

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

CHAPTER III.

I am now very sorry that I did not visit the Moravians, and see something of their *modus vivendi*; but, being a complete stranger, I contented myself with a view of the exterior of the building, as I passed along to the Lehigh, at the foot of the town, which I crossed by a bridge, and, for doing so, paid one cent. At the further end of the bridge, a road turned down towards Philadelphia, from which, as the milestone informed me, I was distant fifty-one miles. I stood for some time alternately looking down the road and at the milestone, debating with myself whether or not I should go and pay that city of brotherly-love a visit; but recollecting I had no friends there, and nearly as few in my pocket, I kept on my old course, consoling myself with the idea that I would visit it at some future period, when friends were more plenty. After Bethlehem, the principal thing which struck my attention in this day's march, was a field of buckwheat cut down, and lying in swathes like hay. I also saw the farmers treading out their hayseed, by making a number of horses go round and round upon it. I was also a good deal amused in seeing them thrashing wheat. Three men performed the operation, instead of two, as with us. The sails they used were not much bigger than whip-handles, but with these they kept alternate time, with a velocity which was altogether amazing. On going along, I encountered a party of Quakers, young and old. It appeared to be a pleasure party; and the young folks, albeit in the Quaker cut, were very gaily dressed, much more so than I had supposed possible for a Quaker.

Towards sundown, I knocked at the door of a neat, whitewashed house, when a surly old nigger came to it. The first sound of his voice, and the first peep at his face, were enough for me. Like master, like man—I have no business here, thought I, so left him without saying a word. A few hundred yards from the house I entered a wood; but that was nothing very surprising in such a woody country as America. What surprised me most was, that, after travelling until the sun was a good while set, I was still in the wood. One great mercy it was, that, if the sun was out of sight, the moon—none of your artificial moons, lighted up by the novelist to guide the benighted hero on his weary way, but a real *bona fide* autumn moon—with a face as round and as bright as a brass kettle, flickered through among the trees, and shewed me numberless roads running in all directions. If it had not been for the moon, I was lost to a certainty for that night; but, guided by her benign light, I kept on the road which appeared to be most used, until I became quite exhausted, and could proceed no further. Sitting down on the stump of a tree, and having both time and opportunity

for reflection, I gave way to it accordingly. "I'm got into a veritable forest, that's certain. Dang that old, crabbed nigger—I wish Lady Douglas was here—fine place for meditation—plenty of 'woods and wilds' and 'solitary glooms.' Rather too many. The wood must certainly have an end somewhere. It can't be the far west yet. I wonder if I'm to sit here all night. Certainly plenty of people live at no great distance, or there would not be so many roads; there must be houses at the end of them. Better be walking than sitting here shivering. Let me try it once more—the farther I go, the nearer my bed." So up I got to my task, and again walked until I had again to give in and sit down upon a stump. I was a mighty stump-processor to-night; but this time my reflections were becoming of a more gloomy cast, and I began to fling my eyes around, to see if I could observe anything like a place to pass the night in. I was almost miserable; the night, to be sure, was good, but it was very chilly, and, besides, I was very hungry, and quite worn out with fatigue. I knew that if I tried the road once more, I would soon have to drop, and I thought I might just as well pass the night where I was as in any other part of the wood; but the idea of a warm fireside and a good supper came so strong over my fancy, that I could not resist the temptation of trying my legs a little longer. 'Twas but dropping at last, anyhow, and perseverance works wonders. Up I started, and had just got round a bend of the road, when something, having the appearance of a building, presented itself in the moonlight; but it did not look in the least like a dwelling-house—the thing of which I was in search. On my nearer approach, it turned out to be a church; and, although at all times a firm friend to the church, in the present instance I could have very well dispensed with it in exchange for a snug dwelling-house. Upon second thoughts, however, I recollected that since there was a church, the minister's house might not be very far off—the very place for me, thinks I; he must preach up hospitality to strangers, and ten to one but he practises it too. The church was a new one—another instance of the march of civilization, and verification of the prediction of the solitary place being made to rejoice. On going round the end, I saw what I took to be the manse, with the door open, and the light from a large fire gleaming from it and mingling with the moonlight—blessed sight! it was, indeed, the prettiest piece of scenery I had for a long time seen. Now, thinks I, I'll not be very forward, but go round and knock at the kitchen door, very naturally thinking that the front of the house looked towards the church. So, round I goes, but found nothing like a kitchen door until I came round again to the one from whence proceeded the light. After some hesitation, to

see whether anybody would make their appearance, I entered; but, to my surprise, no living being was to be seen within, and all was as still and quiet as a church-yard. There was a first-rate fire, however, blazing within a huge chimney, arched like some of those old ones I had seen at home; and beneath was also a log of wood, by way of seat, which I was pretty quick in occupying. I sat for some time, expecting every moment to see some one make his appearance, or hear some noise as evidence of inhabitants; but no—not a movement—not a dog—not a cat—not even the chirping of a cricket. This is very strange, thought I—very strange, indeed—for everything is so neat and clean, that somebody must have been here since long. I began to get a little superstitious at length, and some rudely defined feelings of fear came creeping over me. If it had not been for the church before the door, I could easily have imagined—if I had been in the midst of a German forest I certainly would have done so—that the good fairies had built a house expressly for my accommodation for the night; but to that notion the church was an insuperable objection. However, after waiting and waiting for the arrival of somebody, I thought there would be no harm in taking a smoke; so prepared accordingly; finished it, rested a while, and, for lack of something to do, tried my pipe again. Having knocked the ashes out of my second pipe, I had some thoughts of lying down before the fire and taking a nap, since I had all the house to myself, when I was startled by the opening of a door, and the entrance of a little woman, middle-aged, plainly but decently dressed, and of but a homely countenance. I addressed her without leaving my seat; upon which she shook her head, as much as to say—“I don’t understand English.” With the design of trying what stuff her heart was made of, I held out my empty pipe, making her to understand I had no tobacco, and wished her to help me to some. She immediately went to a cupboard—brought out a bag full of “cut and dry”—and gave me a whole handfull. This will do, thinks I—I’m safe—here I stay for the night; but that I would have done anyhow, unless I had been put out by sheer violence. After performing this act of kindness, the woman went away; nor did she make her appearance again until I had finished a pipe of her tobacco. When she returned, it was for the purpose of putting on the tea-kettle. My bed is already sure, said I, to myself, and I see my supper is not very far off; and the reader of this, if he hath ever been in danger of being benighted in a foreign land, will have some conception of the feelings which now fermented within me. You may talk about travelling, and the beauties of nature, and all that sort of thing; but I refer to all travellers, sentimental or unsentimental, whether a well-plenished supper-table, after a fatiguing day’s journey, be not preferable to all the beautiful scenes of nature, or master-pieces of art they ever saw. Yes, for scenery either grand or sublime, give me the clean hearth, the blazing

fire, the files of cups and saucers, butter-plates, and jelly-mugs, mountains of bread, and rivers of cream; and for music, give me the singing of the tea-kettle, the frying of ham, and the hissing and spurning of bursting puddings; “them’s” my scenery; as for all others, any traveller, if he chooses, may fling himself into the crater of Vesuvius, or break his neck on Mont Blanc for me. My kind hostess—as yet I had seen nobody but her—came again upon the stage, and pronounced the word “Zuber,” which I very scholar-like translated “supper”—a good version; but, verily, my stomach was in such a state at the time, that I believe I could have easily translated any one of the million dialects of this Babel of an earth. I arose from my log, shoved my pipe into my pocket, and followed her into another room. On entering, I was greeted by the glances from the eyes of nearly a dozen handsomely dressed young ladies, seated round a splendid supper-table; and, in return, I gave them a slight bow, and took my place among them. At first I was inclined to believe I had got into a nunnery; but some knowledge of the rules of such establishments soon changed the nunnery into a boarding-school, in which opinion I was strengthened by the presence of a piano-forte at one side of the room. Our meal was made in silence and decorum; not a word was spoken; but I was plentifully helped to everything on the table. Towards the end of the meal, a little man made his entry into the room rather unexpectedly; for I had given up all hopes of seeing any males, and, during supper, could not help conjecturing how so many ladies were going to dispose of me throughout the night. The little man approached the table, looked at me, then looked at the woman who so kindly entertained me, who said something to him; upon which he held out his hand to me, and, in broken English, said, he was very happy to see me. After supper, we had but little conversation, as the man was not overstocked with English, and I was too tired for talking; but I learned enough to convince me, that the hearts of these honest Germans were much imbued with the milk of human kindness; indeed, all my wishes were as much anticipated as if I had been a near relation newly arrived from Germany. On expressing a wish to retire to rest, the man conducted me up stairs, through a kind of ante-room into another; when putting down the candle, he retired, wishing me a good night. I immediately began to undress, and, while doing so, my attention was drawn towards the bed, which seemed to me to have a very blown-up and dropsical appearance. Although covered with one of those beautiful counterpanes so common in Virginia, yet, to my mind, it had something very suspicious-looking about it; for I must confess, notwithstanding I had been treated with much kindness since I came in contact with these good people, my mind was not altogether easy. I had read and heard of too many murderous stories connected with circumstances precisely like those in which I now was, not to have all my eyes about

me ; in fact, the people's kindness began now to militate against them. I accordingly approached the bed, and turned down the coverlid, when no pillow presented itself, no blankets, no sheets, nothing but the bare bed. I wondered not a little at this, and thought that so many young ladies might have spared me at least one blanket among them ; but, while standing wondering at the want of the blankets, and still more at the strange, puffy look of the bed, my eyes rested upon something white near the head, but away down about a foot below the surface of the bed. I examined it ; it looked exactly like a piece of a sheet. Strange—and in following up my discovery, I tumbled down the bed, when, lo ! and behold, pillows and sheets as white as the driven snow presented themselves to my astonished sight. The most horrible suspicions took possession of my soul. O God ! I exclaimed in an agony, they are going to smother me while asleep ! I ran to the door ; it was locked on the outside ; and I recollected that, on coming through the ante-room, a bed was placed with its head beside my door—the murderer's bed. All my suspicions were more than confirmed ; I saw nothing but death before my eyes, or rather behind my back—I saw no way of escape, and, as the last refuge of the wretched, I betook myself to my Creator. In a kind of agony, I dropped upon my knees to commend my soul and body to the only being who could aid in such awful circumstances. Though tolerably regular at my prayers during my lifetime, yet I must confess that, although at the outset, when I first got upon my knees, my whole soul was fervently directed heavenward ; yet very soon, my ideas began to scatter like grape-shot, and my imagination to roam a wool-gathering to the ends of the earth. My petition to heaven got so mixed up with the odds and ends of earthly thoughts, that, when I was done, I could scarcely tell whether I had been praying or not. So it happened in the present instance. At the outset, I was more than serious : but my head was so full of the fearful bed, that my thoughts could not help falling that way ; from the bed, they got among the Germans, and from Pennsylvania they bounded into Germany, till at length they entered an inn along with an Irish gentleman, who got on the top of him, to his no small puzzlement, just such another bed as was about to go on the top of me. He rang the bell and told the waiter, that if any gentleman was going to sleep in the bed above him, he must be quick, as he was going to sleep and did not wish to be disturbed. Altogether forgetful of my situation, I burst into a hearty laugh, forgot my " Amen," rose from my knees, undressed with dispatch, and jumped into bed ; and, oh, how delicious ! Ye presidents, prime ministers, princes, potentates, and powers, if ye wish to know what happiness is, step down from your thrones, walk sixteen or twenty miles in the hot sun, five or six more in the cold dews of night, get your stomachs as empty as the treasury chests ; and, after having done all this, contrive, some how or other, to get a good supper, then

jump into a German bed ; and if that don't make you happy, nothing on earth can.

I need not say I enjoyed a most delectable night's rest ; and, in the morning, I a good deal amused my worthy hosts by a recital of my last night's fears. I have called them worthy, for so they were. I came among them as if I had dropped from the clouds, yet Mr and Mrs Gerard (their name) were as kind to me as if I had been a brother ; and so far were they from taking anything for their trouble, that it was with difficulty I could get setting out on my journey, they wishing me to stay some days in order to recruit myself. It was he who told me of the antipathy of the German population here towards strangers ; and, in confirmation, he further told me, that a few days before my arrival, an Englishman came to his house begging something to eat, as he had not eaten anything for two days ; and that, although he had offered handfulls of silver, nobody would receive him. Mr Gerard gave him plenty, without money and without price. Before setting out, I may mention that I was right in my conjectures—Mrs G. keeping a boarding-school for young ladies, and Mr G. a day-school for boys.

Having received another handfull of tobacco, and returned them thanks for their attention towards me, I left them. In the afternoon, I reached a store known by the name of Swampgrove ; and a few hundred yards beyond it, I observed a man before me, of no very decent appearance. I was now about five or six miles from Potsdam, and, not wishing to enter the town in such kind of company, I made up my mind to quicken my pace, accost him civilly with a " Good day," and go a-head of him. I did so, and had got a few steps a-head, when I heard him muttering something. I stopped to see what he wanted, when he asked me if I was going to Potsdam. I told him I did not know whether I would go that length to-night or not, and left him again. But my gentleman was not going to let me slip so easily a-head of him. I heard him speaking to me again, and, of course, had to stop till he came up.

Says he to me—" If you don't know whether you are going to Potsdam or not, you may as well go home with me."

I looked in the man's face to see if I could get any information there, but there was nothing like a home stamped upon it. It was a round, pale, doughy face, surmounted by an old hat, knocked into every kind of shape ; and, below, it was garnished by a black beard, which had not felt the razor for many a day. His other accoutrements were an old roundabout, duck trousers, and a pillow-slip slung over his shoulders, with something in each end to balance it. I had already set him down as a runaway sailor ; but when he spoke about his home, I really did not know what to make of him, and a half desire entered my mind to know more about him.

" How far is it to your house ?" I inquired.

" Scarcely two miles," he replied, with a Dutch accent.

"Well, I shall think of it as we proceed; and, in the meantime, I thank you for your kind intentions."

As we went easily along, we continued our conversation; and, among other items, he told me that he had been at the store purchasing some little things for his wife, as she was making apple-butter, and was going to have a great apple paring—that he had bespoken some fiddles—so they would have quite a frolic of it.

"Apple-butter, did you say?—what kind of butter is that?"

"It is made of apples, pared, cut into pieces, and boiled in cider till it becomes a kind of jelly."

We were not long in arriving at the end of the lane leading up to the house, and, as his information made me still more curious, I had made up my mind to go along with him. A short way up the lane, we encountered a waggon, with a fine team of four horses. It stopped as we came up, and the driver and my companion had some talk. After it had passed, I said, half jokingly—for I had set down my man as half deranged in the intellect—

"I suppose that is your team?"

"Yes, that's my team," says he.

I smiled, and had some thoughts of turning back again, being convinced that the man was fully mad; but curiosity still kept me going along with him. By-and-by we came in sight of a white-washed two-story stone house.

"Well, I suppose this is your house, too," says I to him.

"Yes," says he, "that's my house, and I will make you as comfortable as I can in it."

I thanked him a second time, but could not help thinking he was about leading me into some scrape or other, as a shabbier, or more blackguard-looking man could scarcely be. However, I kept my thoughts to myself, and followed him into the house; and, sure enough, there was the big cooper on the fire, and the apple-butter, that was about to be, tumbling to and fro in it. A handsome young woman, with a pipe in her mouth, was busily engaged in attending to the concern, to whom I was introduced as the wife of my conductor. The mother, a very decent matron, neatly and cleanly dressed, soon made her appearance from another room; to whom I was also introduced. As the ceremony of introduction took place in Dutch—the only language spoken in the house—I know not what story my friend told, nor what reasons he gave for bringing me to the house; but I saw well enough that I was welcome, for they all seemed well pleased, and I was directed to take my seat in a fine, antique-looking elbow-chair—the place of honour—and I soon had my pipe in my mouth like the rest of them. At supper we had a hand at the apple-butter; and I now recollected that I had before tasted some of it in coming through the Jerseys, but did not know that it went by that name. It is really excellent, and quite American; and, believe me, buckwheat cakes and apple-butter are a feast for a king: I guess

Queen Victoria has never tasted any thing so fine. By-and-by, the apple-parers began to drop in—young people of both sexes—until the house was full; when we set to work cutting up the apples like desperation; every one, as is customary upon such occasions, doing his best, and striving to shew how clever he is. The labour was enlivened by a variety of jokes, stories, and songs. Our principal songstress was a blooming young woman, with cheeks as red and plump as any apple; she appeared to me to be the reigning belle—the queen of the meeting; at least I could easily perceive she thought so herself. She gave us a variety of songs; and though not with the sweetness of a Caradori, I believe it was good enough for Dutch singing; for the company, every now and then, burst into fits of laughter. As I could not understand a word, my principal business was to appear well pleased, and shew my industry at the apples. After business was finished, we ought to have had the ball; but, as the fiddlers, somehow or other, did not come, the company dispersed, and I retired to bed, or rather to beds, for I had again one above and one below me.

This German way of resting is the best of all modes that I have tried, and I wonder it has not become more general among northern nations. I, for one, would advise my countrymen, the Scotch, to convert their blankets into greatcoats, and substitute feather beds in their place, and then they may set the cold of winter at defiance. In confirmation of the superiority of the bed over the blanket system, I will relate a little anecdote. In Virginia, in one of the houses I stayed in, a young Dutchman slept in the same room with me. On the Saturday evenings he commonly went and visited his friends, staying all night with them. It happened, one very cold Saturday, that he went away as usual; and, after having gone to bed, I found that I could easily stand the weight of another blanket, and so took the liberty to take one from John's bed. Contrary to expectation, he came home that night, upon which I told him what I had done, and that, if he wanted his blanket, he might take it off me. No answer was returned, and I went to sleep. On waking in the morning, I naturally cast my eyes towards John's bed, but I could neither see John nor bed-clothes. Now, thinks I, some thief has been in and taken away all the clothes; and up I got to examine things more narrowly. In prosecution of said design, I found John's head away far down, sticking out from below the bed. He was sound asleep. He had literally turned the world upside down; and, for all the world, looked exactly like an overgrown turtle, with the head peeping out of the shell. I left him alone in his glory, perfectly convinced that he was in the right on't.

At breakfast we had a dish new to me. I don't recollect what name they gave to it; but it might, with great propriety, be called cider soup, as it was composed of potatoes and cider—exactly our potato soup at home, only cider instead of water. It was a favourite dish with

the Dutchman, and I had to tell a good many lies to save my good breeding; for he often asked me how I liked it, and if it were not good. Of course I answered in the affirmative; but my affirmatives came up my throat with as much difficulty as the cider soup went down; for I really did not like it.

After breakfast I started, though not till after an invitation to stay as long as I chose, and welcome. In the course of the forenoon I passed through Potsdam; a considerable place, with some good houses, and a newspaper—maybe more; for I encountered the courier with an armful. It is situated on the Schuylkill, which I crossed by means of a neat wooden bridge. At night I slept at the house of a German, and, next day, passed by the end of West Chester, and through Downingtown, where I crossed the Big Brandywine by means of a stone bridge—the second I had seen in America, although they say there are plenty of them in Pennsylvania.

A short way beyond Downingtown it commenced raining very heavy, which forced me to look out for shelter. I turned off the road to a farmhouse I saw close by; but receiving an impudent answer from a boy I accosted in the cattle-yard, I kept on towards a neat little cottage not far off. Here I was welcome. The occupants were an Irishman, Robert Owen by name, and his wife: everything was neat and clean, and they treated me like a gentleman. In the morning a neighbour came in; and they commenced talking about the elections, and federalists, and republicans. I put in my word—

“I thought,” said I, “that you were all federalists and republicans in the lump in this country?”

“O yes, so we are,” replied the neighbour; “but when we go to particulars, there is a great deal of difference between a federalist and a republican, for all that.”

“And what, pray, may be the difference between the two?” said I; “for certainly you have but few Tories now-a-days.”

“As for the Tories,” says he, “we have got enough of them yet; and as for the federalists, they are little better than Tories in disguise: true, they love America—that we must allow—and don’t wish to be ruled by the King of England, or anything by the name of king. They are still republicans in principle—words anyhow—but their practical comments upon their own doctrines, evidently tend toward, if not a monarchical, at least an aristocratical form of government, as near as may be, without actually crossing the boundary line. Their principal aim is to give as much power to the General Government as they possibly can, without quitting either the name or reality of a republic. They wish to merge all the individual republics into one grand whole—the republic of America. The republicans, on the other hand, wish all the individual States to remain as free and independent of each other as they were at the formation of the Constitution. For that purpose, they wish to preserve to them all the powers

reserved to them at the formation of that instrument; and, if there should be any taking and giving, rather to add to the powers of the State Governments than to weaken them.”

The above may not be exactly the words of my informant; but they explain, with tolerable clearness, the difference between the two great parties into which the people of the United States are divided, and are, in substance, a good enough answer to the question I asked. I may further add, on my own account, that, since the period of the above conversation, the two parties have changed their cognomens almost as often as the moon has changed. At the present time, (1838,) they go by the name of Whigs and Democrats. A third party has started of late—the Conservatives. The individuals belonging to the last, pretend to be Democrats in heart and core, except regarding a national bank—an abomination to the Democrats: but at the elections, somehow or other, all their votes go to the Whigs—a plain proof that they scarcely knew on what side their bread is buttered. So much for politics just now.

I was remarkably well treated by Mr Owen; and although but a cotter, as we would say at home, yet he managed to spread out a table as well furnished, and everything as neat and clean, as if he had been worth thousands, and his wife brought up at a boarding-school. Perhaps I may be found fault with for recording such trifles: but, as I wish to give my friends on the other side of the Atlantic as correct an outline of American life as I can—so far as I have seen it—they must go along with me and take pot luck—the good and the bad as it comes. It is not by a single trait that an individual, much less a nation, can be described. To talk of the shrewdness of a Scotchman, the bluntness of an Englishman, the blunders of an Irishman, the levity of a Frenchman, the pride of a Spaniard, the treachery of a Portuguese, or the tricks and notions of a Yankee, is but going a very little way into a knowledge of the people. To know, we must become acquainted with them; we must visit them in their houses, sit at their tables, sleep in their beds, converse with them round their firesides, see them in their fields and workshops, and note them in all the outs and ins of their every-day life. The way that the British talk so much nonsense about the Americans, and the Americans about the British, is, because the one people knows little or nothing about the other; and the main reason of this ignorance is, because the travellers, who pretend to give the information, don’t descend to particulars, but merely give some hearsays, or describe some of the prominent features which they have happened to get a glimpse of, in flying through the country with the speed of a locomotive.

In the course of the forenoon we went over to Mr Tarbet’s, upon whose farm Owen worked, and were kindly received. He was a young man, but married, like most of the Americans; of a quiet and kindly disposition, and had a good farm, and, of course, plenty to eat and drink. I

stayed with him two days. I afterwards crossed the Little Brandywine, and came to a small place called Oxford, where I stayed all night. It has one or two tolerably good inns, but no university. Somewhere near Oxford, I stopped at a small log-house, in order to rest a little. I knocked at the door, which was opened by one of the finest looking women I thought I had ever seen, who bade me come in, in a voice sweet as strain from an Eolian harp. She was young, and though not what you would call beautiful, yet there was an indescribable something about her manner, look, and shape, which, together with her virgin-like modesty, made her altogether irresistible. She took her infant from the cradle, and sat down at one side of the fire, while I took a seat at the other. She spoke not, nor did I; but look I could not help, as she bent with maternal tenderness over the babe at her breast. I am not overly much given to covetousness, but if ever I was in danger of breaking the tenth commandment, it was sitting by that fireside. I actually envied the husband of such a wife.

A few miles beyond Oxford, I entered Maryland. The boundary line, in this direction, between it and Pennsylvania, is a very diminutive stream, or rather ditch, so narrow that I could stand with one foot in Pennsylvania and the other in Maryland. Small though the separating line be, I could observe a material difference in the appearance of the two countries. The greater portion of Pennsylvania, that I had passed through, was rough and hilly, and latterly undulating; but after I entered Maryland, the face of the country became almost a dead level, with the soil light and sandy, and so continued until I arrived at the Susquehanna. The reason of this change was owing to my receding farther and farther from the mountains; for it must be remembered that Maryland, in the north-west, is very mountainous. The roads, too, were now better than in Pennsylvania.

In going along, I stopped at a house to look at a man taking the hair off what I took to be a young pig, which he had fastened by the heels to one of the porch pillars.

"That's a queer-looking pig you're flaying there," said I, to the man.

"It's not a pig, sir; it's a possum."

"An opossum! You surely don't pretend to eat opossums in Maryland, do ye?"

"No, we don't *pretend* to eat them, but we actually do; and first-rate eating they are—much better than pig."

His answer somewhat startled me, for I thought I had read a good deal of natural history and geography, and I did not recollect anything about eating opossums; but now having eaten them myself, I can assure the reader that, notwithstanding their ugly staring, gray fur, wide mouth, and rat-tail, they are actually first-rate eating. And why should they not? they live on Indian corn, nuts, &c.; and I believe that, in all respects, they are much more cleanly than the porkers. Since I am on gastronomy, I may as

well add, that I have also eaten racoons, or coons, as they are commonly called in America; also a first-rate dish, much the same flavour as the opossum, and in great repute among the negroes.

On the same day I entered Maryland, I arrived at Port Deposit, on the Susquehanna—a ruinous-looking place, consisting of only one narrow street, running between a ridge of rocks and the river. Here are extensive quarries; and a great deal of stone is shipped down to Baltimore and other places. The most remarkable thing, however, about the place, is the stupendous bridge across the Susquehanna. I was nearly fourteen hours in going along it; but the reader must recollect that, about half-way over, you come to a small island, upon which is a tavern, where I stayed all night, deferring my exit at the other end till next morning. The bridge is, however, about a mile long, roofed in, with a gate at one end, where you pay toll. The tavern-keeper told me there was one still longer further up the river. Between this bridge and Baltimore, the country is undulating, road good, and the travel, upon the whole, pleasant. I entered Baltimore early on the morning of the 28th October; and, as soon as the stores were opened, called upon Mr G——, James, my old travelling companion's uncle. I was informed that he had given up business in Baltimore, and retired to the country; but that money had been sent to New York, and that the nephew was expected daily. Expecting my trunk down with James, I thought it best to follow the uncle to the country, and wait there till he arrived; but, before starting, I took a peep at the city. Baltimore is a very handsome, stirring place, of great trade, as everybody knows, and, of course, filled with splendid stores. The most prominent object is the Washington monument, a splendid affair, and incontestably proving that Baltimore has more of gratitude than all the other cities of the Union put together; it has on this account been called the Monumental City. There is also another one, called the Battle Monument; but in commemoration of what battle I don't recollect—I suppose the battle of Baltimore. There are numerous handsome churches, among which the Catholic Cathedral takes the lead. Barnum's Hotel is a magnificent building. With regard to the streets, there is nothing very remarkable; they are neat and clean; and the main, or Market Street, as I think they call it, is a very fine, long, wide street, with the houses, in general, three stories high. The environs of Baltimore, like those of all other cities, are adorned with many handsome villas and country houses. I left the city in the afternoon, almost completely worn out by wandering up and down the streets: of course I proceeded only a few miles out of town before putting up for the night. In walking along, I came to a tree with fruit upon it, bearing a great resemblance to the large English plum. I had a good mind to eat some of them; but as they might not be plums after all, I thought it safest to defer my treat until I procured further infor-

mation. This was soon supplied by an old woman whom I met.

"What kind of tree is that?" said I, to her.

"Persimmon tree."

"Is the fruit good for eating?"

"Yes; some people are very fond of them."

She passed on; and I made haste to pluck some persimmons—they looked so good. In my mouth one of them went; but not to stay long—I was so near choked. If I had flung into my throat a pound or two of powdered galls, with as much alum, the dry, astringent, choking sensation could not have been much greater. I fairly thought I was poisoned; and, of course, made many a ludicrous attempt to hawk and spit; but it was of no use, the fountains of my mouth were so completely sealed up. I have since eaten of these persimmons, after they were ripe, which is, after they have been well frosted; and then they are as full of sugar, or rather of manna, as they were before of tannin. I don't like them at all, although some people, as the old woman said, are very fond of them. They are very plentiful in some parts of the United States.

In the house I put up at over night, I saw them making buckwheat-cakes for the first time. I thought, at first, the woman was making pancakes; but, as they did not look like any pancakes I had ever seen, I concluded that she was making what the Scotch call *beastin scones*. Curious to know whether the Americans made the same use of the newly-calved cows' milk, I put the question to her, when she told me she was making buckwheat-cakes. The most common way of manufacturing these is, by forming the meal into a thin batter, and dropping it from a spoon upon a hot girdle, so as to form thin cakes about the size of a biscuit. They are remarkably good. I do not think the Americans make either *beastin scones* or cheese of the milk of the newly-calved cows—at least I have never seen nor heard of its being done. I may add here, that I never saw blood-puddings in America until I reached Louisiana. The Virginians, as far as I know them, hold the eating of blood as an abomination, and as contrary to Scripture. The Creoles, however, are not so scrupulous; and, whatever priest or Scripture may say, eat as many of the good things of this life as they can lay their teeth on, and blood-puddings among the rest.

A short walk beyond Scotenfield—the place I stayed at last night—brought me to the end of the lane leading down to the Thistle Factory, (cotton,) belonging to Fridge and Morris of Baltimore. Struck by the name, and, moreover, wishing to see the mill, I walked down to it. It is small, but well managed, and most romantically-situated in a deep dell, through which foams the Patapses, in its rocky channel. As there is little room for building in the dell itself, the store, school-house, and houses for the mill people, are built on the side of the hill—the whole forming an interesting little nook.

On coming out of the mill, a heavy shower of

rain came on, which drove me, for shelter, into the house of the watchman, located at one corner of the yard. On entering, I accosted a neat-looking woman, who was sweeping the floor, and asked if I might rest a little, until the rain was over. Being answered in the affirmative, we entered into conversation; and, among other things, she said that, from my tongue, she did not think I was an American. Upon telling her I was from Scotland, and from what part, she threw down the broom with precipitation, ran to the foot of the stair which led to the garret, and bawled out, at the top of her voice—

"Oh, man, Jamie, come down! Here's a Scotchman!"

Jamie was not long in making his appearance; and, finding that we were what might be called near neighbours at home—that is, we both belonged to Ayrshire—we very soon got quite gracious. He gave me an invitation to stay a day or two with him; and, as it still rained heavily, and to-morrow was Sunday, I accepted it. During the Sabbath, a good many of the mill people dropped in to make a call—some, perhaps, through curiosity to see a wandering stranger—all very well dressed. Jamie, taking it for granted that I could not miss observing the difference between their Sunday suits and his coarse apparel, remarked that folks in general pit the maist on their backs; but, for his part, he liked to pit the maist in his belly; and, indeed, his Sunday dinner did not belie the observation, for I doubt if Fridge and Morris themselves had a better roast on their tables than he had. In the afternoon, we took a promenade down the side of the Patapses—a most delightful walk, finely shaded by walnut trees. There were also plenty of wild grapes, the first I had seen. They are small, much resembling black currants, and make a good wine, although I can't say that I like the grapes themselves. They are very plentiful all over the southern states. On returning homewards, I observed two young lads hunting for wild turkeys. These were the first white people I ever saw fowling upon the Sabbath; but it is nothing new to me now.

On Monday, after leaving the Thistle Factory, another short travel brought me to Ellicott's Mills, among the most extensive in the Union for the manufactory of flour. Here are also iron works; and at this place the road to Fredericktown crosses the Patapses. In two days' march, I passed through a turnpike gate, the first and the last I have seen in America. In the evening, I put up at Poplar Springs—a very good inn.

I left the above inn on a most beautiful morning, and was tripping it along right merrily, when I was overtaken by a gentleman—at least he had the appearance of one—on horseback, with a led horse. He accosted me; and asked me where I stayed last night, and whither I was going. Of course, I told him I stayed at Poplar Springs, and was going to Traptown.

"That's a long way to walk," says he. "If you choose, you may get upon this horse."

"I thank you, sir," says I. "I can't ride; and it will tire me more than walking."

He still kept coaxing and urging me to mount so much, that I plainly saw he wished to get rid of the horse; but, at the same time, in such a way as if he were doing me a favour. I did not like that; and positively told him I would not mount. We parted; but I had not proceeded far before I saw him halt, for me to get up with him. On my approach—

"Well, sir," said he, "this horse is so troublesome to me, that you will confer a great obligation if you take him off my hands."

I told him I could not ride with a saddle, much less bare-backed; but that, if I could be of any service to him, I would try.

"Oh, never mind trying," says he. "Get up, and you'll learn as you get along."

The animal was tall, and I was short; and, I can assure you, I trembled all over while I laid hold of the mane with one hand, and gave my left foot to the man to hoist me up. Up I went, however, like shot—missed stays in crossing the back of the animal, and would soon have been sprawling on the ground on the other side, if I had not caught hold of the horse by the fore-leg, while the man held on to mine. Being pulled on again, and fairly balanced—but my head swimming from its height in the air—and all things, in the gentleman's opinion, in good sailing trim, we started in fine style—that is, at a good round trot. For a minute or two, all things went on tolerably enough—I can't say smoothly; for the trot was rather too round for me—but, after that short space, I found, as I anticipated, that I had got a most purgatorial job of it. In spite of my conscience, the "O Lords" and "woes" came forth thick and fast; and, to stop the swearing, my only resource was in stopping the horse, which I happily accomplished, after a few struggles at the bridle. One good quality my companion possessed, was that of leaving me behind to my fate, as soon as he himself got out of his trouble. Of course, he was soon out of sight, and I left to guide myself at discretion. When I got a sight of my man, he was about a quarter of a mile a-head, off the horse, and, in all appearance, waiting for my coming up. When I reached him, he was cutting a switch from a tree; but little did I dream it was for me, as my horse went by far too fast already. In fact, I intended to deliver up his property, and have done with him; but my gentleman intended no such thing. Like Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea, he was determined to cling to me; and, moreover, was determined that my movements, for the future, should have a little more of the "go" in them—he a little more sprightly—notwithstanding, as far as I was concerned, my movements had hitherto been sprightly enough; for, I am certain, it would have taken two men to have kept me anything like sedentary on the horse's back. I mentioned my intention of dismounting.

"Oh, no," says he; "you can't do that."

I spoke to him of my pains, of being sore all over, of being shaken all to pieces.

"Oh, never mind that; you'll soon get used to it. Here, take this switch, and touch him smartly with it."

I took the switch, but with little intention of making much use of it, although very willing to oblige the man. Some distance before us was a small town called Newmarket—a most ominous name. I was certain I would have a race of it before all was done; and the more so as the man talked of not stopping, but going through the town something like gentlemen. I told him I would go through it as genteelly as I could, but that the citizens could not expect much gentility from a man without a saddle. All things being ready, he put spurs to his horse; and, as before, never looked behind to see whether I was started or not, but rode on just as if I had been riding alongside of him, and was soon lost sight of among the houses. For my part, I was in no such hurry; and, as I had kept on the horse's back to please the owner, I was determined the horse should walk to please me; but whether the animal had some drops of racing blood in him, or was of the same mind as his master, or knew the town, I know not; but I know the nearer we got to it, the faster he plied his legs. I flung away my switch as useless, and pulled at the bridle with all my might; but all to no purpose; yet faster and faster he went. I next let go the bridle, and stuck to the mane; and, I tell ye, we went down Newmarket sprightly enough. We went so fast down the street, that I was into the heart of the town before I ever saw a single house—the street on each side having merely the appearance of two long, dark-coloured, striped ribbons. It was flying, sure enough; but, I guess, I made a great many more fly beside myself. I only guess at it; for I did not see a living soul till within a hundred yards or so of the principal inn, where the horse began to slacken his pace, as he intended stopping there, and where all the upper windows were alive with young ladies witnessing my display of rough-ridership. As I did not intend putting up there, whatever my horse might, and was, moreover, nettled at the giggling of the ladies, I thought I would let them see I was not such a bad horseman as they supposed; so, resuming the bridle, I turned my horse's head to the street; but, as bad luck would have it, there happened to be another inn right opposite, to which the horse directed himself in spite of me. He bolted right across; and, so suddenly did he bring himself to the door, that I bolted off his back into the gutter; and so ended my Newmarket ride—a ride I did not get the better of for two months. Having gathered myself up, I took the bridle, and led, or rather hauled the animal through the remainder of the town—not waiting for the congratulations of the populace, of which it is commonly pretty prodigal, on such exhibitions of skill and dexterity. Having cleared the town, I waited for

the gentleman, whom I saw returning to look for me. I delivered him his horse, telling him I thought I had obliged him enough, and he must next oblige me by taking him off my hands, as I could very well perform the rest of my journey on my own legs.—(*To be continued.*)

JEFFERSON'S DAUGHTER.

"It is asserted, on the authority of an American newspaper, that the daughter of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States, was sold at New Orleans for 1000 dollars."—*Morning Chronicle.*

Can the blood that at Lexington poured o'er the plain,
When thy sons warred with tyrants their rights to uphold—

Can the tide of Niagara wipe out the stain?
No! Jefferson's child has been bartered for gold!

Do ye boast of your freedom? Peace, babblers, be still!
Prate not of the goddess who scarce deigns to hear.
Have ye power to unbind? Are ye wanting in will?
Must the groan of your bondsmen still torture the ear?

The daughter of Jefferson sold for a slave!
The child of a freeman, for dollars and francs!
The roar of applause when your orators rave
Is lost in the sound of her chain as it clanks.

Peace, then, ye blasphemers of Liberty's name!
Though red was the blood by your forefathers spilt;

Still redder your cheeks should be mantled with shame,
Till the spirit of freedom shall cancel the guilt.

But the brand of the slave is the tint of his skin,
Though his heart may beat loyal and true underneath;
While the soul of the tyrant is rotten within,
And his white the mere cloak to the blackness of death.

Are ye deaf to the plaints that each moment arise?
Is it thus ye forget the mild precepts of Penn—
Unheeding the clamour that "maddens the skies,"
As ye trample the rights of your dark fellow-men?

When the incense that glows before Liberty's shrine
Is unmix'd with the blood of the gall'd and oppress'd—
Oh! then, and then only, the boast may be thine,
That the stripes and stars wave o'er a land of the
blest. E.

ODE TO LABOUR.

Hail labour! source, thro' bounteous Nature's aid,
Of ev'ry blessing which sustains mankind!—
Yea, Nature's frowns thy pow'r hath so allay'd,
That man thro' life need scarce an evil find
From sultry sun, or piercing wintry wind.

With wonder may we view what thou'st achiev'd,
So fetter'd as thou hitherto hast been;
But from thy trammels soon thou'lt be reliev'd,
And waft thy sons to happiness serene,
Which 'twere vain thought to contemplate unseen.

Amaz'd, we see thee, with a dauntless mind,
Into the bowels of the earth descend;
And Nature's boundless treasures, there confin'd,
From their long resting-place thou dost unbend—
Upraise to light—to human use's end.

Enraptur'd view yon beauteous fertile plain,
Late unproductive, desolate, and bare,
Where Nature vainly gave soil, sun, and rain,
Till thou did'st ply thy vig'rous arm with care,
Nor grain, nor herbage, flower nor fruit grow there.

Delighted, yonder splendid mart behold,
Or rich bazaar, where costly treasures shine;
The glare of light therein which doth unfold
The varied wealth, too num'rous to define;
They, each and all, have sprung from hands of thine!

On yon stupendous pile astonish'd gaze,
Which seems to hurl defiance to Old Time;
Each minute part thou'st form'd, the mass did'st raise,
As 'twere from chaos to a work sublime,
To shield each inmate from the changeful clime.

On yonder stately barque look with surprise,
Which dauntless ranges o'er the ocean wide;
By thee 'twas form'd—'tis stor'd where'er she lies,
Her sails thou'lt trim, or pow'rful engines guide:
To commerce spreads thy wealth on ev'ry side!

The electric shaft propell'd by yon dark cloud,
From human habitation thou'lt convey;
Tho' lightning glares and thunder speaks aloud,
We can the elemental strife survey
Unharm'd, if thou thy pow'rful aid display.

Yon gaudy, glittering coach thy hands did rear,
And all the trappings which belong thereto,
The horses did supply, or steam prepare—
Produced each power, by which it onward flew:
Thy aid withdrawn, a useless thing thou'dst view!

Yon parchment deeds compactly seal'd and sign'd,
Thro' which vain idlers have usurped the soil,
Fleece'd thee and thine, by fraud and force combin'd,
And, by mere suff'rance thereon, let thee toil:
Yea skins, seals, wax thou'st form'd but to despoil.

Yon implements of horrid war thou'st made,
With which thy sacred rights are from thee wrest;
Ay, worse than all, thy dearest sons array'd,
Have held the deadly weapons to thy breast,
By tyrants forc'd, and destitution press'd.

Thy ingrate offspring—"Capital" by name—
Who should thy strength replenish and sustain,
Doth madly join all those who'd thee defame—
Thy sturdy limbs in fetters vile who'd chain,
Or fain thy life's-blood suck from ev'ry vein.

Too long, thou all productive power, thou'st worn
Contumely's garb. Yea, destitute, uncheer'd,
Too long the bitter taunt thou'st tamely borne,
Of those who've wanton'd in the wealth thou'st rear'd—
Hail, happy change—thy arm's now rais'd and fear'd.

But tho' thy arm's in giant strength erect,
As infants', harmless, thou its pow'r will wield;
Thy sacred rights thou'lt grasp—each wrong correct,
Then act with mercy—not to vengeance yield:
Wisdom and worth thou'lt succour—weakness shield!

AN INDUSTRIOUS ENGLISHMAN.