding, act with great independence; but the power of taxing *ad libitum* , rests with the Governor. Arbitrary power is, in fact, essentially necessary in an infant

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colony, composed as it is of people of various nations, and comprising many desperate adventurers and outlaws.

It is true that the educated and enlightened part of the community are extremely desirous of a representative government; but although it might prove personally beneficial to them, as throwing the power of taxation into their hands, yet at present it would but embarrass and tie up the power of the Governor, and prevent his enforcing acts which, by consolidating the executive power, tend to prevent the jarring of various interests, and by embracing only the ultimate benefit of the island, would enable it in a few years to emerge from its present depressed state, and assume the important 126 station in the West, that its geographical situation, prolific soil, and favourable climate, entitle it to hold.

Trinidad, next to Jamaica, will be the most valuable island appanage of the British crown; but to aid its rise, the person at the head of the government should be of a firm and decided character, one who will not allow himself to be biassed by the murmurs of the discontented, or influenced by the interested advice of favourites.

Another powerful reason against the establishment of a popular assembly is, that from the circumstance of there being at present but few resident gentry in the island (the object of all those who now reside on their estates being to return to England when their exertions are repaid by a sufficient income), it is natural to suppose that those measures from which only a distant benefit would be derived, would meet with the disapprobation of legislators, whereas those calculated to afford immediate relief, though at the expense of a great loss hereafter, would be joyfully acceded to, as the *onus* would fall on their successors.

In conformity with the Spanish form of government at Trinidad, the terms Alcalde, Algacil, &c. are always used instead of their corresponding names in English. The inland division of the island is also regulated according to the old system, and is portioned into districts under the superintendence of commandants, whose office is to keep the peace, punish refractory slaves, secure marauders, and so on—but their power is very limited.

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The population of Trinidad is yearly increasing, and is now estimated at five thousand whites, sixteen thousand people of colour, and only twenty-two thousand slaves, which form an average of nine souls to a square mile, the island being seventy miles long and as many broad. The proportion of white males to females, is as two to one; but the females of the negro race exceed the males by one hundred. Field labourers are so scarce in Trinidad, that I was told of hundreds of hogsheads of sugar absolutely rotting on the ground for want of hands to cut the canes.

Governors of colonies, besides superintending and administering the government entrusted to their charge, may render great benefit by ameliorating the state of society, and setting an example of liberality without extravagance; and by urbanity and polish of manner, may throw a brilliancy over the circle in which they preside, and above all, place the members of it on good terms with each other.

In the days of Sir R. Woodford there were none of our western colonies which could boast of a gayer or more agreeable society than Trinidad; he had raised a social structure with great judgment and foresight. The fair delighted in St. Anne's, as the place where happy moments might be passed with gay Lotharios in the mazy dance; the young men, in conversing with Sir Ralph, derived both amusement and instruction from his remarks; whilst the elder rejoiced in the choice wines and excellent dinners which graced the Governor's hospitable board. He encouraged theatrical amusements, and mirth and festivity prevailed in his halls.

Let us now make another excursion into the interior. In the recesses of the Valley of Maraccas there is a most magnificent waterfall; and in riding up the valley, it is impossible for the wanderer to suppress his exclamations of delight. Beautiful shrubs in full blossom hang over the sparkling stream of the St. Joseph, and blending their perfumes with that of the acacia, refresh the sense, "like a garden of perfect beauty and fragrance, in which the cypress and cedar grow side by side, and the lily and the rose, like a bride and bridegroom, recline on each other's bosom." Then the larger trees, bending low their

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boughs over the river, for awhile conceal it from the sight (though it can still be heard rushing over its rocky bed), or form here and there a rustic bower, inviting to repose in its cool shade; above on either side is a lofty mountain, which hemming the river in, causes it to meander and wind like the coil of a serpent; eight times it is forded in less than four miles.

Animated nature likewise adds to the interest of the scene. Numberless humming-birds flit from bough to bough; at one moment darting across the path, and the next balancing themselves in the air close to a flower from whence they seek to extract the insects or the sweets, and agitating their wings with such rapidity as to render them invisible.

“While richest roses though in crimson drest, Shrink from the splendour of their gorgeous breast.”

Afar in the forest is heard the barking of the large beaked toucans, the scream of the paraquet, and the wailings of the goat-sucker, butterflies of all sizes, and of all colours of the rainbow, skim around; lizards of an emerald green run across the road, or lie basking in the sun; and snakes, startled at the approach of human feet, retreat with rustling noise into the grass on the way side.

At the eighth ford of the river there is a clump of the most beautiful bamboos, and so regularly have they by chance sprung up, that the stems seem to form the clustered columns, and the weeping branches and leaves the arches, of a graceful gothic edifice. Here, after the exercise of walking and shooting among the 128 hills, the luxury of a bath may be enjoyed, and after it a rural repast.

Beyond this the valley becomes wider, and forms a basin, shut round by the mountains; and here, in different directions, are observed some small houses and plantations, delightfully situated on the slope of the hills. The high road is now left, and a mountain path is ascended for a couple of miles, having on one side a steep declivity, and on the other a lofty mountain; here the ground has been partially cleared by some free black settlers.

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On looking to the steep in front, the cascade will now be seen, falling in a perpendicular line from the mountain into the valley. The trees again shut it from the view; but from the first glimpse the lover of nature will feel assured that he will be amply recompensed in the end. It is now necessary to proceed onwards on foot, along a narrow path, with a precipice below, and amongst wild scenery; at last, on emerging from a thick wood, the traveller finds himself at the bottom of the fall.

The precipice over which it rolls is two hundred and eighty feet high, and the trees which grow on the summit of this, have the semblance from below of mere shrubs, and from the crevices of the rock which forms the cliff, various shrubs and flowers project, and afford a support to the festoons of parasitical plants which fall from above them. At the very highest part of the cliff the water rushes from under the trees, over a ledge of rock, and falls in an unbroken stream about two-thirds of the way, where it breaks into spray, and forms rainbows in the sunbeams.

So perpendicular is the precipice, that one may walk up to its base, and then on gazing upwards, the overhanging rocks seem threatening to escape from his beds, and in falling down, to crush one to atoms. Earthquakes (here of no uncommon occurrence, though Trinidad is free from hurricanes,) have detached large masses of the precipice, which lie scattered in the bed of the torrent, where also may be seen the mangled remains of waterfowl and snakes. Near the cascade stands a tree which has been used as an album by former visitors to the fall, and on its venerable trunk are inscribed names and dates as far back as 1802. Pineapples and other fruits may be here enjoyed, as the mulattoes in the neighbourhood pay attention to gardening.

Few of the residents in the island have seen the waterfall of Maraccas. Sir R. Woodford first caused the path to be cut which leads to it; and before his time it was comparatively little known. In a country which contains such magnificent scenery as Trinidad, it is not unlikely but that there may be other scenes similar in their general character, but there can be none equal in grandeur to the vale of Maraccas.

“It seems the seat of pure delight, A paradise or faery land.”

In the village of Arima, in the interior, a settlement of aboriginal Indians has been formed under the auspices of the British Government. There, are assembled a remnant of that unfortunate race, who only three centuries since were the quiet and undisputed possessors of this portion of the Western hemisphere, but whose history since that period has been one uninterrupted tale of oppression, misery and despair, and who now are so rapidly decreasing in numbers, that ere another century elapses, they will in all probability be entirely swept from the face of the earth.

Arima is ten miles inland from St. Joseph's, and the road to it is agreeably diversified with plantations, comfortable houses, savannahs, and forest scenery. Several fine mountain streams rush across it, and on viewing the great capabilities of the soil, and the abundance of water, one cannot but regret that the dearth of inhabitants should condemn the greatest part of this island to remain in its original state of wildness.

In the centre of Arima is a square, on one side of which is a church, which much resembles a barn; beside this is the house of the curate, and opposite is a thatched house, called the Casa Real, for the accommodation of the Governor, when his Excellency visits the settlement: a few Indian cottages form the other two sides of the square. The other huts of the inhabitants are on two sides of a broad street, on which the grass grows luxuriantly, trodden down in one narrow path only.

The interior of the Indian habitations is neat and comfortable. The inmates are of low stature; and although the women are very delicately formed, the men are stout and robust. They have the usual long and black silky hair, and their features, which strongly resemble those of the Malays or Tartars, are dull and apathetic. When not at work in their small fields, or in the forest, they always appear, like Turks at the doors of their coffee-shops, to be engaged in deep thought, although, in fact, their mind is quite unoccupied; and in

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a torpid state would they pass their lives, unless excited by hunger or some other cause. Nature has endowed them with an inertness of disposition, which at first seems quite incompatible with a savage state, but which is removed, when they are partly civilized, like those at Arima; there they can be made to exert themselves; there they are well dressed, and in some of their houses there is furniture of a superior description; indeed, one man, of the name of Bravo, built himself a very comfortable residence, and by his assiduous attention to the cultivation R 130 of cocoa at a time when it was in great demand, he derived from it an annual income of £350.

Unfortunately the Indians of Arima have acquired such habits of drunkenness that it is impossible to persuade them to refrain from the use of ardent spirits; and the pernicious extent to which they carry this vice is of course considered one of the reasons why they rapidly diminish in number. The descendants of the whites who taught them this fatal propensity, should labour hard to teach them temperance. These Indians also neglect their children until they attain the age of ten or twelve years, and then they only take care of them in order that they may be assisted in their labours. But although the parents pay but little attention to the welfare of their offspring, the government of the island watches over them with a careful eye; and the state of the schools does the worthy Padre infinite credit. Both boys and girls are instructed in reading and writing Spanish, and in the principles of the Catholic religion. The boys' schoolroom is whimsically enough divided into Roma and Cathago, and beneath these names, which are painted on the opposite walls over each class, is the figure of a jackass, which when the one class excels the other in its conduct is turned to the wall, whilst the stupid set have their emblem fully displayed. The Padre is a great favourite with his young charge, and also with their parents, and was one of those who fled from Old Spain to England, to avoid the persecutions of the petticoat embroiderer, Ferdinand.

There are about two hundred Indians at Arima, and nearly four hundred more in the other settlements; but of these the males form the largest proportion, and, strange to say, those of Arima have lost all traces of their own language and only speak Spanish. They likewise

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retain none of the traditions of their forefathers, and have no idea when the Europeans arrived in the New World, still less are they aware that the whole island was formerly theirs; their little world is now limited to Arima, where a considerable tract of land has been secured to them in perpetuity. The present station which these poor people hold in the civilized world is owing to the judicious liberality of the British Government, and more especially to the interest which the late Sir Ralph Woodford took in ameliorating their condition. Truly this excellent Governor is most deserving of a statue, if ever a public benefactor deserved one.

The Indians of the other three missions are not at present so well cared for as those of Arima, and are more frequently seen with the fig-leaf than in decent attire. During the Spanish misrule, the Indians were viewed in the light of beings devoted to the service of the whites; no pains were taken to rescue them from their barbarism; they were overworked, ill-treated, and the slaves of their oppressors, so that death to an unfortunate Indian was a welcome release from misery.

Now that they are independent, enjoying all the comforts of life, and possessing every facility for acquiring a limited education, the Indians, it might be expected, would shake off those indolent and depressed habits, which, though natural to them, may have been increased by their state of debasement during the last three centuries. But such is not the opinion of those who ought to be well acquainted with them; their speedy extinction is foretold by all, and it would almost seem, say they, as if the Almighty had ordained that a race of beings, possessing so few of the energies of man, should gradually recede before the colonists of the old world, until at last none are left, and the continent of America become peopled with men calculated to avail themselves of its vast resources.

I say now, as I said formerly, that a proper plan has not been pursued with these unfortunate red men. What miracles have not temperance societies accomplished in our own country, and in the United States! and why not hold out to the aboriginal American the inducement of an office of trust, if he conducts himself properly and fits himself for it?

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Cold-blooded and avaricious men may say that the Indians are incapable of improvement; what were the Peruvians, the children of the sun, before they fell before their remorseless invaders? What were the Mexicans, with their magnificent temples and palaces, before they were, like stricken deer, scattered to the four winds? What says the Indian lament?

“I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed, For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead, But they died not of hunger, or lingering decay, The steel of the white man hath swept them away.”

One of the greatest natural curiosities in the world is a lake of asphaltum, or pitch, in Trinidad, situated about thirty-six miles to the southward of Port of Spain. The western shore of the island, for about twenty miles, is quite flat, and richly wooded; and though only one or two houses are perceptible from the sea, the interior is well cultivated, and several small rivers, which empty themselves into the gulf of Paris, afford great facilities for the transport of sugar to the ships which anchor off their embouchures. As Naparima is approached, and the singular mountain (at the foot of which San Fernandez is situated) is plainly distinguished, the shore assumes a more smiling aspect; here one sees a noble forest, there a sheet of bright green points out a cane-field. 132 Cocoa-nut and palm trees are sprinkled over the landscape, and gently wave their feathered foliage; now and then a well-built house appears close to the water's edge, with a verdant lawn extending from it to the sea, and the ground sometimes broken into sinuosities, and then slightly undulating. The beauty of this part of Trinidad is very great, though from some undrained swamps poisonous malaria exhales.

At Point La Braye are seen masses of pitch, which look like black rocks among the foliage. At the small hamlet of La Braye a considerable extent of coast is covered with pitch, which runs a long way out to sea, and forms a bank under water. The pitch lake is situated on the side of a hill, eighty feet above the level of the sea, from which it is distant three quarters of a mile; a gradual ascent leads to it, which is covered with pitch in a hardened state, and trees and vegetation flourish upon it.

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The road leading to the lake runs through a wood, and on emerging from it the spectator stands on the borders of what at a first glance appears to be a lake, containing many wooded islets, but which on a second examination proves to be a sheet of asphaltum, intersected throughout by crevices three or four feet deep and full of water. The pitch at the sides of the lake is perfectly hard and cold, but as one walks towards the middle, with the shoes off in order to wade through the water, the heat gradually increases, the pitch becomes softer and softer, until at last it is seen boiling up in a liquid state, and the soles of the feet become so heated that it is necessary to dance up and down in a ridiculous manner. The air is then strongly impregnated with bitumen and sulphur, and as one moves along the impression of the feet remain in the surface of the pitch.

During the rainy season, it is possible to walk over the whole lake nearly, but in the hot season a great part is not to be approached. Although several attempts have been made to ascertain the depth of the pitch, no bottom has ever been found. The lake is about a mile and a half in circumference; and not the least extraordinary circumstance is, that it should contain eight or ten small islands, on which trees are growing close to the boiling pitch.

In standing still on the lake near the centre for some time, the surface gradually sinks, till it forms a great bowl as it were, and when the shoulders are level with the general surface of the lake, it is high time to get out. Some time ago, a ship of war landed casks to fill with the pitch, for the purpose of transporting it to England; the casks were rolled on the lake, and the hands commenced filling, but a piratical-looking craft appearing in the 133 offing, the frigate and all hands went in chase—on returning to the lake, all the casks had sunk and disappeared.

The first alcalde presented me with a metallic substance, thrown up by the pitch fountains, which I have submitted for analysis; it much resembles copper ore. Science is at a loss how to account for such an extraordinary phenomenon as this pitch lake, for it does not

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seem to occupy the mouth of an exhausted crater, neither is the hill on which it is situated of volcanic origin, for its basis is clay.

The flow of pitch from the lake has been immense, the whole country around, except near the Bay of Grapo which is protected by a hill, being covered with it, and it seems singular that no eruption has taken place within the memory of man, although the principle of motion still exists in the centre of the lake. The appearance of the pitch which had hardened, is as if the whole surface had boiled up into large bubbles, and then suddenly cooled; but where the asphaltum is still liquid, the surface is perfectly smooth.

Many experiments have been made for the purpose of ascertaining whether the pitch could be applied to any useful purpose. Admiral Cochrane, who was possessed of the enterprising and speculative genius of his family, sent two ship-loads of it to England, but after a variety of experiments, it was ascertained, that in order to render the asphaltum fit for use, it was necessary to mix such a quantity of oil with it, that the expense of the oil alone would more than exceed the price of pitch in England. A second attempt was made by a company styled the Pitch Company, who sent out an agent from England, but finding that Admiral Cochrane had failed, and being convinced that any further attempt would be useless, he let the matter drop.

Forty miles to the southward of the Pitch Lake is Point du Cac, which forms the south-west extremity of the island, and one side of the Boca del Sierpe; on this cape is another natural curiosity, which is well worth seeing, although the distance from Port of Spain renders it rather a difficult operation to proceed thither. What renders this point so interesting to the stranger, is an assemblage of mud volcanoes, of which the largest may be about one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. They are situated in a plain, and are not more than four feet elevated above the surface of the ground, but within the mouth of the crater, boiling mud is constantly bubbling up; at times, the old craters cease to act, but when that is the case, new ones invariably appear in the vicinity; the mud is fathomless, yet does not overflow, but remains within the circumference of the crater. From what I recollect of the

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Crimea, I should say that there are remarkable 134 similarities between it and Trinidad, geologically speaking: in both there are mud volcanoes; in both there are bituminous lakes; and both have been frequently visited with earthquakes.

One of the most beautiful of the trees in Trinidad, is the *Bois immortel*, which at certain seasons of the year is covered with clusters of scarlet blossoms of exceeding brightness, and which when shining in the sunbeams, look like a mantle of brilliant velvet. The tree is very lofty and umbrageous, and serves as a screen to the cocoa plant, which being of too delicate a nature to bear exposure to the sun, is always planted under the shelter of the *Bois immortel*. This double wood has a very pleasing effect, especially when the cocoa is bearing fruit, when its various colours are beautiful. The hedges of the cocoa plantations are usually formed of the coffee bush, intermingled with the lime and bitter orange trees, which when in blossom, breathe perfumes as if—

“Where some rich caravan not long before Had passed, with cassia fraught and balmy store;”

whilst amidst the herbage beneath, one sees bursting forth some of the rarest and most valuable bulbs and shrubs, which in England would be tended with the greatest care in the forced atmosphere of a hot-house. Place beside this delicious grove the long, cool, but lonely residence of the proprietor, perhaps a veteran of Austerlitz, or a noble Castilian, and let it be shaded by mango and silk cotton trees, with graceful palms, and the bamboo, which though in size far less than those with which the Burmans used to construct their formidable stockades in the forests of Pegu, yet still is incomparably beautiful, waving gently its weeping branches with the slightest breath of air; and there will be found a retreat, perhaps called “Mon repos,” or “Mon desir,” and as sweet as that of Paul and Virginia, in view of the mountain of the Three Peaks.

Pause for one instant in the garden, and gaze with wonder on the butterfly plant; nothing can more resemble that lovely insect than the blossom which bears its name; attached by

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a slender and almost invisible stalk, it has the appearance of fluttering in the air; you fancy you can distinguish the double wings, and the long stamina are the antennæ of a brilliant butterfly.

Some fastidious people think that the Spanish and French girls of the second class in Trinidad are not particularly attractive; they are certainly darker than our people, but for my part, from having been accustomed to it early in life, I prefer a healthy olive countenance to one "sicklied over with a pale cast," from unwonted exposure to tropical heats. The damsels before mentioned are 135 said to have a listless and insipid manner, with no great delicacy, and a gentleman recounts this singular circumstance in proof of it. He was riding through the town of St. Joseph's, when, on passing a house at the door of which a French creole was standing, he observed that she was suckling some extraordinary sort of being, so unlike a child, that he rode up to her in order to ascertain what it might be, and great was his astonishment, when on approaching nearer, he ascertained that the supposed child was an ugly little pup. "Le pauvre petit," said she, "sa maman vient de mourir, et je l'allaité." He then naturally inquired whether she had lost her own baby, and she replied—"Oh! que non, Monsieur, l'enfant est là bas." This was certainly throwing away the milk of human kindness with a vengeance.

I attended a review of the Trinidad militia, and really their appearance on the great plain before St. Anne's was very respectable; every freeman on the island is enrolled in the militia, which is composed of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, with a very numerous staff. I was certainly rather astonished at the great display of lace embroidery and Saxon plumes, and I thought a plain bush-ranger's frock would have been much more appropriate; still, plumes, epaulettes, and scarlet please the ladies, and that is a great point gained.

I saw adjutants-general and quarter-masters-general, aides-de-camp, paymasters, doctors, and commissioners without number; each regiment of infantry had its peculiar uniform, but above all the St. Anne's hussars shone conspicuous. The King's must have

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borrowed their new uniform from the St. Anne's, for they wore light bluejackets and trowsers richly braided, with scarlet pelisses.

The Trinidad militia is about four thousand five hundred strong, and is in a more effective state than that of the other islands; but the period of assembling for exercise (which formerly took place once a month) having been made quarterly, it is supposed that its discipline may become more lax. The titles of the island military are not quite so grand here as at Barbadoes, where there are lieutenant and major-generals, royal horse and foot guards. Colonel is the most exalted rank in Trinidad, and there is no household brigade.

One forenoon I started with Captain M'Nicol, of the Royals (who for twenty years had enjoyed uninterrupted good health in the West Indies,) to visit Fort George, commanding one of the most beautiful views in the island; it is three miles from the Port of Spain. We passed Cocoreet, where the ordnance stores are kept, a swampy unhealthy spot; and then ascended a hill on horseback, but were soon obliged to dismount, for trees 136 had fallen across the road from a late gale, and we scrambled up on foot. We called at the huts of several negro pensioners of the West India regiments; they seemed to be quite happy with their "frows," patch of cassava ground, and plantains. I remarked beautiful fern trees on the way up, and the rare "petrea volubilis," with its blue garlands, amongst which the whiskered humming bird flitted; at last, after a long and steep climb, the blockhouse of Fort George was reached, in which was a signal-master and a few black soldiers.

In looking out from the blockhouse, I certainly have seldom seen such a glorious prospect; on the left was the capital of Trinidad, and the ultramarine waters of the Gulf of Paria, with a few white sails in the distance. The mountains of Cumana, South America, were in front, and then sweeping the eye along the horizon to the right, the Boccas, with cape, headland and islands innumerable; immediately below was the valley of Diego Martin, extending across the island to the Atlantic, with overhanging woods and cultivated fields.

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“While on his noontide couch in heavy sleep, Outstretchcd the interminable ocean lay,
Waveless and windless.”

Fort George is an example of the manner in which great sums of money are sometimes lavished on useless fortifications; here battery on battery rise in succession from the shores of the gulf to the barracks, twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea; and although it would be a difficult matter to storm the hill, yet what the use would be of stationing a body of men there, leaving the capital, three miles off, and the whole country open, is incomprehensible to every one, except perhaps to the officer who projected the works.

Fort George commands but one pass where the road leads to the valley of Diego Martin; all the other entrances to the interior of the country are undefended, and Port of Spain is quite open. An enemy, therefore, by leaving a corps of observation near Fort George, might tranquilly take possession of the island, and soon starve out the besieged troops. On the south side of the capital Sir Thomas Picton erected a blockhouse, which commanded the town, and might have been serviceable in case of an insurrection; but now it has fallen into decay, and goes by the name of Picton's Folly. In the event of an attack, if the town is not better defended than it is at present, it ought to be abandoned, and the defence limited to the defiles and passes leading in-land; a few temporary entrenchments thrown across there, the woods well lined with marksmen, and a disposable body of men to defend 137 any point threatened, would render the conquest of this invaluable island no easy task. For the greater efficiency of Colonial troops, I wish they could be persuaded to lay aside their hussar jackets and scarlet swallow-tailed coats, and substitute a sad-coloured rifle-dress, with snake and water-proof leather leggings, and amuse themselves with ball practice more than they do.

CHAPTER XV.

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Sail from Trinidad.—Mackworth's Island.—The Bay of Chagaramus.—A Flower in the Wilderness.—The Diablotin.—The Umbrella passage.—An accident.— Grenada.—Sunrise between the tropics.—St. George Town and Forts.—Negro Fishermen.—Forbearance of Grenada Sharks.—The Grand Etang.—The expedition of the Count D'Estaing.—Negro Washerwomen.—A mountain ride.—The scenery at the Grand Etang.—Massacre of the Caribs.—A French Planter.— Fruits.—English Colonists compared with those of other nations.—A change in West Indian society.—Sangaree.—Effects of intemperance.—West Indians obliged to live on their estates.—Refinements.—A ride through St. George Town. — Richmond Heights.—The Military—Impressions of service in the West.—Officers ought to make the most of every quarter.—Some officers become Creolized.— Service in the East and West compared.—A rhapsody.

Again embarked in a schooner, I bade adieu to the lofty mountains and smiling plains, romantic valleys, and magnificent forests of Trinidad, and to Port of Spain, with its pleasant residences, and beautiful women therein reclining, and stood away towards the Boccas. As I stood on the deck and gazed on the glorious scene, I felt grateful that I had been permitted to see this favoured land; and as the breeze impelled us from the shore, and the outlines of the mountains became fainter, I might have said in the words of the song,

“Absence will but make thee dearer, Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!”

We passed by an island retreat belonging to Lieutenant Mackworth of the navy, a neat casa shaded with trees, and where (as before all the sea-side residences of naval officers) there was a flag staff and some small pieces of artillery.

We then sailed through the noble bay of Chagaramus, under whose wave lie the remains of the Spanish fleet burnt by Admiral Apodaca, to prevent its falling into the hands of the captors of the island, under the great Sir Ralph Abercromby. On shore we saw a solitary house in a green vale, and the captain (Creitchlow) S 138 pointing to it said, “The

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handsomest woman I ever saw in my life lives there, Signorita Mathelson; her father a Scotchman, her mother a Spaniard; and there she must live and bloom unseen,

‘And waste her sweetness on the desert air;’

unless some one, like the eagle of Sinbad, adventures to bring her to light as a gem hidden in the deep recesses of a Golconda.

The gulf of Paria, near the Boccas is full of small rocky islets, and some of these contain extraordinary caves of great size, in which are to be found a curious bird called the diabolotin, which, if eaten when taken from the nest, is pronounced by epicures to be unrivalled, and by good Catholics to be fit food for fasting-days, inasmuch as feeding upon fish it is made of fish, and being fish is no longer fowl!

We saw on the right the old pirate haunts, the deep and concealed bays, and reached the Umbrella Bocca with a lively breeze. High and frowning precipices were on either hand, the singular rock was before us from whence the passage derives its name, and we went staggering on whilst the sea rushed and roared through the strait, and dashed high upon the cliffs, threatening instant destruction to the frail bark if the wind should fail us.

A sudden squall with dashing rain came on whilst we were in the midst of the wildly agitated water, and as we had only a crew of two or three men on board, I slipped on as usual my pea-jacket and nor'wester hat, to lend a hand in working out of our dangerous situation. But I found the saying confirmed, that none pass the Boccas without having cause to remember them, for in making a short tack the main boom got adrift and struck me down on deck and nearly overboard, into a sea rushing like a mill-race between black rocks, and abounding in sharks and baracoutas. My left leg, which I thought at first was broken, was seriously bruised and swelled, and I was lame for some time after, but shampooing set all to rights again. “Many a narrow escape we've had from old Chelsea and a timber toe.”

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We steered for Grenada, that gem of the ocean, with its azure sky, cloud capped mountains, and verdant slopes, and were not long before we dropped anchor at St. George Town on a still evening in July. Some talk with rapture of a sunset in these latitudes, and certainly the great luminary descends to his cool bed most majestically. His rising too in certain situations is sublime: thus at Grenada, on coming on deck before it was light, the island appeared like a mighty wall against the grey horizon, and the clouds which floated round the highest ridges were as black as the smoke 139 from some dreadful conflagration, reminding one of the mountain of adamant of the Arabian Nights, towards which luckless vessels were irresistibly impelled. Gradually a light rosy tint overspread the horizon, and threw the outlines of the island still more into relief; this was succeeded by a yellowish tinge, then purple, and now the light shone upon the edges of the clouds, and a flash of fire from a height, followed by the report of a gun, warned us that daylight was only first perceptible on shore, although we had seen it for some time. By degrees the scene lighted up, and through a break in the mountain a blood-red ray darted from the as yet invisible sun; soon however we were prepared for his appearance by the bright light which rose behind the dark summits, and then he burst forth in the full glories of his splendour, revealing a scene of purely Italian character.

A town of white and gay-looking houses occupied a rocky peninsula, which projected into a clear bay; the spire of a church rose on the isthmus, and Fort George and Hospital Fort, with flag-staffs, in which were displayed waving signals, looked down on the harbour from their commanding heights: behind a point the carenage was occupied by merchantmen, sheltered from every wind, though hurricanes in Grenada are unknown. The fortifications of Richmond Heights, far above and beyond the town, occupied the upper ground in the picture. In the country, on the slopes of the hills, were orange groves and palm trees, plantations and cultivated fields, mound and dale, through which streams rushed to the sea.

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I landed on a pebbly strand; and took up my residence with the Honourable Mr. Hoyes, close to the beach. There the negro fishermen were drawing a long fishing-net lazily and listlessly; two canoes were beyond the centre of the semicircle which it made in the sea, and accompanied it to the shore, whilst black boys swam round it, lifted it as it was occasionally impeded by the stones at the bottom, and splashed the water and shouted, with the idea of frightening the fish and preventing them making their escape. Here, as elsewhere in the Antilles,

“Each creek and bay With fry innumerable swarm and shoals Of fish glide under the green wave, 'Mongst coral stray, or sporting with quick glance, Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold.”

“No fear of sharks here?” I asked. “No, massa, shark neber eat him negger here.”—“I should not like to trust them.” “No, massa, neber touch negro Grenada; two tree day gone, two negger capsize in canoe with plenty fish; two shark come 140 eat up all de fish, negger quite safe.” Very curious, if true, as they say in the States.

The great attraction in Grenada is the Grand Etang, or lake, on the summit of a mountain, apparently an extinct volcano. A pleasant-tempered and handsome young Irishman, Captain Otway, of the Island Rangers, agreed to accompany me to visit this “Lion;” so we mounted at six in the morning, and rode out of town. We passed under the hospital hill, where the British under Lord Macartney made such a noble defense against the expedition of the Count D'Estaing, in 1779—five hundred of the former for some time resisting the efforts of five thousand of the latter, with twenty-five ships of the line, and ten frigates;—but at last, after considerable loss on the part of the enemy, the island was surrendered to the French.

We rode through the well-supplied fish market, and then up the Vale of Tempe, with its picturesque cotton-tree and brawling stream. The scene was very lively, for dozens of negro washer-women were up to their knees in the water, and beating the clothes against

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the rocks on the bank, to the no small injury of the raiment, though thereby their handiwork is beautifully white, and is afterwards skilfully ironed. In a similar manner do the Oriental dhobeas belabour the stones with apparel, giving vent at the same time to a heavy sigh like a paviour at each stroke of his rammer.

As we rode past the sable *blanchisseuses*, they laughed and joked with us. "What for massa leave missus so early in the marning?" Alas! I had no wife to leave; for well has the Persian poet said—

"Is all thy day uneasy, be not afflicted Should thou at night have a sympathiser in thy bosom."

We passed over wild paths, and then wound round a steep hill with a precipice of two hundred feet on the left, at the bottom of which was a river concealed by heavy foliage, and every moment we were called on to admire the rich parasitical plants, and ferns, and plantains growing wild. We watered our horses at a beautiful secluded nook, through which a clear and cold stream ran, overhung with noble trees; and after a long ascent found ourselves on Table Land, passing between two rows of butts, tenanted by the negro Rangers, and breakfasted in the airy dwelling of their Commandant.

We then wandered to the deep and still lake, filling the crater of an extinct volcano, and surrounded with forests; on it there was a small canoe, and we admired the adjacent scenery, with its 141 romantic peaks towering above us. The borders of the Grand Etang form a most interesting region, and above all fitted for a recluse. Here, in a delightful climate, he is lifted far above the cares and vanities of the world below—here the senses are continually regaled with beautiful flowers, delicious fruits, and noble views across the island, both to east and west; and here the elevation of the spectator is so great, that the distant sea seems to mount high into the heavens, and contend with them for supremacy.

When surveying the deep valleys below where we stood, I could not help being overcome with painful feelings, for in these the peaceful Caribs of this lovely isle were cruelly

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pursued and massacred by the French, in 1650. There formerly stood their huts, which were burned to the ground, and their provisions rooted up by the merciless invaders of their territory; and on the sea-shore might be seen a precipice to which forty of the unoffending Indians ran to escape the sword, and “casting themselves headlong into the sea, they miserably perished.”

We left the Grand Etang reposing in its silent beauty, and rode down the mountain towards George Town—on the right were some mineral springs. We halted for a while at a coffee plantation, on a commanding site, belonging to an old French resident; and from the kindness and amiability of the proprietor, I soon forgot my recent reflections on the barbarity of his ancestors.

From the parterre before this charming dwelling, a beautiful map was spread out before us. A succession of hill and dale descended to the sea-shore; there were cultivated fields bright with the sugar cane; verdant slopes studded with orange trees, with fruit yellow and golden, like that of the Hesperides, whilst bananas, shaddocks, guava, and mangoe trees were equally abundant. White houses were to be seen here and there among the woodland scenery, and in the far distance were the sails of the coasting vessels.

Grapes and fruits of every kind are more abundant in this island than in any other of the Caribees; indeed, it is a general remark, that in all the French, Spanish, and Dutch islands, fruits, vegetables, and other luxuries are more easily procurable than in those colonized by the English, the first step taken by foreign colonists being to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances may admit, thereby showing their good sense; while on the other hand, I have always been provoked when remarking that the English colonist, forgetting his old predilection for comfort at home, thinks only of returning with wealth to his native land. Surely there is some defect in the education of our countrymen, that so few learn to become citizens of the world, and so few seem 142 pleased whilst sojourning abroad. Habitual cheerfulness is a duty we owe to our Maker, to our neighbour, and to

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ourselves; in almost all situations we have a cause for thankfulness, on all occasions we ought to study to render those around us happy.

In the word home are the wishes of English colonists centered; towards home all their labours tend, and in eager anticipation of the period when they are to return there, they forget that years of discomfort must elapse ere they can realize their wishes. There are still a few French people at Grenada, but the mass of the population is English, although it was only in 1798 that Sir Ralph Abercromby conquered the island from the French.

A considerable change has taken place of late years in the style of West Indian society; it is now more civilized, and approximates nearer to the manners of the European world, than it did in days of yore. Formerly, we learn (from the accounts of those who resided on these islands) that dissipation and intemperance prevailed to an excessive degree, morals were at a low ebb, polite conversation was comparatively unknown, indolence marked the manners of the women, sensuality and debauchery those of the men. The large glass, capable of containing four or five bottles of liquid, and filled with the beverage 'yclept sangaree, being a compound of Madeira, sugar, water, and spices, was invariably placed upon the table the first thing in the morning, and left during the day, so that a casual visiter might be able to partake of it.

In some houses, a similar bowl of punch would be seen, and many of the West Indians, considering sangaree not sufficiently strong, preferred strong potations, and drank sangarorum, which is wine in its pure state, but highly spiced. After repeated draughts during the day of these insidious beverages, which would undoubtedly make a man rather *non compos*, the West Indian would sit down to an early dinner, during which, he perhaps might discuss two or three bottles of Madeira—then finish the evening with brandy and water and cigars. Day after day the same system would be followed, until at last the health became affected. The constitution, debilitated by repeated indulgences, would be ill-calculated to resist the attacks of a tropical fever—the bacchanalian orgies of the

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debauchee would then terminate in the grave, and his name would be added to the list of the supposed victims of baneful climate.

During the war, the flower of West Indian proprietors was to be found in England; the planters were all absentees from their estates, and were living in Europe up to the amount of their income. Their sons and daughters, educated according to the best principles, were equal in manners and acquirements to the first 143 society, and instead of becoming brutal, overbearing, and ignorant, by a constant residence amongst their inferiors, they assumed the refined tone of high life, and only viewed their estates as the means of enabling them to live in England, without ever contemplating the probability of their being obliged to reside on them. When, however, their (too often) inconsiderate expenditure had drained their property to the utmost, and the value of West Indian produce became much diminished; when ashamed of retrenching their establishments in time, they heaped mortgage after mortgage upon the estates, in hopes of postponing the evil day, and at last, deprived of all other resources, were glad to return to the West Indies, and perhaps act as agents for their creditors on estates only nominally their own,—the better classes in these islands, of course, benefited by the influx of men of polite and liberal education; and many of the old West Indian habits gave place to English manners and customs.

The sangaree, though not quite disregarded, is at least no longer the ornament of the sitting room, which formerly, when adorned with half emptied glasses and bottles, and savouring of tobacco and spirits, must have been more like a pot-house than “the bower of a faire ladye.” Female society (without which the world is a blank) again came into repute; conversation, instead of being confined to the merits of an estate, or whether sugars were up or down, was extended to literature and the fine arts; and a person who had learnt to dance, had now some chance of practising that accomplishment with some as pretty lady-like girls as he could expect to see at home.

I next rode through the town, up and down steep streets, and past stores replenished with showy wares; everything, they say, is beautiful at Grenada, animate and inanimate

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objects, and I certainly remarked some most attractive creole women; and both the white men and coloured females had an air of life and sprightliness about them here, which was quite delightful as contrasted with the listlessness and apathy of other inter-tropical places. But I exclaimed with Coleridge, "Grenadians, where are your wives?" for nowhere could I see a white female face.

I wended my way past Government-house, usually occupied by Sir James Campbell, then on a tour of inspection through the islands, and up the winding ascent to Richmond heights, to pay my respects to Major Raper, commanding a wing of the 19th regiment; and with this very superior and intelligent officer, I walked about the extensive works, and enjoyed the prospect of the interior of the island, the bays and the town below. I remarked that the accommodations for the troops, though in an airy situation, were very confined; breathing-room and shelter 144 from the rain are indispensable for the comfort of troops in garrison, and here they had neither. Their barrack-rooms were small, and the roofs in a bad state. I then set down and conversed with the Major on military matters.

Courteous reader, if you are a civilian, be pleased to pass on to the chapter after the next, as I mean to indulge my military mania by discoursing about the state of our troops between the tropics; details such as follow may be tedious to you, therefore enter not the barrack room unless you feel interested in those whose only home it is.

As I viewed the West Indies as a traveller, and not as one who was obliged to "set up his staff" there, whether the climate agreed with him or not, my impressions were rather more favourable of that part of the world, than they perhaps would have been, if I had been stationed there for any length of time. The novelty of the scenes I witnessed, the beauty of the country, the hospitable manner in which I was entertained, and my remaining but a short time at one spot, made me overlook many of the drawbacks attendant on a residence in the West Indies, "where I had no continued city."

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As a military station, the West Indies for a *lengthened period* is the worst that a young officer can possibly resort to; he has little to gain there in a professional point of view, and the chances are twenty to one that, secluded as he will most likely be from much general society, his habits may become dissipated and unprofitable to himself; but for *the short period* of service usually allotted to regiments in the West Indies, I see little cause of complaint. If officers would only try to make the most of their situation, they have abundant leisure for intellectual pursuits— excellent opportunities to perfect themselves in drawing or music, if they have a taste for these twin accomplishments; and now, by the institution of the United Service Museum, an occupation is furnished them on foreign stations, viz. an inducement to collect and preserve objects of natural history. Besides, in gardening, there will always be found much to please and interest the temporary exile from his father-land.

I have met with many military men who have passed the greater part of their lives in the West Indies, and are now so completely creolized, that I doubt much if they would wish to return home. Whereas the young men are of course all anxious to escape from their island prisons, as they term them, lest indolence and apathy should cast a spell over them. In point of salubrity, as I said before, I do not think that the West Indies are by any means so bad as the East; for sometimes in the West a year elapses and not a single officer dies; whereas in the East, 145 amongst an equal number of regiments, several in the same space of time would have fallen victims to the diseases of the climate. Be it remembered too, that the East India Company will not agree to relieve King's regiments until after the lengthened period of two-and-twenty years, whereas regiments in the West are relieved every five years.

But withal the East is a glorious land to serve in, a land of romance and adventure: “as children we delight in it as the scene of the Thousand and one Nights; ladies love it, as from it are derived gems and silks and Cashmere shawls; and soldiers, because there high reputations have been earned and may still be won.” Well pleased am I that it fell to my lot to serve some years in Eastern climes; and many tales of war and pilgrimage has a

sojourner there for any time to relate. The East is full of interest and excitement, wherever you move. What could be more delightful than this?—donning that noble head-dress, a Moslem turban, white robe, shawl, girdle, and loose trowsers; armed with sword and pistol, and with two trusty domestics, going forth as bent upon adventure as ever knight errant that set lance in rest; visiting eaverned temples, and the splendid remains of by-gone ages; hunting deer with the cheeta, or leopard, or lying in wait for the brindled tiger; living entirely with the natives, conforming to their customs, studying their language, and gaining an insight into their remarkable characters and peculiarities. But I must not allow my pen to run wild in describing life in the East; at present I have to speak of occidental climes—of a West Indian life. The most humerous illustration was given by a portly major, with whom the heat did not at all agree: during the day he would sit in a tub of cold water, and every now and then ejaculate, “Damn Columbus—curse the fellow, why did he discover these rascally islands!”

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CHAPTER XVI.

Discourse on Military Matters continued.—Advantages of Regimental Schools.— Libraries and Theatres.—Encouragement ought to be given to Games.—Soldiers ought to be fitted for Settlers.—Bathing indispensable between the Tropics.— Spare Tanks ought to be converted into Baths.—Unfortunate situation for soldiers' wives.—Repairs of barracks ought not to be delayed.—Improvements in barracks proposed.—Verandahs, shutters, and open blinds.—Danger of exposure to night air.—A light ought to burn in each barrack-room.—Campaigning in the East.— The Canteen.—Alterations proposed.—Military drunkenness might be got rid of. —Pernicious effects of New Rum.—New Rum increased the Pension List.—Malt liquor recommended.—Canteen Keepers.—Change of diet recommended.—Invalids sent home from Antilles only once a year.—Ridiculous clamour of pseudo-political economists.—Military Costume.—The Forage and Dress Caps.—Under

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Vests.—Officers and men ought to be thoroughly drilled with the Reserve.—Uniform in the Colonies ought to be generally worn.—Strength of the French in the Antilles.—Conclusion.

In those regiments where particular attention is paid to establish schools, and to provide books and periodical publications for the men, the greatest benefits have arisen; with a further view of occupying the minds of the soldiers, and contributing to their amusement, regimental theatres should be encouraged. Major Raper “got up” a theatre both at Grenada and St. Vincent's, in which a party of the men performed twice a month, to the no small entertainment of their comrades. It may probably excite a smile, and appear ridiculous for soldiers to assume the buskin; but among the various characters of a barrack-room a greater portion of natural talent is generally to be found than the public seem disposed to allow, and in many regiments there will be found a dozen performers, who would do credit to any country theatre at home.

To vary the amusements, and if possible to dissipate the gloom of a foreign station, which at best is only a temporary exile, every encouragement ought to be given during leisure hours to bowls, quoits, and other games requiring moderate exertion. In the East Indies we used to have a fives-court, but some commanding officers object to this, and both fives and rackets are considered too violent for the West Indies; they are so in the middle of the day, but not in the morning and evening. Cricket would be less violent, but there is seldom suitable ground within a reasonable distance. The sudden stoppage of perspiration is the principal thing to be guarded against, and officers know how difficult a thing it is to get a British soldier to change his apparel when heated; it therefore ought to be borne in mind, that all games requiring severe bodily exertion, between the tropics become objectionable; but let the men be continually exercised, let them be taught mechanical arts, to fit them for settling either in Canada or Australia when discharged, and above all, let us spurn the idea that British soldiers ought to be mere machines.

What is much wanted in the smaller West India Islands, and which if acceded to would tend to promote both health and cleanliness, is a greater facility for the men to wash their

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persons. The distance of the hill forts from the sea, with the uncertainty of the weather and general bad state of the roads, seldom admit of bathing, and the daily allowance of fresh water being limited to two gallons each for all purposes, viz. cooking, drinking, washing of clothes and themselves, one can readily fancy how difficult it is for the poor fellows to preserve even the semblance of cleanliness. I may here remark, that to economise water when scarce, and at the same time to cleanse the skin most effectually, a small bag of coarse cloth to fit the hand may be used. A hair or cloth bag drawn on the hand like a glove, and dipped in water, is much superior to the sponge.

When we consider the heat of the barrack-room, and the many duties to which soldiers are subject, such as fatigue parties, exercise at drill, marching to and from the distant guards, &c. combined with their exposure to every change of weather, it is scarcely possible to entertain the notion that they are altogether cleanly; on the contrary, they must at all times be otherwise— a circumstance which cannot fail in some degree to affect their health. That however might easily be prevented, and at a very slight expense, for even in garrisons, where scarcity of water may exist, the construction of a moderate-sized tank, or the “fixing up” of the spare metal ones now kept in store, would under a proper arrangement suffice. It would at the same time be requisite to have, contiguous to it, a small room capable of accommodating six or eight men, and provided with as many small tubs to enable them to wash their bodies.

By a suitable regulation in the hours of attendance, the same room would serve for the women and their children. At present these unfortunate creatures, when in barracks, labour under greater disadvantages than the men; the latter can adopt what is termed dry rubbing as an aid in cleaning their bodies, whereas the poor women cannot even do that if they have a regard to decency. The health of the women and children is an object of great importance, for whatever maladies arise among them generally spread through a corps.

Great delays frequently take place in the repairs of barrack-rooms in foreign stations; I am not at liberty to enter into the 148 cause of this, but merely allude to it, and hope that

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ere long some new regulation may be issued on this important point. Men ought not to be exposed to sun or damp in their quarters, and where the materials are abundant, the remedy is easy, and ought to be speedily applied.

The construction of the barrack buildings varies in different stations. It may therefore be remarked generally in what appears would prove beneficial to the troops. Whenever a barrack is without a verandah, especially on the windward aspect, it should have both jalousies (open blinds) and window shutters; the former alone being insufficient in stormy weather to prevent the rain from beating in and wetting the men's beds; while on the contrary, when the latter are used singly, although a protection from rain, they are in every slight shower obliged to be closed, when they exclude the air altogether. In blowing weather, when open, they also admit so strong a current of air, that the men are liable to catch cold, which is the primary cause of most of the maladies in the West Indies. By having both jalousies and shutters (even if not provided with a verandah), a barrack may be preserved dry under the heaviest rains; while in moderate weather the men can exclude the wet, and at the same time admit sufficient air for their general comfort. However, when the position of a barrack will allow of it, verandahs are doubtless the most desirable, as they exclude the overpowering heat of a tropical sun, and serve as places for the men to clean their appointments and take their meals in; they also prevent the accumulation of dust and dirt, which would otherwise unavoidably ensue, for when fifty or sixty men are obliged to clean their pouches and shoes, and to pipe-clay their belts, in the same room in which they constantly eat and sleep, cleanliness is scarcely to be expected. In such a case, instead of breathing a pure and wholesome atmosphere, the men are inhaling dust and pipe-clay.

Many complaints originate in a sudden exposure of the men from a warm bed and an overheated barrack to the chillness of the night, when they move out on certain occasions, often without taking the trouble to put on their clothes. The ill effects which may thus arise

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might be prevented, by merely having a small and well ventilated room attached to each barrack.

It would be very desirable to have *one lamp* in each barrack throughout the night. By proper management, a very trivial extra quantity of oil would suffice, which with the cost of the lamp would be the only expense attending it; at present, when the men move out in the dark, they are apt to come in contact with the iron bedstead, and are sometimes so much injured, as to be obliged to go into hospital, which by the aid of a light might be avoided; 149 they could also, in case of an alarm, dress and turn out in half the time they could do in the dark. It would, moreover, prevent the occurrence or even the suspicion of disorderly conduct of any kind; and all danger from fire would be guarded against having the lamps under lock and key.

In marching or campaigning in the East, each man was ordered to have a carpet to sleep on, and a quilt; and each tent was provided with a tarpauline to spread on the ground, and thus keep the men from the damp. Troops in garrison require no tarpauline, but nothing could be better adapted for the field.

Some objections may be stated to the present canteen system. As long as it is the only object and interest of a canteen contractor to encourage drinking, and increase the sale of his rum, so long will the daily temptation be held out to the soldier to get drunk. Non-commissioned officers may be stationed in the canteen to prevent inebriety, but the contractor and the soldier can easily evade their scrutiny.

If all the general canteens were to be abolished, and each regiment had its own canteen under proper control, and the non-commissioned officers who superintended the issue of liquor were to receive no profit on the quantity sold, but merely be exempt from certain duties, drunkenness would disappear, aided by that excellent regulation of last year, that a penny a day be given in lieu of an allowance of liquor as formerly.

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Rum of the best quality might be procured by the Commissariat, and kept two or three years in store prior to its issue; this would ensure a wholesome spirit, and obviate the pernicious effects of new or adulterated rum. Few in this country know that new rum is a powerful nocturnal diuretic.

A man in the West Indies getting drunk with new rum, or “kill devil,” is sure to experience a singular effect from it; whereas, getting intoxicated with any other spirit, is not attended with the disreputable consequence here allude to.

No loss could fall on Government by the plan proposed. A price might be put upon the rum equal to the present receipts from the canteen contractor, together with a trifling sum to recompense the sergeant and corporal, and still the soldiers would gain the difference between those united sums and the profit now made by the contractor; or, if thought proper, the present canteen price might be continued, which would not only serve to pay the non-commissioned officers, but cover all loss by wastage in store, and leave a considerable profit to Government beside.

The injurious effect of new rum on all constitutions has been too often verified to admit of a doubt; and there is as little doubt, that there are at this moment many individuals, who, by a too free indulgence in its use, have become a burthen to the nation in the capacity of pensioners: men who would have been useful and efficient soldiers if perhaps a different canteen system had been in force.

Cheap as malt liquor is in England, it might be worth the attention of Government to provide a regular supply for the use of the troops; such men as wished it might then be allowed a reasonable portion at their meals—a measure which would reduce the consumption of ardent spirits, be more conducive to health, and ultimately benefit the public. A profit might be put upon the ale or beer, which (from the greater quantity likely to be consumed) would equal the present gain on rum. The Board of Ordnance might object to this arrangement, as the canteen profits would then be transferred from that department

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to the Commissariat, but as John Bull pays for all, one cannot see why the public money may not as well pass through one branch of the service as another, when an evident advantage would accrue.

From regiments the canteen returns might be paid weekly; the expense of advertisements, risk of loss by the failure of canteen contractors and their securities, and the correspondence which at times arises on the misconduct of canteen keepers, would all be avoided. The canteen keepers in some of the West Indian islands do not provide the troops with any description of provisions, and are not, in consequence, required to reside in garrison. The profits on the trifling consumption of bread, tea, &c. by a wing of a regiment, would probably not repay them for loss of time, so they merely attend the canteen when open for the sale of rum; but it is supposed to be a mutual advantage, for the soldiers are regularly supplied, and on as reasonable terms, by market people who attend at the barrack gates. Whenever a canteen keeper undertakes the provisions, and for that purpose resides with his family in garrison, it invariably leads to drunkenness; for under the pretence of purchasing tobacco or other trivial articles, the men can at any hour procure rum without being detected.

With regard to the men's diet, it seems more a subject of consideration for medical than military men. I am however of opinion, that the soldiers would benefit by an increased allowance of fresh meat, in lieu of so much salt provisions, which corrupt their blood, and increase their thirst; at present they have the latter five days a week, and the ration is ill-proportioned; that of salt pork, for instance, not being enough, while the allowance of rice and peas is rather more than sufficient. The pork ration weighs only nine ounces and one-seventh, and when boiled scarcely exceeds four ounces and a half, which is rather a limited portion for 151 a grenadier of six feet; still I am no advocate for strong animal food in any climate, much less in a hot one.

The troops in the West Indies labour under a serious inconvenience by invalids being sent home only *once a year*; many soldiers in consequence fall victims to the climate,

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whose lives might have been saved by a timely removal, and the trifling additional expense would be an infinitely less public loss than is at present incurred by the sacrifice of so many valuable lives. It would likewise greatly diminish the list of pensioners, as many men who are invalided at Chatham as unfit for further service, would, if sent home at an early stage of their complaints, recover at their respective depots, and again become effective soldiers. Our service labours under great inconvenience at present, from the outcry there is for retrenchment on the part of civilians, and mistaken economists; they display great ignorance of military matters, as is natural to be supposed, call aloud for a reduction of the army, and to substitute a militia for the regulars. How can reliefs be effected among so many colonies, unless with a considerable standing force? and what English militia would serve under the burning sun of Jamaica, or would relish looking over a rampart for ten years at Gibraltar?

The war department is most solicitous to promote the comfort and efficiency of the troops, but it is hampered by the pseudo political economists. Considerable attention ought always to be paid to military dress; though some old officers are indifferent to it, yet, really, the efficiency of a soldier depends much on his costume. I am the better enabled to suggest certain points to be attended to in military appointment, from having had the good fortune to have seen most standing armies.

I have always remarked that the forage-cap is ill-adapted for the tropics; it neither protects the eyes nor head from the effects of a scorching sun, and there can be little doubt that it tends to augment the number of ophthalmia cases, headaches, fever, &c. The crown between the tropics ought to have cotton two inches in thickness in it—a peak invariably; and two white duck covers ought to be furnished to each man. The officers' dress caps are equally objectionable, from their extreme weight, and their exposing the back of the head. Some officers cannot wear them an hour without suffering for the remainder of the day. The only people who can benefit by them, are those who derive an

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exorbitant profit on their sale. One thing is evident, that the same dress will not answer for all climates, either for the military or civilians.

The use of elastic cotton, or flannel under-waistcoats, is a point which claims the serious attention of the medical officers. It would probably be better if the men wore none, than only to have 152 two under-vests as at present—for if they get wet while one is “at wash,” they have then no means of change, and become more liable to take cold than those who never use them. They should either have three each, or none; and it is of course questionable, whether a soldier whose constitution obliges him to wear flannel can be considered efficient in the field, where it would be impracticable for him to convey the number requisite to insure a change.

There is another point which it may be, perhaps, as well to mention, and which would contribute greatly to the comfort, and in some instances to the health of the troops. I allude to the expediency of having both officers and men *thoroughly drilled* at home, instead of allowing either the one or the other to join the service companies before they have acquired a competent knowledge of their duty. This particularly applies to field officers and captains, on whom the command of a regiment, wing, or other portion, is likely to devolved. Whenever a commanding officer is himself self ignorant of the minute of drill, those under him are sure to be unnecessarily harassed for his instruction; and it is well known from experience, that when any extraordinary degree of drilling is in progress between the tropics, the hospitals fill in proportion. Such a circumstance, whenever it occurs, also leads to a relaxation rather than an improvement in the discipline of the corps, for the men being aware that the instructor is unable to discover their errors, soon acquire loose and slovenly habits under arms, and lose all confidence in him. In fact, long and useless parades, and unnecessary exposure of the men, either to sun or rain, or to drilling, on wet grass, ought to be prevented.

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If a corps be in a good state of discipline when it embarks for foreign service, and every individual who may subsequently have to join it be first made thoroughly acquainted with his duty, very little drilling would be required to maintain it in the highest order.

It is with reluctance I mention it, but a sense of duty compels me to observe, that in one or two of the West India islands, the officers were allowed to appear on all occasions, and in all situations off duty, in sailors jackets, round hats, &c.; and this at a time when a slave insurrection was dreaded, and the commandant habitually sat in his room with a brace of pistols on the table.

The military force in the French islands of Martinique and Guadaloupe amounts to seven thousand men. In all the British West India islands, in British Guiana, and Honduras, there are only eight thousand five hundred. Now, the French force is so disproportionate to ours, that, in the event of a sudden war, unless our fortresses were in good state for defence, our small garrisons would be overpowered in succession, if the French were to 153 act *en masse* against them; let us not then hear any more nonsense talked about our large and useless force in the West. We have laboured to show that these colonies are very valuable, they therefore ought to be defended against foreign foes and negro insurrection; every military man knows and feels to his cost, that for such a mighty colonial empire as that of Great Britain, our army is much too small, and having our country's glory and honour at heart, we only trust and pray that it may not be further reduced.

To civilians unacquainted with colonial service, and the many local inconveniences under which the troops labour, the foregoing remarks may appear trivial and undeserving of notice; but tary men who have had an opportunity of personally observing the life of a soldier between the tropics, will perhaps be impressed with very different feelings. I confess I have written very unreservedly, and perhaps injudiciously, considering my rank and standing in the service to which I have devoted myself; and perhaps I may be accused of vanity or presumption. I do not intend either, and shall only add, that if from any of the

observations which I have just made on military matters the comfort of the British soldier be increased, it will afford me much and lasting gratification.

CHAPTER XVII.

Leave Grenada.—Sail past the Grenadines.—Evening at Sea.—St. Vincient's.—Fort Charlotte.—Kingstown.—Visit the Citadel.—The Governor.—Botanical Garden.—Marooning parties.—Dangers attending them.—The Souffriere Mountain.—The eruption 1812.—Earthquakes and showers of ashes.—Bursting of the lava.—Manner of visiting the Souffriere.—Canoes.—A Tarpeian Rock.—The charming Valley of Buccament.—The Wallibon River.—The road up the mountain—Scene of desolation.—The great Crater.—The Lake.—Thermometrical Observations.—Distant view of the Charib country.—The Charib war.—King Daniel.—The New Crater.—The perilous descent to the Lake.—Sensations in the water.—Ascent.—Gusts of Wind.—Meteorology.

On a squally night I embarked in a mail schooner, commanded by Captain Moffat, R. N., and after tripping our anchor, and sheeting home our top-sails, we stood away to the north-west; all next day we had baffling winds, but had an opportunity of seeing the Grenadines extending between Grenada and St. Vincent's. The small islands produce sugar and cotton; and the slaves rapidly increase upon them, for, as they consist commonly of only one U 154 estate each, the negroes have not a plurality of wives, as on other islands where concubinage is so prevalent.

We saw St. Vincent's towering in the distance as the sun set in majesty, and then the stars came out clear and sparkling in the azure sky. Few quiet pleasures can be compared to that of reclining on the deck of a vessel, and contemplating the glorious constellations flashing in glory in the heavens, and the gently heaving sea under the influence of a balmy breeze, between the tropics; one is soothed and refreshed by the scene and the temperature, and it is impossible to go below and repose in the dark cabin. If the dews are not heavy, and the vessel is at some distance from shore, one may sleep on deck with

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perfect impunity; many hundred delicious dreams I have had on a hen-coop, disturbed only occasionally by a few rain drops on the face, and the rushing of many feet to take in sail, preparatory to the coming squall.

“She bends before its force, And dips her lee-side low beneath the waves; Straight o'er the sea she flies, as when a hawk Darts on a dove, and with a motionless wing Cuts the light yielding air.”

Next day we stood towards St. Vincent's, and saw the great Souffriere, or volcano, casting its shadow over the waves on the north-west of the island; we tacked to and from the shore, and had splendid views of the island scenery. If Grenada is lovely, St. Vincent's is sublime in its character; the hills of the former are rounded in their outline, while those of the latter are sharp and abrupt, and deep valleys are bounded by steep precipices.

We passed under the guns of Fort Charlotte, on a lofty hill, with a conspicuous drawbridge across a ravine; here a major had lately been shot by one of his men as he was returning from a party. Then opened the town of Kingstown, built round a wide bay, with country-houses rising behind the streets, among which was the house of the Governor, in a garden; but the most conspicuous object was a church, with a taper spire; in the back ground was a chain of lofty mountains.

We came to an anchor, and ran our boat on shore on a pier-less and wharf-less beach, and were obliged to watch the receding waves to land dry. I took up my residence with Mr. Le Gall, in a cool and pleasant house, washed by the Atlantic.

Mounting a horse, I rode through the town, and passed a mar, ket filled with negroes in holiday clothes, trafficking and chattering at a great rate, and then passed up a very steep road to Fort Charlotte; here was stationed a wing of the 19th, under Colonel Hardy. So precipitous is the hill on which this handsome fort 155 is built, that in looking from the mess-room windows, the sea is seen perpendicularly below, with the island of Becquia

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and the Grenadines in the distance, and Old Woman's Point forming the opposite horn of the Bay of Kingstown.

I inspected a valuable collection of island shells and a handsome library; the property of Major Dickson, of the Royal Engineers, and then descended the hill, and rode up a valley towards the Governor's residence; on the left, in a confined situation, where no fresh breeze could blow, were the remains of the old French stone barracks, where many victims had succumbed to the climate.

We found ourselves in the botanic garden, a most interesting spot, but sadly neglected since the death of Mr. Anderson, who formed it; still, though choked with rank weeds, I remarked many rare plants, and fruits, and flowers, in wild luxuriance. We dismounted at a long single-storied cottage, and paid our devoirs to Sir George Hill. Though an elderly gentleman, he has had no cause to complain of the climate of St. Vincent's; yet his Excellency seemed puzzled to account for my visiting the Antilles voluntarily, and risking my health. I explained that since I lived strictly by rule, I considered myself free to roam wheresoever I listed. After receiving an invitation to spend a day with Sir George, I took leave. My stay in St. Vincent's was short, which I much regret, for I consider it the most interesting island I have ever seen; in point of scenery, its character is awfully sublime, and well calculated to withdraw the mind from trifling sublunary pursuits to the contemplation of the founder of the everlasting hills.

No island affords such excellent opportunities for marooning parties, or pleasure excursions, as St. Vincent's. The officers stationed here, if they please, may be engaged in one of these every week during the favourable season, for the planters and merchants delight in pic-nics, and they have always been patronized both by Governors Hill and Brisbane. True, they are rather dangerous for those who have left a dulcinea in England, or wish to preserve a whole heart; for enjoying a pleasant repast in a tent pitched in a rural spot beneath lofty trees, lively conversation without formality, sparkling wine and sparkling eyes, an evening's ramble by the flowery bank of a clear and murmuring stream, with a

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fair and light-hearted creole under one's arm,; now admiring the distant mountains, or the wide expanse of the Atlantic, and then reciprocating glances of satisfaction at the scene, and pleased with one another; he must be cold indeed, or extremely philosophical, who can long resist such seductions. As Enat Oolla has it, "the heart becomes entangled in the snare of 156 her dark tresses, and the bird of the soul becomes a captive in the net of her glossy ringlets."

Conspicuous among the majestic mountains of St. Vincent's, is the Souffriere, occupying the north-west point of the island. This celebrated volcano is the grandest scene in the West Indies. The lofty summit is only to be seen at intervals between the rolling clouds, and the sides are furrowed with streams of lava.

Before the last eruption in 1812, the great crater, five hundred feet in depth, and three miles in circumference, contained within it a conical hill, streaked beautifully with sulphur, like a tulip, and covered with shrubs and flowers, amongst which rare birds "warbled their wood-notes wild."

On the 27th of April 1812, after many violent convulsive throes, columns of smoke ascended from the mountain; these were followed by showers of light pebbles and dust, which covered the vegetation on the hills and valleys around. On the 30th, earthquakes shook the solid earth; smoke and showers of ashes were thrown up rapidly and portentously from the mountain, indicating some direful event; and all the whites, Charibs, and negroes fled from the vicinity of the mountain.

After a great roaring and agitation in the Souffriere, the hot lava boiled up to the mouth of the crater, overflowed, and ran down the sides of the mountain, destroyed the vegetation, and covered the surrounding country with streams of melted rocks: all this while the earth heaved in agony, the thunder pealed about the dread summit of the Souffriere, and forked lightning flashed round its burning sides. It was a dreadful night!

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The shower of stones, sand, and ashes, fell over the whole island, and were even carried to the neighbouring colonies. After a week's agitation the mountain became still; then nought was heard "but the murmur of the torrent from afar; the roaring waves which climbed the distant rocks; the flies of evening on their feeble wings, and the hum of their course on the field."

In order to visit the Souffriere, let the traveller embark at Kingstown in a canoe, manned by half a dozen stout negroes. The island canoes are hollowed out of cedar trees, raised on the sides with planking, and may be pulled at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour. The proprietors on the coast allow their negroes to go to market in these canoes, and they sometimes come a distance of thirty miles.

In pulling round to the north-west, a high perpendicular rock, washed by the sea, is pointed out, from whence the Charibs are said to have hurled their criminals, as the Romans did theirs from the Tarpeian. Whilst passing close under this precipitous cliff, it is difficult to repress a shudder, on imagining to oneself the 157 number of victims whose frantic shrieks have rent the air when dashed from the dizzy height into the gulf below. During the war, cannon were hauled up at this place from vessels which could come alongside; and a fort is seen on another commanding eminence.

Though the coast is very bold, yet on every practicable spot are seen plantations of canes, and one or two villages; but of all the valleys I ever saw, I think that of Buccament bears away the palm, and might dispute it with the happy and secluded vale of Rasselas. In one respect, it is far superior to the retreat of the Prince of Abyssinia; it is open to the sea, overhanging mountains formed the sides, from which rivulets descended, watering the vegetation. "The banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every plant shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground." Precipices of bare rock alternated with the verdure, and down the vale ran a clear and rapid river, abounding in mullet. The valley is five miles long, shut in with a mountain at the upper end; and is a mile in width, where the river pours into the Atlantic. Altogether, "it forms a most

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luxuriant picture of cultivation, contrasted with romantic views, and is wholly secluded from the world." On viewing this enchanting scene from the sea, these lines were recalled to memory, and I participated in the feeling which suggested them:

"Let me, where yon tall cliffs are rudely piled, Where towers the palm amidst the mountain trees, Where pendent from the steep, with graces wild, The blue liania floats upon the breeze, Still haunt those bold recesses, Nature's child, Where thy majestic charms my spirit seize."

Cumberland Bay is next passed, wooded to the water's edge, and here, landing at Richmond estate, on the Wallibon river, the manager's house is reached, looking down from an eminence on another charming valley.

At the mouth of the Wallibon river, from whence the sketch of the Souffriere, six miles distant, was made by my friend Mr. George Parker, there is a broad expanse covered with black and ashes. The river was larger before the eruption, but now varies in size according to the heaviness of the rains. This desolate waste was once a green sward, with the proprietor's house in the centre of it, immediately behind which were the buildings; of these there remains only the side of the boiling house. The desolation was caused some time after the eruption, by the bursting of the river, carrying along with it immense quantities of sand and ashes with which it was dammed up. On the left of the picture is a bay, and the perpendicular cliffs are composed apparently 158 of black ashes, which are washed away when the sea is raised by storms.

Leaving the manager's house, the road to the Souffriere passes through cane fields, and a thicket of long grass and ferns which reach over a horse's back; the path then can hardly be seen, and seems to be on a narrow ridge, on each side of which is a precipice, that to the west being the most terrific. The danger here is considerable from the difficulty of keeping the path; the shrubs are so thick, the ferns so tough, that they can hardly be broken through, and the grass is sharp and cutting; the ascent is gradual. Six large trees,

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half way to the volcano, afford a shade under which to refresh, and to admire the graceful forms of the tree ferns scattered here and there.

For some distance beyond the resting-place the path continues intricate as before, and then the crater ridge is reached. This is more thinly sprinkled with trees; till, towards the summit, it is quite bare, and furrowed with the traces of the mountain torrents and of lava, whilst sand and ashes are under foot. To the south is a mountain, which seems to overhang the traveller; it is richly covered to the top with tufted foliage, which forms a contrast to the scene on the north; there desolation seems to have marked it as its own; the destructive agency of fire has annihilated the vegetation and left nothing but a bare, barren, and blackened mass of rocks. Here might the naturalist pitch his tent and watch the vegetation improving as we descend the mountain, lichens, mosses, grasses, shrubs, and trees.

There is a convenient nook for leaving the horses, and then, on walking forwards twenty yards probably, a mighty cloud of vapour will be seen; it fills the crater to the brim, gradually clears off, and the whole majesty of the scene is unfolded. Instinctively the gazer recoils from the abyss beneath his feet, and his senses are wrapt in amazement, for he sees before him one of the most awful scenes in nature; the sides of the mighty goblet with a lake at the bottom, are themselves mountains—here descending in a perpendicular wall to the water, and there inclining at an angle of 45° : distinctly marked on the sides of the cauldron is the height of the water of the lake at different times, the variation of which takes place doubtless from rain and evaporation.

According to my very intelligent informant, Mr. John Tinney, of Liverpool, the eastern lip of the crater is three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and there also the depth from the lip to the surface of the lake in the crater is five hundred feet, the circumference of the cauldron at the top is about three 159 miles: a cold mist commonly rests on the surface of the green, slimy, and unfathomable water at the bottom; and so

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horrible is the scene, that one almost expects to see the fiend rise “on ebon wing”. from the surface of the dreary lake.

In a country where the mean fall of rain exceeds one hundred inches, a funnel one mile in diameter must collect a great quantity of water; and, owing to the dense fogs and the lower temperature at the summit of the Souffriere, the evaporation is much less than in the plain, while the fall of rain is greater.

The three peaks to the north of the crater are all of the same height nearly, that is, four thousand feet above the sea. On one of these Mr. Charles Parker, of Liverpool, a gentleman of considerable scientific acquirements, observed the thermometer at forty-five minutes past two P. M. on the 31st of July 1824, when clear, to stand at 69°; and when hazy at 70°; whilst about noon, in the plain, it indicated 82° of heat.

From the Souffriere, when the day is clear, an extensive view may be had of that wild region, the Charib country, now occupied by a mere handful of red Indians; formerly, there were black as well as red Charibs in St. Vincent's, the former supposed to be sprung from the survivors of a wrecked slave-ship. In 1791 the black Charibs revolted against the authority of the English, and with the assistance of the French, maintained for two years a desperate struggle with our troops, (among other regiments engaged, was the 42d) till that doughty knight, Sir Ralph Abercromby, finally subdued them—they were then removed to Rattan Island. A sketch of the war is to be met with in the pleasant work of Mr. F. W. N. Bailey, entitled “Four Years in the West Indies.”

The red Charibs who now remain in St. Vincent's, are in number one thousand, including both sexes; they are an idle and luxurious race, live in comfortable huts, cultivate their provision-grounds, and barter fish and curious baskets for rum. Some time ago they had a king, or chief called Daniel, a venerable patriarch, who had a harem of five wives; he was short and thin, with an olive complexion, prominent nose, straight hair, and wild fiery eyes—perhaps his majesty is still alive.

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In walking along the brink of the crater it is necessary to clamber over ridges covered with slippery moss, on a loose soil, without a shrub to hold by, and a false step will send the adventurer rolling down into the Souffriere. After a mile and a half (or half way round) is accomplished, the new crater is seen; it lies to the southeast of the other, and if the mist is thick and a breeze blowing, as is often the case, it is necessary to crawl 160 forwards on hands and knees, otherwise it is impossible to avoid a fatal accident whilst looking into the lesser crater.

The two craters are separated only by a narrow ridge, or saddle, which, though apparently impassable, a sailor once succeeded in crossing. The new crater is more of an abyss than its neighbour, its sides are more rugged and frightful, but it is much smaller at bottom, where is a mass of black ashes and sand, and a little water of a red clayey hue; sometimes it is quite dry. When the force of the last eruption was beginning to subside, these ashes must have fallen back into the crater again. It was not known till some time after that a new crater had been formed. The earthquakes are supposed to have ceased on its formation, by the free vent which was then given to the fused matter in the bowels of the earth.

It is possible, but it is a perilous enterprise, to descend to the surface of the lake in the great crater. It is necessary to slip down rocks and gulleys, having only small projecting stones, roots of grass and shrubs to hold by and to stand upon. A few small plants are beginning to make their appearance, but what are they to the rich scene which was presented in the time of the historian of the West Indies, Edwards, when also the sweet notes of a bird were heard, now no longer known?

The rapid descent occupies about twenty minutes, and then there is a small promontory which juts out a few yards into the water. Here two friends stripped, and determined to bathe in the appalling lake, with its slimy water of unfathomable depth, they plunged into the abyss, but nothing could equal the sensations which overwhelmed them on finding themselves in the water, and on looking up and around them; the green and brackish

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water chilled their bones, and a feeling of horror came over them, when they considered they were in a vast and deep cauldron enclosed with black and steep rocks, and over head the sky. It seemed as if they were about to be swallowed up, and they were not long in regaining the land; their ascent was difficult and slow, and often they thought of giving up the attempt through fatigue. Diverging from the proper path, which increased the danger, and turning to the right, they were stopped by a gulley; then to the left they clambered over ridges of sand, and along shelving rocks; but at last reached the top in safety, having performed a feat which none ever before attempted.

It is curious to observe a gust of wind whirling down into the crater; it is observed by the mist descending upon the water, which is twisted and tossed up into the air to some height.

At Langley Park, eight hundred and fifty feet above the level 161 of the sea, and below the Souffriere there fell, in 1822, 120.14 inches of rain.

There were dry days 104

Wet do. 261

365

Floods 40

Thunder showers 60

100

This, then, is a sketch of one of the most interesting mountains in the world; at present it shows no symptoms of again vomiting forth its destructive lava, but the day may not be far distant when it will again send out its waving and admonitory pyramids of smoke, and be shaken with earthquakes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sail in His Majesty's brig Reindeer for Jamaica.—Our Passengers.—High Dignitaries lightly spoken of.—Resuscitation of a Flying-fish.—A gallant Breeze.—St. Domingo.—The Blue Mountains of Jamaica.—Anchor off Port Royal.—The great Earthquake.—A Musquito Fleet.—Pleasure of Canoe-sailing.—The streets of Kingston.—The Commander of the Forces.—Jeremiads.—An Anti-slavery Newspaper. —Incendiaries.—Small-pox.—British and American Merchantmen compared. —Bribery of Custom-house Officers.—British men-of-war in the Antilles.— An accommodating Storekeeper.—The Barracks at Up Park Camp.—A Military Funeral.—Effects on the Living.—The seasoning Fever.—The Yellow Fever not a contagious Disease.—Dr. Pinckard.—The Yaws and Cra-cra.—Draining of Swamps neglected.—Treatment of Yellow Fever.—Public Buildings in Kingston. — Markets and Hospitals.—The Native School.—Thoughts on Education.— Excursion to the Mountains.—The great Lagoon.—A Coffee Estate.—The Battle of the Bats.—View from the Mountains of Liguanea.—Spanish Town.—Lord Belmore.—An Antiquary put to flight.— The order of Travellers.

One afternoon, when I was hesitating whether to go or stay some days longer in St. Vincent's, with which I was quite fascinated, His Majesty's packet brig Reindeer appeared round Old Woman's Point, stood across the bay, backed her fore-top sail, and sent a boat on shore with the mails. She was proceeding direct to Jamaica; such an opportunity was not to be lost, so I X 162 took a passage in her, shipped myself and baggage at half an hour's notice, and we stood away into the Caribbean Sea.

Lieutenant Dickens, R.N. our commander, was a smart officer and a perfect gentleman, so we had a pleasant time of it. Other passengers we had—two ladies and two gentlemen; one of these last was a youngster who had just been “cut adrift from his mother's apron-string.” Many were the tricks played upon him. In crossing the Tropic the sailors proceeded to duck the greenhorns; our youth barricaded himself in his cabin, and swore he would complain to the Admiralty if they attempted to ill-use him. “Complain to the Admiralty!” said

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a great hairy fellow of a boatswain's mate; "by George! we would souse the Lords o' the Admiralty themselves, if they were here, in a couple of shakes— I'm d—d if we wouldn't." A flying-fish came in at a port one morning, and young master greedily caught up the curiosity and put it in his basin, thinking to bring it alive again; a mischievous dog watched when he went on deck, and laid it on his bed: he turned in to take his afternoon's siesta, and on getting up he made a great outcry on finding the fish smashed under him; but he was pacified and consoled when told that his experiment had succeeded, the fish had come to life and had flown out of the basin into his bed!

Our packet had the usual defects of the old ten-gun brigs; very crank, no breadth of beam, low between decks, and small hot berths; but as we had eight and nine-knot breezes, clear skies, and a lively sea sparkling in the sun or moon beams, we bowled along gaily, with light hearts and elastic spirits. The usual temperature of the air was eighty-three, and that of the sea eighty-two in the month of July.

After a week's run we sighted afar off the dim outline of part of St. Domingo, and then the lofty mountains near Point Morant, the eastern cape of Jamaica. It was a magnificent scene, this part of the island; the Blue Mountains, eight thousand feet high, towered above a stratum of clouds, and the rugged hills below them were furrowed by ravines; we could see no level land, but the steep cliffs descended abruptly into the sea, on which were one or two small coasting vessels. As we approached nearer, we observed that the hills were not altogether barren, black forests were upon their sides, and patches of bright emerald green, and white houses, were seen as we ran along the south coast towards Port Royal.

From Fort Nugent, conspicuous under a steep hill, to Port Royal, there is a narrow spit of land, called the Palisades, composed of sand overgrown with mangroves, studded with gravestones, and having a conspicuous pirate's gallows upon it. Behind 163 this is the harbour of the capital; and Kingston itself was seen on an extended plain, and somewhat after the manner of Port of Spain, was encircled with mountains. We stood close in shore, and saw coral banks quite close to us, over which an angry current swept; we rounded to

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under the guns at Fort Point, almost touching them with our lower studding-sail boom; our canvass was quickly taken in, and we dropped anchor among a squadron of men-of-war. Among other vessels was the Champion, eighteen, in which I had returned from Burma five years before.

The present town of Port Royal, opposite to which we lay, is now reduced to three or four streets and a few lanes; at times there is considerable bustle here, for it contains the navy-yard for heaving down and refitting men-of-war, also barracks and an hospital. Old Port Royal, which rose by piracy and the slave-trade to be one of the wealthiest cities in the New World, was built on a sandy stratum which rested on a rock; a dreadful earthquake shook it with its inhabitants into the sea, and our anchor lay among the ruins, which may be seen under the wave in a clear day.

“The earth below Gushed out in fire, and from the blazen sky, And from the boiling seas such wrath did flow, And saw not Shinar's plain or Babel's overthrow.”

We had hardly come to an anchor when we saw a musquito fleet of wherries and schooner-rigged canoes bearing down upon us from Kingston, distant seven miles; the negro crews boarded us, and then came the “tug of war” as to who should have the honour and profit of conveying us to the capital. I placed my baggage in a canoe, and stood away up the harbour; but I believe there was more danger in this short run than on several voyages across the Atlantic. The canoe carried a heavy press of sail, the sea washed into us—the sea-breeze was very strong—the crew belayed the sheet, negro fashion, and the gaf top-sail fins of blue sharks might be seen cutting the wave near us; the hands sat on the weather gunwale, and after several heavy lurches we “brought up” at a wooden wharf in Kingston.

In walking through the long, straight, dusty, and hot streets of Lower Kingston, I remarked that the houses were two-storied, with verandahs “aloft and alow,” and numerous stores, on the doors of which was written in chalk, “Oats on sale, herrings, &c.” to show that fresh

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supplies had just arrived. A crowd of negro boys ran past, dragging along by a string, with great shouting and cruelty, an unfortunate guana; it turned and gaped at them 164 like a young crocodile, when the cowards took to their heels. I took shelter from the heat (90°) and stifling dust in the comfortable lodgings of Madam Sabut, who had two buxom and lively daughters.

I donned my uniform, and waited on Sir Willoughby Cotton, the Commander of the Forces. The General's house (as well as many others in the upper part of the city) was spacious and Well aired, the rooms were large and lofty, in the Madras style, and there were pleasant gardens outside. An old friend, Captain Finnucane, Assistant-Military-Secretary, started back when he saw me, as if I had been an apparition; and I need not say that I was most hospitably entertained by the General, who for years had moved in the gay circle at Carlton Palace.

In wandering among the West Indian islands last summer, it was truly painful and distressing to hear, the desponding tones of the planters and merchants. I deeply sympathised with them, for they did not complain without very good reason; still I felt my own spirits sink with being continually in the house of lamentation, and hearing constantly jeremiads. Thus I went into a store in Kingston, belonging to one of the most respectable merchants of the place; he said, "We were lately in a thriving way, but the crisis which we long dreaded is now come. I would willingly stay here, but incendiaries set the town on fire every week—they can't be detected; and then again the saints at home have established the Watchman Anti-Slavery newspaper; it has not fifty subscribers in the colony, and to conduct and publish such a paper requires £2000 per annum, so that it must be supported by our *kind friends* at home who seek our ruin: now if we merchants, who mainly support the planters, leave the colony for the United States, the planters' state will be bad indeed."

I afterwards saw the Mayor, and he said he had just offered £1000 currency and freedom to any slave who would inform against the incendiaries, who daily became more daring.

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Small pox, too, afflicted this unfortunate city and its suburbs; one thousand had perished in the last six weeks: I saw many funerals.

I strolled down to Kingston harbour, and was pleased to see the crowd of shipping, that, notwithstanding the bad times, still layoff the town. Since the opening of the trade between the British West India Islands and the United States, this year (1831,) I confess that I have experienced a painful sense of humiliation in the West India ports the inferiority of the British merchant-vessels to those of the United States: the former, from a certain regulation of the custom-house, have no breadth of beam, their masts or yards are neither taunt nor square, they are abominably wall-sided, consequently are very crank, and unable 'to carry a 165 press of sail, except in the most moderate weather. The American merchantmen, on the other hand, have all the qualities of a smart vessel, which the British want: true they may not stow so much cargo in their holds, but they do not find it necessary to do so. Would it cause a great loss of revenue to alter the above regulation for admeasurement of British vessels? If our present system is persevered in, the Americans, by quick runs between port and port, will assuredly forestall us, and will continually go on injuring our trade, introducing their own manufactures, and underselling us everywhere.

Another point connected with the Customs may be here noticed. It is impossible to bribe American custom-house officers, because they receive three dollars a day, whether employed or not on board a vessel; at our ports, the custom-house officers receive only 2 s. 6 d. when on board a vessel. In the West Indies they are also very inadequately paid, and when they make a seizure are not remunerated as they ought to be, and are often put to law expenses for their trouble. I need not state the consequences of all this. I was witness to an extensive smuggling transaction in the West Indies (not in Jamaica,) where in open day a large quantity of French wines and liquors was landed at no great distance from the custom-house wharf with perfect impunity.

I never contemplate a British man-of-war without “feeling an increased warmth circulating through my veins—the conscious pride of a Briton that, of all seamen in the world, those

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of Old England are pre-eminent;" and yet, though I remarked on board our men-of-war in the West, that the men were very efficient, smart in their dress, and in a high state of discipline, and also that the condition of the rigging and decks was very creditable to all hands, I was mortified when I noticed the manner in which the midshipmen were allowed to land with the "liberty men." What must people have thought when they saw officers of ships-of-war out at elbows, in green coats, and hats with part of a brim? There is much need of reform here.

At Port Royal there was no society for the naval officers; the store and billiard-table of a Frenchman, Johnny Feron by name, was the chief rendezvous. In the climate of the West Indies, some cannot get through the day without sipping a little brandy and water; so, after Johnny's visitors had been served, he would call out to his negro boy, "Who call for grog, Tam?" "Don't know name, massa, little tall gentleman, tink."—"Well, put it down to all to prevent mistakes." Johnny was indifferent about marrying his three daughters to any decent man, but had no objection to dispose of them for a lieutenant's quarterly bill, or £27; 166 he was a wonderfully accommodating character, and made "no mistakes."

I visited, with Colonel Macleod, Assistant-Adjutant-General, Fort Nugent and Rock Fort, defending the pass to the east of the capital; and then drove to the handsome and commodious barracks at Up Park Camp. They are seated on a sloping plain at some distance from town, and present a fine range of buildings for the men, with comfortable quarters for the officers in front; behind them, at some distance, are the noble mountain ranges, ridge above ridge, rising into the clouds; on the grassy plain there was scattered wood, and in the centre in front of the barracks there was a solitary silk-cotton-tree, of venerable age, and paved round, on which the band play in the evening in fine weather. The Colonel pointed out a clear stream which ran past the barracks, and Which filled one of the largest and best swimming. baths I ever saw, judiciously planned and perfected by Sir John Keane; seeing all this, and the open airy situation of the barracks, I said, "Surely there can be no disease here?" when the wailing notes of the Dead March in Saul, and the heavy tread of soldiers with muskets reversed, accompanying an Assistant Surgeon of

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the 33d regiment to the tomb; after a fatal attack of yellow fever, soon convinced me of the contrary. At the foot of the mountains in rear of the barracks, there are some pestilential swamps, which ought to be surveyed, and drained without delay.

A military funeral at all times, with “its slow music and solemn parade” is an awfully impressive scene:—in this instance it was doubly so, for the victim of the relentless destroyer had braved, for several years, the climate of Sierra Leone and Cape Coast, and, thinking himself perfectly safe in Jamaica, had imprudently exposed himself in the discharge of his duties, and died after a residence of only six weeks in the colony.

In hot climates, where the body is more predisposed to disease than in temperate climes, on witnessing the warlike honours paid to a deceased comrade, and hearing the “thrice-volleyed farewell,” gloomy apprehensions, often attended with fatal consequences, are apt to occupy the minds of the beholder. As the poor doctor's mortal remains were carried past the guard, I observed the men turn out, and gaze on the heart-moving procession with looks of despondency:—“And what,” thought I, “must be the feelings of the sick in hospital, on hearing the muffled drums and the muskets at the grave, when those in health are so affected by the ceremonial?” Soldiers ought not to be deprived of the usual honorable obsequies of their calling; but between the Tropics let the procession be conducted in a different manner, and move by a retired road to the final resting-place.

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Most Europeans who visit the West Indies have an attack of seasoning fever, and it depends on their constitution and previous habits whether the attack is a severe one or not. This fever is the usual bilious one of Tropical climates, and is either intermittent, remittent, or continued—the latter is the true yellow fever. It may be taken as a general rule, that since nature has fitted man for living in all climates, it depends generally on a person's own precautions whether he escapes disease or not. In some situations, all precautions are unavailing—with our greatest care we are attacked by severe malady; but in general, the source of our health and happiness is at our own command. Creoles and

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negroes are subject to intermittent fever; Europeans, who have resided some time in the West Indies, are commonly attacked with fever in the remittent form; whilst the healthiest and the strongest of the new comers are subject to the continued or yellow fever. Of late years, however, yellow fever in its most malignant form has not been prevalent in the British West India Islands.

To prove that the yellow fever is not a contagious disease, creolised or acclimated inhabitants of the Antilles are very seldom attacked by it. Though strangers are liable to be seized by the endemic, yet, whether the yellow fever be contagious or not, it is decidedly imprudent to approach a patient too nearly, whilst labouring under it; and from some experience of the cholera in India, and the plague in Turkey, I may say the same of these insatiate devourers.

Dr. Pinckard, in his excellent notes on the West Indies, remarks, that it is not a law of contagion to make its attack upon the most robust and vigorous people; more commonly it assails those of tender fibre, as,—for example, were any given number of strong, healthy men, and the same number of children, to be exposed at the same time to the influence of the contagion of small pox, measles, or scarlatina, common observation informs us that the children would be found to be most susceptible of the impression, and attacked in the greatest number. But the very reverse of this would be the case, were they to be exposed in a similar manner to the cause producing the yellow fever—the men would be found to be the most susceptible, and a greater proportion of them would fall victims to the disease.

There is no doubt of the yaws and cra-cra (glandular and cutaneous diseases) being contagious disorders; but these are principally confined to the negroes, and arise from impure living.

The season in which yellow fever is most prevalent is at the decline of the wet season of the year. Whilst there is constant rain, or constant sunshine, there is little of this disease. Newly-cleared land, damp situations, and particularly salt marshes, or the 168 mouths of

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rivers, generate yellow fever,—miasma, or an unwhole. some exhalation from decayed vegetable substances, causing it to attack individuals whose fibres are not sufficiently relaxed for a hot climate.

I had occasion to remark before, that it is lamentable to see how careless Europeans are in the West Indies of the soil near their towns. For the convenience of commerce, a town will be built near a deadly swamp; and if any one thinks it worth while to drain the marsh, and convert it into sugar fields, the town will be healthy; if not fevers are continually prevalent. The mad pursuit of wealth renders health quite a secondary consideration among nations calling themselves civilized.

The yellow fever is always attended with a derangement of the biliary system, and, consequently, the liver is affected. Bilious vomiting is a usual symptom, (hence the Spanish name of the disease “el vomito negro,”) then yellowness of the skin and eyes in the last stage.

Formerly the yellow fever was treated in the same way as the remittent, by the copious use of bark; but this has been found to be quite fallacious. Mercury, blood-letting, and the bath, are very efficacious in the early stages; and I heard of a Spanish doctor who was very successful in his treatment of the disease by administering a preparation from the juice of pine-apples.

Many of the fevers of the Antilles have a peculiar tendency to affect the brain, and the patients, though otherwise quite sensible meditate self-destruction. Several instances have thus occurred in which they succeeded in their fatal purpose.

“No holy man, with pious care, O'er their poor relies breathed a prayer; No mourner graced them with a tear, No funeral bell toll'd solemnly.”

I visited the English and Scotch churches in Kingston: from the steeple of the former, I had a most delightful and extensive prospect of the city, the amphitheatre of mountains,

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and the magnificent harbour. It is a useful memorandum for travellers, on first arriving in a town, always to mount to the highest point in it, so as to have a general idea of the topography; and afterwards to visit the theatre, if there is one, to have a general idea of the inhabitants. The English church in Kingston is handsomely fitted up—gilding and scarlet in profusion, with marble monuments. The Scotch is a neat circular building, but was what they call “a whistling kirk,” that is, had the advantage of an organ. Some of my puritanical countrymen think this a scandalous innovation, and that musical instruments of any kind are an abomination in 169 the church service, forgetting at the same time that “it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto his name upon an instrument of ten strings, upon the psaltery, and upon the harp with a solemn sound.”

I visited the markets, where there was the usual display of fish, flesh, and fowl, fruits and vegetables. I then visited the hospital for whites, and remarked that the patients were extremely crowded, and very little attention was paid to cleanliness. I saw a young lady labouring under confluent small-pox, miserably accommodated. I then visited the gaol; in the outer court were the debtors, in the second the felons, and in the third were the condemned cells; but though there were eighty incarcerated altogether, yet there had been no execution in Kingston for seven years—which speaks volumes in favour of the population.

I next stayed two hours in the native school, and had a long conversation with Mr. Reid, an enthusiastic teacher and intelligent man, on the different systems for developing the faculties of youth; the system of Witherspoon, for infants, I saw tried here with success, and that of Wood, or the interrogatory system. In the boasted parish-schools in Scotland, I have often remarked, that if the children read a chapter in the Bible with tolerable fluency, they were considered perfect scholars. Wood's admirable system is to make them not only read fluently, but also perfectly to understand, by cross questioning and oral instruction, every syllable they read. When children are taught foreign languages, which ought never to be attempted till they thoroughly understand their own, and can compose in it with facility, the Hamiltonian system, with interlinear translations, (whatever opposition it

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may receive from teachers interested in retarding the progress of youth,) I know from experience to be a royal short and easy road to the acquisition of any tongue. Give a youth a taste for learning by a rapid acquirement, in the first instance, of a vocabulary (as it were) of words on the Hamiltonian plan, and then teach the grammar. It is the same thing in music or drawing: if a child is kept at the gamut for weeks, it gets a distaste for music; but teach it to play or sing a simple air by any mechanical means; and what was before disagreeable, becomes a delight: again, if a child is kept sketching eyes, and mouths, and fingers, for a long time, it will naturally detest drawing; but teach it to draw a little figure, and it will return eventually to the detail or grammar with satisfaction.

I was anxious to visit Spanish Town, or St. Iago de la Vega, the ancient capital in the interior, also to see some of the estates, and to ascend some of the mountain ranges; so one morning I mounted in company with a Mr. Freckleton, and rode out of Kingston X 170 in the direction of Spanish Town, to the westward. On either side of the road, hedged with logwood, were pleasant houses, at intervals, with trees and gardens about them; and a few planters from the country passed us, behind whom were riding servants with leather portmanteaus strapped on their saddles. There were some old silk-cotton trees by the road side, under which negroes coming into town were reposing in groups; and then we came to a great lagoon, or salt marsh, at which there was an inn called the Ferry. house.

The smell arising from the lagoon was heavy and sepulchral; the breeze which swept over it seemed loaded with deadly fever, and there were a few miserable-looking negroes fishing in places clear of weeds. In passing through it on a raised road, and sensible of the murky pestilential atmosphere I breathed, I was reminded of those jungles in some parts of India, in travelling through which for some days, or even hours, one may contract a fever which it will be impossible ever to shake off; and again, I thought this dreadful lagoon, within seven miles of Kingston, was like some parts of Guinea, where the country is altogether uncultivated, overflowed with water, "surrounded with thick impenetrable woods, and overrun with slime; where the air is so vitiated, noisome and thick, that torches

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and candles burn dim, and seem ready to be extinguished, and even the human voice loses its natural tone.”

After a short stop at the Ferry-house, we turned off to the right, and rode up a valley with high rocks on either side, and ancient fig-trees with bush-rope hanging from their branches, and aloes and torch-thistles beneath them. We ascended for some hours winding round the face of hills, and after a scrambling, and in some places dangerous ride, we arrived at what is called a coffee mountain. The beautiful coffee and pimento plants were set round the summit, and on a level plateau was the manager's house, with barbacues or terraces for drying the pods, and the pulper-mill in which the berries are detached. A little below this were the negro huts, with gardens about them, and palms overhanging them; it was a perfect picture of a mountain plantation, and I enjoyed it the more as the heat, which in Kingston was 90°, was now at six in the evening at 70°.

I partook of mountain fare with the manager, coffee and plantains, and attempted to read before going to bed, but a squadron of bats flew into my room, dashed against my face, extinguished and upset my light; and though I attempted to make play with a short stick, and not a few drank the sherbet of death, yet at last I was fairly driven under the quilt. A bat is a most unpleasant visiter at all times, and especially in a sleeping room between the 171 tropics, where they are so large, have such sharp teeth, and really delight in human blood.

I rose at five in the morning to enjoy a most glorious prospect from an elevated peak of the mountain, where it is possible to see nearly across the island, forty miles in breadth. A vast chain of mountains run east and west throughout the length of Jamaica; the country on the north side of the island (one hundred and fifty miles long) rises at some distance from the sea into gentle hills, with broad valleys between them; the face of nature being clad in a bright vesture of green, with scattered groves, and abundantly watered with silver streams. Nearer the centre of the island are vast forests, dark and dense, and rising up the side of the mountains, which lose themselves in the clouds at the height of eight

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thousand feet above the level of the sea. Looking towards the south, I saw the great plain of Liguanea and Kingston near the sea, and saw how inaccessible the capital is to foreign foes. The range of mountains on which I stood, formed a semi-circle behind Kingston, and fell suddenly into the sea on its left, where Rock Fort guarded the narrow pass; then on the right was the great lagoon, far more impenetrable than the marshes of New Orleans, and running up from the sea to the base of the mountains, so that no enemy could approach by land, except after overcoming countless natural obstacles, neither, could he approach by sea, for the guns of Port Royal would sink any fleet that attempted to pass into the harbour formed by the long spit of the palisades.

After enjoying myself for some time on the highlands of Liguanea, breathing a pure air, and feeling enlivened and spiritualized as it were, as all do when raised above the gross vapours of the plains and the still grosser and insatiable pursuits of lucre, I descended and rode towards Spanish Town. After passing some sugar estates and cattle-pens, and crossing an iron bridge over the Cobre river, I rode through many dull streets, in which there were few moving objects, and then came suddenly on a handsome square, in which were the palace of the Governor, the courts and public offices, and in an open temple a statue of Lord Howe. After a survey of the town and public buildings, which I need not stop to describe, I returned to Kingston.

Lord Belmore, the Captain-General, did not reside in his palace at Spanish Town, but at a country-house some distance off, in one of those healthy situations so' abundant in this rich and favoured isle; where, if the heat of the plains debilitates the frame, the mountain is at hand where the fruits of Europe flourish, and where a blanket may be used throughout the year. "May the graves 172 of those be defiled, and their fathers burnt," who wish to cut off this island from the possessions of our noble country!

Whoever has heard of M. le Comte Forbin, Directeur-General des Musees en France, must remember the dreadful blow which Lord and Lady Belmore, when travelling in Egypt, unwittingly inflicted on the sensitive feelings of M. le Comte. According to his own story,

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Forbin (making mountains of mole-hills and oceans of rivulets) had succeeded with great difficulty in reaching Thebes, and was revelling, like Marius at Carthage, in all the luxury of meditation on the revolutions of the past, as exemplified by the stupendous ruins which were piled around him; when “figurez son-étonnement,” on seeing tripping along the banks of the Nile, unconsciousness of the classic soil on which she trod being contaminated by her presence, “une femme de chambre Anglaise, portante un parasol vert et habillée en spencer couleur de rose!” This dreadful apparition, it appeared, was an attendant upon Lady Belmore, who was returning from Nubia. In a moment it dispelled all the Count's glorious visions of the past, and despairing of being able to gain any scientific knowledge where there were English *femmes-de-chambre*, he returned from whence he came, to Cairo. Now, that is the Count's version of this affair; hear another, and judge which is the true one, discriminating reader. Lord Belmore certainly met M. Forbin at Thebes, but her Ladyship and all the females of her party had laid aside European dresses and adopted the Turkish, as better suited to the climate, and rendering the wearers less objects of remark than if they were attired in their usual manner; consequently the “spencer couleur de rose” was an invention of Forbin's flowery pen. However, Forbin considering, as men usually do who, after passing their meridian, for the first time “take the road,” that he had performed miracles in travelling as far as Thebes, on finding that ladies had penetrated into Nubia, and thought his journey but a very trivial one, felt unwilling to encounter the fatigues of a longer tour when he could not boast of being the first explorer of those regions, and so preferred returning to La Belle France, and talking of what he did and what he did not see.

But in Egypt there is really much to disgust a romantic traveller. Conceive his indignation on reading, in large letters, the name of a celebrated London quack in the catacombs; or “Warren's Blackina, 30, Strand;” on the pyramid of Cheops. The hand that produced this miserable wit was probably directed by a mind belonging to that class who disgrace the *order* of travellers. I remember one of these who had been “young man about town,” and who had travelled in Georgia and Persia; he was met in South Russia dressed in a

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swallow-tailed coat and 173 tightish continuations, and was asked what he had seen, "Oh! d—d barren countries; I went to the Caspian, and saw the fires at Bakoo; (where were the altars of the Guebres, or fire-worshippers,) but you may see as good any day when they light the gas in Piceadilly." Now M. le Comte Forbin, I am sure, would willingly have assisted in ducking this character, for presuming to visit scenes hallowed by historical recollections of surpassing interest, and after all affecting to treat them lightly.

CHAPTER XIX.

Summary account of the treatment of Slaves under British Masters.—A proud reflection.—West Indians harshly judged.—The soil of the British West India Islands is not utterly exhausted.—The Writer expresses his regret.—Real state of Negroes has been often described.—Comforts, labour, and punishments, of the Slaves.—How the friends of Negroes ought to act.—Unsuccessful Experiments. —Superior class of Managed and Overseers.—Negroes sometimes refuse freedom. —The members of Anti-slavery Societies.—Are Negroes to be exempt from labour?—Effects of violent Emancipation in St. Domingo.—Violent language used by a Clergyman.—Formerly Slaves were much attached to their Masters. —Negro Preachers.—Last year was a fatal one for West India Proprietors.—A common-sense View of Slavery ought to be taken.—Advice to the Colonists.

It is a proud reflection for a Briton, that England was the last to engage in the slave-trade, and the first to abandon it; and that, to induce other nations also to abandon it, and to suppress, by every means in her power, the unhallowed traffic, she has expended men and treasure to a great amount. The feelings of the nation being decidedly adverse to slavery, it is impossible to believe that many of her sons, though holding slaves, will wantonly ill use them, or consider it justifiable to hold them in hopeless bondage from father to son. They do not—but, of late years, the West India proprietors have been constantly held up to scorn and reproach, and it has been gravely stated by the leaders of the faction with which they have to contend, that since they have possessed slaves for

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many years, and enjoyed the fruits of their labours, they should now emancipate them without compensation, in other words, reduce themselves to the state of paupers. Already the increasing agitation of the slave question has caused the loss of confidence with the merchant, (who supplies stores for estates and receives the produce,) and the great depreciation of property.

The soil of the British West India Islands is *not* utterly exhausted, as some people wish to make it appear to be. True, Barbadoes and some of the longest settled islands do not raise the heavy crops of cane they used to do; still with the assistance of manure they produce good crops, and if more attention were paid to draining swamps, these verdant and picturesque islands might be rendered perfectly healthy, and Elysian retreats for those who have been harshly used by fortune in the mother country. They will always produce abundantly the necessaries of life; and as to the islands of Trinidad and British Guiana, they are yet but very partially cultivated, and surpass in fertility any part of the British possessions, not excepting the fruitful valley of the Ganges.

But it is now to be stated how negroes are, treated by British planters, since we have endeavoured to show how hard their fate is when subjected to other masters; however, before I summarily describe the present condition of British slaves, I must express my unfeigned regret of having been obliged to expose the conduct of Christian people in treating of slaves under Dutch, Portuguese, and French masters; I shall afterwards have occasion to describe the condition of Spanish and American slaves. It is considered a proof of an uncharitable disposition to take pleasure in lowering the character of our neighbours, and I have submitted the statements in Chapter V. to the public with the greatest reluctance, a sense of duty alone compelling me to do it, for I do not see how I can better serve my country and the British colonists in the west, than by giving a comparative state of Transatlantic slavery; and I will not shrink from the task which I have voluntarily undertaken, whatever construction may be put on my motives.

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Many books, and pamphlets without number, have been written, to show that the negroes in the British West India Islands, as far as creature-comforts (to use a homely phrase) are concerned, are infinitely better off than the bulk of the labourers and mechanics in Great Britain and Ireland. Churches and schools are now everywhere throughout the West Indies, and I have heard planters say, that they imagine the only check on the slaves rising and massacring the whites is, "that they are prevented by religion being so extensively diffused among them." It is the interest of the planter to use his servants well, and public opinion, if he is not actuated by conscientious motives, prevents his opposing the mental instruction of his negroes; so that, in general, British slaves are comfortably clothed, well-fed, well lodged, not overworked, lightly punished, (now commonly with the tread-mill,) have the best medical advice, often the half of Saturday, and always the whole of Sunday, and many schools are preparing the 175 rising generation for gradual and eventual emancipation—What more is required?

Those who wish well to the slaves might employ their money to great advantage, by subscribing to establish more schools than there are at present for young negroes, where they could also be taught trades; and if they would assist the planters (who have been impoverished by the outcry that has been raised against them) to build churches and support their clergymen, they would effectually promote the cause of philanthropy and religion.

I will now give a proof of the difficulty of regenerating adult negroes, who have been for some time slaves. Miss Frances Wright, a lady of Scotch parentage, but now an American citizen, and lately a peripatetic lecturer on popular education, &c. some time ago gave much attention to the subject of American negro slavery, and attempted experiments in behalf of her coloured brethren. She saw that negro slavery was the great stain on the national honour of the States, and for four years, in the most disinterested manner, devoted her time and fortune to a race who seemed to be "outcast from hope;" she purchased a tract of land near Memphis, on the Mississippi, and several coloured families,

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and hoped by means of her people, “to evince the practicability of making their labour work out the price of their emancipation:” but she was miserably deceived. Her negroes were very comfortably fed, clothed, and lodged, were fat and sleek, but like the free negroes of Antigua, as described by Coleridge, intolerably idle and dissipated, so that at last, in 1829, their benevolent mistress, harassed into illness by over-exertion, repeated disappointments, and great loss of property, removed them to Hayti, and there, gave them their freedom, fearing that, if manumitted in the States, they might be kidnapped, and return to their original bondage. Several New Orleans planters complained to me, that it was a great pity to see such able-bodied people leave the country when there was so great a demand for slave labour; of course I heartily condoled with them!

The difficulty of finding employment for young men of respectability at home, causes many of a superior class to visit the West Indies, to obtain the situation of manager, or overseer, on estates. Formerly Europeans, of low caste, were employed on estates, from whose ignorance and unfeeling disposition not much lenity might be expected towards the slaves; but the case is now altered.

I have seen slavery in the East Indies and in Russia, besides having just viewed it in various parts of the West, and was summoned to give evidence on the Slave question before a Committee of the House of Lords, therefore I ought to know something about 176 it,—and really I cannot conceive a situation more comfortable for a human being who has never tasted freedom, and whose mind is uncultivated, than that of negroes under British masters in the West Indies: every thing is found them, and “they have no care for the morrow.” Negroes, above forty years of age, constantly refuse freedom when it is offered them, “because,” they say, “we are unable to take care of ourselves.” Little, therefore, can be done for the present race of adult negroes; their progeny only ought to be prepared for manumission.

No one has a higher esteem than the writer, for the great mass of those who join anti-slavery societies: their motives are excellent, but they, are led to give their sanction to

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unwise and even cruel measures, by fanatics, individuals interested in a different market from that of the West Indies, or by the ambitious, who merely use the slave question as a handle to popularity. To ask the proprietors of negroes to emancipate their slaves without compensation, is as reasonable a request as to solicit the fundholders to give up their capital for the payment of the national debt. Let the abolitionists place themselves in the situation of the planters, and then ask themselves how they would act.

Are negroes to be exempted from the common lot of humanity—labour? “No,” reply the abolitionists, “but they ought to labour for their own support, not to enrich their master.” Very true; but first give them the inclination and means to support themselves by instruction, mental and manual, and then emancipate them. What have been the effects of violent emancipation in St. Domingo?—agriculture and commerce nearly at an end; murder and debauchery stalking hand in hand through that fertile island; and at this moment the heads of departments are not negroes, but men of colour.

No feasible or well-digested plan has yet been proposed for emancipating negro slaves. The present enlightened Government, which is strongly inclined to act with a liberal policy to all, is confused with the wild clamour for immediate manumission of slavery; and so unfeeling and senseless are the most violent of the abolitionists, that a minister of the Gospel declared publicly at an anti-slavery meeting a short time ago:—“In order that the negroes may be instantly freed, I care not if the blood of the whites flow in streams, and England lose all the colonies where human beings are held in bondage.” Such was the language of a preacher of peace!

Still, I confess that on one or two occasions I was also provoked by exhibitions of great perversion of feeling on the part of slave-owners; men who inveighed against all protection of slaves by Government; who said that fourteen or fifteen hours of daily labour were nothing to slaves; that the planters were the best judges of the number of holidays to give their people; that bondage in the West Indies, under an European master, was a great advance towards civilization; that the slaves, by being placed under Europeans, had an

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example set them to imitate, and that, without any other trouble being taken with them, they would gradually but surely be prepared for emancipation, or at least their children would. No doubt, those who talked in this way were provoked by the nonsense spoken by their opponents, and there is some apology for them; but there were few who expressed themselves, as above, or who used insulting language towards Great Britain.

Formerly it was gratifying to see the interest which the sable retainers in a family took in the affairs of their master and mistress. The mansion, and every thing appertaining to it was entrusted to their care, and they were faithful to their charge; since, however, certain "busy bodies, meddling with the concerns of others to do good," have commenced their operations, the former race of domestics has been converted into one, the individuals of which think it their duty to cheat, rob, and even murder their proprietors. It was only in September last that fifty white women and children in Virginia were massacred in cold blood by negroes.

The writer is not one of those who maintain that negroes are naturally inferior beings, and ought to be treated as such. He has listened with wonder and delight to negro preachers, and seen negroes labouring hard, under every disadvantage, to learn to read; whoever, therefore, advocates perpetual slavery for his African brethren, from father to son, is a monster in human shape.

This year has been particularly fatal to the West Indies; dreadful hurricanes have passed over them, with destruction on their wings, and ruined thousands. In June we saw Barbadoes smiling with pleasant residences, shadowed by the richest tropical foliage, and the whole island cultivated like a beautiful garden: in August it was lying waste and desolate. A fearful hurricane, exceeding in violence the great storm of 1780, had swept across it, like the breadth of the destroying angel; the sound of lamentation was heard on every side, and the air was loaded with corruption from thousands of men and beasts violently deprived of life under the ruins of their habitations. Then came the revolt and burnings in Jamaica.

But I must draw towards a conclusion. Since we have endeavoured to show that foreigners have done little or nothing to ameliorate the condition of their slaves, while British proprietors have done, and are doing, all in their power to render their situation Z 178 comfortable; it might be suggested to those who are continually looking abroad with “telescopic eye,” to take down the glass for a time, and contemplate with their “natural optics” the state of our suffering population in the “old country;” or if they will meddle with West India affairs, let them take a common-sense view of the question of slavery, and discuss it with feelings of charity and Christian benevolence towards their countrymen, who depend for subsistence on the beautiful isles of the Antilles.

One word to the colonists. In submitting a plain statement of your case to the government, the use of intemperate language will not be advisable, and to threaten separation from the mother country is madness, which would eventually, if effected, be bitterly repented of; for as long as Britain maintains her naval superiority, it would be vain for islands to attempt to detach themselves from her. Stand by your native land, then, at all risks, and bear up patiently a little longer against the tide which strives to overwhelm you. Your grievances will doubtless be listened to by the paternal government of a Monarch who is in truth the father of his people, and eventually ample justice will be rendered you. In the mean time, do not give way to despondency, but buoy yourselves up with the *spes melioris ævi*—the hope of better times.

CHAPTER XX.

Sailin His Majesty's frigate *Blanche* for Cuba.—Jamaica by moonlight.—The Pedro Plains.—Trial of skill between the *Blanche* and *Shannon*.—The great Cayman.—Cape St. Antonio.—Heavy Gales.—The iron-bound coast of Cuba.—A fragrant Breeze.—Exciting anticipations.—The Moro Castle.—The Punta.—The Harbour and city of Havannah.—The Salute.—Land.—Characters on the Quay.—The Plaza de Armas.—Wait on the Captain General.—Leave Havannah.—Slave Ships.—Drive to Guanabacoa.—A *Volante*.—Cuba Roads.—The Country.—His Britanic Majesty's Commissioner.—Panoramic View.

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—Murders in Ferry-boats. —Police of Havannah.—Moorish Scene.—Pleasant situation for English Ladies. —The Cathedral.—The Tomb of Columbus.—Reflections.—A Relic.

His Majesty's frigate *Blanche*, 44 guns, commanded by Commodore Farquhar, K.C.B., an officer highly distinguished in his country's service, was proceeding to the Havannah, and I was kindly offered a passage in her; accordingly, on a calm night in the end of July, I placed my baggage in a canoe, and was paddled down the harbour of Kingston to Port Royal.

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The sea reposed in beauty in the moonlight, but a dark canopy of clouds hung over the mountains of Jamaica; the sky wore a portentous aspect, for it was the hurricane season; men-of-war and merchantmen were flying for safety to more secure ports than those exposed to the influence of these awful tempests. After an hour's voyage I came alongside the noble frigate; I trod her silent decks, and then turned into a cot in an airy berth, congratulating myself on my good fortune.

We weighed anchor at four in the morning, with the *Shannon* in company; stood to the westward, and passed before long the singular rocks called the White Horses, the Pedro Shoals, and Pedro Bluff. Behind this last are beautiful undulating plains of dark red soil, covered luxuriantly with herbage, with clumps of trees dispersed over them; here thousands of cattle and horses graze. It is said, that for beauty of prospect, for purity and dryness of air, and a climate exempt from either extremes of heat and cold, the Pedro Plains of Jamaica may vie with any spot on the habitable globe.

The two frigates held on their way leisurely, with a five-knot breeze, and a trial of skill took place between the respective crews in the evening; all hands were piped to reef topsails, in a moment the shrouds were covered with active and eager young fellows, waiting for the command "away aloft;" when given, they sprang on the yards, drew up with vigorous arm

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the heavy canvass, reefed it, and then slid down on deck, quick as lightning: we beat the Shannon.

Next day we saw the Great Cayman Island, long and low, thirty miles by six, covered with wood, dotted with houses, and containing three thousand inhabitants. We stood towards it for turtle, and saw the wreck of a brig on shore; then half a dozen canoes came off, with mulatto and negro crews, bringing with them turtle of all sizes at seven pence the pound, pigs, fowls, and variegated shell. After making what purchases we wanted, we steered a north north-west course, and the Shannon left us for Honduras.

We had pleasant breezes till we reached Cape St. Antonio, in Cuba, and then we had some heavy gales, when we turned our head to the eastward: the topsails were closely reefed, the gallant ship pitched heavily in the troubled sea, and the green waves came rolling in over her bows. It looked as if there was to be a repetition of the peril in which the *Blanche* had been placed last year nearly in the same place—the dreadful entrance of the Gulf of Floridas. Then she lost all her masts by the board, some hands were washed out of her, and the crew were proceeding to throw the guns overboard, when the gale moderated.

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With considerable difficulty we approached the north coast of Cuba, after a week's sail from Jamaica, and saw it stretching out low and flat, with palm trees waving in the sea-breeze and some hills of no great elevation in the interior. We neared the rocky shore, and observed the solitary huts of the free coloured people scattered about in the country, near patches of maize and groups of palm, tamarind, and orange trees; and on the right of the picture was the light-house tower of the Moro Castle, at the entrance of the harbour of the Havannah.

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We lay off and on from the dawn till the sea-breeze set in; the gentle gale which was wafted towards us over the land was loaded with a spicy and exotic fragrance, recalling to mind the air scented with the sweet odours of Araby the blest.

“See yon fair groves that over Yemen rise, And with their spicy breath embalm the skies, Where every breeze sheds incense o’er the vales, And every shrub the scent of musk exhales.”

Several other vessels lay near us, like the expectants at the pool of Bethesda, at last the fresh and steady breeze, driving before it fleecy clouds, wooed our sails, and we steered for the celebrated Moro.

I could not help feeling much pleasing excitement at the prospect before me; I was about to see the most important and interesting city in the West Indies, the key of the glorious island of Cuba, which is within an eighth as large as England: I was about to view a city which, on account of its noble harbour and favourable site for commerce, has accumulated great wealth, and is peopled by a strange mixture of inhabitants: I was about to witness the head-quarters and grand rendezvous of pirates and slavery: I was about to visit the scene of the triumph of the arms of England, when the island fell before the prowess of our troops in 1762; and above all, I was about to stand beside the bones of the great Columbus.

We reached the long and narrow entrance of the harbour, widening out into a basin capable of containing a thousand men of war, and passed close under the guns and rock of the Moro. High over the massive walls and battlements waved the golden and red standard of Spain, and many gay pennants fluttered from no fewer than four signal staffs, bespeaking the great number of vessels that were crowding to the rich western mart.

On the opposite side of the entrance of the harbour was the castle of the Punta, a regular work of four bastions, also mounting heavy guns; and on looking up we saw, on each side

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of the long entrance to the harbour, battery behind battery, and then the walls of the city itself. The shipping was thus completely secure against a hostile fleet, for only one vessel can enter at a time, and a fleet attempting to pass would be sunk in detail.

Over the walls were seen the gay and crowded buildings of the city, white houses and deep red roofs, pillar and pinnacle, terrace and balcony, towers and domes, intermixed with trees which rose in picturesque confusion; on every church a flag was displayed, and the bells sent forth their peals, for it was a saint's day. Immediately in front, were seen the masts of two hundred merchantmen, lying with their bows to the wharfs, for there was not room for them otherwise; and tent boats with painted canvass awnings, and others loaded to the gunwale with the most delicious fruit of every variety, approached us as we dropped our anchor under the Moro.

A voice from the watch-tower above then hailed us, and demanded our nation, and from whence we came; and then the Spanish soldiers, with their dark complexions and high caps, crowded on the parapets to gaze at the English man-of-war, which fired a salute of fifteen guns in compliment to the Spanish Admiral (Saborde). The custom house cutter, and then the health-boat, came alongside with negro crews, and the national flag at the stern; and though we had come from Jamaica, in which the small-pox was raging, we were not prevented from landing.

I put on my uniform, and accompanied one of the Lieutenants on shore, to wait on the Captain General (Vives), and announce the arrival of the frigate. We pulled up to the custom-house quay, and the moment we stepped on shore, we found ourselves in the midst of a bustling scene. The wharfs were crowded with piles of merchandize and barrels of provisions; crowds of half naked blacks, shouting and singing, were loading and unloading the vessels; shipowners and shipmasters were standing in groups, with broad-brimmed Panama hats, and striped linen coats, talking of sugar, coffee, and flour; the fumes of cigars rose on every side, particularly from the seamen out of employ, and I

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thought I could detect a pirate or two, or the captain of a slaver walking about, regarding with piercing eye the men who might be fit instruments for their unholy purpose.

A portly personage addressed us in broken English, and asked if we wished to wait on Governor Vives; we replied in the affirmative, and he offered to conduct us to his palace. We followed him through a narrow street, where our olfactories were saluted with the odour of jerked or dried beef, and fish imported for the sustenance of the blacks, and then found ourselves in a handsome square, called the Plaza de Armas. The buildings which surrounded it were lofty and substantial; verandahs ran along their front, and the roofs were concealed by parapets, on which were 182 rows of urns. The centre of the square was laid out in walks between flowering shrubs, and the whole air of the place inspired the idea of wealth and luxury.

The Governor's palace occupied one side of the square, and we passed through its lower piazza, occupied as an exchange by the merchants; whence, receiving from the guards in blue and silver uniform a salute, we ascended a broad marble staircase, and entered a suite of apartments, the walls of which were painted in the Moorish style, with wreaths of flowers, recalling to mind the glorious Alhambra. In an inner chamber, on the walls of which hung portraits of the different governors of the Havannah, and two large historical paintings, one representing Columbus' first landing in Cuba to plant the cross and perform mass, the other Cortes burning his ships, to show his followers that there was no retreat for them from Mexico, we found General Vives. He was seated on a gilded sofa, and rose to receive us; he was a short, stout man, with grey hair and dark complexion, and wore a common shupa, or coat, of blue and white striped gingham, white waistcoat and trowsers. Beside him were his two daughters, charming little Señoritas, in yellow gowns, and high tortoise-shell combs.

The General was very polite, said he should be happy to receive Commodore Farquhar, and, after a good deal of discussion about a complimentary salute, we took leave. I had an introduction to Mr. Macleay, his Britannic Majesty's Commissioner in Cuba for

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the adjudication of slaves; he lived in the country, some distance from Havannah, and his secretary and assistant, Mr. Jackson, a young man of excellent ability and most gentlemanly manners, kindly offered to take me with him; we accordingly stepped into a boat and rowed across the broad harbour. We passed three Spanish men-of-war, apparently in good order, for Admiral Saborde has a high character, both as a man and as a naval officer, and saw under the walls of Cassa Blanca (white castle) the long and rakish-looking black hulls of numerous slavers. It is here they fit out with perfect impunity, and with the knowledge of the authorities; and I could not help reflecting what a mockery it was in the Spaniards agreeing to abolish the slave-trade, when here I saw it openly permitted. Twenty-four pounder carronades peeped from the ports of the slavers, and long eighteen pounders, or swivels, were amidships. They were schooner-rigged, and were mostly built after the model of the Baltimore clippers, the fastest vessels in the world, with masts like the ears of a vicious horse thrown back on its neck.

We landed at Regla, on the opposite side of the harbour to the capital, and a mile and a half from it. Regla is the Blackwall of Havannah, situated on a low and swampy shore, and inhabited by pirates, 183 slavers, and vagabonds of all kind. We then took our seat in a volante, to drive to Guanabacoa, the summer resort of the aristocracy of Havannah. A volante is one of the most singular vehicles I ever saw; the body of it is like that of a large cabriolet slung on leathers; enormous wheels, as high as the hood of the machine, are at one end of the shaft, and the horse is yoked to the other end, some distance from the body, which swings between them. In the city volante, the negro postilion sits on the horse between the shafts; but in the one we mounted, he rode on an additional horse attached to an out-rigger on the near side. Our Calasero was a most singular figure; on his head he wore a straw hat a yard high; a blue hussar jacket with gold lace covered his upper man, and his legs were cased in jack-boots, with a pair of massive silver spurs. Seated on the volante, we were screened from the glare by a blue curtain in front. We drove through Regla at a rapid rate, and soon ascertained the meaning of the high wheels of the conveyance.

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The roads or tracks in Cuba are quite in a natural state, that is, they are not made or repaired; the only regulation regarding them is, that they shall be sixteen yards wide. Here, they were furrowed in gullies by the rains; and there, huge rocks lay upon them. We descended and ascended these impediments in safety, owing to our peculiar wheels; and even in the streets of Regla, where an English carriage could not have advanced ten yards without upsetting, we dashed over the ruts, and sunk into the mud to the axle with perfect impunity.

The country round the Havannah was once covered with *ingenios*, or plantations; but the old soil being exhausted, the fresh soil of the interior is now sought, on which to raise sugar and coffee. The landscape on each side of the road was therefore bare, and was covered with scanty vegetation, with occasional patches of maize and palm trees, in groups. Our road was gently ascending till we reached the rocky site of Guanabacoa. The houses on each side of the street (which was altogether unpaved, were whitewashed—two-storied buildings, without much pretensions to architectural beauty. On the outskirts of the town we reached the delightful casa occupied by Mr. Macleay. We entered a court in which was a small and beautiful flower-garden, then ascended a marble staircase to a broad verandah, and in a cool apartment surrounded with books and newspapers, sat his Britannic Majesty's commissioner.

I dined with Mr. Macleay, partaking of Spanish olivos, fricassees and fricandeaux, washed down with French claret, and then admired the noble panoramic view from the top of his house. On the right of the picture, at the distance of two miles, was Fort 184 Coxemar, where Admiral Sir George Pocock landed the English army in 1762. The ridge on which we stood was then occupied by the Spaniards drawn up in battle array. Lord Albemarle advanced towards them, defeated them, made Guanabacoa his head quarters, and then broke ground before the Moro, which, with the harbour, city, and a deadly mangrove swamp, were in the centre of the picture. Beyond the Havannah was the strong fort called

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El Principe, on an eminence; and on a hill on the extreme left, was a most interesting relic, a cross, said to have been erected by Columbus.

I received an invitation from Mr. Maclaey to re-visit him after I had seen “les curiosities de la ville,” and we returned in the evening to Regla. Here we got into a heavy-sailing passage-boat to cross over to the city, and paid a media, or three-pence, for our passage. We had Spaniards, male and female, on board; mulattoes, and negroes; and I was told that it is no uncommon thing for the crews of these boats to murder and rob their passengers in the evening.

We reached the wharf in safety, and Mr. Jackson most kindly offering me a room in his house, I accepted his proffered civility, and we walked toward his casa, through the narrow streets, which in Havannah, after dusk, is really a perillous undertaking. We passed some slaves bearing lanterns according to regulation, and a few dons, each of whom was armed with sword and dagger. They kept the middle of the way, and curled round us when we neared them; truly an agreeable state of society where one walks in momentary dread of assassinations. We saw neither police nor watchmen.

The Arabian Nights were forcibly re-called to mind, when I viewed the houses of the wealthy. They were two-storied, and built on the plan of a hollow quadrangle, with a patio or court yard, and galleries, round the interior; the front was plain stone, painted white, blue, or yellow, In the arched door-way was the volante, and a few black domestics sat under the lamps smoking, singing, or talking. Shrubs were dimly seen in the garden beyond, or a marble fountain, near which

“A mantling vine His curling tendrils wove with amorous twine; From the green stalks the glowing clusters hung, Like rubies on a thread of emeralds strung.”

Here one could “scatter roses of delight, and quaff wine of pleasure from goblets of bliss.”

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The other houses we passed were of one story, with immense iron-barred windows, enabling us to see the whole apartment 185 within. As the vesper-bell tolled, the women, dressed in white, rose from their rocking chairs at the window, and repeated their prayers before a picture of the Virgin, then drew the curtains of their windows, and retired to rest on their folding canvass cots.

We walked through many streets without interruption, and found Mrs. Jackson sitting in an anxious state for the return of her husband. She as well as the only other English lady in Havannah, (Mrs. Norman,) told me that, whenever their husbands are out of an evening, they sit in fear and trembling, dreading to see a corpse brought home to them, murder is so frequent in this city. After a light repast, I retired to my room, but excited on finding myself a sojourner in such a remarkable place as Havannah, it was some time before I could compose myself to sleep; like one moon-struck, I gazed on the churches and houses, clearly revealed by the rays of the Cynthian queen, and then turned to the harbour, on the water of which her beams were playing. I heard no sounds of serenading, but only two negroes below my window talking in an under-tone, perhaps, I thought, watching to assassinate some unfortunate individual.

I rose at an early hour, and hastened to the tomb of Columbus. The cathedral in which his precious remains are deposited occupies one side of a small square. The exterior of the building is of massive stone, of no particular order of architecture; its gable rises in a pyramidal shape; on the apex is a cross, and on either side are towers; pillars adorn the building, and behind these hired assassins frequently lurk. I passed into the body of the church, and was struck with its grandeur and simplicity. The roof was arched and very lofty, and Saxon arches enclosed the aisles. The whole was tastefully painted in imitation of grey marble, and there were none of the gaudy colours and tinsel decorations which are too often met with in Catholic churches.

Exquisite paintings were disposed here and there round the walls; one was the announcement to Sarah, by the angel, of her miraculous conception; another, our Saviour

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conversing with the woman of Samaria at the well; whilst in the same were representations of Moses, the Prophets, and the Evangelists. The principal altar, at the upper end, was chastely and richly ornamented. Within the railing was a mosaic floor of marble, and the seats of the dignitaries were highly carved. Looking to the left, I saw a slab of white marble let into the wall; this was the monument of Columbus, and as there was only a single priest in the cathedral, we obtained his permission to approach the tomb.

I was under the influence of no ordinary sensation, on finding myself in so interesting a situation. I stood beside the mouldering bones of the most intrepid mariner whoever lived, one who “first A a 186 had the judgment to divine, and the intrepidity to brave the mysteries of the perilous deep which divides the Old World from the New, and who, by his hardy genius, his inflexible constancy, and his heroic courage, brought the ends of the earth into communication with each other.” He must be dull and insensible, indeed, who could contemplate the final resting-place of the great Colon, without being powerfully affected, and without sympathising deeply in the sorrows and sufferings of his latter days.

It was strange to reflect on the wanderings of Columbus, not only while alive, but even after death. First his body was deposited in the church of Santa Maria de la Antigua in Valladolid, in 1506; then removed to the Monastery of Las Cueras, in Seville, in 1513; again it was taken up, and, with the remains of his son Diego, was transported to Hispanolia, and deposited in the cathedral of the city of St. Domingo in 1536. When the Spanish possessions in Hayti were ceded to the French in 1795, his remains, “consisting of a number of bones and a quantity of mould, evidently the remains of a human body,” were exhumed, and conveyed in a gilded leaden case with great pomp and ceremony, on board ship on the 15th of January, 1796. The ship Lorenzo arrived at the Havannah, and the remains were conveyed on shore with great reverence, in the presence of the chief authorities, and deposited in the wall on the right of the grand altar; and lately the marble monument had been placed in front of the leaden case.

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The effigy of Columbus is in mezzo rilievo, and represents him with a long visage, prominent straight nose, curled hair, full eyebrows and moustaches; round his neck is a double ruff, and his wrist is similarly ornamented. His body is eased in armour to the waist; a scarf is thrown across the breast, and the fore-finger of the right hand points to America on a globe. Naval emblems are below the half-length of "the worthy and adventurous General of the Seas," consisting of a cannon, rudder, anchor, oar, quadrant, compass, sand-glass, &c. and in the midst of these the following inscription:

"Restos e Imager del Grande Colon, Mil siglos durad guardados in la urna Y in remembranza de nuestra nacion!"

Remains and image of the Great Columbus, A thousand ages continue preserved in the urn, And in the remembrance of our nation!

The enthusiastic biographer of Columbus, Washington Irving, had been most kind to me in giving me many introductions to his 187 friends in America, and I was anxious to obtain some relic from the tomb to present to him. But "Let the hand of the man who ever attempts to mutilate or efface it be withered." I would not have done it for the wealth of Potosi, but I was fortunate enough to observe a small fragment of wood which lay under the slab, but in no way connected with it, and seizing it with the avidity of an antiquary, I bore it off in triumph.

CHAPTER XXI.

Population of Havannah.—The People in the Streets.—The Markets.—The Pasao. — Fair Donnas.—Botanical Garden.—Cigar making.—A Havannah Tavern.— Spanish Cookery.—Battle at a Boarding-house.—Nic, the Tavern-keeper and Undertaker.— A Death-bed Scene.—The Blanche sails.—Visit the Churches.— High Mass.—Lively Music.—The Priests.—The Bishop of Havannah.—Clerical Gambling and Immorality. —Decay of Religion.—The University of St. Jerome. —The Casa de Beneficencia.—

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The Institution of St. Lazarus.—The Casa de Locos.—The Campo Santo.—A crowded Cemetery.—The Bishop lauded.—Funeral Rites.—Barbarous Customs.—The Havannah, a hot-bed of Disease.—A Deadly Swamp.—Mortality in a British Frigate.—Manner in which the Havanneros spend their time.—The Ball-room—The Carcal, or Prison.—Cut-throat Characters.—Shocking Depravity.—Havannah and Hydrabad compared.—Day Robberies.—The man with the Iron Cane.—The murdered Gallician.—An execution.

Havannah and its suburbs are said now to contain nearly two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and, as in all fortified cities, this great population occupies little room within the walls, but a great many new houses are in progress without. I walked to one of the plazas, or squares, where the markets are held, to observe how the inhabitants were fed. Numerous volantes drove me to the wall with the cry of the postilion, “Cuidao cavalleros!” (“Take care, gentlemen!”) addressed either to the whites or blacks; or large carts, called carots, drawn by bullocks, yoked by the horns which blocked up the way. Groups of slaves wandered about, the men in broad-brimmed straw or leaf hats, the women carrying fruit and vegetables on their heads, and both sexes smoking with great zest. The dons, in their striped chupas and gold-headed canes, walked consequentially along; and the ladies in their black mantillas, walked or rode to their devotions, preceded by a female slave, carrying a cushion, or mat, and prayer-book. A stout, well-fed priest, would brush past in his large black hat and ample canonicals. The soldiers marched to relieve 188 guard in a slovenly manner, accompanied by officers, whose epaulettes rested on their breast.

I found in the great market-square a considerable number of monteros, or country people, white, brown, and black. They were mostly sitting on gallows, whose tails were tied in a club; and wore straw-hats, a shirt and trowsers, with a long machette, or sword, in their girdle. The poor horses bore, besides their riders, bundles of molaxca, or the stalks of green maize, used as fodder; and poultry, fruit, and vegetables, also hung round tile unfortunate beasts. The provision-stalls were well supplied with meat and fish; the former about a shilling the pound, and great quantities are consumed in the Havannah; those who

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can afford it, eat it three times a day. Then I walked past stalls, on which handsome cutlery and jewellery were displayed; conspicuous among which, in coarse leather sheaths, were English black-handled carving knives, the back and edge brought to a point. No explanation was required as to the use of this weapon.

In the evening I walked to the Pasao or Hyde Park of Havannah, with Captain Burnett, of the *Blanche*, and Mr. Jackson. At the distance of half a mile from the walls of the city we found a broad road with side-walks and rows of trees. Marble fountains diffused a pleasing coolness, and seats at intervals were occupied by well-dressed men. The ladies were seated in their volantes, which were highly ornamented with silver, and the calasero, or postilion, in a richly laced hussar jacket. The volantes followed one another at a slow pace; the envious *capacité*, or blue cloth, was removed from the front of the volante, and the fair Cubannas sat revealed in all their charms to the admiring gaze of the loungers.

The donnas were all clothed in virgin white, wore no head-dress, except beautifully carved and very large tortoise-shell combs, the fashion of which alters every month, entailing a heavy expense on husbands and fathers. Their hair was “dark as the curtain of night overshadowing the burning heart of a lover,” and the cool breeze of evening wantoned with their tresses; their complexions were like Parian marble, and as they passed an acquaintance, their fine eyes beamed forth pleasure, with a lively shake of the fan they lisped, a dios! a dios!

It was a lively and a most interesting exhibition; a band of music breathed dulcet sounds, the air was perfumed with aromatic gales, and the eye gladdened with the sight of the beautiful and elegantly attired daughters of Cuba enjoying the balmy influence of a tropical sunset—

“While deeper blushes tinged the glowing sky, And evening raised her silver lamp on high.”

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Adjoining the Pasao was the botanical garden, which was kept in the highest order, and boasted many rare plants. After walking round it we returned to the city, with the greater number of the officers of the *Blanche*, who were very anxious to lay in a supply of real Havannahs. In the cigar-shops we saw the negroes cutting and rolling up the fragrant leaves, and neatly twisting the ends with the assistance of a little water.

The king's cigars sell for twenty dollars a thousand; but these, like real Tokay, are very difficult to be procured. Excellent cigars may be purchased for twelve dollars; and the Havannahs which are sold in England for ten pounds, are to be purchased here for ten dollars a thousand.

I was anxious to see the manner of living at the Havannah taverns, or boarding-houses, and accordingly dined at one. The charge for dinner was one dollar, for which abundant fare was provided, inclusive of French claret. Soup, solids, and dessert, were placed on the table at once; the dishes were crowded on one another, and on the ringing of the bell the company hastily took their seats, and made a vigorous onslaught; every one plunged his fork into the dish he liked best, and there was such a scramble, such a clatter of knives and plates, that it reminded me of Dugald Dalgetty laying in his provent for three days.

Such a quantity of oil and grease, to say nothing of garlic, is used in Spanish cookery, that I really could not "play the knife and fork" that my appetite prompted me to do, but contrived to allay the cravings of hunger with coffee and bread at the end of the feast.

The company consisted of Spaniards, Germans, Frenchmen, Russians, and English, captains of ships; it was a strange medley both as to language and manners. Most of the guests had the air of desperadoes and adventurers, and they seemed very indifferent to common courtesy in their behaviour to each other; thus at these houses it is no uncommon thing to see joints of meat and glasses flying across the table, and violent quarrels ending in blows.

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Sometimes they commence in this way; a skipper asks for an omelet opposite to him; a negro runs round to fetch it; in conveying it to the sailor he is stopped half way by another gentleman, who coolly seizes the dish, cuts the omelet in two, takes half himself, and gives the other half to a friend next him; the disappointed skipper vents his rage by uttering a hearty curse, and sends his glass at the head of the gentleman who had taken "the bread out of his mouth."

One of the most remarkable characters in Havannah, was Nic, the keeper of a boarding-house frequented principally by English and American captains and supercargoes. He was a Yorkshire-man 190 of low extraction, vulgar in his appearance and language, shrewd and mercenary in his character; in height he was about five feet six, with long yellow hair and freckled face, and had a short arm, which rather assisted him than otherwise in carving. He took the lead in the conversation at table, flatly contradicting those who differed in opinion with him, and above all, was fond of joking about yellow fever, the head-quarters of which, in the West Indies, may be said to be Havannah. Nic was an undertaker as well as a tavern-keeper, and had a loft, or larder, as he called it, of ready-made coffins of all sizes, with which he could accommodate his guests at the shortest notice, and he had also a private burial ground. "Take care of Nic's stick", became a current saying in Havannah, for when a stranger arrived Nic would talk to him, and all the while be measuring him with a short stick, in case a coffin was required.

An acquaintance told me that he lived for some time at Nic's house, and there got acquainted with a very pleasant young man, an English supercargo, who was full of health and spirits, and fondly anticipated the successful result of a mercantile speculation. One day my acquaintance missed him, and he asked Nic what had become of him. "He is in the next room," said Nic coolly; "we'll go in and see him after dinner." When the coffee had been discussed and the cigars lighted, Nic asked the company to follow him; they did so, and found the supercargo a yellow corpse in his bed-room, and laid out for interment; he had just succumbed to the demon of the West. My acquaintance was shocked beyond

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measure at such a sudden and awful event, for he really had a regard for the young man. Nic made a joke of the matter, and rubbing his hands, jeeringly said, "Well, who's for a rubber at whist?"

The Blanche sailed for Quebec, Admiral Saborde in the kindest manner sending his boats to tow her out of the harbour. I was so much interested where I was, that I determined to spend two or three weeks in Cuba. I took great delight in visiting the churches, which are open during the day; and though high mass is commonly performed in the morning only, yet at all hours a few worshippers might be seen kneeling on the cold pavement before a favourite saint, crossing themselves, muttering their prayers, beating their breasts, and prostrating themselves in the dust.

"True piety is cheerful as the day; Will weep, indeed, and heave a pitying groan For others' woes, but smiles upon her own."

The altars glittered with gold and silver, and the images of the 191 Madonna in particular (some of which were jet black) blazed in silks and jewels, whilst the effigy of "the Man of Sorrows" seemed to be neglected. The church of St. Domingo is a noble pile, and is filled with rich presents; the sacred vessels of a massive size, and the paintings in costly frames and cases: "ajub jae burae chuppao,"—a glorious place for a foray! as a Khorasanee would say if he saw it. Yet St. Francisco is more imposing, from its gothic architecture and great dimensions; through its long-drawn aisles the organ peals most sublimely, and for a while entrances the soul.

Some think that the masses in the Havannah were excellently performed, but I cannot say I am of that opinion; for instance, in repairing to a church in the morning, the señoras, in their black dresses and mantillas, would come in and seat themselves on the floor on a mat, whilst their black slaves would kneel behind them, and a few men, either old Spaniards or brown monteros, would stand beside the pillars. A priest in flowing robes, and preceded by two attendants bearing candles, would then advance to the altar, burn

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incense, and commence a chant, which was answered from the gallery in such a lively strain that one was more reminded of a concert-room than of the house of prayer. He would then hurry through the service in Latin, but so fast and so indistinctly that it was a perfect mockery, even if his auditors had understood the language, which they did not, though I believe some of the most devout of the female worshippers had a translation to assist them. During the pauses in the service I remarked smiles and conversation behind the fans, and I invariably retired from the scene, sincerely pitying those who, content with the mere ceremonials of religion, are not aware that these are altogether insignificant compared with its precepts.

The priests in the Havannah exceed four hundred in number, and appear to enjoy the good things of this life as well as their brethren elsewhere, for they generally look sleek and fat. Some of the elders, I remarked, were dignified in their appearance, but the greater number had a very sensual and unintellectual air about them. The Bishop of Havannah is a very superior personage, and expends his income of one hundred and ten thousand dollars in acts of charity, in beautifying the city, and repairing churches; his good deeds will embalm his memory, and, like the rose, he will leave a sweet savour even after his demise. But it would be well for the island, of which he is the brightest ornament, if, as the Spaniards say, he "would live a thousand years."

Some of the country priests employ their time honourably in instructing the youth of their parishes, and as the excellent American (Dr. Abbot) said, if the priests of each parish would do the same, what reproachful examples of idleness, gambling, and cock-fighting would at once disappear, and the moral desert blossom luxuriantly; then an enlightened population would inhabit the rich valleys of Cuba, peace and prosperity would attend them, the lawless bands of ruffians who occupy the Sierras would be suppressed, and then there might be some hopes of free labour superseding that of slavery.

Many of the country padres are excessively idle and openly vicious, and a perfect disgrace to the church. I heard a liberal ecclesiastic lament over the sins of his brethren, and regret

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that marriage was not permitted in the church. Many of the padres have a handsome niece to keep their house in order, but it is better this than exciting the jealousy of husbands. One of these gallant priests, some time ago, had justly excited the indignation of a Spaniard by attentions, in a quarter where he had no business; and as the priest alighted from his volante at a ball-room, he received a foot of steel between his ribs, and perished on the spot.

Though the moral character of the bulk of the people is not high, yet they are fully aware what the clerical office ought to be, and that the hands of those who elevate the host and impart the sacred wafer should be unspotted and pure as ermine. What respect can a clergy be held in when they are too often bold and eager gamblers? From mass they go to the cock-pit, and from the cock-pit to mass, and sometimes delay the mass to see the end of a fight. They might be seen at Guanabacoa, in full canonicals, watching with intense interest a combat between a favourite cock and that of a negro slave, who had staked his money against that of the unworthy priest.

Of late years there has been a great decay of religion in Cuba. The writings of Voltaire and Rousseau have corrupted the people, made them indifferent to the Catholic religion, and given them no substitute. After the negro insurrection St. Domingo, and the expulsion of the French from the island, they flocked to Cuba, sneered at the mental slavery of the Spaniards, as they termed it, and scoffed at religion in every shape. The young Dons became infected with the free-thinking of their visitors, and affected to despise the religion of their fathers.

A convent of preaching friars established the University of St. Jerome, the principal of which, Don Hugo Valles, is a most intelligent and upright ecclesiastic, but with all his influence he cannot persuade any of the youths who attended the university to remain after the age of sixteen; they are quite content after they can read and write Spanish, and then put on the *togam virilem*, sport a gold-headed cane, and give themselves up to pleasure.

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One evening I walked out with Mr. Jackson to visit some 193 of the public institutions which have lately sprung up, much to the credit of the Havaneros. The first we reached, outside the walls, and near the sea, was the Casa de Beneficencia, or House of Mercy, for the education of orphans and friendless children of both sexes. The buildings are very extensive, and enclosed a court through which a stream of pure water runs. The apartments are large, and well aired; and it was extremely interesting to see the girls, in particular, sitting at the grated windows reading or engaged with their needlework. The boys are taught after the Lancasterian plan. Every attention is paid to health and cleanliness in this noble institution, which rears three hundred of both sexes, and afterwards establishes them in the world. If the females are married from the Casa de Beneficencia, they receive a dower of five hundred dollars; and the boys have a sum advanced to them with which to begin business.

We next turned to the institution of St. Lazarus, or the lazaretto for lepers. The gate was open, and instead of the infected being shut up, I saw several of them sitting by the road side wearing an air of hopeless dejection. They were principally negroes whom I saw, many of them frightfully disfigured, and beginning to lose their lips; others were affected in their extremities.

"The blood beat not, as wont, within their veins; Dimness crept o'er their eyes; a drowsy sloth Fetter'd their limbs, like palsy."

Round the court were apartments occupied by white lepers, men and women: they looked extremely dejected, for their disease is incurable; though some live forty years before they finally sink into the grave, a mass of corruption too horrible to describe. It was with painful interest that the sounds of the guitar, accompanied with a feeble voice, were heard from the cell of one of the inmates, who tried to beguile his sorrows with the soothing notes of melancholy music.

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The next public building we came to was the Insane Hospital (Casa de Locos) inclosed with a lofty wall, and with a handsome entrance, over which was painted a fool's cap and bells. We passed into a spacious court, and saw some noble figures of men, with the wandering eye of lunacy, lounging about. We then passed an inner gate, and found ourselves in a beautiful garden full of shrubs and flowering plants: here and there were secluded walks and arbours for the inoffensive insane. On passing a cell with a grated opening in the door, a voice from within beseechingly implored for a cigar. A strange figure, wearing a high cap B b 194 decorated with blue and red flags, then crossed our path; and a fine-looking fellow came up to me eagerly, and asked me if I was a naval officer, and talked of ships and of the sea, on which he had once been a rover. The Gampo Santo was our next halting-place. This is the only burial-place for Catholics in Havannah, and is a square enclosure of two or three acres, surrounded with a wall painted in pannels, and at the corners are pyramidal shafts twelve or fifteen feet high. The entrance is very appropriate to this field of the dead: on it are painted emblems of death, female figures with reversed torches in their hands, and bearing also the Cross and Bible. We entered the burial-ground, and walked up the central path on a pavement of flags, and saw on either hand the rank grass reaching higher than the walls, and the earth heaving up over the crowded dead. At the further end of the path was a beautiful chapel, in which, besides the funeral rites performed at the entrance, others are performed for those who can afford to pay for them, and then they are buried near it. On the stones we read the names of the most distinguished in the island —governor, nobles, and the wealthy; whilst the poorer classes are laid in trenches near the entrance to the Campo Santo, and have quick lime thrown over them.

On the front of the chapel was this inscription:—

“Ecce none in pulvere dormiam, Et ego reauscitabo eum in novissimo die.”

And on the interior wall was a well-executed painting. A patriarch, surrounded by his weeping family, seems to be resigning himself to death; and above him is an angel

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sounding the last trumpet, and a holy family mounting with joy and gladness to the regions of bliss.

Though the Campo Santo is much too small for such a population as the Havannah, yet it is a great improvement on the old system of burying the dead in the churches, and pounding them under the floor with a heavy stone pestle, so as to make them occupy as little room as possible. What can be conceived more barbarous than this!—yet it is still practised on the South American continent. It is to the enlightened bishop that this great public improvement is owing; and though he had strong prejudices on the part of the Havanners to overcome, yet he refused to grant Christian burial to any one in the church after the Campo Santo was prepared, and has thus materially improved the health of the city by the beneficent change he has so judiciously and so resolutely introduced.

When a respectable person dies in the Havannah, a lofty stage 195 is erected in the principal apartment, covered with black drapery and tinsel ornaments, and on the top of it the open coffin is placed at an angle so as to expose the dead body, dressed in holiday clothes, to the spectators below. There is also a great display of wax lights in the room. The volantes of the friends of the deceased being assembled, the bier is placed across the leading one, which, with the calassero and horse, is covered with black cloth, and attended by slaves in long red coats, gold-laced cocked hats, and canes in their hands. The procession moves to the Campo Santo. Arrived there, the coffin is taken from the volante, the head of the corpse being uncovered, and kept in constant motion by the hasty step of the bearers. It is a ghastly sight. After the service is performed, the body is commonly tumbled unceremoniously into a shallow grave, lime and earth thrown over it, whilst the coffin is retained for the next who requires it. When children are buried, the attendants sing and play lively airs before them, as Heaven is doubtless their portion. Truly, a funeral at the Havannah is conducted in a manner that the most uncivilized nation might be ashamed of: but such has been the custom from time immemorial, and it seems we must always bow to the wisdom of our ancestors.

The Havannah is the hot-bed of disease, and one cannot long be an inhabitant of it without having the fatal effects of the yellow-fever continually brought before his eyes. In the room under mine, an unfortunate Spaniard sickened and died of this deadly pest, on which I took a dose of quinine, the only medicine I carried with me. It is very easy to see the cause of yellow-fever at the Havannah, and one is struck with wonder at the apathy and indifference of the authorities, who might so easily, at little expense render the city really as healthy as any between the tropics. Opposite the town, extending from the side of the harbour into the country to the east, is a long marsh of mangroves. Now, by a simple dam thrown across this, the salt-water of the bay might be easily excluded, the marsh would dry up, and its deadly miasma would disappear. The streets are narrow and abominably dirty; under one of them only is a common sewer, and the rain washes away the mud and filth of the others as it best can. Often whole ships' crews die in a few days, and on average twenty-five Catholics are buried in the Campo Santo daily, whilst the heretics are conveyed to a burial-ground of their own. Though the wealthy, in the lofty and airy apartments in their upper stories, are more exempt than those who dwell in the lowly sheds, from yellow-fever, yet they should give a thought to their poorer countrymen, and try to remove the disease from their dwellings, and from the unfortunate seamen in the bay.

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His Britannic Majesty's frigate Aurora arrived sometime ago at Havannah, after having been three years in the West Indies; she dropped her anchor at a spot where the breeze blowing over the mangrove swamp could reach her. The Pylades, a fresh arrival from England, also anchored for one night in the harbour, but at the distance of a few hundred yards from the Aurora; next morning the two vessels sailed, the Aurora lost eighty men and officers in a few weeks from yellow-fever; and the Pylades, though unaccustomed to the climate, did not lose one hand.

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The manner in which the rich Havanneros spend their time is shortly this:—They rise early, take a cup of chocolate, the men light their cigars and stroll about the balconies till ten o'clock, the ladies generally attend mass; then a breakfast of meat and fish, eggs and ham, wine and coffee is brought in; after these are discussed, the cigars are again lighted at a little pan of charcoal placed on the middle of the table, the elderly ladies using the cigaritto, or little cigar wrapped in paper. The men then order the volante, or walk out, and the women either pay a visit of ceremony, or sit at home to receive one in their rocking-chairs. At three o'clock dinner is brought in, and the meal of rich made-dishes lasts an hour, the charcoal pan again appears, coffee is handed round, and all retire to take their *siesta*. In an hour the Pasao is visited, where is also the amphitheatre for the *coridas de toros* (bull fights), and when these take place, the attraction is so great, that it is extremely difficult to procure admission. From the Pasao the theatre may be visited, a large heavy pile with a bomb-proof roof. The performances here are respectable, and the dialogues in the Spanish plays spirited. Yet the boards here are disgraced, as in London, with pantomimic representations, and puppets like those which Don Quixote played such havoc with.

I attended several public balls given by gamblers in Havannah; the company, consisting of Señoras in white robes, and Dons in striped gingham coats, arrived in their volantes with flambeaux carried before them. In an outer saloon were card-tables at which the Monté players were seated, with piles of gold ounces, and silver dollars before them. Ladies and gentlemen stood round the players, and anxiously watched the turning up of the cards, and many staked heavy sums. I observed some of those characters that are everywhere to be met with in Havannah, also deeply interested in the result of the game, athletic sun-burnt and black-whiskered men, with the determined eye of the sea rover, and ever and anon glancing round the group with a fiendish expression if they lost.

The ball-room was always brilliantly lighted up, the ladies 197 sitting in rows round it as usual, and the men in groups, or lounging about in the galleries smoking; when

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the dancing commenced, the band, consisting of nine performers, three violins, two violincellos, hautboys, and French horns, would play in a most animating and excellent style, a waltz, fandango, or contredanza, the latter a combination of the waltz and quadrille; and certainly, for grace and elegance in the dance, the Havanneros are unrivalled. I was at first diffident in joining such excellent votaries of Terpsichore, but found that unless I did so, the fair Cubannas would think me stiff and precise, for in their intercourse with one another they are devoid of the absurd formality of the old school-breeding; so I plucked up courage and led out a Señorita with black hair and sparkling eyes, but without gloves, which are not worn in Cuba by ladies or gentlemen. At supper, as a mark of attention to the stranger, she, with some of her companions, came with a plate of dolces, or sweetmeats, some of which she presented to me with her fair hand, reminding me of the Persian custom of stuffing the mouths of poets with sugar-candy.

At a country ball, where all the company were on terms of intimacy, I was much amused with the game of blind-man's-buff introduced as a dance. Ladies and gentlemen circled in a ring round the blind-folded Don in the centre; who had a cane in his hand, with which he pointed at any of the company; the music would then stop, and the person indicated would take the end of the stick, and in a disguised and squeaking tone repeat some trifling sentence; if the blind-folded guessed the name of the speaker, he was allowed to take off the handkerchief, if not, the music and dancing recommenced. Sometimes, all the dancers would slip off to their seats, and leave the blind-folded in a ridiculous situation in the middle of the room, trying to feel with his cane the company who had retired, and who were convulsed with suppressed laughter.

“Ah! crop the flowers of pleasure when they blow, Ere winter hides them in a vale of snow.”

Turn we now from the ball-room to another scene, and venture to penetrate and explore the gloomy saloons of the most horrid receptacle of crime in the civilized world, the Carcal, or prison of “the cultivated city of Havannah,” as the Spaniards delight to call it. I visited this dreadful place, and though it is almost impossible to obtain circumstantial details

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regarding it, owing to the extreme jealousy of the Spaniards, and their unwillingness to expose the great want of order, and entire absence of decency which prevail within its detested walls, yet I am enabled from personal 198 observation and hearsay to lay before my readers a sketch of the Carcal as it now exists.

The entrance to it is on the southern side of the governor's house, and the gratings of the back cells open into the very patio, or court-yard of the palace. The gaol itself contains a long paved court, in looking into which through a grated door, where was a strong guard of soldiers, I saw some of the most cut-throat looking characters I ever beheld. They were of all classes and colours, black, yellow, and white, and many had gambled away all their clothes, save a thin pair of drawers. From the murderer to the petty thief, all were allowed to mingle indiscriminately. Not the least classification was attempted. At night the prisoners are disposed of under the piazzas which surround the court, and sleep on plank couches, retiring to rest at nine o'clock. Up stairs is a large sala, or strong room, (having no connexion with the yard,) also for male prisoners of all kinds. On the left-hand side of the entrance on the first floor, I observed a separate apartment for women, and opposite to it is the "Sala de distincion," or state-room for chance customers, such as drunkards, and other disorderly persons, arrested after improper hours in the streets, and who can afford to pay for superior accommodation. Mutinous sailors, runaway negroes, and others, whose offences are light as well as their pockets, are thrust into the court-yard with the *canaille*, and have to fight out accommodation for themselves. I was told by some American sailors, who had been incarcerated by their captain for asking higher wages, that they witnessed such scenes of vice and depravity every night, that they were obliged to keep regular watch on one another.

All the prisoners are allowed to exercise, within the prison, any trade or handicraft they may have followed, barring that one which procured them a lodging in the Government-house, although they sometimes find opportunity to practise even that also. The produce of their honest industry, such as plaiting straw-hats, huckstering fruit, &c. is applied partly to defray the expenses of the prison establishment; and the residue is given up to

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their entire disposal. Even the assassins enjoy this privilege until sentence of death is pronounced upon them, when they are removed to separate cells up stairs.

Murders are often committed in the Carcal in the following manner: Three men gamble in the daytime, and one of them wins the money of the other two. The losers then conspire together to murder and rob the winner; at night they watch where he lies down to sleep in one of the saloons, and each goes to the lamps at the ends of the sala; they extinguish them simultaneously, draw their knives, and make a rush at the place where their 199 victim lies; they stab him in the dark, and sometimes one or two others on each side of him to make sure of him; then strip the body or bodies of their money, and thrust them down the sink.

The prison is a rich Golconda for the Havannah lawyers. Persons accused on the slightest grounds of any offence or crime are incarcerated without examination, being afterwards permitted to exonerate themselves through the agency of these pests of the island society, who never fail to extort the utmost fee from their unfortunate clients. Persons of the better classes and state prisoners are generally confined in one or other of the forts, and some of them are allowed the liberty of their limits. When the common gaol is overstocked, as often happens, the surplus is transferred to the cells of Fort Cabanas.

In a city, the population of which is so mixed, the habits of the lower classes so demoralised, among whom gambling and its concomitant, drunkenness, is so prevalent, —in a city where there is no police, and where, by paying the priests handsomely, absolution may be obtained for the most atrocious crimes, no wonder that robberies and assassinations are of almost daily occurrence. Sometime ago no fewer than seven white people were murdered in different parts of the city in one day. I remember when on one occasion I visited Hydrabad, a den of miscreants in the East Indies, in the guise of a Mussulman, (for none in European costume could enter its walls with safety,) three were murdered there that day in the streets; but that was nothing to Havannah.

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In this latter city people are robbed in open day in the following manner: Two villains come on each side of a pedestrian, displaying long knives under their arms; while a third deliberately takes but his watch, purse, gold shirt buttons, &c. and whispers that if the least noise is made, the knife will do its office; and though the plundered individual may afterwards recognise the robbers, he is afraid to give evidence against them, and must just put up with his loss.

Rather a laughable robbery took place about the time when I was in Havannah. One evening a lover was doing the agreeable to his mistress through a grated window on a level with the street; three men passing observed that he was gaily dressed, in order to appear to advantage in the eyes of the fair; one tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "You are wanted." He stepped aside. The other two showed him their knives. He was stripped of his finery on the spot, and then sneaked back to the window for condolence.

When the least scuffle takes place in the streets, all the doors and windows are hastily closed in the neighbourhood; the inmates of the house are so much afraid of being called upon to give evidence in case of a murder. I walked about at all hours, and fortunately escaped molestation; but I was fully prepared for a skirmish, with an iron-cane, a very handy weapon, something between a poker and a crowbar. On looking at it, no one could suspect its weight until they felt it. I recommend this to travellers instead of the piked sticks of Dr. Kitchener, for it strengthens the chest and arms, and disables an antagonist without killing him.

The bodies of the murdered are exposed for a day in the street, behind the gaol, in order that their relatives may claim them. One forenoon, I happened to be passing the government-house with my friend Mr. Jackson, and observed a small crowd collected; we looked over the shoulders of the people, and saw a ghastly sight. In an open bier, with legs and handles to it, lay the corpse of a white man, about forty years of age, rather good-looking, and wearing a grim smile on his countenance. A dreadful gash was in his throat, his hands were also cut in the death-struggle, and his trowsers and shirt were torn, and

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literally steeped in gore. This was a Gallician shopkeeper, who had been murdered in his own store, two or three hours before. He was a sober and industrious man, had arrived in Havannah a few years before, and had become possessed of twenty houses, and eighty thousand dollars in cash. His negro wench informed two of her black paramours where the money was kept. The miscreants went in the morning, on pretence of purchasing rope; the Gallician stepped to a corner of the store to supply them; they sprang upon him like wolves, held his mouth, threw him down, cut his throat, and carried off two coffee-bags of gold. All this took place within a few yards of the custom-house guard, with perfect impunity to the murderers.

One day I was returning from the country in a volante, with a gentleman, (who had resided some years in Havannah, and was one of the few English merchants of respectability there,) when he told me the following story: "This hollow way which we are now passing," said he, "leading down to the shallow stream at the bottom, has been the scene of more deeds of violence than perhaps any other in the island of Cuba. One evening I was riding a spirited horse, and on coming to this spot, a man dashed at me from the side of the road, and attempted to seize my bridle. I galloped over him, and he called out, and another grasped my thigh and nearly pulled me off; I struck him on the face, freed myself, and put spurs to my charger; a blunderbus was fired after me, I escaped; my horse was wounded in the neck, but carried me into town. On another occasion I saw three men on the road before me; it was open day; they were a white man and two 201 mulattoes; they walked with their hands in their breasts. I suspected that they grasped their weapons; accordingly, I attempted to make a wide circuit round them, but got involved in a morass; seeing that I must pass them, I primed my pistols, took one in each hand, and with my reins in my mouth, passed the fellows, and muttered "Adios," their answer was, "Carajo, Inglese." Some of these villains laid a plot to seize my favourite horse, for whilst on it I set them all at defiance. I found out by accident their contrivance. A negro stopped me one day on the Pasao, and said, 'Signor, you were kind to me when I was sick, and I'll now tell you a secret. I overheard some monteroos talking about seizing your horse; be on your guard.'

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I gave him a dollar, and promised him more if he spoke the truth. Shortly after I saw five countrymen waiting for me on the road, 'Hist! hist!' said they, in the usual Spanish way, 'we have something to say to you.'—'To my horse, I suppose,' answered I, and galloped on. Not long ago, I got a clerk from Yorkshire; he was a raw country lad, and went out to take a walk, the evening of the day after his arrival. Whilst gaping and staring about the streets, he was followed by a robber, who got him in a corner, and struggled with him to get his watch. The robber succeeded and ran off. My clerk came home much agitated and went to bed; on going in to see him in the morning, I found the bed-clothes bloody; I awoke the sleeper, to ask him what was the matter, and to his horror and alarm he discovered that he had been stabbed within a quarter of an inch of his heart. He recovered in three or four days, but has never ventured since to take constitutional exercise of an evening."

I have described some deeds of violence, but I have not yet brought any culprit to condign punishment. I am tired of horrors, and am afraid my readers are so likewise; but I think it will be satisfactory to describe an execution, which does not happen quite so often as it ought to do at Havannah. If a criminal has money, he may put off capital punishment for years, even after sentence is passed upon him; but he who is friendless and penniless, mounts the scaffold immediately after he has been found guilty of a capital offence. The Spaniards have a great objection to see a white person executed at Havannah, because it degrades their order in the eyes of the coloured inhabitants. They bribe the civil authorities and priests to procure respites, and even if the culprit is not entitled to the least mercy, they will go to the governor and solicit a pardon by the *impegnio*, or private petition, which it is not generally the custom to refuse. A white woman had made mince-meat of her husband, and had put the mangled body into a beef-barrel; she was found guilty, but by means of C c 202 bribery and the *impegnio*, the punishment was delayed for two years; at last, to the great annoyance of the fair Havanneras, she was placed on the fatal *garoté*, and her hands and feet tied to the chair, a collar of iron received her neck, to which a screw and winch were attached. A priest prayed with the condemned, and on a signal the

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executioner stepped behind the culprit, turned the winch, the neck was dislocated in a moment, and “the bitter sherbet of death tasted.”

On passing the Carcal one afternoon, I saw a cross and lanterns displayed before a black cloth opposite the door of the prison chapel; this was the signal for the execution of a criminal on the morrow. In the chapel was a tall negro, pinioned and guarded, with a priest sitting beside him; I asked what the crime was for which he was about to suffer, and was told that he had been attached to a negress, but discovering that she favoured a mulatto, he waylaid them whilst they were proceeding on horseback into the country, and murdered man, woman, and horse, in a solitary place.

I rose at five o'clock next morning to witness a Spanish execution. The condemned, dressed in a white frock, was taken from the chapel, and drawn in a hurdle for some distance, and then compelled to walk for a mile and a half to the plain without the city, which is washed on two sides by the sea; here was the gallows. The cross and lanterns preceded the coffin. He was attended by the Brothers of Charity in black robes and white capes, one of them bearing a bottle of brandy and a glass; the “Companios Urbanos,” or city guard, in leather caps, green jackets, carbines, and swords, were on each side. Arrived at the fatal tree, where a multitude waited in anxious expectation of the sight, the culprit got a large dose from the bottle, and then, with a ferocious-looking negro (the executioner,) mounted the double ladder, and the rope was adjusted; the executioner then whispered something in the ear of the culprit, probably to throw himself off, but he did not do so, when the executioner gave him a hitch with his elbow, and away he swung; the executioner then sprang into the air with the agility of a Clias, seized the rope, and alighted on the shoulders of the murderer, and there sat kicking his breast with his heels. When the executioner had satisfied himself, by stooping down and looking in the face of the culprit, that it was all over with him, he slid down by the legs and mingled with the crowd. Then a priest mounted the ladder, and pointing to the dead, delivered a short and impressive homily. The body was left on the gallows till mid-day, and then taken down for the purpose

of being decapitated, and the head to be placed on a pole at the spot where the foul deed had been done.

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CHAPTER XXII.

Statistical account of Cuba.—Census of Cuba.—Difficulty of ascertaining the amount of Negro population.—Sugar and Coffee estates.—Cuba, how divided.—Effects of circular surveying.—List of vessels at Havannah.—Commerce.—The Revenue of Cuba.—The Tonnage.—Foreign Merchants in Havannah.—The Natural History of Cuba.—Piratical haunts.—Pleasures of the Asatea.—Cubanos mind their own affairs.—Jealousy of the Spanish Military.—View the defences of Moro and Cabanas.—Silver Walls.—Offer of protection to the Cubanos.—Heavy duty on flour.—Strange conduct of Spanish officers.—Spanish Troops.—A sugar Colonel.—Excursion into the interior.—The Monteros.—Caravans.—The Great Red Plain.—Treatment of the Aborigines by their Conquerors.—Treatment of Negro Slaves.—The Slave Trade.—Canarymen.—A Cuban Overseer.—Slave Labour.—Food of Slaves.—Dress.—Punishments.—Capture of Slaves.—Plans for suppressing the Slave Trade.—Negro Music.—Characters of different Classes in Cuba.—The Count Fernandino.—An Entertainment.—Daquilla.—A Chase.—Yellow Fever.—A Hurricane.—Sail from Havannah.

Until lately it has been the policy of Spain to conceal, with a veil of impenetrable mystery, the internal condition and resources of her colonies; but as regards Cuba, this veil has been unexpectedly withdrawn, under the direction of the captain-general. A statistical account of “the ever faithful island of Cuba,” was prepared by a committee of military and civil officers, and published at the Havannah in 1829. This is to be followed by another similar publication next year, from which very ample information is expected on this noble colony.

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The last census of the population in 1829, gives a return of 704,867 inhabitants, over a most fertile surface as large as Portugal, and equal to all the Antilles put together. At this moment the population is roughly estimated at 1,020,000; but taking it at a million, 500,000 of these are free, and 500,000 are slaves; of the free 300,000 are white, 125,470 are mulattoes, and 74,530 are negroes; of the slave population about 50,000 are mulattoes. According to the tables of Dr. Abbott, with regard to the slave population, it is nearly impossible to get at any thing like the truth. Fresh importations are constantly arriving from Africa, some estimate them at 10 or 15,000 last year; 2000 fresh landed from Africa, passed under my window one morning from the country; and the mortality of these unfortunate beings is dreadful, from 10 to 15 per cent. It is the interest of the planters to conceal the number of their slaves, to save the capitation tax; and it is the policy of the government to conceal from the negroes their own 204 strength, and also that of the military on the island, which may be reckoned at 20,000 men.

The number of slaves introduced into the island has always been very great, thus—

From 1521 to 1763 60,000

1764 to 1790 39,490

In Havannah alone—

From 1791 to 1805 91,211

1806 to 1820 131,892

There were, besides these, fifty-six thousand introduced into the eastern parts of the island clandestinely, from 1791 to 1820. Most of the coloured population are born out of marriage; in 1828 one marriage only took place out of one hundred and ninety-four individuals of the entire population.

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The monteros, or lower class of whites, cultivate small farms all over the country, principally by means of a rude plough with one shaft, to which horses or bullocks are attached. Besides these farms, of which no return of the number could be procured, there are now about one thousand two hundred sugar plantations, and two thousand two hundred coffee estates.

The island is divided into three provinces—Havannah, Cuba, and Puerto Principe, over each of which is a governor, though the Captain-General and Governor of Havannah is superior to the other two. Each province is divided into partidos, or portions, each about one and a half or two leagues square; these are altogether one hundred and twenty in number, but the uninhabited parts of the island have not yet been portioned off. The parroquias, or parishes, are subdivisions of the partidos. Towns of one thousand inhabitants have corporations, but they are subject to the Captain de Partido, who again reports to the Governor of his province.

The inhabited parts of the island were surveyed in circles touching each other, consequently between these there were portions unappropriated. The Louisiana and Florida Americans, with their long noses, quickly smelt out these “locations,” and came over to the ever-faithful island and “squatted” upon them, without leave asked or obtained. I heard many complaints of these intruders, and the Spanish proprietors threatened that if they did not leave the country, or purchase property in the usual way, club law would be put in force.

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List of vessels which left the Havannah in October, 1831:—

Vessels of war. Merchantmen.

Spanish vessels 3 42

American 1 27

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English 5 3

Hamburgher 0 1

Prussian 0 1

Sardinian 0 1

Total departures, 84.

The arrivals were 75.

Average importation of Cuba, 1831:—

Spanish Trade 3,924,847 Dollars.

Foreign Trade 11,487,842

In-bound 1,923,501

Total, 17,336,190

Average exportation, 1831:—

Spanish Trade 2,373,298 Dollars.

Foreign Trade 10,344,631

In-bound 1,488,823

Total, 14,208,752

The revenue of Cuba amounted, in 1831, to nine millions of dollars; and the tonnage to the grand total of two hundred and forty-seven thousand fifty-seven tons and a half this year,

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and last year to two hundred and forty-nine thousand two hundred and fifty-three tons, for Java coffee and Brazilian sugar have interfered with Cuba produce so as to reduce the demand for it in foreign markets. The amount of specie which left Havannah for foreign countries, in 1831, amounted to nine hundred and eighteen thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine dollars and three quarters; which summary, I think, will convey some idea of the great prosperity of this bright jewel in the Spanish diadem.

There are only three English merchants of respectability in Havannah, but the Americans are in considerable numbers there. I am sorry to say, however, that many of them are very unprincipled. New Orleans is first resorted to by the worthless, and as a last resource they come to the Havannah. The Spanish merchants stand in great fear of the superior address (to use a mild term) of the Americans; they tell long stories of damaged flour, stones in provision casks, &c.; and from the Americans being 206 seen constantly calculating, the story is current that they are born with a pencil behind their ears. I became acquainted with one or two American merchants of great respectability at Havannah, but in general the traders there consist of a *melange* of rogues and vagabonds from all parts of the world, and not a few of them from our own country.

As regards natural history, the island of Cuba is as yet nearly an untrodden field. It is impossible to go far into the interior, except in large parties, and fully armed. Brigands abound in the sierras and in the lonely valleys; and as offenders are seldom brought to punishment, the lawless commit their depredations with impunity, so that few have ventured to pursue scientific researches under such circumstances. Much information may be expected on the entomology of the island from the British Commissary Judge, Mr. Macleay, who has made large and valuable collections of the insects. There is little remarkable in the mammalia, or serpents. The botany would be a research of great interest; and as to the geology, it may be shortly stated that a main ridge of hills run from east to west, principally composed of limestone, in many places very cavernous, and the natural grottoes filled with stalactites of great beauty. The highest peak in the island is that of Tarquino, seven thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea; and the

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most picturesque portion of the island is in the vicinity of St. Iago, on the east coast, where primitive rocks, deeply indented with bays, (the haunt of pirates,) are arranged in the most remarkable and striking forms.

“It is a wild and breaker-beaten coast, With cliffs above and a broad sandy shore, Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host, And rarely cease the haughty billows' roar.”

Whilst I sojourned in Cuba, one of the pleasantest walks I had was on the asatea, or terrace roof of my friend's house. The city, glittering with white walls, towers, and pinnacles, was behind me, and before were the fortifications guarding the entrance to the harbour. Taking a to-and-fro-walk on that elevated spot, I enjoyed the sea-breeze, and could observe the ladies in the neighbouring houses, sometimes chasing one another or their female slaves through the apartments, or sitting at embroidery, or with a guitar on their knees; or I could watch the various ships which passed in and out under the heavy guns of the Moro. Sometimes a long black slaver, with taunt and raking masts, would steal out; then a fine merchantman, displaying the starspangled banner; or a broad-bowed Dutchman would roll out to sea. The Cubanos have a fortunate habit of minding their own business, and every one follows his lawful trade without let or hindrance, so ships of all nations and for all purposes go and come; and if a little “manure,” as, the Persians call a bribe, is placed in the hands of the custom-house officers, no questions are asked.

Seeing the fortifications so often at a distance, inspired me with a longing desire to inspect their interior. I applied for permission to do so, but was refused, and a Spanish officer plainly told me, “The English have twice paid us unfriendly visits here, (in 1669, under Buccaneer Sir Henry Morgan, and again in 1762, under Lord Albemarle,) and really we are suspicious of you. Some of these days your people may pay us a third visit; so we don't allow any strangers, except *mauvaises sujets*, to see the inside of our works.” But I was resolved to examine the ditches and outworks; so I got up early one morning, took a boat, crossed over to the other side, walked between the Moro and Cabanas away into

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the country, looking neither to the right nor left, wheeled round and returned, and walking round the covert way, saw all that I wanted without being challenged.

The Moro at the extreme point of the ridge opposite to Havannah, is washed on two sides by the sea, and on the third is a ditch apparently one hundred feet deep and eighty broad, cut in the solid rock. The only ditch I ever saw equalling it was that of Dowlutabad, in India. It certainly is as impassable as the Stygian flood to the unburied dead. When the English took the Moro, after a month's siege, some of the batteries were placed on the hill now occupied by the immense forts of the Cabanas, bristling with cannon, and capable of containing thirty thousand men. The Moro and Cabanas, one-eighth of a mile apart, are connected by a covert way, and some say also by a passage under ground. When the English most injudiciously abandoned their splendid conquest in 1764, the Cabanas was commenced, and Mexico principally paid for its construction. It is supposed that it cost fifty millions of dollars, though some maintain that the works were not completed under one hundred millions. The King of Spain, on seeing the accounts, naturally inquired if the Cabanas were made of silver.

Nothing could rouse the United States to arms sooner than England or France getting possession of Cuba. The valley of the Mississippi would then be commanded, and the commerce of the great emporium, New Orleans, completely under the control of either of these two great nations, which the cabinet of Washington could not brook. The Mexicans, after separation from Old Spain, offered the Cubanos military protection if they would also throw off the yoke of the mother country. This was ridiculous 208 enough, for now-a-days the Mexicans are hardly able to protect themselves; but one great objection to a coalition between Mexico and Cuba is this,—in the former slavery is abolished, certainly prematurely, as far as the tranquillity of the republic is concerned and the happiness of the negroes. Cuba could not consent to this measure. Certainly the Cubanos enjoy many advantages, and do not seem inclined to revolt from Spain at present. They have no direct taxes, except on volantes; their indirect ones are on produce and goods sold in the island, which pay a duty of four and a half per cent. I was surprised at the enormous duty on

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American flour. A barrel of it is purchased at New Orleans for five dollars; if shipped in a Spanish bottom, it pays seven dollars of duty; if in a foreign vessel, ten; it afterwards sells for fifteen or sixteen; so that the price obtained for this necessary article covers the duty and freight, and remunerates the importer, though it will be evident from this, that living is not cheap in Havannah.

The Spanish officers evinced great reluctance in allowing me to inspect their barracks, and to see the state of their men. If troops are in an efficient state, their officers ought to be proud to show them to a foreign militaire, and *vice versa*. I attended their evening parades, and certainly should not have had great hesitation in standing before a company of their infantry when firing. Once I saw fifty men attempt a volley, and three muskets went off. But we must not despise the Cubanos, for all that. If they thought there was a prospect of a war, they would get new muskets, I have no doubt. The officers were smart in their dress, wore pointed foils at ordinary parades instead of swords, and the ranks were distinguished as follows:—colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors, wore three, two, and one guerdon round the arm; the captains and subalterns wore epaulettes. On one occasion I saw a regiment of recruits pass under the standard, kiss it, and swear to defend it.

I had the honour of making the acquaintance of what is called a Sugar Colonel, that is, the proprietor of a plantation, who has purchased his rank and risen rapidly without having seen any service, and has little inclination to smell powder. The gentleman of whom I now make honourable mention, belonged to one of the battalions which were ordered on the abortive Mexican expedition some two or three years ago, when Old Spain attempted, with a few hundred men from Cuba, to reconquer New Spain. Our worthy immediately fell sick, was recommended to try the hot baths at Guanabacoa, came out with his head all plastered over with mud; he had slipped his foot and fallen on the floor of the bath-room: of course the expedition failed from his unavoidable absence—

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“Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it, for shame, And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.”

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In leaving Havannah to go into the country, it is curious to observe the Spanish taste for ornamental painting; the shops had birds and beasts depicted on their walls, mounted cabaleros armed with sword and pistol, and donzellas flourishing their fans. At the posados, or inns by the way-side, a group of monteros would be seen on their long-tailed horses, stout swarthy fellows in straw hats, striped shirts and trowsers, and each with a machette, or long sword, thrust through the handkerchief which girt his loins; others would meet us with fowls hanging from their saddles by the legs, and call with a singing voice, and the last syllable but one a note or two higher than the rest—

“Vamos a ver esto pollo, esta gallina caserita, esto pavo, esto guanago, Esto gano.”

“Come let us see this chicken, this domestic fowl, this turkey, this guinea-bird, this goose.”

—whilst hundreds of little horses, laden with coffee-bags, or boxes of sugar, followed one another in long rows; on the last a bell and on the leader the driver sat, cigar in mouth, with sword and dagger by his side. In the day-time, in town, people do carry arms openly, but in the country, day and night, the monteros at his plough, and the solitary shepherd in the broad savannah, all go armed; such is the lawless state of society in Cuba *aujourd'hui*.

For some distance from the city to the westward are extensive vegetable gardens, but no appearance of plantations or of country seats; the former are further in the interior, and though the country, being undulating, and well wooded and watered, is admirably adapted for the latter, yet it would be unsafe for a respectable person to live near Havannah in a lonely place, unless it was furnished with a moat and drawbridge. At the distance of four leagues from Havannah the great Rea Plain commences, extending to the south and to the west; on it are seen numerous coffee plantations, tastefully laid out in shady walks, with lime hedges, fruit trees and avenues of palm, and producing heavy crops of that aromatic berry, grateful to the palate of prince and peasant, from the Tuileries to Tehran.

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The cruelties practised on the unfortunate aborigines of the New World by the Spaniards, are recorded in every history of America. It would appear that they shot them down and hunted them with blood-hounds, as if they had been monsters, whereas D d 210 generally speaking, they were mild and inoffensive. Some they enslaved and compelled to wash the sand of rivers for gold dust, to work in the mine, and to till the ground; all this ended in the total annihilation of the Indians in the Spanish islands, and great mortality among them on the main. Among other appalling facts, the fertile island of Cuba, which once supported an Indian population of four millions, has not a single red hunter in her majestic forests or noble prairies. All are swept away by the ruthless invaders. Now, when I was told that the Spaniards were kind and indulgent to their *negroes*, I doubted the fact, and after minute inquiries into the real state of the case in Cuba, I maintain that, notwithstanding the boasted lenity of the Spaniards to their slaves, *in general* the slaves on estates are treated with great cruelty.

It is true that in Havannah, where wealthy families have large and useless establishments of slaves, they are mildly used; but there having nothing to do, and their masters being idle, they are ten times more so—drink, gamble, and are the assassins of the city. By robbing and murdering the whites they retaliate on them for being enslaved, and find the means of pursuing their own vicious courses, and giving full scope to their lawless and depraved appetites.

In Cuba the slave-trade flourishes more than ever, and thousands were landed during the time I was on the island, which was only a few weeks. In 1817 the Spanish Government was induced by British gold, to the amount of £400,000, to prohibit the African slave-trade. This large sum, which was so liberally given them, was intended to compensate those engaged in the *lawful* trade for the losses they would sustain on being obliged to look for other freight; but the money was actually transferred to Russia for certain ships of war, and the unfortunate slave-dealers got nothing. Of course they thought their case a very hard

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one, and it appears that their government are of the same opinion, since they now offer no impediment to them in their African traffic.

Slavers still commonly lose one half of their living cargo on the passage from Africa, the poor creatures are so cooped up in the small fast-sailing vessels. When landed, they are marched across the country to the estates for which they are bespoke; their heads are then shaved, and they are shut up in a kind of stable. The proprietors of estates, if they happen to be Spaniards, live during the greater part of the year in Havannah, spending only one or two months in the country. Their overseers are unprincipled Canary-men, who turn out constantly armed with a long sword, or machette, and dagger, and attended by a couple of blood-hounds, their aides-du-camp and protectors. The Canarians say, "We don't carry fire-arms, for they sometimes miss fire, but the stroke 211 of the long machette is certain; however, the negroes are more afraid of our blood-hounds than all our arms put together, for they will immediately tear to pieces those who offer to touch us."

Two hours before sunrise the negroes are summoned to their toil, and while the dew still lies heavy on the ground, or the rainy season may have rendered the ground a morass, they cut grass for the horses and cattle, and feed the stock under negro drivers for gangs of twenty-five. After this, they proceed to the sugar or coffee plots; there they labour with the Woe till breakfast time, for which they are allowed half an hour; again at work till dinner, for which an hour is allowed, if it be not crop time, when a quarter of an hour is all they have to devour their meals in. Sun-down does not terminate their labours, for on moonlight nights they carry wood or stones, building materials, or are otherwise employed till nine at night, when a bell rings them to their stable. I do not say that the Cuba plantation slaves are all treated as above described; but a great many are so abused, and this I had from the mouths of Spanish planters.

The Spanish and French planters of Cuba give their negroes rice, maize, and four ounces of jerked (dried) beef at each meal, but barely enough to support nature. The Americans in Cuba give salt fish instead of beef, because it is cheaper; but their negroes are not

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so strong as those fed upon beef. The field negroes go nearly naked. The negresses commonly get a coffee-bag to cover themselves: they cut a hole in the bottom of it for their head, and two holes at the corners of the arms. Sunday brings for no holiday to these unfortunates, for till ten in the forenoon, and from four till dusk, they labour as usual in the field: between ten and four they are *humanely* permitted to cultivate their own vegetable grounds. Individuals of both sexes are cruelly flogged with a cow-skin of plaited strips of leather; and to sum up, the negroes on the estates in Cuba too often are badly clothed, badly fed, badly lodged, severely punished, over-worked, and die at the rate of ten per cent. per annum—notwithstanding the humane and excellent fiscal regulations for negroes promulgated by the Spanish government: but we all know, that it is one thing to make laws, and another to administer and enforce them.

No doubt, many individuals may be found in Cuba who treat their slaves well; and I again repeat, that what I have said above relates only to the treatment of slaves on a great many estates, not on all. Some slaves get so much the upperhand of their masters and mistresses in the Havannah, that though they are clothed, fed, and lodged by them, they sometimes will not sweep, the rooms, or bring up the dinner, unless they get paid for it; and there is a 212 foolish old Spaniard in the country who won't allow any women on his estate, as he says it would give rise to immoral behaviour on the part of his negroes. I need not particularise the consequence, but merely state, that his slaves run all over the country.

Now and then British schooners capture slavers, and in very gallant style, but as perhaps a dozen planters and merchants are concerned in one vessel, the loss does not affect them much. New lands are continually brought into cultivation, and though there is a great demand for negroes, yet the supply is ample and the price moderate. Before the trade was (nominally) prohibited, the price of a field-negro was five hundred dollars; now, though it is said to be unlawful to traffic in slaves, the price is two hundred or two hundred and fifty dollars—this speaks volumes.

As far as I could learn, there are more slaves imported from Africa at this moment into settlements not British, than ever there were before. That valuable public servant and most intelligent gentleman, his Britannic Majesty's Commissary Judge at the Havannah, suggests that the only effectual way to put a stop to slave-dealing is, "to search and condemn vessels that are fitting out for slave cargoes, and not to wait until they have actually got slaves on board before they can be captured." As I said before, I saw several slavers sail out of the harbour of the Havannah with perfect impunity, freighted with British manufactures to barter for slaves on the coast of Africa. British and American runaway sailors are tempted with fifty dollars a month to serve in slavers; they stand to their guns, whilst Spaniards and others run up the rigging when they are attacked.

Of an evening I have often stopped to listen to the simple music of the Ethiopians, sitting at the arched gateway of the Casas of the Hidalgos, with the moon revealing the gardens in the court behind them, breathing of perfumes and displaying the Moorish style of architecture to great advantage under its mild rays. The instrument in which these sable children of Africa most delighted is called the bamba; it is a bent bow, about the thickness of a finger, with, a strand or split cane extended across it; one end of the string is applied to the teeth, where also it is beaten with a slender stick. The other end of the bow is held in the left hand, which also presses against the string a clasp-knife, and occasionally withdraws it. The tones produced by this enlarged variety of Jew's-harp are few, but inexpressibly sweet and wild. To the bamba the negroes dance, with the accompaniment of the drum, and sing while playing on the dulcimer, or shallow box with unequal reeds fixed across the lid of it by cords elevated on bridges,

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"Deem our nation brutes no longer, Till some reason ye shall find Worthier of regard and stronger Than the colour of our kind. Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings Tarnish all your boasted powers, Prove that ye have human feelings Ere you proudly question ours."

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The lower class of whites, or monteros, who inhabit the country, are hospitable and obliging, though not very strict in morals; for in some remote parts the abominable crime of incest prevails. This evil may proceed from the detestable influence of slavery; and from the country being so thinly peopled that religious instruction is difficult to be procured,—and still more, it is to be feared, from the influx of foreigners (as I said before) having tended to make them despise the little religion they possess. The higher ranks are disposed to be very friendly to strangers, and many of them, particularly such as do not gamble, are as well informed people as any in an equivalent circle in Europe. In the domestic virtues they are infinitely better than they have been described to be, and certainly far superior to their neighbours of New Orleans. It is the opinion of an old and very intelligent foreign resident in Cuba, that, making allowance for the difference of manners, the wives and daughters as a correct there as in any equal population in Europe, although, certainly, some glaring instances to the contrary may be produced; and unfortunately female society is not accustomed there to erect itself into a tribunal to decide on the characters of its members. The principal vices of the whole of the inhabitants, both high and low, I repeat it, are gambling, and its accompanying idleness and extravagance. The Captain-general, Vives, sets a strange example to those under him. He gained a name on the Peninsula, but now spends most of his time in his private cock-pit; and though his allowances are very handsome, he is so penurious, that he gives no entertainments whatever; and when he wants to take a drive, he borrows a volante from a friend, for he is not possessed of a single horse or vehicle.

Through the kind attention of Mr. Macleay, I had an opportunity of seeing the best society of the island. He not only gave a ball at his own casa, where I saw the fashionables of Guanabacoa, but also took me to the houses of the Spanish nobility in the town and country. I dined one day with the Count Fernandino (the Duke of Devonshire of Havannah). His palace is a most magnificent one; lofty apartments, most tastefully furnished—black and gold were the predominant colours; in them 214 were immense mirrors and superb chandeliers; the floors were in alternate tablets of black and white

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marble, and there was the *aureum lacunar* (the gilded ceiling) in every hall. No carpets were used, but on this account, and the darkened windows, the rooms were delightfully cool, though it was the hottest season of the year.

It is the etiquette in Havannah to arrive at the house of entertainment an hour or two before dinner, to show that the conversation of the company is preferred to the mere viands; accordingly, we were welcomed by the Conde and Condesa two hours before the meal was announced, and received the Spanish compliment of—"La casa es a la disposicion de usted,"—the house is entirely at your disposal.

The Count spends a great deal of his time in his extensive library, and is a most intelligent and excellent nobleman, possessed of more influence in Cuba than any other individual. He is a spare-made, middle-aged man, with dark hair and aqueline nose. The Countess is very handsome, amiable, and accomplished.

The entertainment at which I had the honour of being present in the palace of this noble pair, was served in a saloon open at one side; and looking from it into the court below, the horses and carriages were seen. I remarked game chickens running about under the table, and many old and favourite negresses gazed at us from side rooms. The viands were, bread soup, larded mutton, partridges, fish, with abundance of oil and haricot beans; olives, honey and cheese, and dolci, or preserves, so sweet that the flavour of the fruit was not perceived; but between the tropics it is difficult to preserve fruit, unless a superabundance of sugar is employed. After many courses of savoury food, but far too rich for my taste, though corrected with bumpers of excellent French claret, the company adjourned to a music-room, where one of the señoritas sang and played on the guitar and organ. Portfolios of engravings were examined; and finally the eyelids betokened that it was time to retire for the siesta, previous to the drive on the Paseo, or to the walk on the Alameda, or public promenade, on the wall overlooking the man-of-war harbour.

A song of the Havannah begins thus:—

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“Muchacha, se te casar es, Casa te con un Catalon, Que, si no tiene dinero, Se meterá a Mussulman.”

Girl! if you marry, Marry a Catalanian, Who, if he has no money, Will become a pirate (*to procure it for you.*)

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It was really difficult to get away from the Havannah, for if one is well introduced, there are so many attractive donnas trying to persuade one to linger, that it is no easy matter to summon up resolution to take out the passport. The ladies of the family of the Marquis de Ramos were kind enough to present me with a specimen of the greatest curiosity of the island—the *daquilla*, or lace-tree. If the outer bark of a branch of this remarkable plant is bruised with a mallet, and a knife run down it, the *laminæ* of vegetable lace are disclosed, which, when carefully opened out, afford lace nearly as fine and strong as Brussels, and from six to twelve inches in width.

I took a passage in a small Spanish schooner to proceed to New Orleans, but she sailed before her time, and although I followed her in a boat out to sea, yet she would not lie-to pick me up. But what was an inconvenience at the time, turned out eventually a merciful intervention of Providence in my behalf; the schooner was wrecked off the Louisiana coast. I returned from the fruitless chase, and spent the evening with a countryman, Mr. John Norman, to whom I am under many obligations for supplying me with statistical and commercial information.

It was high time for me to leave Havannah, for I saw the priests going about in their *volantes* to administer extreme unction to yellow-fever patients, with a little boy ringing a bell before fore them, and another bearing a lantern. Yet since I had made up my mind to risk New Orleans at the most unhealthy season, I had no very pleasant prospect before me. Still I did not give way to alarm, having fortunately some sources from whence to derive comfort and confidence. I next took a passage in the *Aurora* Spanish brigantine,

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placed my baggage on board, and was to sail on the following morning. I supped for the last time with Mr. Jackson and his excellent lady; and regretting extremely the necessity I was under to part, perhaps forever, with such valued friends, from whom, if I had been a brother, I could not have received kinder treatment, I retired with a sorrowful heart to my chamber. In turning out, after the manner of an ancient mariner, to see how the sky looked, there was a certain wildness in the heavens which was not particularly agreeable to behold—the clouds collected in masses, then suddenly dispersed, and the moon had a greenish aspect. I lay down: presently the wind began to whistle through the shutters; then it came in gusts; then it howled round the dwelling, as if evil spirits were in the blast. It increased in force till it became a perfect roar; doors and shutters were blown in, and tiles fell from the roofs; the rain lashed the trembling walls in ceaseless torrents. Cries of distress were heard in the streets; then the firing of guns from the mouth 216 of the harbour. A large American brig was on shore on the rocks of the Punta; some of her hands were washed into the sea, which swept over her decks, and even over the ramparts of the Punta: the foremast went by the board, but fortunately fell towards the shore, and on it the survivors escaped. It blew a regular hurricane, and two schooners sunk at their anchors immediately before the house. The night was, at times, pitchy dark, and then again the lightning gleamed fearfully across the heavens in one broad sheet, revealing the building, and the shipping in the outer and exposed harbour fearfully tossed about by the angry billows.

The vessel in which I had embarked my baggage was to sail at six, and at five the wind had somewhat abated; accordingly I slipped on my sea-going jacket and trowsers, and set off at a run towards the quay, and dashed on as fast as I could; but the streets were knee deep in running water, the rain poured on my devoted head in torrents, tiles fell from the houses round me, and in turning a corner, a water-spout from a broad roof nearly knocked me off my legs, and drenched me from head to foot. I reached the quay, and took refuge in the cabin of the Aurora, pretty much in the same state as Brunel junior, when he escaped from the Thames Tunnel. I asked the Captain if he would sail that day: “*Demonio!*” said

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he, "no, no, Señor. With this *viento fresco* (gale of wind) we must wait till to-morrow; in the mean time I'll go ashore, and spend the day with a *corazon chico* (little heart) of my acquaintance, and I recommend your doing the same." " *Hombre!* (man alive!) why not sail to-day? If it become buen tiempo, and the wind lulls, your cargo of fruit will spoil if you stay here."—"No *importa* ," said he, "I don't care. *Adios, Signor, servidor de usted* ," and jumped on the quay.

The above hurricane was the same which desolated Barbadoes and swept from south-east to north-west across Cuba, and reached New Orleans. In Cuba, it caused considerable destruction to life and property. During the day it blew a fresh breeze, and I went down to the Punta to examine the wreck of the American, and view the mighty billows rolling towards the opposite Moro, and dashing up their white foam to the lighthouse tower. A group of negroes stood beside me, when suddenly they raised a shout of joy; another schooner broke from her moorings by the force of the wind, and drifted down among the shipping: the crew slipped overboard, and saving themselves in their boats, the schooner was left to her fate. She was fast leaving the harbour, and the negroes shouted with delight,—for in them the organ of destructiveness is very large. One, who spoke English, cried—"She go for bring coal," meaning a negro 217 cargo, when she struck the rocks under the Apostles' Battery, and was quickly broken up, to the great amusement of the black group.

We did not cast off from the quay till late on the following day, for the Spaniards had no idea of venturing to sea till they ascertained, by the appearance of the weather and the prognostications of their almanac, that the gale was entirely over.

We spread our canvass, and with a southerly breeze rolled out into the open and still-troubled sea, and at sun-down the Moro, was a speck in the horizon.

CHAPTER XXIII.

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Passengers in the Aurora, bound to New Orleans.—Etiquette.—Savoury food.—The Guitar.—Sansets.—First view of North America.—A pilot.—Mouth of the great Mississippi.—Dangers of the Bar.—An Alligator.—The Balize pilot-station.— Prospect of a sickly season.—Stem the current.—The last settler.—A Nightwatch. —Course of the Father of Waters.—The Porpoise tug.—Plantations. —New Orleans.—Melancholy Streets.—Hotel.—The first night on shore.—New Orleans Tonsor.—The Markets.—The Cathedral.—A Duel.—The Levee.— Yellow-fever Captains.—The battle of the Blacks.—Evening resort.—The Gaol.—Morality and Religion—American Preacher.—Philosophical Lady.—Slave insurrection.—Regular Infantry.—The Barracks.—Visit the battle ground.—Graves of the slain.— Retrospection.—A song.—Visit a plantation.—A murderer.—Negroes.—Their treatment.—Internal Slave-trade.—Kidnappers.—A disclosure.—England and America ought to cherish liberal and friendly feelings towards each other.

In the Aurora there were two passengers besides myself, a Spanish merchant and a French baker, the latter proceeding to New Orleans to give instruction in the true mode of making *petits pâtés*; these, with the captain and his mate, made up our party in the cabin.

There was very little ceremony used at our table; the company sat down to their meals in check shirts, tucked to their elbow, and (*à la mode Orientale*,) plunged their fingers into the dishes. Macaroni, or bread soup, a fowl grilled and swimming in lard, garlic, oily plantains, sliced cucumbers, potatoes, and omelette, constituted our common fare, washed down with *vino tinto*; the chocolate that was served to me, by particular desire, was accompanied with a soup spoon, for it was of the consistence of hasty-pudding; and when the dinner was placed on the table, there was always a call for the oil flagon, the same serving for light by night and food by day.

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For some time after leaving Cuba, we might have sung with Barry Cornwall,

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How gallantly, how merrily, We ride along the sea; The morning is all sunshine, The wind is blowing free; The billows are all sparkling, And bounding in the light, Like creatures in whose sunny veins The blood is running bright;

though we soon had light winds, but withall pleasant sailing for ten days. After the usual routine of reading, writing, and walking the deck, I delighted much in sitting in the evening on a hen coop on deck, listening to the Spanish airs of the mate, a rakish-looking fellow, with a handsome pair of whiskers, who accompanied with the guitar an excellent voice. The crew would sit in groups on the deck swallowing their garlic and oil, and pouring a rill of water into their greasy mouths, from the spout of the porron, a large earthenware vessel held at arm's length. Looking from the vessel, there was nought but sea and sky, but then what glorious sunsets, and how different every evening! What studies for a painter a series of these; and how strange would the forms of the clouds appear to an eye accustomed only to the sky in temperate climes! Between the Tropics the evening sky frequently puts on an awful and potentous aspect, apparently the forerunner of some nightly war of the elements.

As we approached the low shore of Louisiana, we had light baffling breezes, and the thermometer rose to 86°; we anxiously looked out for land, when one evening at sunset, under two mighty and dark pillars of clouds, which rose from the horizon to the zenith, connected like the bastions of a fortress with a fiery curtain, we descried the twinkling star of the lighthouse at one of the mouths of the great Mississippi, and a rapid and muddy current set against us occasionally, bearing along with it a huge log. The moon, "round as the shield of my fathers," shone brightly opposite to the pillars of clouds, and revealed the white sails of two vessels in the distance before us.

A pilot schooner approached, and from her a lanky and light-haired New-Englander jumped on board of us, who immediately called for gin; he then told us of many wrecks in the late hurricanes, not a few of which we found out afterwards, to be inventions of his own. He next commenced guessing and asking questions in the usual way. "What

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news can you tell us, stranger?" said he to me. "News! why they talk of a general 219 war in Europe!"—"War in Europe?" cried he with an oath, "what do we care for a war in Europe in our fine, free flourishing country? but I calculate, we'll soon have a war with the Mexicans."—"They won't be able to face you," I said "without out a fleet." "Oh! tarnation, no," answered he, "nothing under high heaven; we will knock h—I of them." He then called for more gin, and, thrusting his hand into his breeches, pocket, took out a paper, and holding it out to me, said, "Read that, I don't care a curse for anybody." It was a certificate from Antonio De Silva, a master pilot at the Balize, setting forth that "William Stevens was competent to take vessels over the Bar;" so, in order to enable this worthy to prove his competency, I told the captain to stop his grog, but he had finished a bottle before we came to an anchor outside the Bar.

In the morning, we observed the black and low lying shore stretching from north-east to south-west before us, and the turbid waters of the mighty river pouring into the sea between islands formed by layers of logs, covered and imbedded in mud, and appearing like bones of the mammoth. We weighed anchor, and made for an opening where the water was only one foot deeper than what we drew, and the wind only sufficient only to enable us with difficulty to stem the tide. It was a trying situation; the pilot stood at the bows to indicate how the helmsman ought to steer, and I stood a-midships to interpret the conning. The river water rushed and roared past us; black aquatic birds flew round us; and porpoises preceded us, tumbling over and shaking their tails, as if in derision. Several *snags*, or large logs, firmly fixed in the mud, and pointing down the stream, were passed very close; and *sawyers* rose and fell above the surface, as they were acted on by the current. At last we got into smoother water, in a branch of the the Mississippi and anchored off the light-house, a tall white pillar, with a house beside it surrounded with, peach trees. The wind blew down the river, and I proposed to the captain to take the boat, and row up to the pilot-station, the Balize.

As we were leaving the vessel, a large alligator was seen descending the stream; as he approached us he sunk his body, and nothing appeared but his malignant eyes, gleaming

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from under the gleaming from under the pent-house and wart-like eyebrows seated on the top of his head. When he had fairly passed the vessel, the long tail slowly moved again on the surface like the appendage of Milton's Sin, which formidable shape—

“Ended foul in many a scaly fold, Voluminous and vast.”

We rowed up to the station, avoiding the thread of current; 220 and found the Balize a collection of some twenty-five wooden houses, inhabited by about fifty pilots, of all countries. Log causeways communicated between the houses, which were literally built on soft mud, and faced a bayou, or small creek, communicating with the Great River. Our friend Stevens came up to us as we stepped on a sinking log, and holding out his hand to me said, “Halloo, man! are you here? Which are you for, cocktail or gin-sling? Here is the Bar, you must liquourise.” I begged to be excused, as I seldom drank spirits, but asked him to allow me to ascend the wooden look-out house, in the centre of the wretched village. We mounted to the top of it, and one of the most desolate and dreary prospects appeared that I ever beheld. On the east and west there was a boundless swamp, covered with reeds; a few sluggish creeks appeared to the south, where also was seen a strip of the sea; to the north, the land rose a little, and seemed in the far distance to be covered with wood. Thus we saw the Great River depositing its slime, and logs of trees forming what are termed rafts, among which reeds spring up and connect the mass; the reed decaying forms a soil, on which grow shrubs, eventually succeeded by trees, which are cleared by the sugar-planters, and the soil yields abundantly like that of Guiana. Thus the Mississippi is fast advancing the promontory of new land at its mouth into the Gulf of Mexico, and increasing the length of its course, which is computed at three thousand miles from near Lake Superior to the dreary Balize.

“We were all flooded here the other day,” said the pilot: “our billiard-table was carried away, and some of our houses, but the Bar escaped. We're afraid of a very sickly season, for the water has been above the reeds; hot but you Spaniards from the Vanah

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are accustomed to the yellows,—acclimated, eh? We buried a poor fellow here last week.”—“What was his complaint?” —“Why, he used to sling considerable heavy.”

We dropped down in the evening to the Aurora, and though the breeze blew fair in the night; the captain and crew smoked and slept very comfortably, like the Dutch captains descending the Hudson, who, when they got on a sand bank, puffed away quietly till the tide took them off. On the following afternoon the anchor was leisurely weighed, and we slowly stemmed the current.

As a contrast to the indifference of our Spanish captain to our progress, the anxiety of some English skippers to make quick voyages was recalled to mind. I made a month's voyage with one who was hardly ever off the deck, but taking a short to-and-fro walk beside the steersman, he would continually call out, “Now mind your helm, boy. Keep a lively helm. Don't let 221 her go to sleep in your hands—look at the head of the ship. Now you're not steering your course—ease her, man, ease her— don't let her fly off—you're yawing about the ship dreadfully. Now, small helm, boy—look at the compass; don't you see you are two points from her course? Meet her, now—starboard a little;” and so on.

Our distance from New Orleans was upwards of one hundred miles, about the same distance that Calcutta is from the Sandheads; and vessels are sometimes weeks in reaching the emporium of the valley of the Mississippi. On each side the banks were lined with logs; on which, under overshadowing reeds or shrubs, stood, singly or in pairs, white aquatic birds: and frequently alligators would be observed extended upon the timbers fast asleep. A ball glanced harmlessly off their hide, rough with tubercles, but it annoyed and awoke them, and snapping their jaws, they would plunge into the river.

We passed the log-hut of the last settler. He was seated at his door, and wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, red shirt, and canvass trowsers; his wife stood beside him, with a white-haired child in her arms. It was an interesting group, but the expression of their countenances was that of deep melancholy, for they were in the midst of dismal swamps;

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before them a canoe for fishing was moored to a stake, and a few stalks of maize showed how they subsisted.

I was much provoked at the laziness of my Spanish messmates: as I commonly do, when on board small craft, I assisted in working the vessel; so the Dons took advantage of the trouble I was at, and in the evening I found myself in sole charge of the tiller and deck; all hands had gone below to sleep! Though, of course, quite ignorant of the river, yet I had read that it flowed in one deep channel, with few mudbanks, so I had nothing to do in steering but to avoid the wavy line of the current, and keep the vessel in the still water. The night was enlivened with a bright moon, which revealed the dark and wooded banks of the broad stream; sounds there were none on the river, but the hoarse croakings of the bull-frogs and the noise of the insects from the pestilential swamps on its margin. The hour and the scene were calculated to cause Fancy to take flight and think of the course of the mighty Mississippi; the “endless river,” Which I was now navigating, and of the tribes of red men who had been driven across it, and were disappearing in the far west.

I ascended in imagination to the small lakes, about the forty-eighth parallel from which the river first issues, where also the streams that descend into Hudson's Bay, and those which meet the Atlantic through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, rise. I descended 222 the Mississippi for two hundred and thirty miles, through a prairie, with rushes and wild rice fringing the margin to the Falls of Peckagama, where it rushes over a rocky bed and descends twenty feet. Its waters are now for six hundred and eighty-five miles shaded with forests of oak, elm, maple, and other stately trees; it reaches the Falls of St. Anthony, and again descends a steep of forty feet, and sweeps past varied and picturesque bluffs of limestone, with forests intermixed, for a distance of eight hundred and forty-three miles, when it joins the Missouri, and immediately changes its hitherto clear and pellucid stream to the turbid colour of the latter river. “The Father of Waters” then rolls in one vast volume for twelve hundred and twenty miles past immense forests, broad prairies, rich bottoms, and pestilential swamps, till it joins the Gulf of Mexico.

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I was indulging in my reverie, and the white sails were beginning to flap occasionally against the mast, indicating that the breeze was about to die away, when I heard far down the river a sound like the snoring of a giant; it increased in loudness, and I saw lights and some dark bodies advancing towards me up the river: this was the high-pressure steam-tug, Porpoise, with two vessels in tow. Our slumbering captain and crew were immediately aroused; the Aurora was also made fast to the steamer, and for the remainder of the night we breasted the tide in gallant style!

Oh, wonder-working steam! what thou may'st do? Where's the prophetic spirit to declare?
By thee we make broad cloth, hatch chickens too; We roam the seas—we yet may
traverse air!

When morning dawned we were passing Fort St. Philip and Fort Jackson, built at a sudden turn of the river, which is raked by the guns little elevated above the water. Waving fields of sugar-cane, backed by dense forests, began to appear about forty-five miles below the city of our destination, the houses became more numerous, plantation succeeded plantation, a road behind the levee (or embankment to confine the river, and prevent its overflowing the cultivated ground) was occupied by bullock-waggon conveying produce; negroes were employed in the fields, or cutting up drift logs into fire-wood—"hewers of wood and drawers of water." The aged trees which had been spared on the river's banks, were loaded with long bunches of moss, as if the sea had passed over them, and had left them covered with weeds. A turn brought us in sight of New Orleans, extending in a curve along the north bank of the river, and we "cast off" among the shipping, "brought up" at a wooden wharf, and found 223 thirty vessels on shore from the effects of a late hurricane, and round several of them a crowd of negroes, under the direction of white overseers, attempting, by means of canals, levers, and screws, to force them again into the river.

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A very civil custom-house officer came on board, who seemed also quite superior to a bribe; and after arranging how my light baggage was to be disposed of, I landed, to deliver my letters of introduction, and inquire where I ought to reside.

In walking through the streets, many of which were well paved with stones brought from a great distance by sea, I observed that a great number of the lofty brickhouses, with stores on the ground-floor, were shut up, and that in some streets I was the only moving object. I needed no inquiry to know the cause of this desolation; long before I arrived, almost all the inhabitants of respectability (who had a regard for their health), had fled from this city of disease, and intended remaining away till about the 1st of November; and a small hearse, with a single horse in it passing me, told that the fell tyrant was already making havoc among those who were unable to flee from before his poisonous breath.

Some of those to whom I had letters, had left weeks before; but I was fortunate enough to find the British Consul at his pleasant country-house, and a countryman, Mr. M'Millan; to both of which gentlemen I am much indebted for attentions. I took up my residence in the merchant's and planters' hotel (until an opportunity for proceeding offered), with a most intelligent and active landlady, Madame Herries.

But truly my situation was far from being an agreeable one, though I could not complain, for I had wilfully braved the climate of the "Wet Grave," New Orleans, "where the hopes of thousands are buried." The hotel was a handsome and spacious brick building, in Canal Street, near the river, with a double row of young lime trees in the street before it. It was built in the Spanish styles namely, that of a hollow quadrangle, with galleries round the interior paved court. I was almost the only inmate in the house for a fortnight, though it contained one hundred and twenty apartments, single-bedded and double; and the dining-room accommodated in the bustling months of November, December, and January, two hundred and fifty guests. Being free to range over such a large house, I chose first one apartment and then another. I cannot pass over the comforts of the first I selected.

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The heat when I retired to *rest* was upwards of 80° in the end of August; and forced to keep the door and window open for air, though a breath sufficient to agitate the gossamer did not stir, mammoth mosquitoes (according to the American phraseology,) rushed into the dreary apartment, and made such a buzzing about 224 my ears that it resembled the noise of the wind among the cordage of a vessel. I took refuge under the sheet, when two or three dozen of rats, pursued by dogs, “scurried” round and round the room, and attempted to invade my bed, and this recreation continued at intervals during the night, accompanied with squeaking, barking, and worrying. As if that were not enough to prevent sleep, a party of noisy roulette players, occupying a room of an adjoining empty house, loudly betted and disputed in French for the better part of the night; then dogs howled portentously, first afar off, then their ill-omened cry was repeated by their brethren nearer; and finally, when sinking to sleep at early dawn, a wild turkey in the yard commenced such a tormenting and complaining noise, that sleep was entirely banished from my eyelids, and I got up and refreshed myself by performing my ablutions.

I went out before breakfast to find a barber, and certainly had my hair dressed in better style than I ever had before by a mulatto. He seated me in a high chair, with a foot stool, and an upright fixed in the back, with a crosspiece of wood on which the head rested, so that the operator had the cranium completely under command to work his will upon it, without being obliged to stoop awkwardly to his work. He cut and trimmed most minutely, used large hard brushes and soft small brushes, curled and oiled after the most approved manner, and all for the reasonable charge of two bits, or fourteen pence.

I then visited the markets, but, of course, at this season there was a poor display of meat, vegetables, and fruit; mulattoes, free blacks, and slaves, kept the stalls, and French was generally spoken. I next visited the Catholic cathedral, built in the style of that at Havannah, with a heavy gable front, a tower, a clock in the centre, and turrets on each side; the interior was white-washed, and a few stiff paintings of Saints were near the altar. Here, on the 8th of January, *Te Deum* is annually sung, in commemoration of the

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unsuccessful attack of the British, in 1815. The cathedral stands in a pleasant square; the Piazza de Armas, having the city-hall and presbytery on each side of it, with handsome facades.

Whilst I was walking home, I heard of a duel that had just taken place, after the most approved Backwoods fashion, with rifles and buckshot; but Frenchmen were combatants, and a married lady the cause of the quarrel. Both had boasted of her favours, and the stronger of the two had severely beaten the other in a corridore for his presumption, but the aggrieved party swore that he would not be satisfied without battle *á la mort*. Pistols, and swords were both proposed and rejected, and rifles 225 were at last fixed upon; the duellists stood at the distance of thirty paces, back to back, the loaded weapons in their hands; the word was given, "Ready, fire," they turned, aimed, and fired simultaneously. A shot from the lesser hero grazed the stomach of the other, but merely drew blood, and the rifles were again loaded. At the second fire the back bone of the bully was touched-he fell and became very sick; the lesser then exacted a promise from him, that he would not in future render his carrying arms to defend himself at all times necessary; and thus the affair terminated, but the lady preferred the wounded lover.

I wandered down to breathe a little air (I cannot call it fresh,) on the Levee, and saw specimens of the different vessels which navigate the great river; the square flat-bottomed boats, loaded with fruit and Indian corn; the long Kentucky keel boats, with whisky and flour barrels; and lastly, the handsome steam-vessels, moving hotels of two-stories, with elegant saloons, carpeted floors, mirrored and gilt walls, and comfortable sleeping-berths, opposite to each of which was a small window. But, alas! none of these vessels were to proceed up the river for several weeks, they were all laid up in ordinary, and the only chanee: I had was a yellow-fever captain, that is, an enterprising fellow, who ventures down the river from Cincinnati, or St. Louis, in the fall, to see if he can pick up a few stray passengers or freight at a time when others are afraid to venture.

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I saw on the Levee a battle between a mulatto and a negro; the mulatto threatened to jump down the other's throat, on which the negro, as if to anticipate the threat, brought his head to bear on his antagonist like that of a ram, and making a rush at him, threw him violently on his back with a punch on the stomach; but, the mulatto catching the ears of the negro with both hands, bit and gnawed away at his head, when a strapping fellow, a Kentuckian, ran at them, and flogged them unmercifully with a heavy cartwhip till they separated.

The place of meeting in the evening, in New Orleans, is not a reading-room, but a coffee-house, with a sanded floor, and some indelicate pictures on the walls. Here, after sun down, the merchants who lingered about this silent city, congregated to talk of cotton and sugar, new banks, speculations in canals and rail-roads, and, above all, of elections. Most of them wore striped jackets, cocked their hats on one side with an air of defiance, and swung a sword-stick between their extended legs. Up-stairs there were billiard and roulette tables with closed doors; the players scowled at me as I entered. Hard by there was 'the cockpit; neither the American nor French theatre was open, though they are all well F f 226 attended in the healthy months; and masked balls are then given, which in all other cities of the Union are unknown.

I visited the gaol, which is small, and though crowded with prisoners of all colour, yet it is never known to have yellow fever within its walls; there was no classification of prisoners, who are turned out daily in gangs to-work on the streets: they passed window every day, marching two and two, with hoes, spades, and pickaxes on their shoulders, and chained loosely together; the whites led, then the mulattoes, and then the negroes. Among the former, a white man was pointed out who was condemned to twenty year's imprisonment and hard labour for murdering his mother.

Though, in point of religion and morals, the generality of the inhabitants, of this singular city cannot be praised—(as proof of their indifference to religion, there are only four churches among fifty thousand inhabitants); yet there are many respectable merchants, lawyers, and physicians among them, attracted to a place where it only takes five years

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to realize an independence, though at the imminent risk of losing one's life by the fatal disease. Horace inquires—

“Quid brevi fortes jaculamur aevo Multa? quid terras alio calentes Sole matamur?”

“Why do we, whose vigour is so transitory, aim at too much? Why do we change our own for climates heated by another sun?”

The police regulations are excellent in New Orleans. Some time ago it was a lurking-place for desperate assassins, and though there were two murders committed during my sojourn, yet, in general, one may walk the streets in safety at all hours.

On Sunday I attended church, and heard a Presbyterian clergyman deliver an excellent sermon on charity or benevolence, the want of which in the States, he said, causes such backbiting and libelling. He complained of the desperate hurrying after wealth, which characterised the white population, when half of the institutions of the country languished for want of funds; and though he said he could not trust himself with politics, yet he gave his sentiments plainly enough on a recent occurrence at Washington, where the President disagreed with the Foreign Ministers whose wives very properly refused to associate with the lady of an American functionary of questionable character. The discourse was extempore, and I was surprised at the undaunted manner in which the preacher (whose bread depended on the caprice of his congregation) lashed the vices of his hearers.

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I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of a philosophical lady, Miss Carroll, in whose book-store I passed many an hour pleasantly and profitably. A native of Ireland, and most respectably connected, she was early imbued with a desire to visit the Utopia of the West, the United States, a land, according to her youthful fancy, beyond compare for civil, political, and religious liberty. Declining assistance from her friends, she had supported herself in various cities of the Union by millinery; and now she tries books, not

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so much with a view of realizing an independence, as by, means of them introducing her to acquaintances, whose god is not Mammon.

About this time, the beginning of September, there was an alarm of a slave insurrection at New Orleans; hand-bills of an inflammatory nature were found, telling the slaves to rise and massacre the whites; that Hannibal was a negro, and why should not they also get great leaders among their number to lead them on to revenge? that in the eye of God all men were equal; that they ought instantly to rouse themselves, break their chains, and not leave one white slave proprietor alive; and, in short, that they ought to retaliate by murder for the bondage in which they were held. Several stand of arms, some said three hundred, were also found in a coloured man's house; and the affair looked so serious, that five hundred of the citizens were under arms every night, and the mayor solicited a detachment of four companies of regulars from the nearest garrison. I was introduced to the officer who commanded them, and went to the barracks to see how they carried on their "Peace campaigns."

The officers were very sensible and gentlemanly, but their manner was more reserved than is usual among our people; and though we were near a scene of (to them) great exultation, the defeat of some thousands of our Peninsular heroes by entrenched American riflemen, yet they made not the slightest allusion to it; and there was no vain boasting on their part, but a delicate reserve, when I introduced the subject, and expressed a wish to visit the unfortunate field.

The uniform of the officers and men was a blue coat with white buttons, lace on the cuff and collar, and wings on the shoulders; the men on duty were not particularly well set up, but the Americans in general have a lounging air about them. The barrack-rooms were clean, and the kits neatly arranged; but I was surprised to see that, in the hot climate of Louisiana, the American soldiers slept two in a bed. Their bed-stands were wooden frames, which could easily be taken to pieces, and had upper and lower berths. There are no iron bedsteads yet in the States, and consequently their men are far from being so

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comfortable as ours 228 in this respect. In the barrack-square I observed the punishment of hard labour with a clog and chain'attached to the foot of the culprit; and I understood that flogging and solitary confinement was often resorted to, though free and independent American soldiers being flogged seemed rather strange, but there are few genuine Americans in the army.

Next morning a quiet and intelligent young man, Lieutenant Page, United States army, called on me in a very gay carriage, and we drove to the Battle Ground. Three, miles below New Orleans we came to an open plain, on which sugar-cane had just been cut, and with a few trees scattered over it. This extended in length to the south as far as the eye could reach, and in breadth about a mile between the deep river and an impenetrable swamp filled with cypress trees; beyond which again, but hidden from view, were lakes Borgne and Pont Chartrain, communicating with the sea and with one another, and affording a back approach to the wealthy city, independent of the river. We alighted at Some houses surrounded with trees and gardens, near the river; and my companion said, "Here commenced the American breastwork, extending across the plain between the river and the swamp, and this house was the head-quarters of General Jackson."

The line of defence was seen quite distinct, though part of the embankment had been levelled, and in it were found a great number of shot-shell and bullets. I got some relics from a negro-boy. There were also the remains of the American bastions, and the weedy ditch. In the centre of the field were the large holes into which the dead were thrown promiscuously; and I need hardly say, that over this spot the maize waved luxuriantly.

The scene was one of silence and repose, and nought was heard but the rippling of the eddies of the river as it swept past the Levee at the rate of four miles an hour. How different was all this sixteen years before! Bearing in recollection the spirited account of the short campaign before New Orleans, by that master of description the author of "The Subaltern," there was no difficulty in tracing the operations of our troops in December 1814 and January 1815. The British having defeated the American gunboats

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on Lake Borgne, advanced through the cypress swamp; they encamped previous to advancing to assail the city, when the Americans made a desperate but unsuccessful night attack; and then followed the series of affairs until the 8th of January, when the gallant Packenham led on his seven thousand brave spirits to the lines, and made abortive but reiterated attempts to storm them without ladders, he to whom they were entrusted having neglected to bring them up; while twenty-five thousand Americans crowded 229 behind their defences, and the artillery and Kentucky rifles with aim brought down our troops, exposed in an open plain. Packenham being at length killed, and Generals Gibbs and Keane desperately wounded, the troops were withdrawn by General Lambert, and in retreating presented such a front that the enemy did not venture to leave their lines to pursuit. General Thornton, having landed on the other side of the river with his band of one thousand, had driven the Americans, with great loss, from their batteries, and pursued them till he came almost opposite the city, Where he fired some buildings. He was also wounded, and reluctantly withdrew on the signal to do so from the main body. Then followed the ten days' preparation for re-embarking the troops, exposed to an inclement season to drenching rains and nightly frosts, and finally, the departure of the ill-fated expedition to Havannah; but the affair was forgotten and absorbed in a few months by the glories of Waterloo.

The Kentucky hunter sings—

“Jackson led to the cypress swamp: The ground was low and mucky; There stood John Bull in martial pomp, And here stood old Kentucky. And when so near we saw them wink, We thought it time to stop em; Lord! it would have done your heart good, To see Kentuckians pop 'em.”

From the battle plain we continued our drive to visit some sugar-estates farther down the river. At one of these, the proprietor of a comfortable single-storied house came out to receive us, without either neckcloth or stockings on, and his trowsers covered with blood. He had just been inflicting a severe punishment on a poor negro, who was shoved out of

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sight on our approach. This man was not an American, but of foreign extraction; and a story was told of him, that whilst Louisiana was under Spanish rule, he wished to marry a neighbouring planter's daughter, but, his savage disposition being well known, the parents refused to give their consent. One day a message came for the old father to visit a friend at some distance, and in passing through a wood he was inhumanly murdered. Forty lawyers and their understrappers then sat down in the house of the afflicted widow, on pretence of investigating whether or not *she* had any hand in the crime; and after they had preyed upon her for six months they left her entirely ruined and heart-broken; the real murderer went unpunished, having amply revenged himself for his rejected addresses.

I remarked, that the negroes on the plantations of the Mississippi 230 looked extremely melancholy and downcast. In the evening I heard neither the song nor the careless laugh and joke, which so frequently pleased me in the British slave colonies; neither did the Louisiana slaves look so plump or healthy as ours; the climate may have been the cause of this. The cattle seemed in excellent condition, for forage is of course most abundant and rich.

In other parts of the country the negroes are said to be well fed and clothed, but in most of the Southern States it is penal to instruct a slave, or the child of a slave, in reading or writing, and in fact the American planters in general decline instructing their slaves in moral or religious duties at all, and of course at present do not contemplate eventual emancipation; but from the exertions of the Bostonians, and other abolitionists of slavery, they may gradually imbibe other and better views.

On the exhausted plantations in Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, slaves are bred for the southern market, and though on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico the mortality among the negroes is great, on the aggregate slaves increase rapidly in the United States: and why? Because their climate is better than that of the West Indies, though their treatment in the former is much worse than in the latter.

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By means of the internal slave-trade, between four and five thousand slaves arrive in the Southern States annually. Kidnappers of negroes still travel about the country, and not unfrequently secure the manumitted negroes in the Northern States, and convey them for sale to the south. They likewise visit plantations, and purchase incorrigible slaves for two hundred dollars, which at the slave depots at New Orleans are put up to sale with forged characters for five or six hundred. But the most remarkable circumstance connected with slavery in America is the following. A planter in Louisiana, of forty years' standing, assured me that there are a set of miscreants in the city of New Orleans, who are connected with slave-traders of Cuba, and who at certain periods proceed up the Mississippi as far as the Fourche mouth, which they descend in large row-boats and meet off the coast slave-ships; these they relieve of their cargoes, and returning to the main stream of the Mississippi, they drop down it in covered flat-bottomed boats, or arks, and dispose of the negroes to those who want them. I believe that no Americans import negroes into the States, for the penalty is death, and, to their honour be it said, the Northern States are as inimical to slavery as the most humane in England.

Enough has already been written on American slavery to save a cursory observer, like myself, the trouble of enlarging on the 231 question. I have little to say in praise of the American treatment of slaves; I will therefore draw a veil over what else I have heard to the dispraise of the slave proprietors. To conclude, I have a great contempt for those, whether in England or America, who wish to sow dissention between two countries which stand in so interesting a relation to each other, either by means of the slave question or any other. I sincerely trust that we may see friendly and liberal feelings mutually cherished, and therefore on entering on United States ground, I have no wish to throw down a gauntlet, but hold out the right hand of fellowship to Americans of all sections of the Union, and trust that I shall never confound patriotism with national antipathy, or endeavour to exalt my own country by malicious efforts to depreciate others.

CHAPTER XXIV.

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Detention in New Orleans.—Insalubrity of the Climate.—Great Mortality among Irish Labourers.—Precautions against Yellow Fever.—Why New Orleans is called the Wet Grave.—Sepulchres.—Gambling.—Population.—Commerce.—Waggon road from the Atlantic to the Pacific.—Duelling in the Western States.—A Monster at large.—Contrast between the Eastern and Western States.—Rival Undertakers.—A Hearse recommended.—Stores of ready-made Coffins.—Reasonable charges.—Bals de Bouquet.—Another Hurricane.—The Texas Territory.—Nature of Inquiries regarding it.—The Boundaries and Area.—Americans desirous of possessing it.—Americans and Mexicans not on good terms.—Emigration.—Colonel Austin's and De Witt's Settlements.—Improper persons introduced into Texas.—Slaves.—Anticipated Conquest.—The Face of the Country.—Mountain Ranges.—Prairies.—Rivers.—The climate.—Timber.—Mines.—Productions.—Government.—Towns.—Concluding remarks on Texas.

I had been in close contact with yellow fever at Jamaica and at Havannah, and now I was in the midst of it at New Orleans. I began to be ashamed of myself for “tempting Providence” so long. We are but frail creatures the strongest of us, easily upset with all our precautions, and “the pitcher that goes often to the well is at last broken.” Therefore, though I acknowledged with lively gratitude my preservation through countless dangers and difficulties, yet I was well aware that it was fool-hardy to put myself in the way of such a formidable enemy as the yellow fever longer than I could help, and therefore was anxious to leave the city; but I could not get a steam-vessel to convey me up the river, so I was obliged to submit to my destiny, and as we say 232 in the East, “to smoke the pipe of patience on the carpet of resignation.”

Though New Orleans is rapidly increasing in size and commercial importance, as the emporium of the rich valley of the Mississippi must necessarily continue to do, yet no improvement has taken place in the climate and in the salubrity of the atmosphere, and even *acclimated* whites are afraid to remain when a greenish scum of vegetable matter begins to appear on the shallow pools in August. It is distressing to record the fact, that on

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an average, six hundred Irish perish yearly in and about New Orleans, who come in search of employment and high wages (a dollar a day), from New York and Charleston, to the ungenial clime of Louisiana. They are commonly employed trenching in the country, and digging the foundation of houses in towns, inhale deadly vapours, and more deadly rum, have none to advise or guide them, and perish miserably.

It may not be intrusive to State in this place, the precautions I took to guard against the formidable malady. I slept in an upper story, performed my ablutions as regularly as a Hindoo, eat animal food only once a day, and in small quantities, (farinaceous substances form the natural food of man,) drank no spirits, but two or three glasses of wine per day, took three or four hours' active exercise, kept the mind employed, took once or twice a little precautionary quinine, and avoided the night-air, which crept insidiously through the dull streets loaded with pestilential effluvia from the slimy banks of the river, and from the creeks and cypress swamps, the haunts of loathsome alligators and snakes.

On the 1st of September, the thermometer at eight P.M. was about 84°, without a breath of air, but myriads of mammoth mosquitoes.

New Orleans is called the "Wet Grave," because, in digging "the narrow house," water rises within eighteen inches of the surface. Coffins are therefore sunk three or four feet, by having holes bored in them, and two black men stand on them till they fill with water, and reach the bottom of the moist tomb. Some people are particular, and dislike this immersion after death; and, therefore, those who can afford it have a sort of brick oven built on the surface of the ground, at one end of which, the coffin is introduced, and the door hermetically closed, but the heat of the southern sun on this "whited sepulchre," must bake the body inside, so that there is but a choice of disagreeables after all. The plan on which penitentiaries are built, has suggested to the Louisianians a new plan for interment: a broad brick wall is built with 233 rows of cells on each side, and in these the dead are laid to wait for the awful blast of the angel Gabriel, when the dead shall burst the cerements of the tomb, and come forth to judgment.

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“What is death? 'tis to be free! No more to live, or hope, or fear— To join the great equality. All, all alike are humbled there. Back from the tomb No step has come; There fix'd till the last thunder's sound Shall bid the pris'ners be unbound.”

Though it was the season of disease and death, yet the gamblers still continued to reap their harvest in the city. Night after night I was kept awake by the roulette table in the neighbouring house; and it is said that a revenue of thirty-five thousand dollars a year is derived by the city from licensed gambling-houses, which sum supports an hospital. Cock-fighting is a favourite amusement with both whites and coloured, and vice in every shape seems to hold high carnival in this city of the great valley. However, let no one judge of America from New Orleans, for it is altogether *sui generis*; and above all let no future traveller visit it in autumn, unless; he wishes “to shake off this mortal coil,” and save the coroner some trouble.

The population of New Orleans was—

In 1802 10,000

1810 17,242

1820 27,176

1831 50,000

This increase is quite astonishing, especially when we consider that the population of the whole state of Louisiana under the French in 1763 was only eleven thousand. The whites are said to be at present two hundred and twenty thousand, and the slaves about one hundred and nineteen thousand in the State.

In 1822 there were exported from the port of New Orleans 167,742 bales of cotton; and in this year 417,413. In 1822, 26,233 hogsheads of tobacco; and in this year 31,933. Sugar

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and molasses, in 1829, 56,566 hogsheads and 2,511 barrels of the former, and 20,940 hogsheads and 8,245 barrels of the latter. This season, 52,142 hogsheads and 2,650 barrels of sugar; and 22,872 hogsheads and 14,794 barrels of molasses. Commerce will be facilitated by another canal from the city to Lake Pontchartrain, to be commenced next year; and I travelled from the city to the lake four miles on a rail-road, on which there are now locomotive engines. The citizens seem determined to avoid the one hundred and ten miles of river navigation. G g

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I may here notice the new and seemingly very feasible scheme for passing the isthmus of Darien with merchandize. Last year goods were sent from New Orleans to Chagres (Darien,) and transported on mules to the shores of the Pacific, and then shipped to Manilla. This year a company has been formed at Panama, and proposals have been made in England to form a waggon-road, thirty-six miles in length only, from the head of the navigation of the Chagres River to Panama. Four hundred thousand dollars is the estimated expense, and the shares two hundred dollars each. The last scheme for passing the Isthmus with merchandize before this one, was through Lake Nicaragua.

“Are duels still common in the Western country?” I inquired of a respectable gentleman I met one day at dinner. “Yes, they are,” answered-he: “and originate most frequently in electioneering squabbles, and people libelling one another in the papers, which are sometimes filled with little else than personal abuse and advertisements. Though now rencontres in which a number are engaged at once, are less frequent, yet one took place not long ago, after a hotly contested election in a Western State. There were six combatants on each side, and they attacked one another with swords, pistols, and daggers with the most savage fury; three were left dead on the field, and almost all the rest were wounded: the weaker party fled. Duels or rencontres are bad enough; but what is worse, downright assassination not unfrequently takes place to the West of the Mississippi, and goes unpunished. Our country is still in a lawless state in that quarter; thus there is now living a man, Mr. J., in easy circumstances, with whom I was at school

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in Georgia, who is well known to have killed (not in fair fight) at least ten men. We were all afraid of him at school, he had so infernal a temper and so diaboical a disposition. As he was leaving school, being strong and grown up, he whipped (thrashed) the poor master, and threatened to kill him, and one day he was playing with a negro boy, at a ball game, the boy was winning the game, and J. split his skull with a paddle. He is now sixty years of age, and walks about continually with a rifle on his shoulder, and a belt stuck full of pistols, and a dagger round his waist. These he carries for fear of the relatives of the people he has murdered; and if any one were to dispute with him, he would not hesitate to 'shoot him down' on the spot."

"Why is such a monster as this allowed to go at large?" I asked. "What are the magistrates about, that they do not convict him?"—"Why, sir, he fees lawyers handsomely, and manages to keep himself clear from trial; besides, even if he were confined his relatives are powerful and as ferocious as himself, and they 235 would fire the prison and raise the country if he were to be incarcerated. I remember that one young man, a good shot, boasted that he was not afraid of this hoary villain. J. heard of this, and one day followed him into his room; the door was shut, and a shot was heard, and the murderer walked coolly out of the house, with his arms about him, after having basely shot the boaster. J. opposed Jackson in politics; and once when the General was proceeding to Congress, J., with some other desperadoes, lay in wait to murder him, but Jackson's friends surrounded him, and the miscreants could not effect their purpose. But the crimes of J. must make earth a hell to him; for he sleeps every night with half a dozen first-rate pistols by his bedside, the locks oiled, and primed with the finest powder. He who has assassinated so many, is in constant dread of a violent end himself."

As to duels and deeds of violence, the Eastern States present a remarkable contrast to the above. The New-Englanders have too much shrewd sense, and are too sober and industrious to lead them to quarrel. Idleness, gambling, and drinking, are fruitful sources of crime, and these still prevail in the Western territory to a great extent; whereas temperance societies in the East have worked miracles, the health of the citizens improves, their

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morals are bettered and misdemeanors are of rare occurrence from these admirable checks on evil propensities. Where the societies err is in insisting on immediate and total abstinence from spirituous liquors; temperance is limitation to a small quantity. Thousands would join the societies, who now keep aloof from them, if they were allowed a moderate share of "John Barleycorn," and by degrees they might entirely wean themselves.

Day after day passed in the same manner at New Orleans. Melancholy reigned over the city and its deserted streets, and I was continually reminded of "the pestilence which walketh in darkness, and the destruction which wasteth at noon day," if I looked from my window into the street, where hearses were seen moving towards the grave-yard at all hours.

I was amused with the advertisements of rival undertakers in the papers; this was their season of harvest. I insert a part of two notices. The first under the heading of a withered tree, a grave-stone, a skull, and the sun setting over a distant hill, thus announces himself: —

"The undersigned, at No. 61, Camp Street, respectfully announces to the public and his friends generally, that he has just completed a new hearse, which *for taste and beauty* is surpassed by none in this city. Coffins, mahogany, ebony, poplar, stained or covered to order, are constantly kept on hand. He will also undertake to furnish tombs, carriages, scarfs, gloves, &c. All 236 orders will be thankfully received and attended to with despatch at any hour, day or night, and reasonable charges made. Next door to the *American Theatre*. Thomas P. Willard.

" *To Cabinet Makers*. —Two good workmen will receive regular employment; *good jobs*, and *cash payments*. Apply as above. 1st. Sept'r."

The next claimant to public patronage states as follows:

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“Juan Fernandez has the honour of informing the public, that he continues to keep his establishment at No. 84 St. Anne, between Royal (!) and Bourbon Streets, for his sole account, and without partnership with any one. There will be constantly found at his store, COFFINS of all qualities and proportions, as well as all sorts of funeral decorations; and from this day forward his prices will be reduced as follows:—First, for a simple coffin, lined with black cotton, with ribbands, and the small two-wheeled hearse, No. 1, ten dollars. Second, for a coffin, lined with velvet, with two-wheeled hearse, No. 2, decently ornamented with plumes, fourteen dollars. Third, for mahogany coffin, lined with white satin, with the four-wheeled hearse, and necessary plumes, thirty dollars. Other charges in proportion.

“Mr. Fernandez will also undertake the furnishing of coaches, and the erection of tombs and monuments of all descriptions. He will, have tombs opened and closed again when applied to. He will furnish all sorts of funeral marbles and tombstones, engraved, carved, and gilt; and finally will undertake the composition of inscriptions, and epitaphs, which will be made by an able person. Persons who will apply to him *for every thing they may want*, will obtain tapers at the rate of ten bits to a dollar; and if they are desired to be lined with paper, no more will be charged than for those without lining. He will also furnish stuff for mourning dresses, and those who may not be able to pay in cash, will be allowed a reasonable credit, and they will obtain gratis the use of the necessary chandeliers and plate.

“All persons in needy circumstances , who may wish to have their friends decently buried, will be charged only with the actual cost, without any charge for work and labour. The poor will be served without any remuneration! As to the mode of payment, Mr. Fernandez will not do *as is done in certain places*, where money is required forthwith, nay sometimes in advance; but he will make arrangements according to the fortune and situation of his employers. He will distress no one; and will send his bills to be collected only when the means of his customers will allow them to pay them.”—What a proper man!

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Every paper I took up contained these advertisements, these 237 *mementos mori*; turn we then from these grave subjects, to another of a different stamp.

At New Orleans, in the gay season, they have very pleasant, though expensive amusements, called “Bals de Bouquet,” given by the bachelors, but at the house of a lady. The garcon who gives the dance, is distinguished by the title of king; and his first care, when invested with the sovereignty, at the beginning of the season, is to select among the ladies of his acquaintance a queen to share his power, which he delegates by crowning his fair partner with a wreath of flowers. At her house, and in her name, is the ball then given. After two or three quadrilles, the first queen rises from her chair of state, and is conducted into the middle of the room by the king, when gracefully raising a wreath of flowers, which she bears in her hand, she places it on the brow of a future king (another bachelor of the party); and he, after a low obeisance, having fixed upon his mate in like manner, adorns her with the regalia of the bal de bouquet. The new queen then accepts the proffered arm of the king, the band plays a march, and followed by the rest of the company, they polonoise round and round the room. Dancing in its various branches succeeds; quadrilles, Anglaises et Espagnoles, are resumed with the greatest spirit, and continued until day breaks, when the first king and queen cease to reign. Misihi, the Turkish poet, says:—

“The dew-drops sprinkled by the musky gale
Are changed to essence ere they reach the
vale; The charms of youth at once are seen and past,
And Nature says, ‘they are too sweet to last.’
Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
Be gay, too soon the flowers of spring will fade.”

After an unusually hot and sultry day, the sun assuming at the same time a greenish hue, and the streets in the evening as I walked home to my empty hotel sending forth a most disgusting effluvium, in the middle of the night I was awoke by the noise of the doors and windows violently agitated by the wind; it increased to the hurricane roar, lulled, and rose again, and blew with appalling force from the opposite point of the compass, rain at

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the same time deluging the city. Thus it continued all next day: the sea rushed into Lake Pontchartrain; behind the town, it burst its banks, and the city was under water, the Levee only being dry. There was no moving out of the house for many hours, and this led me to believe that one day this city, rapidly increasing as it is in wealth and consequence, will be swept into the Gulf of Mexico, if the Mississippi happen to rise unusually high at the annual inundation, and at the same time the south-east wind raise the sea at 238 its mouth and in the lakes. More vessels were driven on shore in this hurricane; the unburied dead were laid in their coffins in the grave-yard, and floated about till the waters subsided to allow of their being buried—the stench was horrible. Many houses were unroofed, and almost all damaged in some way or other. Many lives were lost; some boats and canoes upset in crossing the river; and, as usual (whether it proceed from the alligators or under current), none who fall into the Mississippi at New Orleans, are ever seen again; and, lastly the huts of several fishermen were swept off to sea, and the poor people miserably perished.

Whilst at New Orleans, I thought it worth my while to make some minute inquiries regarding the American encroachments on the Mexican territory of Texas. The political importance of them is undervalued in England at present; yet the facts should be known, for in the controversy few of our countrymen are acquainted with even the localities. I was fortunate enough to procure a good map of Texas, really a terrestrial paradise; and now proceed to give a few rough notes of the province, which is considered the garden of the New World.

I directed my inquiries to the following heads principally:—To ascertain how far the American squatters had entered Texas; whether a good sea-port had been discovered along its shore, and and for what class of vessels; if the sea or land gained on the coast; how far East the Mexicans were settled; how the two nations were occupied; which of the native resources they seemed most inclined to develope; in what way the country seemed most improvable; whether the bad road which Humboldt mentioned as traversing Texas,

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between Louisiana and Mexico Proper was improved, or yet habitually travelled; whether any of the Indian tribes lingered on the sea-shore, and what was their condition.

The boundaries of Texas are the Red River on the north, separating it from Arkansas; the Sabine river on the east, separating it from Louisiana; south are the Gulf of Mexico and State of Tamaulipas; and on the west are Chihuahua, Coahuila; and Santa Fe. The area of Texas is one hundred and seventy-nine thousand two hundred square miles, equal to that of the United States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and South Carolina; and it now divides attention in the States with the Michigan territory.

In the last expedition of the Spaniards from the Havannah to reconquer Mexico with a few hundred men, it is said that the Americans so far aided the invaders, as to send three armed ships with warlike stores to Vera Cruz: these were seized by the Mexicans and confiscated, and it is supposed by the Mexicans that the Americans had stipulated with the Spaniards to be rewarded with Texas, if the expedition had succeeded. Before seizure of 239 these vessels, the Americans were always regarded by the Mexicans as brothers; now, however, they are cordially disliked, and viewed with extreme suspicion, so much so, that the ministers in Mexico, in 1831, prohibited further emigration from the United States into their territory.

Four years, ago, I understood that the Americans offered twelve millions of dollars for Texas, but an English merchant stepped forward and offered to raise the sum, if the Mexicans gave him the tobacco monopoly for a certain time, which was agreed to.

Though the Mexicans may prevent the Americans reaching Texas by sea from New Orleans, which of late has been the favourite route to the country, yet they cannot hinder them from entering Texas by the Arkansas territory; but on the land route there are many dangers to be encountered. The Indians are extremely hostile to white strangers; continually attack the traders who visit New Spain from the States, and settlers of course are their aversion. Twelve years ago, a Mr. Austin obtained a grant of Land in

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Texas, which, with subsequent additions to his son, embraces the large area of nineteen thousand square miles. De Witt's colony adjoins that of Colonel Austin, and comprises an area of three thousand five hundred square miles. Including the Indians, the entire population of Texas is said not to exceed fifteen or sixteen thousand souls, and these principally, in the settlement of Colonel Austin, who tempted emigrants with one square league of land each.

The Mexicans complain, with justice, that instead of industrious and respectable settlers being introduced into Texas, in general the most worthless outcasts from society enter the territory. I heard of people there quarrelling and shooting one another with pistols, in the open day, with perfect impunity; of a dialogue between two old friends who unexpectedly met there,—one asked what brought his neighbour there? “The murder of a brother-in-law;” the other “had fled after being detected kidnapping free negroes.” Again the Mexicans complain that they are insulted by the Americans, who, contrary to express stipulation, introduce slaves into the colony, under pretence of their being indented servants; and, indeed it seems quite evident that the Americans are endeavouring to obtain possession of the country (a very tempting prize) in the same way as they did Florida, by encouraging squatters to enter it, who, when they are sufficiently numerous, will rise under pretence of being oppressed, and an American force will be marched in to succour them, which retaining possession of the country, a compulsory sale will ensue. Some will say that the Northern States would not tolerate the addition of Texas to the Southern, because their influence in Congress would then be still more preponderating than it is at present; but I am very certain that the American Government fully appreciates the great value of Texas, and will not lose sight of such a noble prize, and such a splendid addition to the territory of the United States.

On the Sabine river the Americans have a garrison of three companies of one hundred and fifty men, and the Mexicans have a superior force on Galveston Bay.

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It now remains shortly to describe the face of the country. The mountain ranges of Texas are not of very great altitude; those along the Saba river are said to be the highest, and the south-western quarter is broken and rises into considerable ridges; this quarter is also barren and unproductive. The north-eastern and eastern parts of the province are spread out into immense prairies waving with luxuriant herbage, and watered by abundant streams. On these otherwise wild and solitary steeps, great droves of wild horses and herds of buffaloes are found; and in the northern frontier, and scattered throughout the province, are forests of stately trees.

The rivers are numerous, and several of considerable size. The Brazos river is at present of chief importance, as along its banks are principally settled the white population. Its length is seven hundred miles, and keel boats may navigate it to a distance of two hundred and sixty miles from its mouth, which generally carries only six feet water; but this might easily be avoided by a short canal of three miles from Galveston Bay to the Brazos. The entrance to the bay is twelve feet deep, and it affords an excellent and safe harbour inside. To the westward, the land seems to be gaining on the Gulf of Mexico, which again is encroaching on the Florida shore. With the exception of Galveston Bay, there is no other along the two hundred and sixty miles of coast which affords sufficient water to constitute a good harbour, and the mouths of the rivers are all interrupted by bars; but what will not science effect, and what obstacles will it not remove?

The Red River, a noble stream (flowing into the Mississippi, and affording an outlet to the fertile tract along its southern bank in Texas) is interrupted by a dangerous raft of timber, now eighty miles long by thirty broad; this is constantly ascending the river, increasing in size by the addition of countless logs after the floods, inundating the country, and distressing the settlers in Arkansas. Plans have been submitted to Congress, to get rid (in part) of this great impediment to the prosperity of Arkansas. As yet there are no settlers on the Texas side of the Red River. A steam-boat from the Mississippi passed the raft last year.

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The Sabine river, though three hundred and fifty miles long, 241 affords no facility for navigation, and expands into a lake of only five or six feet in depth. No lakes of any great size have as yet been discovered in Texas; the most remarkable that have been described are the salt lakes of Tamanlipas, near the Bravo river. Large supplies of salt are furnished by these lakes, which is sent into, Mexico Prolper.

Except near the swamps, or some parts of the sea-shore, the climate of Texas is highly salubrious; and winter does not interrupt the labours of the husbandman. Instead of spreading out into marshes on the banks of the rivers, as in Louisiana, the land in Texas rises from the streams, and then extends into fertile prairies, capable of raising any crops. The river banks are fringed with walnut, elm, oak, cedar, &c.; and in many sections of the country extensive cane brakes are met with, which might be converted into sugar or cotton plantations. A company has been formed this year in New York to work the valuable silver mines in West Texas.

The colonists have turned their attention to agriculture and grazing principally. Fifteen hundred bales of cotton, two hundred thousand bushels of corn, and about two hundred hogsheads of sugar, exported last year to New Orleans, show, that though as yet the settlers are but few in number, they are rapidly developing the resources of the country.

The local government consists of Alcaldes, Regidores, and Syndics, as in Mexico Proper, elected by the settlers. Brazaria the principal town, is twenty-four miles from the mouth of the Brazos. Nacogdoches, in a direct line from Natchitoches, was burnt down by the Indians in 1821, but is now rising from its ashes. Boxar is about four hundred miles to the south-west of Nacogdoches, and is still of inconsiderable size, as are Victoria and Goliad.

To conclude this sketch of Texas, it appears to be a province with a delightful climate, fertile soil, watered by numerous streams, and in the words of an American writer of a pamphlet urging the propriety and necessity of attaching it to the United States, "We may anticipate to a moral certainty, that in progress of time, the fairest cotton, the richest canes,

and every species of grapes, will garnish its annual supplies;" and, I may add, that the Mexicans are anxious to have British settlers, to counteract the American influence; and since Mexico owes seventy millions of dollars to British subjects, it may not be difficult to attach to England such a desirable location for emigrants, and one of such easy access, though, of course the Americans would not relish this arrangement. H h

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CHAPTER XXV.

Leave New Orleans.—An Escape.—Passengers in the Union.—Our Fare.—The Bar. —A Steamer.—Wooding Places on the Mississippi.—The Forest.—A Sugar Estate described.—Difference of Canes.—Annual Expenditure on a Sugar Estate.—Plough Husbandry.—American Enterprize.—“Nuts” for the Abolitionists.—The last Parroquet.—The Deck Passengers fond of “Corn.”—The Encroachments of the Sea.—The old Mouth of the Great River.—Yankee cunning.—The Clock Pedlar.—The Mississippi and Irrawaddy compared.—The Squatters; their Betterments.—The Alligators.—River Robbers.—Natchez.—The Upper and Lower Towns.—Passengers plundered.—The Voyage continued.—Navigation of the River.—The Wooden Fork.—Dislikes of Backwoodsmen.—The Author gets a lesson.—River Corpses.—Vixburgh.—Distress of a Hotel Keeper.—Three Snapping Turtles.—A Skirmish.—The Prize-ring defended.—Broad Horns.—The Cut-off at Red River.—The Inundation.—The Union is snagged and sinks.—Accidents on the Mississippi.

After a tedious delay of a fortnight in the Wet Grave, an opportunity presented itself for leaving, the Union, steamer, proceeding up the river; I accordingly secured a berth in her, and conveyed my baggage on board. The bell was ringing, announcing the departure of the vessel, and I was jumping on the plank with a light heart at leaving the city of death, and again finding the telaria on my feet, when a rough fellow addressed me:— “Halloo! Mister; you've not got the yellow fever yet, I see.” —“No, nor likely either to get it, thank God. Did you expect I should get it?”—“To be sure I did; why, I saw you land here, and I

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says to a partner o' mine, There's one will never go alive out of this place,"—"I'm not so easily killed, my friend; we're off, so good b'ye!"

I was in high spirits at being again on the move, and with the prospect of seeing the interior of such an interesting country; and, though we had the risk of bursting boilers, snags, sawyers, and other evils before us, yet I felt grateful at the escapes I had already made, and looked forward with confidence to be yet preserved a little longer in this fair world, which affords well-springs of happiness in almost every situation, if we would only look about for them.

"Where'er we turn, enjoyment and delight, Or present or in prospect, meet the sight; Hourly allurements on our passions press, Safe in themselves, but dangerous in th' excess."

We had only two ladies on board, some half dozen gentlemen in the cabin, and a dozen and a half of deck passengers. There 243 was abundance of substantial food three times a-day; plates of steaks, chops, grilled fowls, sausages, maize-bread and wheaten-bread, &c. &c. were placed on the table. First the cabin-passengers cleared off part of the viands; then the engineers and pilots succeeded us, in their shirt-sleeves; and lastly, the servants (helps), all calling one another gentlemen, sirring one another, chewing tobacco and spitting—"mere trifles when one's accustomed to them." All day long the bar at one end of the saloon was occupied by thirsty souls. Mint julep and apple toddy were the favourite liquors of the refined; cocktail and gin-sling were relished by the *Dii minorum gentium*.

The Union was, as usual, a high-pressure vessel, and burnt nothing but wood, which was piled up round the furnaces in the fore part of the vessel, where were the two chimneys, the awning and wheel; where also stood the pilot, and behind him the short tube for the escape-steam, which, like a small white cloud, puffed violently out every instant, and mingled with the atmosphere, for we drew no long train of smoke behind us like our vessels in the old country.

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We stopped two or three times a day at the wooding-places on the banks of the river, and saw there the piles neatly arranged, with a squatter sitting beside them to dispose of his cuttings. Wood in America is sold by the cord, or one hundred and twenty-eight cubic feet, which makes a pile eight feet in length, four high, and four thick. At first the Captain paid four dollars a cord, and as we got higher up, two, and I think we consumed about half a cord an hour. We were occupied from half an hour to an hour at each of the wooding places, for there were few deck passengers to assist. I had thus an excellent opportunity for visiting the plantations and settlements on the banks; but after we had accomplished one hundred and sixty miles above New Orleans, the sugar estates ceased, and the animated appearance of the river banks given by the white houses, sugar-mills, negro villages, and cultivation, was changed for the gloom of the forest descending to the water's edge, and here and there the hut of a solitary squatter.

From an intelligent planter, who had been forty years in Louisiana, I got a good deal of information regarding the value of estates on the Mississippi. "We are now," said he, "about one hundred and fifty miles above New Orleans, and here is an estate of forty acres front, and eighty in depth, backed by the forest; it has one hundred negroes and stock upon it, and has just been sold for fifty thousand dollars cash; if credit had been given, perhaps seventy thousand would have been the price. Near New Orleans it would have fetched double the money, for there the 244 canes don't suffer from frost as they do here sometimes, though we stack them, and do what we can to preserve them.

"In the district of Opoulousas, to the left of us, estates are much cheaper. The canes are on the ground only from March to October, when they are cut. The West Indian canes remain a year in the ground, consequently are much larger than ours. These Mississippi canes are not so good as the Florida, for they are moist, whereas the latter are dry; but it is a profitable business, sugar-planting. At present there are not too many engaged in it, and our Government gives every encouragement to us in the shape of protecting duties. I

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may say, that on an average the seven hundred and forty sugar-estates in Louisiana yield a profit of from six to ten per cent. on the investment."

"But are not these estates cultivated at considerable expense?" I inquired.

"Yes, and here is a memorandum for you, which will show you the usual cost annually. Each slave, including wages for Sunday's work, physicians' bills, keep of horses and mules, 105 dollars. The items are, on an estate of eighty negroes, salt meat and spirits, 830 dollars; clothing, 1200; medical attendance and medicines, 400; Indian corn, 1000; overseer's and sugar-maker's salary, 1000; taxes, 300; annual loss on a capital of 50,000 in negroes, at two and a half per cent. 1250; horses and oxen 1500; repairs of boilers, 550; ditto of ploughs, carts, &c. 300; total, 8330."

"You talk of ploughs—are they extensively used in the State?"

"Beginning to be so; and we find great advantage from them, for they turn up old lands much deeper than the miserable hoe. We use one-horse ploughs for ground that has been already broken, and a two-horse plough for new land. We take two crops of canes off the land; it then lies fallow for two years, or corn is raised on it, for we are careful not to exhaust our soil, rich though it be."

"Fewer hands are of course required where the plough is used!"

"Undoubtedly; and though some of the old planters are prejudiced, particularly the French and Spaniards, and will not adopt anything new, either in their agriculture or manufacture of sugar, yet we Yankees try experiments, and adopt new systems, if we find them profitable. The plough and steam-engine are far better than the hoes and cattle-mill, and in the course of a few years we might do without slaves at all."

"I sincerely hope so."

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I may here mention a discovery in Africa, which will doubtless be very gratifying to the Anti-Slavery Society, as another mode 245 may now be adopted to supersede the necessity for negro labour altogether. An American sea-captain, in a letter to the Editor of the "African Repository," stated, that whilst he was at Liberia, (the American philanthropic settlement near Cape Coast,) he was informed by the Kroomen, that the ourang outang had been repeatedly seen on the banks of the Junk river, *crabbing* with a crab stick and rude basket of his own construction. "If this be a fact," sagely adds the captain, "I think the Colonists might profit by it, by employing these animals in their corn and rice field; for I see no reason why they should not be made to work as well as a horse or an ox." This savours a little of the sea serpent, but is most important, if true.

Three of our passengers were Guatimalians, two white and one brown young man; they were proceeding up the Mississippi and Ohio, and then across the Alleghanies to Philadelphia, from thence to embark for Europe. They had brought with them a zoological garden of birds and beasts, splendid blue and scarlet macaws, green and yellow parrots, tiny parroquets, and a monkey or two. One of the female passengers was a strapping dark-haired French creole, whom we christened the Grenadier; she rocked in her arm-chair, and played with the parrots the livelong day. "Mon cher, do give me this," said she to one of the central Americans, holding up a curious little old-fashioned parroquet, that nibbled her finger with its crooked bill; "I want it so much for my petite." "Ave Maria purissima!" answered the Guatimalian, "I would give it to you, Señora, most willingly, but it is the only one of the kind I have left." However, the parroquet was destined to change owners; the handsome brunette regularly laid siege to the youth, won his heart, and moulded him to her will, and when we stopped opposite to her plantation, I observed that she went ashore with the parroquet on her thumb. Oh! crafty woman, what slaves do you not make of us! verily, we are as Persian Teduko, or led horses before you, and you turn us round and round your little fingers.

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Our deck-passengers were principally back-woodsmen, who had dropped down the river in summer in their square and flat-bottomed arks, laden with various commodities; and having disposed of their cargo, and their uncouth vessels being broken up for fire-wood, they were returning to their homes. They were a wild and fierce-looking set; their hair was long and uncombed, and a coarse striped shirt and trowsers composed their attire. I used to go forward among them to hear their conversation, and remark how they spent their time; but they spoke little to one another, and when they did, it was in a mumbling under-tone; and the most of them were continually drinking whisky, playing 246 at cards on the head of a flour-barrel, or sleeping on the shady side of the deck. Several had been desperately wounded with knives, and one had his arm tied up, held it out to me and said, "Come, mister, you can doctor this, I reckon." It was an ugly-looking sore, from a stab with a rusty knife, perhaps. As an hospitaller, I ought to have some little knowledge of medicine, so I directed him, in the first instance, to leave off whisky. "Oh! h—ll," said he, "if my arm should drop off, I must have my corn, I tell ye."

"They say 'tis pleasant on the lip, And merry on the brain; They say it stirs the sluggish blood, And dulls the tooth of pain. Ay—but within its glowing deeps, A stinging serpent unseen sleeps."

In all parts of the world, it is interesting to note the encroachments of the sea on the coasts, or to mark its recessions. In Number 25 of the "Journal of the Royal Institution," old series, page 230, it is stated that an old house in Cape May, at the entrance of the Delaware, marks a loss of one hundred and fifty-four feet from 1804 to 1820. This is prodigious, and the intelligent Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society requested me to inquire if this was progressive; I did so, but could obtain no very satisfactory answer. However, it appears that the coast of Jersey, about Cape May, is shifting sand, and is influenced by storms, which at one time heap up mounds of sand, and at another, sweep them away.

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The changes on the coast of Jersey have very little to do with the Mississippi, on which we are now navigating; yet the above is a curious subject of inquiry, but much more so is the following. In an old Spanish account of an expedition which proceeded from the Havannah in the sixteenth century, to search for the waters of youth, (for these were the days of the Eldorado, the Philosopher's Stone, the Panacea or Elixir Vitæ,) it appears to have landed in Florida, travelled to the north-west, and sailed down the Mississippi, the mouth of which the narrator describes to be forty-five miles in breadth, and terminated by two bluffs, the water between them very shallow. Now Baton Rouge and Opoulousas correspond with these bluffs, but it seems impossible that the country to the south of these could have risen from the sea in so short a time. Perhaps the expedition arrived at Baton Rouge during the annual inundation.

The people of the Southern States stand in as much fear of the superior intelligence or cunning (if you will) of the genuine Yankees of New-England, as the yokels of the south and west of 247 England do of Yorkshiremen. I continually heard complaints of "these damned Yankees taking in our poor wives and daughters." The planters would never allow that they themselves had been bitten, but complained of the bargains which had been sold their unsuspecting females. I often heard the old stories of wooden nutmegs; common sheep with a merino fleece sewed upon them; and watches sold at auction without works.

I shall now only give one anecdote of a trick that was played by a Yankee pedlar with an investment of clocks. He travelled through the State of Georgia, with a light Jersey wagon, or dear-born, freighted with eight-day time-pieces; he sold them all (bargains,) save one, at the different "stands." The purchasers soon found that their clocks would not go. The pedlar had occasion to return by the same road, and stopping at a house where he had disposed of a clock, he was immediately taxed with imposition. "I beg pardon," said the sleek Jonathan, "I made a little mistake. I left a wrong clock with you, take this one instead." And so on he went changing the clocks, and got clear off with the proceeds of his "spec." I have lain awake at night and been much amused with Yankees recounting the

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tricks they had played in the south, selling barrels of rotten apples with a few sound ones at the top, and barrels of damaged flour in a similar manner.

In most parts of its course, the Mississippi is a lonely river to navigate, and we sometimes for a distance of thirty miles saw neither habitations, clearings, nor a single moving object. Yet the woods were magnificent, the ancient trees were of enormous size, and festooned with parasitical plants, like those on the rivers of South America, and at its bends often recalling to mind the great river Irrawaddy in Burma. But the Mississippi wanted the gilded temples, shooting upwards from a bell-shaped base, their taper spires into the clear sky, which are continually observed among the noble forests of Ava; and it wanted the grotesque poongee, or priest-houses, with curved roofs, and griffins guarding the entrance, seen in ascending the chief river of his golden-footed majesty: in lieu of these, there was nought but the log-hut of the solitary squatter, with a rude brick chimney at one end; the garden, with a snake fence; and a boat moored in front of the door in case of a flood, so that the whole family, with the sheep and goats, could take refuge in it.

Whenever we stopped at a squatter's, I went into his house to see how he lived, and I was sometimes asked to purchase their "betterments." One man's house, with a few cleared acres cut out of the forest round it, I found comfortably boarded, three beds in the sleeping-room, with white curtains and counterpanes, 248 and the tin and pewter plates, and copper vessels in the kitchen, bright and shining. I stepped into a shady gallery behind, and found the mistress of the family and her daughter, stout and hearty, remarkably neat and clean in their persons, and engaged in knitting stockings; the master in a blue jacket and trowsers, balanced himself in a chair against the wall, and asked two thousand dollars for his betterments, including a stock of sheep and oxen. His negro boy brought me a delicious water melon, and cutting it in two, I plunged my hand into it and eat it, whilst the sweet juice oozed from the pleasant fruit; but a bull interrupted the treat, and I was obliged to jump down under a bank to avoid the bellowing monster.

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Most of the squatters, however, looked very sickly and emaciated, and were living beside swamps, in which alligators wallowed; and they said they were obliged to look sharp after their children, lest they should be snapped up by these devourers. At particular seasons of the year the alligators cry and lament at night like human beings in the greatest distress, and the little ones whine like children. What a situation for a man to be placed in! A dark and swampy forest around him, a deep and turbid river in front, and alligators crying all night long about the wretched dwelling!

Some of the squatters complained bitterly of being plundered by the Kentucky boatmen; their fowls were taken, their corn plucked, and their orchards robbed by these wild rovers. Again, I was told that many of the squatters are great rogues themselves; they keep grog-shops, the boatmen intoxicate themselves at the bar, are "Burked," or otherwise made away with, and the desperadoes in league with the squatter seize the ark, and take it down to New Orleans, where they sell it and the cargoes, and who return to commit fresh atrocities. I remarked that during the eight days in which I saw squatters, not one either smiled or laughed; and the men, as well as the women and children, were all dull and melancholy.

On arriving at Natchez, now containing about three thousand inhabitants, we remained for two or three hours. Natchez is divided into an upper and lower town; the upper is pleasantly situated on a high ridge, overlooking the forests on the western bank of the father of waters; the streets are lined with comfortable houses, shaded with trees in front, and between them are racks on which to hang the horses' bridles when the cotton planters come in from the country to pay visits. The lower town of Natchez has got a worse character than any place on the river; every house seemed to be a grog-shop, and I saw ill-favoured men and women looking from the windows. Here the most desperate 249 characters congregate, particularly in the spring of the year, when the up-country boatmen are returning home with their dollar-bags from the New Orleans market. They are plied with rum, and induced to gamble all their money away.

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Dreadful riots occur then,—“fist and scull fighting,” where eyes are gouged out, noses and ears bitten and torn off; at that season too the passengers of the steam-boats are plundered in the following manner:—In the evening a steamer stops at Natchez to land or take in goods, the passengers observe several houses lighted up, and hear the sounds of fiddles and merriment, and they run up to see what is going on; they find men and women dancing, gambling, and drinking, the bell of the steam-boat rings to announce that she is about to continue her voyage, the lights in the houses of entertainment are immediately extinguished, and the passengers rush out, afraid of being too late for the boat, and run down towards the landing; ropes are drawn across the road, the passengers fall heels over head, a number of stout ruffians throw themselves upon them, and strip them of their money and watches, and they get on board in doleful plight, and of course never see or hear more of their plunderers.

After leaving Natchez, where in the neighbourhood there are now only thirty Indians left in one small village of the great tribe which was feared and respected over the whole North American continent, we pursued our course, first on one side of the river, where the current was slack, and then across to the other, according as the banks influenced the stream. Our general rate of going was about seven miles an hour, but where the stream was rapid, as at the *chutes* formed by islands, two or three miles an hour were only accomplished. Thick fogs often lay on the river and it was impossible to proceed; and, sometimes, notwithstanding all the precautions used we run aground, and were boomed off by a large spar over the bows, to which a purchase was applied by means of the capstan.

The wheel for steering is placed in American steam-boats invariably near the bows, by which means the pilot sees clearly where he is going, and has a better chance of avoiding the ripples, indicating a snag or planters pointed down the stream, and ready to stave in the bows. At the end of the short bowsprit there is a long white staff, and at the top of this

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there is a small canvass bag, painted black; at night the pilot keeps this between his eye and the horizon, and thus sees how the river runs.

The people of the West are very plain in their manners, and dislike all pretensions to singularity, or to superior refinement. Thus a General from the Eastward, in passing up the Mississippi, made use of a silver fork to eat his meals with—(“hay-makers,” I i 250 or two-pronged forks, are as yet only used there, and both these and the knives are set in carved buckhorn handles;) and a backwoods passenger, incensed at the refinement of the General, one day made himself a large wooden fork, and when the General called for his silver one at dinner, Kentuck produced his wooden one, and eat with it, in derision, immediately opposite the man of war.

The Mississippi people have a great aversion to brass buttons; and if a luckless wight happen to have these on his coat, a keelman will come up and touching them contemptuously with his finger, say, “I guess you think them are gold buttons, mister. I'll whip any man that wears gold buttons, by G—!”

I had a lesson read to myself, to show how necessary it is at all times to avoid whatever may give offence, or occasion suspicion, in a strange country. Having been accustomed to wear moustaches for some years (being a regulation in my late regiment the 16th lancers,) and as they were not considered *outré* in the former part of the expedition, I did not see the necessity of cutting off what one, ridiculously enough, gets attached to, like a veteran of the last century to his *queue*; but one day I overheard a conversation between two squatters, which occasioned my immediately applying the scissors. One said to the other, “Who can he be, I wonder?”—“I don't know, I'm sure; but he comed up to me just now, and asked me some questions, but I did not like to give him an answer; why, I reckon, he's a pirate, come up here to look for plunder.”—“He's here for no good you may swear.”

In leaving New Orleans at the season of the year, when we did, steam-vessels frequently carry the seeds of the yellow fever with them. The captain said that one had passed up

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some time before, and lost a great many of the passengers, who were sown up in blankets and thrown over-board; and in passing up the river, he noticed here and there the bodies stuck on the snags, or moving up and down with the sawyers. In the rivers in the East one is constantly shocked with the sight of a floating corpse, with a vulture perched upon it, and expanding its wings to cause it to land, that it may devour its meal at leisure.

We arrived at Vixburgh, which, like Natchez, has an upper and lower town, but has a much better character than the latter. Thus one of our passengers was a hotel-keeper in New Orleans, proceeding to make a purchase of land in the up-country; he went ashore at Vixburgh, and came back swearing that he could not get a drop of drink in the place. "I went into the best hotel," said he, "and saw rum, gin, and brandy, painted on casks in the bar as usual. I asked the bar-keeper to mix me a mint-julep, 251 and what do you think he had the impudence to answer! that they sold no spirits there; that it was not the fashion to 'wet up' in Vixburgh now-a-days; that they had got temperance societies there, and could not think of transgressing the rules. The devil take your temperance societies! I said, they will be the ruin of my trade; as if it were a sin or crime for a fellow to take a drop of good liquor when he's inclined, without a parcel of old women meddling with him—damned cant and hypocrisy!" I laughed heartily at the distress of this thirsty soul, who went to the bar of the boat, and took a double dose to the confusion of all temperance humbugs.

Here three whacking fellows came on board, to be conveyed a few miles up the river. They were regular-built Kentuckians, snapping turtles, "could leap the Ohio," waded the Mississippi, or whip their weight in wild cats. One of them had a skiff with a sack of corn in it, and without leave asked or obtained from the captain, he made it fast to the stern. The word was given to "go a-head;" and away we paddled; but the skiff soon filled with water, and was a dead weight on our speed. "Give her more steam!" cried the captain. Still she did not "progress" as she ought. He walked aft, and saw the drag on her. "That boat must be cut adrift," says he.—"Cut adrift!" cries "the half horse, half alligator," with a back which reminded me of the song—

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"His brawny shoulders four feet square;"

"By G—, the first man that tries to cut adrift my boat I'll cut his throat!" Whereupon he stuffed his fist into his right breeches pocket, and drew forth a large knife with a French spring to prevent its shutting, and brandishing it, he roared out tigerishly, "My name's Tom Merriman; I'll make mince-meat of ye." His two companions also drew blade; on which being alone with the captain in the midst of these Philistines, I also turned up my sleeves, and felt if my hunting-knife was ready for action,—

"A useful dudgeon Either for fighting or for drudging;"

and expected a regular "scrimmage." I am wicked enough to confess, that I don't dislike, occasionally, to witness a fight, provided it is a fair, "stand-up," and manly encounter. Of course I detest the stiletto; it is a cowardly weapon; and I am sorry to say, that knives are oftener drawn in anger on the Mississippi than they are in Italy or Spain. I will frankly own, that I had 252 an inclination to see how they settled their quarrels in the back woods, and here I thought was what I sought. But the skipper, a prudent Scotchman, and an old man-of-war's man, was not to be daunted by swaggering, but stepping to his cabin, he put a pair of pistols in his pocket, and coming aft, said to the bullies, "Cut away, if you like, my lads! Damn your knives; I've seen more of them than ever you did! Ashore you must go! Pilot, steer for the landing!" The boat approached the bank. "Cast off the skiff, and put the men ashore," was the next order. Kentuck immediately came down with the humble—"My name's Tom Merriman," said he: "I wanted to get along a bit. You wanted to cut adrift my skiff; I didn't say I would cut *your* throat: let's have a horn, captain, and shake hands." The skipper growled a little, but relented, and they all went to the bar, slinged, were friends, and we "went a-head."

"These are rough characters we have on board, captain: have you often men of that stamp with you?" I asked. "Yes, pretty often; but I know how to manage them now. Some time ago, however, three of the same sort came a-board at Natchez, and wanted to leave

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without paying their passage. I saw they had money, and, collaring one of them, swore that he should make his deposit before he left the craft; on which he dashed his fist in my face, shoved his middle finger into my ear, and gave my left eye a start with his thumb; but before he could completely gouge me I capsized him on the deck, and fell upon him, and grasping his throat, shook him till he was black in the face. One of his companions whipped out a knife, and ran it through my arm,—there's the mark of the cut still,—the third ruffian got one of my fingers in his mouth, and gnawed it to the bone! It was all the work of a moment, and I should have been blinded or murdered by them, had not my mate knocked the two others down, and we bundled the whole on shore.”

Old ladies at home may exclaim against the prize-ring if they please, but until our people's nature becomes more angelic than it is, I do not see how it can well be dispensed with; and whilst on the Mississippi I often wished that some of our pugilistic heroes would make a tour in the back woods, and give the pioneers a *notion* of the noble art of self-defence, and thus abolish the cowardly knife, gouging, and biting.

“Contention, like a horse Full of high feeding, when madly it breaks loose, Will bear down all before it!”

From the annual inundations extending a considerable distance into the flat country, on both banks of the Mississippi, I noticed 253 very few settlers above Baton Rouge; and though at first it was interesting to gaze on the boundless forests on either hand, with the broad stream rolling between them, and occasional wooded bluffs, of two or three hundred feet elevation, “spurs” from the Alleghanies, yet, after a time, the monotony of the landscape became very tiresome. A square flat-bottomed boat, or “broad-horn,” would occasionally pass us, or a canoe with a single Indian would be paddled across our bows. Wild fowl, at long intervals, would fly overhead; yet melancholy reigned over the scene, and I was not surprised to see the squatters dull and without animation.

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Before the inundation of last year a small trench was cut across the isthmus at the Red River, where the Mississippi takes a sweep of eighteen miles. When the river rose, a small rill first passed through the cut; gradually the water increased; it became a torrent; and finally the mighty river itself rolled through the trees, tore up a new channel for itself, and now fills the few hundred yards of isthmus with its turbid waters, leaving the eighteen miles nearly dry. Besides the alteration in the course of the Mississippi at this interesting spot, no material change has taken place for some time.

It is a well-ascertained fact, that near the Mississippi the elevated ground is more unhealthy than the river's bank itself. The miasma seems to collect about elevated spots, and they are therefore avoided by old residents. Another peculiarity of the river is, that the banks are generally higher than the country for some distance behind them, so that at the commencement of the annual inundation the river flows in three channels. After a time it rolls in one undivided and vast torrent, sweeping through the trees, and carrying many with it, with masses of the bank.

After leaving Memphis, the steam-vessel was progressing against the stream at the rate of seven knots an hour. She was in the middle of the river, there about sixty feet deep, and as smooth and unruffled as a polished mirror, when at four in the afternoon she struck heavily against a concealed snag or log, firmly imbedded in the mud, and pointing down the stream. The vessel quivered from stem to stern, the water gushed in at the bows like a mill-race, she hung on the snag for some time, and great confusion prevailed on board, for there was the prospect of sinking in the middle of the river; but at last she dropped off the snag, and was piloted towards the shore, where she sank. The crew, passengers, and their baggage, were saved, but the cargo of coffee, sugar, and dry goods was entirely lost. The thirsty hotelkeeper before mentioned, had a narrow escape. He was enjoying his afternoon's nap in a chair in the cabin, after sundry juleps, 254 slings, and cocktails; he continued fast asleep after the accident, but was fortunately observed by the steward, sitting with the water up to his knees, and was with difficulty dragged out and saved. Last

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voyage three people were blown out of the Union by the collapsing of the boiler, and I thought that surely after that no accident would happen the next voyage, I therefore had embarked in her in perfect confidence; but she was unprovided with a water-tight snag-chamber at the bows, was very slightly built, and so shattered by the concussion that no hopes were entertained of being able to raise her. I left before the final catastrophe, and landed at Memphis.

A New-Englander has got a contract to clear the Mississippi, which he does not fulfil as he ought to do. Thus he has a steamer of a peculiar construction, which he runs over a snag, makes fast a hawser to it, and *if he can*, drags it up by setting on steam; if he cannot move it, he saws it off at low water, and it was on one of these that our unfortunate Union struck. Fourteen steam-vessels were lost in 1831, in the Mississippi and Ohio; there are altogether one hundred and ninety-eight running. Engineers and pilots are entertained without examination; and as whisky is cheap in the West, accidents are not to be wondered at.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Memphis, in Tennessee.—The Hotel.—Discovery of an Emissary.—A Negro Preacher.—A Sleeping Apartment.—The Indians.—Compulsory Emigration.—Destruction to the Red Hunters.—Chateaubriand.—A group of Chickasaws.—Their encampment.—Indian Manners.—Seemingly, but not really indifferent to their Wives.—The worshippers of the Sun.—The Coronach, or lament for their Dead.—Intercourse between the Pioneers and Indians.—Anecdote.—Leave Memphis for the interior.—The Wagon.—The Forest.—A Stand or Stage.—Corn Bread.—Black Jacks.—Excitement.—The Music of the Woods.—A cure for affectation and self-conceit.—The story of the Boot-jack.—Inquisitive Pioneer.—Strange ideas.—Snakes.—The Prairies.—Indian Mounds.—Barrows.—The unknown Dead.—The Grave of a Scottish-chief.—The Mammoth Cave.—Real Aborigines of America long ago exterminated.—Paintings on Rocks.—Salt Licks.—The Big Hatchet River.—A Lawyer.—A Duel.—Hunting Parties.—Rifle Practice.—Barrens.—A Hurricane.—

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An Adulterer detected.—A Backwoods Sheriff.—Paddling a Negro.—Migratory.—Farmers.—Arrive at Nashville.

I was much pleased with the site and appearance of Memphis, in Tennessee; it is pleasantly situated on a high bluff, on the east 255 bank of the Mississippi, and commands an extensive view up and down the river, and across the Arkansas territory, an unbroken forest to the base of the rocky mountains.

The town now contains a thousand inhabitants. The framehouses had a clean look about them; and the hotel where I put up was a respectable establishment, kept by a colonel of militia, with the effigy of the great Washington swinging before the door. The charges were extremely reasonable; one dollar for a most abundant supper, at seven o'clock, bed, and breakfast, and no waiters, chambermaids, or boots to pay. For my passage in the steam-vessel, for eight days, I had paid twenty-five dollars, which included every thing; those who chose to patronize the bar, of course paid for what they drank.

At the public table I overheard a conversation which afforded me some amusement. A lank New-Englander said to a burly-looking Kentuckian, "I guess they have not such good food in England as we have."—"No, damn them, they've no corn," (maize.) "Did you hear of the Britainer that abused us pretty considerable the other day in a book?"—"No," says Kentuck; "what did he say?"—"Why I forget what he said exactly, but he thought himself a very smart man, I reckon. At New Orleans the people there soon found him out; why he was a spy of his Government, and came over here to try and persuade the Southern States to separate from the Northern, but it was of no use, oh, no!"

Did the gallant Captain (Basil Hall) ever suspect that he was looked on as an emissary? Something must have happened to displease him at New Orleans, for he says very little about that singular city in his travels. He has had his revenge, for the inhabitants are annoyed at being passed over with such slight notice as he condescends to take of them.

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I strolled out in the evening to enjoy the cool breeze and moonlight on the verge of the forest. In a lone house, in a lane, I heard the sound of psalm-singing about eleven o'clock at night, and stopped to listen to a tune which the Covenanters in the days of their adversity had often uplifted on the hill side, when prepared to contend for their religion to the death. The psalm ceased, and a negro slave delivered a long extempore prayer like those of the Presbyterians, and using excellent language. The prayer was followed by a sermon, in which the fall of our first parents was described, and its consequences to the human race; "born in sin, and conceived in iniquity," but regenerate through the instrumentality of a Redeemer. The audience consisted of a few negro men and women, sitting on forms in a loft, lighted by a solitary candle. The preacher could neither read nor write; yet he expressed himself 256 clearly, eloquently, and energetically. I went away pleased and astonished at what I had seen and heard; and thought that though it is a penal offence to instruct slaves in these Southern States, yet with all their enactments, the spread of the Gospel could not be controlled, and that the negro still found means to gain access to the fountain of living waters.

"Though our masters bought and sold us, Paid our price in paltry gold; Yet though slaves they have enrolled us, Minds are never to be sold."

I returned to the inn, and asked where I was to sleep, and was shown into a room like the ward of an hospital with a dozen beds in it, all doubly occupied save one, from which a voice asked me "to bundle." I declined the invitation, and lay down in my clothes. I remarked that the beds were composed of feathers, and had blankets and sheets as usual; but in the backwoods I understood that the sheets are not often changed, and as all classes occupied the beds, from the wealthy merchant and planter to the boatmen and shoe-blacks, I slept in my clothes invariably, sometimes on a bed, and sometimes on the floor, and saw from what others suffered, that I escaped certain cutaneous disorders and nocturnal interrupters of repose. "A plaid and bag of oatmeal ought to suffice for the rough living Gael."

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I now heard a great deal of the Indians migrating from the eastern to the western bank of the Mississippi; they were melancholy enough, poor people, at being obliged to leave their familiar hunting-grounds, and the graves of their fathers, with the prospect, too, of having to fight their way among hostile tribes. Many Americans regret to see the course pursued by their Government towards the red men, driving them toward the west, with the excuse, that since they will not become agriculturists, and require such a large space for hunting and fishing, they must be got rid of, "*coute qu'il coute*." But let us inquire, has the American Government taken pains or trouble to instruct this unfortunate race in the arts of civilized life? It has not. And though it is a harsh judgment to pronounce, yet improvement has hitherto meant, among other things, exterminating the Indians, or driving them with the red deer and buffalo to the recesses of the rocky mountains; and eventually the waves of the Pacific will wash the bones of the last of the red hunters.

Neither are the English to be praised for their conduct on all occasions towards their copper-coloured brethren. We have parcelled out territory which did not belong to us, and have too often shown an indifference to the fate of those who court the shade, 257 and shun the trammels of civilization. Some will say, that it is impossible to reclaim the Indians from their savage state; to this I answer, look at the labours of the Jesuits in South America, view the condition of the Indians of the Spanish missions, quiet, industrious, temperate, cultivating the soil, skilled in several mechanical arts, with religion shedding its benign influence over their lives. In what manner this happy state of things was brought about, is detailed in the writings of the Count de Chateaubriand.

At Memphis I saw a group of Chickasaw Indians, consisting of a chief, about sixty years of age, a warrior, of about thirty, and his wife and child. The chief had a fine Roman nose, and really somewhat resembled his Grace the Duke of Wellington; he was of as dark a mahogany colour as the Indians of Guiana, and wore on his head a piece of chintz, folded like an Oriental turban, round the lower part of which was a bandeau of silver; a chintz tunic reached to the middle of the thigh, and his legs and feet were cased in leather, with

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fringes of the same material down the outer seam; he had broad armlets of silver, and round his waist he wore a girdle of wampum beads, in which was stuck a broad scalping-knife. The young warrior, a strapping fellow of six feet high, was similarly attired, with the exception of the silver ornaments, and whether he stood still or walked, every attitude was full of grace. The black and silken hair of the female was parted on the forehead, and clubbed on the back of the head, and she was modestly clothed in a long gown. The child had strings of wampum about its ankles and wrists. These people had long-tailed horses with them, laden with dressed deer-skins, which they were anxious to dispose of, for they, too, were preparing to cross the river. Having come from a distance, they "camped out" near the town; a few earthen pots prepared their evening meal, and they lay down under buffalo robes under the lee of some blankets propped up on sticks, and with their feet to the fire, reminding me of the Cossack bivouacs during the Turkish war.

Among the various tribes of North America, there is said to be a remarkable resemblance in feature and habits, betraying a common stock, and there is also a striking similarity in their different dialects; besides, when the different tribes cannot communicate verbally, they understand each other perfectly by means of signs. They all seem to be gloomy and abstracted when not aroused by particular excitement, to have no curiosity, and they all seem to be indifferent to their wives; but from what I have heard from those who are more intimately acquainted with them than the passing observer, I believe that, like the Orientals, the Indian youth are taught by their parents never to express their surprise at any object or occurrence, however unusual, as to do so would be a sign of weakness, and never to ask questions, which would be a sign of ignorance, but always to observe diligently.

Doubtless the dark and shady wilderness in which they dwell, the many dangers to which they are exposed, and the uncertain and wandering life they lead in desert places, stamp an air of gloom upon them; but at their festivals they give vent to the wildest mirth, and in their games, and in pursuit of their prey, they show an energy, activity, and vivacity, which

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could not be believed by those who had only seen them with their chins on their knees at the door of their skin or rush wigwams.

What shall we say of their apparent indifference to their women, but to repeat what we stated regarding the wandering tribes of South America?—that their character in this respect has been quite misunderstood. During the day, the Indian hardly deigns to look at his squaw, and never caresses her before strangers; but in the evening, the piping of reeds may be heard in the forest near the encampment, or village, proceeding from the young men inviting their favourite damsels to stray with them through the sylvan scene; and at night, when all the fires are extinguished, the lovers visit their mistresses with lighted calumets or pipes in their hands. If the lady in her bower is pleased with her swain, she extinguishes the pipe; if not, she takes no notice, and he retires disappointed.

I have heard that there are still some tribes to the west of the Mississippi who worship the sun. Four times a year they are said to assemble at a particular spot, to pay their adorations to the giver of light and fertility. The multitude arrange themselves in four quadrants, and all turn their faces to the east at early dawn. When the great luminary rises over the prairie, they hail his appearance with shouts of gladness. The warriors hold out their arms to him, the youths fruit and corn, and the mothers lift up their tender offspring to salute the God of Day. The same ceremony is repeated at mid-day; and when the sun sinks behind the rocky mountains, the night is closed with hymns, feasting, and dancing. It is difficult to conceive any species of worship more impressive than the above, or a ceremony better calculated to inspire a stranger with respect and regard for these lions of the forest, first silent till the object of their adoration appears, then bursting out in accents of rejoicing, and offering for his acceptance their choicest gifts.

The author of “The Valley of the Mississippi,” whose acquaintance I had great satisfaction in making, relates a singular ceremony, to which he was witness. In Louisiana, a family mourning for a deceased relative, the women stood in a group, or 259 walked about, but four men sat on the ground, with their heads nearly touching, and a blanket thrown

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over them. They uttered at intervals a most doleful howl, like the coronach of the Celts, interrupted by sobs, whilst tears streamed down their cheeks. This was continued for half an hour, when they rose and went about their usual occupations.

In the back woods I heard many appalling tales of Indian ferocity, and of their implacable hatred to the encroaching pioneers. From all I could collect, there is a wonderful difference between the French and the American frontier people in their intercourse with the Indians. The former insinuate themselves into the good graces of the red men, humour their prejudices, and inter-marry with them; whereas the latter, like the descendants of sturdy Britons, will not take the trouble to conciliate the people whose territory they covet; and between the two races there seems to be a rooted and fixed antipathy. As a proof of the feeling that exists among the pioneers towards the Indians— a backwoodsman came into Nashville to purchase powder and shot, with his trusty rifle on his arm. While standing at the door of a store, a poor Indian happened to pass on the opposite side of the street; instinctively, and in a moment, the rifle was levelled at the red man; but the houses recalled the marksman to a true sense of his situation, and with a bitter smile he lowered his piece, and the unconscious Indian passed on unharmed.

A long wagon, drawn by four horses, starting on the road to Nashville, the capital of the State of Tennessee, I put my baggage into it and drove off with a countryman, Mr. Arrott, after breakfasting in company with the driver.

We crossed a pretty stream, and then plunged into a forest of white oak and cedar. Immediately after leaving the town, on each side of the road, were the purple flowers of the iron-weed and the red shumack, under which the deer love to repose, for it conceals them from their enemies, as the variegated heath did the tartan-clad Highlanders. The driver showed great dexterity in turning his horses round the stumps and black-jacks, or burnt trunks, but we were awfully shaken, for he went over fallen trees without the least compunction or mercy shown to his wagon or the bones of his passengers. These abominable roads are easily accounted for, the population being as yet so widely

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scattered. When the roads are mended, it is often done by ploughing and harrowing them in the “fall” of the year. Sometimes the jolting was so continued and so dreadful, that it seemed as if the tilt would fly off the wagon every moment, and our heads after it. Corduroy causeways, broken bridges, and stumps, all impeded our progress. 260 I got out and walked whenever I could do so without sinking in the mud to the ankles.

The first “stand” we came to was a log-house, of two rooms, and between them an open space, nicely boarded. Here the proprietor, a major, was balancing himself on the hind legs of his chair in the usual way, and reading an old newspaper. He gave us a nod on entering, and his wife, a clean, bustling woman, silently, but in good earnest, set about preparing dinner. A snow-white cloth was spread, on which were placed bacon, or “Old Ned,” as it is called in Tennessee, greens, boiled beef, roasted fowls, peas, corn bread, and milk. “Do you like the corn bread, stranger?” said the landlady to me. “Yes, very much, though the flour does not seem to have been ground?”— No; we've no mills in these woods,” said the major; “we grate the corn-cob on a piece of tin, with holes knocked in it with a nail.”—“It is very sweet and good for all that,” I answered; and so it was.

We continued our drive through the forest all day, and here and there passed a few fields, cut out of it with snake, or zig-zag rail fences, and black jacks standing up among the corn. Truly, these burnt trees are melancholy objects to contemplate at first sight; but when we reflect that they are the first and sure indications of a virgin soil being about to support a hardy and energetic population, and that they are indications of the unproductive wilderness being about to be converted from solitude and gloom to smiling fields and rich pastures, the pleasures of hope and of anticipation immediately occupy the mind, and we cease to regret the destruction of trees which shut out the kindly influence of the sun from the rich bottoms.

The wagon jolted on through swamps and mud-holes, and up rugged acclivities, and did not “progress” at a greater rate than four miles an hour, so that I was able to walk on in advance; and sometimes I trotted out, like an Indian, and was full of glee at feeling myself

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so independent in these solitudes. I could not resist ever and anon singing at the top of my voice snatches of songs, and unseen, played all sorts of ridiculous antics in the exuberance of my mirth. As the Persians would express themselves, “freeing the foot of the heart from the skirt of care, I tossed into the air the cap of independence.”

Sometimes I sat down on a fallen tree, and listened to the wind playing among the tipper branches of the cedars, and recalled to mind this beautiful passage: “Sounds have awakened sounds; the forest is all harmony! Are they the full tones of the organ that I hear, while lighter sounds wander through vaults of verdure 261 A short silence succeeds. The aerial music begins again! Everywhere soft complaints, murmurs,—which comprise within themselves other murmurs; each leaf speaks a different language! each blade of grass has its particular note!”

Let the youth who is full of himself, who is conceited with the flattery of female friends, uplifted in his own estimation, make a tour in the backwoods of America, it will soon cure him of his empty pretensions. Affectation is unknown there, and he will soon acquire a natural manner of acting and thinking.

I confess that the temper is sometimes rather severely tested in these wilds, and there are many opportunities offered for picking quarrels if one is a fire-eater: thus an acquaintance of mine had arrived at a small inn rather fatigued with the jolting, and was standing beside the fire, resting his head on his hand in a meditative attitude—“like patience on a monument,” when a brawny Kentuckian, in a rough white great coat and whip under his arm, came behind him, and clapping one foot encased in a thick hob-nailed boot between his legs, administered a hearty whack on the shoulder, crying, “Hollo, Mister, stand steady a minute, I want to make a boot-jack of you.” What would “a young man about town” have said to this?

An hour before we came to the last stand, where we were to sleep, the driver brightened up, and called to me to sit in the wagon, for he was “going ahead.” He dipped a long horn

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into a pool of water, blew a loud blast, and whipped his horses; we went on at a “rough and tumble” rate as he called it, and arrived with aching bones at the house of a lonely settler. Here we got a comfortable supper from an old man and his wife, who had been on the move from one part of the country to the other for the last thirty years. This aged pair were very inquisitive, but civil withal, and proceeded cautiously in their interrogatories. After I had finished eating, and was balancing myself on my chair, Yankee fashion, the pioneer said, “I reckon, sir, you don't belong to our section of country.”—“No, I'm not a citizen of the Union.”—“Where may you be located when you are at home?” continued he. “Where should you guess?” said I. Why, a Spaniard from New Orleans may be.” (I was dressed in blue jacket and trowsers, with a good deal of hair about my face.) “No, old gentleman, I'm a Scotchman.”—“Scotch, eh! why that's far over seas. Are you all quiet there now?”—“Yes, very quiet. Did you ever hear of disturbances there?”—“Yes, I've heard of a good deal of fighting and plundering there. Have you got rid of your Indians yet!”—“Indians!” said I, “we've no red skins in our country.”—“No! why that's curious enough,” said the settler: but it's time for you to go to sleep, and I'll take your money now, as I don't want to be up so early as you do in the morning; I'm an old woodsman now and want rest! That gentleman,” pointing to the driver, an unwashed fellow of five and twenty, on the monthly wages of fifteen dollars, “will waken you; he sleeps in the room with you. Take your cloak in your hand, and I'll bring in the balance of your baggage.”

The driver awoke in the middle of the night, as he dreamt that his horses had run away; and when once up, he thought it as well to “get along;” so the horses were “tackled up,” and we proceeded through the forest in a cold and damp morning. We did not see any snakes, but heard a great many stories of them. The rattlesnakes and copper-heads were said to be the worst, though they have a singular way of preventing fatal effects from the bites. A man and his wife were passing through the forest; the woman in stepping over a log was bit in the foot by a rattlesnake—they were miles from any assistance—but the husband killed the snake, cut it open, tied its entrails round his wife's foot, and she walked home, and suffered little from the wound.

On those seas of verdure, the prairies of the Western World, on the richest soil, and near clear streams, are seen the records of former ages, in the shape of mounds and barrows; the former, often in the centre of a fortified polygon, have been found thirty feet in height, and apparently many centuries old. Sometimes on the top is the body of a chief, below a few feet of earth, and with a sort of tessellated pavement of parti-coloured stones over the warrior. These mounds may have been temples of the Sun. The barrows are oblong, and have probably been the burial-places of the multitude for several generations, as when opened there are found layers of bones, and those which are lowest are evidently much older than the upper tiers. With the bones are often found fragments of pottery, stone-arrowheads, beads, and mantles ornamented with the feathers of the wild turkey.

Though to the north of Mexico there are no ruins of stone, “no ivied monasteries or crumbling baronial walls,” to attest the former power of churchmen, and the consequence of feudal chiefs, yet in these Indian mounds, on the vast prairies, there is much to excite the imagination, and awaken an interest for the unknown dead. We see evident traces of a numerous population, whose name and lineage have perished, and who have left behind them only their dry bones; near those gigantic quadrupeds, perhaps contemporaneous with them, whose remains show that they also once peopled those charming solitudes.

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“Ye mould'ring relics of departed years, Your names have perish'd, not a trace remains,
Save where the grass-grown mound its summit rears From the green bosom of your native plains.”

The simple tumulus, the most ancient sepulchral monument, seems to have been raised by all nations in honour of the dead. Trojans, Greeks, and Romans heaped mounds of earth over the illustrious deceased, buried with their arms. I have seen them on the steeps of Russia, on the salt plains of Crim Tartary, in the healthy isles of the Hebrides, and on the prairies of America. Yet in Scotland, in later times, “grey stones” appear to have succeeded the tumulus, or were set on the top of it. “Narrow is thy dwelling now, dark the

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place of thine abode! with three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! four stones with their heads of moss are the only memorials of thee, a tree with scarce a leaf.”

In the State of Tennessee, there are objects of the greatest interest to the antiquary and naturalist to be found besides the mounds I have just noticed. Near the Mississippi are mammoth caves, the end of which have not yet been seen by mortal eye, they penetrate so far into the bowels of the earth. During the last war, one of these afforded an inexhaustible supply of saltpetre for the manufacture of gunpowder. The roof of one of the mighty halls is said to cover seven acres, and on the floor are heaps of gigantic bones. In other caves in the State, the bodies of Indians have been found in a dried state, with the chin resting on the knees, and the remains of feather cloaks about them. Their countenances differ from those of the present race, and their hair is auburn; this remarkable fact, coupled with the extensive remains of Indian communities on uninhabited prairies, seems to indicate that the Indian race which is now found in the continent of North America had exterminated the real aborigines of the country, as the present race of Hindoos are supposed to have annihilated the woolly-headed Jains.

On rocks in Tennessee, on the banks of rivers, are painted the sun and moon, evidently for the purpose of being worshipped: thus, on one bluff sixty feet from the bottom of a precipice, and twenty feet from the summit, in a situation altogether inaccessible, except by ropes, the great luminaries are painted of a red colour, and six feet in circumference.

In Tennessee, there are several “licks” which are well worthy of a visit. These saline springs have been frequented by buffaloes and other wild animals, whose blood becoming corrupt from the hot swamps beside which were their pasture ground, paid an annual visit to the licks to purify themselves. The tracks 264 of these animals yet exist, (though to the east of the Mississippi the stately bison is no more found,) and are sometimes drawn in a straight line of one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, as if they had been regularly surveyed. Arrived at the springs, the herds drank the water, bathed in it, licked

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the stones and earth impregnated with saline particles, reposed in the shade for some days, and after rolling themselves in the mud, returned from whence they came. The western hunters, however in the course of time, assembled at the licks, and dealt such destruction among these poor animals, that the survivors took fright, and perhaps crossed "the great river." I saw buffaloe robes in all parts of the States, for which half a dollar was only given in the first instance, and one old rifleman declared that he had slaughtered two thousand buffaloes with his own hand. In Tennessee, the hunters still watch the deer stealing towards the licks. The soil round them is unproductive, for it is a cold blue clay; it seems that the number of animals which frequented them was so great, that they trampled down the good soil, and the clay appeared. Great quantities of bones are found near the licks, and the big bone lick has the remains of the mammoth in its vicinity.

We crossed the Big Hatchet river, and took up at Jackson (a thriving town) a Kentucky lawyer. After answering his interrogatories, and enjoying his surprise that any one should travel as I did without the prospect of ultimately realizing a handsome sum by the speculation, (as yet I had met with no one since I left England who was *en route* for pleasure or information only,) I cross-questioned him in my turn about the state of the country. He said, "In these Western States of Kentucky and Tennessee, we are improving in the main, particularly in Old Kentuck; though where we now are, the Tennesseans are opposed to internal improvements, and actually wish their roads to remain nearly impassable, as we see them and feel them to be."

"What can be the reason of that?" I demanded. "We read, in Cooper's novel of the Prairie, of the Trappers retiring before the face of civilization, and hating towns and their bustling commercial inhabitants; is it owing to similar feelings that some of the Tennesseans wish to shut themselves up?"

"Exactly so—they think, that with bad roads, new people will not settle among them."

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“According to the Oriental phrase, ‘they wish their heads to grow grey in quiet.’ In your part of Kentucky, are there any duels now?”

“Yes, we've sometimes a little rifle and buck-shot practice, but not so often as I remember in my younger days. In our town, a duel took place a short time ago, which gave us a good deal of amusement. The parties were a doctor and a lawyer, who had quarrelled at a horse race; they agreed to fight next morning with rifles, in a copse of thirty acres of trees and brushwood, and take every advantage, like the Indians. Accordingly the lawyer, to make sure of his man, went out of the town at night and lay in a copse till morning, with the rifle pointed over a log towards the road, by which he expected his antagonist to come. The day dawned, and the sun rose, still no doctor appeared; the lawyer was beginning to think that his enemy had taken fright and declined the combat, and he was getting up to return to town to proclaim the poltroon, when he heard a stick break behind him, and looking up, he saw the doctor's rifle presented within ten feet of his head. The lawyer forthwith called a parley, and was allowed to go off into the wood to try again; away he went, and looking about he found a hollow tree, in it he ensconced himself, and remained quiet for some time, when, hearing no noise, he ventured to look out with one eye, when ‘crack’ went a rifle from some bushes in front of him, and the bark of the tree was knocked off by a ball, within an inch or two of his head. He saw smoke, but no doctor, and therefore could not return the fire, he accordingly called another parley. The doctor, who had been often out with Indians, now showed himself, and agreed to make up the quarrel. They returned to town and had a horn together, and we had a good laugh at the lawyer.”

About Reynoldsburgh, on the Tennessee River, the appearance of the forests changed from a gloomy shade to woods open and clear of underwood. We could see far into them, and could admire the polished stems and the carpeting of wild flowers. In these woods the young men go on “Still Hunting-parties,” not, as in Ireland, to ferret out *potheen*, but with a dog at their heels and a rifle on their arm. They move noiselessly through the forest, and try to steal upon and surprise the deer. An Indian sometimes crosses their path, treading

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stealthily, like a cat, ornamented with feathers in his hair, and his skin surcoat edged with painted hair. He makes the sign of peace, holds up the open palm to the white man, and they continue the pursuit of their game.

We passed some hunters practising at a mark; one was an aged and weather-beaten man, whose hand shook so violently that he could not take up a cup of water without spilling it, but the moment he handled his rifle he was as steady as a rock, and no doubt could have brought down a grey squirrel from the top of a sycamore, by hitting the bark immediately below it, and stunning it, without drawing blood or injuring its skin.

We next passed some miles of what are called in the West "barrens." L I 266 These are prairies, or plains, on which is a scanty, or stunted vegetation. I saw one or two white-headed eagles, the national emblem of America, soaring over these lonely and desert scenes, and the beautiful red bird sang in the bushes by the side of the road. Some maintain that these barrens are owing to the poverty of the soil; others say, that they were occasioned by the Indian practice of burning the forest in a circle, thus to enclose the game, or to cause fresh grass to grow for their cattle, or to entice deer to particular tracts.

Then we came to a part of the forest through which a hurricane had swept, ploughing it up, as it were, and prostrating the trees in a lane of a hundred yards in breadth. Those in the centre of the resistless blast were levelled with the earth, and their roots stood up in a circle of earth and fibres. The trees at the edge of the current of air had had their branches twisted off and carried away like straws, and it was evident that the luckless passenger, coming within the influence of such blasts in these woods, must inevitably perish. Sometimes we heard the hammering of woodpeckers, or screams of paroquets, and fancied we saw humming-birds flitting from flower to flower, though there were but few of them at this season of the year. The geranium, holly-hock, althea, and passion-flower, grew wild in the woods.

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"The groves were God's first temples; in the darkling woods, Amidst the cool and silence, man knelt down, And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks And supplication, ere he framed The lofty vault, to gather and roll back The sound of anthems!"

We halted to eat our mid-day repast at a house, the mistress of which had a very sinister expression, and I was told the following story regarding her: Her husband, a small farmer in the woods, had lived happily with his wife until a young fellow came to board in the house, who was on the look-out for a "location," or intended to "take up land" in the neighbourhood. The wife and the boarder soon understood each other; and the husband suspecting something wrong, pretended (as has been done a thousand times before on similar occasions) to go on a journey. He returned at night with his rifle, and a couple of dogs, and found that his place was supplied. He accordingly put the clothes of the paramour on the fire, whilst their owner escaped in his shirt by the window. A bullet was sent after him without effect, but the dogs pursued him down the river side. Some more settlers rose and joined in the hue-and-cry, and the luckless wight was forced to take to the water in a cold night, and saved himself by 267 swimming to a house, where he was taken in and concealed till he was able to flee the country. But he escaped much better than some other poachers whom I heard of here.

I had a lusty good-natured fellow, who was a sheriff, as my "*compagnon du voyage*" for a day, and he afforded much amusement by recounting various anecdotes illustrative of life and manners in the back Woods. He described, among other merry-makings, a quilting, or a party of women assembled to sew patches into a quilt. At the end of the day's work the bed-cover is suspended from the ceiling; the young men of the neighbourhood join the party; a fiddler seats himself on a flour-barrel, and they dance and drink whisky till a late hour.

Then the worthy sheriff went on to state how he was obliged to be his own thief-taker and executioner; the pursuits he had had after horse-stealers; their desperate resistance with their knives before they would allow themselves to be taken; the satisfaction he had in

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flogging with a cow-skin a fellow who weighed two hundred, who had long eluded him, and had often “broken away from him like a quarter-horse;” how he administered the thirty-nine scientifically, sinking the instrument into the skin and jerking it towards him till the culprit roared like a buffalo, with pain; how he paddled negroes, strapped them over a log, and punished them with a board full of gimlet-holes, so that every stroke raised blisters which took a month to heal. All this, and more, he recounted as we walked along before the baggage-wagon, for the roads were still so rocky and uneven that, when I ventured to ride, the jolting reminded me of Gulliver's journey to Brobdignag, when he was so terribly shaken and discomposed in his box, on a horse that went forty feet at every step. These Tennessee roads were far worse than the tracks over the Russian “steppes,” or rugged passes of the Carpathian Mountains, where one had the consolation of rattling over stones at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. In Tennessee four was our utmost speed. Of a verity, these roads much require an American Macadam, or Western Wade.

Two or three parties of migratory farmers from the eastward passed us. Their wives and worldly goods were placed in long wagons, with a tilt, which rose at the ends like a Burman canoe; and the pioneers themselves, in their shirt-sleeves, either bestrode their rear wheelers, armed with a long whip, or trudged on manfully by the side of their moving residence, with broad axes on their shoulder. I stopped for some time to admire a picturesque group of adventurers; a single family, seated under a sycamore near a clear stream—a comely wife and smiling infant, with a fine specimen of manhood in the husband; his younger brother unyoking the horses, ornamented with fringes of thongs descending 268 from the harness, to keep off the flies. Now these people had left a comfortable home for no better reason than that they wanted a wider range, or “all for the mere love of moving.”

We emerged from the forest, and found ourselves in a little terrestrial Paradise, so great was the contrast between the smiling, the varied, the cultivated, and picturesque environs of Nashville, the capital of Tennessee; the clean and comfortable appearance of the town itself, and the scenes we had passed through between it and the Mississippi. Doubtless

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“there is a pleasure in the pathless woods!” doubtless there is a great charm in solitude, for a time; but still a healthy mind will hail with satisfaction and delight a prospect which shows that some of the great family of mankind are fulfilling the design for which our first parents were placed in Eden—are cultivating the earth, and “keeping and dressing” the great garden of a fruitful valley.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Nashville Hotel.—A pleasant Change.—A Job.—A Tennessee Supper.—Reflections.—Panorama.—Indian Skirmishes.—A sulphur Spring.—The Bridge.—The Legislature in Session.—The Members.—Mr. Yeatman.—The Penitentiary.—Prison Discipline.—Vauxhall Gardens.—Effect of a visit to Canada.—Emigrants ought to settle among their own people.—Leave Nashville.—A facetious Driver.—The Americans not musical.—Old Kentuck.—Delightful Climate.—Negroes en route.—Rival Claims of Clay and Jackson—An opinion.—Religion in Kentucky.—A Camp Meeting.—The Sink Hole.—A violent Quarrel.—A regular Snorter.—Female Foresters.—Pity the Rover's Bride.—A Jeremiad.—American Gold Mines. Gold in Dust and Gold in Mass.—Smelting.—Aborigines worked the Mines.—Return of Gold for several years.—The Nullifiers.—Cut off the Tail.—Arrive at Louisville, Falls of Ohio.—The Canal.—Freedom of Election in the Back Settlements.—A Temptation to enter into Holy Wedlock.—The Banks of Ohio.

For the honour of the thing, we drove up in the weary wagon to the door of the principal inn of Nashville, in the principal square, in the centre of which stood the Court-house; and alighted amidst a crowd of members of the State Legislature, which was now in session. Several members arrived about the same time that we did, but on horseback, with their legs cased in green baize leggins, tied round the ankles and knees with tape.

It was a great luxury to get into a comfortable and a carpeted room after the severe trial of strength and the violent exercise I had had, and to be enabled to perform my ablutions, and repose for a short season in quiet. But the violent ringing of a bell soon roused me,

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and a negro boy put his head into the room, and said 269 that supper would soon be ready. I determined to appear in a town-like costume before these provincial legislators, and I gave Mungo a surtout to have it ironed by any tailor in the neighbourhood. He returned with it, and said that the knight of the needle demanded one dollar for the job. "That seems a heavy charge for the backwoods?" I said.—"If Massa tink so, Massa can settle with him tailor himself; he will take supper wid Massa!"—" *Vivent la libertié et égalité!* " I exclaimed. The tailor after supper compounded for three quarters of a dollar!

I descended to the passage, and found a crowd of expectants before a closed door. Another bell rang out loudly and rapidly from a belfry on the roof of the hotel. The door was unlocked, and we all rushed into a long hall, like a squadron of Hulans charging the enemy, and found tables covered with meat, vegetables, preserved fruit, tea, coffee, and bread, both of maize and wheat, and soft hoe and waffel cakes. Down the company sat in a hurry—noses were blown to one side—cotton handkerchiefs were spread on the knees—cuffs were turned back, and then commenced "the crash of the crockery and the clash of the steel!" No ceremony was used; each man helped himself with his own knife and fork, and reached across his neighbour to secure a fancied *morceau*. Bones were picked with both hands; knives were drawn through the teeth with the edge to the lips; the scalding mocha and souchong were poured into saucers to expedite the cooling, and the cup deposited in a saucerette on the right. Beefsteaks, apple tart and fish, were seen on the same plate the one moment, and had disappeared the next! The black domestics bustled about in breathless haste. Mr. Edmonstone, the respectable landlord, stood at the end of one of the tables, serving out meat and seeing that his guests wanted nothing.

I was rather bewildered, and could not eat for some minutes, when I saw first one man get up, and then another, and walk out of the room wiping their mouths with the heel of their hand. "I hope the gentlemen are not displeased at any thing?" I said to a neighbour jocularly. "Oh no! they are quite content and have finished their supper!" The rest continued to eat as if it was their last meal, or as if they intended to choke themselves, and disappeared so suddenly that it seemed as if they had finished by eating one another;

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but on going into the bar I found them all alive and well, lounging about with their hands in their pockets, balancing themselves on the chairs, taking a quid from their “bacco-box,” or receiving a stiff glass of sling from the barkeeper.

Now what could be the meaning of all the haste and hurry at the supper-table, I thought, and now why so listless? What would 270 Orientals, full of etiquette and ceremony, have said to see men, calling themselves civilized, seizing their food like wild beasts, and bolting it without mastication? But I am in a new country and among a new people—among men descended from Britons, who speak my own language, and for whom I feel a great interest, for I see their rapid strides to greatness as a nation, their country rapidly changing from an unproductive desert to a cultivated garden under their hands; and why should I sneer and cavil because they eat after a strange fashion? I am in company with men of all professions, from the great landed proprietor and wealthy merchant, to the store boy and tailor. Suppose I had supped with the latter class in England, might not their manner of eating have been as rude as what I have just witnessed? Assuredly it might, and assuredly there is great advantage in seeing life in all its phases.

Next morning I wandered about the town, and ascending an eminence, on which stood the house of Judge Campbell, I was enabled to see the surrounding country undulating and beautiful. At a short distance was the unbroken forest; but along the banks of the Cumberland river, which runs a course of three hundred miles from Nashville to the Ohio, there were numerous cotton plantations. Gardens and fields were round the town, new houses were springing up on all sides, and this delightful capital of a back-woods State, now containing six thousand inhabitants, promised speedily to double its population.

It is but a few years since the Indians made incessant and desperate efforts in the neighbourhood of Nashville to drive back the whites. The older inhabitants told stories without end of bloody skirmishes on the banks of the Cumberland; of the pioneers' houses attacked by the savages in the absence of the men, and women and children massacred;

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of the deadly flight of the tomahawk, the thrust of the scalping-knife, and the firebrand concealing the traces of gore in smouldering ashes.

“All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid, And in the floods of fire which scathed the glade, The roofs went down; but deep the silence grew When on the dewy woods the day-beam play'd; No more the cabin smoke rose wreathed and blue, And ever by their lake lay moored the light canoe.”

From their encounters with Indians, the whites when they quarrelled among themselves, acquired a savage manner of settling their disputes. A few years ago, General Jackson, whose country-house is within a few miles of Nashville, was engaged in an affray at the principal hotel, when pistols, sword-canes, and 271 knives, were all at work—as usual, it was some electioneering quarrel.

I visited in the neighbourhood of the town a sulphur-spring in great repute, then walked round to the bridge, which is of wood, roofed over and supported on piers at least one hundred feet above the bed of the river; then I attended the debates of the legislature, and found the members in handsome rooms, the chairman elevated above the rest in a curtained rostrum, whilst the members themselves sat on chairs at separate tables, and every man of them, except the orator for the time being, was balancing himself on the hind legs of his chair, with his dusty boots on the table among the writing materials, and the soles of the feet presented at the chairman. “What would they have said to this in Persia?” I thought; “where on all occasions when seated, the feet are to be hidden by the skirt of the robe, and where also to present the sole of the shoe even at a beggar, is a deadly insult.” As little attention seemed to be shown to the different orators as we see on many occasions in St. Stephen's. The members spoke to each other, coughed, chewed tobacco, and spat on the floor; some walked about with their hats on, or opened a window and leaned over it with their backs to the company. The subject of debate was, whether or not new slaves should be allowed to be introduced into the State, for the Virginian massacre of seventy whites, which had just taken place, had alarmed the cotton-planters here, who

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were fearful that slave-traders would purchase Virginian negroes, (now sold cheap, for no confidence could be placed in them,) and introduce them into Tennessee, and thus corrupt the whole servile body.

I afterwards dined at one o'clock with a wealthy and most intelligent gentleman, Mr. Yeatman, from whom and his friends I received every attention, and was particularly pleased with the conversation of the principal of the college, Mr. Lindsay; and I beg to state, for the information of the silver-fork school, that in the houses of the "*gens comme il faut*" at Nashville, there was handsome furniture, a handsome table-service, and, above all, handsome ladies to preside. What more need I say?

In the afternoon I visited a new stone penitentiary a short distance from town. This fine building is three stories high, three hundred and ten feet in length, and fifty in width, contains cells for two hundred convicts, though I saw only about twenty in it, and cost about fifty thousand dollars. The plan on which it is built is this: a large roofed building has a broad central wall running its whole interior length; in this wall, on both sides, are the three tiers of cells, to which access is afforded by ladders and galleries. The cells are very narrow, contain a bedstead with 272 bed clothes, and a Bible; the door, as strong as wood and iron can make it, has a grating for the admission of air, and is ingeniously and most securely fastened on the outside.

No visitor is allowed to converse with the prisoners, nor are they permitted to hold communication with each other. Some worked as tailors and shoemakers inside the penitentiary, in the open space between the central and the side wall; while the rest in their dark grey dresses, were employed in an outer court forging the bolts and bars for the completion of the building, and to prevent their own escape. The good effects of this new house of correction are already apparent, for three *gentlemen* were confined in it, one for gouging out his neighbour's eye, the second for stabbing, and the third for biting his neighbour's nose off; and since summary punishment now attends these abominable

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modes of fighting, it is said that within these few months an alteration has taken place for the better among the lawless pioneers of Tennessee.

I next walked to a garden dignified with the name of Vauxhall. In the midst was a long room for balls, at the upper end of which were full-length portraits of President Jackson and General Lafayette. Under a shed, some people played at nine-pins, who addressed one another as colonel, major, and squire; whilst a few young men passed round a circular rail-road, on self-moving carriages of a novel build.

I spent the evening with some of my countrymen, one of whom had lately visited the Canadas, and he was quite delighted with the country and people. "I have been fifteen years in the United States," said he, "and though I have succeeded tolerably well, yet I never can feel myself at home here. I don't disagree with the citizens, and have many friends among them, still their manners are so different from those of our own people, that they are not at all to my taste, and I am resolved to move into the Canadas next year, and end my days in the midst of my countrymen, and of men whose habits and feelings are congenial with my own."

I mean no disparagement to the citizens of the flourishing Republic by recording the sentiments of an old resident among them. Americans who-set up their staff in the Canadas feel as uncomfortable as he did in the States. My only object in stating the above is to show that emigrants from Britain to America will best consult their comfort and happiness by settling among their own people, remaining subjects of our gracious Monarch, and eschewing a republican form of government, to which they are happily unaccustomed.

After a sojourn of three days at Nashville, I started for Louisville, 273 Falls of Ohio, Kentucky, and was driven by the first man I had heard sing since I had entered the States. But a jolly dog was this charioteer, and of some humour. "You were capsized the other day, Mr. Driver?" said one of our passengers. "Yes, I reckon I was, but nobody was hurt.

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The tongue of the pole broke in going down a hill, and I was afraid of running down to the bottom of it; so I told the passengers to sit still, for I was only going to upset them! They sat quiet, and I turned them over on a bank and stopped the horses, I'm d—d if I didn't!" The Americans in general have little music in their souls, and as yet it is as uncommon for an American gentleman to sing as it is for a Turkish effendi; the first considers it an accomplishment by which nothing is to be got, and the last thinks it disreputable either to sing or dance, and is content to pay for hired performers.

We journeyed on, well shaken as before, but got out and walked every now and then, some miles. "Wait, Mister, till you get out of this d—d State (Tennessee), and into old Kentuck; you'll then see a pretty country, I reckon," said a fellow passenger. At last we got into Kentucky, where I expected to see a proud, fierce, and overbearing set of people, that would be ready to pick a quarrel with a stranger on no provocation; but I found them, during the few days I was in the State, blunt in their manners to be sure, but withal civil and hospitable; and I may remark generally, that though I met with some very rough characters in the back woods, and saw knives drawn on several occasions, I suffered no personal insult, though the rude familiarity of the West often tries the temper.

The country, too, through which we passed, though but thinly peopled, was more open and cheerful than Tennessee. The climate was delightful, for the soil rests on a bed of porous limestone, which absorbs the moisture and renders the atmosphere dry and elastic, the temperature being about 65° in the end of September. Kentucky now contains about 700,000 inhabitants. On the road side grew wild vines abundantly, and the fruit, though small, was very palatable; there was also the persimmon, a species of plum. In walking up a hill, a straggling party of fifty negroes, preceded by the white owner, passed us. They were proceeding into Tennessee. This was an evidence of the internal slave-trade in the United States, which the Government is afraid to prevent.

I was quite tired of the endless discussions and arguments about the respective claims of Jackson and Clay to the Presidential chair. Though the first was not to vacate his office

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for eighteen months to come, yet the subject of his re-election was as warmly discussed as if it were to take place in a day or two. Morning, M m 274 noon, and night, in coaches and wagons, riding or on foot, before and after meals (for of course there is nor a word spoken during meals), and at night, in the many-bedded sleeping apartments, nothing was heard but Clay and Jackson, Jackson and Clay! Before we came to a “stand” the passengers would lay bets about the politics of the next driver we were to get. He would mount his box, and turn round and join us in conversation with the passengers inside, and give his opinion as to which of the rival candidates was “the best man.” When we stopped to change horses in a village, strapping fellows in leathers, and with their hair tied up in eel-skins, would put their foot on the wheel and their head into the conveyance, and say to me, “Well, stranger, which are you for, Clay or Jackson?”—“Why,” I answered, adopting their own phraseology, “I think Mr. Clay is a very smart man, but perhaps not so spry as the old general.”—“No, I guess not; if we had had another like him, the Britainers would not ha' taken Washington city.”

The Kentuckians have been accused of a total disregard of religious principles, and railing at every form of worship.” We stopped to dine at a small village, in which was a good church, and before meat the landlord pronounced as long a grace as I ever heard in Scotland; and where we slept at night, at Bowling Green, there were many religious books in the landlord's book-case, and a camp-meeting in the immediate vicinity of the town.

A stage was erected in an open spot in the forest for the preachers, who relieved each other, and round it were huts, hastily put up, to accommodate the religious enthusiasts during the several days they remained in the field. There was psalm-singing, energetic prayer, and wild declamatory discourses, to which the people responded by howling and crying. At night the idle and licentious of both sexes flocked to the meeting; flambeaux and fires, blazed in the centre; but the skirts of the congregation were dark, and *there* were constant scenes of drinking and debauchery. Thus we see that on all occasions ultra-christianity and religious fanaticism are attended with the worst effects.

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Next day we passed through a beautiful country, undulating and abounding in scattered oak woods. The houses we passed were plain, but comfortable, and the food of the people was abundant. We got venison, chickens, bacon, eggs, &c. and saw tobacco and maize fields everywhere. The more I saw of the people of Kentucky, the more I liked them. I saw some fine specimens of the manly character among them, and I respect them for the pride they take in their fine country and in all pertaining to it.

I stopped for some time to examine a natural curiosity by the side of the road. It was what was called a sink-hole. A stream disappeared in a large cave; and where it rushed down into the 275 bowels of the earth advantage was taken of the fall of the water to erect a mill in the mouth of the cavern.

It came on to rain heavily, and to add to our discomfiture, a violent quarrel took place between two of the passengers; one a foul-mouthed little rascal, boasted of his love intrigues, of his money and ability as a trader, and affected to despise every one who had not been across the Alleghanies, and had not seen Philadelphia, as he called it. This arrogance and desire to astonish provoked a Kentuckian, who swore he was nothing but a dirty bob-tailed store-keeper, and wished to impose on us, who he thought were hoebocks (country fellows). "But I'll fight you rough and tumble, or fair fight, for fifty dollars," said Kentuck, pulling out his pocket-book. The merchant looked small, but also produced his notes, he could not, however, find one among them for a less sum than one hundred, so we had no fight, but a surfeit of swearing and blackguardism. "It makes me mad," said Kentuck to me, "to hear a gingerbread fellow, like that, brag; but I knew he was a bankrupt; and would blow up, and come out at the small end of the horn."

A friend was one day standing at the door of a tavern in Kentucky, and whistling an air to himself. A fellow with his hair in an eel-skin coming past, cried "I say, mister, you whistle very well, I reckon, do it again." My friend good-naturedly complied. "Come," said he of the pigtail insolently, "try it again"—"I'll try and slap your chops."—"Slap chops!" cried Kentuck, and sprang into the middle of the road. "H—II! I'm your man for a fair fight, or rough and

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tumble;" and clapping his sides with his elbows, and crowing defiance like a cock, he swore he was a regular snorter, half horse, half alligator, and a bit of the snapping turtle, and cared for no man. Some of the by-standers interfered, and prevented a combat.

I was rather vexed, I must confess, with the strange manners of the women in these woods. I tried to put them in a good humour by praising their children and their houses, but I seldom or never could elicit a smile; they were always dull, cold, and melancholy. I should conceive it to be rather difficult to make love to one of these foresters. One afternoon I went up to a young mother with her first child at her knee, and said, "What a nice garden you've got." After a stare and a long pause, she inquired, "What say ye?" I repeated my remark, to which she merely replied, "tolerable." Yet with all this silence and reserve, they were always attentive to our comfort, set before us the best their house afforded, were far from being greedy of money, but rather extremely moderate in their demands for the food they supplied. Poor people! I often pitied them when I thought they were married to incorrigible rovers, to men who, after they have "fixed" themselves in a fertile spot, cleared some acres and inclosed them with rail-fences, raised log-houses, and out-houses, and even planted an orchard, hear from some passers by of fertile tracts in the far-off wilderness in Arkansas or Missouri, and, like the Tartars in search of fresh pastures, move off and are no more seen. Has not this continued desire for change of place and scene something to do with the non-existence of the law of primogeniture? Why are there so few durable houses in the States, so few libraries formed, or a taste for the fine arts shown? "The country is a new one," answers the American. I think that primogeniture being of no avail, and the want of local attachments, cause this restlessness.

I saw females who had been reared in comfort in New-England, but whose husbands, having suffered from the mad spirit of speculation which is abroad in the States, had retired into the wilderness to avoid their creditors, and to endeavour to retrieve their fortunes. The men looked sedate and thoughtful, and the women, though generally silent, yet occasionally gave vent to complaints of want of society; said they felt deeply the

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melancholy occasioned by the dark woods around them, and sincerely regretted their separation from friends and home.

“Thus memory from her treasured urn Shakes o'er the mind her spring-like rain; Thus scenes appear and palely burn, Like night-lights in the ocean's train. And still the soul shall these command, While sorrow writes upon the face; Their thoughts are on their native land, Their heart is in their native place.”

A traveller joined us who had just come from the Gold Mines of North Carolina. He gave me a very interesting account of them, and as I know that few in England are aware of the existence of gold in any quantity to the north of Mexico, I beg to subjoin a short statement regarding these mines.

The gold region as at present known, extends in ridges two hundred miles long, and forty broad, through North Carolina, touching also Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee. The gold has hitherto been found principally by washing the sand of water-courses. The country people brought the gold dust into the town of Charlotte, which is in the centre of the mines, in quills, and sold it to dealers, who afterwards sent it to the Mint to have it melted into bars, and stamped. But tricks were not unfrequently played, and copper was mixed with the gold dust.

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Gold is also found in North Carolina in ore, and I was told of one mass of twenty pounds weight, nearly the whole of which was gold. The gold veins generally have an inclination of 45°, and are of various widths. They occur in the valleys as well as on the sides of the ridges. The deepest shafts that have yet been sunk, are not much above one hundred feet in depth, but galleries have been carried from these to considerable distances under ground, though attention has been directed to the mines only within these five years.

The mass containing the precious ore is first stamped, or pounded, then ground with quicksilver, and finally subjected to the action of fire, to separate the gold from the

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quicksilver. In 1831 a body of miners arrived from Mexico, and speculators are flocking to Charlotte from all quarters, so that the town, which was lately an insignificant village, is growing very rapidly, and is now a bustling place. The Messrs. Blissels are very extensively engaged at the mines; they employ no fewer than six hundred hands, and in all, there are engaged in mining and in washing twenty thousand individuals. Some estimate the value of the ore found last year, to be three millions of dollars, and others said it could not be less than five. The greater portion of the gold is said to be shipped to Paris.

Another tourist in North Carolina stated a fact of considerable interest connected with the gold region, that there is undoubted evidence of the mines having been worked by the Aborigines, or by foreigners, at an unknown date. Pieces of rude machinery have been found, and crucibles, far superior to the best now made, and which are eagerly sought after by the present miners. The same individual stated the belief to be, that the gold region of the United States is likely to turn out more productive in gold than any other part of the globe; and Professor Olmsted, in the "American Journal of Science" in 1825, estimated the United States gold country to be one thousand square miles in extent. Whether this will prove a blessing or a curse to the Union, it is impossible to say; at present, the morals of the miners are represented to be in the worst possible state. The government does not interfere with the mines, in which foreigners have principally invested capital.

The amount received at the Mint from the United States gold region, was

In 1825 Dollars 17,000

1826 " 20,000

1827 " 21,000

1828 " 46,000

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1829 “ 128,000

1830 “ 466,000

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It appears, therefore, that shortly the United States will not require gold from Africa, South America, Mexico, and the West Indies, as heretofore; and if they secure the Texas, they will also have silver within themselves.

The conduct of the South Carolinians was constantly discussed by the people I fell in with on the road, for among them are found the most determined of the nullifiers, that is, they claimed a right to nullify or set aside any Act of Congress which at all interfered with their interests. Thus they said “That in order to protect the manufacturers of New England, Congress makes us pay heavily for our goods, whereas we could import them much cheaper and better from Europe.” Some of the Carolinians, by way of experiment as to the course their Government would pursue, had just imported woollens from Liverpool, on which they refused to pay duty at the Charleston custom-house, and were sentenced to be fined; but the matter was referred to the highest authorities, and the final settlement of the question will occupy some time. In the mean time, the nullifiers threaten to demolish their own custom-house, and separate themselves from the rest of the Union. “They must be blockaded, I swear,” said a New Yorker to me. “These Carolina planters are as proud aristocrats as any in the world, and think nothing of a man unless he can ride in his coach. They abuse the tariff which protects our manufactures, and say it prevents the cotton growing! Some years ago they got twenty-five cents for their cotton per pound, and this year only eight—all the blame is laid on the tariff. They may separate from us if they like, and perhaps we might be better off if we wanted the tail.”

We passed through Elizabeth Town, and after a beautiful ride came to the Salt River, which we crossed, on a large raft, near where it debouches into the Ohio, its clear stream gliding majestically between wooded hills to join the turbid waters of the Mississippi. We

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then struggled on through a muddy road, and arrived at Louisville, Falls of Ohio, an hour before sundown. The town, as we passed through the streets, had a very thriving aspect, and many of the houses had a substantial air about them, for they were of brick, and rough cast. We were set down at a large hotel, among a crowd of citizens waiting for their supper. Their hair was generally long, hat turned up behind, and every man of them had his hands in his pockets. In passing the bar I heard the usual interrogatory at the bar-keeper—"Have you got any good gin, sir?"—"Yes, sir, Hollands."—"Well, mix me a cocktail—I want to wet up."

I had an introduction from Mr. Audabon the naturalist, to his relations here, with whom I supped, and next day was occupied in walking along the river viewing the canal, which goes past the rapids or falls, and in seeing some of the public places in the town.

The canal seems a very complete work, and overcomes a height of twenty-four feet of limestone rock. The cross section is two hundred feet in width from bank to bank at top, fifty at bottom, and forty-two feet high. There are one guard and three lift-locks combined, each about one hundred and ninety feet in the clear. The canal is intended to accommodate steam-vessels of the largest class.

Louisville contains ten thousand inhabitants, and will increase rapidly in population, from its excellent site and freedom from the scourge of yellow fever, with which it was afflicted before certain swamps were drained near the town. The environs are very picturesque, especially the river view, with its woods, villas, and cultivated fields on the banks of the broad Ohio.

A laughable proof of the freedom of election in America happened to an acquaintance here, which I may as well repeat. He saw a crowd assembled at the door of a tavern, and on inquiring what was the occasion of it, he was told, that a lieutenant of militia was desirous of being made a general, and was then treating his friends with sling previous to the election. The privates elect their own officers by ballot in the States. A drunken fellow

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then staggered up to the stranger; and holding a bottle of rum by the neck, demanded, in a threatening voice, "Who are you for, Mister? D—n you, won't you vote for General Twig?"—"Excuse me," said my friend smiling, "I won't vote for either General Twig or General Wig!"—"You won't vote for General Twig, eh?" (shaking the bottle at him;) "what for?"—"Because," quietly answered the stranger, "I have no right to vote at all; I'm not a citizen of the Union!"—"Oh! that's it! Why the devil did you not say so before? Come, take an anti-fogmatic, then!" and they amicably pledged each other in a horn of old Jamaica. "Vote for my man or else get your head broke," is often the maxim in the back settlements.

I was tempted to stay in Louisville by an offer of an introduction to certain young ladies with blocks of houses, (a block is half a dozen or a dozen contiguous dwellings built on the same plan,) but as I had no inclination to locate myself on the banks of the Ohio, pleasant though they be, and handsome the fair that are found beside them, I embarked in a steamer, the Lady Byron, and paddled away up the river, bidding an eternal adieu to the attractions of Kentucky.

"Away! away! o'er earth and sea, This land is not a home for thee. Arise! and with a roving wing, To seek elsewhere the smiles of spring!"

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In the morning the mist lay on the valley of the river until touched by the magic beam of the sun, when they began to move, gradually separated, and rolled away in clouds of white vapour among the hills, just lingering for a moment on their tops, and, disappearing, left the glorious carpet of variegated foilage, which is said to be more beautiful in the fall, or autumn, in America than in any other part of the world. Here, on the hills of picturesque outline the yellow leaf of the poplar was contrasted with the red foliage of the maple, and masses of evergreen pines gave relief to the gorgeous sylvan mantle of scarlet and gold. But this theme has been exhausted before; the beauties of the banks of Ohio, and of the glorious Hudson in the fall, have been painted by other and abler limners; and, like the

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accomplished author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," nothing is left for us but to repress the feelings of our swelling hearts by silent musings.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Cincinnati in Ohio.—Its rapid growth, compared with Columbus.—The Author of "The Mississippi Valley."—Mrs. Trollope.—Falling Trees.—Marietta.—Land at Wheeling in Virginia.—Its Coal.—Its Fabriques.—Lament for Authors.—The big Grave.—An American Beggar.—Tale of a Chair.—A Horse Ferry.—Virginian Landlord.—Fanatics.—The golden Bible.—Rapp's Settlement on the Ohio.—Mr. Birkbeck in Indiana.—Wellsville.—A Scotch Colony.—Why was it located in the States?—Sergeant More M'Alpin.—The State of Ohio.—A Stage.—A Blacksmith's notions of England.—Good feeling on the part of Fellow Travellers.— Peach Plunderers.—Hungry Wayfarers.—Lake Erie.—A Walk-Land Speculators.—Town of Erie.—Belgian Emigrants.—Fredonia.—Natural Gas.—A Sermon.—Dunkirk.—Sail to Buffalo.—The great Erie Canal.—Rail Roads.—The Niagara River.—The great Cataract.

We sailed by the shores of Indiana on the left, and soon arrived at Cincinnati in Ohio. Its site is extremely pleasant, with a south exposure. It rises on a slope from the clear river. Its streets, notwithstanding what Mrs. Trollope said of them, seemed to me to be clean, were bustling with active industry, and are at right angles to each other. The tall chimneys of factories were seen here and there among the neat houses, and a crowd of steam-vessels lay below the town, in which there are now an hundred English families of respectability.

In 1800 Cincinnati had only a population of seven hundred; in 1810 two thousand five hundred and forty; in 1820 nine thousand 281 six hundred and forty-two; and at present it contains upwards of twenty-eight thousand inhabitants. The rapid growth of this town is most astonishing, and the Miami Canal to Lake Erie will, it is expected, add to its size and consequence in an increased ratio. The location of Columbus, the capital of, Ohio, not being so favourable as that of Cincinnati, it has not "improved" as the phrase is, as

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was to be expected, and though it is seated in the Scioto Valley, famous for its herds of cattle, and has other advantages, its population is only two thousand four hundred and thirty seven.

At Cincinnati, among others to whom I had introductions, was the Reverend T. Flint, the author of a valuable and interesting work, "Ten Years' Residence in the Valley of the Mississippi." Mr. Flint is stricken in years, and is a tall and spare-made man, full of intelligence and information regarding the vast and fertile tracts near which he dwells. He gave the preference to Indiana.

When I was leaving Cincinnati I remarked an odd-looking tower near the steam-boat landing, on which was inscribed in large letters, "Welcome Lafayette!" This I understood was erected by Mrs. Trollope after the celebrated General's last visit to the States in 1826. I wonder if the tower is still in existence!

As we proceeded up the river, it was interesting to notice the parts of the bank which had fallen in. The roots of the trees were exposed at the edge of the precipice, and the foliage beginning to decay; other trees had fallen back into the arms of those behind them, and some lay with their heads in the water ready to be carried away by the next "fresh" to form snags, sawyers, and other impediments to the navigation.

We passed Marietta in Ohio, a thriving place, with interesting remains of Indian works near it; and after running aground once or twice, for the river was very low, we arrived at Wheeling in Virginia. From the coal-field in the immediate neighbourhood of this town, there are a great number of fabriques of different kinds, in which steam is the *primum mobile*. There were saw-mills, paper-mills, woollen manufactories, &c. These I examined. After returning from my walk, I was sitting at the door of the hotel, when a little man with a bag in his hand came up to me, and asked me to purchase a volume of poems. I asked, "Who is the author?"—"I'm the man," said he;—"sometimes you see genius in a coarse coat." This was a romantic tailor, who warbled about the banks of Ohio, and occasionally

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quitted his shop-board to vend his own works. In the States there is such an inundation of reprints from English works, that native authors have little chance of encouragement from American publishers. N n 282 Therefore was the poetical Schneider obliged to be his own bookseller to clear the expense of publication. I condoled with Thomas J. Lees, and purchased his "Musings of Carol."

Near Wheeling is a most remarkable and interesting memorial of the former possessors of Virginia; it is called the Big Grave: a mound three hundred yards in circumference, ninety in altitude, and forty-five in breadth at top (where it has sunk in, and forms a sort of crater); it contains thousands of human bones; the skeletons of men of all ages are there found, with their heads directed to the common centre: and the lowest tiers are evidently many ages older than those near the top of this venerable monument of the unknown dead.

"Like the shadows on the stream; Like the evanescent gleam Of the twilight's failing blaze; Like the fleeting years and days; Like all things that soon decay, Pass the Indian tribes away!"

I here saw the first beggar and the last that I met in the States. Need I say more to attest the abundance of food and employment there is in this prosperous country? The beggar I speak of was a stout and well-dressed woman. She walked boldly into the room, and held out a hand which had been maimed in a cotton-mill. "You see that!" said she bluntly.—"I do."—"You'll give me something for it, I guess?"—"I reckon I will, if you don't make a demand."—"Umph!" she replied, without thanking me for my mite, and without moving. "Well, what are you waiting for? have you not got enough?"—"No; have *you* got nothing in your pocket for me?" addressing another person in the room. I was so provoked by her rudeness and unusual way of asking charity, that I took her gently by the shoulder and showed her the outside of the door. People are not yet accustomed to the trade of begging in the States.

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I may here give another instance of Virginian bluntness and independence. An Englishman was travelling with his wife through the country in a gig. One day, after having journeyed as far as they intended, they stopped opposite to a house before which a bear swung on the sign. The gig had lost a step, and the husband jumping out, called to a young woman lounging at the door of the tavern, "Bring a chair here!" The damsel addressed did not move. "Bring a chair here, I say!" Still no indication of assistance. "D—n it, are you deaf? don't you hear me? I say, I want a chair to let my wife down, eh?" On this the landlord presents himself at the door.—"Halloo, 283 stranger what's all this about? We allow no swearing here; go along, Sir! we take nobody in who swears or makes a noise here,"—and our distressed countryman was obliged to convey his spouse some ten or twelve miles farther on to another house of entertainment.

I crossed to an island opposite to Wheeling, by a horse-ferry raft. The poor blinded animals walked on a horizontal treadmill, which communicated with paddles. The steersman and driver were two of the most eye-gouging, whisky-drinking, nose-biting looking villians I ever beheld. After taking a survey of some farms, I embarked in a small steamer, the *Swan*, to go a few miles up the river to Wellsville: the banks became more picturesque as we advanced, and every thing combined to add a charm to the scene. It was the Indian summer, and the temperature was bland and the sky bright, except an occasional redness and haziness in the horizon. The noble sycamores and beeches threw their shadows into *la belle riviere*, and their polished stems were often entwined with the bright red leaves of a wild vine.

I was surprised to see that still so little wood had been cleared. For miles we sailed by varied hills and rich bottoms, without seeing a house. A few solitary taverns were pointed out which had been the scenes of deeds of violence and rapine. The keelmen, in descending the river, were enticed to land at these, a quarrel was got up, which ended in a fight. The boatmen were often stabbed and put out of the way, and their keel seized and carried down to New Orleans by the tavern gang, as I before mentioned as occurring on

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the Mississippi. It was a saying, that a Virginian inn was not safe if the landlord had lost his ears in a fight, and it was therefore necessary always to examine mine host previous to taking up one's quarters with him.

On the banks of Ohio are found fanatics possessed with the wildest possible conceits; their leaders are as often rogues as fools, and impose on the weak and ignorant, in order to turn the delusions, which they originate, to their own pecuniary advantage. The Mormonists gave rise to a good deal of conversation in the West last year. The origin and progress of this new sect, were shortly this; some idle people had been mis-spending their time in digging up money, but in their researches, they, as usual, stumbled on nothing more valuable than stones and earth. To them by invitation, Ringdon, a preacher of Ohio, joined himself, who pretended to dream of hidden treasures, and the party set to work with renewed hopes. To one of them it was revealed in a vision, that in a certain hill there was deposited an iron chest, containing golden leaves of a new Bible, called the Book of 284 Mormon; and after a time, the rest gave out that they had discovered what was pointed out "in vision of the night." A translation was forthwith made of the mysterious work, a rhapsody in scriptural language, and a multitude joined the Mormonists. Husbands forsook their wives, and parents their children, to become disciples. Farms were sold, and stores shut up to obtain the means of accompanying the elect into the wilderness. An island of the Mississippi received a number of these deluded people, where, in waiting to be fed like Elijah, with ravens, or with manna from heaven, they died of disease and hunger.

The settlements of Mr. Rapp (a German) on the Ohio, are well worthy of being visited. He is at present residing at Beaver. This gentleman understands colonization so thoroughly, that he will go with his countrymen into a howling wilderness, and in five years the desert, under his directions, will be flourishing "like a green bay tree." Handsome houses will be found, elegant churches, stores filled with goods, hotels, museums, and, above all, fields in a high state of cultivation. How is this miracle brought about? simply by combination. Mr. Rapp's followers bind themselves to labour for a common interest, and on a particular plan, and after a certain time divide a common purse, they are then independent. As

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a contrast to this, the English settlement of Mr. Birkbeck, in Indiana, may be cited. He himself, poor man, is now dead, having been upset in a canoe, and drowned in a creek, and those who followed him to the New World, (many of them with considerable sums of money,) are now almost all ruined and scattered. The cause of all this was, that there was no combination among our countrymen, and, following the same system of agriculture, as is usual in England, each trying to act independently, they realized the fable of the bundle of sticks, and were broken separately.

I had a chronometer in South America, but I did not think it necessary to take it to the United States, to verify the positions of the junctions of streams, &c.; besides, from the way in which I travelled, alone, without a servant, and deprived of conveniences, it would have been impossible to carry with me a chronometer, or delicate instrument for taking observations. Tenant's maps seem to give the most correct positions of the junctions of streams and the situations of the towns and villages.

If the traveller turns off at Wheeling or Pittsburgh, and proceeds to the eastward, there is little except the passes of the Alleghany mountains that can be particularly recommended to his notice—their height, direction, scenery, and flora, are all interesting. 285 But it is better worth the traveller's while to push for Upper Canada in the first place, and take the Eastern States on his return. If he be on the Ohio in the fall, this plan will extend his limits considerably, render him independent of the winter, and lead him along a less beaten tract.

At Steubenville there was a fleet of "broad horns," floating shops, containing fruit and flour, and keel boats loaded with produce. On one of the latter there was a specimen of a boatman who afforded a good deal of amusement; in his hands were two tin drinking cups, and ever and anon he went to a barrel of whiskey in the stern-sheets of his craft, and took a dose with one tin, and dipped the other into the river, making what is called midshipman's grog in his stomach. He looked at us, and said, with a swaggering drunken air, "I suppose you think I'm a hoebuck (clown) because I'm on a keel, and have not got

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a good coat on; I'm a real tar, and by G—d I'll whip (thrash) any body with a good coat on;"and then he took another horn. The Americans are not so particular about the make of the coat as the fineness of the cloth, and I remarked that they thought very little of those who did not "turn out" in superfine.

The captain of the Swan wanted to leave us at Steubenville, and there was a little fight in consequence; but we carried our point, and went on to Wellsville, and scrambled through the mud to the inn. Every bed was doubly full, and I slept on the floor at the door of a closet, out of which two young women came, and stepped over me in the morning.

In the neighbourhood of Wellsville, (as yet but a straggling village,) there is a numerous Scotch colony. I saw several of my countrymen, and was delighted to hear my native tongue in this far-off land, to answer eager inquiries regarding the happy state of old Caledonia, and to talk of scenes for ever dearly cherished, and held in fond remembrance by the self-exiled. It was impossible to listen without strong emotion to the plaintive airs of our country, sung by these simple people with such deep feeling; the eyes of the hearers were involuntarily filled with moisture, and a chord of the heart beat responsive to the music.

"Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean, Where heartsome with thee I hae many days been; For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more, We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more."

"Why did you not settle in the Canadas?" I inquired of several. "Some of our friends cam here before us, sir, and we didna ken the difference between the twa Governments; at the time we cam ower here, it was aa ae America to us, and since 286 we're here we maun jist bide. The Americans have been very leeberal in the way o' land, and are decent folk on the whole, though there's a great difference between oor menners and theirs; every man o' them, man and boy, father and sin, hae separate interests, we aa draw thegither, and try

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to keep up a kindly communion atween oorsels. There's nae folk like oor nain folk, sir, after aa."

I inquired the history of one man, and he said, his father was a small farmer in the highlands of Perthshire, and that his "forebears" had held the same land for two or three hundred years. A young laird succeeded to the estate who had been in England and abroad, and had acquired extravagant habits and notions. He wished to raise his rents. The farmer offered a higher rent, as much as he could afford to give, sooner than quit his beloved country and kindred, and "the graves of his people." The steward demanded more than he could give, and sorrowfully he emigrated to America "to choose his place of rest, with Providence his guide."

The case of this man was similar to that of thousands of others of our warm-hearted peasantry; and I could not help cursing the cold-hearted cupidity of some landlords, (alas! how degenerated from their noble ancestors,) and recalling to mind the beautifully pathetic introduction to the "Legend of Montrose," by the immortal Scott.

"Sergeant More M'Alpin returned after forty years hard service to the wild highland glen, in which he was born and reared to manhood; to his recollection this retired spot was unparalleled in beauty by the richest scenes he had visited in his wanderings. Even the happy valley of Rasselas would have sunk into nothing upon the comparison. He came—he revisited the loved scene—it was but a sterile glen surrounded with wild crags and traversed by a northern current. This was not the worst. The fires had been quenched upon thirty hearths. Of the cottage of his fathers he could but distinguish a few rude stones—the language was almost extinguished—the ancient race, from which he boasted his descent, had found a refuge beyond the Atlantic. One Southland farmer, three grey-plaided shepherds, and six dogs, now tenanted the whole glen, which in his youth had maintained in content, if not in competence, upwards of two hundred inhabitants. The veteran determined to follow his kindred to their American retreat, for with heavy hearts they had bid adieu to their native glen, to the strain of *Ha til mi tulidh*, we return no more."

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Of the State of Ohio it is said, that from La Belle Riviere on the south to the Canadian Lakes on the north, it affords the greatest 287 body of good land in America; at present, the greater part of it is covered with heavy timber. There are some morasses and some barren tracts; but as a convincing proof of the superior quality of the soil in general, the New Englanders have made it their own. It is a Yankee State; and of this I was sufficiently aware when I saw the compact farms, the neat white-painted frame houses, the orchards, and the general air of comfort and frugality in the people, and in all that pertained to them in the State of Ohio.

Our stage was drawn by four horses; had no outside passengers except "Mr. Driver," but nine inside, on three seats. The sides of the vehicle were of leather, and there was one door of entrance. The springs consisted of very thick and strong leather straps, which went "fore and aft" under the oval body, and were suspended to short iron uprights "front and rear." The wheels were of corresponding strength, and as the roads were very deep and heavy, all the solidity of construction of our stage could hardly save us from breaking down under the "rude assaults" we experienced.

A drunken fellow of a blacksmith commenced a series of abuse of Old England, "a land of slaves, with a despotic government!" I let him run on without interruption, for I wished to hear the notions of the lower classes of Americans regarding our noble country; but when an eastern passenger, in the usual course of guessing and asking questions, learned to what country I belonged, he, as well as the other passengers, insisted on Vulcan's making an apology, which he did, whilst the others hoped that I would not take offence at what had happened, or conceive a bad impression of their country from the ignorance and bad manners of one man. I was highly gratified with all this, and I assured them that I had a great esteem for them and for Americans in general; that I hoped that petty jealousies would cease between two nations derived from the same stock, as soon as the ignorance of each other's character was removed, and that, so far from feeling any ill will myself to the Americans, I felt proud that such a people should have proceeded from a country

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to whose service I was attached. I heartily wished them success as a nation, provided there was no attempt at interference with the British American possessions, and thus we journeyed on pleasantly together.

We passed a number of peach orchards, and I remarked the pigs feeding on the fallen fruit. We sallied out of the stage two or three times, and filled our hats with peaches, but they were flavourless and insipid. One passenger eat a bushel. I don't know how he passed the night after it, but it was lucky that the 288 cholera was not in the country at the time, or he would certainly have fallen a victim to it.

I remarked that at the tavern where we stopped, there was much more economy in the domestic arrangements than I had seen before in the States. The mistress of the family handed us the tea or coffee, with very scanty supplies of milk and sugar, and the eatables were also portioned out in a way that was rather tantalizing to hungry travellers. Everything was remarkably clean in and about the houses, but I observed the same thing in Holland, where the fare was equally scanty.

At last I was refreshed with the sight of that great inland sea, Lake Erie, and passing Ashtabula, I sat down on its shore in the clean house of a fine specimen of a New-England farmer.

A gale was agitating the waters of Erie; and as I strolled along the sandy beach, with water worn stones and decayed timber thickly strewn upon it, it seemed as if I trod the margin of the ocean's tide. I only met with two persons in a long walk, one a hunter in search of wild turkeys and squirrels, and the other a woodsman, splitting drift logs by means of an iron wedge and a club like that of Hercules.

I wished to embark on the lake, and sail down to Buffaloe, but I could get no vessel, the small schooners opposite my door being afraid to venture; I accordingly got into one of three coaches at Ashtabula, laden with land speculators, who had returned from the north-west territory and Michigan. Most of them seemed to be disappointed, and said

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that generally the shores of Lake Michigan were low and feverish. I passed rather an unpleasant night on the road. There was a great deal of "wetting up," and swearing, and the roads were none of the best.

We arrived at the town of Erie, and found in the principal hotel (the Mansion House) a party of thirty-five Belgians, men, women, and children, at the head of whom was a Count Leo. They intended to purchase a tract on the Ohio. These foreigners excited a good deal of interest among my companions, who crowded in to see them eat, as if they had been *feræ naturæ*.

The next stage was Fredonia, where I halted. The others went on. Fredonia is lighted with natural gas; a river runs by it; and if a light is passed over the surface of the water in particular spots, flames rise like those from the waves of the Infernal Phlegethon. In a small house on the banks of the stream is the gasometer; a square reservoir for water has been dug under cover of a roof; in this floats a large wooden box without a bottom; the gas rises in this, and the weight of the box forces the gas into tubes, which distribute it over the village.

Two neat churches stood side by side in Fredonia, a Presbyterian 289 and a Baptist. I attended the former, and heard a tall young preacher deliver an excellent discourse. He censured those hearers who are more ready to criticise the orator than attend to the truths which he delivers:—"He is not a smart man," say some of a particular preacher, and neglect altogether the doctrines he endeavours to inculcate. How absurd is it," said the Minister, "for those who are starving to refuse food because it is offered to them in vessels whose form they do not like; equally foolish is it in those who reject the world altogether because the minister may not be personally approved of."

From Fredonia I went in a wagon to Dunkirk, on the shores of Erie, and found a house full of Irish emigrants, waiting an opportunity to proceed up the lake to Amherstburgh. I was delayed here nearly two days, and wandered about in the woods and along the beach,

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visited an American light-house, and spent a few pleasant hours with some lively and intelligent ladies I accidently met, and shall never see again "on this side of time."

"The star which shines so fair at e'en, Lives but the hours of night; It glows on many a fairy scene, But fades at morning light.

'Tis like the joys which mortal taste, They're but in slumber given; And when we wake, in life's dull waste, The golden spell is riven."

At last I got an opportunity to sail down the lake to Buffaloe, and on the voyage thither, observed the rocky south shore of Erie, fringed with dark pines and a few scattered log-houses among them. Erie is two hundred and seventy miles long, twenty-five broad, and two hundred feet deep: it sometimes freezes in winter.

Arrived at Buffaloe, I found myself in a comfortable hotel, the Buffaloe House. I walked about the town, and saw that, phoenix-like, it had risen from its ashes, and exhibited no traces of the fire which had consumed it in the last American war. The commencement of the great Erie canal, connecting the Hudson with the Canadian lakes, is at Buffaloe. I saw a part of it, and heard that last year it took forty per cent. of the profits to cover the expense of repairs. This canal used to be the boast of the Americans, but it was hastily finished, and with inadequate funds. The state of New York suffers, and not private individuals. The papers are filled with proposals for a rail-road to supersede the canal.

The Liverpool and Manchester rail-road has quite turned the O o 290 heads of the citizens of the States. Rail-roads were the universal topic of conversation in all parts of the country, dividing attention with the rival claims of Clay and Jackson for the presidential chair. If the Thames Tunnel had succeeded, (which it is earnestly hoped it will eventually do, and then we may also see the banks of the Thames enclosed with quays, with handsome houses on them, instead of the present miserable huts, sheds, and wood-yards,) I am convinced

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that tunnels would have been tried in all parts of the civilized world; and from what I have heard in Russia, one under the Neva would undoubtedly have been commenced.

When embarking at Buffaloe to sail down the Niagara river to Chippaway, I saw several families of Swiss peasants who had just arrived from New York. The men wore blue smocks and forage caps with large peaks, and the women had the usual full petticoats, in shortness rivalling the kilts of our red-shanks. The weather was very cold, yet these mountaineers looked cheerful and happy. In sailing out of the harbour, we passed a handsome pier, formed by filling coffers of wood with stone, and then building on them.

The banks of the Niagara river are flat and covered with wood. Silence reigned among those scenes where, fifteen years before, the warning notes of the bugle and the sharp crack of the rifle were hourly heard. We circled round Great Island, on which there was an abortive city called Ararat, from which a religious sect was to have proceeded that was to extend over the whole earth. The river widened out before us, and I remarked that we were swept rapidly onwards by an increasing current, showing ripples and eddies at the surface. In the distance, a white cloud rose high in heaven, and slowly and continually changed its form—its colour resembled the smoke of burning lime; at one moment it was a dense mass, then portions detached themselves from it and disappeared in the atmosphere, and lastly, it seemed a great tree with a straight stem, on which rested a spreading top. A dull murmur came occasionally on the breeze, like the far-off “voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, or as the voice of mighty thunderings.” It was the sound of the Falls of Niagara.

I landed at Chippaway, and in crossing the bridge, the scene of some desperate encounters, I was aware that I stood on British ground, by seeing before me two soldiers of that particularly smart regiment the 79th Highlanders, and every thing combined to occasion a state of most pleasing excitement. I was at home among friends and countrymen, and about to feast on one of the grandest scenes in the universe.

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I continued my course along the Niagara river, and passed a 291 little grey church embowered in oak wood, in which Sir Peregrine Maitland, the late Lieutenant of Upper Canada, used to attend divine service. The afternoon was calm and serene, and there were no moving objects on the level road, which winded between fields, rail-fences, and dark trees. This repose was fitted to prepare the mind for the mighty cataract, whose hollow voice came upon the wind with varying loudness; at one moment, loudly heard as if close at hand, and the next, dying away like the magic strains of an *Æolian* harp.

I reached a part of the road from which the shelving banks of the river, covered by the pines with many scathed tops among them, descended abruptly. And here a scene burst upon me more like what one may venture to conceive of what shall afterwards be revealed to the blessed in Paradise, than any other the most imposing of Nature's works, which I had delighted in visiting.

A mile of the broad river was broken into angry and foaming rapids, whose waves increased in size, crested with foam as they approached Goat Island, covered with wood, and dividing the channel of the united overflowings of Lake Superior, Huron, Michigan, and Erie. Between the high bank where I stood and the island, was the sweep of the horse-shoe fall, over which, from their great depth, the waters seemed to roll with majestic slowness into a cauldron below, from which rose the ever-varying column of steam beautifully tinted with rainbows. Dimly seen through the vapour, was the straight fall on the American side. Its broad white sheet contrasted with the dark precipices of Goat Island, preventing the union of the two cataracts. The bend of the British fall did not permit me to see its entire breadth, and as the vapour cloud obscured the bottom of the American fall, and increased its apparent size, much was left to the imagination, and consequently a higher conception was formed of the grandeur of the falls from this point of view, than from any other.

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But why need I stop to describe a scene which has already so often occupied the pen and the pencil of authors and artists? I pass on in thankfulness that it has been my good fortune to have feasted my eyes upon its glories.

Inviting me to enter, on opposite sides of the road were two hotels with pillars, large windows, and white paint, like staring racing stands. Nothing could be so ill-suited to the scene as these abominations; but if the traveller turns his back upon them, and looks towards the falls and up the river, the scene is still so wild, that it seems as if it were yet only tenanted with the Indians and red deer. I took a room at Lundy's Lane, below the falls, in a quiet country-inn, on the field where a desperate night-battle 292 was fought last war, the roar of the artillery mingling with the thunders of Niagara.

In the evening I crossed the fields, leaping fences and scrambling through marshes and underwoods, to see the falls from below. I saw the snow-white water issuing from the cloud of vapour, which for ever hides the bottom of the sheet of this cataract. I stood on the table-rock overhanging a part of the horsehoe, and descending to the lower ledge, placed myself beside the water plunging into the great cauldron, and in going under the fall was, drenched with the condensed vapour, and assailed with violent gusts of wind, whilst slimy water-snakes and eels wound themselves round the slippery rocks, dimly seen by the green light shining through the thick and resistless sheet of thundering water.

That night, before I lay down I listened long to the voice of the cataract, and could see in the clear moonlight its cloud ascending slowly and gracefully over the trees. Next morning I rose early, and again hurried to the river, and crossing the ferry in a small boat, wildly tossed about in the troubled waters, I ascended on the American side, a wooden stair, and saw the ladder from which a strange character, called Jack Patch, used to leap into the river, there two hundred feet deep. I crossed the rapids above the American Falls, to Iris, or Goat Island, by a wooden bridge a triumph of art over nature. It was thrown across the angry torrent in the following manner:—A beam of wood was fixed horizontally in the bank at one end; from the extremity of the other a strong cradle of wood, filled with stones, was

let down into the rocky bed of the rapids, to act as a pier; into this, the first pier, another log was fixed; then a second pier was added, and a third, till the bridge was laid. I wandered among the shades of Goat Island, read in an album containing thousands of names of visitors, that of one who stated his residence to be the world, and his destination the grave; walked to the extremity of the bridge, lay on the Terapin rocks, and looked over

“To where Niagara, in deafening sweep, Girded with rainbows, thunders down the steep!”

and at a late hour returned to take my ease at my inn. And here, by way of episode, I may give a narrative of the last days of a strange being, whose fate has given an additional interest to the falls this year. My tale was in part derived from a respectable resident at Niagara, and was confirmed by the testimony of the ferryman, who was witness to many of the melancholy details which follow.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

The last days of Francis Abbott.—His arrival at Niagara.—Enraptured with the Falls.—Resides in Goat Island.—Builds a cottage.—His eccentric Habits.—Suspends himself over the Cataract.—His Firmness.—His principles.—He commits suicide.—His Life and Travels.—Examination of his Cottage.—Reflections.—Progressive Changes in the Rock of the Falls.—Water Rockets.—An interesting Walk.—Sporting.—Canadian Rifleman.—Queenstown Heights.—Extensive View.—General Brocke.—Mr. W. H. Merritt.—The Welland Canal.—Embark on Lake Ontario.—Arrive at York the Capital of Upper Canada.—Its Rise.—The Lieutenant Governor.—The University.—Colonel Givings.—Ride to the Credit Creek.—Clearing Land.—Emigrants.—American Innkeepers.—An Indian Village.—Change of Habits in Indians.—Their Appearance.—Distribution of Presents.—Birds of Prey.—Consequence of allowing Methodist Preachers among the Indians.—Chief Yellow Head.—Ride up Young Street.—German Settlers.—An old Highland Woman.—Sail to Kingston.—Its Appearance.—Attend a Ploughing-match and Show of Cattle.—Ride to

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Kingston Mills.—The Rideau Canal.—A Funeral.—The lake of the Thousand Isles.—Farm House.—The St. Lawrence.—Brockville.—Prescott.—The Cascades.—Sail up the Ottawa.—Philemon Wright of Hull—Story of a Beaver.—Arrive at Bytown.

On the 18th June 1829, the anniversary of the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, a tall and handsome young man, habited in a long sad-coloured cloak or gown, passed through the village at Niagara. Under his left arm he bore a roll of blankets, as if for bivouacking, a portfolio, a flute, and a large book; in his right hand was a cane. In passing the Eagle Hotel he attracted the gaze of the visitors by his eccentric appearance; but regardless of the idle and gay crowd, he passed on, and sought out the unpretending inn of Mr. O'Kelley. There he immediately entered into stipulations with the host for the entire use of a room where he could eat and sleep alone, and that certain parts of his cooking should be done by Mr. O'Kelley. He then made the usual inquiries as to the localities about the Falls, and wished to know if there was a library or reading-room in the village. On being informed that there was, he repaired to it, deposited three dollars, took out a book, purchased a violin and some music-books, and informed the librarian that his name was Francis Abbott, and that he should remain a few days at the Falls. He then conversed on various subjects, and showed by his language that he was a man of cultivated mind.

Next day he returned to the library, and expatiated enthusiastically upon the beautiful scenery round the Falls, and upon that most sublime and magnificent spectacle the great cataract itself. "In all my wanderings," he said, "I have never met with anything in nature that equals it in sublimity, except perhaps Mount Etna during an eruption. I shall remain here at least a week, for as well might a traveller in two days expect to examine in detail all the museums and sights of Paris, as to become acquainted with Niagara, and duly to appreciate it in the same space of time. You tell me that many visitors remain here only one day, and I am quite astonished that any one, who has a few days to spare, could think of only devoting one to this, perhaps the grandest of Nature's works."

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In a few days he called again, and again spoke in raptures of the glorious scene. He said he had now determined on remaining a month, or perhaps six months, and wished to fix his abode on Goat or Iris Island, and was desirous of erecting a rustic hut, where he might abstract himself from all society, and lead a hermit's life of seclusion. But the proprietors of the island refused him the permission he sought, so he occupied a small room in the only house on the island—a log-hut of one story, and in front a vegetable garden, washed by the rapid above the American falls. The family with whom he lived furnished him occasionally with bread and milk; but he often dispensed with these, providing himself with other articles from a store, and performed his own cooking. He thus lived for twenty months, until the family removed; and then, to those few persons with whom he held communication, he expressed his great satisfaction at having it now in his power to live entirely alone. But after a time another family occupied the hut, whose manners he did not like; so he set about building for himself, and erected on the opposite bank a dwelling of plain exterior, which yet stands, about thirty rods from the American fall, and embowered in trees; here he lived for two months.

Many spots on Iris Island are consecrated to the memory of Francis Abbott. At the upper end of the island he had established his promenade; and in one place it was hard trodden, like the short walk of a sentry at his post. Between Iris and Moss Island there is, in shade and seclusion, a small but interesting cascade; this was his favourite retreat for bathing. Here he resorted at all seasons of the year. In the coldest weather, even when there was snow on the ground and ice on the river, he continued to bathe in the Niagara.

At the lower extremity of the island is the bridge leading to the Terapin rocks, between which the troubled water roars and rushes immediately before it is precipitated over the ledge. At first when I went on this bridge, though I am not accustomed to become giddy, yet, for a time, I could not divest myself of the idea 295 that the bridge was giving way under me, and was hurrying over the awful steep—

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"Towards the verge Sweeps the wide torrent; waves innumerable Meet here and madden; waves innumerable Urge on and overtake the waves before, And disappear in thunder and in foam."

From the end of the bridge there extended a single piece of timber, some twelve or fifteen feet over the cataract. On the bridge it was the daily practice of the hermit to walk, either when alone or when there were visitors there, whom he often alarmed by his strange appearance in his dark gown, hair streaming in the wind, and bare feet. With a quick step he would pass along the bridge, advance on the timber to the extreme point, turn quickly but steadily on his heel, and walk back, and continue thus to walk to and fro for hours together. Sometimes he would stand on one leg, and pirouette with the other round the end of the log; then he would go down on his knees, and gaze in seeming ecstasy on the bright green and snow-white water of the cataract. "But the worst of all, Sir," said the ferryman to me, "was when he would let himself down by the hands, and hang over the Fall. Lord! Sir, my flesh used to creep, and my hair stand en end, when I saw him do that." Truly, he must have had nerves of iron, thus to suspend himself over such a fearful abyss, the vapour rising in clouds round him, the appalling roar of the mighty waters stunning him, as the heavy sound rose from the bottom of the mighty cauldron, perhaps five hundred feet deep.

To the inquiry, why he would thus expose himself? he would reply, that in crossing the ocean he had frequently seen the sea-boy "on the high and giddy mast" perform far more perilous acts; and as he should probably again soon pass the sea himself, he wished to inure himself to such danger: if the nerves of others were disturbed, his were not. The ferryman said he suspected he wished to slip from the bridge some day by accident. At the midnight hour he was often found walking, alone and unfearing, in the most dangerous places near the Falls, and at such times he would shun approach, as if he had a dread of man.

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An agent at Boston remitted him a stipend of about five dollars a-week, and he always attended to the state of his accounts very carefully, was economical in the expenditure of his money for his own immediate use, and was generous in paying for all favours and services, never receiving any thing without making immediate payment. He had a deep and abiding sense of his moral 296 duties, was mild in his behaviour, and inoffensive in his conduct. Religion was a subject he well understood and highly appreciated: "The charity he asked from others, he extended to all mankind."

The ferryman informed me that some weeks before I arrived at Niagara he observed Francis Abbott bathe twice in one day below the boat landing; a third time he came down, and the ferryman remarked him holding his head under water for a considerable time, and thought to himself that he should not like to be so situated. He turned his boat to convey a passenger across, and on looking again to the spot where he had last observed the hermit, he was no more to be seen—his clothes only lay on a rock. Search was immediately made for the body, but it was not discovered till ten days afterwards, many miles below the Falls, at Fort Niagara. When picked up, it was slightly braised, doubtless in passing through the Devil's Hole, a terrific whirlpool with drift timber in it, three miles below the great Falls. The corpse was removed to the burial ground at Niagara, and decently interred.

Thus terminated the career of the unfortunate Francis Abbott, so little known to those among whom he spent his last two years, that only a few gleanings of his life can be given. He was an English officer, on half pay, and of a respectable family; his manners were excellent, and his mind highly cultivated. His education had been a finished one, for he was not only master of several languages, but well versed in the arts and sciences, and also possessed all the minor accomplishments of a gentleman; with colloquial powers in an eminent degree, and music and drawing in great perfection. Several years of his life had been spent in travelling; he had visited Egypt and Palestine, had journeyed

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through Italy, Turkey, and Greece, Spain, Portugal, and France, and had resided for a considerable period at Rome, Naples, and Paris.

While at the Falls, if business brought him in contact with any of the inhabitants, with a few of them he would sometimes be sociable, to all others distant and reserved. When he chose to converse, his subjects were always interesting, and his descriptions of people and countries were glowing and animated; but at most times he would hold no conversation with any one, communicating his wishes on a slate, and requesting that nothing might be said to him. Sometimes, for three or four months together, he would go unshared, often with no covering on his head, his body enveloped in a blanket, shunning all; and seeking the deepest solitudes of Iris Island. He composed much, and generally in Latin, but destroyed his writings as fast almost as he produced them. When his cottage was examined hopes were entertained that some manuscript or memorial might be found of his composition; but 297 he had left nothing of the kind. His faithful dog guarded the door, and was with difficulty persuaded aside while it was opened. A simple cot stood in one corner, and his guitar, violin, flute, and music-books, were scattered about confusedly; a portfolio lay on a rude table, and many leaves of a large book; but not a word, not even his name, was written on any of them.

“What, it will be asked,” said an intelligent American, “could have broken up and destroyed such a mind as seemed to have been that of Francis Abbott? What could have driven him from the society he was so well qualified to adorn, and what transform him, noble in person and intellect, into an isolated anchorite, avoiding the society of his fellows? The history of his misfortunes is unknown, and the cause of his unhappiness and seclusion is still a mystery.”

At Niagara I remained part of three days, and could with difficulty tear myself from the glorious scene. I found that no material change had taken place in the Horse-shoe Fall since Captain Hall visited it; the American Fall seems to be fast assuming the horse-shoe form. In standing under the Falls, one ever and anon hears the sound of falling rocks

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amidst the awful roar of the cataract; but many of these may have been rolled down the rapids from a distance, and may not be portions of the rock of the cascade itself which are falling. I looked attentively for the water rockets which Captain Hall (in general a close and accurate observer) states to be projected upwards from the bottom of the Fall, and to burst in mid air; but I think, with all due deference, that he must have been under some delusion when he thought he saw this. I could observe nothing of the kind either here or at any other cataract, and no one about Niagara, or acquainted with it, knew anything of such phenomena.

I know of few walks more interesting than to trace the short course of the Niagara river, thirty-six miles, between lakes Erie and Ontario; the woods are extremely beautiful; in them were fought many skirmishes and actions in the last unnatural war between Britain and her sturdy descendants. Comfortable farm-houses, with their peach and apple orchards, and fertile fields, are found scattered amongst the groves. If one has time to tarry a few days in the month of October, he may accompany the young farmers deer-shooting, or signalize himself against innumerable flocks of wild ducks. Of a morning, hundreds of these poor birds are sometimes found dead in the pools below the Falls, perhaps carried down the rapids when asleep, and when they awoke fear may have paralyzed them, and prevented their saving themselves before they took the fatal plunge.

I fell in with a young rifleman on my way to Lake Ontario, and P p 298 we had a long discussion about deer-shooting and rifles; he said he had been in some of the actions during last war, and that the Americans cared little for a volley from our regulars, but dreaded the Glengary Fencibles, who from youth were trained marksmen in the Canadian Forests.

We reached Queenstown heights, seven miles below the Falls, and here enjoyed the first extensive prospect since I had entered the States; all had hitherto been streams and dark woods.—

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“From Mississippi's proudly fertile flood, And Orleans, seated on her banks of mud!”

Now, however, from a commanding eminence, the eye wandered with delight over the Country in the State of New York; fields and foliage, plains and distant hills, with the town of Lewistown, were on the right, while in front, the Niagara river swept majestically between its rocky banks to Lake Ontario, which lay in the bright sun calm and unruffled, the white sails of a schooner giving relief to its azure waters. On the left were the shores of Upper Canada, and on the eminence above us was the pillar, erected in memory of the gallant Brock, beside some crumbling batteries, from which he received his death-wound on the memorable 13th of October 1812, when an American force of sixteen hundred men under Gen. Wadsworth, crossed over from Lewistown to invade Canada, but few of them returned. After their signal defeat upwards of a hundred were bayoneted over the rocks on the right, three hundred feet above the Niagara. The General, and one thousand officers and men surrendered to the British.

I was fortunate enough to fall in with Mr. William Hamilton Merritt, to whom Canada is mainly indebted for the Welland Canal. With him I passed through a cut of the canal; and for those of my readers who wish an outline of this important undertaking, I subjoin the following sketch:—

In 1825 a company was incorporated by an act of the Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada, for the purpose of connecting the Lakes Erie and Ontario, by means of a canal, so as to pass round the Falls of Niagara and admit vessels of a hundred and twenty-five tons burthen. The length of the canal is forty miles. Nineteen of this required excavation, and rivers form the remainder. The summit level is three hundred and thirty feet above Lake Ontario, and this has been surmounted by thirty locks of wood; and last autumn several vessels passed through the canal.

The original capital was 180,000 *l.* sterling, divided into sixteen thousand shares of 11 *l.* 5 s. each; but the original capital not covering the expenses incurred in the construction of the canal, several loans have been obtained to complete it.

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The locks are one hundred and twenty-five feet by thirty-two in some places, in others one hundred feet by twenty; but why there should be two sizes for the locks does not appear. But this is only a part of the many mistakes that have been committed in the Welland Canal; the principal of which are—1st. An improper route, through a horrible marsh, the Wainfleet, the seat of agues and actual yellow fever, and abounding in rattlesnakes and musquitoes; and 2dly, Making the locks of wood instead of stone: “Many of these,” said Engineer M'Taggart, “have been carried away by the floods, and sailed down to Ontario, like immense cages; and they constantly require repairs.”

Yet, in the end, the canal must succeed, for the trade of all the upper lakes will pass through it, and their shores are settling so rapidly that a dense population will eventually cause the Welland Canal to be a prosperous speculation, provided always, that a railroad between Queenstown and Chippawa, on the Niagara river, does not interfere with it.

I embarked on Lake Ontario, and sailed to York, the capital of Upper Canada, seated on a flat shore behind a long spit of sand, which encloses the harbour, like that of Kingston, Jamaica. York presents no very imposing appearance, yet it is rapidly rising in importance; and though the land around it is sterile, and fine forests are close to the town, yet, under the fostering care of the present Lieutenant-Governor of the province, it will become a flourishing city. I found the streets laid out in straight lines, the wooden tenements all giving place to brick buildings, and a convenient footway on each side for pedestrians. The public offices were of handsome exterior, and the New University, founded by Sir John Colborne, leaves nothing to be desired by the colonist with the cares of a family on his hands.

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I delivered an introduction to the Lieutenant-Governor (the right hand of the gallant Moore,) and was most kindly received by an officer, to whom his juniors would do well to look up as a pattern, both as a man and a soldier; courteous in the hall, undaunted in the field, and zealous in promoting the comfort and happiness of those committed to his charge.

I visited the college, and found one hundred and ten students receiving an excellent education from professors, belonging to the English Universities. The emulation among the young men was quite surprising, and all seemed nearly perfect in their classical and mathematical exercises. They were, besides, clean, well dressed, and healthy. Those who board at the college are fed and taught for the very moderate sum of 25 *l.* a year.

Colonel Givings, the superintendent of Indians, being about to proceed to the Credit Creek to distribute the annual presents to 300 the Massicugua tribe, Sir John Colborne lent me an active horse, and with his two eldest sons, and some officers of the 79th, I rode to see the interesting ceremony.

We trotted merrily through the pine woods, growing in deep sand, and occasionally came to patches of better soil, where was seen the process of clearing land. A rude log-hut stood on the edge of the forest, and round it were the stumps of trees recently cut down; a settler with a yoke of oxen, dragged the logs over the unseen surface, and laid them in cradles, or heaps, to which he applied fire; and thus was timber of some value consumed without mercy, to make way for that noble plant the maize.

Farther on we passed one or two light wagons, drawn by a span, or pair, of horses, and laden with chests, on the top of which were seated my countrywomen, distinguished by the clean white mutch, or cap, and red cloak; beside them walked, thoughtfully but not downcast, their husbands, brothers and sons, in blue coats, and tartan or corduroy trowsers; under their bonnets were the long and sagacious features peculiar to the Caledonians.

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The way-side inns were principally kept by Americans, many of whom locate themselves in Canada; and on a fertile and productive soil, with a salubrious climate, they enjoy as much civil, religious, and political liberty, as they did in the States, and are much more lightly taxed than in the Union.

We crossed several streams, and turning to the left, after several hours' ride we exchanged the pines for beech and oak, from which the leaves fell in rustling showers around us, and the squirrels bounded across the path, and blithely chirping, nimbly mounted the grey stems—

“The squirrel flippant, pert, and full of play, He sees us, and at once, swift as a bird, Ascends the neighb'ring beech, there whisks his brush, And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud With all the prettiness of unfeigned alarm, And anger insignificantly fierce.”

A wild whoop in the woods, and the report of a musket, told, us that we were near the Credit Creek, and shortly we found ourselves on an elevated plateau, cleared of wood, and with three rows of detached cottages, among fields surrounded with rail fences; below, a clear stream, abounding in fish, rushed over its rocky bed to join the waters of Lake Ontario. We rode into the open space in the centre of the village, and found the Indians assembled round a pole, on which fluttered the Union Jack: on the top was a small house for the martens to build in, whose presence is considered fortunate in Canada.

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Formerly, when presents were sent to these Indians, they received them drawn up in military array, fired off their rifles, and performed the war-dance; but on this occasion we were vexed to find that the influence of the Methodist preachers from the States had checked their mirth, and they all wore a downcast and morose look. The swarthy chief, six feet in height, was distinguished by a black hat, broad ribbon, and blue coat; the others wore blankets, or grey surcoats descending to the knee, and confined by a girdle round the waist; with red caps, under which their straight black hair hung down to their shoulders.

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Leather or cloth leggings cased their lower limbs, and on the feet were the light mocassins of deer-skin ornamented with porcupine quills. The women sat on the grass in groups, with the hood of their blankets, or dark mantle, drawn over their heads; their leggings were scarlet. The children were miniatures of their parents in dress; and the infants were fixed in long baskets, with a handle, by which the mother rocked them in an upright position, and occasionally held them, basket and all, to the breast, as if they had been playing on a fiddle.

The Indians, two hundred and twenty-two in number, were all made to sit in a large circle, into which two artillery men drove a wagon laden with the presents, which were piled in a heap; they consisted of red and grey cloth, chintz, blankets, shoes rifles, five hundred pounds of gun powder, lead, &c.—no spirits were given. The chiefs distributed the presents, which were handed round to the people, who received them with a grunt.

I remarked a number of Yankee squirrel-shooters with their rifles and shot-pouches, lounging about:—"Where the slaughter is, there will the eagles be gathered together." I asked them to show how they could use their pieces, and accordingly they lay down on their bellies and fired, with a rest, at a bottle; and when they could get a tree, they put a gimblet into it, and rested their rifle on that.

I went into the school-room, where I saw American school-books in which Great Britain was not spoken of in the most respectful terms. I also saw American maps, in which we were altogether excluded from the shores of the Pacific, the American and Russian territory joining in the north-west; also the boundary on the north-east brought up to the Saint Lawrence. Now all this is unbearable among Indians under the protection of the Canadian government, and who would, I fear, be of little use to us in the event of another war. The cause of it was shortly this: a former Lieutenant-governor, with the best intentions, would allow none but Church-of-England clergymen to go among the Indians; now, whether the zeal of the members of the Established Church was not so great as that of the sectarians, or that they could not be spared from other duties, I know not, but

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so it was, that they left the field vacant, which Presbyterians or Moravians would gladly have filled if they had been allowed. In came the American Methodists from the States, and what have been the consequences? Disaffection to England. But, fortunately for the country, Sir John Colborne has been exerting himself to change the old system, and allow none but those attached to the British Government to interfere with the Indians in any way; and no man is so anxious to promote their moral and religious instruction as his Excellency.

Last year the Lieutenant-governor sent a present of carts, oxen, and agricultural implements, to a tribe of Indians living on the shores of Lake Simcoe, where I am fortunate enough to possess a tract of land. A Methodist, disliking their improvement, said to the Indians—"The British want to enslave you by giving you these things. What use have you for them?—throw them all into the lake at once."—"No," answered Chief Yellow-Head, "we will keep them. Yesterday you pray, good, show way to Heaven: to-day your heart black, dirty; yesterday quite clean. Governor for good, wish all get christened, and for good give present. Not your business to meddle with our oxen and carts." Some of these Methodists have the assurance to ask Sir John to give *them* the deeds of the Indian lands, and to pay into *their* hands the amount of the annual presents in money, for that they best knew how to apply it for the benefit of the Indians. Protestant Jesuits! seeking to obtain an undue influence over the ignorant, and nefariously to aggrandize themselves under the sacred cloak of religion. When shall we be delivered from the cant and cunning of these wolves in sheep's clothing?

I rode back to York, and spent some pleasant days in the family of Sir John Colborne; one day I rode up Young street with his Excellency: this road, upwards of thirty miles in length leads to Lake Simcoe, and I was much pleased to see the comfort of the German settlers, in particular, their neat log or frame houses, and well dressed fields. I saw many Highlanders going to settle in the townships of Innisfail and Oro, on Lake Simcoe, among their own people; and one old woman, who could not speak a word of English, put a paper into my hand, stating that she was eighty-three years of age,—and was proceeding to join

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her kith and kindred who had gone before from the braes of Balwhidder. Her appearance reminded me of an oriental description of an aged person; "she advanced, with the aid of a staff, her back was bent with debility like the arched eyebrows of the moonlike damsels; the thread of the pearls of her teeth was unstrung, and 303 upon the surface of the forehead time, like the breeze upon the water, had waved countless wrinkles."

I again embarked on the lake, and sailed to Kingston, well known last war as the naval depot for the Canadian Lakes. The banks of Ontario were higher than those of Erie, and more beautiful; the bay of Quenti, which we passed, is celebrated for its picturesque headlands, and varied scenery; into it flows the Trent, on which is the best land in the province.

Some poor Irish having located themselves in Peterborough, at a distance from other settlers, were supported for a time by government, in the expectation that they would bestir themselves, and clear, sow, and reap, but, when the allowance was continued, they still continued idle, and when it ceased they starved. The Lieutenant-Governor hearing that fifteen had died in one week of want, immediately despatched, out of his own funds, supplies for the survivors, which accompanied us in the vessel.

I liked the appearance of Kingston, silent though its streets now be, like those of Portsmouth since the war, where in the high street a person may feed a horse. There is a great preponderance of stone houses in Kingston, and what with batteries on the heights, commanding the deep and excellent harbour, some immense vessels of war on the stocks, naval stores, a long wooden bridge, &c. and the substantial air of the buildings in general, Kingston presented a much more respectable aspect than other towns which I had lately visited.

I found some old friends of the 66th regiment here, quartered in Wellington barracks, the first I had seen in which there are loop-holes between every window, and the wall which surrounds them is also loop-holed, so that the barracks are thus at no expense converted

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into posts of some strength. I stayed several days in Kingston: one afternoon I rode out with Colonel Wright, R. E., to see a ploughing-match, and show of cattle, at the village of Waterloo, some miles off; and I could have fancied myself at a similar exhibition at home. The faces round me were almost all Scotch, as was the conversation, but the manner of ploughing was different. A pair of oxen was attached to each plough, without a driver, and without reins to guide them; they did their work obeying the voice of the man who held the stilts. Premiums for home manufactures (as coarse cloth prepared by the women) were given, and from these meetings of the farmers the best results follow; people become acquainted, prizes render them emulous of excelling, and they observe and imitate what is superior in their neighbours.

Another afternoon I rode with Colonel Wright and Major Baird to Kingston Mills, seven miles off, at the Entrance Valley 304 of the great Rideau Canal, of which important work I may here say a few words.

During the last American war great loss was occasioned by the enemy, whilst the British were dragging their munitions of war up the rapids of the St. Lawrence to supply the forces on the lakes. It was therefore proposed, on the return of peace, to have a water communication from Montreal to Kingston, avoiding the rapids of St. Lawrence and the American frontier altogether and by connecting a chain of small lakes and rivers between the Ottawa River and Lake Ontario, not only to form a navigable canal for the transport of stores, but also to open up a new tract for settlers.

Accordingly, the Rideau Canal was commenced in 1826, and it is confidently expected that by this time a steam vessel has passed from Bytown, on the Ottawa, to Kingston, distance about one hundred and seventy miles. The number of locks is fifty, and their dimensions one hundred and forty-two feet by thirty-three. Some of the dams, of arched key-stone, are two hundred feet in length, and fifty feet high, and where formerly there were impassable rapids, now still water, five feet and upwards in depth, is made by a single dam for eighteen or twenty miles. One or more locks are at each dam, to enable

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vessels to pass them. The different parts of the work having been contracted for, were commenced simultaneously, and the outlay has been £700,000, including twenty-two block-houses to defend the canal, roads from quarries, purchase of land, compensation to old settlers for damages, &c.

The Rideau Canal differs from all others in being formed by locks and dams, and not look and cut, or excavation. Ten feet is the lift of the locks; thus, if forty feet are to be surmounted four locks are required. The rise from the Ottawa to the grand summit level is two hundred and eighty-three feet, and the descent from thence to the Ontario Lake is one hundred and fifty-four. The different parts of this great work are constructed in the most perfect and substantial manner, and reflect the highest credit on Lieutenant-Colonel By, R. E. the superintendent, and on his assistants.

Whilst viewing the extensive works at the entrance valley, enclosed with lofty granite cliffs, covered with birch and pine, a funeral passed us, consisting of several light two-wheeled wagons, each drawn by a span of horses. Women and men sat in three rows in these primitive conveyances, and the coffin, covered with a White sheet, lay among the straw of the leading one. I saw only one funeral in Canada! Alas! how many 305 hundreds of our countrymen have since been swept off there by the cholera's fearful scourge.

I returned to Kingston, and again embarked to sail down a part of the St. Lawrence. We passed through that fairy scene the Lake of the Thousand Isles, among which one might recreate for months and daily discover new beauties in the wooded rocks, of every size and form; the dark coloured, but transparent waters swept us silently past them, and great, though too fleeting, was the pleasure to watch the ever-changing scene, to see the reflections of the cedars and pines in the water, where it was not broken into silver-crested and sparkling waves.

One or two farms in full view of the romantic lake, afforded good specimens of recent settlements. The residence was long, single-storied, and with a door and two or three

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windows in front. A zig-zag fence enclosed a field or two, in which the stumps were still left. Sheep grazed before the door, and hogs with a triangular piece of wood round their necks to prevent them trespassing in the fields; and behind the house, and three times the size of it, was a high frame barn, with a few stacks round it. The barn is the first care of the settler, and he lives for years in an indifferent house, till he has means to build a better; he then converts the original one into a stable.

We remained an hour or two at Brockville, the village of palaces; and few villages have I seen more attractive than this one. It is situated on a shelving bank, with a southern aspect, and groves of trees round it. The houses and churches are built of grey stones, and being covered with tin, have a light and pleasant appearance.

I landed at Prescott, at the head of the rapids of St. Lawrence, here, eighteen hundred yards wide. On the opposite side, was the American town of Ogdensburgh, which, like others I had seen on the frontier, excels in size the Canadian towns. I inquired the reason of this, and was answered by a farmer as follows:— “The American towns or villages are often larger than the Canadian ones opposite to them, because New York speculators advance money to those who wish to build houses, and endeavour to turn them to account, by afterwards selling them; but most of those houses you see over the water are unfurnished, and have reverted to the speculators who advanced the sum to build them, the architects having been ruined.” According to my informant's account, they were much in the same state as many houses in Moscow after it was ordered by his late Imperial Majesty to be rebuilt. Walls, roofs, doors, and windows, were all in order towards the street, but the inside was void.

I strolled along the banks of the Great River, and enjoyed the Q q 306 delicious temperature of an October evening. I examined a lofty square redoubt (near the water) without flanking defences, Fort Wellington, in which was a blockhouse, to contain two hundred and fifty men. The Americans often threatened, but never ventured, to assault this work, which cost 100,000 /. Labour was so dear then that a cart and horse were not

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hired under four dollars a-day. On the 22d of February, 1813, Major Macdonnell, with a force of five hundred men (half of which were Highland Militia, commanded by Captain Jenkins,) and three field-pieces, marched across the ice from Fort Wellington, attacked an American force of equal strength posted in Ogdensburgh, drove them out with great loss, and captured eleven pieces of ordnance. This was considered one of the most dashing exploits during the war.

I now got into a coach and journeyed down the river. I had several fellow-passengers, one of whom was Mr. M'Kenzie, an opposition member of the Provincial Parliament, who was proceeding to attend a meeting which he had called, of the farmers about Maria Town, to petition the King to remove certain grievances which, *he said*, existed in the province.

When I entered the coach I did not know that I had the honour to sit by such a notorious character as he rendered himself last year, and in talking over political matters Mr. M'Kenzie was roughly handled. When we had proceeded some distance, he called to the driver to stop, and left the coach for five minutes, with a portfolio of inflammatory pamphlets in his hand, some of which he left at a settler's. I thought at first of making him an apology for what I had said of him, but seeing the disgraceful way in which he was employed, sowing discontent among industrious farmers, who without taxes enjoyed every liberty they desired, and who were perfectly satisfied with their Government, I did not feel myself called upon to take any notice of my having inadvertently abused him to his face. He has since been expelled from the Parliament of Upper Canada.

I next joined company with some officers, and we sailed through Lake St. Francis, and journeyed together past the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, (among which the Long Sault (Soo) is distinguished,) to where the Ottawa adds its tribute to the mighty flood, and passed the field of the victory of Chrystler's Farm.

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The scene is full of excitement when the timber rafts and the long Durham boats, laden with flour-barrels, descend the Rapids, foaming and rushing headlong over the rocky channel, like a squadron of white-maned Arabs charging an enemy of the sons of Ishmael.

Then we saw the Canadian voyageurs in their grey capotes and 307 peaked hoods, painfully poling their boats against the stream, following one another in a line along the gunnel, or else drawing the boat round a point by a long tow-rope; but when they stopped to boil their kettle, suspended, gipsy fashion, between three sticks, and took their "goutte" of brandy, they seemed quite happy and contented with their lot, and would occasionally strike up in chorus one of those wild and plaintive boat-songs in which there is such a charm, transporting the listener at once to the torrents of the dark woods and silent lakes of the wilderness.

I slept a night at the inn at the Cascades. It was cold and wet outside, the house smoky and noisy inside; a party of voyageurs drank and talked incessantly, while the children of emigrants (who lay thick on the floor) complained in their usual manner (so soothing to bachelor's ears) of their rest being disturbed.

Next day I voyaged up the grand Ottawa river towards Bytown. A well-known character in Canada was on board, Philemon Wright, of Hull. Dressed in black, with a broad brimmed hat, his make was spare; he had been tall, but now stoops considerably under the weight of seventy-three years; his nose was long, and his eyes deep-set and sharp. "Thirty years ago," said he, "before a bush was cut on any of these rivers, we had a weary time of it, poling and dragging our boats where now steam-vessels navigate. When I first came from Boston to look out for a location in the Canadas, I voyaged up this river without a settler on its banks, I may say, nobody but a few Indians and bears; I got as far as the Falls of the Chaudière, one hundred miles from any white man, and set myself down with thirty axemen, and began to clear."

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In a few years in the wilderness of Hull, were to be seen one thousand arable acres, churches, schools, mills, farm-houses, stores, heavy crops of grain, and large herds of cattle,—all from the enterprise of this single individual, with whom also originated the idea of the Rideau canal. Taking out some maps, I went over with him his various schemes for extending and improving the internal communications of the British possessions, for exploring the rivers that descend from the north-east into the Ottawa, and for establishing rail-roads where canals might not answer.

The river opened out into the lake of the two mountains, and we passed close to an Indian village of remarkably neat houses, a grey church with its tin-covered spire, rows of trees, and a school-house beside it, all giving the lie to those who maintain that Indians are irreclaimable. Here French clergymen, distinguished by a life of purity, ingratiated themselves with the red men, gave them settled habits, and saved a remnant, who might otherwise 308 have been overwhelmed by the tide of (misnamed) civilization.

“They, the rightful lords of yore, Are the rightful lords no more; Like the silver mist they fail, Like the red leaves in the gale; Fail like shadows when the dawning Waves the bright flag of the morning.”

About the time that Mr. Wright first climbed a tree at the head of the navigation of the Ottawa, “and looking round, saw a number of rivers as it were pouring into one, and that the country, by the appearance of the timber, seemed fit for agriculture,” there dwelt but two white men on “the Ottawa's tide,” between the falls of St. Anne and the Chaudière; the one was a pensioner, and the other a French Canadian; they lived some distance apart, and when one visited the other, the guest would shut up his own house and remain perhaps a week with his entertainer. Beavers abounded in those days on the Ottawa, which are now driven farther into the wilds by the rapacity of the fur-traders. The pensioner had a young one as a pet. Christmas came round, and the old soldier, who had fought by the side of Wolfe, putting his wife into a sleigh, drove off to his friend, leaving in the house his beaver, with a supply of water and branches of trees for its subsistence. After a week's

social communing he returned to his lonely dwelling, but to his surprise the door resisted all his efforts to open it; he entered by a window, and found that his pet had not been idle during his absence, but that its faculty of constructiveness had (irresistibly) developed itself. There were no iron stoves then; no "Nott's patent;" the pensioner's was a tall Dutch one, built of brick and tempered clay. On this the beaver had operated, had softened the clay in his tub of water, had gnawed off the legs of the tables and chairs, and mixing all up with bricks, old mocassins, and other odds and ends, had effectually barred the door against all intruders.

We continued our voyage to the rapids at Grenville, where a canal has been carried round them. After sleeping at a French Canadian inn on bear-skins, we drove for twelve miles over one of the roughest roads in the universe, (by the side of the canal not yet completed, and into which vehicles have sometimes slipped,) and again embarking on the Ottawa, we sailed between dark woods on low lying and fertile banks, and arrived at Bytown.

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CHAPTER XXX.

Colonel By, R. E.—His Cottage Orneé.—The delightful prospect from it.—The Union Bridge.—Fall of the Chaudière, and Rideau.—Bytown, and its Environs. —The Rideau Canal.—Voyageurs.—The bursting of the Hog's-back Dam.—The Wilderness of Rideau.—Indian Wigwam.—Halloween.—Rapids.—Merrick's Mills.—Service on the Rideau.—A warm Friend.—Jones's Falls.—The Cranberry Marsh.—Fevers.—Brewer's Mills.—Settlers on the Rideau.—Wild Irishmen.—Benefits of the Canal to Emigrants.—Threats.—Forest Wanderings.—Sail down the Ottawa.—The Rapids of St. Anne.—Story of a Cable.—Lachine.—Island of Montreal.—Habitans.—The City of Montreal.—The Streets.—Canadian Hotel. —The Public Buildings.—Isle of St. Helen's.—Ride into the Country, and Evening Party.—Loss of Captain Ross, R. N.—The question of Boundaries.—The Northwestern Frontier.—A settlement on the Columbia.—Turning the Tables. —Communicative Fur-traders.—An expedition proposed.—Embark again.—How to get a

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Berth.—The banks of St. Lawrence.—Seigniories.—Arrive at Quebec.— Cape Diamond.—Magnificent View.—Mountains of Labrador.—The Citadel.— The Obelisk.—Lord Aylmer.—The Place d'Armes.—Wolfe's Statue.—The Golden Dog.—Public Buildings.—Lauzon.—Falls of Montmorenci.—Indian Lorette.— Charleburgh.—The Plains of Abraham.—Opening of the Parliament of Lower Canada.—The Governor-in-chief's Speech.

Colonel John By, Royal Engineers, commanding at the Rideau Canal, gave me a most hospitable reception at his handsome cottage ornée, near the town named after him. Colonel By's residence (tastefully ornamented with rustic verandahs and trellis-work) is seated on a high bank of the Ottawa, at the entrance valley of the Rideau Canal, where eight locks of the most perfect masonry commence the great national work entrusted to an officer of singular activity of mind and body, and who for years has sacrificed his comfort and risked his health in the service of his country.

Looking across the entrance valley, a lofty promontory is seen, on which are quarters for the officers of Royal Engineers, and barracks for the sappers and miners employed at the Rideau. A fort will naturally be constructed on this height, which, with the twenty-two block-houses at intervals along the course of the canal to Kingston, will serve to protect it from foreign foes.

Looking up the Ottawa, was seen the Fall of Chaudière, thundering over a limestone steep, one hundred feet high, and sending up a cloud of spray from the boiling cauldrons below. Rocky islets then divide the channel of the river, between which a series of arches have been thrown of stone and wood-work, connecting. Upper and Lower Canada. The principal arch is a truss of two hundred and twelve feet span, designed and executed under the direction of Colonel By. This beautiful piece of workmanship 310 rests on two natural piers of limestone, high above the Big Kettle, the bottom of which has not been found with a three hundred feet line. Below some of the other piers there are snies, or channels, into which the water furiously rushes, carrying with it entire trees, which again appear far below, mutilated and stripped of their branches.

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The Union Bridge leads to Mr. Wright's Township of Hull, where, amidst other buildings and New England poplars, a taper spire points to heaven. Below Colonel By's, the Rideau River pours into the Ottawa in two white sheets, which of late have been in part diverted to drive saw and grist mills.

By town is laid out in straight lines, and already contain several hundred inhabitants, schools, taverns, and stores. The country round Bytown is undulating, but until it is more extensively cleared than it is at present, it will present a uniform mass of heavy forest, through which many fertilizing streams flow, abounding in fish, particularly the bass, which piles up cairns of stone in which to deposit its spawn. Wild fowl are seen along the banks, and steal through the brakes 'at eve to drink their fill.'

The Colonel was kind enough to take me with him, on an excursion up the line of the canal. His excellent lady and his two daughters accompanied us and some of the officers. We left in bark canoes early one morning, and were paddled up to Dow's great swamp by Canadian voyageurs, hardy fellows who can accomplish one hundred miles a day, on pea-soup and pork, and keep up their Herculean exertions for weeks together, lightening their labours with their simple boat songs.

At the Hog's-back dam, one hundred and eighty feet in length, by forty-five in height, we found a steam-vessel waiting to receive us, and before we embark in her, let me detain the reader one instant, to recount the bursting of the dam some time after it was first completed. For three weeks the water had been leaking through the heavy stones at its foundation, and Colonel By watched it night and day, and superintended the workmen, endeavouring to stop it, by throwing in clay and other materials; at last, the leak seemed effectually stopped, and the water began to flow over the top of the dam, where stood the Colonel, rejoicing in the successful issue of the undertaking.

"You see, boys, what our perseverance has accomplished," he said to the workmen; but no sooner were the words out of his mouth, than a roar like thunder was heard below him.

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“Throw down your tools and run for your lives,” he cried; they did so, and escaped. He himself dashed along the top of the dam, towards the bank, whilst the stones fell under his feet, and he saw the great body of masonry bulging out below, and an irresistible 311 rush of waters tossing up rocks of a ton weight, as if they had been corks, and opening a wide breach, through which poured the collected water of many miles. The Colonel, nothing daunted, recommenced the dam, and drove in piles of wood, with notched timbers and heavy stones between them: thus was the dam again raised, and a base was given to it equal to its height, by cart loads of stones and mud on the side next the body of water which it retains, the surplus escaping by a waste weir, round a rocky and pine-covered islet.

We steered through a silent wilderness of wood, which in a few years will doubtless be changed to smiling fields and orchards and saw the conical bark-covered wigwams of Indians on the banks of the Rideau River. Before them the women were smoke-drying venison. Large canoes, up-turned, lay on the bank, whilst Indian boys would be seen in others of a smaller size, watching under the foliage the deer taking the water, when driven from the forest by the sagacious dogs sent round in pursuit. A stroke of a paddle on the head would secure the prize.

We spent the evening of Halloween among drowned woods and swamps, and a deluge of rain, whilst we recounted the legends and ghost-stories, with which the Scottish crones are wont to affright their juvenile audience on that dreaded night and then had a round of music.

“The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter, And aye the ale was growin better! The storm without might rair and rustle; We didna mind the storm a whistle!”

We passed the Black Rapids by another dam, two hundred and twenty feet long and twelve high, and a lock capable of admitting large steam-vessels; and after surmounting

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Long Island Rapids, Burrett's and Nicholson's, in a similar manner, we reached the works at Merrick's Mills.

Few are aware of the severe nature of the service during the progress of the Rideau Canal. First, there were the exploring parties through the dark, swampy and entangled forest, overgrown with underwood, through which it was necessary at one moment to cut away, and the next to wade in deep water, the only direction being a compass; then, in the winter, surveying on the ice the lakes and streams through which the canal was to pass, hardly able to move the screws of the instruments for cold, impeded with the snow and heavy clothing; at night the bivouac in the shanty, or shed, covered with boughs of trees—the bed, the tops of the hemlock pine—before a cedar fire; then, in spring, the passing of rapids in canoes, and sometimes upset in them; carrying them round others which it was impossible “to shoot;” scorched with the sun, bitten with insects, drinking poisonous creek-water, agues wasting the frame—but, worse than all, the officers on the line of the canal lived at intervals of ten miles, so that they had no companion but their stove-pipe; and this from 1826 to 1832. Think of that my friends, who complain of all dull stations—think of the wilderness of Rideau!

After passing the Rideau, Clear and Mud Lakes, and sundry rapids, a most romantic spot, called Jones's Falls, is reached, where the Rideau River rushes through a crooked and narrow ravine, with impending cliffs ninety feet high, the length a mile, and the fall sixty feet, which had to be overcome by a dam of superior height. Then comes the dreadful swamp called the Cranberry Marsh eighteen miles long and two broad, where some thousand stout labourers have met their death from regular yellow fever. Cranberry bushes covered it, with lines of clear water here and there for canoe navigation. A blue mist hung over it, during the hot season, in the morning and evening; and at all times the most pestilential odour exhaled from it. Colonel By was on one occasion passing through it when it was being partially drained to form a track for the canal; his canoe grounded, and the voyageurs jumped out to float it! In a moment they were up to the middle in blue slime, from which the most cadaverous smell proceeded. They all died shortly after, except two,

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and the Colonel himself after dinner one day suddenly felt feverish, and so feeble that he was obliged to be carried to bed, and thought that he too was “going home!” He remained dreadfully ill for many days, with total loss of appetite, yellow-jaundice, severe pains, trembling, and general debility. At last he slowly began to recover, and in six weeks was actively employed again.

After the Cranberry Marsh, on the line of the canal, are, the Roundtail, a break in a ledge of rock; then a most gloomy spot conducing to suicide, called Brewer's Mills; then Billydore's and Jones's Rifts, or Ripples; and lastly Kingston Mills, of which we spoke in the last chapter.

I visited the houses of several settlers on the banks of the Rideau. They were generally of logs, piled on one another to form a single-storied house, with a “but and a ben,” or an outer and inner room. In the outer was the kitchen, parlour, and bed room; in the inner was a loom, or the tools and bench of a carpenter, with pork, flour, and salt-barrels. The women were comfortably dressed in coarse blue drugget, and seemed very contented with their situation.

I saw many of the Irish emigrants that Mr. Peter Robinson 313 brought out to Canada. Two ship-loads came to settle near the Rideau; they drove away a small Scotch settlement with their outrageous behaviour, and then, having no foreign foe, the passengers of one ship drew up, with sprigs of shillelah, and fought the passengers of the other. Blood was shed, and the militia called out. But, now they are more tame, and expend their strength on the sons of the forest, the oak, beech, elm, pine, and maple, instead of on one another's heads.

The Rideau Canal has annually employed two thousand labourers since 1826, and has been of incalculable benefit to the pauper emigrants, for they seldom remained at the works above a year; but in that time they gained a knowledge of the country, and the kind of work they would have to perform in clearing land for their own farms. Some of the Irish

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labourers were very troublesome characters; they even threatened on several occasions to shoot the officers superintending and directing the works. "I'll fix my flint for you in the fall! I'll knock the navigation out of ye!" were expressions sometimes employed when they were threatened with punishment or dismissal.

After an interesting excursion, we returned to Bytown. Near this rising and important settlement I paddled about in canoes, and wandered alone in the woods, and again, felt all the charms of a forest life—a life of freedom and independence. It was even a pleasure to lose oneself for a while—to follow down a deer-path—to touch a prostrate stem, which was entire to the sight, but into which the foot would sink to the ankle in crumbling timber—to note the varieties of green moss on the trees—and to see the wild flowers, lifting their pale heads in the shade. A stream is reached, murmuring over the stones in its bed;—divers watch beside it for their finny prey. Again the path leads into the gloom: heavy strokes are heard, and the frequent flash of a woodman's axe is seen through the trees; he welcomes you to his forest dwelling, and directs you how to find your way.

"Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd The cheerful haunts of man—to wield the axe And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear— From morn to eve his solitary task!"

I bade adieu to my kind entertainer, and again embarked on the Ottawa, sailed down to Grenville; was again dreadfully shaken on that most abhorred of roads; slept in a small way-side inn, under a table, from which I was roused to prescribe for a sick woman; passed through the Lake of the Two Mountains; saw the remains of old French works, to defend the early settlers R r 314 from the Indians; shot the Rapids of St. Anne, celebrated by Moore in his boat-song of "Row, brothers, row;" and saw the small church, its modest spire, where the voyageurs present their offerings to the Virgin to grant them a safe return to their homes.

During the late war the transport of stores from Quebec to the Lakes was attended with very heavy expense and trouble, particularly from the mouth of the Ottawa to the Upper St.

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Lawrence, impeded as it is by many dangerous rapids. On one occasion it was required to send an English cable for a hundred-gun ship on Lake Ontario; but how to get this carried past the rapids by land puzzled the collective wisdom of the staff at Quebec and Montreal. An engineer proposed that it should be carried by a regiment of soldiers in India, or single file; but this was rejected; for it was supposed, that if one man fell under the cable, all might come down like a pack of cards. It became a complete nonplus, when at last some one suggested that an advertisement, with the offer of a reward of 500 *l.* currency, might produce a plan for carrying the weighty article to its destination.

No sooner did the advertisement appear, than a Yankee came forward, and “guessed” that for the reward he could take the cable to Kingston, if his expenses were also paid. A contract was accordingly signed as he wished. With 150 *l.* he immediately went into the woods, set axemen to work; felled trees; made a number of sleighs. The snow came to his aid, ye yoked his horses; coiled a little of the cable into one sleigh, a little into another, and so on till the whole was disposed of! The drivers cracked their whips; away went the cavalcade in a long line; the cable reached Lake Ontario, and Jonathan netted his 500 *l.* !

After reaching the St. Lawrence, I landed at Lachine, in the island of Montreal, and drove along a good road on a table-land, overlooking a broad meadow of fertile fields, the great river beyond, and in the distance the green hills of Vermont. What a change was now visible on either side of the road, on thus entering Lower Canada! We appeared to pass through one long village of the whitewashed cottages of the *habitans* or French Canadians, with their accompanying gardens, orchards and fields; and then Jean Baptiste himself, with his sharp though amiable French features, his *bonnet rouge* , his grey capote and particoloured girdle, his leather leggings, and a short pipe in his mouth, driving a span of punchy horses, was quite a different being from the sallow calculating American, or sunburnt Scottish settler. I participate in all the feelings of a little Canadian woman who sat beside me, neatly and cleanly dressed in a black bonnet, chintz short gown, and scarlet petticoat, as, glancing 315 her eye with great satisfaction over the landscape, she

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exclaimed, after we had been talking of the uncleared banks of the Ottawa “Ah, Monsieur, mon pays est ici!”

Before us rose the mountain from which Montreal takes its name—a great swelling ridge covered with forest, sheltering the city from the piercing winds blowing over the ice-bound shores of Hudson's Bay. Between the mountain and the city were seen the villas of wealthy seigneurs, and among others, an edifice of heavy masonry, partly fortified, once the castle of the Jesuits. Montreal had a most inviting appearance as we approached—the high and varied roofs, covered with shining tin, rivaling in brightness the broad and sparkling mirror of the St. Lawrence, on which wooded islands reposed. Spires rose here and there, to break the outline of the houses, and conspicuous among other sacred edifices rose the double towers and massive pile of the cathedral.

We passed through several streets, narrow and winding, the houses, built of grey limestone, set off with green Venetian blinds in some, and iron fire-proof shutters in others: the sober colour of the walls, contrasted with the silver roof, had a very peculiar, and, to me, a pleasing effect. Besides shopkeepers dressed in the European style, and Canadians, as already described, I observed a few priests in the streets in black gowns, with black skullcaps under a round hat, and a few Indians in blanket coats, and adorned with a broad silver disk hanging at the breast.

I lived at Roscoe's hotel; and though there was a table-d'hôte three times a day, as in the States, and the charges were about the same, there was no scrambling for food, and heaping fish, flesh, fowl, and pastry, on the same plate at once. In consequence of my introductions, I was most hospitably entertained during the few days I remained at Montreal. Captain Lewis, R. E. showed me “les curiosités de la ville;” and Mr. Forsyth, one of the chief merchants in Canada, was kind enough to enable me to see the environs of this interesting city—interesting because it has an air of stability and antiquity about it, and does not savour of the “shavings and paint” of the new cities in the States, which,

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however, "indicate the juvenile spirit of life and increase that so eminently distinguish the American population."

I attended service in the Episcopal church, with a handsome interior of Roman architecture, and then visited the cathedral, a most magnificent Gothic pile of recent erection; but its tawdry internal decorations, its blue compartments and spotted pillars, caused the death of the unfortunate architect, who died of a broken heart, disgusted at the bad taste which had spoiled his 316 handiwork. The cathedral contains so many thousand people, that I am afraid to mention the exact number.

Besides the above I saw a Presbyterian church, a Burgher, and a Methodist meeting-house, two Roman Catholic academical institutions, the Seminary, and the new College, two nunneries, and a Hotel Dieu for the reception of the sick poor; promenaded in the Camp de Mars, and along the new stone wharfs executed under the superintendence of Captain Fyfe, R. E.; and admired a statue of Lord Nelson, placed opposite the gaol for want of a better site.

What a lovely isle is that of St. Helen's, opposite the city, with its batteries, its shady walks, and its murmuring rapids! Five hundred miles is it; from the sea, but merchantmen of seven hundred tons pass it; and then how pleasant the ride into the country, though the woods were fast parting with their foliage! How interesting to see the neat farm-houses, with their steep roofs for the snow, their Teutonic well with a post and lever; and the wooden crosses surmounted by the Gallic cock, and a crown of thorns, pincers, nails and hammers, displayed upon it!

I was delighted with Montreal, and saw a little of the best French society in the house of M. Lacroix. The ball-room was resplendent with ladies' sparkling eyes and many wax-lights; the music was lively, and well selected; grace was in the steps of the dancers, and the supper was unexceptionable: but, as a pilgrim, I never could leave a party like this without a feeling of desolation and a sinking of the heart, for in all human probability I could

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not expect ever again to see one of the faces which had beamed in gladness during the evening.

During my short stay at Montreal, the last canoes of the furtraders from the north-west brought the distressing intelligence of the destruction of the expedition under our intrepid countryman, Captain Ross. It was but an Indian report, however, and may be unfounded. His steam-vessel was said to have been crushed in the ice near the inhospitable coast of the Esquimaux.

Both in Canada and in the States, I heard the question of the disputed frontiers often discussed, but I was happy to find that the angry feelings of the people of Maine towards British America were not shared by the rest of the Union, and the north-eastern frontier gives the citizens in general no concern. Yet an early settlement of this is much to be desired; and it is supposed that the line will ultimately run by the St. John's River, and thence along the St. Francis, westward. The chief mistakes committed on this subject were, appointing as British commissioner a Bostonian, (who, by the way, also sacrificed Drummond's Island on Lake Huron,) and in not indicating the map that was to be 317 referred to for the north-eastern frontier. The truth is, that the British naturally desire to have easy access to Nova-Scotia and New Brunswick from the St. Lawrence, and the Americans wish to isolate these provinces.

Whilst on the subject of boundaries, I earnestly solicit attention to an important point, the north-western frontier. Seeing the teeming hive of Britain throwing off her swarms of emigrants in annually increasing numbers; seeing that we are at peace with the world, now is the time to fix, definitively, frontiers, and discover fertile tracts for our adventurers in the West. The last American maps published in Philadelphia bring down the Russian frontier to meet the American, in the parallel of 54°: now this cannot be tolerated; by the right of the discoveries of Vancouver, Cook, &c. the British have a claim to hundreds of miles of the coast of the Pacific.

Two thousand settlers were to proceed this year from St. Louis on the Mississippi to the south bank of the Columbia River, where melons ripen in the open air; and a Russian officer who visited Philadelphia sometime ago, said, that at his post on one of the streams (*south* of the Columbia, be it remarked,) his men were able to cultivate their gardens all the year round. Few are aware of the fact, that as to climate, 44° (the mouth of the Columbia) corresponds to 34° on the east coast. The boundary between the British and Americans was to proceed westward from the Lake of the Woods along the parallel of 49°, and from where that strikes the Columbia, proceed down it to its mouth: now the Columbia has many branches, and we must take care that names are not altered by cunning map-makers.

Hitherto our own fur-traders have kept us in ignorance of the north-west territory; fear of losing their monopoly has been the cause of their silence. But I trust, that ere long, attention will be directed to these favoured regions, for it appears strange, that Captain Beechey, in the Blossom, was not ordered to enter the Columbia, and that as yet we know little of the country from California to Behring's Straits.

Some time ago an American Commodore (Biddle) was sent with a small squadron to take possession of certain British ports, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, on the north bank of the Columbia, and near its mouth. The British, on seeing the American squadron, quietly evacuated their forts. The commodore land'ed with his men, hoisted the American flag, dismounted the cannon, and posted placards on the trees, stating that this was American territory. He re-embarked in his boats, and had hardly reached his ships, when the British traders returned, re-mounted the guns, tore down the placards, and remain in possession of the forts to this day.

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I was much surprised at the conduct of certain fur-traders with whom I took pains to get acquainted, in order to get information regarding the course of streams in the north-west, the habits of Indians, &c. These gentlemen would communicate nothing.—“What!” said

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they, “do you think we will give the result of five and twenty years' experience without a recompense? If you pay us well for our information, we may disclose something.” “You mistake me,” I replied, “I have no intention of learning the mysteries of your trade, topographical information is all I want; surely you don't wish to be paid for telling how a stream runs?”—“Yes, Sir, we are not in the habit of supplying a commodity for nothing.”—“I understand you, *bonjour messieurs*. ” In Coxe's “Columbia River,” there is much curious information; still it would be worth while, and I should like exceedingly, to accompany an expedition to the north-west, to acquire accurate information on that interesting region, by the following route:

Leave Montreal and proceed up to the Ottawa to $46\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, then cross to Lake Huron, taking a cursory survey of the Nipissing Lake, which as yet is only known to the Indians. Proceed along the north shores of Huron and Lake Superior to the lake of the Woods—ascertain which is the north-westernmost point of it, (the point of departure for the boundary,) travel along the forty-ninth parallel, cross the Rocky Mountains, and descend that branch of the Columbia which is cut by the forty-ninth parallel to the sea. Then proceed to Behring's Straits by sea, and complete the survey of the two hundred and seventy miles between Point Beechy and Icy Cape.

Governor Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company, proceeds annually in six weeks from Montreal to the North-west Posts, so that we might undertake to complete the above (if we escaped the rifles and tomahawks of the flat-heads and black-feet Indians) in twelve or eighteen months, and accomplish three great ends,—dis. cover new locations for emigrants, settle the north-west boundary question, and complete what Captain Franklin so nobly began on the shores of the Frozen Ocean.

I confess that the above proposal for an expedition bears a Quixotic aspect, but so much the more pleasing excitement would attend it. As I said before, voyageurs can accomplish in canoes one hundred miles a day for months together. I used to think it something to ride

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in the East as much a day for a continuance, but that is nothing to the labour undergone by the voyageurs in paddling so great a distance.

I again embarked on the St. Lawrence to sail down to Quebec. As all the berths were full, I stretched myself under a table, (a favourite position,) but was half inclined to put in practice the *ruse* 319 of a facetious fellow, Jocky Wells by name, who, in a similar predicament, raised a cry of fire, and slipped into a berth when the passengers jumped up to make their escape. On another occasion he cried "A man overboard," threw a billet of wood into the water, and again secured a warm berth in the confusion which ensued. We passed William Henry in the night, sailed through Lake St. Peter in the morning, and then stopped for some time at the pleasant town of Trois Rivières. The houses were principally of wood, and they, as well as the inhabitants, had an air of repose about them, which evinced that speculation and change were strangers here.

It was pleasing to see how thickly the banks of the St. Lawrence seemed to be settled from Montreal to Quebec; on both sides it looked like one long village of scattered houses, and occasionally collected in groups, where a glittering spire reared its head. In the times of the French rule, the land here was divided into seigniories or lordships, and these again into farms of two hundred acres each, conceded to respectable settlers, who were bound to live on their farms, to clear and to cultivate. When the banks of streams were settled, other farms were conceded behind the first, with acres of fire-wood intervening, so that the country fortunately preserved its wooded aspect.

In the evening we approached a range of cliffs about three hundred feet above us on the left, which cast a broad shadow into the deep river, and many boats with white square sails passed us steering up the river. We distinguished fortifications and artillery on the summit of the cliffs, a town below, and many ships. I landed at the quay, and with Chief Justice Reid ascended some steep streets, and found comfortable quarters in the Albion Hotel, Quebec.

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I rose early next morning and hurried to the citadel, where from the commanding site, Cape Diamond, I enjoyed a most splendid panoramic view of the ancient city, and the surrounding country. I looked up and down the broad St. Lawrence below me, and saw the shipping arriving from Europe, and leaving the port for the last time in the season. The white cottages of the Canadian peasantry extended along the banks on fertile plains, bounded to the north-east by the mountains of Labrador, distant ten leagues, across which the white man has not yet penetrated. We are as little acquainted with regions beyond as with central Africa. The Indian hunters alone have traversed them. Then the river St. Charles was seen winding through houses and gardens to join the St. Lawrence at Beauport, which with Charlebourg and Lorettes form three marked objects on the map, diversified as it is with wood, water, and eminences of various heights; 320 then the plains of Abraham extending to the right of the citadel, with Martello towers to sweep them with their artillery, and the vapour clouds of the Falls of Montmorenci, appearing where dark cliffs impend over the river some distance below Quebec. Lastly, the spire and group of buildings at Point Levi, and the productive island of Orleans, arrested attention.

The citadel, occupying the highest point of Cape Diamond, is as impregnable as a commanding site, massive ramparts, and guns of the largest calibre can make it, and is the strongest fortress in the western world; with barracks and casements, there is accommodation for many thousand men, and the magazines are large and fully supplied with the munitions of war. Below the highest part of the rock, is the spot where the American General Montgomery was shot in an unsuccessful attempt to surprise the town. Outside the citadel is a tall obelisk, from a chaste design by Captain Young, 79th Highlanders, erected by subscription, in the time of Lord Dalhousie, to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. "They fell like the oak of the desert, when it lies across a stream and withers in the wind of the mountains; they fell in the noise of battle, terrible as the roar of a thousand storms, but fresh and green are the leaves of their fame."

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I waited on his Excellency, Lord Aylmer, in the Castle of St. Louis, to deliver an introduction, and was received with that frankness and urbanity which have rendered the Governor-General so popular with all parties under his jurisdiction. In looking from the windows of the chateau, tastefully furnished under the directions of Lady Aylmer, I saw that it was on the verge of the precipice overhanging the St. Lawrence, and commanded nearly as extensive a view as the citadel above it.

In front of the castle was the sloping green of the Place d'Armes, where the tandem sleighs in winter drive round, the court-house and Episcopal church being on two sides of the square. The Catholic church I greatly admired, for its interior decorations; the walls, of great solidity, were of virgin whiteness, and the pulpit, altar, chandeliers, &c. were masses of rich gilding.

With my old friend, Captain Sewell, Usher of the Black Rod, and Captain Tovey, of the 24th, I promenaded about the city, and had pointed out to me the various objects of interest, particularly the small statue of Wolfe, in red coat, cocked hat, and knee-breeches, set up in the corner of a street to mark the spot to which the conqueror of Quebec penetrated as a spy previous to his victory; also the (dormant) golden dog, rudely sculptured over the door of a bookstore, which, in the time of the French, was placed there by M. Philippert, a merchant, to testify his sense of the injustice of the intendant, M. Bigot. Philippert was 321 assassinated in consequence of it; and the intendant fell at Pondicherry, in the East Indies, by the hand of a brother of the merchant.

I visited the parliament-house, an ancient and inconvenient building over the Prescott gate, which will soon be replaced by a more suitable edifice for the Members of Assembly. The seminary or college, a fine old building with steep roofs, the Ursuline Convent, a public institution to promote female education, the Hotel Dieu Nunnery, for the reception and cure of the sick, and the gaol, are well worthy of the stranger's notice.

I made several interesting excursions during the fortnight, I remained at Quebec. The first was with the Honourable Sir John Caldwell, one of the Legislative Council, and Captain Hastings Doyle, 24th, to visit the handsome seat and extensive sawmills of the hospitable baronet, on the opposite bank of the river. We passed the timber coves where the great staple of Canada is received from the interior, and saw the quiet retreat of Sillery, where the scene of the charming tale of Emily Montagu is laid; then the "single-arch bridge" of wood, thrown across a ravine; and from the house of our kind entertainer enjoyed an excellent view of the city, and the shipping, picturesquely seen at the bottom of its bold rock.

Another excursion was to the Falls of Montmorenci with Mr. George Ryland. We dashed through the streets of the lower town and over the Beauport Bridge, in a tandem, the same which had been driven round the decks of the great Columbus timbership, and drove blithely along the banks of the river and into the country, with its pleasant houses of the peasantry and the crosses by the way-side. The emigrants are in the habit of laughing at the French Canadians crossing themselves when they approach these emblems of their religion; so that now, when these simple-minded people pass the cross, they take no notice of it till they have got an hundred yards or more from it, and when they think they are not observed, they then turn round, doff their hat, and devoutly cross themselves.

We reached a wooden aqueduct below the Falls, conveying a part of the water to saw-mills on the St. Lawrence. In looking down on these extensive works, we observed that they were a blackened mass of burnt wood, the whole having recently been consumed with fire. In walking over the aqueduct, I fell through the planking, rotten with the vapour-cloud of Montmorenci, but escaped without much injury, and from a dangerous point of view saw the cascade dashing over its cliff two hundred and fifty feet high, and the white spray, in which the sun occasionally pencilled rainbows, flying off from the descending masses of foam. S s

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More interesting than the Falls themselves are the natural steps some distance up the Montmorenci, where the river rushes through a rocky ravine, the sides of which are cut in ledges parallel with the stream as if by the chisel: the roar of the water and overhanging trees render this a spot of rare attraction. In winter, the fur-clad inhabitants of Quebec glide over the frozen St. Lawrence in their light carioles, and visit Montmorenci to ascend the cone, sometimes one hundred feet high, formed at the Fall by the congealed spray covered with snow, and then slide down it, after the manner of the Montagnes Russes.

A third excursion was with Mr. Ryland to Indian Lorette. The road to this village (three leagues from Quebec) was several inches deep in mud, a usual circumstance throughout Canada immediately before the frost sets in. We struggled through the sloughs on horseback; and arrived on an elevated plateau crowned with a chapel and the scattered houses of Indians. We saw, from the village, the distant city to great advantage, and an open and cultivated country on every side, where, in the days of Charlevoix, this mission "was surrounded with the vastest woods in the world, to all appearance as ancient as the world itself, and never planted by the hand of man."

The river St. Charles, issuing from a beautiful and secluded lake of the same name, foams over ledges of rock in a deep dell immediately below Lorette; the wooded cliffs conceal the torrent, till it again glides into the sun-light, and pursues its winding course to the St. Lawrence. We put up our horses at a remarkably clean house of a French Canadian, in which the square iron stove heated two rooms at once; and on visiting some of the remains of the once powerful Hurons, we found them living in comfort and peace, and similarly dressed to the Indians of the Credit, with the addition of a circular metal plate on the breast of the women. I purchased some handsome mocassins, and then attended the chapel, built after the model of the Santa Casa, in Italy. The men, with their long black hair and Tartar features, sat or knelt on the ground on one side, and the women on the other; they sang hymns with great sweetness, and joined with meekness in the religious exercises:

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"They were a tribe Once mighty in the land, but fell at length, And to the stranger left their ancient realm."

In riding home, we saw the village of Charleburgh, one of the oldest settlements in Canada. The church here was the point from which all the farms radiated, to a depth of thirty acres, with 323 only three acres' front. A neighbourhood was thus formed, the road was easily kept up, and mutual protection afforded against the Indians; for, when the alarm was sounded from the church, all flocked to it as the rallying point from whence to defend their possessions.

Twice I visited the plains of Abraham, where the immortal Wolfe fell in the arms of victory. From Marchmont, the beautiful villa of Mr. Ferrier, was seen the steep ascent up which the British, led by Highlanders and light infantry, mounted from the St. Lawrence; round the house was the grassy plain where they formed, and on which I picked up several fragments of shells. Proceeding along the plain in the direction of the city, the Martello towers appeared, about half a mile in advance of the exterior defences of the citadel. In front of the towers, fences inclosed a few fields under cultivation; in one of these was the redoubt, yet perfectly defined and fortunately untouched by the plough from which the general received his death-wound when heading his men, and the well near it from whence he drank whilst reclining against a rock, surrounded by his staff mournfully contemplating the tide of life fast ebbing from his wounds.

The Parliament of Lower Canada was opened when I was in Quebec. Lord Aylmer, in a rich Windsor uniform, delivered a speech from a gilded throne, under a crimson canopy. Seven councillors sat within a bar, to which the members of the Lower House advanced, headed by M. Papineau, a large Cromwell-like man, with energy and decision on his brow. His Excellency's address alluded to the liberal appropriations of the legislature during last session for internal communications, praised the judgment and economy with which they had been expended by the Commissioners, and directed attention to others to be carried into effect this year, by which the produce of the townships at a distance from Quebec

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and Montreal will find a ready market, whilst the Colonists will have the means of personal intercourse with one another, and thus the British empire in the West will be consolidated.

The necessity for farther improving the harbour of Montreal was noticed; also the erection of court-houses and goals in the several counties of the province, and the precautions taken to prevent the inroad of the cholera. After congratulating the Legislative Council and House of Assembly on the flourishing state of the province, his Excellency concluded in these words:

“When I addressed you at the opening of last session, being then a stranger to you all, I was actuated, as I ever have been and ever shall continue to be, by a sense of duty and devotion to my Royal Master, which is of itself sufficient to command the exertion 324 of every power of my mind in his service. Since that time, a new and powerful stimulus to exertion has found a place in my breast. I mean the attachment, the daily increasing attachment, I feel to the people of this happy land. This sentiment is present with me wherever I go, it sweetens every official occupation, and as I set about my daily task of duty, it teaches me to ask myself this question, ‘What can I do this day to promote the happiness and prosperity of Canada?’”

CHAPTER XXXI.

Inquiries regarding Emigration.—Population of Canada.—Distress anticipated.— Condition of Old Settlers.—The Roads.—Liberal Policy.—The French Canadians. —The Irish sit on their skirts.—English and Irish Landlords.—Pensioners.— Employment of pauper Emigrants.—Wages.—The Canada Company.—Emigrants. settled on Seigniories.— Infamous conduct of Captains of Timber-ships.—A remedy. —American Speculators.— Mr. Andrew Stewart's judicious Plans for disposing of Emigrants.—An American Settler locating himself.—Emigration ought al. ways to be directed to Canada.—Disadvantages of the States.—Mr. George's Plan for Internal Improvements.—The Bersiamits River explored.—Discovery in Mag. netism.—Leave Quebec.—The road to St. John's.—Isle

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aux Noix.—Lieut. Ingal. —Lake Champlain.—Crown Point.—Ticonderoga.—The Royal Highlanders.—A Canal-boat.—Troy.—Albany.—Breaking up of the ice on the Hudson.—Economy of Time.—The Ex-King of Spain.—The Highlands.—Arrived at New York.

It is a subject of extreme interest for the British Traveller in Canada at present, and also at future periods, to obtain exact information regarding our colonists there. Their number and condition, their progressive denseness relatively to the extent of country occupied by them, their contentment, &c. all form heads of inquiry of great interest. And there is now one point worthy, perhaps, of peculiar investigation—whether a considerable population could be turned into Canada without grants of land altogether, and be left to depend merely on their labour—whether they could find engagements as yearly servants, for example, for, unless engaged by the year, they would starve in winter; but if they could be thus engaged, improvements would go on faster in the districts already occupied, the population would be kept dense, civilization would be kept up, the previous habits of pauper emigrants would not be violently changed, and the expense to parishes at home of sending them abroad, would be greatly reduced.

I felt myself bound to pay particular attention to the important subject of emigration, and to the disposal of our self-exiled countrymen in the Canadas. The information collected was rather voluminous, but I shall spare my readers a heavy infliction, and now merely give an abstract from my notes.

The population in the valuable British possessions in North America now amounts to upwards of a million and a quarter, about nine hundred thousand inhabitants, occupying the two Canadas, and last year, the great addition of fifty-five thousand souls arrived at Quebec. A great number of these emigrants proceeded, to Upper Canada, many lingered about the towns of Quebec, Montreal, Trois Rivières, Kingston, &c.; a few proceeded to the Western States, and not a few returned; after a short trial of the New World, to the land of their birth. In one ship I remarked that sixty re-embarked.

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In the beginning of winter I saw or heard of little distress among the emigrants; those who had brought money with them were already settled on land, the paupers had found work, and they passed last severe winter better than it was anticipated they would have done, as the spring reports showed. Though it is wrong to anticipate evil, yet many who know the Canadas well, foretold great misery and want among such an unusual number of settlers, many of them of dissolute habits, and unable to take care of themselves in the old country, and much less to provide food and warm covering in a new and severe climate.

I found the old settlers comfortable and happy, receiving good prices for their produce, and in the enjoyment of civil, religious, and political liberty. The governors of the two provinces are labouring to provide for the rising generation the means of instruction, and the Jesuit's college in Quebec is to be reconverted into a seminary, from a barrack. I before noticed the Upper Canada College at York, instituted by Sir John Colborne, as an admirable institution; and there are, besides, many excellent preparatory schools.

The prosperity of the colonists has hitherto been retarded by the want of good roads in the provinces. In the spring and fall of the year they are knee-deep in mud, and in summer the heat and dust render travelling extremely disagreeable. The sleighs in winter afford almost the only means of communicating with distant parts of the country, and of transporting produce to market, when the settlers are removed from the great highways, the St. Lawrence, and the lakes.

From the liberal policy of the Government, more particularly evinced in a despatch from the Colonial Office, in September 1831, to the Governor-in-chief, it is confidently anticipated that a new and a bright era will dawn on the Canadas; that all grievances will be looked into, and redressed, and every possible attention paid to internal improvements. Hitherto violent party-spirit has convulsed Lower Canada, and a discontented few in the upper Province have paralyzed the efforts of the local Government

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to insure prosperity to the colonists. Now, however, all parties seem to be pleased, and the prospects of the Canadian settlers are most cheering.

I was much gratified in witnessing the comfort of the French *habitans* of Lower Canada; their neat houses, clean persons—their abundant fare, and contented faces! True, their agriculture is not on the most approved principles; their breed of cattle, sheep, and hogs, is not the best; yet withal, they are happy, attend to their fields in summer, and visit each other, and enjoy themselves in social communing in winter; they really seem to taste far greater happiness, and to know how to extract from their lot a far greater share of felicity, than those who at all times and seasons wildly strive to accumulate riches, without knowing or thinking how to spend them rationally.

But Irish emigrants ought to be kept at a distance from the French Canadians. The Scotch and English commonly proceed at once to Upper Canada, or to the eastern townships, but the Irish sit on the skirts of the *habitans*. Thus, in riding out in the country I frequently witnessed a Canadian peasant returning from market, with the poultry, cheese, or vegetables he had taken into town to dispose of, and with a scowl on his countenance retracing his steps homewards. The cause of his discontent was simply this:—The Irish now crowd the markets in Lower Canada: at first they ask the same prices as the *habitans*, but being, as usual, “from hand to mouth,” they speedily reduce their price, and take whatever they can get for their pork, butter, eggs, &c.; and they can afford to take a low price for their commodities, for in Canada, as in Ireland, they huddle together filthily in single rooms, each corner being occupied by a family; they therefore save fuel and house-rent, whilst the *habitans* live at much more expense, but respectably.

It is with reluctance that I notice, the conduct of certain Irish landlords last year. They induced their poor tenants to emigrate without making any provision for them after arriving in Canada. English landlords, on the other hand, who spend their incomes on their estates, and who pay five millions of poor-rates (which is so much deducted from rent), in sending out their poor tenants to the Canadas, have written to an agent in Quebec to supply them

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with small sums to set them going. Irish emigrants are therefore continually seen hanging about the wharfs, quite lost for some time, till an old acquaintance perhaps accommodates them with a corner of his room; whilst the English, on the other hand, are enabled by their old landlords to proceed at once up the country. It is with pleasure I notice the Marquis of Bute, pre-eminent among English landlords for his liberality to his emigrant tenantry. If the Government, or Emigration Committee, undertake to send emigrants to Canada, they ought (as I said before) to be disposed of at a distance from the French Canadians. These poor people ought not "to be devoured," as they term it; by hungry paupers. Very serious consequences will undoubtedly ensue if the system is continued of allowing pauper emigrants to locate themselves wherever they choose, or to linger about the towns.

I cannot help noticing the unfortunate experiment of inducing old soldiers to exchange their pensions for land. It was truly painful to witness the condition of these men; many sold their land immediately for a dollar an acre, thus their one hundred acres would yield £20. Young women would attach themselves for a time to these veterans, keep them continually drunk, and go off with the plunder and a paramour. The pensioners died by dozens in Quebec and in attempting to proceed up the country, and I am confident that when the result of the above experiment is represented in the proper quarter, it will not be repeated.

A considerable pauper population could be turned into Upper Canada, provided they could be employed for one year on public works. I said that the Rideau Canal, since 1826, has annually employed two thousand labourers, and has been of incalculable benefit to the paper emigrant. If taken care of for one year, handle the axe, and is then able to occupy land. Road-making is the natural way of employing the emigrants, though many of them arrive with such extravagant notions of their own consequence, that though in absolute want, they will not condescend to be thus employed.

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Last year there was a considerable demand for labourers in the Eastern Townships, at the rate of 1 s. 6 d. a day; many, however, refused to labour under 2 s. 6 d. When six or eight thousand arrived yearly, they could get that sum, but not now. Ship carpenters, joiners, &c. received in 1831, from 5 s. to 7 s. 6 d. a day without food. House servants (men) 30 s. a month, with food; and females, 15 s. or 20 s. Many farmers support poor Irish families during the winter merely giving them food and lodging; for this, they chop wood and are otherwise employed. Since lumber-men get thirty dollars a month for hewing wood, and conducting it on rafts to Quebec, the farmer has hitherto been obliged to pay the high rate of nine or ten dollars a month for a summer labourer, and find him besides in food.

The thriving Canada Land Company, whose stock is daily 328 rising, on the 1st of November, 1831, had received at their office, in York, Upper Canada, seventeen thousand sovereigns for the sale of land during the year. This shows that a considerable number of the emigrants who arrived lately, were not in distressed circumstances. In Lower Canada, the emigrants who are now the most comfortably situated, are those with whom the following plan has been pursued: Three or four merchants of Quebec or Montreal, purchase a seigniory of land; dispose of a great part of it in lots, to respectable settlers; give them three years to pay for their farms, of one hundred and fifty or two hundred acres, (without interest; after three years, interest is charged). The settlers are supplied with all necessaries at nearly prime cost, are advised and directed by the company, who retain a portion of their own land, which continually increases in value, and all parties are benefited.

Poor emigrants have hitherto been exposed to serious inconvenience and risk from the roguery of captains of ships, principally those from ports in Ireland; they advertised their vessels to sail on a certain day, and stated that they were of considerable size, but they did not sail for weeks after the day fixed; in the mean time, the emigrants consumed their sea stock of potatoes and meal on shore, and when at last they got on board, they found themselves so crowded, that it was impossible for all to be accommodated between decks.

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No inspection of the emigrants took place previous to embarkation, to ascertain that they were free from infectious disorders; the small-pox was frequently introduced on board, and many children and adults have thus been consigned to the bosom of the Atlantic. Water and provisions would fail the emigrants when some time at sea, and the necessaries of life would then be disposed of at a high price, by the mercenary and unfeeling commanders. If the captain was a drunkard, there was great chance of being kept out eight or ten weeks at sea, or perhaps wrecked in the gulf of St. Lawrence. Arrived at Quebec, the emigrants would be hurried on shore, even at night, in small boats, in a strange land, and not knowing where to find shelter. Mr. Walter Ferrier, his Majesty's collector of customs, Quebec, exerted himself strenuously to amend the Passenger Regulation Act, by which emigrant ships are in future to be strictly inspected previous to sailing from Britain, and immediately also on their arrival at their destination; so that now it will be difficult for a captain to ill-use those who confide themselves and their families to his care without subjecting himself to an exemplary exposure and punishment.

As a link in the chain of oppression, of inconvenience, and of heavy losses, to which emigrants were sometimes subjected, I 329 may mention the following anecdote, which was told me by a gentleman in Upper Canada. Certain American speculators were in the habit of travelling on the roads and in steam-boats along with emigrants newly arrived, and would insinuate themselves into their confidence, tender advice, induce them to purchase land in the States, and implements of husbandry at a high rate, and, in short take every advantage of their ignorance, plunder them, and too often reduce them to beggary. My informant said, that on one occasion, when he was coming up the Hudson, he observed in the steam-vessel a burly, ruddy-faced English farmer, to whom a sleek-looking Yankee was paying particular attention. My friend saw the game that was being played, and, taking the farmer aside, he advised him to beware of his new friend. "But how are we to know these swindlers?" said Hodge; "perhaps you are one yourself." "Me? no, no," said the gentleman; "why, I don't want to sell anything to you. I'm your countryman: I only offer you advice, for I wish to save you (here the American approached to listen to what was going

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forward); but, whenever you see a d——d sneaking fellow showing himself forward where he has no business, and listening to conversation which does not concern him, that is a Yankee speculator—of him beware!” The American was unable to notice this severe rub, and edged off to mark down another quarry.

Mr. Andrew Stewart, a Member of the Provincial Parliament, and one of the best informed men in Canada, particularly on topics connected with emigration, the disposal of settlers, the discovery of new and fertile tracts, and the difficult question of boundaries (which last ought immediately to be definitely determined, in order that the frontiers may be located), proposes as the best way to elicit judicious plans for the disposal of emigrants, that a series of interrogatories be put to intelligent settlers who have been in the country one year, such as, Why they left England? How much money they brought with them? What difficulties they had to contend with, and what they would do if they had to begin afresh? Another of Mr. Stewart's plans is to clear and prepare land for emigrants with the military thus: —each private with two oxen to clear ten acres; one-third of the regiment to be discharged, if they wish it, and settled on the cleared land; the rest to be given over to pauper-settlers. The favourite region of Mr. Stewart is the borders of the lake St. John and the banks of the Saqueney river, flowing into the St. Lawrence from the north. He says that the last citadel of the Canadas should be on the lake, and that its shores should therefore be settled with Highlanders, to repel invasion, (*quod Di avertant!*) and there make a final stand for our Western Empire. T t 330 I derived much pleasure and profit from various communings with Mr. Stewart.

When an American comes over to Canada to take out a location-ticket, he immediately sets to work, in the fall of the year, and slashes (fells) and burns the wood on perhaps eight acres of land; then, walking through his new field among the stumps, with a bag of Indian corn seed about his neck, and his axe in his hand, he makes a hole in the ground with it, and, dropping two or three seeds into it, he closes the hole with his foot, and he thus disposes of his whole seed. He then, perhaps, returns to the States, or hires himself out to work till the 'time of harvest comes round, when he returns to his field and reaps it.

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He now may think of building a log house: he prepares the timber, the neighbours collect in "a bee," and assist him to erect his dwelling; he roofs and floors it with bark, the doors and windows are cut out, the hinges are of wood, as are sometimes the locks, the light is admitted through oiled paper, the table is a rough board, and the stools cuts of round logs. He brings his wife and a barrel or two of pork; more land is cleared; pigs, poultry, and cattle are seen to increase; the log-hut is converted into a stable, and a frame-house is substituted. This is supplanted in time by an elegant two-storied mansion of brick, with tin-roof, green Venetians, and carpeted rooms; and I have sketched with great interest, the successive dwellings of a thriving settler, who requires but an axe and a saw, sobriety and industry, to lay the foundation of a competence in "that happy land."

"Look now abroad:—another race has fill'd These populous borders. Wide the wood recedes, And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd; The land is full of harvests and green meads. Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds, Shine disembower'd, and give to sun and breeze Their virgin waters. The full region leads New colonies forth, that toward the western seas Spread like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees!"

For some years, the stream of emigration flowed chiefly into the United States, and not to Canada, because the greater number were deceived; they knew nothing of the British possessions in North America. Many still imagine that the climate and face of the country of Upper Canada are similar to Siberia; but who that is a lover of his country and people would unhesitatingly live under another government, and forswear his allegiance to his sovereign? Democrats and levellers may go to the States; but the friends of the British constitution, the friends of British habits 331 its and feelings, will only find a situation congenial to them in the British possessions.

At present land is so dear to the east of the Alleghany mountains, in the States, that the generality of emigrants who arrive in New York are utterly unable to purchase even a few acres. To proceed to the back-settlements of Illinois, Missouri, &c. a journey by land and water of upwards of fifteen hundred miles is necessary, and very heavy expense and

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serious inconvenience incurred thereby. In landing at Quebec, a short journey will carry the emigrant south to the eastern townships, where there is abundance of excellent land at a moderate rate, which roads will soon open up to the St. Lawrence; or else steam-vessels will convey him, by Montreal, Kingston, and York, to Amherstburgh, on Lake St. Clair, if he chooses. The market is excellent for his produce in the British possessions; clothing, and other necessities, can be purchased at a moderate cost; the climate is generally very healthy; he has all the privileges of a British subject, may be said to be burthened with neither taxes, tithes, nor poor-rates, and, above all, has abundant opportunities of receiving religious instruction, of educating his children, and leaving them independent of the world. To recapitulate: land in the States is much dearer than in Canada, the distance to be travelled is very great before a location can be got, and the soil and climate of the Western States are decidedly inferior;—who, then, will hesitate which to choose?

But however much I may have said in praise of Canada, as a place of refuge for those who cannot maintain themselves to their wishes in their own country, let no one in a spirit of restlessness and discontent leave home on slight grounds, or without well weighing the consequences of the eventful step he may be about to take, voluntarily exiling himself from all he may hold dear. The pang of parting with old and familiar faces is very severe, and nearly as painful is leaving for ever the home of our youth, even without its loved tenants, the peaceful cottage with its garden and aged trees, the warm bower-like village with its grey church, round which our forefathers may be mouldering in the hallowed dust, the pleasant banks of the clear and glancing stream, the smiling fields, the wild moor or heath-clad hills,—which, with all their attractions and endearing associations will be continually thought of with fond regret when left.

If by honest industry and sobriety the labourer or mechanic can maintain himself and bring up his family in his own country, let him never think of emigrating, particularly if he is not conscious of strength of body and mind to carry him through the new and trying scenes he will meet with in the wilderness of the 332 West. Conceive the feelings of the settler on finding himself placed for the first time with axe in hand, in a dark forest, with nought but

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the countless stems of trees around him, and knowing that these must first disappear by painful labour before he can turn the soil to any account. How many have sunk under the depressing prospect before them, and bitterly repented their own recklessness in venturing across the Atlantic!

I conclude this subject with a circumstance of recent occurrence. A settler who had been for some time in Canada, returned to a village in the south of Scotland to arrange some family matters, and in conversing with an old acquaintance on the country of his adoption, his friends asked him, "Did you see any thing like Tweed-side in America?"—"No," was the answer: "Nothing to be compared to it; one man lived near me from this quarter, and we used continually to talk about Tweed-side, till we both cried."—"Well," said the other, fortunately ignorant of the luxury of grief, "I'll stay where I am, enjoy Tweed-side, and not go to America to cry about it."

To employ emigrants without means, for some time after their arrival in the Canadas, it may be suggested that instead of any more canals on the grand scale, wooden rail-roads should be formed throughout the country, and above all, perpendicular to the frontiers; from the very abundant supply of materials for their construction, they can be laid at a trifling cost. It is a painful thing to witness in the Canadian forests, the noble trees consumed by fire in cradles or heaps, to clear the land, and the roads at the same time in many places nearly impassable. What more easy than to lay the trees on the road on notched cross sleepers, and elevating the small end of the tree, lay a bar of iron on its length. Mr. George, of Quebec, has paid much attention to this subject, and his plans for internal improvements in general, are well deserving attention.

Mr. George established a land office in Quebec in 1821, to encourage and promote emigration, and where emigrants could be informed of the most eligible means and most advantageous mode of proceeding to commence a settlement in any part of Lower Canada. By this means, the supply of flour, formerly furnished by the United States to his

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Majesty's forces in the West Indies, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and elsewhere, is now supplied by Canada, greatly to the advantage of the province.

Mr. George next exerted himself to bring about a direct tea-trade from China to Canada, which gave to the province £35,000 revenue in the two first years, and prevented the illicit trade along the Canada frontiers. Then he developed the possibility of rendering the St. Lawrence Rapids navigable by steam tow-boats, 333 with chains and inclined planes, which would greatly tend to the prosperity and defence of Canada.

He proposed the substitution of inclined planes instead of locks in canals in many instances, to convert the trees of the forest into wooden rail-ways, and to encourage the growth of hemp. Lastly, he proposed the erection of a pier from Quebec to Beauport, in order to extend the harbour of Quebec, and render it equal, if not superior, to any on the continent of America.

An interesting discovery was made last year by the naval surveyors on the St. Lawrence, Which may be of service to emigrants. The fur traders had hitherto represented the Bersiamits river in the meridian of 69° as altogether unnavigable, and endeavoured to persuade the surveyors not to examine it. However, they were determined to do so, and the following was the result: A noble stream carrying for thirty-five miles eighteen and twenty feet of water, when a magnificent cataract interrupted the navigation. The banks were steep, of clay and sand below, and deep vegetable mould above, supporting poplar, pine and gigantic birch trees. This year it is to be hoped that the river has been examined above the Falls.

It may not be out of our place here to mention a discovery in magnetism, which was communicated to me by a French gentleman (A. Girod) at Quebec. Whilst in Mexico, he was engaged in a series of magnetical experiments, and discovered a method by which polarity could be restored to compass needles deranged by the firing of cannon, by lightning, or the vicinity of iron. M. Girod says, that if a compass needle be struck on both

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sides of the point of suspension longitudinally with a small bar of copper, proportioning the strength of the blow to that of the steel, the needle loses its polarity, which seems to be driven out latterally. Again, to restore the polarity, let the needle be struck horizontally, and across on both sides of the point of suspension. Now this is a very simple experiment, and a most important discovery for navigation.*

* Several years ago the Rev. W. Scoresby discovered a mode of magnetising soft steel bars by percussion, or of destroying the magnetism by the same process at pleasure, which he accomplished to the utmost certainty. For example, a small bar of steel hammered vertically, and held at the same time vertically upon the top of a poker or other rod of iron, will, by a few blows, become so highly magnetic, as to take up considerable weights of iron, or traverse as a compass, if properly suspended. To destroy this magnetism, a blow or two is sufficient when the steel is held horizontally, and in an east and west direction.— *Philosophical Transactions, Royal Society*, 1823—4.

After partaking of the hospitality of government-house, and receiving a series of attentions from many friends at Quebec, I left this interesting city (and one which will ever be held by me in 334 pleasing remembrance) on a clear frosty night in November. The streets were clean and silent, and the moonlight played on the tin roofs and on the glancing waters of the St. Lawrence, as I walked through the Prescott-gate. and down Mountain-street to the quay. I intended at one time to have availed myself of an invitation to visit the Governor of New Brunswick, but I found it impossible to reach Fredericktown at that season of the year, so I sailed up the St. Lawrence, part of the voyage in a snow storm, and having missed the passage-boat to La Prairie, passed over in a canoe to journey by land and water to New York.

The road from La Prairie to St. John's was full of dangerous ruts and deep in mud; besides, it passed through a dead flat, and was one of the most disagreeable highways I ever travelled. The wagon, with its four horses, lumbered along heavily for some time, and at last turned completely over, and we were thrown into a perfect 'slough of despond,' and

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begrimed with mud from head to foot. We were scraped and reseated, and embarked with whole bones, at the head of Lake Champlain.

Every window was closed at night in the stoved cabin of the steamer; and in the morning, I was so overcome with the heat and bad air, that it was sometime before I could rise and stagger to the door. We passed Isle aux Noix, a small British frontier fort, where among other officers, I saw Lieutenant Ingall, of the 15th, who has particularly distinguished himself by his zeal, activity, and ability, as a traveller and discoverer, in the wilds of Canada.

The shores of Lake Champlain were low and flat at first, and the mountains on either side were at a distance from the water. There was a wild smuggling, and uncultivated look about the country near the frontier, but it improved as we advanced to the centre of the lake, where the scenery became very magnificent. Bays, headlands, mountains, and woods were, presented under every imposing aspect. The greatest breadth of the inland sea is eighteen miles.

Passing Plattsburgh, a flourishing little town, the scene of our defeat last war, we reached Crown Point, and then the lake contracted from four or five miles in breadth to a river channel. The point was green and elevated, and on it were the ruins of military works, principally erected by the Canadian French, when they meditated and attempted the utter expulsion of the English colonists from the shores of the Atlantic. Stories are told of vaults and dungeons at Crown Point, where plots were hatched in conjunction with the Indians, for burning the dwellings and massacring the families of the settlers; and here were displayed "long rows of scalps, white in one place with the venerable locks 335 of age, and glistening in another with the ringlets of childhood and of youth."

Next, at the entrance to Lake George, with its clear waters, its picturesque islets, and steep shores, were the remains of the celebrated Fort Ticonderoga, situated on a point of land surrounded on three sides with water, and on the fourth, deep trenches cut into the

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morass, with high breast-works. It presented one of the most likely posts to make a gallant defence, that could well be conceived. The ruin of a barrack, like a "donjon keep," was the most conspicuous object on the point.

It is impossible, as an officer of the black watch, to think of Ticonderoga without strong emotion, for here, in 1758, the 42d, after cutting their way with their claymores through a broad abattis of prostrate trees, under a heavy fire from the French garrison, made desperate efforts for four hours to scale a high work without scaling-ladders, by mounting on one another's shoulders and by making holes in it with their bayonets. They were so exasperated at being so unexpectedly checked, and by the heavy loss which they had sustained, that they refused to withdraw till ordered a third time to do so by their general; their loss on this occasion was more than half the men, and two-thirds of the officers killed or severely wounded; that is, twenty-five officers, nineteen sergeants, and six hundred and three privates. About this time the regiment received the honorary distinction of Royal.

We sailed through the contracted and shallow waters of the lake for some distance, while rushes lined the rocky banks on either hand, and landed at Whitehall, on the borders of Vermont. We then embarked in a canal track-boat; to voyage by Saratoga, unfortunately memorable for Burgoyne's surrender, to Troy, on the Hudson; but there was so much tobacco-chewing, smoking, and heat in the cabin, during the cold night that I bivouacked on deck beside the steersman, and ran the risk of a rheumatic attack in consequence.

I was surprised and pleased to see how well they always live in the States; here, in a long, narrow, and crowded boat, and from a cook-shop, only five or six feet square, breakfast, dinner, and supper were provided for thirty or forty people, which would have done credit to any respectable hotel; stews and steaks vegetables and preserves, tea and coffee, all were in abundance, and well "got up."

We passed through a rich, well-cultivated country, and saw occasionally the heavy Dutch houses of the farmers, with gable ends in front; the weathercock on one end of them,

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and the stoop, or porch, before the door. Then passing the junction of the great Erie and Champlain Canals, we had from beneath a handsome 336 wooden bridge, with a roof and opened latticed sides, a view of the Falls of the Cahoes, on the Mohawk river, thundering over a precipice seventy feet high, to reach which the river passed through a rugged and wooded solitude above, which, with the cataract, inspired the muse of Moore thirty years ago.

Troy, with Mount Ida behind it, was composed of whitewashed brick and wooden houses, with large windows and signs thickly set; it had an air of bustle about it, but I should be sorry to set up my staff here, and would rather seek a quieter Ilium. We entered the steam vessel John Jay, which advertised to take passengers to New York for fifty cents (half a dollar,) distance one hundred and fifty miles, and we paddled towards Albany. We had not long started before the passengers were penned up in a corner, and relieved of a much larger sum than what was specified in the advertisement, on the plea that the hand-bill which we had seen was circulated unknown to the proprietors of the John Jay, and that their fare was a quarter of a dollar to Albany, six miles, two dollars to New York, "and no mistake about that."

We changed our vessel at Albany for one of the largest which navigate the Hudson, and tarried but a brief space at the seat of the State Legislature of New York, but a sufficient time to remark, that almost all the primitive little Dutch houses of red and yellow bricks had disappeared, and that the streets were generally straight, at right angles to one another, and composed of three-storied modern edifices, with about a dozen handsome churches.

One of the most interesting events which annually occurs at Albany is, the breaking up in the spring of the ice in the Hudson, over which sleighs and wagons may have driven for some weeks previous. The river is then swelled underneath by the melted snow from the tributary streams, and suddenly a roar like that from a park of artillery is followed by a longitudinal crack, extending for several miles, and displaying a body of ice six or seven feet thick; the stream then breaks this into masses of various size, and the whole float

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past, angrily crashing and grating against each other, and heaped up into ever-changing and glittering figures.

About this time passengers were landed at different places, in a way attended with great danger, for the competition was so great on the Hudson, that to save time, they did not stop the engine at all, but rang a bell to warn the passengers about to leave as they approached their destination; they then placed them with their baggage, in a boat hanging from the quarter davits; it was lowered stern foremost into the water; a steersman stood at the rudder; a tow-line was attached at the bow rollock, if the steamer happened to be going with the stream, at the rate of fifteen miles 337 an hour (which is not uncommon, as they are built for river navigation, like a spoon); away spun the boat to the bank, at the rate of twenty miles an hour; the passengers jumped on shore, anti the engine, by an ingenious and simple addition to the machinery, wound up the tow-line, and the boat returned to the steamer without any pause or diminution in its speed. Now, however, (after some fatal accidents,) they stop the engine for a few minutes, and take more time to land their passengers.

In the summer and autumn the steamers on the North river have been known to have seven or eight hundred passengers on board at a time; people from New York, or the unhealthy southern States, proceeding to the springs at Saratoga, or about to travel west by the Great Erie Canal. On these occasions it is impossible to walk about on deck; the dense multitude stand or sit composedly, and get their meals in succession, without noise or inconvenience, by each getting a ticket, and having his place fixed at table.

Some time ago an Englishman, unaccustomed to such crowds, was proceeding up the Hudson, and after spending a night of discomfort on board, in the morning was desirous of refreshing himself by performing his ablutions. He inquired where he could wash, and was directed to a recess, where he saw basins in use, and rapidly passing from hand to hand. He saw also a looking-glass, on one side of which hung a brush by a string, and on the other a comb, which were applied indiscriminately to the "haffet locks" of the citizens.

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He was rather disgusted with this strange scene, and despaired of being able to secure a basin before the breakfast-bell rang, when at last a passenger, who had just washed, turning round, saw the distress of the John Bull, and immediately emptied his basin, poured a little pure water into it from the cock, and laying it down on the slab, pointed to it and made a low bow to the Englishman, who thanked the stranger for his civility, and gladly availed himself of it.

At breakfast-time the Englishman related to a *compagnon du voyage* what had happened previously, and added—"I see opposite to us the gentleman who behaved so civilly to me, and so unlike the others; I wonder who he can be!"—"Why," answered his friend, "have just learned that that is the ex-King of Spain, Joseph Buonaparte!"

The Hudson unfolded to us its beauties in succession as we voyaged down its noble stream. The Katskill Mountains on the right presented their majestic sides, along which clouds were rolling; the opposite bank of the river was smiling with fields, woods, and occasional villas, and where rocks and cliffs appeared U u 338 it recalled recollections of the far-famed Rhine, but without its castles. On the deep tide were frequently seen the white sails of sloops, conveying flour and deals to New York. The town of Hudson was passed on the left, pleasantly looking down from its hill, but altogether modernized and changed since its great founder, Henrick, "shook from his skirt the dust of mortality." The river next expanded into a succession of lakes, and did not contract its channel till we approached those scenes of many a wild tale and martial achievement, the Highlands. We passed through the cleft of the mountains at Windgate, and found ourselves navigating between most romantic precipices, amongst which Dunderberg and Anthony's Nose were looked on with peculiar interest.

We emerged from the deep shadows of the impending masses of rock, and saw the Military Academy at West Point, on its elevated plateau, and surrounded with the traces of military works constructed during the great struggle for American independence; then Fort Putnam, on its natural platform on the right, recalled the memory of the chivalrous

but unfortunate André. On looking back at the southern entrance to the bold scenery of the Highlands, it seemed like a Scottish loch; the trees descended from high ridges to the water's edge, and here and there a bare peak of granite towered above the foliage. Then Verplank's Point appeared, with its family mansion, commanding beautiful views of the river; after which we were in the Tappaan Sea, a lake of the Hudson, with the primeval forest alternating with clearings and snug farm-houses. On the eastern shore was the Sleepy Hollow of Rip Van Winkle, and the Palisades. A wall of granite, extending on our right for several miles, marked the shore of New Jersey.

Night had now closed in upon us, and the termination of our swift course was indicated by a long line of glimmering lights on the left, proceeding from the fair city of New York.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

Leave New York to see Congress opened—General Wool—Sail to Brunswick in New Jersey.—Trenton.—Memorabilia connected with it.—The Delaware.—Joseph Buonaparte.—Bristol and Burlington.—Philadelphia.—The William Penn Steam Vessel.—Newcastle.—The Chesapeake and Delaware Canal.—Sail up the Patapsco to Baltimore.—Uninviting appearance of Maryland.—Slavery and its Effects too apparent.—The great Chesapeake and Ohio Rail-road.—Bladensburg.—Pass over the Battle-field.—Silent approach to Washington.—Resembles a Russian city.—The Streets.—Houses indifferently heated.—Audience of President Jackson.—A Sketch of his Career.—The Pennsylvania Avenue.—The Capitol, Sculptures, and Paintings.—The Rotunda, National Library.—Halls of the Senate and of Representatives. —The President's Message.—A gratifying Account of the Prosperity and Prospects of the United States.—Visit Mr. Clay.—Inspect the Arsenal.—Visit the Theatre and attend Church.—Mr. Bankhead.—The Nunnery.—A Party at the President's.

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A favourable opportunity presenting itself for journeying by way of Philadelphia and Baltimore to Washington, to see Congress opened, being invited to join the party of General Wool, consisting of himself, his excellent lady, and the two accomplished daughters of the Secretary at War, Governor Cass, I did not tarry long in New York, but intended making a longer stay, on my return.

General Wool served with distinction in the last war, particularly on the attack of Queenstown Heights. For his gallantry and good conduct in the battle of Plattsburgh he received the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel, and afterwards on the peace establishment was appointed Inspector-General, with the rank of Colonel; since which he has received the rank of Brigadier-General by brevet. He is an officer of the strictest honour, very intelligent, and with the manners of a perfect gentleman.

The snow lying thick on the ground, we walked to the steam-vessel, which carried us through the Narrows of Long Island, and round the Coast to New Brunswick in New Jersey: from thence we travelled in a coach across the fertile State to Trenton, its capital, on the Delaware, now containing upwards of four thousand inhabitants, with a beautiful covered bridge, a quarter of a mile long, near "The Falls."

Trenton is associated with some of the most important events of the revolutionary war. Whilst the English held it, there was deadly strife about it. The capture of an English and Dutch detachment at Trenton in 1776 was the first victory gained by the Americans, and which served at once to raise their drooping spirits, while the masterly retreat of Washington from Trenton, 340 under every disadvantage, is considered as one of his most brilliant achievements.

We sailed down the Delaware, and passed Bordentown, where is the residence of Joseph Buonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, distinguished by his courteous manners and his taste for the fine arts—the last shown in the elegance of his villa and the grounds which surround it.

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We next passed Bristol and Burlington on opposite sides of the Delaware, the former in Pennsylvania, and adorned with handsome country houses and flower-gardens; and at night reached Philadelphia. We left early on the following morning, by a magnificent steam-vessel, the William Penn, with great length of keel and breadth of beam, lofty cabins, machinery in the most perfect order, and the greatest regularity observed on board, with attention to the comfort of passengers and the safety of their baggage.

We passed Gloucester and Fort Mifflin, on an island in the Delaware, then Lazaretto and Chester, and arrived at Newcastle, where we took the passage-boat on the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. We had great difficulty in forcing our way through the ice with six horses. A false cut-water of rough planks was rigged, and, by inducing a schooner to precede us, we accomplished the fourteen miles, after considerable delay, passing the "Deep Cut," where, in some places, the banks are seventy feet high; then under the Summit Bridge, two hundred and eighty feet long and eighty feet above us, and through marshes which for some time swallowed up the embankments as soon as formed.

At the village of Chesapeake we entered the celebrated bay of the same name, and, embarking in another steam-vessel, passed the strong Fort M'Henry and a very flat country on either hand, and passing up the Patapsco a short distance, we arrived at Baltimore, where we only stayed one night, for here and at Philadelphia I intended to sojourn a few days on my way back to New York.

On leaving Baltimore, the appearance of Maryland was far from inviting. We immediately saw that we were in a slave-state instead of the well-dressed countrymen, the fertile fields, the neat fences, and comfortable houses of the State of New York, we saw only a few starved and ragged negroes driving bullock-wagons laden with firewood, and exhausted tobacco-fields on each side; and there was an air of gloom and desolation over the landscape, increased by the houses being far apart on the road.

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We passed through some oak-woods and ever roofed wooden bridges, and saw the great Chesapeake and Ohio rail-road, of bars of iron laid on wooden sleepers, and intended to extend for three 341 hundred miles; sixty had then been completed on the distance from Baltimore to Fredericktown.

We next passed through the village of Bladensburgh, consisting of two rows of indifferent wooden houses; crossed the small stream by the bridge, where considerable loss was sustained by our troops from the American artillery; ascended the hill on which the enemy's lines were drawn up, which fired with little effect by platoons on our light infantry in extended order; saw where our lads rushed to the charge, and the scattered cypress-trees, beautifully dispersed over the gently ascending eminence, where the slain fell, and beside which they lie buried; snow-wreaths here and there lay in the hollows, and the scene was one of quiet beauty.

The road continued through some dark woods and an uncultivated country; and, after passing a single bullock-cart, on lifting up my eyes, I saw before me, on a bare plain, the greatdome and the massive pile of the capitol at Washington, with a few inferior houses round it, and hardly a living object moving on the silent scene—a strange approach to the metropolis of “a fine, free, and flourishing country.”

I found the principal hotel (Gadsby's) full-of Members of Congress, who were well lodged and entertained in this very superior, establishment, built as a hollow square of four stories, with covered galleries round the interior, and a fountain in the centre of the court.

In walking through Washington, it reminded me much of a Russian city; the streets of great length and breadth, the houses inconveniently scattered over an open and treeless plain, and no bustle of commerce. There were many good stores, and numerous lottery-offices; but in one material point the Americans were greatly inferior to my old friends the Muscovites—in the heating of their houses. The snow lay on the ground some inches in thickness—

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"The wind whistled cold, And the stars glimmer'd red;"

yet, in some of the best mansions, it was impossible to sit still, so great was the cold within doors from the houses being badly finished, and the grates with the anthracite coals being quite inadequate to the purpose for which they were intended.

The Inspector General was so kind as to accompany me to the President's house, a handsome building of the Ionic order, of two stories and a basement, overlooking the Potomac and an extensive landscape from its elevated site. We entered an iron gate before the edifice, drove round a grass-plot enclosed with posts and chains, 342 and alighted at a lofty portico of four columns. On knocking at the entrance-door, at which there were neither guards nor liveried retainers, after a considerable delay, one of the leaves was opened by a little man in a fur cap and grey short coat, who said he would ask if General Jackson could be seen; he then left us in an empty hall. It was bitterly cold, and General Wool piloted me upstairs to an anti-room, in which there was a fire, sundry chairs without backs, book-shelves without books, and, in plain frames, four coloured scriptural prints indifferently executed.

The President's nephew and adopted son, Mr. Jackson, a tall young man, recently married (as almost all American young gentlemen *fortunately* are), came and conversed with us for some time, and then conducted us into a handsome drawing-room with yellow furniture, where we found the ladies of the family dressed *à la Parisienne*, and all of them extremely affable and agreeable; they consisted of young Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Donaldson, Miss Eason and Miss Farquhar.

After sitting some time with the ladies, we conducted them to their carriage, and then were shown into a room where the President was seated at a table covered with newspapers, and before a huge fire. He rose at our entrance, and, shaking hands, inquired after our health with the formal politeness of the old school. The General is about six feet high, of a spare make and upright carriage, dressed in black, with a black stock, wears his white

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hair combed back from his face, which is long, and his nose of corresponding dimensions. In face and figure he reminded me of the late Lieutenant-Governor of the Royal Military College, General Butler.

Behind the President there was a full-length portrait of Bolivar, similar to one I saw in the possession of Sir Robert Wilson; and round the room were models of agricultural implements.

The party in opposition to the re-election of General Jackson to the presidential chair had spread a report that he was seriously ill, and could not live; and it was with a peculiar expression that he replied to General Wool's interrogatory regarding his health, that he had not been so well for ten years. A tooth had annoyed him, and an unskilful dentist, in removing it, had also drawn with it a part of the jaw; the accident had confined him to the house for some days, but now he had got over the annoyance.

We remained with the President a quarter of an hour, during which time he made inquiries regarding my progress through the States, asked my opinion of what I had seen, and then spoke at some length on the engrossing question of reform, trusted that there would be no revolution in England, and that the constitution would still be preserved in its purity.

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It would be very improper for me to repeat the General's words during this very interesting interview, as it would be a betrayal of confidence, of which former travellers in the States have sometimes been accused; let it suffice to say, that I retired much pleased with my reception by the chief magistrate of the United States, who politely invited me to take a family-dinner with him in a few days.

General Jackson commenced life without the advantages of a liberal education—his energy of character alone brought him forward; first on service in the revolutionary contest, then distinguished in Indian warfare on the western frontier, he was the terror of the red men from the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains; he likewise engaged in political life, and

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acted in a judicial capacity. As a General of the Militia of Tennessee, he was selected to repel the British invasion of New Orleans in 1814: his success on that occasion was of incalculable benefit to the States, and occasioned his promotion to the high office which he has filled with excellent judgment for three years, and has given general satisfaction both to the citizens and to foreigners.

We next inspected the four public offices, two on each side of the President's house, appropriated to the treasury, the state navy, and war departments; in the latter, I had the honour of making the acquaintance of Governor Cass, secretary-at-war, and of General Macomb, commander of the army.

We proceeded along the Pennsylvania avenue, a mile long, (the upper end ornamented with double rows of poplars,) and ascended the eminence on which the great pile of the capitol is built, by broad stairs. In the middle of the ascent was a marble monument, consisting of an eagle-surmounted column on a square base, on which were also allegorical figures representing History, Fame, Commerce, and America. This monument, erected in memory of the naval officers who fell in the Tripolitan war, formerly stood in the navy yard, but lately was removed to a better site.

We entered the circular Rotunda in the centre of the capitol, excellently paved, and with the great and echoing circumference of the dome overhead. In four niches round the walls were sculptured representations of the fight between Boon (one of the first pioneers of the West) and an Indian chief—the landing at Plymouth of the Pilgrim Fathers fleeing from England for conscience sake.—the treaty between Penn and two Indian chiefs on the Delaware—and the last, the escape of Captain John Smith in 1606, from the uplifted war club of King Powhatan, on the intercession of his daughter Pocahontas. Four large oil paintings, by Col. Trumbull, represented the Declaration of Independence, 344 General Washington resigning his commission, and the surrender of Cornwallis and Burgoyne at Yorktown and Saratoga. Connected with these two last, I beg to subjoin an anecdote

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highly creditable to the American character, and also to show that a regard for the feelings of others is confined to no particular country.

A British officer on a visit to Washington made the acquaintance, at a hotel, of two officers of the United States artillery; they showed him whatever was worthy of notice in or about the city, but they dissuaded him from entering the capitol, as they said it was in all unfinished state, and contained nothing that could interest him. However, one day he went alone to the capitol, and found that the cause of the dissuasions of his friends was the pictures above mentioned. They thought it would vex him to see these memorials of British defeat.

In the National Library, also in the capitol, I found a large collection of choice works, and the librarian kindly afforded me every facility in consulting them on several occasions. The hall of the senate was a neat semicircular chamber, but the hall of representatives is the great attraction in the capitol. I was introduced to it by General Aaron Ward, on the day that the President's message was read. The Speaker's chair, or rather curtained throne, was placed in front of a row of lofty windows, with crimson drapery; the seats and desks of the members of Congress were placed in semicircular and ascending rows. Corinthian pillars of great size, with polished shafts of variegated pudding stone, in which blue predominated, and crowned with marble capitals, were disposed round the walls, and opposite to the Speaker was a capacious gallery. The members wore their hats, as in St. Stephen's, and one or two I remarked in fur caps and white great coats, probably from the far west. Well may the Americans vaunt of their country, when representatives salute each other in Congress after journeys over two thousand miles of United States territory.

There is silence in the great hall; a door opens and a voice announces, "The Message of the President." Instead of a procession, a single individual in a cloak, enters with a bundle of papers in his hand, tied with red tape, and advancing up the centre passage, presents it to the Speaker; he unties it, and reads aloud the important document.

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The Message. —The President congratulated his fellow citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives on the continued and increasing prosperity of their beloved country, and gave a satisfactory view of the agriculture, manufactures, and internal improvements in the United States. He then alluded to the state 345 of the navigation and trade, and had much satisfaction in noticing the late arrangements with Great Britain relating to Colonial trade, productive of mutual good feeling and amicable relations between the two countries, which he hoped would not be interrupted. He next mentions his desire that an early settlement of the boundaries should take place between Canada, New Brunswick, and the States. Then spake of the claims (for indemnity) on France, Spain, and Denmark, the two Sicilies, Portugal, &c. for irregularities committed on American vessels, and for the redress of injuries. Commercial treaties with Russia and Austria, Prussia and the Porte, it was anticipated, would open a vast field for the enterprize of American merchants. Increased facilities attended the commerce to China and the East Indies, find satisfaction was to be required by an armed force, for piratical outrages committed in Sumatra on American merchantmen.

The nature of the connection with the independent States of South and Central America, was next in,order, and it was hoped that trade would increase with them on the subsiding of civil commotions. A revisal of the Consular laws was recommended. The removal of the Indian tribes to the west bank of the Mississippi was noticed, and the President trusted that the States *would not belong embarrassed with an Indian population* , though experiments might be made to reclaim the red-men from barbarism, and to teach them the habits and enjoyments of civilized life.

The state of public finance, as shown by the Secretary of the Treasury, was very gratifying; the revenue of 1831 amounted to twenty-seven millions seven hundred thousand dollars, and the expenditure for all objects (other than the public debt) did not exceed fourteen millions seven hundred thousand. The payment on account of the principal and interest of the debt during the year was sixteen millions and a half of dollars, and it was anticipated

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that within four years of the President's administration, the whole of the public debt would be extinguished—a remarkable case in the history of nations.

A modification of the tariff which shall produce a reduction of revenue to the wants of the Government, and an adjustment of the duties on imports, with a view to equal justice in relation to all national interests, and to the counteraction of foreign policy, so far as it may not be injurious to these interests, was deemed one of the principal objects which demanded the consideration of Congress, and arrangements should also be made to relieve the people from unnecessary taxation after the extinction of the national debt.

The insolvent debtors (to the United States) should be relieved; X x 346 the complicated system of public accounts should be improved; the laws of the District of Columbia (round Washington) should be revised; and the extension of the judiciary system in the States of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, which have not the benefits of a circuit, but only of a district court.

Leaving to the investigation of an enlightened people and their representatives the present organization of the bank of the United States, with a view to its improvement, the President's message concluded in these words: "Permit me to invoke that Power which superintends all governments, to infuse into your deliberations at this important crisis of our history a spirit of mutual forbearance and conciliation; in that spirit was our Union formed, and in that spirit must it be preserved."

Among other distinguished persons to whom I had letters from Mr. Washington Irving, was General Jackson's political opponent, Henry Clay, Esq. a Senator of the United States. I waited on him at his hotel, and found him to be a tall and spare-made man, about fifty-five years of age, in black, with a high forehead, thin brown hair, fresh complexion, straight nose, and front teeth rather prominent. His demeanour was quiet, though he is a Kentuckian; he wore a smile on his countenance in speaking, and was slow and distinct in his articulation; yet his appearance and manner evidently implied that

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“He plunges into the sea who seeks for pearls, And he who seeks greatness has watchful nights.”

With him sat a nephew of the great Washington, a tall and robust man, with a florid complexion, and the sedate manner of his celebrated relative.

I inspected the arsenal, across the Tiber and at some distance from the city, by invitation from Lieutenant Lymington, and found it, though small, in the most perfect order. I visited the (indifferent) Washington Theatre, and had my money returned; for the gas would not burn, and there was no performance. I attended a Presbyterian church on Sunday, where I heard an admirable discourse from a Mr. Post on the “signs of the times,” on which we should not shut our eyes and ears, but be up and doing. Education was the distinctive mark of the present age, in which peace prevailed, and in which the comforts of the poor were attended to, and the security of the rich.

At the table of our excellent Charge d’Affaires, Mr. Bankhead, I met the Members of the Corps Diplomatique, two English travellers of fortune, Messrs. Davidson and Gibb, and a daughter of 347 the Emperor Iturbide, a charming young lady, rather *petite*, with black sparkling eyes and raven tresses. She had been educated at the convent near Washington, a very interesting establishment of sixty nuns, descendants from rich Catholic families; they instruct one hundred boarders, and their day charity-school consists of two hundred pupils, for which they deserve great praise.

The day before I left Washington, I dined *en famille* with the President, and considered my being asked in this kind and friendly manner as a compliment to the service to which I belonged. The General had not begun to give dinners that season, and my stay being short; owing to my anxiety to return to England, from the stirring times that were anticipated, if I had not been invited to a family-dinner I could not have partaken of the hospitality of the chief magistrate at all.

To a small and comfortable drawing-room, with mirrors and a chandelier, and in which there was a full-length portrait of Washington, I was introduced by Mr. Baird (the butler) to General Jackson, who was seated in a high-backed arm-chair, round which were the members of the family, the ladies composing one quarter of the semicircle, and the gentlemen the other. My excellent friend General Wool, and his lady were the only strangers besides myself.

After another discourse on English Reform, we handed the ladies into the blue dining-room, where a well-cooked dinner and choice wines refreshed the senses. The services of plate and crystal were in excellent taste. Two brown domestics assisted Mr. Baird, who gave his opinion on the dishes and liquors as he helped them, and seemed to be the factotum of the establishment. After some lively conversation regarding ages of wine and ages of individuals, remarks on the changes in the face of the country, the increase of fields and the decrease of the forest, the General drank "Our absent Friends," and we all rose, and handed the ladies back to the drawing-room, where they were arranged as before, till coffee was served, when two of the young demoiselles went to the piano, sang and played Scotch airs; the General regaled himself with a long pipe in his easy chair, à la Parr, and retired to bed at nine. Thus ended the party at the President's.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

Leave Washington.—My Fellow Travellers.—The Author of "Pelham."—Slang.—Enter Baltimore by a Railway.—Spirit of the Inhabitants.—View from an Observatory.—The Battle Monument.—The Cathedral.—The Washington Pillar.—Charles Carroll of Carrollton.—Journey to the Susquehannah.—An English Radical.—Philadelphia.—The State-house.—The Banks and Churches.—Peale's Museum.—The 160-gun Pennsylvania.—The Theatre.—The Fair Mount Waterworks.—Anecdote.—Mechanical Genius of the New Englanders.—The Penitentiary.—Its Arrangement.—Sketch of the Life of a Convict.—How to prevent Prison-breaking.—Facetious Thieves.—Robbery of a Mail Coach.—A Robber's

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Advice to Travellers.—The Philadelphia Prison.—Why liberated Prisoners do not reform.—Dr. Rush.—Luxury of the Philadelphians.—A grumbling Traveller.—A Wistar Party.—A grievous Disappointment.—Return to New York.

Next morning I was on my way to Baltimore in company with Mr. Burrows well known in New York, and Major Wingfield. In the coach (a sort of windmill, freely admitting the cold air through the leathern sides) there were, besides the above, six editors and reporters of newspapers. These gentlemen were very conversable and facetious, mixing up in their discourse expressions peculiar to the Americans, some of which would have puzzled even the author of "Pelham," who, by the way, is an especial favourite in the States, the ladies considering him a nonpareil, and certain speculators (forgers and swindlers) having been detected last year with "Paul Clifford" in their portmanteaus.

The gentlemen of the Press talked of going the whole hog for one another; of being up to the hub (nave) for General Jackson, who was all brimstone but the head, and that was aquafortis; and swore, if any one abused him, he ought to be set straddle on an iceberg and shot through with a streak of lightning.

As we approached Baltimore we diverged from the usual road to drive on the great railway, from the Atlantic to the Ohio. Locomotives had not been then introduced, and our conveyance for seven miles was a heavy double carriage, drawn by one horse.

The very enterprising inhabitants of Baltimore seem determined, by-extending internal communications, to make up for the disadvantage they labour under, of having their harbour closed with ice for some weeks in winter; and though the foreign trade had ceased for a time, when I visited this, the third city of the Union, and the great flour and tobacco mart, yet the streets were far from being dull, but men and things wore a bustling, commercial air.

From the top of the City Hotel, containing a hundred and 349 seventy-two apartments, I enjoyed the panorama of the city on its three hills, with their intervening valleys, the

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houses of brick with numerous spires, towers and domes, rising above them. The harbour and shipping, defended by Fort M'Henry, directed the eye to the Bay of Chesapeake beyond; and the outlines of the environs of the city, varied with hill and dale, grove and country villa, claimed unqualified admiration.

In front of the hotel was the "Battle Monument," erected to the memory of those who fell in defence of the city last war. A reeded column, like a bundle of fasces, of white marble, stands on a square base. On the fillets which cross the shaft are inscribed the names of the honoured slain.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!"

I visited the massive square pile of the cathedral, surmounted by a dome, and situated on the highest ground in the city. In it there was a fine large organ, and pictures, presented by Kings of France. Near, the cathedral is the rival place of worship of the Socinians, a handsome edifice, also with a dome.

Beyond these I saw the Washington monument, about a hundred and seventy feet high, bearing a colossal statue of the first President, on a column of white marble with a double base.

I then had great satisfaction in visiting a living monument of the Revolution, and the last survivor of those who signed the Declaration of Independence, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, in his ninety-fourth year. I found the venerable patriarch quite alone, and seemingly musing. The apartment was lofty, with furniture of an antique fashion, and family pictures on the walls. It was night; wax lights were on the table, and a clear fire blazed on the hearth. The old gentleman, dressed in a dark purple gown, and seated in a high-backed chair, was rather of short stature, and stooped under the burden of years; his nose was aquiline, and his expression was particularly mild and engaging.

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I took tea with his family (two of his daughters are the Marchionesses of Wellesley and Carmarthen,) and spent a very agreeable evening. The speech, sight, and hearing of the veteran had not much failed him, but his memory had. He made frequent inquiries about a contemporary of his, Sir Robert Liston, the first British ambassador to the Independent States, and the subject of cholera seemed to possess his mind for a considerable time. When Mr. Carroll was a youth, Baltimore contained seven houses; its population is now seventy-five thousand.

I left Baltimore with regret, as the little I saw of the people gave me a very favourable impression of their intelligence, liberality, 350 and attention to strangers from the “old country,” and I heartily wished them prosperity.

The water-communication being stopped, I continued my journey by coach; passed the scene of the victory of North Point, and in a wood saw the grave of a mail-driver, who had been shot by robbers. This rather alarmed some of the passengers, who immediately concealed their valuables about their persons, and began frightening one another with tales of terror.

During this journey I much admired the forbearance of the Americans, and their general good temper. An English Radical travelled in the coach, who had left his own country in disgust, but finding himself a very insignificant personage in America, he did nothing but abuse the institutions of the States and the people to their face, in the most intolerable manner. I quarrelled with him, which was more than the Americans did, who bore with him very patiently, much to their credit, and to his disgrace.

When we got to the Susquehannah, famous for its canvass-back ducks, the snow and ice greatly impeded our progress. The landlord of the inn on the banks of the river demanded a small sum for putting us across in a boat, shoved through a channel in the ice by four black men, with boathooks. The passengers remonstrated:—“What is the meaning of the toll?”—“The meaning of it,” says mine host coolly, “is, that if you don't pay it you stay

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here, I guess!" It was paid with some grumbling, and we "progressed quick as a chain of lightning," by Wilmington, in Delaware, to Philadelphia, and crossing the Schuylkill, we entered the capital of Pennsylvania.

The first appearance of Philadelphia was highly respectable. The strait and clean streets—the houses of goodly exterior, many of them with marble steps, and rails with plated knobs—the excellent taste in which the ladies were dressed, without the varied colours of the New York fair—and the quiet and orderly demeanour of the lower orders—gave me a very favourable impression of the city and people.

In walking through Philadelphia, I was attracted to Chestnut Street, to visit the venerable State House, (with its long fagade surmounted by a cupola,) for in it is the apartment in which the Declaration of Independence was signed; then the Bank of the United States, built after the model of the Pantheon, with white marble portico and tympanum. The bank of Pennsylvania, after the plan of the Ilyssian Temple of the Muses, and M. Girard's bank, with its Corinthian portico, particularly arrested attention. The eighty-eight churches were of indescribable varieties of style, and but few of them dignified with tower or spire.

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In Peale's Museum I saw the skeleton of the great Mammoth, a large collection of birds, well preserved, and a gallery of portraits of distinguished individuals. With Captain Reid, of the United States' navy, I visited the Mammoth man-of-war, the Pennsylvania, of one hundred and sixty guns, and at one of the handsome theatres I saw Mrs. Austin as Cinderella.

The boast of Philadelphia are the Fair Mount Water Works, on the Schuylkill, for supplying the city. Mr. Kane, a gentleman of the legal profession, was kind enough to drive me out to visit them, and I found them on the most simple plan, but so effective, that the whole city was abundantly supplied with excellent water at an expense of five dollars per day. A dam directs the water of the river to a long building, in which there are four large water-wheels;

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these, in revolving, pump up the water to reservoirs on an eminence above them, from which pipes dispense the pure element.

The pistons and cylinders of the forcing-pumps were laid nearly in a horizontal position, though at first they were upright, but then the superintendents could not make them work to any effect. One day, a plain-looking Yankee, from the eastward, with his hands in his Pocket, was seen to look at these vertical cylinders for some time, when the engineers were calculating how they could alter and improve them. At last, Jonathan guessed that he knew how to improve them, and make them throw up an abundant supply of water; but the men of science only laughed at him save one, who took him aside, and asked him what was his notion for bettering the cylinders and their mode of working. "Oh! but I'm not going to tell you though," said the Yankee.— "Perhaps you'll tell us," answered the engineer, "if we promise you ten thousand dollars, should your plan succeed?"—"Why, in that case I might tell you how to do the trick,—just write me out a contract, will ye?"—It was written out,—"Lay the upright cylinders on their sides." It was done, and the effect was miraculous, affording at the same time another proof of the great mechanical genius of the New Englanders.

From the water works we went to the New Penitentiary, an area of ten acres enclosed by a thirty-five feet granite wall, (with battlemented towers at the entrance,) containing the prison, on the most perfect plan, for carrying solitary confinement, with labour, completely into effect.

A centre room, called the observatory, (in which sat the keeper, a Quaker,) has seven passages diverging from it; on each side are cells for two hundred and fifty prisoners, all on the ground floor; these cells, twelve feet by eight, and lighted from the top, have a square opening to the passages closed with an iron shutter, in which there is a small eye-hole to permit the turnkeys to see the interior of the cells whenever they choose, without the prisoners being aware that they are observed; a small court is attached to each cell, for the purpose of exercise; through this is the entrance to the cell. So complete is the

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seclusion in these cells, that prisoners may live for twenty years in one, and never know who their neighbours are on either side.

It may be interesting to notice one inmate of the Penitentiary. George Taylor, born a robber, and suckled with the milk of thieves, was incarcerated for the period of twenty years, for robbing mails, and shooting at the keeper of a gaol. He was a lightbuilt, black-haired man, dressed in dark clothes, and a linen cap on his head; he rose hastily from a loom as we entered, and shook hands with Mr. Kane, who had been his counsel. "Well, George, how do you feel now?" kindly inquired my friend. "Thank you, Sir, I feel much easier in mind since you were so kind as to send me this," showing a small religious book, and pointing to a particular hymn in it; "but a chill comes over me every now and then; I'm breaking up, Sir, fast, and won't remain long here." His words recalled these lines,

"Like the lamp's expiring ray, Here my strength must pine away, And when some few months are o'er, Here I shall be seen no more, Wretched live and wretched die, Far from blessed liberty."

Taylor then showed the coarse cloth he was weaving, by means of which, and other articles manufactured by the prisoners, they are maintained without expense to the State, and even produce a surplus; he next showed the iron bedstead fastened up to the wall during the day, and let down at night.

This daring robber had broken many gaols in his time, and Mr. Kane asked him if he thought he could escape from the Penitentiary. "Yes, Sir, I think I might, if it were not for tha confounded hole," pointing to the small orifice in the iron shutter "At night, Sir, sometimes if I cough, or make the smallest noise, I hear a voice in the passage say to me, 'What's the matter, George? art then ill, lad?' Now that's the rub, Sir; I could manage my escape, but for that little hole; I can do nothing, for an eye may always be looking at me, and an ear listening."

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Taylor said, that it required courage and daring to commit the sort of robberies and thefts in which he had been engaged—and that there was high and pleasing excitement in the planning of a robbery with one or two tried companions. He laughed when he told how, on one occasion, he and two others got access to a house in which there was an evening party; the ladies and gentlemen were assembled in the drawing room, a grand supper was laid out in the dining-room, and the servants were in the kitchen. The thieves quietly locked the drawing-room and kitchen doors, went to the dining-room, regaled themselves with wine and cake, and swept off the whole of the plate from the table and sideboard; as they left the house by a window, they enjoyed the ringing of the bell from the drawing-room, and the abortive attempts of the servants to answer it from the kitchen.

He next described the robbery of a mail. It was three o'clock on a fine summer's morning; the twelve passengers were nodding at each other, and the driver also was half asleep under the balmy influence of the air, and the stillness of the country. As the coach passed through a populous neighbourhood, three unmasked robbers suddenly sprang from the side of the road; one stopped the horses, another stood beside the driver, and the third, (George Taylor,) went to the door of the coach, (American coaches have only one door,) and opening it, he said quietly, "Gentlemen, are there any ladies inside?"—the answer was, "not any." "Then, gentlemen, you will tell me if any of you have arms; if you have, you must give them up." There were none; and the next proceeding was for the passengers to come out one by one, to be tied with their own handkerchiefs and to draw up in a line opposite a fence, when the robbers for the first time showed their arms. The mail bags were cut by one of the men, and their contents examined. Taylor relieved the passengers of their pocket books, purses, and watches, and the third robber stood sentry.

On a watch being taken from one of the party, he said to George, "There are marks on that watch which may occasion your detection; besides, it is an old-fashioned silver one, and of no great value to any one but myself, for it is a family one—will you let me keep it?" Taylor restored it. Another man gave up ten dollars very reluctantly, saying,

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"You see, my man, all I have got to get me a dinner; I am a long way from home." Taylor generously gave back a dollar; but he was outwitted here, for he afterwards learned that the New Englander had notes to the amount of three thousand dollars in his boot, which he sawed. The horses were then tied up to the fence; two of the robbers leaped over it, and decamped with their booty. Taylor watched the passengers for half an hour, and prevented their raising an alarm; then, telling them they might make the best of their way, he followed his companions. Why he asked if there were any ladies in the coach was, that he might use means to prevent their raising an alarm; for females commonly make a great noise when their fears are excited—men are more silent.

In the last gaol from which Taylor had escaped, the keeper had flogged him and a companion very severely. They vowed vengeance, and on breaking out, they watched the keeper as he walked up the streets. Taylor's companion went behind him and snapped a pistol at his back: Taylor cried out, "That's owing to your d—d cowardly way of going to work," and fired from the opposite side of the street, but missed: he was pursued, taken, and placed where we found him. He gave this piece of advice to travellers: "On the road either go well armed and fire at once when you are stopped, or else give your pistols up. Never parley with a robber whom you mean to resist; if you do, and fail in your resistance, your life is gone. I myself would have been off at once, if, in attempting to rob a mail, a passenger had fired at me without hesitation; but if a passenger had attempted to throw me off my guard and afterwards resist, I would certainly have shot him."

I next saw the Philadelphia prison, once so celebrated, but which has been proved not to answer, so far as the reformation of the prisoners is concerned. At night they are locked up separately, but during the day labour in silence together; thus they know one another by sight, so that when they are liberated they think it useless to become honest men, for so many know that they once were rogues. I only heard of two instances of reform in those who had been inmates of the Philadelphia prison. One went to St. Domingo, and is now in independent circumstances by his own industry; the other went to the back woods of Tennessee, and commenced clearing and farming. He had a wife and young family, and

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continued industrious for some years, till unfortunately he was discovered by some of his former companions in durance; they threatened, if he did not pay them handsomely, they would inform his neighbours what his former character had been. The poor man satisfied them; but, on their returning again and again to him, and plundering him, he lost heart, and returned to his old vicious courses. Whether the Penitentiary system will succeed in producing reformation by entire seclusion, with labour, and religious instruction by an unseen clergyman, discoursing in the passage to the prisoners seated in their cells, remains yet to be proved.

At Philadelphia, through the instrumentality of a lady held in deserved estimation in America, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, I had great satisfaction in making the acquaintance of Dr. Rush, the worthy son of a sire who was chiefly, instrumental in establishing the American Medical School.

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I confess I was surprised to see the luxurious living and the expensive furniture of the best classes in Philadelphia. I thought that a Quaker-simplicity would have prevailed; but in their lofty rooms the eye was feasted with silken curtains and velvet-covered chairs, gilded walls and ceilings, mirrors and pictures in costly frames, and, at supper in particular, the viands were delicious and the wines unexceptionable: I make honourable mention of a *boned* turkey covered with jelly as an excellent standing dish last year.

A lady who had displayed great taste in the furnishing of her house, threw open her rooms to an Englishman of mature age, who for the first time had left his own country, and was grumbling his way through America, and measuring every thing by the standard of England. "Pray, what do you think, Sir, of these apartments?" asked the lady.—"Why, they are very well in their way; but you must get ottomans, madam—you must get ottomans."

At a Wistar party (a literary association founded by the late Dr. Wistar) I was introduced to Major Long, of Rocky Mountain celebrity, who was very communicative regarding the

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North-West. I also conversed with a Count Valverde, who had spent years in foreign travel; and it is a pleasure to record the name of so respectable an old gentleman as Mr. Vaughan, and one who is always so friendly to our countrymen who visit Philadelphia.

In this changeful scene we are doomed to constant disappointments. I experienced a great one at Philadelphia. The only relative I had in America was Colonel Burn, (son of a considerable proprietor in Virginia, and distinguished in the last war as an officer of American cavalry, who lived in the neighbourhood of the city at the pleasant country village of Frankford. I anticipated for months before great pleasure in meeting this gentleman, who bore a high character among his acquaintances for a noble bearing and unbounded liberality. But when I was driven out to Frankford by a kind-hearted countryman, Mr. Arrott, it was only to find my relative's "place empty;" to see his old charger, Silver, grazing in the meadow before the once cheerful residence, and to brush the snow from a marble slab to read the colonel's epitaph. After this, I returned to New York.

"Yet why repin? does Dot the Lord of Heaven Decree to all their portion here below? For not by chance, but by His hand is given Our various fortune, whether weal or wo. Oft does His gracious providence bestow A thousand tender mercies on mankind; From Him alone our joys and comforts flow! Then man should still be humble and resign'd, And let Religion's balm for ever soothe his mind."

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

Leave New York to visit West Point.—The frozen Hudson.—The Military Academy. —The course of Study.—The Classes.—Artillery Cadets.—Subsistence of Cadets.—Confinement to the Halls of Study.—Excesses.—Effects of the Ordeal at West Point.—The Army of the United States.—Artillery and Infantry.—The Ordnance.—Major-General Macomb.—Military Chiefs.—The Staff of the army.— Desertions and Enlistments.—The Privates.—Moral Culture neglected.—The Non-commissioned Officers.—Intemperance.—Uniform of the

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American Army.—Temptations to belong to it.—Military experience of a young Artillerist.—Posts.—Bush Expeditions.—British and American Soldiers compared.—Arsenals.—Rifles.—Topographical Inquiries highly commended.—The States not fortifying the Maine Frontier.—Field Works.—The American Hatchet.—The Militia.—Injudicious System.—A muster in Vermont.—Evacuation Day at New York.—The Invincibles.—Prospects of War.—Britons ought to be superior to petty jealousy.

It was a bitterly cold day in December, the ice was closing up the sides of the Hudson, and masses of it were floating down in the open centre channel, which daily became more and more contracted, when I stepped into a steam-vessel, and essayed to visit the Military Academy at West Point. The hills, prairies, and fields, were in their bleak winter mantle, and the white frame houses in the midst of the snow, suggested any other idea than that of warmth and comfort.

We ploughed and crushed through the ice, and after several severe struggles with thickening floes, landed at the Military Academy, got a most comfortable apartment next the officers' messroom, and were received with great kindness by Colonel Thayer and the other gentlemen of the institution.

The situation of the academy is beautiful and romantic. High above the Hudson, on a level plateau, and surrounded with mountains of a thousand feet elevation, stand the plain buildings of West Point. Three barrack-like edifices contain the halls of study and sleeping apartments of the two hundred and fifty cadets, and a row of detached houses, with poplars before them, are occupied by the superintendent and the professors. On the heights around and everywhere commanding the river, are traces of the redoubts and batteries of the revolution. A cenotaph in memory of Kosciusko, the Polish patriot, overlooks the river; and not far from it is the garden retreat, among rocks and trees, where he used to meditate on his fallen fortunes. On the left of the ground is the cadets' graveyard, where is a handsome marble tomb, with military emblems on it.

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Cadets remain at the Military Academy four years; when admitted, at fourteen years of age, they are examined in English, reading, writing, and arithmetic only; but after six months, there is a severe mathematical examination, which many are unable to pass. As at our Royal Military College, there are half-yearly examinations at West Point; but these are so strict, and the course is in general so severe, that half of those who enter the college, are obliged to leave after the first examination. There is a remarkable difference between the cadets of the Northern and Southern States; the former are generally studious and industrious, the latter, brought up among slaves, are idle and inattentive, so that they are almost all dismissed; consequently the academy is not "in good odour" with the planters, for they imagine that favouritism prevails, and that the dismissals are not impartial.

The cadets are divided into four classes for the four years' course. The junior class study French grammatically, (but pay no attention to speaking the language,) mathematics, including geometry, trigonometry, Algebra, mensuration, and surveying; they are also drilled. The second year the mathematical course includes descriptive and analytical geometry, conic sections, and fluxions; French is continued, and drawing the human figure is taught. The third year natural philosophy is given, with chemistry, and drawing, or rather copying landscapes, and topography. And the fourth or last year, the studies are engineering, including the science of artillery, field, and permanent fortification, tactics, military and civil architecture, besides chemistry and mineralogy, laws and ethics.

The cadets intended for the artillery, after leaving West Point, attend the school of practice at Fort Monroe, in Virginia, where they see, for the first time, the construction of field works. The West Point cadets are encamped two months in autumn, but then only for the purpose of drills. At that time about one-fourth of the cadets are allowed to visit their friends, for there is no regular vacation. The uniform of the cadets is a grey coattee with three rows of brass buttons and black braid, white trowsers in summer and grey in winter.

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Their pay is twenty-eight dollars a month, out of which ten are deducted for messing, and the rest furnishes clothes and other necessities.

The cadets are confined to their halls of study for about ten hours per day; they seemed to be very well prepared with their exercises, but their proficiency is attained with the loss of health, for they all looked pale and sickly, stooped, and some wore spectacles. From October to March they hardly ever move out of doors or take active exercise, and it was really painful to see young men under such a rigorous system. After what I saw, I need hardly have inquired after the health of the cadets, but I did so, and found that from January to March dyspepsia was very common among them; and though few die at the establishment, yet I am convinced the seeds of disease are sown there, and that many return to their friends with broken constitutions. As no watch is kept over the cadets at night, I was told by one of the young gentlemen, that some leave their rooms, and repair to haunts of dissipation among the hills known only to themselves, where they meet women of loose character, eat pork and molasses, drink ginsling, and chew tobacco, which last (*horresco referens*) is too often an accomplishment of the American youth of all classes.

I naturally inquired what figure the cadets who pass the ordeal of West Point make in after life—are they distinguished in the walks of science?—do they contribute to the literature of their country? The answer I received was, that they are never heard of after they leave the Military Academy. A short time ago, certain young officers were sent from the academy to assist General Bernard to draw up reports for Congress on the national defensive works, and he complained that, so far from these officers being of any assistance to him, he was compelled to translate his own French into imperfect English. No attention being paid to English composition at the academy, the young men could not express themselves intelligibly in their own language; and I imagine, from getting a surfeit of mathematics at West Point, they throw aside Legendre and Lacroix the moment they quit the academic groves.

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In a word, though the Military Academy has produced some names distinguished in the history of their country, yet it appears to me that the present system is not judicious; the health of the young men is needlessly sacrificed, and they acquire a distaste for abstruse studies of every kind.

I may as well now say a few words on the army of the United States in general, in case any military reader should desire to be better acquainted with the composition of the republican army.

The peace establishment of the United States is composed of four regiments of artillery and seven regiments of infantry, and, with staff officers, amounts to about six thousand men. Each regiment of artillery consists of nine companies, one of which is equipped as light artillery. A company is officered by a captain, four subalterns, and eight non-commissioned officers, with three artificers, two musicians, and forty-two privates. A company of infantry consists of a captain and two subalterns, seven non-commissioned officers, two musicians, and forty-two privates; and to each regiment of artillery and infantry there are one colonel, one 359 lieutenant-colonel, one major, an adjutant, sergeant-major, and quarter-master-sergeant.

The corps of military and topographical engineers are not attached to the ordnance department, which is merged in the artillery. The ordnance service in the States consists merely of thirty officers of artillery, selected to command the different depots of arms and arsenals of the Union, with ten superintendents of armouries and storekeepers.

Major-General Alexander Macomb, who commands the army at present, is a stout, good-looking man, about fifty-nine years of age, and has served thirty-two years; he was a member of the Military Academy, and distinguished by his services in the last war, as the commandant of a regiment and brigade, and particularly at the battle of Plattsburgh, where he commanded in chief, and for which latter service he received the thanks of Congress, and a gold medal, a brevet of major-general, the freedom of the city of New York, and a

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sword of honour voted by the legislature, the special thanks of Vermont, and the general thanks of several other States." I had the honour of making the acquaintance of General Macomb, and found him a very frank and intelligent man, with more of the engaging off-handed manners of an Irishman than the usual reserve of Americans.

The major-general commanding is allowed two aides-de-camp; besides him, there are two brigadiers-general, each with one aide-de-camp, and these aides (taken from the subalterns of the line,) besides their other duties, perform those of assistant adjutants-general. Two inspectors-general travel annually thousands of miles to visit the widely-scattered posts of the army; their duty is very severe, when we consider the great extent of territory they have to traverse. There are also an adjutant and a quarter-master general, two quarter-masters, and ten assistant quarter-masters.

The subsistence department consists of one commissary-general and fifty assistant-commissaries, taken (as in the East India Company's service) from the subalterns of the line, with extra pay. There are also one paymaster-general, and fourteen paymasters; one surgeon-general, eight surgeons, and forty-five assistant-surgeons.

It is an extraordinary fact, but not the less true, that nearly one half of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the American army desert every year. All free white males, between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, may be enlisted; the standard height is five feet six inches, and the bounty-money is twelve dollars. According to the spirit of the institutions of the country, all enlistments shall be "voluntary," that is to say, twenty-four 360 hours must elapse between the recruit's expressing his wish to enlist and his subscribing the oath and receiving the bounty, and though the period of service is only five years, yet few remain to complete it.

The great extent of territory in the States, with the scanty population, causes wages to be high, while provisions are also cheap; generally speaking, therefore, the most worthless characters enter the army, which consists of a *melange* of English deserters, Dutch,

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French, Americans, &c. Five dollars are the monthly pay of a private, and many labourers in the States earn a dollar per day, so that it is obvious there is no great inducement to belong to an army which is held in no great estimation by the citizens generally, and has no pension list, or asylum for disabled soldiers. Officers and soldiers who have lost eyes or limbs last war in the service of the States, are to be met with in different parts of the Union, without any compensation for their losses. Who would not serve a Republic?

General Macomb justly regretted that the moral culture of the American soldier was wholly neglected, and in the States attention to this important point is, perhaps, more necessary than in any country. Detached as the troops are in small posts to over-awe the Indians of the north-west and western territories, they immediately become demoralized from contact with the wild beings and vagabond hunters in the midst of whom they live. If the sons of respectable parents could be induced to enter the army at an early age, and be retained at a depot of instruction for some time, with attention paid to their habits, and to their moral and religious improvement, then, as they would be made better men, they would become better soldiers, imbibing at the same time patriotic feelings; while with the prospect of considerable ultimate reward when discharged, (which the States can well afford in the shape of land,) the men would become attached to their service, desertions would be unfrequent, and the army would be placed on a respectable footing.

It is well known that the efficiency of an army is mainly dependent on the character of the non-commissioned officers; and if they are inadequately paid, competent men will not desire to be promoted. Now, the sergeants and corporals of the American army receive only a trifle more than the privates; consequently taken into consideration their responsibility and trouble, their office is not in great request.

Habits of intemperance are very common in the American army; and, as is to be supposed, almost all crimes committed by the soldiers, are to be traced to these fruitful sources of evil.

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“Then dash the brimming cup aside, And spill its purple wine; Take not its madness to thy lip, Let not its curse be thine: 'Tis red and rich, but grief and wo, Are hid those rosy depths below.”

The intelligent head of the army has, however, this year adopted that admirable regulation of the British service, “giving a compensation in lieu of liquor.” Under the new regulation old soldiers only give way to their propensity for liquor, and the young will not acquire a taste for it; so that I am convinced that in the course of a few years the health and habits of the troops, both British and American, will be most materially improved by this very judicious regulation.

The uniform of the American army is a single-breasted blue coatee, with bars of lace on the collar and cuffs, in the artillery gold, and the infantry silver. The trowsers are grey, the cap bell-shaped; the feather white and red for artillery, white and blue for infantry, with eagle plates and scales. General and field officers wear epaulettes, all others wings. Captains are distinguished by a chevron on the upper part of the arm; subalterns by one near the cuff. As may be supposed, no great attention is paid to uniformity of dress in the American army, officers wearing forage caps according to their own taste, frock coats variously trimmed, and fancy swords; the favourite one has a hilt like what is commonly seen on the stage on the person of a beplumed and bespangled gallant.

General Macomb approves highly of the new regulation double-breasted coatee of the British service, with epaulettes for all ranks, and means to adopt it this year, though the citizens think that it is too gaudy for republicans; however, as it is, they are obliged to tempt their officers with high pay to remain in the service, their captains receiving £310 per annum, the British £180; so that a handsome uniform will be an additional inducement to remain in the service. Of the officers of the American army I will only add, that they are well known to be possessed of a high sense of honour, and those whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making were invariably most obliging and communicative.

I said that officers are tempted by high pay to remain in the American service, and truly they require it; stationed for years in the back woods without society, and with little other renown than sports of the field, books being difficult to be obtained, their duties are far from agreeable, and their situation often most unpleasant. I beg to subjoin a short anecdote, illustrative of the nature of the service in America. Z z

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A young officer of Artillery, having just left the Military Academy after the peace in 1815, was sent with two other officers, his seniors, and a hundred and fifty men, to garrison Fort St. Philip, on the Mississippi below New Orleans, and seated in the midst of interminable forests, dismal swamps, and sluggish creeks, teeming with alligators and wild fowl. After a short time the second in command died, and fifty men! The senior officer one morning drew up on parade those who remained, inspected them, and then, in a fit of despair, threw himself in full uniform from the parapet into the ditch of the fort and was drowned! Shortly after this General Jackson visited the fort. The survivor received him on landing from the river, proceeded to the ramparts, and fired the salute, and then appeared in the hospital as the surgeon. After nine months he was ordered to proceed to New Orleans with ten men. They all died of yellow fever, except himself and servant! He also caught the disease, and was given up; but, overhearing the doctors say that he could not live, he roused himself and gave their prediction the lie. The officer ordered to relieve him at Fort St. Philip, instead of going there, inclosed the General his commission! So much for the military experience of a young American artillerist.

There are about fifty military posts in the States—forts, barracks, and arsenals. The two former overawe the Indian and negro population: the latter contain the arms for the regulars and militia. The officers seem to dislike Indian warfare very much; complain of the hardships attending “bush expeditions,” the treachery of the enemy, their ambuscades, surprises, and cruelty to the prisoners. There are yearly skirmishes with Indians, which, by the way, are never made public.

At New Orleans I described how the privates slept two in a bed, and the punishment of the log and hard labour. There is nothing worthy of remark in the system of drill in the American army. They borrow from the English and French. The officers say that English deserters who enter the service are very *au fait* at drill, and keep themselves and arms very clean, but that they cannot march with the American soldiers. Now this must be a mistake, for it is a notorious fact, that no American will ever walk when he can sit in a wagon behind a span of horses. All the citizens are disinclined to active sports or pedestrian exercises of any kind, and even the children are seldom seen to run or engage in "out-of-door-games," like English boys; so (with all due deference) I think it is impossible that American soldiers can march with British, particularly with the "lads wi' the kilt." The extremes of heat and cold are so great in the States, that the people do not sufficiently exercise their limbs.

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The American arsenals are very neatly kept, with very small means; and the superintendents deserve great credit for the order in which they keep their arms, with few assistants allowed them by Government. Their cannon are all copied from the British. An American musket is well fabricated, and costs twelve dollars. A new rifle was introduced last year, called "Hall's Patent." It loads at the breech, which is elevated for this purpose, by touching a spring like an extra trigger, when a flask, with a double head for powder and ball, loads it expeditiously. It might be worth while to experiment with this rifle, as it saves the often tedious operation of loading a rifle with a ramrod; and with a percussion lock and light rest, in lieu of a ramrod, it might be an improved weapon for the British rifle corps.

There is a branch of the service of the United States which ought not to be passed by without notice—the topographical. This corps is separated from the engineers, and now constitutes a distinct *bureau*, and its importance is very great, considering the great extent of territory in the States, and the necessity there is to possess a correct geographical

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outline of it. A knowledge of the features of a country collected by surveys, paves the way for-internal improvements, and facilitates military operation in the event of a war.

Topographical engineers are at present much wanted in the British service, (though the enemies of the standing army oppose all improvements and additions, though greater efficiency may thereby be given,) among other duties, to survey and determine our frontiers in North America and in Guiana (South America); to complete maps of some of our West Indian islands, which have not been accurately surveyed; and for the various duties which the staff corps used (so well) to perform. Officers from the Royal Military College might be selected as topographical engineers. Possessing valuable colonies in all parts of the world, on the retention of which the prosperity of Britain, and her high station among nations, mainly depend, perhaps no country in the world more requires topographical engineers than our own.

The States are not constructing any forts on the Maine frontier. The only thing of the kind they have is a poor specimen of a stockade at Holton Town, erected three years ago, and garrisoned by four companies of infantry; and even as a field work it is quite contemptible. Perhaps too little attention has been paid in the British service, in the construction of field works and temporary defences, to the hatchet. An American officer of rank told me that he often laughed whilst watching our troops through his glass, in the late war, cutting branches with their bill-hooks, and wasting time in making fascines according to rule, whilst the 364 Americans had trees down in a short time, abattis laid, and stout breastworks of logs. There is some truth in this, “*Fas est ab hoste doceri*,”—one axe in a wooded country is worth twenty bill-hooks.

“The catalogue and character Of th' enemies' best men of war”

having been given (I fear to the no small annoyance of civilians, who may take little interest in military matters), I shall only detain them for an instant longer, to say a word on the militia of the United States. The system and administration of this branch of the

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national defence are radically bad, and imperiously call for alteration; in fact, the mere mention of American militia excites ridicule in the citizens themselves.

Every citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, with the exception of surgeons, clergymen, &c. is enrolled in the militia, and nominally drilled twelve days every year; but though they are expected to arm and clothe themselves, it is but few who do either, at least uniformly; and as to the drill, it is a perfect farce. A "muster," in the State of Vermont last summer may serve as a specimen of the whole. The privates turned out in their usual working-dress, belts and pouches over surtouts, long coats and shooting-jackets; feathers, red, green, and blue, of ail sorts and sizes, were stuck in round hats, on the front of some of which was tied, with a string, the eagle plate. A fortunate few had duck guns and rifles; the rest had broomsticks for muskets, or muskets without locks. The band sent forth martial music from seven bass drums, a fife, and a fiddle; and the colonel (as usual a tavern-keeper) with a huge broadsword by his side, could not attend to duties for mixing "gin-sling," behind a tree, wherewith to inspire his gallant troops.

On the 18th November last the militia of New York were invited to parade in honour of "Evacuation Day," elegantly so named as the anniversary of the British evacuating the city in the revolutionary war.

The milita men, disgusted with the present injudicious system, were determined to try what effect public ridicule would have in causing the legislature to give attention to fitting the people morally and physically for the defence of the country by an alteration in the militia-laws. Accordingly, three or four hundred mock soldiers paraded in one of the principal streets of the city, and "the invincibles," as they called themselves, were reviewed by a leader dressed like Napoleon, with the addition of small statues of the Emperor on his shoulders, green spectacles 365 on his nose, and a sword four feet long and a foot broad "in his red right hand."

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The warlike body then marched through the streets to the sound of inspiring airs; but to describe adequately the dress and appearance of the men would be difficult. Caps were of all shapes and colours; one wore a pumpkin with the long leaves of a carrot for a plume; another was distinguished by a chapeau five feet in length, and a cod-fish for a sword! Wigs, beards, and false noses were common; and the coats were of bright scarlet, brown woolen, green baize, deer skin, and split cane. Here was a Highlander in top-boots, and there, his Satanic Majesty, with pitchfork and tail! One carried four muskets, and was attired in shaggy goats'-skins, like Robinson Crusoe; another was half horse and half alligator, or a Kentucky snorter! Never before was such an array witnessed! And though this review was entirely burlesque, it may have the effect of producing a thorough reformation in the militia-laws, which at present make fops rather than soldiers of the young, dissipate the time of the seniors, lead to scenes of debauchery in all, and make a mockery of drills and reviews.

To conclude, in reviewing the military system of the States, we find that, owing to the nature of the institutions and habits of the people, it is very defective. The citizens dislike the restraint of discipline, and though the navy is held in estimation by them from its unexpected successes last war, the army is not viewed with an eye of favour.

The secretary-at-war and all attached to the military department, have much trouble to obtain from Congress the necessary supplies, and as it is, the scanty armaments in the forts are old and nearly useless, and many of the works themselves in a very dilapidated state. But with all this; having had an opportunity of seeing (cursorily) many of the States, and knowing what a shrewd and intelligent people the Americans are, (and individually as brave as Britons, being of the same stock,) I am convinced that, if they saw a pressing necessity for an immediate alteration in the military system, they would set about it. Since however, there is not at present the slightest prospect of war, and all are striving to partake of the general prosperity around them, the Americans are indifferent to forming an efficient army.

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Ere long, there may be a dispute with Mexico for the valuable territory of Texas, rapidly settling with American squatters. The encroachments of Russia in the north-west may cause American troops to march to the Pacific; and in course of time, American manufactures competing with British in foreign markets, may bring about a maritime war with England. However, 366 these two last events are remote, and may not take place in our day; but at all events, we ought to strive to avert the last, or be prepared for it, and not trust to a dissolution of the Union, for the Americans will not readily commit a political suicide, and thus become incapable of coping with us in war with any chance of success.

If we glance our eye over the map of the world, and view the great, the varied, and the rich possessions of our glorious empire, we shall not envy the Americans their territory, even though it may extend beyond the Rocky Mountains. We have enough, and more than enough, considering the small though efficient army that is left to defend our possessions; and instead of feeling petty jealousy at the growing prosperity of America, we ought on all occasions to extend the right hand of friendship to her, cultivate her acquaintance, and feel proud of so creditable a scion from the stock of Old England.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Leave the Military Academy.—The Valley of Canterbury.—Murderer's Creek.—Newburgh.—Fire.—Journey to New York.—The City Hotel.—A Concert.—An Evening Party.—The Penalty of Indulgence.—Useful Receipts for Toppers.—General Santander.—Lawrie Todd.—Dine with the St. Andrew's Society.—A Patriotic Speech in honour of Scotland.—Visit Long Island.—The Navy-yard.—“Ready, aye Ready.”—Leave New York.

From the military academy I went in a sleigh through a pass in the mountains, and descended into a romantic valley of Canterbury, in the bottom of which runs Murderer's Creek, so named from the murder of a white family of the name of Stacey, by the Indians, a century ago. One old red-skin, who attempted to save the Staceys by giving information of the designs of his tribe, was also inhumanly tomahawked.

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I remained a night at the pleasant town of Newburgh, and was exposed to some inconvenience from the importunities of rival innkeepers for the honour of my company. At last, when I was comfortably seated alone in a carpeted parlour of the mansion-house, it suddenly struck me that there was a haze between me and the candles, then there was the rushing of many feet in the passage. I opened the door, and followed the noise to a sunken floor; flames and smoke now announced that the house was on fire; we seized buckets and succeeded in extinguishing the burning 367 fire-wood. Next day, by a beautiful road with wooded hills on the left, we reached Jersey city, by way of Hackinsack, and crossed over to New York.

I now established myself for some days in the city hotel, one of the largest in America, and found the house crowded with people of all nations. I was highly pleased with New York, the first in population, the first in wealth, and the first in commercial enterprise in the Union. I walked over every part of it, and was careful to promenade in Broadway, between the hours of one and three, to admire the fair dames even in winter tripping along with mincing steps in gauze ribbons, silk pelisses, and satin shoes. I also admired the bay inclosed by Long Island, round which, like reeds in a pool, the masts of the shipping were thickly set.

I visited the battery, from which the town extends like a triangle, the city hall and the exchange with their marble fronts, churches, theatres, and institutions of all kinds; and was very hospitably entertained by those to whom I brought introductions.

I was very fortunate in making the acquaintance of Nathaniel Prime, Esq. one of the chief merchants of the city, whose elegant and accomplished daughters accompanied me to some gay circles; and by Dr. Hossack I was shown the literary part of the community, and among other distinguished Americans whom I met with at his house, I saw an author, who for wit, humour, and lively description, has few rivals, I mean Mr. Paulding. He is a spare-made man, with a brilliant eye, and reminded me of Francis Jeffrey in appearance and manner. Through the kindness of Professors M'Vicar and Renwick, I twice spent evenings with the Literary Association, on a similar plan to the Royal Society, and heard subjects of

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great interest discussed in that quiet *Indian-like* manner, which is certainly to be preferred to the continual interruptions of a speaker, which I am sorry to say is still prevalent in England.

At one of the concerts, to which three hundred exclusives subscribed, the music was entirely French and Italian. The hall was well lighted up, and the audience sitting facing one another in little groups, seemed attentive to the foreign strains, though I am sure that a few English songs or ballads would not have pleased them less because better understood; but, *ainsi va le monde*, such is the despotism of fashion, foreign airs and fashions are on all occasions to be slavishly admired and followed.

The evening parties resembled those in England; there were the same crowds of fashionably-dressed people in well-lighted rooms with “folding doors and marble mantlepieces.” The sexes mingled together as in Europe, and did not keep aloof from each other, as is the custom in the Western States, and was in our 368 own country a hundred years ago. Music alternated with dancing; during the former, the young ladies who wished to be particularly interesting sat on low stools in the middle of the room, to the discomfort of the beaux, who were compelled to stoop and whisper soft nothings in their willing ears. Quadrilles, here called cotillions, and waltzes were kept up with spirit, notwithstanding the strong prejudice against the latter “indelicate importation” by the elders: then little tables were wheeled into the rooms by servants not in livery; the eyes of the ladies sparkled brighter than ever, whilst the obsequious swains in starched neck-cloths and kid gloves dispensed canvas-back ducks, blue-pointer oysters, lobster-salad, fish, soup, jellies, blanc-mange, cream, kisses, champagne, and bottled-porter. “Of a truth,” I exclaimed, with the author of the ‘New Mirror of Travellers,’ “since it is maintained by the best practical philosophers that the business of man's life is eating, there is no place in the universe where he can live to such exquisite purpose as the renowned City of New York, and no where can there be found such glorious content of the palate as at this happy emporium of all good things!” But what is the penalty paid for indulgence? We hear the fashionable American disease, dyspepsia, the nervous disorders and debility of

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numbers of the wealthy inhabitants, attributed to the moisture of the climate, the great heat in summer and excessive cold in winter; but it is to hot and heavy suppers, and the great consumption of strong animal food with little exercise, that we must chiefly attribute the loss of complexion, of teeth, of health, and the death of one-third of the population, of the celebrated Island of Manhattan in the prime of life.

For the receipt-book let the following be copied:—First, *Cocktail* is composed of water, with the addition of rum, gin, or brandy, as one chooses—a third of the spirit to two-thirds of the water; add bitters, and *enrich* with sugar and nutmeg: in *sling*, the bitters are omitted.—Second, *Mint Julep*. Put four or five stalks of unbruised mint into a tumbler, on them place a lump of ice; add brandy, water, and sugar.—Third, *Apple-toddy*, says Mr. Willard, the bar-keeper of the City Hotel, who never forgets the face of a customer, is thus made: Have the fairest apples rolled in brown paper, which wet with water, and then bury them in live embers till they are thoroughly roasted and quite soft; then a fourth part of apples, a fourth part of brandy, a fourth part of water, a lump of ice, and the whole to be *rich* with a fourth part of sugar, makes the agreeable compound. N. B. If there is no nutmeg convenient, a scrape or two of the mudler (wooden sugar-breaker) will answer the purpose.

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I met the Colombian General Santander, at several parties; his moustache, aquiline nose, manly face and form, and general good humour, created a very favourable impression of this leader. He was the most distinguished foreigner at New York during my sojourn.

I often visited another character of a different stamp, the original of Galt's Lawrie Todd. I found him in his handsome seed-store, an old Quaker meeting-house, with a great display of green varnished flower-pots, containing exotics; pictures of flowers hanging on the walls, drawers and barrels full of seeds, roots of all kinds, gardening implements, a great many canaries and other singing-birds in cages at the upper windows of the gallery, a greenhouse in front, and Mr. Thorburn, himself the greatest curiosity of the whole. He was, as described in the book, a very little man, with a goodly nose and a most sagacious

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expression of countenance; his small body was cased in a long frock of grey, and he wore a coarse aporn and “shop-sleeves” whilst he tied up parcels.

After some conversation with him about his singular career in the States since he left “bonny Dalkeith,” he took me behind the door and said, “Do you see that auld nailer’s hammer, sir? Well, I landed at New York with that and three ha’pence in my pocket: I would not sell that hammer now for one hundred dollars, for it was the beginning of my fortune. I have no occasion to work now; I do it just for pastime, for I canna be idle. You have seen *the book*, sir, nae doubt; it’s very interesting, though Mr. Galt left out a great deal of what I gave him; but he’s an extraordinar’ clever man for aa that.”

Our countrymen settled in New York are deserving of great praise, for establishing societies for the relief of their distressed compatriots, whose wants are supplied with a noble liberality. I had the honour of dining with the St. Andrew’s Society, in the assembly-room, City Hotel, with a great number of Scotchmen, and I have seldom spent a more delightful evening. Mr. Sinclair, the celebrated vocalist, gave us some of his best songs; and a piper in the garb of old Gaul strutted proudly round the tables, and occasionally electrified the company with his instrument:—

“The pibroch has, to Highland ears, A sweeter and more pleasant note Than polish’d strains which smoothly float On soft Italian measures.”

Among other excellent speeches, one by Mr. Hugh Maxwell, as a preface to his toast of “Schools and Schoolmasters, the 3 A 370 cheapest defence, the best treasures, and the highest glory of nations,” deserves particular notice, from being characterized with so much eloquence and patriotism, reflecting great honour on Scotland and on the speaker, and warming the hearts of his whole audience.

Brought together, said he, to enjoy the social festivities of an annual meeting, we might well recall early recollections, and cultivate an honourable regard for the land of our birth or that of our fathers. It would add to the pleasure of the meeting to reflect, that during the

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past year the society had not been inattentive to the duty of relieving the distressed, but it was not for them, nor was this the time, to speak of deeds of beneficence. Let others, whose hearts have been gladdened, whose wants have been relieved, testify to the liberal dispensation of the bounty of the society. But he thought that this was the occasion, and this the very hour, when they might speak proudly of Scotland, when they might give vent to their feelings of affection and regard for their native land; and when could that be enjoyed so well as on the day of St. Andrew, ever dear to Scotchmen and their children? This, he said, they might do without disloyalty to their adopted country, the prosperous land where their household-altars had been established; where their graves were to be made—where their bones were to be buried.

Well might we exult, he said, in the character of Scotland—exult that she possesses qualities that constitute the highest honour and confer the truest dignity. It was not that Scotland could boast of natural advantages as to soil or climate; in these respects, like the northern nations of Europe, she was inferior to other countries. She had not the gorgeousness of an Italian sky; she had not a soil that yielded spontaneously to the call of the husbandman, she boasts not the

‘Slave's spicy forests or gold bubbling fountains;’

she had not extended commerce or hoarded millions, or political domination, or pomp or power. To these advantages, if advantages they may be called, Scotland acknowledges no obligation. Before the union with England, and indeed after the union, a lawless nobility, national feuds, and a distracted people, ever kept Scotland the victim of the jealousy of England, or of the overbearing arrogance of France, or what was worse than either, made her a prey of her own intestine faction and disquiet.

Notwithstanding this unhappy state, there were eras, however, in the early history of Scotland, exhibiting the indomitable courage of a people worthy of freedom. There were names, there 371 were triumphs, at which the blood warms, the heart beats high. Our own

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glorious Wallace, “who noble dared to stem tyrannic pride, or nobly die,” lives immortal with the Washingtons, the Tells, and Kosciuskos of mankind. The triumphs of Bruce, the battle of Bannockburn will live while history shall record the freedom of nations. But, however illustrious these names and triumphs might be, yet in reality they did not constitute the highest glory of the Scottish people. There were other triumphs, bloodless triumphs, that conferred a higher dignity, a truer glory—he meant the triumphs of the Parochial Schools of Scotland.

Contemplate the religious, moral and intellectual condition, that, descending upon Scotland like an angel of mercy and light, with healing on her wings, had shed down upon the whole land a blessed influence is one unbroken stream of effulgent brightness; and by means of a conqueror, in the humble character of a school-master, Scotland has accomplished a victory greater than she ever had achieved before—a *victory over herself*.

The orator then went on to point out the results of this victory in the social and civil relations, in the principles of national independence, forming so many men with clear heads, improved understanding, and willing minds, to assert the freedom of conscience and the rights of man; in occasioning a sincere and unaffected reverence for the rites of a pure and holy faith, and a sincere regard for all the charities of life in all its relations of father, son, and brother.

The divines, the lawyers, and the literary men, were then enumerated, who had done honour to Scotland; emanations, bright emanations indeed from the diffused intelligence of their more humble countrymen, an intelligence to be found in the “cottage far apart,” as well as amid the “towers and palaces of Edina;” an intelligence godlike and gracious, that even now glows and brightens and beams forth from the deepest glens and the remotest valleys of Scotland, until it reaches and illuminates with a glorious radiance the lofty crags of Ben Nevis, the queen of her mountains.

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These are the bloodless triumphs of Caledonia, these are her riches and her jewels, of which she might boast as the Roman matron boasted of her children, and what Scotchman is there who does not feel emotions of just pride when he reflected on them; and where is there a Scotchman who does not on this day give a sweeter and stronger impulse to the best affections of his nature when he thinks of his native land; who does not, whether he be toiling in the remotest India, or freezing under the rigours of a northern winter, or panting under a tropical sun—whether he be 372 on the land or on the sea—look more earnestly, on this day of St. Andrew, to the bleak hills of his country and the scenes of his childhood; who does not join in the prayer of his immortal countryman Burns,

“Oh! never, never Scotia's realm desert, But still the patriot and the patriot bard, In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!”

I crossed to Long Island, and took some interest in visiting it, with the numerous villages along its shores; for once it had belonged to an ancestor, before the primeval forests were cut upon it. Passing through the lively town of Brooklyn, I went to the navy yard, where I saw the remains of the celebrated steam frigate, the *Fulton*, three sixty-gun frigates, (two of them under the building-sheds,) and two schooners. I remarked the manner of salting the timber of a vessel after it is built, to preserve it from the rot, and the quantity of materials collected at the yard, to enable this active and enterprising people on a very short notice, to equip a fleet for sea.

Though the American naval force in commission consists now of only five frigates, eleven corvettes and seven schooners, let us not imagine that it would be difficult to increase this force, particularly by the important addition of steam batteries, an appropriation for two of twelve heavy guns each, having just been recommended by the secretary of the navy. Some in England, in talking of the increasing consequence of the United States, or the overgrown empire of Russia, lull themselves into fancied security by saying, “We have nothing to fear, the union cannot last, and Russia will shortly be dismembered.” There are

no signs of either of these events at present; let us then, according to the motto of a noble family, be "Ready, aye ready."

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

Connecticut.—The buildings of New England.—Anecdotes of New Englanders.—The Automaton Chess-player.—Fantoccini and Fire King.—New England in winter.—American Helps.—Distress of a British General.—Hartford.—Boston.—View from the Dome of the State House.—The Streets.—Houses and People.—Hint to marrying Bachelors.—The Athenaeum.—Bunker's Hill.—The Monument. —Leave Boston.—A Somerset.—Again enter New York.—Festivities of the New Year.—Reflections on leaving America.—Sail for England.—The Sherbet of Death.—Land at Liverpool.

One morning I mounted the mail sleigh, and set off at a rapid rate to visit the most ancient city in the Union, the cradle of republicanism, the city of Pilgrims, Boston, distant two hundred and fourteen miles. We glided over the frozen surface of Connecticut, along the shores of the Sound, and when we halted to bait, found the clean inns decked with boughs, and musical instruments prepared for the celebration of merry Christmas.

The churches and houses of New England are generally of wood, painted white, with green venetians, and the favourite poplars behind a rail in front. New England houses we saw to perfection at New Haven, one of the handsomest towns in the Union, in which the principal attraction is its square, of several acres, ornamented with trees, churches, and the brick buildings of Yale College.

We broke down once, and had a walk of several miles over the snow, to the no small discomfort of my travelling companions, principally seafaring men—men who had shown the enterprise of New England by visiting every port in the world for traffic, and "who had vexed every sea by their fisheries;" in Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, along the burning coasts of Brazil and West Africa to Falkland Island, and the icebergs of the antarctic circle,

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had they thrown the harpoon. They told many stories of Yankee sagacity. It seems that when the automaton chess-player visited New England, he had not long exhibited his performances (so unaccountable to our countrymen), when a Yankee set to work, made and exhibited an opposition automaton, and completely “took the wind out of the sails” of the proprietors of the original automaton, who was forced to leave the country. The same thing happened after the exhibition of the fantoccini; and lastly, when I was in the States, M. Chaubert, the fire-king, had only performed a few days, when a Connecticut doctor requested permission to join him in washing his hands in the boiling oil, in 374 swallowing the molten lead, and in superintending the cocking of the beef-steak in the oven: all which the fire-king reluctantly consented to, and which caused him to quit the States, seeing that his secrets had been discovered.

The appearance of the country, even in winter, was very cheering; the hills were crested with wood, the undulating valleys, though wrapped in a snowy mantle, were evidently highly cultivated, and the people were well-dressed, sober, intelligent, and obliging.

The women were less cold and reserved than in the Western States, for they occasionally condescended to laugh and talk with strangers; and the young women of the respectable families on the road were all actively employed in domestic occupations, for the want of good servants (helps) in America imposes increased household-duties on the mistresses of families and their daughters of all classes.

A British general officer, now in Canada, said that he brought over with him men and women-servants to attend him and his family during an experiment he made of living in the States. The Americans sneered at his servants for remaining with him when they might set up for themselves; but the servants were for some time faithful, because, they said, their master used them kindly. However, on the Americans calling them “white negroes,” they gave their master warning, and said they could not remain with him any longer, for they had been called names they could not endure. Thus was the General left with his children, horses, and cows, for a fortnight, without assistance; at last, a New England help, for “a

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consideration,” agreed to come early in the morning to assist, in order that the neighbours might not know that he, a citizen of a fine, free, and flourishing republic, had demeaned himself by serving another.

Passing through Hartford, on the Connecticut River, exhibiting every appearance of increase and prosperity, we sleighed through the thriving State of Massachusetts, and in due time were comfortably seated in the Tremont House, at Boston, with its granite front, Doric portico, marble bar, and dining-saloon, ornamented with Corinthian pillars.

I was not long in ascending with Mr. Osborne, of Demarara, to the most commanding point in the city, the lantern on the dome of the State House, whence we saw the bay, the city, and the beautiful environs thereof. Looking out to sea, were seen the headlands, indentations, numerous islands and fortifications of Boston Bay; round the shores was a rich country, diversified with hill and dale, forest and field, and numerous villages, each with its church-spire. The city on its peninsula connected with the main by a narrow isthmus and six long bridges (one of seven thousand eight hundred and ten feet,) was on the right and left; and behind me, on the wharfs, were immense warehouses, beside which lay the crowded shipping. Immediately in front, and between the State House and the bay, was the common or park, of seventy-five acres, with its mall or walk shaded by spreading elms. It was a delightful prospect, and, from all I had read and heard of Boston, and from the very respectable and even antique appearance which it presented, I felt more interest in it than in any city I had seen in North America—always excepting Quebec.

In walking through the streets, crooked and narrow though many of them be, I was pleased with the old-fashioned stone and brick houses of all styles of architecture, and many of them with gables to the street and bay-windows: rows of houses altogether regular, like a stone wall with doors and windows cut out of it, fatigue the eye. The people, both men and women, were actively walking about, and the children were “hurling” down the declivities on little hand-sleighs. The health and appearance of the inhabitants of Boston seemed much better than in other cities of the Union; and, for the information

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of any Coelebs in search of an American wife, I may add, that the ladies of Boston are considered the best educated and the most intelligent in the States—not to mention the blocks of houses or plump dollar-bags of many of them as trifling additions to their other excellences.

A respectable merchant (Mr. Motley) was so kind as to show me over the city, and to introduce me to the Athenaeum, the best in the States, consisting of many rooms filled with books, a large collection of coins, a museum, and a reading-room, in which I saw almost all the English periodicals. With Colonel Theodore Lyman I visited the navy-yard, and saw a round-sterned corvette, the Columbia, and a stone dock, the new wonder of the city, completed in the most superior manner, at an expense of five hundred thousand dollars. We then walked to Breed and Bunker's Hill, passed through the streets of Charlestown, and ascended the rounded ridge, ever-memorable as the spot where the first battle of the revolution was fought. On its summit was an incomplete pillar of blocks of granite; its purpose being to show to the world "the deep sense the Americans entertained of the value and importance of the achievement of their ancestors, and by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard to the principles of the revolution."

Near the base of the monument fell the American General Warren. Beside it were still seen the traces of the earthen redoubt, 376 hastily thrown up by the intrepid defenders of the hill. Lower down was where the frail defence of rails, filled in with mown grass, was placed from whence, the advancing lines of British sustained such deadly volleys after landing from their boats below, at the hands of those who, in the words of an American poet,

"Left their ploughshare in the mould, Their flocks and herds without a fold; The sickle in the unshorn grain, The corn half garnered on the plain, And mustered in their simple dress, For wrongs to seek a stern redress! To right those wrongs, come weal, come wo, To perish or o'ercome the foe!"

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"The enlightener of the world was lifting his head from the collar of the east, and was expanding the mantle of brilliancy over the earth," as I left Boston; the glittering snow lay so thick on the ground that it was impossible to distinguish the road, and in a short time the close sleigh turned bottom upwards, and we lay doubled up in the top for some time, unable to move, till, by violent struggling, we got out of a window, and in due course, for the fourth time, entered New York.

I found the inhabitants driving about in sleighs at a great rate, seated on red-edged "Buffaloe robes," which hung out flauntingly over the back of the light vehicles; and drove into the country with my friend Macleod. It was New Year's Day, and the gentlemen were busy gliding from house to house to pay the compliments of the season to the ladies, gaily dressed and seated at home beside tables, with wine and cake. All enmities were now forgotten, mirth and good humour prevailed, and the evening closed with the dainty fare and inimitable liquor for which the island of Manhattan is so justly celebrated.

My respectable agents, Messrs. Tucker and Lauries, having provided a passage for me in the packet ship New York (though they recommended a newer vessel), I left the thousand and one attractions of the commercial capital of the United States, and stepped on board, to return to the old country, fully impressed with the idea, that though republican institutions may be suited to a new country, where there is an extensive range for enterprising pioneers of their own fortune, none but a monarchy, and a constitution such as Britain is blessed with, (and may it long be preserved!) can succeed in our beloved islands, With their dense population. Both the Canadas and the States (and may they ever be disunited!) seemed advancing in prosperity and wealth with 377 rapid strides; and for our Western Islands, I earnestly hope, in Oriental phraseology, that speedily the gloom of their condition may be brightened with the lamp of prosperity, and that their night of suspense may be succeeded by the morning of gladness. Of the descendants of Britons in North America in general, as a people, though under different governments, it may be said, that they are

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“Strong as an eagle at the dawn of day, Who shakes the slumbers from his eyes away,
Plumes his long wings and meditates his flight Beyond the clouds which curtain down the
light!”

We struggled through the ice of the Bay of New York, and at last, on reaching Sandy Hook, got sea-room, and stood away towards the banks of Newfoundland, with a westerly gale in our bellying canvass. There were only three passengers on board besides myself, one of whom was a lady.

We had been a few days out when, one squally evening, the captain was suddenly called up from the cabin. He stayed on deck but a short time, then came down to us, with a look of very bad omen. “I think it right,” says he, “to mention, that, since we sailed, the ship has made a great deal of water, but until tonight we have been able to keep the leak under! We are in all old vessel, and this was intended to be her last voyage, but it may be the last voyage to us all, for we have got seven hundred casks of tar on board; some of these have got adrift, and the pumps are getting choked with tar! I say it with great reluctance, but I fear we cannot keep the ship afloat much longer—we'll never be able to get across the Atlantic; our only chance of safety is to put back to New York, though the wind is dead against us! I think it right to prepare you for the worst!”

Here, then, was the prospect of an immediate termination to our existence, the prospect of slowly sinking into a sea vexed with the storms of winter, through which no frail boat could live. Indeed the bitterness of death seemed now to be come!

The lady immediately fell into hysterics, and was carried to her cabin—the two gentlemen called for the brandy bottle—I put my papers into a bag, and slipping on my pea-jacket, went on deck, determined to struggle to the last for “dear life!” A picturesque group of seamen was assembled round the main-mast, their weather-beaten countenances lighted up with a lantern! The captain stood a little apart; the men pumped with heavy and difficult strokes; the box was drawn forth, dripping with tar! The men shook their heads in silence;

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the carpenter sounded the well, and announced an increasing depth of water in the hold! 3 B 378 A new and clean box was fitted; I lent a hand; the ship was put about, and the weary pump went all night. Morning seemed never again inclined to appear! At last it broke through clouds, over the melancholy main rising in dark waves! We saw it was in vain to expect to reach New York. We resigned ourselves into the hands of Providence, and were mercifully preserved; again stood towards England, and, after a voyage of only sixteen days, during which we pumped incessantly, we landed in safety and thankfulness at Liverpool, having thus been permitted to lay before our readers a sheaf gleaned from the varied harvest of America.

THE END.

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We are not going to hold a rush-light up to a book of John Foster's, but only mean to tell what is its intent. It is an awakening appeal to youth of the refined and educated sort, upon the subject of their personal religion. There can be no doubt as to its currency.— *The Presbyterian*.

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A MOTHER'S FIRST THOUGHTS. By the author of "Faith's Telescope."

This is a brief miniature, from an Edinburgh edition. Its aim is to furnish religious *Meditations, Prayers, and Devotional Poetry for pious mothers*. It is most highly commended in the Edinburgh Presbyterian Review, and in the Christian Advocate. The author, who is a Lady of Scotland, unites a deep knowledge of sound theology, with no ordinary talent for sacred poetry.— *The Presbyterian*.

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PHILOSOPHY OF A FUTURE STATE.

PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.

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By Thomas Dick.

Philadelphia, Key and Biddle.

In the first of the works whose titles head this article, Mr. Dick has endeavoured to prove, that man is an immortal being. His arguments are drawn from various sources, and he has judiciously availed himself of the recent discoveries in science, in illustrating the connexion of intellectual improvement, with the state of future existence.

Mr. Dick has displayed in this work considerable extent of knowledge, and the industry manifested in collecting and arranging his numerous and diversified materials, will meet with the decided approbation of every intelligent Christian.

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The *Philosophy of Religion* is a production of no less value than the preceding; it is an attempt by the pious and indefatigable author, to illustrate the moral being of the universe, and to delineate the obligations of man to God—to show how reasonable and excellent the precepts of revealed religion are, and how well they are adapted to the condition of man, how certainly their practical adoption is productive of peace and joy, and how bright under all circumstances are the hopes, and soothing the consolations of the Christian. It is an excellent book, and may be read with advantage by all sects of Christians.

The *Christian Philosopher*, which next claims our attention, is to the philosophic inquirer more interesting than either of the preceding two. It is a scientific investigation into the existence and attributes of a *great first cause*, and the author has evidently come to his subject well prepared, securely assured, and ready to give a reasonable answer to the sceptical questioner for the hope that is within him. The author has successfully combated the ridiculous ideas of those zealous but ignorant christians who reject all human knowledge as vain and useless. He has shown that the study and contemplation of the laws of the natural world, elevate the mind in its conceptions of the power, wisdom and goodness of God, and that every advance in knowledge, every discovery in science, tends to confirm our faith, exalt our views and refine our dispositions, and thus improve us in moral and religious feelings and principles.

Mr. Dick very justly observes that “the man who would discard the efforts of the human intellect, and the science of Nature from Religion, forgets—that He who is the author of human redemption is also the creator and governor of the whole system of the material universe—that it is one end of that moral renovation which the Gospel effects, to qualify us for contemplating aright the displays of Divine Perfection which the works of creation exhibit, that the visible works of God are the principal medium by which he displays the attributes of this nature to intelligent beings—that the study and contemplation of these works employ the faculties of intelligences of a superior order—that man, had he remained in primeval innocence, would have been chiefly employed in such contemplations that

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it is one main design of divine revelation to illustrate the operations of Providence, and the agency of God in the formation and preservation of all things—and that the scriptures are full of sublime descriptions of the visible creation, and of interesting references to the various objects which adorn the scenery of nature. In these opinions we entirely concur, and we are certain that every believer in the Gospel of Christ, will have his soul expanded, his energies awakened, and all his faculties and powers enlarged by investigating the laws of the Universe. God is every where; we perceive his wisdom in the organization of a man, and a tree; every animal on earth, all objects in nature, organized or unorganized, exhibit the power, the skill, and the benevolence of the Creator.

Mr. Dick's book contains many important facts in relation to the laws of matter and motion, illustrated by familiar expositions, and well adapted to the comprehension of the general reader. We have rarely perused a work with more pleasure and profit, and we are confident that it will prove a valuable and useful addition to every family library. To the young divine just commencing his ministerial labours, it will be of much benefit, it will supply him with topics for exemplification, upon which he can expatiate with the fervour and eloquence of genius, and all the enthusiasm of a finer, but rational and ardent Christian.

In dismissing these productions of Mr. Dick, we cordially commend them to the attention of our readers.

EXAMPLE; OR FAMILY SCENES.

This is one of those useful and truly moral publications which can not fail to be read with delight by the youth of both sexes, who, as their hearts expand, and they advance in years, have need of some instructor to point out the path they should follow for their future happiness. The author has been triumphantly successful in attaining these laudable objects in this interesting publication.” *Weekly Times*.

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