

PEDESTRIAN TOUR OF A SCOTTISH EMIGRANT IN THE MIDDLE STATES OF AMERICA.

THE late travellers in America have generally gone "starring" thither, taking the grand route in grand costume. The humble traveller, whom we are about to introduce to our readers, saw nothing of fashionable hotels or watering-places, little of the great cities, and nothing at all of great or noted personages. He visited the Americans "at home," in their farms and villages; threw himself upon their hospitality; lived among them for years; and saw more of their real manners and character than falls within the ordinary scope of a stranger's observation. He was a young Scotchman, of respectable education, and very slender means, who, without apparently any very definite plan of proceeding, set off, in the first place, for Lower Canada, in national phrase, "to push his fortune." He lived for some years as a schoolmaster about Chaleur Bay, and afterwards in different places in the United States. His bulky MSS., now before us, contain a long, minute, and faithful description of his original dreary sojourn among the fishermen, wood-choppers, and Indian tribes of Lower Canada. When tired of that locality, he formed the design of visiting the United States, partly from curiosity, and probably with some hope of bettering his fortune. For this purpose, he went from Chaleur Bay by a sailing vessel to Quebec, ascended the St Lawrence to Montreal by steam, and, finally, found his way to New York by the customary route. In the course of his voyage he picked up a young Irishman, still poorer than himself; and, on the faith of a reputed rich uncle at Baltimore, who was to send money to await his nephew's arrival at New York, the Scot made those pecuniary advances which confirmed their friendship, and left him almost penniless. We take them up at New York, exactly as, on an autumn evening, they had left the steamer which brought them from Albany.

CHAPTER I.

We landed at New York in the evening, the rain pouring down in torrents: of course, got to the nearest boarding-house as fast as our legs could carry us, where we passed a cold, comfortless evening; but our penance in the traveller's room was, in a good measure, compensated by a most excellent supper, and as good a bed. This boarding-house was situated at the corner of Washington Street—a most delightful situation—with one front to the Hudson, and the other to the Battery; and, what was still better, the people of the house were very civil, and produced at breakfast and supper the best coffee I have tasted in America; they also gave us a dish I had never seen before—namely, fried oysters, some of them as large as my hand. Next morning, early, my companion and I went out upon the Battery, "to snuff the caller air;" and, oh, how delicious! The rain had ceased during the night, the breeze came from the ocean fresh and exhilarating, and the sun shone with reful-

gence upon trees and grass sparkling with dew-drops. What is called the Battery is not so in reality, although it can easily be transformed into one upon an emergency. There you see neither embrasures, cannon, balls, nor soldiers; but the peaceful citizens taking their quiet promenade. It is but a small nook, and much the shape of a Scotch *farrel*, or cake of oatmeal bread—one of the straight sides being somewhat longer than the other, and the rounded side nearest the river. I know not how many acres it may contain; but, diminutive though it be, it is a most delightful spot, with walks, trees, and seats for the accommodation of those who frequent it. I sat for some time upon one of the benches with a young man whom, although dressed like a gentleman, I took to be a sailor, from his telling me that he had been in every quarter of the globe, and that, of all the pretty spots he had ever seen, he had never seen any equal to the Battery. Indeed, none but an eye-witness can have any idea of the beauty of the scene, as seen from this charming spot. The city, the broad Hudson, the shipping, the Jersey shore, with its towns, Staten Island, Long Island, Governor's Island, with its fort, and vessels of all kinds plying in every direction, from the trim-built wherry to the lordly frigate, with numerous steamers splashing, and dashing, and whizzing, like desperation, through the waves, are the prominent figures of the picture displayed before his eyes. But, after all, the view from the Battery, although exceedingly beautiful, in my opinion is still surpassed by that from the citadel of Quebec. The latter, to all the beauty of the former, over and above adds much of the grand, if not of the sublime. On the round side of the Battery is attached Castle Garden—what I take to have been a fort, or the real battery, but it is now used for the exhibition of fireworks, and so forth.

After breakfast, we made the best of our way to the far-famed Broadway. We had but the length of the shortest side of the Battery to reach the Bowling-green—a small oval green, railed in, and shaded with trees. From this starts Broadway, and runs in nearly a straight line for three miles: so they told me, although I scarcely think it quite so long as that. I know not whether I be right in placing the head of the street near the Bowling-green, since the other end must be nearly three miles higher up the river; but, according to my way of thinking, the end of a street next the country is the foot of it. However it be, along Broadway we went, from end to end; and, take it all in all, it is certainly a most magnificent street, the houses being large, the stores splendid, and filled with the productions of every clime. It may be prejudice, but, in my opinion, it is nothing equal to the Trongate of Glasgow: nor, in fact, have I seen any street which pleases me so much as the lat-

ter. One great drawback upon Broadway is the houses being built of brick; for, however commodious, substantial, and large you may build them of such material, still they are but brick houses, and I never saw a pretty brick house yet. Trinity Church—Episcopalian—one of the handsomest in the city, faces upon Broadway, as also some of the largest hotels, I believe, in the world: the chief of these are Heaster Jennings's and the Astor House; the latter erected by Jacob Astor, the founder of Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia River, and one of the millionaires of New York.

But, leaving brick walls and other inanimate objects, let us turn our attention to something more interesting. Whoever has strolled down Broadway, between the hours of eleven and twelve, A.M., must have seen as splendid a sight as can well be imagined, in the immense number of ladies on the pavé at that time. We were jogging it along, like good, quiet citizens, and had not proceeded very far down, when we encountered a band of ladies all dressed in white. This company having passed, we observed another as strong following hard in the rear, and another and another, *ad infinitum*.

"What the deuce is this?" exclaimed my companion.

"I believe it must be a wedding," said I.

"Faith, an' its a big fainale one, too, for the devil a gentleman's among them but ourselves."

"I think we had better take the other side of the street," I replied, "for the *faimales* seem to have taken complete possession of this one." So, crossing the street, we had a full view of the whole procession.

"What a sight!" exclaimed the Irishman, with an oath.

And well he might exclaim, for the whole west side of the street, as far as the eye could reach, was one dazzling line of white: it was a real *via lactea*—milky way—or, if the figure please better, a gigantic bed of white lilies. I have seen what is called Vanity Fair at Glasgow; but the Vanity Fair of New York outstrips it beyond all comparison. The above goodly procession moves along Broadway for the Battery; but by what street it returns I cannot tell, as every time I saw the ladies promenading, their faces were turned towards the same point. The comparison may not be a good one, and, for certain, it is not very polite, but they put me in mind of the lemmings which emigrate, at certain seasons of the year, from the northern regions—march straightforward in innumerable armies—but never find their way back again. Whether the New York ladies be pretty in general or not, I cannot say, but I certainly saw some pretty faces among them. My companion, however, who was quite enraptured at the first sight, seemed to have changed his mind on their second appearance. "Oh, it's all dress and show, and nothing else." But it must be confessed he had not a good opportunity of knowing the truth at the distance we viewed them from, besides, his mind appeared to be soured against everything

American, and, over and above, he had brought along with him a whole load of Old Country prejudices.

In your progress along Broadway, you will come to the Park—a triangular green, railed in, with walks and trees, the apex towards the street, and the base adorned by the City Hall, one of the most magnificent buildings in the United States. It is built of white marble, and royal enough for the proudest crowned head on earth. I am speaking of the outside just now; for, when you get into the inside—at least what I saw of it—you would never think you were in a palace. Outside, all is nobility and royalty; the inside sinks even beneath republican plainness. The Court was sitting at the time we were there; we, of course, followed the crowd up stairs into the Court-room—a very plain-looking chamber, very much resembling a college class-room. When we entered, it was nearly filled; and all were sitting with their hats on—a fashion much in vogue in the United States. Being newly arrived in the country, it could not be expected that we should know the fashions, or shake off our barbarism all at once; we, accordingly, were so very impolite as to remove the felt from our heads, and modestly retire to a back seat. Two Quakers followed us in the rear, and took their seats beside us, with hats on as broad as talipot leaves. On the appearance of the Judges, the cry of "off hats" arose from the officers of the court. The order was promptly complied with, except by our two friends the Quakers, who were determined to be extra polite on the occasion. The officers, seeing all the polls bare except the two in our immediate neighbourhood, came up to enforce the order; but all would not do: the refractory individuals, intertwining their fingers over the crowns of their beavers, set the officers at defiance, who, seeing there was no great glory to be obtained in the contest, retreated to their proper stations, and left the gentlemen to show their respect to the Court in their own way. The trial was of a Mr Ellsworth and others, for some kind of conspiracy; but as I was too far back to hear the proceedings, we left the court.

On getting into the open air, our attention was arrested by an equestrian statue of Washington, immediately in front of the City Hall. I took it to be a stucco casting; but I may be mistaken. However it be, the statuary and the good citizens of New York deserve great credit; the former for mounting Washington upon a pony, and the latter for the coolness of the material. If Washington could look down and see something intended as a *fac-simile* of himself, mounted upon something little bigger than a Highland sheltie, with its fore-feet pawing the air as if it were making some attempt at preaching, I think he would laugh heartily.

Among the buildings facing one side of the Park is the Park Theatre, which receives good encouragement. When I was there, there was only one other theatre, the Bowery; but now they have got no fewer than seven, all which

receive their share of patronage ; besides which, there is Castle Gardens, a Vauxhall, and a Ranelagh—places of amusement sufficient, in all good conscience, for a population four times as great ; but the truth is, the United States is the best country in the world for players, lecturers, show-men of all kinds, and so forth. This is evident, from the amazing number of theatres, museums, race-courses scattered all over the country, and the amazing fortunes which foreign actors make in a short time. I don't understand it very well, but a village in the United States, which, if it had been located in the Old World, would scarcely have supported a schoolmaster, here, somehow or other, maintains a newspaper editor into the bargain ; and a town, which, in the Old Country, would not be able to maintain a newspaper, will, in the United States, have two or three, and a theatre into the bargain. After Broadway, the next street of note is Wall Street, celebrated all over the United States, and maybe, too, in the capitals of Europe, for its money transactions. As a street, it is elegant enough ; but its principal beauty, however, consists in the number of gamblers in Stocks, who frequent it as a mart, and the multitude of money-changers, who charitably help the needy by lending them money at cent. per cent. on good securities. In Wall Street is the Post-Office ; a so-so building when I was there ; but they were making preparations to set up a portico in front, to be supported by massive pillars of white marble. Water and Pearl Streets are narrow and ugly, and very much resembling some of the London streets ; but they are great places for business, and well stocked with auction-rooms, which are known by having a flag hanging over the door. Greenwich Street is a very good one, with trees planted on each side ; and the Bowery, Catharine, and William Streets, are worthy of attention. It is almost needless to mention that New York is in no want of churches, some of them handsome enough, but, at the same time, nothing extraordinary. Trinity Church, in Broadway, is a handsome building, and has one of the finest organs I have ever heard. A great alteration must have taken place in New York since I was there, partly owing to its increasing prosperity, and partly owing to the great fire of 1835, which consumed a great part of the city. This latter misfortune, though productive of great calamity at the time, will much conduce to the ameliorating the appearance of the city, as it commonly happens that the streets opened, and buildings erected, after a fire, are greatly superior to the ones destroyed. There is one thing with regard to New York, and I believe it holds good in respect to all the cities in the Union—the streets are not pestered by common beggars, like those of Europe. Indeed, during the twelve years I have been in America, although I have seen many poor people, yet I have never seen any who followed begging as a profession. But there is another nuisance, and worse, in my opinion, than the common beggars, which New York would do

well to get rid of—I mean the free blacks, or, as they are called, “people of colour.” These swarm like locusts in Broadway, and swagger along as if a white man was beneath their notice. If you meet a band of them, I'll not say that you must touch your hat to them, but you must take pretty good care they don't jostle you into the kennel. The City Council ought to hang one half of them, and the money would be well spent in shipping the other half to Siberia. During the stay I made in New York, I saw nothing like a mob, and congratulated the city on its quiet department ; but, since that period, I have had reason to change my opinion, as very serious riots have occurred in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. I have always said so, and the citizens of the United States may depend upon it, that when their cities become overgrown and filled to overflowing with a manufacturing population, the lower classes of society will become as unruly as those in European cities.

While in Albany, my friend, the Irishman, had written to his uncle, announcing his being on the way down to him, as also the leaky condition of his purse, with a wish that he would be so very kind as to have a quantity of the ready lying in New York Post-Office against the time he should be down there. Our main business, therefore, after our arrival in that city, was to dance attendance at the Post-Office in the expectation of finding a load of money ; but, like a great many searchers for gold, we were doomed to disappointment—no money made its appearance—and our patience began to wear out. As it was of no use to stay in a large city for the mere purpose of expecting money, and actually expending the little we had, I recommended to my fellow-traveller a trip out to the country, where we might find something to do, and, at the same time be within watching-distance of the Post-Office, if he actually thought the money would come. He agreed ; and off we started down Broadway, and got into the country on the 7th of October. I don't recollect the name of the place at which we staid that night, but next morning we passed through Manhattan—a small place, and not worth mentioning ; as also another small place called Philipsburgh ; and then crossed the stream which runs from the Hudson or North to the East River, and forms the Island of Manhattan. From this island we passed to the mainland by means of Kingsbridge—a paltry thing built of rough plank, but, nevertheless, much spoken of in American history. By this day's travel we got into Greenburgh township, and put up at night in a decent enough house. The landlady was a tall, majestic-looking woman, with a very fine, pleasant countenance ; but, on further acquaintance, we discovered that her beauty did not extend much deeper than the skin. The biblical figure of the “painted sepulchre” suited her exactly : without, all beauty—within, all rottenness. She had a most unamiable temper, which was somewhat astonishing to me, as she seemed to have been actually

delivered of a lump of her ill-nature embodied in human form. This embodied sprite was her son, who lay on the floor, before the fire, in the misshape of—I don't know what; for he scarcely had the semblance of a being of this world. He might be about three feet long, with a monstrous head, and a mouth that would suit a shark. He was hunch-backed, his legs crooked, his eyes, like snakes', gleamed malignity, and he was continually restless, rolling from side to side, uttering imprecations and demands for grog, a glass of which was kept constantly by him on the floor. This being, if he was actually human—although to be pitied—formed one of the most disgusting objects I ever beheld. Sure enough, we were right glad to get out of the house next morning; and, although frosty and very cold, we did not even stay for breakfast, but made the best of our way towards White Plains, having a desire to see the battle-ground. On our way thither, we entered a farm-house to rest ourselves. This farm belonged to an Irishman: of course, my companion and he got quite gracious; and a bargain was not long in being struck, anent his remaining there until he should be enabled to start for Maryland. Whether it was owing to my being a heretic, or a Scotchman, or what other reason, I know not, but pretty strong hints were thrown out that I might take the road as soon as I liked. But having brought my friend and myself so far on my own resources, I did not like, and was determined not to be flung off quite so unceremoniously; so made bold to stay two or three days, until I could devise some plan for my future guidance. Before I start afresh, it may, perhaps, not be amiss to give a short account of the country between this and New York. The surface of the country is rather inclined to be hilly, at least much broken, and some places remarkably stony—the farm we were now upon being of the latter description. The soil is not among the richest; but, withal, rich enough for growing good potatoes. About a mile from Kingsbridge, I think, we passed a quarry of white marble—a thing I had never seen before. We also observed some gentlemen's seats, which looked to have been built before the Revolution; at least they had the reverend look of age, and were in a style quite different from that of American houses in the present day. The road itself was a tolerably good road, although I think I have seen better. The most striking peculiarity of our journey was the great number of fine orchards we met with, and the plenty of fruit-trees, apples especially, along the road-sides, where the proprietors, when they planted the orchards, had been pleased, in a very kindly manner, not to forget the wayfaring man, but had planted fruit-trees also along the roads; from which, in their season, the traveller has nothing more to do than take up a stick or a stone, and knock down as many as will fill his stomach, and his pockets into the bargain. I return them my kind thanks for my share, for many a good feast have I had from them. The same remark will apply to the whole line of road that I have

travelled in the Middle States. Indeed, I have more than once gone over the fence into the orchard without asking anybody's permission, and pocketed as many as I pleased, and that before the house too, without anybody's saying—"What do'st thou?" America is the paradise for fruits, and the people are far from being niggardly of them. The first cider-mill I saw was at the house of a farmer, neighbouring to that in which we were. I assisted them at the work, and got as much cider as I could drink for my trouble. In my progress onward, I met with many of these cider presses; and generally when I asked for a drink at any house, they gave me cider instead of water. The best cider, I believe, is made in New Jersey.

I have to observe, that the New Yorkers, although a quiet and decent enough people, are not of such a kindly disposition, or don't shew their kindness with such a liberal hand, as the inhabitants of the States farther south—at least so it appeared to me. There is a certain air of bluntness, or rather roughness, about them, as if they did not want to be troubled, and which is very disagreeable to a stranger. I accounted for this from the amazing multitudes of emigrants which annually land at New York from foreign ports, as well as those which find their way down thither from Canada. The greater portion of these emigrants are poor; and, as it is impossible they can all find employment in the city, so as to keep soul and body hanging together, crowds of them must, of necessity, take to the country, and harass the inhabitants by demands for work, or help to carry them onwards. By these means, the people's tempers have got soured, especially towards poor strangers; and as for those foot travellers, who may chance to have pretty good coats on their backs, as was the case with us, who either want not, or may not be able to pay for a carriage, they very naturally take them for some runaways from the city, or, perhaps, for something worse. I recollect once, wandering among the Kilbirnie hills in Scotland, I encountered an elderly woman striving to collect some cattle together, and very good-naturedly asked her if she wished for any help; when, instead of thanking me, she stood staring as if she had seen a ghost—indeed, the place would have well suited Macbeth's meeting the weird sisters—and asked me, "Whare d'ye come frae?" "From Glasgow," I replied. "Ay!" quo' she, "there's mony blackguards in Glasgow." So it may be the same with the New Yorkers; not that they want the milk of human kindness, but that they have been often troubled by strangers, and because they know there are many blackguards in New York.

Being now pretty well refreshed, I thought of proceeding onwards. I don't know if I could be said to have any regular plan laid down for futurity; all I know is, that I was determined to go to the south—if not as far as New Orleans, at least as far as Virginia. From what I had read in geographies and books of travels, I had formed a very high opinion of southern countries; and

as I had already seen enough of northern ones, and was tolerably well acquainted with ice and snow, methought I would be in a kind of paradise if once I could get into the sunny clime of the south, and bask in the sunshine of a perpetual summer. Often I figured myself lying along beneath the shade of the live oak, refreshing myself with the golden fruit plucked from orange groves, while my eyes wandered over the rich fields of cotton and sugar cane. It was, indeed, as southern country of my own creating that I saw in my day-dreams; but it was none the worse for all that; oh, no! for I had peopled it with everything that was good. Our first parents themselves had not a prettier domicile than the one I had now created for the express purpose of passing the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, and wearing gradually away, like the last ray of the setting sun, as it departs to shine upon some land, perhaps still more fair and beautiful. With such notions in my head, no wonder I parted with my fellow-traveller in right good spirits; and although I had left all the property I had in the world at New York—the clothes on my back, and an exchange shirt or two excepted—my determination for the present was to cross the Hudson at the nearest point, and proceed direct to Baltimore. By this means I thought I could kill three birds with one stone. I could see James' uncle, and get some money forwarded to him; and by so doing, I also might procure some friends to myself—necessary articles in the world, especially in a foreign land: and, besides, I would still be prosecuting my main design of getting to the southward. My plan of travelling downwards was somewhat novel; for I had adopted the whimsical notion of moving in a straight line to Baltimore, or rather to the first bridge on the Susquehanna next to Baltimore, so that I might avoid the bays, be farther in the country, and have a better chance of seeing the Americans "at home"—as they actually existed; for staying in inns, travelling in stage-coaches, *et cetera*, and seeing only the population of large cities, is to see the people through a false medium, varnished over by the gloss of artificial modes and customs, and but too much corrupted by intercourse with the world. By keeping a direct course, like a ship in the ocean, and, like her, allowing for leeway—for it could not be expected that the road I had to walk upon would always lead in the precise direction I wanted to go—I conjectured I would meet with the people just as Providence presented them to me—the real people, the Republicans, not the politicians, but the real *bona fide* Democrats. I knew the precise spot where Baltimore lay from the point of my departure, and, to make the navigation complete in all respects, I was determined to ask nobody the road, but depend entirely upon the sun and my own head for guides.

Matters arranged, I started for Tarrytown in order to get a boat to cross the Hudson. On my way thither, I accosted a jolly-looking farmer, who was doing something in his cartshed, with, "Can you tell me, sir, if this is the straight road to Tarrytown?" "No, sir, it is not the straight

road, for it is a very crooked one." I thanked the man for his wit, and went on. The road was actually none of the straightest, but that did not hinder me from reaching Tarrytown—a place of no consequence, except as being that near which André was taken by the American militiamen. I saw nothing like a town, except a few low houses on a kind of reef or breakwater, which, running out a short distance into the river, might be called by that name. But towns in the United States are very easily made: get up a store, an inn, a dwelling-house or two, and if you can add a church, so much the better; your town is already built. In the West they spring up like mushrooms—in a day's time. I have passed through more than one place called towns, and I was asking how far it was to them, long after I had passed through them. On the highway, a little above Tarrytown, I observed a neat two-story schoolhouse; and, at no great distance, I also saw a decent young man proceeding towards it with a step and mien as if he were going to be hanged. It must have been the schoolmaster. Yes, poor fellow, schoolmasters, and schoolhouses, and schools, are pretty much the same all over the world; plenty of toil and trouble, but very little for it. With three-fourths of all the schoolmasters in the world, the schoolhouse is a kind of penitentiary, where the poor fellow of a teacher has to get daily upon the worst kind of treadmill, in penance for his youthful indiscretions, or rather for that worst of all crimes, poverty.

The primary school system in the state of New York is, I believe, on a very good footing. What is called the school-fund, if I mistake not, is large; and there are numerous schools of all kinds scattered over the country. The United States deserve great credit for the attention paid to education, especially the Eastern and Middle States; and the Southern and Western are coming up pretty close behind them in the same honourable career. In all the public unsold lands, the General Government always keeps reservations for schools and colleges; and most if not all the Eastern and Middle States have school-funds, but how raised I do not recollect; for the past, the payment of the schoolmasters was much upon the same principle as the Scottish schoolmasters' salaries. Connecticut has a fund of two millions, and some of the other States are not far behind it in that respect. This is so far good, as the interest of such large funds, divided among the teachers, lowers the price of education to the people, and thereby enables the poor man to educate his family upon the same footing as the rich—that is, as far as primary schools are concerned. But would it not be an improvement, instead of adding more to such a large principal, to divide the surplus among the teachers, in order to enlarge their salaries, for certainly very few can maintain that the schoolmaster's income is too great? However, notwithstanding all that has been done, and is still doing in the United States for education, there appears to be "something rotten

in the State of Denmark;" for, at a late meeting of some society or other in New York, a Dr Taylor asserted in his speech, that out of the 80,000 teachers in the United States, not 100 were fitted for fulfilling the duties of the station. What qualifications the Rev. Doctor may deem necessary in a primary school teacher, or professor, I know not; but if his assertion be true—which I think very unlikely—so much the greater pity; and if it be not true—which is very likely—the Doctor ought to be ducked in a horse-pond, and then heartily cow-hided by way of dessert.

Not getting a boat at Tarrytown, and after having taken a rest in a very poor house—for there are poor people in the United States, and plenty of them too—I took the road up the river for Peekskill, where I arrived late in the afternoon without anything uncommon happening. The country through which I travelled to-day was none of the richest, and very much broken and stony. I went into no houses, except a very mean-looking inn to take some refreshment—and the inside, sure enough, did not belie the out. I may add, that I passed along the Runicon Bridge, situated in rather a romantic spot. Peekskill is but a small place, not deserving the name of town, possessing only one store, a few houses, and no church that I saw. During the Revolution, it was a *dépôt* for military stores.

I have mentioned the word store more than once, and as a store in America may be a different thing from a store in Europe, I may as well, once for all, tell the differences: In the Old Country, when one wants anything, he goes or sends to such a one's shop for it; but, as it happens that mechanics have got their shops too, it would never do for such a respectable man as an American merchant to have one; besides, Republican simplicity is very ticklish in such matters; the shop has therefore been metamorphosed into a store, and what is actually the store is called the warehouse. As these stores in the country places sell a great variety of articles, they are, of course, like our meal-mills and smithies, great places of rendezvous for the neighbourhood; and the storekeeper is generally a man of great influence.

Not long after I arrived at Peekskill, a boat with some young men was about starting for the other side; and on requesting a place by them, they obligingly complied. For my fare I paid a shilling, or what they call an elevenpenny bit. From the decent appearance of the young men, I thought it somewhat curious that they should accept such a trifle from a stranger who cost them no trouble: but it is a very hard matter for an American to refuse a piece of silver when offered; and, besides, the boat might have been a regular ferry-boat, which would greatly alter the case. I put up at an inn close to the place where we landed, built in the southern style—that is, the stairs leading to the upper story are on the outside, and land you upon a balcony, running the whole length of the house, which, of course, forms a kind of porch or veranda to the

lower story. The house was a very good one, and the landlord very civil.

Next morning, early, I started over a rough country, leaving Fort Montgomery two miles on the right. A good proportion of to-day's travel lay through woodland, and very stony. In proceeding along, I was much startled by a fox which came out of the wood, in rather too great a hurry, a few paces before me. I don't think he intended to frighten me, as, in his haste, he was half way across the road before he observed me; when, stopping short, he looked very earnestly at me, and I did the same at him, for, being in a strange country, in my surprise I took him for a wolf or other savage animal. We both stood in the middle of the road, gazing at one another, as if we knew not upon what terms we had met, whether as friends or enemies, or whether we should advance or retreat. However, to make a decided change in the disposition of the parties, I lifted a stone, which sent my opponent out of sight in an instant—he taking his road and I mine.

The first town on my way was Goshen, a tolerably large village, and celebrated all over the States for its butter, although it appeared to me not to be in possession of the richest pastures. The fields, when I passed them, were black with the Spanish needle—a plant covered with a kind of prickles, which easily leave the plant and cleave to the sheep's fleece in such quantities that you cannot tell whether the sheep be black or white. This herb is very plentiful in all the pastures as far down as Virginia, and gives the country in many places a very black appearance. However it be, Goshen, as I have said, is famed for its butter; and so great is the demand for it, that I am told there is no place where that article is so dear and scarce as Goshen—so much so indeed, that the Goshenites have to lubricate their bread with butter bought at New York.

CHAPTER II.

I inquired for the schoolmaster, and rested myself a little with him. He appeared to be a very quiet man, with a very decent wife, and a good many children. The house, the family, the *tout ensemble*, reminded me very much of that of a Scotch schoolmaster's. Leaving the teacher and Goshen, I afterwards passed Greenwood furnace, and through Monroe and Craigville, the latter consisting of only one store, a grist-mill, and a dwelling-house or two, romantically situated upon a small stream. The most remarkable feature of to-day's journey, was the large proportion of woodland I passed through; and the same may be remarked as a general feature in American scenery, with the exception of here and there pieces cleared to a greater or less extent. Taking the line of road I have travelled in the United States as a sample, it was at one time through woodland, at another through cleared portions, but still with a sufficiency of timber on the farms; now up-hill, and then down again, and so on repeatedly, with a

ameness in the appearance of the country, which rendered the travelling somewhat dull.

A little way past the Greenwood furnace, the road cuts a bank of very fine sand, which struck me as well suited for founderies.

At night I put up at the house of a Mr Anderson, a very respectable farmer, from the appearance of both him and his house. He was a quiet man, and spoke but little; but withal very kind, as also everybody about the house. Supper was over when I arrived, but I got a good bed, and next morning the breakfast-table literally groaned beneath the good things placed upon it. The main business with the cook, or whoever else set the table—for I saw no mistress—seemed to be, not how the dishes might be gracefully arranged, but to fill up every vacant nook with something or other. The Americans don't care so much about ceremony or taste—that of the palate excepted—but take good care to put plenty on the board, and then leave every individual to fill his stomach in the way he thinks best. I don't make the above remark because I happened to be well treated at Mr Anderson's, but I found it to apply, with a few exceptions, to all the people west of the Hudson. After breakfast, as it was raining very hard, the farmer, another man, and myself, sat down to shell hickory-nuts for the New York market—they bringing there about a dollar the bushel. These nuts, walnuts, and chestnuts, are very plentiful all over the United States, and, along with acorns, furnish a very nourishing food to vast droves of swine. There are two kinds of hickory-nuts, the large and the small; and both, like the walnut, are the better of a hammer to break them with. The wood is very tough, and of great use for many purposes; and it is from this good quality that General Jackson generally goes by the familiar appellation of Old Hickory; and rarely of all the sobriquets that might be applied, none suits the stern, tough old chieftain more pertinently. In Virginia they have a method of splitting it into long thin pieces like tape, of many yards in length. These are worked, in a tub of warm water, into chair bottoms, and form by far the easiest to sit upon of any that I have tried.

The rain having stopped, and tired of shelling hickory-nuts, I again set forward on my journey, and, in the course of the day, passed through Warwick and Hamburg—both neat enough places. I don't know where I staid that night, but next night, I remember very well, I slept very comfortably in a corn-field. I had now got into New Jersey, and, by the time I reached Newton, the moon was also a good way on her journey. Having my pockets well filled with apples, my mind cheery, and my body light and springy, with the fine cool evening air, I thought it best to proceed, and make up for it by resting during the day; for the days were still very hot. I therefore marched on for a while very cheerily, but, by-and-by, a feeling of loneliness began to steal over me, with ardent longings after a warm fire-side, a good supper, and a snug bed;

and these feelings became more intense when, on reaching a house, I observed all dark and silent about it, not even the baying of a dog to scare me—sure intimations that the inmates were all fast locked in the arms of sleep, and that it was now too late for me to gain admittance. House after house I passed, with the same uncheery notice that I must either walk all night or find a resting-place the best way I could. I chose the latter alternative, and the first corn-field I came to I made up my mind to make my bed there. For this purpose I collected a number of sheaves together, and made a kind of pent-house, in which, like the fox among the brambles, I for a while lay very comfortable: but, by-and-by, the cold, chilly air of night, notwithstanding all my care in patching my house, began to incommode me very much. I consequently, being now rested tolerably well, took the road again. When morning dawned, I found myself much tired, and in a very rough country, with the cleared places remarkably stony. One field, in particular, I observed on the side of a hill, where wheat had been growing, and, to all appearance, a good crop too; but, notwithstanding, it appeared astonishing to me how it could ever enter into the head of a farmer to think of sowing anything on such a place: you could not tell whether they had been sowing stones or grain, the crop of both being equally good; in fact, there was nothing like soil to be seen—no, nothing but stones and stubble. The stoniness of the land, however, can be very well accounted for, when it is remembered that I was now travelling among the spurs of the Kittakiny Mountains, which, farther to the southward, assume the name of Blue Ridge. My principal concern now was to get my breakfast; so, after having sat down by the road-side, and taken a little nap—for I was quite worn out—I proceeded to a house standing a little way off the road, on a piece of newly cleared land. It happened to be a German house, and the people could speak no English. I sat down, however, by a fine rousing fire, and took my smoke, while preparations for breakfast went cheerily onward—I, of course, expecting to partake, but as yet not knowing whether I was to have a share or not. I was not disappointed. The good woman pointed to a chair, before which, on the table, stood a huge bowl of coffee, with suitable accompaniments. You may be sure I made the breakfast of a king; for the table, although the people appeared to be none of the richest, was, in the American style, covered to excess; and, although early in the morning, everything was as clean and neat as if they had expected company. I believe, indeed, that on this identical morning I was one of the happiest mortals on earth.

The German settlers are a quiet, industrious, and cleanly race of people. I look upon them, as a body, as among the best citizens of the United States—at least they were very good citizens to me. When I went into any of their houses, I generally, in the Scotch fashion, bade them, "Good-day to you all." This was generally answered, by the one addressed, by a shake

of the head, as much as to say, "I don't understand you." My next manœuvre was to take a seat by the fire, if possible, pull out my pipe and light it, when it would not be long before some man or woman would take their seat on the opposite side of the fire, if not already there, as it were to keep me in countenance while smoking; and while whiff after whiff ascended the chimney, we would all the while be stealing glances at one another, not in a suspicious or hostile manner, but in a sort of kindly way, as it were, as if we had wished, if possible, to enter into conversation; for very commonly while this dumb-show way of friendly greeting was going forward, another individual would be placing upon the table apple-pies, milk, and other *et ceteras*, for the accommodation of my stomach, when the smoke was finished. In my peregrination through Pennsylvania, I met with many Dutchmen and Germans, and found my pipe to stand me in great stead. In the first place, it gave me an excuse for entering a house; and, in the second, it was a ready passport to their smoke-loving hearts. I was told by a German, that his countrymen and the Dutch, in these regions, have a great aversion to strangers—that is, to all those who cannot speak Dutch or German. That all such are by them called Irish; against whom, it seems, they have a bitter antipathy, but for what reason I could not learn. A man in such a predicament, I was further told, would travel in these parts with great danger of starving in the midst of plenty. But, thanks to my pipe, it was a good friend to me, supplying the places both of banker and interpreter.

Having filled my stomach, and thanked my kind entertainers the best way I could—for money they would take none—I set forward towards Hope, a lucky name; but the village, like the goddess frequently, turned out to be no great things. It had a dingy-looking appearance, and more of the antiquated air of European villages than any I had seen in the country. But, never mind, Hopeonians; hope is still hope—'tis the day-star, the beacon which leads men onwards from happiness to happiness, and without it the present is misery. Leaving the village behind, but not without another hope and brighter prospects before me, I jogged quietly on my way, until I reached a fine green knoll, shaded with hickory and chestnut, when I felt a most indomitable inclination to lie down and sleep. I have a great love to these green spots; they are oases in the wilderness of life; so, without more ado than choosing the shadiest chestnut, I laid myself down at its foot, and fell fast asleep. In such a position, in all good conscience I ought to have dreamed a handsome dream; and, if I had been some Samuel Johnson or other, I would have done so; but, as it was, I slept as sound as a marmot; and when I awakened, the sun was wheeling it rapidly down-hill towards the far west. My route soon abutted upon the Delaware—a charming river, with finely wooded banks—up which I wound my way, and, by-and-by, got mingled with the dismissed congregation

of a neat chapel, standing among the trees. I was informed by one of them that that day had been a high day—that a new organ had been just erected—and that all the world had been there to hear it play, to their great delight and astonishment. It was certainly a strange place for a church organ; but it is just like the United States—you will there find things in the woods which can be found in no other woods in the world. In the woods, and forests, and wildernesses of other countries, you may find wild beasts, banditti, and old baronial castles, and, maybe, ruins of various sorts; but in the woods, and forests, and wildernesses of the United States, in addition to the wild beasts, which are now getting scarce, you will stumble upon rising towns, and villages, and churches, and organs, and gentlemen, and ladies; and that in places too where one would never expect to find any such things—a sure mark of the rapid march of the settlement and civilization of the country.

In proceeding up the right bank of the river, I saw some handsome farms; and, hanging by the door of a house, I observed, for the first time, strings of peppers in pods of most beautiful red and green. Almost at every house I had hitherto passed, strings of apples, peeled and sliced, were suspended against the walls, in order to dry, for preserves and pies during the winter. These are very fine, and are sent down to the southern markets by barrelsful.

Night began to draw on again as usual, and, as I was determined no more to lie among corn-sheaves, I thought it best to look out for a bed in time. On turning a bend of the road, a large three-story stone house, with the door standing invitingly open, struck my view. A stone house is not a very common article, at least in the parts of the United States I have travelled—of course it struck me as belonging to some nabob or other; but never mind, quoth I to myself, let us try him—much better sleeping with gentlemen than rogues or corn-sheaves—so in I went. The first object that took my attention on entering, was a tall, gaunt-looking personage, in his shirt-sleeves: this was the master of the mansion; and, sitting by the fireside, was the son, still more robustious than the sire, with a stoop in his shoulders, and a fist that might have felled an ox; there were also two or three daughters, not a whit behind the males in bone and sinew. The family seemed to me to be some odd remnant of the Titans; and, to use a homely figure, although not altogether apposite, they very much resembled so many gaunt Irish oxen. The old man, a widower, was quite conversable, and somewhat of a wag; of course he and I soon got intimate. He told me he commonly went by the name of old Jack —, I forgot his last name; and he was certainly in independent circumstances; for he was very rough, swore a good deal, and prided himself in being an atheist. Whether from vanity or a fit of kindness, I know not, but he took me through all the rooms in the house, high and low; and, by the time we got down, some visitors had called, one of them a decent young

man, whom I took to be a schoolmaster, from the circumstance of Jack asking me if I could write. Upon answering in the affirmative, he put a piece of chalk in my hand, intimating a wish that I should write something upon the door. Complying with his humour, I took the chalk and wrote the word Delaware backwards, at which he broke out into an uncontrollable fit of jumping about the room, and bandying the young man, as much as to say he was completely beaten at his own weapons. For supper we had boiled chestnuts; good enough things in their own place, but, like King Richard with Friar Tuck, I had strong suspicions that Jack and his family were used to stronger suppers than boiled chestnuts. It must be remembered, however, that many of the Americans, during the winter, make only two meals a day—a breakfast and a late dinner—which accounts very well for the boiled chestnuts. Next morning's breakfast, anyhow, made amends for the meagreness of the previous night's supper; and after an invitation from my friend, Jack, to stay longer with him—but which my impatience to see what novelty the next turn of the road would present prevented me from accepting—I parted with him, and went on my way rejoicing. I proceeded about two miles further up the Delaware, and crossed that river at a small place called Columbia, remarkable for nothing that I could see but broken windows, and the piers of a bridge, which were either in course of being erected, or which had been stopped for want of funds. For want of the bridge, a man put me across in his skiff; and I think he told me that Columbia was about 200 miles above Philadelphia, following the course of the river; but it surely can't be so much as all that. I had now got into Pennsylvania, and, in appearance, into a totally different country from that which I had hitherto traversed—so much difference does the breadth of a river sometimes make. I had now got into a country where farming seemed to be better understood, where the houses were more substantially built, and the kitchens filled with pots of all sorts—copper pans burnished like gold, and shelves crowded with pewter stoups and plates—like to what I had seen in my young days in our alleghouses at home. To all these, were added a cleanliness and neatness corroborative of industry and comfort. The roads, too, were better; and the barns—yes, the Pennsylvania barns—are the most striking objects in the country, and surpass anything, I believe, of the kind in the known world, either for convenience or magnitude. In fact, they are more like factories than the things commonly called barns. In the end of one I counted no less than seven tiers of windows, all glazed and painted—true, a good many of these must have been supernumeraries, as there was one in the very angle at the top of the gable, which must certainly have been more for show than use; but it helps to shew what a Pennsylvanian Dutch farmer thinks of his barn. The lower story is used for feeding the cattle; and in the second, on each side of the house,

two large folding-doors open, through which they can drive their four-horse teams, loaded with hay, *et cetera*, right through the house, and deposit the burden, in passing, upon the mows. One would be apt to suppose that such large houses upon a farm were built more through vanity and display than utility; but it must be remembered that Pennsylvania is a great wheat country, and that they are not in the custom of stacking it, as with us. If I mistake not, all the crop is housed; and an extensive farm, of course, must require a barn of no small size; and if one of these, filled with produce, produces no emotion of pride, or vanity, or thankfulness in the owner, I think he deserves to be without one.

When I had surmounted the bank of the river, I stood for some time to gratify my eyes with the view down the narrow valley through which the Delaware flows. The valley being narrow, the view, of course, is confined, consisting of the slopes on each side of the river, finely variegated with farm and woodland; but away to the southward, following the course of the river, the eye wanders to the verge of the horizon, there leaving the imagination to roam still farther on the fertile banks, adorned with hamlets, towns, and cities. In progressing forward, I soon came to a large brick house situated a little way off the road. I mention this house, as it was the first of the kind I had seen, and will stand as a pattern for a great many more which the traveller will afterwards meet with, especially in Virginia. In Europe there are almost as many different styles of architecture as there are houses; and, I believe, I would be nearer the truth if I had said more, for there are some houses which are built in more than one style: but, in the United States, as far as private dwellings are concerned, there is not much display of architecture. When you have seen one brick house, you have seen all the brick houses in the country; as they are all the same, with the exception of the size, and, maybe, some other trifling modification. The same may be said of the log, frame, and stone houses—the first one you see is a kind of representative of all the rest. Leaving the houses in towns out of the question, the one of which I am now speaking was the first of the kind I had hitherto seen. It was three stories high, built of brick, and of proportional extent in front; at one end was attached a wing extending backward, so as to form, with the body of the house, the two sides of a right-angled triangle. In the present instance, this wing was three stories, but in some it is two, and in others only one. Around this large building—which certainly must have belonged to a Representative at the very least—there was nothing which had the semblance of pleasure-grounds. An English gentleman, whose estate enabled him to maintain so large a house as the above, would certainly lay off a portion in green and shrubbery, by way of ornament. But the case is somewhat different with the greater part of American gentlemen. As their income is derived, not from renting out, but cultivating

their property, they may be inclined to believe that the prettiest pleasure-grounds are those which are covered with wheat and Indian corn; and I don't know but, after all, they are in the right. It may be remarked, that all these brick houses are new, and seem to be the commencement of a new order of things—a step nearer aristocracy; the old log dwellings being by far too democratic now-a-days.

I'm not certain whether it was in this day's march or not that I went into a farm-house to rest myself. There was nobody in the house but the goodwife and her son, who was lying in bed sick of the fever. The old woman was of Dutch extraction, but spoke good English, and we soon entered into conversation.

"You don't belong to this country, I'm thinking," said she.

"No, ma'am."

"Well, what country do you come from?"

"Scotland."

"Ay, Scotland; that's far away?"

"Yes, ma'am, a long way from this."

"Have you been long in the States?"

"No, ma'am; I'm newly come down from Canada."

"How do you like the country?"

"Oh, very well."

"Better than the Old Country?"

"No; I like the Old Country best."

At this the old woman was taken rather aback, for an American cannot conceive how it can be possible for any one to love the Old Country better than America. She resumed—

"I have no doubt but your country is a fine country, but then you have got a King?"

"Well, what of that, provided I love my King and country?"

"Yes, but you are all slaves."

"That requires proof; but, supposing we are, and we prefer being slaves to freemen, what hinders us from being as happy under a Kingly as you can be under a Republican form of government? I have not been long enough in the States yet to judge fairly of the comparative merits of the two governments, as regards the well-being of the great body of the people."

She shook her head; but as she was busy covering the table with beef, potatoes, apple-pies, milk, and so forth, she had no time to reply.

"I'm thinking," said she, after she had finished her task, "that you have not got your dinner to-day yet; you had better sit down to table and eat something."

The old lady guessed right; so, without further ceremony than thanking her, I sat down to discuss something much more agreeable than the merits of the two countries; and, as the good woman had spread the table expressly for me, I must confess I liked both her and her politics the better on that account. Excepting those which I had with my friend, the latter, in coming down the Hudson, the above was the first political debate I had in the States; but, as I progressed farther down the country, and began to get better acquainted with the nature of the

people, these disputes thickened much upon me. In fact, in that respect, I have literally had to battle my way through the country. The Americans, as far as I can see, have an idea that we are all slaves at home, or rather something worse; nor can they comprehend how any man can be so foolish as to prefer a Monarchy to a Republic—or Europe to America. But the truth is, the Americans in general know just as much about the Old Country as the Old Country knows about them, and that is little or nothing, notwithstanding all the fine books that have been written about America and the Americans.

Having filled my stomach with apple-pie, and a second time thanked mine hostess for her kindness, I again took the road. During this day's march I travelled through a pleasant enough country; and, towards nightfall, landed at a very comfortable-looking farm-house by the roadside, where I intended mooring for the night, provided the people were kind enough to let me stay. I entered. The evening fire was blazing cheerily up the chimney, and gleaming back from shelves well filled with pewter dishes of all sorts. Thought I, this is the very place for me; so I addressed myself to one of three men who were sitting by the fire, taking him to be the master of the house. I was mistaken; goodman he might be, but master he certainly was not, for, at the sound of my voice, a jolly-looking dame, who was sitting in front of the fire, with a child in her lap, turned her head round in my direction, and let fly a volley of Dutch, German, or Russian, I know not which, as I never studied these languages. It is easy, however, to translate "human natur," as Mr Slick calls it; so, seeing there was nothing to be got there but a hearty scolding, and that not even "soft sawder"—Mr Slick's prime remedy in like desperate cases—could be of any avail, I turned upon my heel, and started for the door. I might have shaken the dust off my feet at the heroine, but as it is much more pleasant to bless than to curse, I left her to the pleasing reflections of her own good conscience, and went in search of a kindlier dwelling. Nor did I go far: the very first house I came to I was successful. To be sure it had a very ragged, wo-begotten physiognomy: 'twas evident it belonged to no Dutchman, and so much the better, thought I; and as for its tumble-down appearance, misfortune begets commiseration, so there may be more compassion within these ragged walls than if they had been built of marble. A young man, in not much better plight than the house, was chopping firewood before the door. I asked him if he would be so kind as give me a bed for the night; to which he gave me a ready reply, that I was welcome to such accommodation as his house afforded. We entered, and plenty of wood being heaped on, we soon had a good fire, and again I felt completely happy. The interior of the dwelling was as neat and clean as could be expected in such a crazy building; but the principal piece of furniture that caught my attention was the mistress of the house, a very fine-looking young

woman, and withal very modest, quietly going about making preparations for supper. Among other items my host asked me what countryman I was, for he said he saw I was not American. I told him, of course, that I was a Scotchman. He could not believe it. I said I could not help that; for I could not make myself be born in any other country than the one I was actually born in. To resolve his doubts he had recourse to a school geography and atlas, from which he cross-examined me for a while to his entire satisfaction, and great honour to myself. Yes, says he, I see you're a Scotchman; and we'll have supper by-and-by. I don't know exactly what idea the Americans in general have of Scotchmen, but I believe it is a good one, for the Yankees call themselves the Scotch of America, and they are pretty 'cute chaps; and I myself, in more instances than one, have been kindly treated for being born in the "land o' cakes." But, somehow or other, it sometimes happened, as in the above, that it was with difficulty I could get credit for being so; and like enough, from my puny body and light-hearted disposition, they took me for a Frenchman. On sitting down to supper, which was a most excellent one, I was surprised by a door opening in the corner behind me, and a man of gentleman-like appearance making his entrance, and quietly taking his seat at table. As, during the repast, there was little or no conversation, my mind was busy forming conjectures upon who or what the stranger might be, or what could induce him to take up his quarters in such a ruin. Having supped, he retired as silently as he came, and went up stairs again to his solitary garret. Being a stranger myself, I did not like to make any inquiries about him, but went to bed immediately on rising from table, being much fatigued with my day's travel. Contrary to expectation, my supper, as I have said, was a good one, and my bed, to my no small surprise, was still better. The bed was soft as down, and the sheets as white as soap and bleaching could make them; and although the sickly state of the walls afforded quite a sufficiency of moonlight through them, yet I found myself remarkably comfortable, and it was not long ere gentle sleep, the friend of the weary, with its soothing and balmy influence, came stealing over my eyelids. Before I sleep, however, I wish to make this remark, that the Americans, whether they can get clothes and houses or not, always manage, somehow or other, to get plenty to eat. The above remark, too, does not rest for its truth only upon the state of things as seen in the house I am now lying in, but upon a great many more instances of the like kind, which I could mention.

Next morning, after having breakfasted and helped the man to gather some apples for the cider-press, I started upon further adventures. To-day I passed some lakes, which, however, the people called ponds—pretty large ponds, forsooth—but the Americans are so used to big rivers and lakes, that a stream which, in England, would make a most noble Thames, in America is only a branch or creek; and a lake which, in the Old

Country, would form an important part in the landscape to the splendid palace on its shore, in the New is only a pond—nothing but a mere pond. No wonder doctors differ. My first resting-place was at a small cottage at the foot of a hill, or rather rock, close by the wayside. One room was the only chamber in the dwelling, but, like the generality of American rooms, it was clean and neat. A good bed stood in one corner, and before it, on the ground, was a rug to keep the feet warm and dry on retiring to rest. By the fire was an elbow-chair, and in said chair sat a little old man, with a nightcap on his head, while his old helpmate was "todlin" about the house, doing various little, necessary turns. The old man was pleasant and sociable, and he and I soon got into familiar conversation. He was, moreover, a Methodist minister, and whether I told him or not that I was brought up in the Presbyterian persuasion I don't recollect, but I know we managed to get pretty deep into the comparative merits of the Arminian and Calvinistic creeds. The latter and its reputed author he held in utter abhorrence. Being no great adept in school divinity, the little old man had things pretty much his own way; and if his discourse did not shew much learning or cogency of reasoning, it at least shewed the goodness of his heart—a thing much superior. He dwelt much upon the passage, "God is love," and, of course, deduced from it his conclusions that such a good being could not possibly doom any son of Adam to eternal damnation. But he ought to have remembered, and the Methodists along with him, that there are a great many more passages than the above in the Bible, and also that the Supreme Being possesses a great many more attributes besides that of love. Further, the Arminians ought to recollect that no descendant of fallen Adam has any right, claim, or title to the least particle of the love of God; and that, thousands of years ago, our fallen ancestor subscribed virtually and *de facto* to his own damnation. Further yet, it is declared by an express revelation, that man cannot save himself; and, in the nature of things, it is utterly impossible that he could do so, however willing. Well, then, the whole work of man's salvation must necessarily rest upon God, who is love, both to will and to do of his own good pleasure. But all men are not saved. God, then, does not vouchsafe of his love to those who are not saved, or else they would be so, for God is stronger than man. I have already said that I am not much versed in theology; for a voucher, therefore, I give the Arminians the Apostle Paul. Perhaps they look upon him as no great authority in the question, but he is the best I have; and from what little study I have given his writings, it is very plain to my mind, that, in every sense of the word, he was a strict Calvinist; or rather Calvin, far from being the author of the creed which goes by his name, was, in reality, a strict Paulist. So much for divinity. Having got my smoke, and the old man's blessing, I trudged along the road again. Little worthy of remark occurred to-day; I passed through much the

same kind of country as heretofore; and in the evening I passed Nazareth on my right, it not lying exactly on my course. It is inhabited, I believe, principally by the Moravian brethren. At night I slept at a German's house, and the people were kind enough to me. In the morning—and a most beautiful morning it was—I started early, and got to Bethlehem somewhere in the forenoon. It is a fine town, and finely

situated on the Lehigh; very clean, with a handsome inn and some large stores. It is the headquarters of the Moravian brethren in Pennsylvania, if not in the United States. The Society's buildings are on a large scale, resembling colleges, barracks, or cotton-mills, as you like to take it; and, I think, somebody told me, they possessed a great deal of property throughout the town.
(*To be continued.*)

CLARKSON AND THE MESSRS WILBERFORCE.

To the Editor of Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

SIR,—You have manifested so warm an interest in Mr Clarkson's cause, against his depreciators, that I am encouraged to forward to you a communication, the first portion of which, concerning no one but myself, would not merit your attention; but it will be compensated by what follows.

In my supplement to Mr Clarkson's *Strictures on the Life of Mr Wilberforce*, I have stated that the books of the Abolition Society, instead of proving that Mr Wilberforce from the beginning directed the Society, (as stated by the biographers,) shew him in scarcely any other light than as being engaged to conduct their cause in the House of Commons. Commenting on their statement that the Committee were persuaded, by Mr Wilberforce's arguments, to modify and rescind certain resolutions, I said, "There is no trace in the books of any modifying," &c.; but, at the same time, I (p. 131) quoted a minute of the 28th of July 1788, directing that Mr Clarkson should pay regard to "advice contained in Mr Wilberforce's letter of the 8th of July." Now, to my great surprise, I have just discovered in the books the very minute the existence of which I so unqualifiedly denied. It is in these words:—

"15th July 1788.

"The resolution of the committee on the 1st instant, for calling a general meeting of the Society on the 7th of August next, being read; and many doubts respecting the expediency of the measure, at this juncture, having arisen in the minds of several members; and a letter from William Wilberforce, dated Rayrigg, the 8th instant, to the treasurer, containing many forcible arguments against it, being produced—

"Resolved unanimously—'That the calling a general meeting of the Society be for the present suspended.'"

This minute fully justifies the statement of the Messrs Wilberforce as to this one transaction; and I very much regret my unaccountable oversight. I owe to the Messrs Wilberforce an apology for my mistake; but I owe it to myself to remark, that it was, after all, absolutely *immaterial* as to the great question at issue between them and Mr Clarkson. The only object of these citations from the books is, to shew how much or how little Mr Wilberforce actually interfered in the business of the Committee, beyond what must be done by any one who conducts Parliamentary business. Now, this newly disco-

vered minute adds nothing to the information given by the one before printed by me. It still remains a very remarkable fact, that there is no evidence on the books of Mr Wilberforce having ever suggested a single idea, beyond that of warning the Committee against giving "offence to the Legislature by forced, unnecessary associations." Mr Clarkson having organized the Society, and brought Mr Wilberforce into connexion with it, proceeded to establish Societies through the kingdom; Mr Wilberforce, with the instinct of a friend and partisan of Mr Pitt, naturally enough objected to so much agitation, and succeeded in checking what he thought too active measures! And on this single act rests the right of Mr Wilberforce's son to represent him as the *Director* of the Committee. I have set out the several references to him.

I have now, sir, to lay before you a document of a very different character. You will bear in mind that the biographers state, that Mr Wilberforce had received so unfavourable an impression of the character of Mr Clarkson's history, that he, at one time, resolved not to read it! Now, the letter which Mr Wilberforce wrote to Mr Clarkson, on receiving a presentation copy, has been very lately found. I send you a copy of it, because it supplies a most significant comment on that text:—

"May 20, 1808.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been, for several days, intending (indeed ever since I heard the book was out) to write to Mr Allen, to beg him to secure me a copy. That which is now on my table will be more valuable to me, on account of its being your gift. I shall assign it a distinguished place in my library, as a memorial of the obligations under which all who took part in the Abolition must ever be to you, for the persevering exertions by which you so greatly contributed to the final victory. That the Almighty may bless all your other labours of love, and inspire you with a heart to desire, a head to devise, and health and spirits to execute them and carry them through, is the cordial wish and prayer of your faithful friend, &c.

"W. WILBERFORCE.

"I beg my remembrances to Mrs Clarkson. My wife would join; but I never get to her, at Broomfield, from Monday morning to Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning."

This letter does not amount to a recognition of