

native Frenchmen can know little about, but we may take Mr Reynolds' information as his guess, and the prevailing rumour of Paris. Madame Dudevant is a constant contributor to the leading French magazines. Her price is a thousand francs (£40 sterling) for an article of sixteen pages. The first edition of her novels produces about £640, and on some novels she stipulates for two francs a volume for all copies sold. Dumas, in a pecuniary view, is the most successful writer of France. Some of his plays have sold for above £3,000; and the sums which, by the law or usage of the country, is paid upon the performance of a drama in every theatre in France, produces

him an average income of £340. For every article he writes in the *Revue les deux Mondes*, he receives £40. *Ricard*, if less successful, also realizes considerable profits from his novels. He was originally a subaltern officer in the army, and is now much better paid by the booksellers than he ever was by the King.

Mr Reynolds' work, as a whole, may be useful to those who wish to obtain a general if superficial knowledge of the Bulwers, D'Israeli, Jameses, Dickenses, Gores, and Barry Cornwalls of Paris and their ephemeral works. More we cannot say for it.

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

HAVING resumed the use of my feet, I next crossed the Monocessy river, by a rather curious kind of bridge—being a great deal higher at one end than the other, so as to make it down-hill all the way across. It is of three arches, and built of stone, with a most miserable attempt at paving on the top, quite unlike the fine road leading from Baltimore to Fredericktown. I never saw such a bridge before; and, I believe, the contractors have been of the same mind, as at one end they have erected an obelisk, with the year of erection, and some names or inscriptions, which I could not make out, as commemorative of the event.

Fredericktown is a tolerably large place, with considerable business, and situated in a fine country. At the end of one of the streets, I observed a triumphal arch erected in honour of the visits of Lafayette. It consisted of boards painted and larded all over with "All hail!" and such like stuff—not befitting the simplicity and honest downright welcome of Republicans. Lafayette, no doubt, was endeared to the Americans by many sacrifices made, and many services yielded, in what they call the holy cause of freedom; and for such, certainly he deserved a large portion of their gratitude and love; but I think they might have left out, in their hearty welcome to their old and tried friend, such childish and theatrical displays, at which the slaves of the most despotic government of Europe would laugh.

Somewhere along the road, between Baltimore and Fredericktown, is Carrolton, the estate of the late Charles Carrol, a stanch Republican and patriot, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was an Irishman by birth, I believe. When I passed along the road, I did not know anything about Charles Carrol, and almost as little about the Declaration, or else I would have called upon the old gentleman—at least I would have taken a good look at the premises. About half a mile beyond Fredericktown, I came up with a young man who was going to within a short distance of

Troptown—my destination. He had had the ague, which had taken him into town by way of amusement; and, like the most of patients who have that shaky complaint, to him it was an interesting topic of conversation; and with much reason too, for, as he was one of those shapeless striplings who are troubled with what is called an overgrowth—all legs and no body—a mathematical line—length without breadth—who outgrow all their coats and breeches as fast as the tailor can make them. It would not take a great many shakes to lay his length below ground. He had travelled, too, as far as Harper's Ferry; and, knowing I was going there, he tried to astonish me by a narration of the stupendous sight I should see there. I have now been in Harper's Ferry; and although it is a wonderful place, both in the way of nature and art, yet it does not come up to my tall companion's description—excusable, however, in a lad who had never seen a larger place than Fredericktown, and who, no doubt, like a good many people, wished to make everything as tall as himself.

Between Fredericktown and Troptown, I, for the first time, saw a tobacco-field. To those who have never seen tobacco growing, I may observe, it resembles very much the dock, if it be not actually one, and is planted out in rows like cabbage, about four feet apart every way, and must be kept very clean. When nearly ripe, large blubbery worms attack it; which must be carefully destroyed, or else they would soon leave little for the snuffers, chewers, and smokers. When come to maturity, the whole plant is cut, split up the middle, and hung over something to dry, when it is ready for the manufacturer. It requires a rich soil, and soon impoverishes the ground.

I arrived in the evening at Troptown, or Newton-Trop, as it is sometimes called. It consists of but one long street, and is situated at no great distance from the Blue Ridge. About a mile before arriving at Fredericktown, I had a fine view of the mountains; and, by whatever reason they have attained the appellation of Blue Ridge,

to me they certainly appeared to have a bluish cast. The people about Fredericktown call them the Concoctin Mountains. The morning after my arrival, I called at Mr G.'s, who happened to be over in Virginia upon some business. His lady gave me a kind invitation to stay with them until his return; and as the nephew, my old travelling companion, was expected every day, I accepted the invitation in preference to going back to the inn. I stayed with them eight days; when, neither uncle nor nephew making their appearance, I began to be afraid of encroaching upon their hospitality, and in spite of kind remonstrances from Madame G. and the rest of the family, I made preparations for decamping.

During my stay at Troptown, nothing worth mentioning occurred, except it may be that here I first saw slaves. I had, no doubt, seen plenty of them before this, but I did not know them to be such. All the black individuals I had hitherto seen, not coming up to my idea of slavery, I had set down as free blacks, taking it for granted that I had not got far enough into Maryland to be among the slave population. On the second evening after my arrival, half a dozen negroes came into the store with brooms, &c., to sell. Having completed their sales, one of them asked for fiddle strings; and while the storekeeper was getting them, took up a fiddle which happened to be lying on the counter, and played a tune or two. All of them appeared to be in good health and spirits, well enough dressed for working people, and on familiar terms with the storekeeper. After their departure, I mentioned to the storekeeper my wish to see some slaves, since I had got into a slave country. Why, says he, these blacks who have just left the store are slaves. I was somewhat struck, as I did not expect to see slaves so well dressed, so cheerful, nor so familiar with white men. As I shall resume the subject of negro slavery in a future chapter, I shall merely mention here, that in spite of Sterne's doleful picture of slavery, it is not that awful state of hopeless wretchedness which the Sternes and philanthropists, real and pretended, of the day suppose it to be. On the contrary, there are thousands, and thousands more of free whites, who are actually in a state of degradation and misery, compared with which, the slavery of the southern states is happiness itself.

Ten miles walk or so beyond Troptown, brought me to the Potomac—a noble river, but with a very rocky channel. I was now about a mile from its passage through the Blue Ridge; through which also my road lay. In proceeding upwards, at a slight turn in the road I perceived a pig or two loitering lazily along. I was not much astonished at that, as it was not the first time I had seen such animals; but, after a short space, another one made its appearance, and another and another, till I began to have some apprehensions about venturing in among so many. I approached as boldly as I could, however, but not without fear; not indeed that they would willingly hurt me, but, as it had been raining for two days past, and as the sun had

again broke forth fresh and hot, the pigs being on an expedition from the west to the Baltimore shambles, were determined to be in no great hurry to get their throats cut, but to take as much of the cream of life as they could get in passing along, and were every now and then wallowing in the puddles, and anon starting up suddenly like deaf people who hear something unexpectedly. Pigs, too, have an ugly habit of starting to the wrong side, and going every way but the right one. I had, of course, good reason to be afraid of being knocked over and pigified in the mud. I dashed gallantly in upon the advanced guard, which, after a threatening display of snouts in the air, broke, and spurted aside in all directions like the fragments of a bombshell. I afterwards, for the space of half-a-mile, fought my way manfully through the main body of the army, and, without other damage than some sprinklings of mud, came out at the rear, which, by the by, seemed as much astonished to see me as the van.

On turning a point of rocks, the celebrated pass of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge was full in view. I had been more than once told that it was worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see it. It may be so; but, if true, there must be very little sublime scenery on the other side of the Big Water; and, if I mistake not, the voyager has a great chance of witnessing much sublimer, and more awful scenery, long before he reaches the Blue Ridge. It is assuredly a very grand scene; but, I must confess I was greatly disappointed in it; and all those who have witnessed the windings of this same Potomac, and some of its smaller branches, through the mountainous region of Hardy and Hampshire counties, and Virginia, have been disappointed also. After witnessing the savage and fearful scenes farther up among the Alleghannies, to them the passage of the Potomac is nothing; strangers cannot conceive how there should be so much talk about it. The scene, as I have already said, is very grand; but, to me it appears to lose a good part of its effect upon the mind, by being upon too large a scale. The river is by far too wide, and, of course, the cut ends of the mountain too far apart. If Nature, in some of her freaks, would just hitch the endsthrée-fourths of the way nearer one another, perpendicularize them a little more, and scatter a few huge rocks into the channel, so as to interrupt the passage of the water, I think it would improve the scene mightily. But, as to accomplish this would require an earthquake, or bouleversement, as the French call it, I don't think the good folks of Harper's Ferry and the adjacent country would thank Nature for it, nor me for giving the advice; so we must let things stand as they are.

Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, in the opinion of some compilers of school-books, has given a very sublime description of the above scenery, but, in my humble opinion, a very bombastical and nonsensical one. I don't recollect his words, but he talks of the Potomac on the one side, and the Shenandooh on the other,

coming ranging up, and, in the moment of their junction, bursting through the mountain, and, of course, like the Irishman's race-horse, driving all before them. What way rivers may have run before the breaking of these two through the Blue Ridge, I know not; but since that period, their usual method of proceeding has been to range downward. Moreover, when did the Potomac and Shenandooh begin their course? Did they reach the same spot in the Ridge precisely at the same moment? Where are the wrecks of the mountain? It seems to me, that instead of breaking violently through, these rivers have, good-naturedly and quietly, lifted the piece out, and placed it out of their way, where Harper's Ferry now stands; for, if you could suppose the tongue of land upon which that town is situated, placed upon wheels, and wheeled into the gap, it would fill it up neatly. True, it is not so high as the Blue Ridge, by a great deal; but the diminution of height, however, can be very easily, at least very philosophically accounted for.

The point of rocks a little way below the pass, is the place from whence you see the scene to most advantage. Looking up the river, on the left side, you have the Virginia end of the Blue Ridge shelving easily upwards, and covered with trees from top to bottom. On the right side, and nearly straight before you, you have the Maryland end, also covered with trees mixed with precipitous rocks. In the back-ground is Harper's Ferry, which forcibly reminded me of Stirling. True enough, it is not swinging up in the air as high as that town: but still there is a resemblance. The Shenandooh comes down on the left of the town, as the Potomac does on the right. I was informed that, on the end of the mountain, on the Maryland side, an exact likeness of Washington was to be seen, formed by Nature, on the rocks. In getting into the pass I looked narrowly for the portrait, but in vain: I could see no such resemblance; but, as these things require to be viewed from a particular position, perhaps I had not got the right place. There was a house at the Ferry, immediately below the rocks; and how I did not ask at the people I know not; but I have since spoken of the circumstance to some Virginians, who told me they had also looked for it in vain. In all probability it requires a little flight of the imagination to make it out. I don't deny the *fact*, however. Nature can work wonders. We all know she is a first-rate landscape painter, (paintress;) and I see no reason why she may not sometimes try her hand at portraits. The newspapers, indeed, have but the other day informed us, that, on one of the portico pillars of a new public building in Columbus, Ohio—I think that's the place—Nature has thrown the veins in the stone into a full length portrait and striking resemblance of—I was going to say the immortal—Jackson, but he's mortal yet, and long may the old hero continue so!

I crossed the Potomac in a long kind of flat boat, pushed forward by means of long poles. In

company we had a four-horse waggon. The number of these waggons, conveying merchandise from the eastern cities to the western country, is prodigious; but since the introduction of canals and railroads, their number must have considerably decreased. It is astonishing with what tact the waggoners manage their beautiful teams of four, sometimes six horses. They ride postillion on the near wheel horse, and, with a particular kind of pull at their long single rein, make the horses go to one side, while, with another kind of pull, which the animals understand well, they go to the opposite. Those waggoners, who are very proud of their teams, have them gaily caparisoned, and decked out with a multitude of little bells, which make not an unpleasant music as they travel along.

Harper Ferry is but a small place, and the greater part of the town is made up of workahops for the manufacture of fire-arms for the United States. Everything here is kept in good order, and every man about the works has got his own particular piece of the gun to make. I saw here two curious machines: one for rough-turning the gun-stocks, and another for making screws. The ease and despatch with which these machines do their duty, is admirable. Both are American inventions, I believe. The Americans brown all their barrels; and, when finished, they are laid up in boxes, and not placed to view, in various fanciful figures, as I have seen in our arsenals. The Rifle Factory is about half-a-mile up the Shenandooh.

Upon crossing the Potomac, I entered into that division of Virginia called, by way of eminence, the Valley, embracing the tracts of country between the Blue Ridge and Alleghannies; which, taken as a whole, is looked upon as the most fertile portion of the country, and one of the finest in the United States. Lower Virginia lies to the east of the Blue Ridge, the inhabitants of which are called Tuckahoos by the mountaineers. Although the population of Lower Virginia may be looked upon as the real Virginians, the greatest slave-holders, and owners of the largest plantations, yet I never heard the above term applied to them, except as expressive of contempt or inferiority. I never could learn the derivation of the term, nor what it meant; but certainly it meant nothing good, as it was generally coupled with ruffled shirts and poverty. The people among the mountains, however, may be regarded as foreigners, at least as not possessing the pure Virginian blood; and, like all foreigners, they perhaps think themselves something better than the natives; or perhaps, like all mountaineers, they despise their lowland countrymen merely because they are lowlanders. Western Virginia lies among, and east of, the Alleghannies.

In the Valley, the only towns I passed through, after leaving Harper's Ferry, were Charlestown and Winchester. The former is only one long street. It has, however, a well-conducted newspaper. In its neighbourhood is the seat of Judge Washington, the only thing like a gentleman's

house I had as yet seen in the country. I remarked, too, a striking peculiarity in the appearance of some of the fields. They were all dotted over with large stones, or rather rocks; and from these, clumps of trees grew, seemingly preferring the spots where there was nothing like nourishment, to the level and fertile soil around them. I have frequently witnessed this partiality since, among the Alleghannies, especially as regards the oaks; some of which I have actually seen growing through a bed of solid rock, and others springing from cliffs where they could not possibly be nourished by anything except rain and the dews of heaven.

Winchester is a handsome county town, with neat streets, an elegant church or two, a bank, an academy, and two newspapers. It also possesses some trade, principally in flour, I believe, there being excellent sites for mills in the vicinity.

About four miles beyond Winchester, I put up at a paltry inn, or house of entertainment, as the Virginians call it; the title of inn-keeper being a little too low for the high-minded Virginians. But whatever they may choose to call their inns, they are—I speak of the bulk of those among the mountains—anything but houses of entertainment; the house itself being generally as dull as an empty church, and not much to be got but peach and apple brandy, strong enough to split your head in two. I met at the door a tall, comely woman; and I asked her how far it might be to the next inn, as I would like to go a little farther yet before sun-down. Indian-like, she answered with an “ugh,” and a withering expression of scorn—a trait which added peculiar beauty to her already fine features. After all, I don’t know if she was wrong; for, although not intended, my question could scarcely be taken any way but as a kind of insult. I might as well have gone to the doctor and asked him where he thought I could find a good doctor. As there was no answer to be got from her, I thought I might as well stay, in preference to going farther, and, maybe, faring worse. But, indeed, worse it could not well be, as I went to bed supperless, and, in the morning, started breakfastless. My purse was now getting fearfully deficient; having in it, after paying for my bed, only one elevenpenny bit. This I reserved to pay for breakfast and dinner, and my last night’s supper to the bargain, intending to knock the whole three into one grand finalé, and then trust to Providence for all the other meals that might be yet to come.

Immediately on leaving the inn, I began to ascend the first ridge of the Alleghannies—being first-rate exercise for an empty stomach. I had now left the level country behind me, and was about to enter upon one wild and savage in the highest degree, and to which there was no end, until I reached the Ohio. As may well be guessed too, the roads, except some short pieces, here and there, changed materially for the worse. One peculiarity attending the Alleghannies is, their running in regular ridges, with intervening

valleys, out in all directions by lesser ranges, or spurs, as they are called. Among them, the traveller is much the same as if he were crossing the Atlantic, up one large wave, and down another; or rather, as if we were going from one side of London to the other, not by carefully threading his way through the streets, but by climbing over the house tops at the nearest. I got along, however, pretty well, although my road, at times, was somewhat steep, and the dwellings few and far between; the novelty of the scenery, and the anticipation of always something new a-head, carried me along in good spirits, notwithstanding the emptiness of my purse and stomach.

People may talk of poverty as they choose—of its pinching, grinding nature, and so forth; but I, who have been used to it for half my lifetime, can tell a different story. I have always found, that the poorer I got, the happier I became; and the less of this world I had to care for, the lighter was my heart: in fact, among the Alleghannies I got quite sublimated; and, although it may well be supposed that the pure mountain air helped a good deal, yet I cannot help thinking that the lightness of my pockets helped much more. My spirits began to boil over like a tumbler of soda water; and I tripped up one side of the hill, and trotted down the other, just as if I had left all my cares down below in the low country. And true enough too; for although I had got into a high and mountainous country, I had also got to the bottom of Fortune’s wheel; which, if it moved at all, must move for my good. I feared no laws, had broken none, nor had I the intention of breaking any. I cared not for robbers, because I had nothing to be robbed of. I had no trouble, as I had left my trunk, and all my worldly effects, far behind me, never to be seen more. And, besides all these good items in my favour, let me add, I had an unshaken trust in the goodness of Providence, which, according to my creed, never sent a being—brute or human—into this world, without sending food and clothing along with it: and tell me if I was not an independent man, though poor.

But poor and rich are subject to the laws of Nature; and my stomach, which happened to be tolerably fierce in the morning, when I started, by mid-day became quite outrageous, and I began seriously to think of a place wherein to spend my last elevenpenny bit. Nor had I long to think: a poor hut soon presented itself on the wayside. This will do, thought I; my small sum will be here welcome. I entered. An old woman was sitting alone by the fire. I bade her “good day,” and asked if she could give me anything to eat. I told her the sickly state of my purse, and that she must govern herself accordingly. She said nothing, but put down immediately some bread and a bowl of milk, upon which I made a hearty meal, took a smoke, and departed. In going along the road, I searched all my pockets, turning them inside out, in case any stray piece of money should have escaped

observation: but, no; the total proceeds of my search, and, of course, the whole of my worldly stock, amounted exactly to one cent—a cent I was determined to part with on no consideration. I believe I have it yet.

Until near sun-down I travelled, never having seen but one house since I left the old woman's, where I got a most noble drink of cider. I at length came to a creek; and, on the opposite bank, a splendid brick mansion displayed itself—a welcome sight, as it gave me hopes of getting a warm bed for another night yet. I off with my shoes and stockings, waded through the creek, and approached the front door; but, from what I saw, the house appeared to be new and unfurnished; and there being no signs of inhabitants, I passed on. If I had but gone to the wing which extended back from the main building, I would have found everything I wanted, as the family was Scotch, and very hospitable. I afterwards got acquainted with them; but, when I first passed the house, besides the apparent want of inhabitants, it had too grand an appearance for a poor man to make familiar with; and, in fact, I was glad of an excuse to pass on, as the state of my pockets made me somewhat cowardly in asking for lodgings. Some hundred yards further brought me to a house of meaner appearance; but here also my heart gave way, and I went on. Another house of still meaner look came next; it was too poor, and I continued my journey. The sun was now set, and the shades of evening gradually succeeded. I had also got to the bottom of the hill, upon which, for the last mile, I had been travelling, and which was partly cleared; but my road now seemed to dip deep into the forest, which lay thick and dark before me. At a hundred yards on my left, the mountain, densely covered with the pitch pine, rose dreary and melancholy; while, on my right, its counterpart sprang steep and frowning in the evening air. I was evidently entering a defile, and where it was to end I knew not. I made a dead halt, looked back upon the hill I had just descended, and then forward into the gloom, as if uncertain whether to proceed or turn back. I determined upon the former; and if things did not turn out to my mind, I could retrace my steps to the houses I had already passed. I went on; and, contrary to expectation, twilight soon made its appearance again, through among the trees; and, by and by, a beautiful little valley lay before me, in the far corner of which stood a mill. My spirits began to cheer up, and my mind to be soothed; for the little valley was so beautiful, and everything was so still and quiet—not a sound was heard, not a movement, save the bat flitting hither and thither in his leathery flutterings. I stood for some minutes to view the quiet scene, and thought of Rasselas and Abyssinia. About a quarter of a mile before me was a high and steep ridge, thickly covered with trees, barring all egress in that direction, and making me doubt how my road was to get out of the valley; but, in proceeding forward, the road commenced winding

round the hill on my right, which ended in an abrupt precipice crowned with pines. Immediately beneath the rock, and evidently built from its fallen fragments, stood a handsome, new, two-story house, with its front to the high ridge which bounded the farther side of the valley. It was a welcome sight to me, especially as a fire blazed cheerily from an open door in the back wing. I entered: there was nobody within but a boy, whom I asked if I might rest a little; and so sat down without further ceremony.

"To whom does this house belong?" I inquired; but the boy spoke so low I could not hear him, nor did it matter. I out with my pipe, and smoked away like desperation, as if it were to be my last. While enjoying myself to perfection, a tall, thin, swarthy man, looking exactly as if he had been brought up on spellings and red herrings, made his appearance at the door. He did not come in; but, leaning against the door-cheek, he seemed to scan me pretty closely. After a good look—

"May I ask," says he, "where you come from?"

"O yes," says I; "I come from Scotland."

"From Scotland!—and where are you going?"

"To Wheeling."

"To Wheeling!—Have you got your supper?"

"No!"

"Well, you better come this way and take some."

"I thank you, sir," says I; "I'll just take my smoke, and then I'll take the road again."

"I think," says he, "you'd better take some supper before you go to Wheeling: any how, at least, you'll be none the worse for it."

I did not like to stand out any longer, in case he might take me at my word—a thing the farthest from my mind and stomach possible; so followed him into another apartment, where was a well-spread table, at which I was kindly invited to take a place. While supper was discussing, arrangements were entered into between us that I should act schoolmaster during the winter; and, if I chose it, I could start for Wheeling in the spring. As the people appeared to be good, my pockets in bad condition, and good winter quarters not to be despised, I looked upon the bargain as a very providential one; and so, reader, having finished the labours of the day by a hearty supper, and the anticipation of a sound night's rest, we shall also put an end to this long chapter.

#### CHAPTER IX.

On the morning of the 12th of November, 1826, I rose from the bed of Zebulon Sheets, gunsmith, Bethel Valley, Hampshire County, Virginia, and looked out of the window upon a beautiful little nook of *terra firma*, of the bulk of about twenty acres; *terra firma* beyond all dispute, not being able to slip away, on account of the steep ridges which bounded it on all sides—the only doors for bipeds and quadrupeds being at the three corners. The population of this little world, besides Zebulon, consisted of the miller and family,

and a turner and his family; and, as a central position, for the convenience of the population of the neighbouring valleys, contained, in addition, an Episcopalian chapel about size enough to hold an ordinary sized church organ.

Last night it had been determined upon to take a ride through among the hills, to see and collect subscribers for the Bethel Valley Academy. For my part, I could not see where the scholars were to come from, there were so many hills; but Mr S. not doubting the result, after a hearty breakfast we mounted our horses. My friend was mounted on a heavy gray animal, and I on a little black pony, brimful of laziness—so much so, that no kicking nor coaxing of mine could make it budge a bit faster than it chose. This was a praise-worthy qualification in my eyes; but not so in that of my Virginian friend, who, being a noble rider himself, as all the Virginians are, could not be bothered waiting for us. The result was, that I and the black pony had to march first; and whenever there was the least appearance of flagging, a smart application of a heavy whip on the rear made all things right again. I can give you little or no description of the day's ride, as we made as many windings and doublings as if we had been hunting hares instead of scholars; and even now, after knowing the country a great deal better than I did then, I could not, to save the life of me, tell what mountains we passed over, nor what valleys we descended into. Suffice it to say, it was a new kind of travelling to me; and I am now remarkably happy in being able to say I escaped without breaking my neck—a process I was more than once during the trip morally certain of undergoing. If I had been a hill-country Virginian—literally born and brought up upon horseback—or, if I had had any practice in fox-hunting—littered in a dog kennel—it is very probable I should have thought nothing of the matter; but as it was, the business was appalling. I had not yet got over the effects of my Newmarket gallop, and there was I again, with my head three or four feet higher than natural; and my whole body, for anything I knew, one thousand feet above salt-water level. But for the water level I cared not much, as there was little danger of my tumbling into the sea; it was the horrid land unlevel I dreaded: rock after rock met our way; and how to get down was beyond conjecture, except by tossing down soul, body, and pony, in the lump—three valuable articles—a thing not once to be thought of. The black pony and I might have been there to this day, reasoning upon the possibility or rather impossibility of descending at all, if (crack) the everlasting whip had not put an end to all reasoning upon the subject—an *ad equitem* kind of arguing, which brightened up the pony's intellect in a most admirable manner. To be sure, it was applied to the butt end; and some people may wonder at this; but although anatomists and physiologists had never spoken one word about the matter, as they have done, the old mode of making geniuses at our schools, by

applying the argument to the breech instead of the head, would settle the point beyond dispute, that there is an intimate connexion between the two ends of an animal, and that the best method of teaching man and beast, is by the application of the lash. Solomon thought so, and my beast thought so too, for he no sooner felt the whip than he set to work in right-down earnest. As for myself, I had no other resource left, but to let go the bridle and lay myself down on my back with my head on the crupper, and my legs stretched out alongside the neck, and hold on to the saddle like grim death. By this method—meanwhile the horse was descending head foremost—I went down in the natural way, feet foremost, like a cat. How the animal achieved his part of the feat is more than I can tell, as I shut my eyes, expecting to open them again in some other world than Virginia; but achieve it he did, to the infinite merriment of my two companions.

I have said, that I recollect little of this day's ride; but as I wish to give my friends in Scotland as good an idea of this part of Virginia as I can, they will excuse me if I give them one or two more trifling incidents—which I happen to remember—connected with it. Indeed, the most of my observations thus far have been of a trifling character; and, in all probability, those that are yet to come will partake of the same frailty; but it must be remembered that "trifles make the sum of human things;" and the kind reader must also take good care to remember to forgive me, if I should sometimes, like the worthy mayor, begin my speech at the wrong end.

Bethel Valley, in shape bears a striking resemblance to the letter Y; so, after leaving Mr Sheetz's house, we travelled down the tail; and at the foot, crossed a small stream which runs down the middle of the valley. We then passed a tannery, and immediately afterwards a half-ruinous house, which they said was the abode of a hatter; and two or three hundred yards more brought us to rather a decent house, accompanied by a saw-mill, wool-carding machine, and cossinette factory, belonging to a Mr Edwards, about to be one of my patrons. As Mr Sheetz was a gunsmith, and his two neighbours, the one a miller, and the other a turner, it will be easy to see, without my telling, that this little remote valley had rather a manufacturing air about it. After leaving Mr Edwards', where we stayed a little, a few paces brought us to the big Capcaphon—the same creek I had waded yesterday—about a mile further up, and which I now crossed the second time. After passing through some fine woods, we struck upon the ridge or ridges, called Bear Garden; and here my memory fails me, as we made so many tacks and turnings, and all so much alike. But well I remember, on our homeward-bound voyage, we struck through a gully into a small deep valley, having some resemblance to a lime-kiln, or, to describe it more naturally, to the crater of an extinguished volcano. Its sides were not exactly perpendicular, but sufficiently so to allow you to roll rapidly down-

wards for some hundreds of feet, if you and your horse were so inclined. Our road sloped downwards towards some outlet farther down, and was not much more than a foot broad, and worn by repeated use for a foot or more, leaving a kind of buttress on the tumbling side. We had to proceed rank and file, like a caravan of mules among the Andes; and I, of course, on the forlorn hope, with the tormenting whip immediately behind me. My head was nearly swimming; but, nevertheless, I got on pretty well till, all at once, I made a dead halt.

"Hillo! stop, gentlemen—the road's ended—don't whip."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Why, here's a rock no mortal's fit to go down."

"Nonsense; get along."

"No, indeed; it may be nonsense; but down it on horseback I'll go for neither friend nor foe."

The obstruction consisted of a rock, which caused the road to take a new level five feet lower than that we were on. I was now on the brink of it, and, mounted on horseback as I was, the view to me was terrifying. To leap it was altogether out of the question; so I got off my pony the best way I could, and slipped down by myself, leaving the animal to get down the best way he could. On looking up to see how matters progressed with him, I saw him sitting on his haunches like a dog, with his head far above me in the air, and his fore-feet placed on the very edge, ready for some manoeuvre or other. The sight was too much; and expecting, if he escaped breaking his neck, that he would come galloping along the narrow footpath, tumble me over the steep, and break mine, I took to my heels; nor did I stop until I had put a respectable distance between him and me. How he got down I know not; but, when I looked about, he was coming trotting along before the whip, as usual. We got home, at length, after, to me, a fatiguing but satisfactory day's work. In some future chapter I shall give a few more little adventures descriptive of this rugged country; and, in the meantime, put an end to this very short chapter and commence another.

#### CHAP. X.

On the 20th November I commenced my school, with a tolerably fair specimen of hill-country children, not by any means clownish, as might be expected from such an out-of-the-way part of the earth. Mischievous they certainly were; and of all the countries in the world, I believe the Virginian children, male and female, bear the palm for restlessness and mischief. They are lively and active; tongue, arms, and legs, always in motion; so much so indeed, that I heard of an Englishman who had to tie some of them on their seats to keep them in anything like a scholarly deportment. How it comes I know not, but they beat anything of the kind I ever saw. They are, however, full of ambition, and easily taught. Schools are numerous among the Alleghannies; but, on account of the nature

of the country, not large; and a goodly proportion of the teachers are not much worth—a great many of them acting as farm-servants during the summer, and as pedagogues throughout the winter. The common wages are about two dollars per quarter; and for the poor children, the school fund allows, at a maximum, four cents a-day per pupil; which is obtained from the school commissioners, by presenting an account, attested on oath, before a magistrate. As keeping school is but a poor employment as regards money matters, as Wheeling was yet a great way off, and as I had again begun to taste the comforts of home, I was in no hurry leaving the Old Dominion, although Providence—poverty if you will—had cast my lot in a very wild portion of it. I don't complain of my lot; but Providence, if I may so speak, seems to me to have taken a pleasure in throwing me into the by-places of the earth, where the chief things to be got were plenty of blue devils and ennui. After leaving home, it cast me, like a piece of drift wood, on the shore of an isolated Canadian settlement; I was next buried for years among the Alleghanny Mountains; and now I write this upon what may be called a small island in the swamps of Louisiana. But I don't complain; and, as I was saying, was in no hurry to leave Virginia; and even if I had been in the greatest hurry possible, it was not possible to leave it for want of funds, the end of the year generally finding me as poor as the beginning. I, of course, made several little observations, the communication of which may perhaps afford some amusement to my friends in the Old Country. In making such communications, I shall observe nothing like system, but note down the several items as they stand in my journal, at the same time taking the liberty to group like observations together as far as my memory serves me. I will thus present my readers with a kind of *olla podrida*, *pot pourri*, or, in plain Scotch, a dish of hotch potch, which, in defiance of Dr Johnson and his hogs, is a very good dish after all. In connexion with the schools, we may then mention the church, the clergy, and the religion of the people of these glens. Before coming into Virginia, I had read in some geography or other, I think Morse's, that the Virginians were the greatest drunkards on the face of the earth, or at least an account which amounted to as much, and almost made me tremble to think of crossing the Potomac to mingle with such a generation of reckless dram-drinkers. But either Mr Morse must have been imposed upon, or the habits of the people must have undergone a great change since he wrote, or the description must belong to the Tuckahoes; for, as to the Virginians I lived among, I don't believe there is a soberer race of men anywhere to be found. No doubt there are but too many distilleries among these hills, and, of course, but too many drinkers, as in all other countries; but as to the respectable body of the community, independent of temperance societies and the teetotallers, you cannot find any more temperate than they are. I wish I could say as much for

them as it regards tobacco. I have just read Madame Trollope, and however great a trollop she may be in other respects, she certainly does the Americans justice in the article of tobacco chewing. The Americans, according to their own account, beat all the world in a great many national accomplishments. However it be, it mattereth not, but in chewing tobacco they decidedly "beat all natur;" and Virginia is not a whit behind the sister States in this genteel accomplishment. The Reverend Mr F—— gave us a sermon about once a month. Upon one of these occasions I was much surprised at his asking for my tobacco.

"What! Mr F——, and so you have learned to smoke. Stop," says I, "till I get my pipe," quite overjoyed in having made a convert of the minister.

"Oh, no," says he, "I don't want your pipe; give me your tobacco."

"What do you want with my tobacco? you certainly don't chew?"

"No, but hand me out your tobacco."

I became stubborn, and refused to deliver up until he should tell me on what account. Mr F—— was a fine man, excellent preacher, and zealous in the temperance cause: he was temperate himself, and wished every body to be so too. In his journey to our place, he had persuaded all his chewing acquaintances to deliver up their idol, and give their promise to refrain from worshipping it for the future; and, in proof of what he said, he drew from his pocket a handful. I could not help bursting into a fit of laughter. Mr F—— was a pious man, knew his Bible well, but did not know human nature quite so well as Mr Slick. No, believe me, Mr F——, the very moment you are holding out that handful of tobacco, your new converts are chewing away as hard as they can. You may not see them doing so on your return; but when you come up next month, never mind, you'll be an eye-witness to what I'm saying. Fact: they gave up their tobacco when demanded, but continued chewing, the same as before. I was not quite so inconsistent. I told him plainly that, to save his feelings, he should never see me smoking, but that, upon no consideration, would I consent to give up one of the best friends I had upon earth, my comforter in affliction, my counsellor in doubts, my helper in straits, my companion in solitude, and, next to my Bible and my books, my principal delight.

These backwood Virginians, far from being a drunken, profligate, good-for-nothing sort of people, as I had half anticipated, are, on the contrary, sober and quiet; and may, with great propriety, be called a religious people. There are, no doubt, plenty of nothingarians among them; but I observed it was no way creditable to be of that persuasion. The principal denominations are the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Quaker, and Dunker; the latter rather an eccentric body of believers. The most of these have got their pastors, who afford them their spiritual food as time and convenience suit;

for, from the nature of the country, regular preaching, except in the villages, cannot be afforded to all. For their accommodation, many little chapels are scattered up and down; but the most common church is the school-house or private dwelling. The Presbyterian clergyman of Romney, Mr F——, visited us about once a month, and, in addition to his Bible class—of which he had many among the hills—gave us a sermon. Sometimes we had a young preacher in his stead. The Presbyterian clergy of America are a very respectable body of men, and by far the best preachers of any I have heard. What astonished me was, that none of them, so far as I knew, wrote out their sermons, or preached from notes. They took a text, turned it over and over in their minds, looked to it in all its bearings, and then trusted to memory and confidence to make a sermon of it. They did not make much attempt at oratory, but talked away quietly but impressively to the congregation, like one friend talking seriously to another. The first sermon I heard in the country was from a young man, and he certainly blundered away most wonderfully. Thinks I, young man, you ought to have had your lesson better; but I did not then know that he was speaking extempore. He blundered on to the end notwithstanding, and I trembled much; but un-Felix-like, more for his credit than my own sins.

Next to the Presbyterian clergy come the Methodist. Take them all in all, they cannot be compared to the former in education; but there is a pathos and earnestness in their discourses which amply make up for the deficiency—witness the strange effects produced at their camp-meetings. Their love feasts must be strange affairs certainly. They are a very zealous set of men, and wherever there is the least chance of making a convert, there you will find a Methodist minister. Of course there are plenty of them among the Alleghannies, in the shape of elders, circuit-riders, and preachers; the latter, so far as I observed, remarkably illiterate. I presume they know their Bible well, however; the best library, in fact, a minister of any persuasion can have recourse to.

I have never been at any of their camp meetings; they having always been held at too great a distance for me to attend; but I have talked with many who have attended them, and truly the accounts were appalling and wonderful, and the effects produced upon the human mind at these meetings altogether unaccountable by any hypothesis I can produce. I have some idea of them, however, from what I saw take place in a young man whom I knew well. He was quiet and pious, and was coming forward as a minister, although, with regard to education, a total bankrupt. This circumstance I did not know at the time, and, of course, was much surprised, one evening, to get an invitation to go over the creek and hear Tom preach. By-the-by, his name, if I recollect right, was O'Connell. Our church was a carpenter's shop, half-cleared out; a brother clergyman was there to support and



encourage him, and the congregation was composed mostly of men. The services commenced with a hymn, sung in that beautiful style for which the Methodists are remarkable; then followed the prayer, sensible, pointed, and full of that unction and pathos for which the Methodists in their prayers are also remarkable. Next came the text; what it was I do not remember, nor doth it matter, as it might have been chosen by bibliomony for any relationship it and the sermon had with one another. The latter was one of the strangest pieces of composition ever held forth to an audience; being a medley of all the reasonings, prayers, entreaties, texts, ejaculations, interjections, sighs, and groans, he had ever heard, read, or enacted heretofore; and all huddled on the top of one another, and mixed heads and tails, like a large litter of pigs in stormy weather. As he proceeded he waxed warmer and warmer, his glaring eyeballs were kept steadily fixed ceiling-ward, and streams of foam gushed from each corner of his mouth, while his arms played round his head like desperation, as if he were fighting a swarm of hornets. I have seen many madmen, but I never saw one so mad as my friend Tom was upon the present occasion; he actually frightened me.

I one day went to a small chapel, about two miles down Paterson's Creek, to hear a Methodist preach. The clergyman, in his route thither, had fallen in with Jesse Monroe, a Baptist preacher, one of the cleverest, and very shrewd withal; and, as a matter of course, he gave him an invitation to accompany him to the chapel. No doubt the congregation was a little startled on seeing the two lovingly seated in the same pulpit; I was, and still more so, when, in the course of the sermon, I heard the salvation of the brutes seriously proclaimed and maintained. Jesse was startled too, for the last words of the peroration had scarcely died on the preacher's lips, when he started to his feet.

"This is a strange doctrine," says he, "we have heard; the Methodists have a great many strange things about them, but this is the strangest of all. Brute beasts! Salvation of brute beasts! Whoever heard tell of the salvation of brute beasts! I have heard and read of the salvation of sinners, but never, no, never of the salvation of asses and horned cattle. The doctrine is abominable!"

Jesse sat down quite irritated; and Mr Smith rose up calmly and dignified, with a smile of self-complacency upon his countenance.

"I am very happy," says Mr Smith, "that Brother Monroe has given me an opportunity of farther explaining myself on this point, and supporting my views by Scripture."

So saying, he referred to the well-known eighth of the Romans, part of which he read as proof conclusive of what he had advanced; and after making a few remarks, which mended the matter but little, sat down, in all appearance quite satisfied. The whole affair was vastly amusing: it was the farce of "Raising the Wind," after the tragedy of "King Lear." If more such exhi-

bitions were given to the public, I would warrant crowded churches.

What I have been saying about clergymen, I would like to have understood as not meant to apply to the American clergy in general; than whom, I believe, there is not a more respectable body of men anywhere to be found, either as regards talents, education, or piety; but only as referring to the bulk of those I met with among the mountains. The remarks are, besides, given to shew that these Virginian mountaineers, far from being the graceless drunken set, represented by Dr Morse, are, on the contrary, a quiet, religious, church-going people. In further corroboration of this, I would add, that they have got numerous Sunday schools and Bible classes; that they are anxious to give their children education, especially a religious one; that the books principally read are of a religious nature; and that of the four families with whom I sojourned, three of them had family worship every night; and although in the fourth it was omitted, through diffidence I suppose, it was decidedly a religious family. One of my principal employments, in the winter evenings, consisted in reading a sermon or religious book aloud to the family; after which, not unfrequently, the old man would take his flute, and the younger members of the family would join him with their voices in some pieces of church music. In Scotland, a common amusement by the fireside is the singing of songs; in the part of Virginia in which I was located, hymns and church music are substituted. I was often amused to see our youngest boy, Sam, while lolling in the cradle, tossing up his heels in the air, and bawl, at the top of his voice, "Hallelujah, praise ye the Lord." In fact, the singing of hymns is so common, that the children learn to sing church music from their very infancy.

I was invited by a Captain C. to go and stay a night with him. The captain is a very wealthy, respectable man; remarkable for his humanity and kindness of heart. Wherever a sermon is to be preached, the captain is sure to make one of the congregation: wherever there is a sick person, there you will see him also without fail; and as he has not much to do, he generally rides about with a calomel bottle and a spring lancet in his pocket, ready to put them both in operation at a moment's warning. Well, I went down to see him, and after having chatted till near bedtime, I was somewhat surprised at hearing his stentorian voice breaking out into a hymn, right off-hand, without any intimation whatever. We sat very quiet until he had finished, when he asked me if I chose to go to bed. Now, the hymn, I am almost certain was intended as a substitute for, if not rather the evening prayer itself.

Mr Sheetz and I one Sunday took a ride four or five miles to see a friend, and pass the day with him. The family consisted of Mr H., his wife, and four fine daughters; and the way we spent the Sabbath was as follows. After a hymn and prayer, I read one of Saurin's sermons,

when we had another hymn and prayer, and then concluded the service with an excellent dinner. In the afternoon Mr S. proceeded homewards, and left me to get better acquainted. The girls sang delightfully—the father was a good bass—so we spent the time very agreeably, until, by my untimely criticisms, I put a stop to the music altogether. Among other song tunes which they had adapted to their hymns, and sung as sacred music—and why not—I recollect “Rule Britannia,” and “Jockey to the Fair.” Upon my mentioning the latter as belonging of right to a fine old Scotch song, the whole choir came to a dead halt. I don’t believe they were angry at me for giving them some information they did not know before, but that they were afraid of transgressing upon the sanctity of the day and their own character, by singing tunes of an equivocal cast. It is somewhat remarkable, that, during four years I stayed in this part of Virginia, I never heard a song sung except when I myself was the musician; which generally took place in my solitary rambles along the banks of the creeks: It is considered as sinful. When I went first upon Peterson’s Creek, about forty miles further up the country, I stayed all night in the house of a widow lady, a Methodist, with whom, at the time, were staying two young ladies. As I am very fond of music, I asked them if they could sing, and whether they would favour me with a song.

“We don’t sing carnal songs,” was the reply.

“Well, never mind,” quoth I, “give us an uncarnal one: ’twill do just as well.”

Without minding my joke, if it be one, they complied with my wishes, and sung well too.

Before finishing my chapter I must give another instance in proof of the prevalence of religious feeling in this part of Virginia. I got acquainted with an Englishman, a Yorkshireman, who had been some time in the country. I met with him frequently, and he was always telling me to come over and see him.

“Where is your house?”

“Oh, just over the creek.”

Over the creek I went one fine Saturday, and walked through the woods for two miles without seeing anything like a house: thinking I had mistaken my way, I turned back; so did not see the Englishman that day. I met him again, and the old question came out,

“What’s the reason you don’t come to see me?”

I told him that I had tried to come and see him, but could not find the road.

“O man, you can’t go wrong; it’s just over the hill.”

I crossed the creek a second time, and walked down the bank for some hundred yards, to where the ridge, over which I supposed the object of my search lay, ended in a high pyramidal peak, encumbered, at the bottom, with the rubbish of centuries. For some time back I had had a great desire to visit the top of this peak, and I now thought that I could perform two tasks at once, by mounting the ridge at the end, and travel along till I came in sight of the Englishman’s house. I mounted, and, after having a fine view

of the romantic country through which the Capecahon flowed, I took my course along the ridge. I walked for a mile or two, expecting every moment to come upon the road which led over the hill, but no; no roads were to be seen, but sheep trails, one of which I kept until I came upon a thicket, or hammock of briars, stunted locusts, and thorns, which I entered, supposing I would soon get through it. But the further I proceeded, the more entangled I got, until, from stooping, I had to take to my hands and knees, upon which I travelled till completely worn out. By good luck, I came to a chamber or den finely shaded from the mid-day sun by a thick roofing of these thorny shrubs, and out of which there appeared no egress in the direction of the Englishman. Here I had to stop: but before retracing my weary windings, I thought I would take a rest; did so, and fell fast asleep, and slept till sun-down. When I first opened my eyes, or rather half opened them, it required a considerable deal of rubbing and scratching to enable me to solve where in all the world I possibly could be. Having got to the end of my theorem, I went to my knee-work again, and reached home about supper time, with the determination to reach the Englishman’s house the first good Saturday, or perish in the attempt. I accordingly started the third time, took the road, and reached my destination after five miles of hard travel through a sandy-pine barren—these five miles being what they called “just over the creek, just over the hill.” The Yorkshireman, wife, and family, gave me a hearty welcome; but what I want to come to is, that a little while before bedtime, being tired talking, I took up an almanac, and, with one leg upon the mantel-piece, began to amuse myself by looking over the anecdotes, from time to time setting up a hearty laugh. At the end of one of my peals—and mine are generally real horse laughs—I thought I heard something like groans, mingled with deep sobs, fall upon my ear. I quickly turned my head round, thinking mine host had fallen into some fit or other; but beheld him on his knees deeply engaged in prayer. I was dismayed at my unintentional want of good-breeding and devotion; but the idea was so ludicrous of one man praying, and another laughing over the funny stories of an almanac, that, when I dropped upon my knees, which I did immediately, it was not in a very devotional spirit. A little while before the man went to his knees, I heard him muttering something about prayer and duty: but little did I think he was about to commence work so unceremoniously, with the doors open, and not a single member of the family present.

I must tell another story yet: The Rev. Dr M. was travelling through among the hills, and arrived about nightfall at the house of a farmer with whom he was a little acquainted, and with whom he intended to stay for the night. Family-worship time came round; the doctor excused himself from performing the duty, as being much tired, and wished the farmer to proceed

as usual. He did so; and the doctor, overcome with fatigue, fell asleep. When he awakened, the good farmer was still praying. Alongside the doctor, lay an old negro, sending forth nasal sounds, melodious as from the drone of a bag-pipe. The doctor tried to awaken the sleeper, by moving him gently; but as it requires little less than the shock of an earthquake to awaken an Æthiopian, he was, all other means failing, forced to give him a smart push in the ribs with his elbow, which cut short the drone pretty quick.

"What massa want?" whispered the half-awakened negro.

"I want to know," replied the minister, "when your master is going to stop praying."

"Whar 'bout is massa?"

"Can't tell that," said the minister; "I have been sleeping."

"Is massa come to the Jews yet?" whispered the black. "Whenever massa come to the Jews, massa soon done." So saying, the negro laid down his head, and commenced his old music, leaving the doctor to follow his example, and

the farmer to come to the Jews as fast or as slow as he pleased.

I have not spoken of the black clergy, of whom there are a good many; and some of them preach pretty well too, considering. I believe it is contrary to law for them to preach, or for the blacks to collect together in conventicles of any sort; but, like a great many laws, the infringement is winked at; and you will see as many whites attending to the instructions delivered by a slave, as those delivered by the white preacher. It is also contrary to law to instruct the blacks in religion, or any other branch of education; but the infringement of this law is also connived at, and many masters teach their young slaves to read, and also teach them the catechism.

In Virginia, I have been in only one town church, and I do not recollect whether it was the case there or not, but in the country chapels and meetings, all the men sit on one side of the house, and the women on the other, while the blacks stand about the door.

## O'DONNELL'S DAUGHTER; OR, OPPOSING DUTIES.

### PART I.

AMONG the Irish gentlemen who joined the standard of William the Third, there was no one more distinguished for devotion to his cause, and personal bravery, than Colonel Eustace de Claremont—a gentleman of ancient family, who had, since the death of his father, abjured the Catholic religion. He was a second son; but as his elder brother, who was attached to the religion of his forefathers, and to the exiled monarch, had fled to Spain early in the conflict, De Claremont had become possessor of the family estate; since, according to the cruel laws of those days, any member of a Catholic family could, on becoming a Protestant, eject his father or brother from his estates and enjoy them himself.\*

It will easily be believed that De Claremont's motives for this change of religion were misinterpreted; many of his friends, and even of his relations, jealous perhaps of his favour with the new Sovereign, allowed that his motives were liable to suspicion; but though aware that he was the object of this petty detraction, Colonel De Claremont kept on, unmoved, the tenor of his way, and only held his head, perhaps, more loftily than usual.

Of all those whom party feelings led to judge De Claremont with severity, there was no one more bitter against him than Mary O'Donnel, the only child of a gentleman of royal descent, but of small fortune, who was one of the warmest adherents to the cause of James the Second. O'Donnel had married a Scotch lady

of noble birth, and, as is customary, had agreed that the daughters of that union should be educated in the Protestant faith; consequently, Mary O'Donnel was of the Reformed church, but still she was devoted to the Stuarts with all the ardour of youthful enthusiasm. Hence she hated, as much as she could hate, the Prince of Orange, as she persisted to call him, and those who had fought and conquered in his cause. Colonel De Claremont, therefore, who was personally unknown to her, was particularly the object of her dislike; and when she heard that he had changed his religion in order to gain his brother's fortune, she was afraid of visiting her friends, Sir Charles and Lady Osborne, who were intimate with this vile offender, lest she should be exposed to meet Colonel De Claremont. But when the aunt, with whom she resided, was obliged to leave London for a few weeks to nurse a sick friend, she ventured to accept Lady Osborne's invitation to pass the time of her aunt's absence at her house at Whitehall, because the papers had, the day before, announced the departure of De Claremont on an embassy to the Netherlands. When she entered Lady Osborne's drawingroom, soon after her arrival, her friend beckoned her in silence to join a group in the recess of a large window towards the street; and she found there two gentlemen in earnest dispute on the comparative merits of Spencer and Chaucer; the one preferring the allegorical, the other the story-telling bard. During this discussion, Mary O'Donnel saw that she was beheld with evident admiring observation by a gentleman who took no share in the argument; and he was formed to excite as much interest as he

\* Vide Blackstone.