



FORTY YEARS'

RESIDENCE IN AMERICA ;

OR,

The Doctrine of a Particular Providence

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIFE OF

GRANT THORBURN,

(THE ORIGINAL LAWRIE TODD,)

SEEDSMAN, NEW YORK.

~~~~~  
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.  
~~~~~

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

“ The fall of a sparrow, and the crash of an empire, are seen alike by
Him whose eye is every where.”

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TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH

WOULD I DEDICATE THIS BOOK, WERE I MASTER OF THE
COURTLY STYLE.

WHEN I THINK OF HER WHO WAS DUCHESS
FIFTY YEARS AGO, AS I SAW HER FEEDING THE ROBIN,
THE SPARROW, AND THE RAVEN,
FROM HER BASKET OF CRUMBS, ON THE FREEZING
SNOWS OF A WINTER'S MORNING—

AS I SAW HER GATHERING UP THE LOAVES AND FISHES,
AND GIVING THEM TO THE POOR, THAT
NOTHING MIGHT BE LOST—

AS I SAW HER GIVING HER GOLD TO THE WIDOW
AND HER SILVER TO THE ORPHAN OF THE PARISH—

I SAY, WHEN I THINK ON THESE THINGS,
THE NAME

DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH

SOUNDS LIKE MUSIC IN MINE EAR.

THAT YOU, MADAM, MAY LONG ENJOY IN THIS WORLD
THE PEACE WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING,
AND ADMISSION IN THE SKIES,
WHEN THE CASTLES AND PALACES OF EARTH
WILL SHIVER IN THE BLAZE,
IS THE PRAYER OF YOUR SINCERE WELL-WISHER,

GRANT THORBURN.

INTRODUCTION.

HAVING just published my "Autobiography," I agree, of course, with Grant Thorburn in thinking that a man is best qualified to write his own memoirs; not, however, for the reason he assigns, but because the critics, of whom he seems to entertain a very independent opinion, generally review works of that kind with marks of civility. He evidently thinks that a man knows his own motives and springs of action better than his friends do, and that the doctors of universities, *alias* the bats of cloisters, have as few means and opportunities of knowing the world, as the keeper of a much-frequented seed-store in the city of New York. It may be so; and I have great pleasure in saying, that I am as persuaded of the verity of all the adventures he has recorded in the subsequent pages, as that he himself is the *vrai* original of "Lawrie Todd," though

Lawrie may be, perhaps, a little curtailed in the fair proportion of those singularities which constitute so much of Mr. Thorburn's right to distinction.

I really regret that he has not told how we became "first acquaint," because it may lead some to imagine that he is not himself very well pleased I should have taken so great a liberty with him upon so slight a knowledge; but, after reading his book, I shall be surprised if they remain unconverted from the error of their way, or suppose that I have been guilty of exaggerating the lineaments of a character in which Nature, in some leisure moment, when tired with making heroes and men of genius, playfully shewed that her ingredients for variety are inexhaustible. I did not venture to embody Grant Thorburn, because a true, entire likeness would have been rejected as improbable; and can only say that, in my opinion, the pencil has not yet been dipped in hues and tints suitable to convey a correct portrait either of his moral entity or of his mortal effigy.

Of his *avatar* in London to publish his autobiography, I may not speak; but the chirp of

a bird to the Prisoner of Chillon was not a more vivid light than when he entered my room. I am only disturbed that Mr. Fraser should not have brought out his book as a companion to Byron's, or some other equally rich and strange. However, as it is, he is a candle that cannot be hid under a bushel, but must indeed become conspicuous.

JOHN GALT.

Barn Cottage,
December 5, 1833.

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PREFACE.

I THINK there is as much novelty in the incidents of my life as I have generally found in works of fiction. I think, also, that society may learn something from them, and have, therefore, thought it my duty to put them in print. I had thought not to have done this till June 16, 1834, provided my life might have been spared, which would have completed my fortieth year in America; but events, unforeseen and beyond my control, admonish me that the present is the time—and it is always best not to leave for to-morrow what may be done to-day.

Because it seldom happens that a man publishes his own life, it is therefore thought something strange, wonderful, and unaccountable, when such a thing occurs. It is not, however, without precedents. In 1832, J. Taylor, Esq., of London, published the *Records of his own Life*,—and who, in the name of wonder, has a better right to publish a man's life than himself? Or, who do you suppose is better qualified for such a task than himself? Besides, if a man attends to the printing of his own life, it is most likely to be correct. The way in which some men's lives are sent forth into the world, is a mere insult to common sense. If a friend gets hold of it, he twists it this way, and makes a life to suit his own notion; if an enemy

gets hold of it, he twists it the other way, and makes a life that might have belonged to Buonaparte's father, for aught that I know. Now, neither of them is the true life of the dead man; and were he to return from the grave, perhaps he could not discover ten lines in the whole book that belonged to himself—only, that he was *born, lived, died, and was buried.*

My manner of life, from my youth up, is known to all the inhabitants of New York. The fact that I landed on Gouverneur's Wharf, with only three cents in my pocket, and my nail-hammer in my hand, and neither shoe nor stocking on my feet. To be sure, I had both in my chest; but having been driven far north by hard weather, my feet got frost-bitten, and could not therefore put on shoes or stockings for some weeks after I landed. The fact that our establishment is now the most extensive of the kind in America, naturally suggests the inquiry of, *how was it brought about?* I think, for myself, I was the most unlikely subject that Providence could have selected to plant and build up so large a concern. My education consisted in little more than learning to read the Bible, and write my own name. In ciphering, I never reached the Rule of Three; indeed, I ever thought that addition and multiplication were the only rules of any real use to a man in business—and I think so still; *subtraction* and *division*, I think, are worse than nothing.

When I purchased the first plant, which was the means of leading me into this business, I may safely say, that I knew not a geranium from a cabbage-head.

Providence, to be sure, provided the tools, and gave me a head and hands to use them; my business has been built up by the abilities of my children. My oldest son is a self-taught botanist, though he never learned a word of Latin; my second daughter is, perhaps, the best flower-drawer in America. In the line of our business, we receive from Paris, Amsterdam, and London, the works of the best artists of the day—compared with hers, they are found wanting. This is no vain boast. On the table in my store lie one hundred of her drawings, open to the inspection of all. Let any one produce a better if they can. Now this, her *natural* taste, I not only admire as a beautiful accomplishment, but it is a real dollar and cent concern. When a gentleman asks the price of a root laying on the counter, in appearance no better than a Wethersfield onion, we may say one dollar. He starts; we turn to the *natural* drawing of the flower in her book; he throws down his money with more pleasure than he ever did for a play-ticket. Now, who bestowed these gifts on this son and daughter? It is not possible to frame a better answer than is to be found in the second chapter of James:—"Every good and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the *Father of Lights*." So you see this great Babylon was not built by the might of *my hand*, nor the *strength of my arm*.

Perhaps you will think the father's partiality paints his daughter's flowers in too fine colours. It is not so: she is an American; and in whatever art or science

the Americans excel, they are *first*—*second* to none. Was not West, the king's *painter*, an American? Who first shewed to the astonished eyes of the Europeans how lightning could be drawn from the clouds? It was Franklin, the American. Where was the first boat successfully propelled by steam? It was on the waters of the Hudson, by the Americans. Who was it that first shewed to the world how a British frigate might be made to strike in *fifteen minutes*? It was Hull, an American.

N. B.—During the late thirty years' war in Europe, it generally took a French frigate *seven years* to accomplish what an American frigate could do in *fifteen minutes*; and then, when the mountain did produce such a mighty mouse, the lucky fellow was hung up with a legion of honours, and strung all round with bombast and jingle. And even among the sober-sided, stiff-jointed, tight-breeched John Bull fraternity, when they happened to capture the American frigate Chesapeake, by the accidental blowing-up of the arm-chest, it was placed on the *Records* of the *House of Commons* as a victory of as much magnitude as the capture of forty-five sail of the line from the French in Aboukir Bay, or the victory of Nelson at Trafalgar, or the destruction of the whole Spanish Armada; inasmuch as the officer who made this capture was voted a sword; the Tower guns, and all the guns within the sound of Bow Bells, were fired. This is a *historical fact*.*

* Since my arrival in England (Nov. 1833) I find this *fact* doubted, and it may probably be so; but it was related at the time in America just as I have given it.

But this is a digression from a preface; and I am afraid the preface will be but a *fac-simile* of the whole book. It will give fine scope for the critics; but they may as well keep themselves easy; for, say what they will, they cannot make me angry. I hold them all as a set of insignificant, self-created blockheads; good for nothing, that I know of, but to tear the works of decent men, and decent women, in pieces,—such as Scott, Miss Edgeworth, &c.

I have thought, for many years, it was perhaps a debt I owed society to publish my life, and in this opinion I have been strengthened by the advice of many of the best of men in this or any other country—though no one ever read a line of it; neither have I told any one my intention. The opinions and advices mentioned above were given unasked for; neither my friends, my foes, nor my family, know any thing of my intentions on this subject. Then, if aught is wrong said, or wrong done, in the book, I alone am responsible: if I have given offence to any one, it was not my intention; and am willing to make him any reasonable satisfaction—any thing but standing up to be shot at, and so to have blown away what little quantity of brains I may happen to have in my head. I ever thought this was the poorest way of closing a concern that could be met with. They may call it honour—but they are very welcome, for me, to the full share of having their skulls most honourably blown to pieces, for the satisfaction of any blockhead.

I have another reason for publishing my life just now: I have thought that even though I might leave this manuscript, with a request for my children to publish it after my death, yet (though they never disobeyed me in all their life) a false delicacy, or the advice of some most *profoundly wise friend*, might prevent it. I think I owe to the *Giver of all good a large debt of gratitude*, and I think it is my duty to make sure that the world shall know it.

As the manuscript has never met the correcting eye of a man of letters — and as I never learned letters myself, I fear the book will be a curious compound of digressions, fugitive pieces, with a considerable share of nonsense. It was commenced many years ago, and additions made as the matter occurred, and written in detached pieces, when I could snatch a few moments from my very busy life. I have awoke at midnight — if an idea came in my head that I thought worth preserving, I arose, lighted my lamp, and wrote it down, fearing it might be lost by morning. The several pieces that have appeared in the “*Commercial Advertiser*,” and other periodicals, for some years past, with my name or initials, will also help to make up the book.

A word more, and I have done with this long preface; — I never see a *book-critic* tearing the leaves out of other people’s works, and throwing them about to the four winds of heaven — (there they stand, scattering abroad firebrands, arrows, and death — ask them what

they are doing — they reply, with a smile, Am I not in sport?)—I say, I never see those mortals thus employed, but I think of an observation that dropped from the lips of Mr. Thomas Paine. It was about the year 1806, when Buonaparte, the great land-sweeper, and the ships of George, the great sea-sweeper, told the Americans, that if they presumed to trade to any save their own respective ports, they, viz. George said if you go to France, and Buonaparte said if you go to England, we will sink, burn, and destroy your ships — and for a very substantial reason, too, viz. : “ That, whereas the Americans had only *six fir-built frigates*, with a piece of *striped bunting* at the mast-head, therefore it was the very height of presumption in them to talk about *naval rights*.” This very *equitable*, and very elegant sentiment, was spouted from the mouth of one of the *common* members of parliament, in that notable year when the sun was almost totally eclipsed. At this moment, had one of the astrologers of his country but whispered in his ear, “ The first fir-built frigate that is laid alongside of one of your royal oaks will sink her in fifteen minutes ” — how would he have been confounded ! But such really turned out to be the fact.

As I mentioned before, Mr. Paine and I were conversing about these two mighty hunters of the human race. Mr. Paine was lamenting, in pretty round terms, that neither law nor justice could reach them, as the *fates* had placed them above both. Says I,

Mr. Paine, these simple bodies you speak about, who have just sense enough left to believe the word of God, rather than the word of man, have the advantage of you here — for their book tells them, that a day is coming when these mighty men of war, and the men they have slain, will stand alike before the same impartial Judge; and this soothes their minds — but you have no salvo. Says he, “There is a set of men in the world so *insignificant* that neither God nor the devil will ever trouble his head about them.” At the time, I thought this was a strange expression to come from the mouth of the author of “Common Sense;” but I have sometimes thought since, that perhaps he had those book-critics in his eye when he made this profoundly wise speech.

A word of apology, and I have done. No doubt some of those sober-sided old bachelors will smile at a man of sixty-one speaking so highly in praise of the ladies; but, to be serious, the disinterested choice (to call it by no *softer* name) of Rebecca — her sweet and winning manners — her despite of gold, when *she thought* worth was in the other scale — and withal, her being the first of the sex in whose company I had spent *ten quiet minutes*, altogether gave me so high an opinion of her sisters, that the impression was *stamped* where death only can rub it out.

G. T.

LIFE AND TIMES
OF
GRANT THORBURN.

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Death of my Mother—Providential Escapes—Join one of the Reform Societies of the day—The Life of Thomas Muir.

MY life has hitherto been a series of such strange occurrences, and, in my view, so marked with the directing hand of Providence, that when I look back, it appears as if I have been a mere machine, without a will of my own.

I was born the 18th day of February, 1773, in a small village named West Houses, near Dalkeith, six miles south from Edinburgh. My father was poor, honest, and industrious, and followed the trade of a nail-maker; in his religious principles was what is now termed a stiff Scotch Presbyterian; and since I have had an opportunity of seeing men and their behaviour, in making the comparison, I think he was the most conscientious professor I ever met, and possessed of the greatest share of sound sense, or, as we term it in Scotland, *mother-wit*.*

* Extract of a letter, dated Dalkeith, Scotland, Feb. 4, 1833 :
“ I arrived safely at Dalkeith on the 31st ult. and found all

The first circumstance impressed on my mind is the death of my mother: I was then in my third year. I remember nothing of her person or conduct, only the death-bed scene. I yet see the family around her bed in tears. I sat on a high chair by the fire-side: I saw my father give her a drink from a white pint-bowl; he then softly laid her head on the pillow. A cry, "She is gone!" and loud lamentation, made me ask, "What

well—your father just about the same as when I saw him fourteen years ago, except this great affliction, the total loss of sight, so that he has to be led by the hand — of course he could only recognise me by my voice. He was very happy that I had come to see him once more, and was so uneasy about me while out late to a public dinner given to a member of parliament for Lothian, that he would not go to bed until I came home; to be sure that all was right. He bears the loss of his sight with the utmost patience, expressing his entire acquiescence in the will of God; that it was all right; and 'how could folk expect to have aw' their faculties when they were ninety years old? He could do fou weel without sight, only it gave folk trouble, and he was ay thankfu' that he was in such good health, and could tak his meat as usual,' &c. I was much affected and struck with his placid, serene appearance during the singing at family worship, while, with clasped hands he raised his sightless eyeballs, singing some beautiful portion of the old version. I never saw any thing so saint-like, and, thought I to myself, surely you are on the verge of heaven, and seem just ready to unite with those before the throne of God for ever and ever.

Methinks he sees the flow'rets bloom
 E'en now on Eden's vernal shore;
 Methinks he feels the breezes come
 Which waft th' enfranchised spirit o'er.

Well may we desire to have our last end like those of the righteous. He speaks of death with the utmost composure; and gives good advice to all who converse with him, in such a way as can hardly fail to reach the heart."

is the matter?" The answer, "You have no more a mother!" It was true; but then I knew not my loss.

I remember I was cruelly used and neglected by the woman my father hired to keep his house, in consequence of which I lost the use of my limbs, and so, not having exercise, I fell into a weak and sickly state of body; and when I was ten years old I was not so large as most children are at five.* But in this, as in all the troubles and misfortunes I have as yet met with in life, I now see the goodness of God; for I believe that the means used for restoring my strength, through the blessing of God, gave me an entirely new constitution. For from my twelfth year to the present day, I have been free from any of the hereditary complaints with which my father, and sister, and brothers, were afflicted. That I might recover my strength, I was sent to board on one of the high hills, where the Romans once had an encampment, in the county of Mid Lothian, nine miles south from Edinburgh. This hill abounded with a small snail, that carried a beautiful shell on its back, striped and painted with all the colours of the rainbow. My employment in the after-

* During this state of confinement to the house, I learned something of human nature; those around me, not supposing the mind grows faster in the dwarf than in the giant, did and said many things in my presence, presuming I knew not their meaning. Many droll scenes have I seen among the lads and lasses, who used to assemble at our house when my father was absent, in the long winter evenings; but I was cunning enough not to tell him, as I knew it would only bring trouble on myself. People are apt to forget that children can see and reason when they cannot speak. Among other things, I had seen all the mystery of nipping and *skarting*, *Scotch folks' wooing*, long before I learned

A B C

noon was to collect a half-pint of these snails. In the morning they were boiled in new milk; the milk, when nearly cold, was given me with oatmeal for breakfast: it was very palatable. I soon regained my health and spirits, but not my growth, my height being only four feet ten inches; and at no period of my life have I weighed over ninety-eight pounds. This, too, Providence turned to my advantage; for my mind was bent, not only to equal, but to surpass all my schoolfellows of my own age, though much larger in body.

With my father I followed the trade of nail-making, and in this, from the same principle, I equalled all, and surpassed many of my workfellows. I remember that a circumstance took place, when in my fourteenth year, which, though a trifle, I have often since thought was a true epitome of my after-life. The oldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch that day had come of age, having arrived to twenty-one years. At night there were fireworks to be displayed in front of the palace; and that the people in the village might join in the festivity, the town drummer was sent round to give notice that the gates would be set open for half an hour, and all who chose to come in that period would be admitted to see the fun. Something kept me back; and just as I got near, the time had expired, and the gate was shut. I was much mortified, and proposed to some others in my situation that we would scale the walls, which were ten feet high, built of stone, and smooth-plastered with lime. None would agree to this, justly remarking, that, should they get on the top, they knew not the dangers of getting down, as there was a deep ditch on the other side, and in many places about the

enclosures spring-guns and man-traps were set. However, I was only anxious to get on the top, and could not think of consequences; so, by getting on the shoulders of the tallest in the company, I reached the height, when I began to think of the dangers within; but finding that reflection was only adding to my fears, I dropped at once on the other side, and, as Providence ordered, I fell on a soft bed, collected by the high winds and falling leaves of November, in the ditch. Nothing hurt, I ran through the woods, directed to the spot by the light of the fire-works, and arrived safe, notwithstanding the spring-guns and traps in the way. Spring-guns are fixed with wires running a certain distance, and in such a manner, that, when trod on, the gun wheels round, and fires on the person treading on the wire.

After the fire-works were over, and the company dispersed, I tarried, with other idle boys, collecting the burnt-out rockets and other fixtures. When I came back to go out of the gate, I found the porter with a horsewhip, roundly chastising the boys for keeping him so long waiting to let them out. I stepped a few yards back to consider by what means I might escape this discipline, when I observed a gentleman's servant with two of his master's sons, one in each hand; I attached myself to one of the boys, entered into conversation about the fire-works, and so walked through the gates unmolested by holding the hand of the *laird's son*. I have often thought of my escape since, when, by want of proper caution, I have mounted some difficult enterprise, without considering beforehand in what manner I was to get out.

In my sixteenth year, in company with others of my own age, we were throwing stones to bring down walnuts from a large tree in Lord D.'s park. A stone weighing about six pounds grazed my ear, struck my shoulder-bone, and felled me to the earth—a half an inch nearer, and I think I must have been killed.

In September 1795, while the yellow fever was prevailing in New York, I went on board a sloop* at Whitehall, bound for Newark. On rounding the Battery, it was necessary to tack. I was going to assist in pushing the boom to the lee side, which would oblige me to walk over the hatchway; a gentleman (a passenger) made a quick move, placed his foot exactly on the spot my eye had selected, the cover turned—he fell among stones in the hold and broke his leg, which *necessarily* produced a slight fever, and when the yellow fever prevailed, every fever was merged in it; so he died in four days of yellow fever. My *guardian angel* kept me back; the gentleman snatched, as it were, the very step my foot was lifted to take: his time, not mine, was come.

Twenty years ago, an old wooden barn composed part of my premises. Directly over the west-end door hung a cooper's tool; it was used for widening the bung-holes of casks; the steel and iron part about two and a half feet long, having a cross wooden handle on the top two feet long. The steel point was sharp; its cross handle rested on two nails, with the point downwards; I opened the door with a hard push which shook the wooden frame; the instrument drop-

* There were no steam-boats at this period.

ped, the point grazed my ear, and was stopped by the bone on my shoulder. My head was bare; so, had it struck half an inch nearer the head, it would have entered my skull, and there I might have laid dead for some hours, as the place was but little frequented.

On the morning of the 25th of December, 1832, my eldest son sailed for Liverpool. As his life has ever been precious in my eyes, I felt more than common anxiety on his account. The day of sailing was uncommonly fine, with a fair wind. Next, the 26th, it came on to blow from the east, with rain and snow. At 6 P.M., going to tea, the wind, rain, and snow blowing in my face, I thought of the ship, the wind in her teeth, the danger my son might be in, as by this time it was hardly possible they could have cleared the land: I was murmuring at Him who holds the winds in his fist. I presently listened to a noise approaching on my right hand; it seemed like the rattling of a cart, which, from the sound, might be one hundred yards distant. I was then in the middle of Nassau, crossing to the corner of Liberty Street. I did not quicken my pace, as I thought I had time to clear the street. Next moment I thought the noise approached very fast, so I made two quick steps and stood on the side-walk. (As the storm was in my face, I had not yet lifted my head to look round.) At this moment I felt my cloak torn from my right shoulder by a sudden jerk. Looking round, one of those large Greenwich stages seemed turning over to crush me in the earth. The horses had sheered from the middle of the street; the wheels were running on the curb-stone edge of the side-walk, so close and swift, that a stream of fire was issuing from

the iron of the wheels and the stone, like a train of powder. I called aloud to give an alarm; a light was produced, when a woman was discovered lying apparently dead in the gutter, within four feet of where I stood.* The stage ran over her—there was no driver on the box—the horses had run off the stand. It was one of the wheels, or some part of the carriage, that carried away my cloak. Had I been six inches nearer, or had my cloak been hooked, I think I should have been dragged under the wheels, or among the horses' feet. Thus I received a prompt rebuke, besides a practical comment on the doctrine of a *Providence* every where, and that death is as close on our heels while we walk the streets, as he is when we bound on the top of a mountain wave.

In the year 1792, when the French Revolution had fairly commenced, and the pulpit and the press were teeming all over Britain with reform, I joined the societies of what were then called the Friends of the People, and in London were termed the Corresponding Societies, whose ostensible motive was to obtain the reform of Parliament by a more equal representation; and in the winter of 1793, with seventeen more of the members of the said society in Dalkeith, I was marched a prisoner into Edinburgh. A laughable occurrence here took place, which has often made me smile since. When we entered the town, marshalled two and two,

* The woman was carried in-doors, and medical aid being at hand, she soon revived; but to this day she has not fully recovered, and cannot yet remember what struck her, so suddenly the machine ran over her. Her husband sued the proprietors, and recovered heavy damages.

with a sheriff's officer in front and one in the rear, the scene attracted a concourse of people, and among them a great many women; one of them observed, or rather loudly exclaimed, in her broad Scottish dialect, when she saw me bringing up the rear rank, "The Losh pre-sarve us! if the king is afraid of sic a little fellow as that, (pointing to me) I dinna ken what will become of him!" After examination by some of their judges, we were all dismissed, on giving a trifling bail for our appearance.

Thomas Muir, being a prisoner in Edinburgh, at the same time, and for the same cause as myself, the following sketch of Mr. Muir's life, I think, will not be thought inappropriate. Horne Tooke, and others tried about the same time, and for the same offence, in London, were acquitted.

The life of this early, but unfortunate reformer, has just been published in Glasgow; and the "Athenæum," in noticing the work, gives the following epitome of his romantic and eventful story.

Thomas Muir was born at Glasgow, in 1765, and as his parents were wealthy as well as respectable, he obtained an education which enabled him to appear with distinction as an advocate at the Scottish bar. He had behaved with great ardour and decision, when the students of Glasgow College deprived Edmund Burke of the lord-rectorship, and bestowed it upon a resolute Whig, Graham of Gartmere; and he carried the same spirit and activity of mind into that celebrated association called "The Friends of the People," which sprung up in Britain in the year 1792, and filled the government with consternation. Now, be it known that this formidable society professed nothing save what was

dutiful, nay, respectful, to this country; each member had to sign a declaration of love for the government of Britain, as established by the king, lords, and commons, and the moral character of each citizen was insisted on. "The Friends of the People" began to grow popular; they sent delegates to what they called "The Convention," held at Edinburgh, an assembly in which Muir frequently presided. The fame of this association reached Ireland, and Archibald Hamilton Rowan addressed them in a strain of great elevation and eloquence.

It was less to the pleasure of the "Friends of the People," that the fame of their proceedings had reached the ear of the cold, quiet, and determined Pitt, who felt alarm, when men so eloquent and active as Muir, and of such station as Lord Daer, figured in the Convention: he had no wish to put parliamentary constructions on their proceedings; he called their speeches seditious; accused their leaders of disaffection to the government, and charged them with the design of forming a democracy on the ruins of the constitution. Muir, who was then in France, returned to meet the charge, and was instantly brought to trial. Those were evil days for honest men, who loved and talked of freedom. Burns was told by the Board of Excise, that his business was to act, not to think; and that, whatever might be the conduct of government, his duty was silence and obedience. On the 30th of August, 1793, Muir was brought to the bar of the Court of Justiciary, and charged with sedition: he was accused of having talked of liberty and reform, and desired a musician to play "*ça ira!*" The trial lasted eighteen hours: he

defended himself with eloquence and ability; but a verdict of “proven” was returned, and he was sentenced to fourteen years’ transportation. The fate of this able and enthusiastic man excited much sympathy all over the island: no one could love his country more ardently — no one who knew him imagined for a moment that he wished the subversion of the constitution — and all felt as we feel now, that at the worst he was an honest visionary, who thought better of human nature than it deserved. Fox in the Commons, and Lauderdale in the Lords, endeavoured to excite commiseration for him in vain. He was put on board the Surprise transport: his father and mother, weighed down with sorrow for their son, visited him frequently; and the latter presented him with a small pocket Bible — a book which was his solace in affliction, and afterwards the means of saving his life.

The romance of Thomas Muir now begins. He was well received in Sydney, and esteemed as a sensible man of a retired turn, but who excelled in powers of conversation, when it was his pleasure to speak. He purchased land, and seemed contented with his lot. It was perhaps his misfortune, that his talents and his principles had excited much sympathy in America: some generous citizens of the States despatched a vessel to Sydney, to bring him from the land of convicts to that of freemen; and on the 11th of February, 1796, he made his escape from bondage, to encounter many other sorrows.

After being at sea four months, the vessel was wrecked on the western coast of America, and all on board perished, save two sailors and Muir. He fell

into the hands of a tribe of Indians, who behaved with unexpected kindness; and, charmed by his manners and address, admitted him to fellowship, on the easy condition of painting and dressing himself like a chief of their race. He effected his escape from those friendly savages, and after wandering over a wild land for nearly four thousand miles, half naked and half starved, he reached Panama, and by his eloquence and misfortunes, influenced the governor so much, that he furnished him with clothes and money, and gave him guides to Vera Cruz. To the governor of Vera Cruz he told the story of his sufferings both in Scotland and in South America. The Spaniard was moved, and sent him to Havanna; but privately informed the commander of that place, that a man of Muir's principles would be dangerous in New Spain, and advised that he should be sent to Old Spain, in order that the king might determine upon his fate. He was detained in prison. Some generous Spaniards sent him clothes, more particularly linen, which he now regarded as a luxury.

A vast quantity of gold and silver was to be conveyed to Spain, and two frigates were ordered to carry it,—in one of these Muir embarked. During the voyage he was obliged to work like a common sailor, and was treated rudely by the officers. They neared Spain, and thought themselves safe. War, however, had been declared between their country and England; and two British frigates, the Emerald and Irresistible, interposed between them and Cadiz. The battle, fought within sight of the shore, crowded with spectators, was fierce and desperate, and continued for two hours. The slaughter was great among the Spaniards—towards

the close of the action, Muir was struck with a ball on the face, and when the vessel was boarded, lay stretched among the dead. A Scottish officer belonging to the Irresistible, wrote home to his relations—“ Among the sufferers on the Spanish side is Mr. Thomas Muir, who made so wonderful an escape from Botany Bay to the Havanna. He was one of the five killed on board the Nymph, by the last shot fired by us. The officer at whose side he fell, is now at my hand, and says he behaved with courage to the last.” Luckily another Scottish officer was not contented with hearsay—he went on board the Spaniard, and, on looking at the dead and dying, was struck at the unusual position in which one of them lay: he was sorely wounded in the face, was covered with blood, and between his clasped hands he held a small Bible. On being moved, he uttered a deep sigh, and the book fell from his hands. The officer took it up, read the name Thomas Muir upon it, and having cleansed the blood from the wounds, recognised his old schoolfellow and companion. The officer did not breathe his name, nor appear to know him, but bound up his wounds, and caused him to be moved gently on board a small skiff, and carried ashore, where, under the care of a skilful surgeon, he recovered, but so slowly, that he could not utter a word for two months. Meanwhile, the French Directory, hearing that Muir was in Spain, desired their ambassador to defray whatever debts he had incurred, fit him out as became a gentleman, and moreover say, that the French wished to confer upon him the honour of a free citizenship, and enable him, a son of freedom and a sufferer, to spend the remainder of

his days in France. These generous offers came to a dying man; he reached France, indeed, but his wounds were uncured, and, perhaps, incurable. He lingered till September 1798, when, sealing up his pocket Bible and addressing it to his mother, he expired, and was buried with much respect by the public authorities. Such is the story of Thomas Muir, and a tragic one it is.

His relatives are of the highest respectability; two of his nephews are at present in London, one of them a captain in the naval service of the East India Company. They have no reason to be otherwise than pleased with being the sister's sons of such a man. His fault was this — he lived too soon; had he lived now, he would have found times to his mind, and friends in thousands and tens of thousands, advocating as he did, but not with more eloquence, an equal representation of the people. The concluding words of his defence are not unprophetic.

“ Gentlemen of the Jury, this is perhaps the last time that I shall address my country. What, then, has been my crime? Not the lending to a relation a copy of Mr. Paine's works — not the giving away to another a few numbers of an innocent and constitutional publication; but my crime is *for happening to be, according to the measure of my feeble abilities, a strenuous and active advocate for an equal representation of the people in the House of the People*—for having dared to accomplish a measure, by legal means, which was to diminish the weight of their taxes, and to put an end to the profusion of their blood. Gentlemen, from my infancy to this moment, I have devoted myself to the

cause of the people. IT IS A GOOD CAUSE — IT SHALL ULTIMATELY PREVAIL — IT SHALL FINALLY TRIUMPH. Say, then, openly, in your verdict, if you do condemn me, which I presume you will not, that it is for my attachment to this cause alone, and for those vain and wretched pretexts stated in the indictment, intended only to colour and disguise the real motive of my accusation.”

Curran, in his defence of Hamilton Rowan, extended his sympathy to Muir, in a passage which Scotchmen must ever be proud to quote :

“There is a sort of aspiring and adventurous credulity, which disdains assenting to obvious truth, and delights in catching at the improbability of circumstances, as its best ground of faith. To what other cause, gentlemen, can you ascribe, that in the wise, the reflecting, and the philosophic nation of Great Britain, a printer has been gravely found guilty of a libel, for publishing those resolutions to which the present minister of that kingdom had actually subscribed his name ? To what other cause can you ascribe, what in my mind is still more astonishing, in such a country as Scotland—a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, and the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth—cool and ardent — adventurous and persevering ; winging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks, and a wing that never tires—crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, and decked with the wreath of every muse, from the deep and scrutinising researches of Hume, to the sweet and simple, but not less pathetic and sublime morality of

her Burns — how, from the bosom of a country like that, genius, and character, and talents, should be banished to a distant barbarous soil—condemned to pine under the horrid communion of vulgar vice and base-born profligacy, for twice the period that ordinary calculation gives to the continuance of human life.”

CHAPTER II.

Sail for New York—Arrival—Employment as a Nail-maker—
State of this Business forty years ago.

A SHIP, the Providence of New York, was then lying at Leith, taking passengers for New York. My father paid for the passage of my brother and myself, and, after arranging the matter with our bailsman, we sailed for New York the 13th of April, 1794.

Ever since I began to act on the theatre of life, it has been the uniform order of Providence to send his blessings in a way or manner contrary to my own plans and arrangements;—for instance, when I engaged my passage from Leith to New York, there was a vessel lay there also for Philadelphia; my intention was to go to Philadelphia, and very sorely did I lament when I could not procure a passage, she being full. Had I gone to Philadelphia, I never should have possessed the beautiful establishment where I am now situated, nor enjoyed the advantages of the first city in the Union.

To note all the curious scenes in which I was a party or spectator, during a passage of nine weeks in a very small vessel, with above a hundred persons, crew and passengers, would of itself form a book. Before this I had never been twenty miles from the house in which I was born; and from the time I was five years old I do not remember to have slept three nights out of my father's house. Here I was, in my twentieth year, without having experienced or seen

aught of the world, set as it were on my own feet, close jammed in a crowd from whom there was no retreating, whose ends, motives, and dispositions, were as various as their faces. It was a sound maxim of my father's, that young people ought to earn money before they got money to spend; however, when he put his maxim in practice on my brother and myself, I had some doubts of its utility. After laying in for us a large wooden chest (which had been a family-piece for near a century), well filled with clothing, and a reasonable stock of such provisions as the ship did not furnish to us steerage-passengers, he gave us 20s. sterling for contingent expenses after we might land in America, and to support us before we got into employment.

Thus equipped, we weighed anchor about sunrise. In the morning aforesaid a boat putting off from one of his Majesty's frigates, then lying in the roads, created a considerable bustle in our little ship. A number of our passengers were fine-looking young men, equipped with jacket and trousers for the voyage; afraid of being impressed made them run below and change their clothes: I being the most insignificant-looking person of all our passengers, had no fears of being impressed, and so staid on deck to see what was to be done. However, it appeared they were only in search of a deserter; and not finding him, they left us without any trouble. In a few hours after, the man that they were in search of came on board in an open boat from near Berwick: he was a fine seaman, said he had been impressed, and now gave them the slip. We were extremely crowded, the ship having only four feet and

a half in height between decks, with two tier of berths to sleep in round both sides of the steerage : three persons slept in each berth. With my brother and myself slept a very large Highland porter ; and no matter what tack the ship was on, he would always lay in the front of the berth. Being stowed in the middle between him and my brother, I was often in danger of being smothered by his enormous weight, when our side was on the lee-tack. He was subject to the night-mare and talking in his sleep. One stormy night he dreamt the ship was sinking, and roared with all the might of his tremendous voice, “ Lord God Almighty ! help ! help ! ” A large Newfoundland dog on deck took the alarm, and began to bark and roar with all his might. I awoke with his cry for help, and, catching his alarm, roared “ Murder ! murder ! ” as loud as I could. A light was soon introduced from the deck, when a scene appeared that baffles all description : men and women rolling out of their berths, some with petticoats, some with pantaloons, and some in a state of nature—children screaming—women wringing their hands—in short, it would have tried the genius of an Hogarth to have given a true sketch of the scene. One wife had on her husband’s trousers, while the man’s head was seen just peering through the top of a part of his wife’s dress.

After the passengers had got somewhat over the sea-sickness, the captain called over the roll, and appointed every seventh man as head of his mess. His duty was to receive from the mate the provisions for one week for himself and six of his comrades, and give each an equal share. This duty fell to my lot, being

one of the seven numbers ; it was also my duty to take charge of, and keep clean, our eating utensils : this, with other duties soon imposed on me, gave me full employment. Each mess was allowed one quart of molasses per day ; after some days the mate neglected to serve out the molasses. This occasioned much grumbling among the passengers : a meeting was held between decks : I was appointed to state the matter to the captain, which I did in a respectful manner next day, on the quarter-deck. The mate was called, and gave as a reason the want of time. I told the captain, if he would allow the mate to give me the quantity every morning, I would serve it out to the different messes : this plan was adopted, and executed by me to the end of our voyage. Again, every person was allowed two porter-bottles of water every morning ; one bottle was to go in the ship's boiler to make our oatmeal-porridge. As we soon got into warm latitudes, many of the passengers, instead of depositing their water in the breakfast-kettle, reserved it for drinking ; but when the porridge was dealing out, they also came in for their share. Thus, for several mornings, there was not enough made to supply the several messes. I soon found out the cause, and stated the difficulty to the captain. He gave me permission to stand by the kettle every morning, and see that none received any of the porridge but such as put in their bottle of water. This order I faithfully saw executed during the remainder of our passage, and finally gained me the good-will of all the passengers. I also assisted the cook in the steerage, and steward in the cabin, where there were twenty passengers. By this means I found

constant employment, which made the time pass easily, which would otherwise have hung heavily on my hands, and by making the cook and steward my friends, had my share of the best victuals that the ship could afford; so that I lived as well as the passengers in the cabin.

Among so many, there were, of course, some curious characters. As the revolutionary fever had already broken out, which soon shook all the thrones in Europe, we had some hot characters among us, which all the waters of the Atlantic could not cool. We had also some warm contests on religious points, there being in our number Presbyterians, Methodists, Universalists, Burghers, Cameronians, Deists, and an Anti-Burgher minister. It was not uncommon to see the minister preaching on the quarter-deck, and singing the old version of David's Psalms, and at the same time the Universalists, consisting of eight or ten members, chanting Winchester's hymns on the fore-castle. At last the captain put a stop to this public contempt by declaring the Presbyterian to be the established religion of his ship.

On the 16th of June, about ten o'clock A.M., our ship came to anchor opposite the city, which in those days made a very poor appearance from the water, as the stores were all built of wood; and the only steeples high enough to be seen to advantage were the Trinity Church, St. George's Church, and the new Dutch Church, fronting on Liberty, Nassau, and Cedar Streets. In a few minutes the vessel was surrounded with boats, and I believe every passenger went on shore but myself; I felt a sort of presentiment that I was about entering on new, important, and untried scenes. Many

of our countrymen came on board inquiring for friends or news; for in those days a ship arriving with passengers was a rare sight. I asked an Edinburgh man who came on board, and who had been in New York above a year, if he thought my brother and I could get employment to make nails: he said he thought not, as they had just got a machine set up for cutting nails out of iron hoops. This was a piece of discouraging news, and made me less anxious about going on shore, especially as all the money we had between my brother and I was $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents; and this was given us by a passenger (who by this time had returned on board,) after exchanging a guinea, and was what we charged him for half a pint of wine we gave him for one of his children that was sick; and there was no wine in the ship, they having drank all up except what my brother and I had at the time. We had been eight weeks out. I will here remark, that one bottle, scarcely containing a quart, was all we took on board; and yet we had the last wine in the ship. About eleven o'clock the captain returned on board, bringing a piece of fine fresh beef and some new potatoes, which he told the cook to get ready for the sailors' dinner; and seeing me look very sober, and finding I had not been ashore, told me to join in the mess, and not be discouraged; "for," added he, "if there is a man on board to make a figure and a fortune, you are the man." With something of a lighter heart, I went about as usual to assist the cook (he was a black man) in getting ready the dinner, being anxious to taste fresh meat; he and I sat down flat on the deck, his feet against my feet, and a wooden bowl of potatoes between our legs, and began to scrape off the skin from

the potatoes. While thus employed, a boat came alongside; in the boat was Dr. Kemp, one of the professors of Columbia College; James Anderson, of Broadway; and George Cleland, hardware-merchant, of Maiden Lane. When they came on deck, the first inquired for a farmer's servant; the second, for a servant-woman; and C. asked if there were any nail-makers on board. I caught the word, and, looking up, answered, I was one. He was a tall man, and looking down on me—who no doubt made a very small appearance, sitting flat on deck, with a bowl of potatoes nearly as high as my breast—he inquired, with a tone of surprise, “Can you make nails?” I answered quickly, “I would wager sixpence (all I had) I would make more nails in one day than any man in the country.” The answer, manner, and speaker, set the company into a roar of laughter, which ended by my receiving a card, to call at his store as soon as we got on shore. As an apology for the above boast, I will only state, that a few weeks before I left home, in one day, from six A.M. to nine P.M., for a wager of sixpence, I made 3,320 nails. This was more by 400, as far as ever was heard of among the craft to have been made by any man in the same time in Britain.

About sun-down we hauled in the ship to the wharf, foot of Gouverneur's Lane: there I first stepped on shore. Next morning we sallied forth, with the important card in our hands, marked No. 33, Maiden Lane, to find George Cleland. At the head of the wharf we were stopped by a man, whose name, he told us, was Watkins. He inquired if there were any nail-makers on board; we said that was our trade, and

informed him we were going to seek 33, Maiden Lane, where we expected to get employment. He advised us first to go and see his shops, and said he would give us employment, and pay us a penny a-pound more for making nails than ever had been given before, as he was much in want, all his men having gone to sea about two weeks before, at the raising of the embargo, when Mr. Jay sailed as ambassador for London. We went and found places in his shops (situate in Batavia Lane) for twelve men to work, and only one man employed. He made us many tempting offers, which we partly agreed to accept; only, as we had first promised to see Cleland, we must give him a call. Our minds being so far made up to go to Watkins's, I thought it not worth while to go to Cleland's, but went back to the ship, and told my brother to go to Cleland's, to make good our promise. When he came back, however, and told me Mr. Cleland and his wife were Scotch folk; that we should have the shop to ourselves—and his shop was quite empty; that he said he would do all that Watkins had promised, and also told me he did not curse and swear as Watkins did; and, besides, added that they had no children, we concluded to go with him.

In this first step I took in the streets of New York, I can see the finger of Providence directing me to the station I now occupy, viz. the keeping of a seed-shop in what was formerly the Friends' Meeting-House. At that time a school was kept on the premises for the children belonging to the society. My nail-shop was directly opposite. I then formed an acquaintance with the boys, which, thirty-two years after, when I

went to propose purchasing the Meeting-House, I found to be of great service to me. Now observe, had I gone to work in Batavia Lane, I never should have known these young men, nor perhaps that there was such a place as the Meeting-House. Batavia Lane is near one mile distant from that quarter.

After-experience made us thank Providence, who had directed our choice, for they were Christian people, and treated us as if we had been their own children; and having the shop to ourselves, we were not exposed to bad company. We engaged board in a house which is still standing, No. 8, Dutch Street; Mr. Banker occupied the ground floor—he was a shoemaker; and David Brown, a journeyman carpenter, lived up stairs. His wife kept a few boarders, and they being Edinburgh folks, from national feelings we went to board with them. About sun-down on the 17th, we brought our baggage from the ship to the said house; it consisted of a large chest, containing our clothes, a box of books, mattress, and blankets. I suppose, on the whole, we made rather a sorry appearance; for it was quite repugnant to our notions of Scottish economy to put on a Sunday coat on a week-day; at any rate, our appearance, and the appearance of a cart stopping at the door loaded with our movables, drew out the wrath, tongue, and body of Mr. Banker to the street. He declared that our trash should not enter the house; that Brown hired the rooms above from him, and he should not bring any of his *dirty Irish* into his house, &c. Had he called us lousy Scotch, I would have forgot it; but I could not swallow being called dirty Irish. However, after a

parley, we were permitted to deposit our bedding and luggage in the garret; but I thought it was a very uncourteous welcome. About seven years after, I got my revenge: I then kept a grocery. One morning the said Mr. Banker came into the store—he either knew me not, or thought I did not know him: he asked me if I would credit him some articles; he looked poor; I gave him what he asked, and treated him with kindness. As he seemed thankful, I inquired if he had ever known me before. He said it was only within a few weeks he had seen me. I said I boarded with Brown, when he lived at No. 8, Dutch Street, in the year 1794, and was one of the young men whose entrance into the house he so firmly opposed, as they were bringing their chest, &c. from the ship. He said he remembered, and was much surprised. I told him I now had an opportunity of returning good for evil. He was much confused, left the store, and never returned.

As I stated before, we deposited our luggage in the garret. Brown's people were poor, and as they had not a spare bed, we laid our mattress on the floor, and made a bed with our own clothes. The weather was hot, the garret was alive with musquitoes and other domestic animals: I could not sleep. About midnight it began to thunder and rain tremendously; the rattling of the rain on the shingles—a noise I never had heard before, the loud roar of thunder, and bright flashes of lightning—such as I never had heard any thing like it in Scotland, alarmed me so much as drove sleep from my eyes. Tired with tossing on a sleepless pillow, I arose with break of day. After thanking God for his preserving mercies through the night, I thought,

by way of passing the time till people began to stir, to unpack our case of books; they had not been opened since we left Scotland. My brother, and three of Banker's sons, who slept in the garret, were fast asleep. I felt feverish and low-spirited with heat and want of sleep, and wishing myself again in my father's house, I resolved, if spared, to earn as much money as would pay my passage home, and to return again as soon as possible; but He in whose hands are all our ways had otherwise ordained. He knew I was about entering on the active scenes of life, and he promised to be my guide, if I asked his direction. When I opened the box of books, the first thing that caught my eye was a small pocket Bible; it had been placed there by the hands of my pious father. Without any design I opened the book—my thoughts were ruminating about my father; my eyes fastened on the words, "My son, forget not my law," &c. I read on to the end of the chapter, like one in a dream. When done, I looked back, and found I had been reading the third chapter of Proverbs.

Now, reader, I request of you to take the Bible and read this chapter; and if you are a believer in a particular Providence, you will not brand me as an enthusiast, when I say that I looked on it as an immediate message from Heaven, giving me instructions how to shape my course, now that I was for the first time entering on the voyage of life, without an earthly pilot, full of hope, comfort, and joyful admiration. I fell on my knees, with my face to the east (the sun was just rising,) where lies Scotland, the land of my fathers; it was the hour (allowing for the difference

of time) when my father's family were assembled at family-worship. I knew he would not forget his sons in America. I thought I was joining with them in prayer, and rejoiced that, as sure as the same sun shone on us both at the same time, so sure the eyes of the same Lord were on us in all places, to guide, instruct, and preserve us. I took the walls of that house to witness, that if the Lord would be with me, and keep me in the ways in which I ought to go, and give me meat to eat and raiment to put on, (see Genesis, xxviii. 20), and return me again to my father's house in peace,* then, indeed, should the Lord be my God. I arose, refreshed in body and mind, and went forth to earn my first cent in America, with a strong confidence in the promise of God to be my guide and supporter. The impression until this hour has not worn from my mind; and I never pass the house, No. 8, Dutch Street, but I look up to the old garret-window, and remember with renewed pleasure the import-

* Twenty-four years after this, I did visit my father's house in peace, and found him in the same house in which I had left him, and in most comfortable circumstances. At eight o'clock A.M., on the 8th of August, 1818, I stepped into the same room I had parted from my father, brother, and sister in, on the 3d of April, 1794—a period of twenty-four years. As was his custom, my father was just opening the old Scotch Psalm-book, to commence family-worship before breakfast; the same old family Bible lay on the same old oak-table—the same eight-day clock stood in the same corner—the same bedstead and curtains under which I formerly slept—the same shovel and tongs stood by the same fire-place; in short, I was at *home*: had I found my father in a palace, I would not have been at home. I could not speak, but sat down and cried for ten minutes with real pleasure.

ant transaction, although it is now nearly forty years ago. I know that those who deny the Bible, and say it is not the word of God, will smile at this, and say it was all enthusiastic delusion. Be it so: but before these men take this delusion from us, let them give us something as good in its stead. They offer nothing; they would take away what supports in trouble, and give us a *blank*. In this state of mind I went to work in Crown (now Liberty) Street, where the house, No. 70, now stands, on the 18th day of June.

My mind all day filled with the pleasing impression of the morning scene, I resolved, in God's strength, to take this third chapter of Proverbs as my pocket-compass; and I have found, even to the present day, that in keeping of his commandments, *in this life*, there is great reward. I have found favour with and from God, and he has given me abundant favour with my fellow-men. I have acknowledged Him in my ways, and He has directed my steps; He blessed me with plenty, and in his good and wise providence reduced me to poverty, and again shewed me the truth of his promise by blessing me on every side, and filling my barns with plenty. He hath shewn me many and sore troubles; but has always shewn me much more of his great goodness and kind mercies, in the manner in which He has brought me out of these troubles. I have seen pestilence and death walk our streets for twelve different summers, have seen them falling thick on the right and on the left hand, while neither I nor any of my family were hurt by day or by night; being in every instance, as I thought, providentially prevented

from leaving the city. He kept me in perfect peace, enabling me to have my heart stayed on Him, and trusting in Him.

On the 1st of August, Brown's family, wherein we boarded, removing to the upper part of the city (which in those days extended a little above the jail, or bride-well), we, to be near our workshop, went to board with an old American lady, a widow and her daughter, who lived in an old wooden shed, where No. 100, Liberty Street now stands. In those days the river washed its sloping banks up into Greenwich Street. In this house we learned the secret, that in whatever country Providence may cast a man's lot, if he wants to live comfortably, he must live among the natives of that country; and, for the same reason, if he wants to take a wife, he must marry a woman who was born and brought up in that country. We here found the victuals cooked as they ought to be; but in European boarding-houses in the city, we found the proverb hold good, *that God gives victuals, and the devil sends cooks*. How can a woman make pies who never saw a pumpkin? How can she make cakes who never saw buck-wheat?—The daughter was a big, masculine, single lady, about thirty-five years of age; she, however, had a child; but where she got it I know not, as I never could find that she had a husband. This child took sick. On the morning after it had been ill four or five days, I was nearly falling into a deep pit, just as I was going to step out of doors. This pit had been dug by the hogs the night previous. When this was discovered, the child was given up for lost; there was

nothing but weeping, lamentation, and wo. Next night it died; and the hogs were set down as the true prognosticators of its death.

You will observe, that Crown Street (now Liberty Street) was not paved where the house No. 100 now stands; it was only a sand-bank at this early period. The rage for moving up town had just commenced; so, on the 1st of November, our good landlady and her big daughter, with a Dutch carman's cart-load of movables, took their departure for St. James's Street, and left us to seek new lodgings.

On reflection, I think the three months I resided at No. 100, Liberty Street, was the only period that I spent in America in what I may call boyish amusements. The school for the children belonging to the Society of Friends was kept in a small building, on the spot where the meeting-house now stands. Brown, afterwards Gen. Brown, who bore a conspicuous part in what was termed the northern campaign (in 1812 or 1813), was at that time their teacher. The boys before school-hours assembled in our nail-shop, where they used to warm themselves, and amuse away their spare time by feeding a young monkey that I had procured from a Portuguese vessel, and kept in the shop. They always brought nuts and apples enough to supply the wants of Jacko and his master too. By this means I formed an acquaintance with many of those young lads, who are now useful and respectable men of business in our city; but, as will be seen in the sequel, I was soon to be occupied with more important matters than feeding monkeys and cracking nuts.

It has always been my custom to rise early; and as

the house in which I slept was on the right-hand side in Liberty, a few rods below Lumber Street, where No. 100 now stands, I kept on that side going and coming from work. I observed almost every morning, just as I had crossed from Dash's corner,* coming up from Greenwich Street, and set my foot on the pavement of the south corner of Broadway and Liberty Street, that a young woman, apparently from Nassau Street, met me exactly at the same spot. At first I thought nothing of this; but the same thing continuing many days, I began to think, What can this young woman be doing up so early every morning? Often the clock struck five as I crossed Broadway—observe, this was in August and September—she always turned the corner, and walked down Broadway towards the Battery. There was nothing about her that struck me with any other sentiment than curiosity at the circumstance of meeting her always on the same spot, and at so early an hour. Sometimes I would stop for a moment, and look after her. She was rather tall, about five feet seven inches high, and slender made; her face was pale, with sometimes a slight tinge of red on the cheek, as if occasioned by a hectic fever: I thought I could read melancholy in her countenance. Her carriage was very erect, with a slow solemn step, somewhat like an old war-worn soldier walking sentinel before the tent of his general, and meditating on the scenes and dangers he had passed. As was the

* Mr. John B. Dash lived on the west corner of Liberty Street and Broadway, where he kept the most extensive retail hardware store in New York. It is still occupied for the same purpose in 1833.

fashion at that time, she wore a small black beaver hat, with two cords on each side to turn up the rim, just enough to shew the ears; her flaxen hair, which was long, was turned up in a broad fold, the extreme ends under the hat, and the broad fold resting between the shoulders; her other dress was neat and plain, and denoted neither poverty nor riches.

We still continued to meet and pass each other at the same time and spot; I satisfying myself with the conjecture that she was a tailoress or mantua-maker, and rose thus early to walk on the Battery for the benefit of her health, before going to work.

One day, about the middle of October, when at work in the lower part of the yard, I observed a number of people in the street, looking earnestly towards Broadway.* Curiosity led me to inquire the cause;

* About this time (October 1794) they were putting the roof on the City Hotel—this is the first roof that was slated in America. When they came to put on the slates, they were at a stand—slate-nails were not in the city, as they had never before been wanted; the American nail-makers had never made such a nail, for there was no demand for them; (there is an art in making the slate-nail, known only to those who have learned it.) In this dilemma, they heard of my brother and I; the builder was a Scotchman, and knew we could make slate-nails. They applied to us to know at how much per thousand we would make them; we promised to answer next day. In the mean time, my brother and I consulted on what we then thought the principles of equity and justice; we spoke of \$1 per thousand, but concluded this was too much, and so fixed the price at 93 3-4 cents per thousand. I often since have smiled at our squeamish simplicity; had we charged \$2 per thousand it would not have been too much. It was a good day's work to make a thousand, and, when we had the trade and price in our hands, \$2 per day was nothing extra-

and at the next door stood a hearse, and I was informed there was to be a burial. Not having seen such a thing in this country, I stopped a few minutes; the corpse was brought out, followed by an elderly lady and this same young woman. I then asked a neighbour who they were; and was informed that was the wife and daughter of the man who was going to be buried; that they were poor, but respected by their neighbours; and the chief support of the family was the daughter, by her needle. With her light-coloured hair, black hat, mourning dress, and pale countenance, she appeared to my mind as resembling one of those Eastern ladies, who, having offended their tyrant-lord, are bled to death, and just on the point of fainting before they draw their last breathing sigh.

We continued to meet, turning the corner, early in the morning as usual; but a wish never entered my mind to speak to her. On the last of October we had not yet got a place to board; we did not like to board where there was a number kept, for fear of bad company; and not wishing to go far from our shop, we found some difficulty in being suited. At my work, in the afternoon of that day, I was ruminating on what was best to be done, as we knew not where we were to lodge. On the next day, at once the burial that took place next door came into my mind; I thought with myself thus: The widow is poor, the daughter is of age, they must have had two beds while the husband lived; now the mother and daughter may sleep in one, ordinary. However, my eye-teeth were not then cut; I found out since, that every one has his price, and makes the best of any advantage that circumstances may put in his power.

and perhaps they may board and lodge us, to assist them in getting a living. While I was thus ruminating, J. Powell, a coach-maker, who hired in the under part of the same house, came in, as he was wont of an evening, to see us work at nail-making: I told him our situation, and asked if he thought we could get board up stairs, in the house where he lived. After consulting, he went and made the inquiry; the report being favourable, we carried our chest, and entered our new abode next day, being the 1st of Nov. 1794. They lived next door to our workshop, being No. 72, Liberty Street. When my brother and I had pulled our large chest up stairs, and landed it in the attic story, where we were to sleep, thinks I to myself, It's a stirring place this New York; here we have been little more than four months, and already lived in three different families, and all by their, not our movements!

In the latter end of 1794, Mr. Jay arrived with the famous British Treaty; Congress being then in session, it was submitted to their consideration. As Washington and Hamilton, and most of the worthies who had risked their lives and staked their all, and had just achieved their country's independence, thought it was for the good of the nation, it was on the point of becoming a law; but the hod-men, and the ash-men, and the clam-men, thought otherwise: accordingly a meeting was called at 4 P.M., in front of the old City Hall, at the head of Broad Street, to settle this momentous question. Having never seen a meeting of the sovereign people in a *free country*, I was anxious to attend; and, that I might have a fair view, and be out of harm's way, I got perched on a branch of that large

spreading tree that graced the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, since the days when the Dutch negroes used to dance and crack eggs in the ferry-house, corner of Garden and Broad Streets.* Long before the hour the broad space was filled with the motley group: there was the Irish (patriot) labourer, his face powdered with lime, shirt-sleeves torn or rolled up to his shoulders, came rattling up with his iron-shod brogues; and the clam-men were there; and the boat-men were there; and the oyster-men were there; and the ash-men were there; and the cart-men were there, and their horses were there—and the horses appeared to possess more sound sense than their masters; for the horses loved and licked the hand that fed them, but these ignorant cart-men knew not Him in whom they live, move, and have their being. The mob filled the large space, down Broad as far as Garden Street, down Wall Street as far as the

* This venerable relic of old times was cut down a few years ago, by some unfeeling blockhead, to make room for a vault wherein to store Yankee rum—pity but the temperance societies had been in existence sooner—and, as if to add insult to their cruelty, it was cut down in the month of May, when in full leaf. I passed as they had just turned its roots up to the sun, and its branches and *green leaves* were strewed in the gutter. I could not help wishing a curse on every rum-cask that should usurp its place, hoping they might burst and scald the worms, instead of the livers of men. How often have I stood, thirty years ago, and listened to the stories of those three Dutch worthies, (the last of the Mohicans,) Doctor Anthon, C. W. Ham, and J. Nithcie, smoking their pipes in a summer's evening under its shade, and bringing back the days of the Negro Plot, when they burned the negroes for confessing they set fire to the city, and burned others for their obstinacy if they would not confess that they set fire to the city.—[See Records of Historical Society.]

Mechanics' Bank, and up as far as New Street. They rolled to and fro, like the waves of the sea. On the corner (then occupied as a watch-house, but now by friend Burtzell as a *blank-book store*) stood a group, say eight or ten, respectable-looking characters: compassion was painted on their face, and pity shone from their swimming eyes. They looked on the multitude like affectionate fathers, beholding with sorrow the frantic tricks of their erring children. At the time I knew none of them, but afterwards learned that among them was Gen. Hamilton, Colonels Varick, Giles, &c. men who had just sheathed their swords, and wiped the dust and sweat from their brows, after having gained their country's freedom. On the steps of the City Hall (for these men had usurped the place of justice) stood another group of cold, calculating, sinister-looking faces. In their countenances and eyes you could read deeds, and plans of deep, dark, and daring political intrigue. I knew none of them; but their impression is stamped to this hour on my memory. A tall fellow got up and called the assembly to order—he might as well have told Bunker's Hill to be removed to the deeps of Montaug Point; he then proposed Mr. — as chairman; he then took out a paper and read something which neither he nor any one else understood; he then got some one to second the motions; he then said, if any one wished to speak, he might say on. In those days there stood a small house, with its gable-end to the street (No. 3 or 5, Broad Street), it had a high stoop, and was occupied by J. Babb, who made iron-cages wherein to confine tame birds. On this stoop General Hamilton stood up; his clear, full voice

sounded like music over the heads of the rabble, and they stood still for some minutes; he lowered himself from the pedestal of his natural eloquence, and spoke in language simple, plain, and suited to the capacity of his hearers. His words were truths, and they understood them; they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth: violent hands were laid on him in the midst of his speech—he was dragged from the stoop and hustled through the street! Yes, Americans, with all your boasted pride, you looked quietly on, and saw your Hamilton, the right-hand swordsman of Washington, gagged and dragged through the street by the swinish multitude—a set of Scotch, English, French, and Irish political renegadoes, looking down from the tree on the scene below! Thought I to myself, what a fine thing democracy is in *theory*!—Death has wofully thinned the ranks of those fellows since that day. Whilst they lived, they continued scratching one another's eyes, and pulling out their hair. The few that are left continue in their track, each one trying who shall be uppermost—who shall be king; and this is what they call the *beautiful simplicity* of a republican government. Simple enough in all conscience it is; but wherein lies the beauty of the thing I have not been able to discover. To return: when the uproar had ceased, Mr. Longfellow roared out, “All you who approve of adjourning to the bowling-green, to assist in burning the British treaty, will please to say *aye*.” The sound of the ayes shook the very dungeon of the watch-house—the treaty was burned, while the Irishmen danced the *White-boys'* march, and the Frenchmen sung *Dan sa la Carmanoll*; the boat-

men, the clam-men, the hod and the oyster-men, retired to the grog-shops around the Whitehall, while the horses and the cart-men assembled at the cellar-doors around the Coffee-house Slip. Thus ended the first practical lesson I had ever seen of republican simplicity.

CHAPTER III.

Became acquainted with my future Wife—Commence Trading—
Marriage—Account of the Yellow Fever in 1798.

AT this period I had not the most distant idea of settling in this country, but intended to return as soon as I had earned money sufficient to carry me back; but in this, as well as in every important period of my life, God was leading me, as one that was blind, in a way that I knew not; and though I had often noticed the young woman who was destined to be my wife, yet neither now, nor at any former period, had I the most distant wish to court her acquaintance.*

We were quite at home in our new lodging; our landlady, Mrs. Sickles, being a sensible, obliging, motherly woman, and her daughter, about our own age, appeared to us like a sister. We found her anxious about the salvation of her soul, a constant attendant on the preaching of the Methodists, but perfectly ignorant on the subject of man's ruin by the fall, and of the way of salvation by Christ. Having been instructed from our infancy in the doctrines of the Bible, we endeavoured to point out to her the path which we thought was right. I soon perceived that she preferred my company and

* My wish to board there was merely for convenience, being next house to our workshop; I had not then the most distant thought of courting her acquaintance.

conversation on these subjects to that of my brother's ; this made me more industrious to repay her partiality ; and she being anxious to learn, we spent all our leisure hours in the pleasant task.* She now attended with us on the preaching of the great Dr. Mason. By the blessing of God on these means, she got a sight of her

* As one instance of the respect she paid to my opinions, I will state the following:—A young man, a friend of her's, called one Saturday afternoon, and asked her mother if she would permit Rebecca to go with him on a sailing party to-morrow (Sunday). Shortly after, Rebecca came in ; her mother told her of her cousin's proposal ; her reply was, " But what will Grant say to that ?" The same evening, while at tea, the old lady repeated the matter, and added, that Rebecca wished to know what Grant would say to that—(Rebecca blushed). Says I, " Grant is not Rebecca's master ; she has a right to act as she pleases ; but remember, almost every Monday's paper brings an account of some pleasure-boat being upset and persons drowned ; so, if Rebecca has made up her mind, and is willing to go from a pleasure-boat into eternity (and maybe into hell), instead of being in church on Sabbath, I have nothing to say." No more was said on that subject. The next morning came the cousin in full dress ; I said nothing ; she would not go ; he kicked up a great dust ; the bell was ringing, and she and I walked to church. I felt pleased, said nothing, but afterwards pondered the matter in my heart. This to me, however, was a triumph more pure and holy than ever conqueror felt who had murdered millions. I thought I had snatched a beautiful creature from the ways of destruction ; and also, I saw in it that I was gaining ground in her good opinion—a thing which pleased me much, though, for the life of me, at that moment I could not give a reason why ; but in this way Providence was causing our hearts to approximate the point where separation is impossible. We entered the church, and sat down in our humble pew in the gallery—she, happy under the approbation of conscience, and I more proud and happy than ever monarch felt on entering Westminster Hall on the day of his coronation.

state by nature, and of her deliverance in Jesus ; and found that rest in Him which He gives to all the weary and heavy-laden that come to Him.

About the end of the year 1796 she joined the church in Cedar Street, Dr. Mason being minister of the same ; and was then and there, for the first time, baptised. It was on the Friday evening preparatory to the administration of the Lord's Supper. That important event deranged all my late plans, and gave a new impulse to my future actions. Before this, my every exertion was bent to forward the projects I had in view of returning again to my father's house ; but in a moment my resolution was taken to gain the affections of this young woman, or fly this country for ever.

As I felt a deep interest on the occasion, considering myself an instrument in the hands of God in bringing it about, I took my seat in church, where I might get a correct view of what passed — when I saw her tall, slender, erect frame, with slow and measured step, move up the middle aisle, dressed in a white muslin robe, plain made, but neat and clean. When I saw her stand composed in the face of a vast congregation, and give the regular and distinct tokens of assent to the vows of God laid upon her by Dr. Mason in a most solemn and affecting tone of voice, while the congregation seemed hushed in the stillness of death — when I saw her untie the black riband under her chin, that held on her hat, while the minister was descending from the pulpit to administer the ordinance — when I saw her hands hanging straight by her sides, one holding her black beaver hat, and the other a white handkerchief — when I saw her turn up her face to heaven, and shut her eyes, as

the minister was going to pour the consecrated sign—when I saw her wipe the pearly drops, I thought her face shone like the face of an angel; and I swore in my heart that, by the help of the Lord, nothing on earth but death should part us. When we returned home, she laid aside her hat, and stood before the glass adjusting her hair. I stood at a short distance behind her, looking over her shoulder; observing my eyes fixed on her face, she turned round and remarked, she might thank me, as the instrument under God, for what had come to pass this night. I replied, God can take a feeble worm in his hand, and with it thresh the mountains, and make them fine as chaff. I then told her when and where I first saw her, and the providential manner in which God had brought us acquainted, and added, if it was His will, I hoped nothing but death should part us; and repeating the words of Ruth to Naomi, I said, “Entreat me not to leave thee; where thou goest I will go, where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.” Here was my declaration; but the battle was yet to be fought; she looked with pity and concern in my face, and turned away with a sigh. Before I could ask the meaning of that sigh, the door opened, her mother and my brother entered. When, next evening, I learned the cause of this sigh, it awakened all my fears—it was occasioned, she said, by the pain it would give me, when she was obliged to let me know that she had been addressed by a young man for nearly two years, and was *all but* engaged. As I had seen this young man only two or three times in the house, I had no thoughts of his being a rival. I found he was a man of property, owned two

houses, viz. the house on the south corner of Liberty Street and Broadway, and the house adjoining the corner, both fronting on Broadway ; one himself occupied as a jewellery store, which was well stocked with goods. At this time he was computed to be worth \$50,000. Says I, " Rebecca, and why don't you marry him ? " Says she, " I can't tell ; * I can't make up my mind. " What a temptation for a poor girl and her mother, whose property, perhaps, would not amount to \$100 ! and how hopeless for me to contend with such a man ! I, a poor stranger and a nailer, who, with hard working, could scarcely earn 75 cents a-day ! He came in the name of his god (the world) making offers of settlement on her and her relations ; my trust was in the name of Him who has all hearts in his hands, and can turn them as easy as he turns the gentle flowing stream. The fifth and six verses of the third chapter of Proverbs was now my counsellor.

About this time, in the spring of 1796, my brother not being in good health, we hired a small store, having saved about one hundred dollars ; we laid it out in small hardware, and got fifty dollars' worth more on credit, consisting of pins, needles, scissors, knives, &c. My brother was to attend the store, while I was to make nails to support us both. When I began to place our hundred and fifty dollars' worth of goods on the shelves, I found they would make a very poor appearance ; and as I was just beginning to find out that

* I had confidence, from previous *observations*, in connexion with her present answer, " *I can't tell*," that our marriage was registered in heaven, and if so, that all the powers on earth, and all the devils in hell, could not prevent it.

appearances went a great way in this world, I procured a number of brick-bats and round sticks of wood : the wood I sawed in lengths, and covered it with iron-mongers' paper, having one shaving-box or snuff-box attached to one end. These, when laid on the shelves, occupied the space, and appeared to be six, twelve, or twenty-four boxes, just as the size may be ; a brick-bat thus covered, having a knife and fork outside, looked as well on the shelf as two dozen real ones ; so on with scissors, &c. &c., till the shelves were decently filled, and the store made a respectable appearance. I procured a glass-case to stand on the counter, in which I kept four, six, or eight of a sort for retailing ; and as they sold off, I procured half-a-dozen more by wholesale ; so I had no occasion to discompose my brick-bats nor wood blocks. By mistake, I had tied a round shaving-box on a brick ; a slikie old Scotchman, who used to step in for a crack, observed it. " Ay, man," says he, " but ye hae unco queer things here : wha ever saw a square shaving-box ?" I let him into the secret ; we had a good laugh. Says he, " Ye're an auld-farrant chap ; na doobt but ye'll do very well in this country." My brother got tired of attending store, and went off to Philadelphia. I was now in great trouble ; we were beginning to make some pennies by the store, and did not like to give it up ; neither did I like to give up my nail-making, for this was sure. So I resolved to push my courtship, calculating, that if I got married, I would have a shopkeeper of my own ; but if not, to sell off and leave the city ; for I could not live in New York and see her the wife of another ; and in the mean time continued to keep both. For this end I arose at

four o'clock A. M., and made nails till eight; opened store at eight; staid in till eight P. M.; shut up, and went to nail-making till twelve: thus getting scant four hours' sleep in the twenty-four. My nail-shop window opened into the yard of the house where I boarded, and where my girl lived. She used to come to the window; I helped her in, where she staid sewing or knitting till midnight; I working and courting, thus killing two birds with one stone.

One day about this time, when I thought my prospects were very discouraging on this subject, which then lay nearest my heart, as I was working with my hands, my mind and heart were going out to Him who knows our thoughts before they are uttered, I prayed that he would give me success in this matter, if agreeable to his will, or enable me to support the disappointment, if He, in his holy and wise providence, should order otherwise. These words, as if whispered by some invisible being, were spoken on my heart: "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him." In searching for these texts some days after, I found them in Psalm cxlv. and Psalm xxxvii. 4, 5,—“Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thy heart; commit thy way to him, and he will bring it to pass.” After this I continued my suit with an inward confidence of success, though all her relations (except her mother) were in favour of her rival; and in the month of June 1797 we were married. Mrs. Lindsay, that mother of Israel in our church — wife of George Lindsay, long a respectable stone-cutter in this city, whom my wife had made her confidant, knowing we were engaged, proposed that we should get married at her house, as she

said, to keep things quiet and prevent expense, knowing our stock was small. On the evening appointed, she invited Dr. Mason and his lady, two young women (distant relations, who lived in her house), Mrs. Sickles and her daughter (my intended), Mr. Lowndes and myself, to drink tea at eight o'clock P. M. As I always liked to save time, this arrangement exactly met my ideas; I stuck to my hammer till the usual hour of seven o'clock, joined the company at eight, drank tea, was married, and got home before ten o'clock. The room we lived in was six feet by twelve; our furniture was a bed and bedstead, one pine-table (value of fifty cents), three Windsor chairs, a soup-pot, tea-kettle, six cups and saucers, a griddle, frying-pan, and brander. It was enough — it was all we wanted; we were all the world to one another. Now we have carpets to shake, brasses to scour, stairs to scrub, mahogany to polish, china to break, servants to scold; and what does it all amount to? For your own necessity, one bed, one cup, one knife and fork, table, and chair, is enough.

Our room, though small, was neat and clean — our furniture, though scant, was sufficient for all our wants, and every article in its place. She laid her hat on the pine-table, which was covered with a white napkin: “Now, Rebecca,” says I, “here we enter on a new stage of life’s journey, which will terminate only by the death of one of us.” I told her, that ever since the day I first resolved to gain her affections, or fly the country, I had felt a confidence in my heart that she would be mine; she replied, that from the day we first met under her humble roof, there was something to which she could not give a name, that induced her to do what she

thought I would like, and to abandon any project when she found it met not my approbation.*

In this manner we sat (seen by no eye but His who sees the heart), conversing and taking sweet counsel together, till the setting moon gave note of time; we then, with our arms round each other's neck, bent our knees before the throne of mercy, and craved a blessing from Him whose blessing only can make rich and add no sorrow — *and He heard us*. It is a very sober, Scotch, presbyterian sort of a wedding, indeed, say some of those fools whose senseless, noisy mirth, on these serious occasions, resembles the crackling of thorns under the pot; but these men know nothing of the depth of pleasure that is felt by a thankful heart when pouring out itself before God. I felt more rich and more happy in receiving this precious gift from the hand of her heavenly Father, than had I received her from the hand of a miser on earth, and with her all his hoards of gold. Besides, these men know not, nor can they understand, the meaning of that beautiful sentiment of Young —

“ Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less; ”—

it gives a zest to them, on the contrary, such as none of those play-house bawlers nor ball-room fools can ever conceive, till they taste for themselves. *The fire which begins with a vehement flame is soonest reduced to ashes.*

It may be well to observe, that my brother was not

* See page 49, about her cousin wishing her to go to Long Island on Sunday, as an instance.

able to be present at our marriage, as he was at this time residing in Philadelphia.

About the period that I first commenced business, the following occurrence took place, which made a lasting and beneficial impression on my mind. Having been to the market, on returning home, I was met by a friend at the corner of the street, who stopped me for about ten minutes, conversing about the weather, and other matters of little import. When I got home, my wife informed me that Mr. Carter had been in, and wished to pay his bill, but, as she could not find a receipt, he said he would call again. That night he disappeared with his family, and I believe was never again seen in New York; so I lost the thirty dollars. Now I did not so much blame the man, for his intentions, to me at least, appeared to be honest; but I blamed myself for standing at the corner of the street when I ought to have been in my store, to have given him the receipt, and so have gotten my money. Now, though it is more than thirty years since this took place, and I still think on it with regret, yet perhaps it has been the means of saving me hundreds; for never since have I stopped in the street to converse about news and weather: "No," says I to my friend; "if you wish to talk, come along with me to my store, and talk all day, if you please; I shall then be able to wait on whoever calls." Now I appeal to the memory of every man of business, when, after having stood in the street talking nonsense for half an hour, if he has not often found, on entering his place of business, that some one called whose face he much wished to see,—and, peradventure, he never had another opportunity.

A circumstance occurred at this time, which (as I could never understand what was meant by any thing coming by *chance*) I have always viewed as a particular providence. About eight days before our marriage I was walking down Courtlandt Street, with the intention of arranging with Dr. Mason the time and place for our marriage (this was before I knew of Mrs. Lindsay's plan); being on the opposite side of the street to where the house stood, I observed Mr. Castelli knocking at the door. As I knew he was informed we were soon to be married—and report said he took on like a crazy man—I slackened pace, and seeing him go in, concluded to call next day, as I had no doubt his business was someway connected with the affair I was going on. Next day when I called, Dr. Mason told me he had cried like a child, and wanted him to use his influence to put off the match, &c., and added he was sorry for the man, as he was evidently in a state of derangement. As I said before, I considered this a kind of providence in so ordering my time; for, had I been two minutes sooner, we would have met in the house, which would have been rather a ludicrous, if not a more serious affair, as he had sworn in his frenzy to shoot me whenever we met. Certain it is, that when he heard we were married, he attempted to destroy himself, and was only prevented by the kind attention of his neighbours, who took turns in watching him for several days and nights. He often exclaimed, had she only married a gentleman, he would have thought nothing of it; but to refuse him, and take a poor black nail-maker, was more than flesh and blood could bear. At last he got over the frenzy, and went and married a poor girl,

after a few days' courtship. In a few years he died, leaving one daughter and the widow heirs to his property.

As this history looks so much like romance, I will mention the names of James Anderson and Abraham Brouwer, two of his respectable next-door neighbours, who are still alive,* and can attest the facts. Indeed, most of the neighbours for three or four blocks round were witnesses of part of the scene, as it was the town-talk for many days. Observe, the town was not so large in those days—twenty-eight years ago.

It was in one of our seasons of yellow fever, about this time, there came to my house a young man just out of the ship from Britain; he was the very picture of *life, health, and simplicity*; as he was not overburdened with *sovereigns*, and could not travel further, and as my house stood in what was called a healthy situation, I took him in, in hopes of keeping him out of the way of the fever till times revived, and he might get into employment. However, before many days, the fever took violent hold of him. I procured an able physician, and nursed him myself. On the third day his rosy cheeks wore a crimson hue; his white forehead was as yellow as gold dust from North Carolina; the burning fever was galloping through his veins, and drinking up his British blood: he fastened a pitiful eye on my face. "Oh," says he, "Mr. Thorburn, I will die." (I verily believe, had I assented to his proposition, he would have died.) Says I, "I know you will die, but it won't be this week." (I spoke un-

* Alive in 1831; since dead, in 1833.

advisedly, but I thought the end here would justify the means.) This was on Monday morning. Says he, "Do you really think I can live a week in this situation?" Says I, "You don't need to live a week in that situation; you will be better to-morrow." He was then under the operation of powerful medicine. I knew, as soon as it ceased, he would feel at ease, and so might easily be persuaded to consider himself as half recovered. Shortly after, he dropped asleep, and slept soundly for three hours. On waking, he was so much better, that he really put faith in my prophecy. Taking advantage of his good opinion, I pointed to him the many advantages a good, sober mechanic enjoyed in this country over his own—(he was home-sick withal)—predicted what I expected to see him arrive at, if we lived a few years, &c. I have lived to see it fulfilled before my eyes. There are not many richer, nor many more respected mechanics in our city; he still lives, and looks on his children's children, even the first and second generation. Besides all this, he has manufactured such a quantity of patent presses, that he has enabled the printers to throw an extraordinary blaze of light into every dark nook and corner of this highly favoured country.

We went to housekeeping in a small wooden building, No. 22, Nassau Street, having only a ground-floor; this I partitioned off into a store, kitchen, and bed-room, which also served for our parlour. Here we lived in peace and happiness—here, on the 22d of September, 1798, our only child was born. On that memorable day, sixty-three persons died of yellow fever in the city. On this occasion, and through the

whole prevalence of that dreadful calamity, I have to record the preserving goodness and mercy of God. The fever commenced about the middle of July, and on the 12th of August it seemed to rage with tenfold fury; the inhabitants began to fly, and in a few days the city seemed nearly forsaken. We, having no friends in the country to fly to, and not having money to support us there in idleness, concluded it was our duty to remain, and trust God with our lives and concerns. My employer, George Cleland, before he removed from town, laid in for me a stock of iron and coals, and told me to make and sell the nails, if I was able, as all the hardware stores in the lower parts of the city were shut up. My chief employment now was to make and sell nails for coffins.*

The first alarm of the yellow fever was given on the 26th of July, 1798. By the 15th of August, fourteen cases were reported to have terminated fatally. By the 25th the excitement was terrible; the city was all commotion. Every vehicle, from the humble dung-cart to the gilded carriage, was now in requisition, removing families, furniture, and goods—the old man of eighty, with the stripling of one year, the lame, the halt, and the blind, all crowding the boats, the lanes, and outlets from the city, fear quickening their pace, and the destroying angel at their heels. Hundreds of them

* By referring to the printed records of that time, I find that above three hundred died of the yellow fever in the course of that week, viz. from the 15th to the 22d, the day on which my first-born opened his eyes on the light. At that time the city contained about 50,000 inhabitants, 30,000 of whom were supposed to have fled; so that sixty-three deaths in twenty-four hours, in a population of 20,000, must have been a dreadful mortality.

died in the towns and villages around ; but not one instance occurred of any inhabitant of Albany, Bergen, or Brooklyn, ever being seized by this, as it was called, infectious disease. About this time, many instances like the following came under my notice :—A respectable shoemaker, living at the corner of Pine and Front Streets, removed with his wife and younger children. His son, about twenty-one, and a confidential townsman of mine, and an old coloured woman, requested permission to stay, as they said they were not afraid of the fever. In a few days all three were taken sick. The journeyman was my townsman—I was intimate in the families. I procured a doctor and nurse, and gave what attention I could. On the fifth day the son died ; early next morning I found the house locked up and the key gone. I made an entry through a lower window—the nurse had fled, and took some of the small movables by way of compensation. The black woman had rolled from her bed in the agonies of death, and was lying on the floor : being unable to lift her, I put a pillow under her head, covered her body with a sheet, and entered the next room, where my friend lay, his eyes closing fast in the sleep of death. In two hours the woman died : I procured a hearse, and watched by my friend till eight P.M., when he also died. At the same time, a young man of my acquaintance lay at No. —, Liberty Street, in the same situation ; I nursed him—he recovered. Corner of Dover and Water Streets lay three brothers—I procured a doctor—a nurse I could not find. When the doctor entered, and saw one laid on a mattress on the floor, one on a cot, in the same room, and one on a

bed in another room, he seemed struck with fear. He asked if there was any fire in the house? I procured some. He lit a cigar, and smoked most profusely. He proposed bleeding; I took the basin, but for some minutes his hand trembled so, that he could not strike the vein. When finished, I went with him to the door. Says he, "You run a great risk." Says I, "There is no retreating." This was on Monday the 17th Sept. He called next day—Wednesday and Thursday he did not appear. I called at his house on Friday about ten o'clock A.M., and was informed, that his corpse was now on the road to Potter's Field. Next morning, the 22d September, the elder brother died, aged twenty-two; the younger ones recovered. The doctor's name was Brooks, and kept his office in Cherry Street. Returning at eleven o'clock P.M. from visiting my patients, the night was dark; a thick wetting mist was falling; the lamps twinkled just enough to shew darkness visible. Descending the hill, from the corner of Dover Street, in Pearl, I met two hearses with the dead, one was issuing out of Peck Slip, the other coming out from Ferry Street. They turned up Pearl, towards Chatham Street, on their way to Potter's Field. Each hearse had a driver and an assistant, with a lantern between their feet sitting in front. Being heavily laden, they drove slowly up the hill; the wheels and springs creaked and groaned under the weight of dead mortality. The drivers sat dumb as mutes; the pale light of their lanterns flickering across their stupid, unmeaning countenances, theirs looked as white as did the face of Samuel, just peering out of the grave, when called by the witch of Endor from the mansions

of the dead. I thought, what a fine subject this for such a pencil as West's, to make a second edition of *Death on the Pale Horse!*

Sabbath, 15th September.—All the churches down town known by the name of *orthodox* and *reformed* being shut up, the poor who could not fly were very glad to pick what little crumbs of gospel comfort they could find in the good old church of the Trinity, which was open every Sabbath. As the bell was tolling for afternoon service, Mr. Johnson and his wife, and myself and wife (we had all been married within the year), were walking among the tombs; as we turned the east corner (right under what now is Bliss, the bookseller's window), Mrs. J., who was a lively girl, turned her husband round, and exclaimed, in a sort of playful manner, "J., if I die of the fever, you must bury me there," pointing to the spot. Next day she was reported; and on Friday, the 21st, we buried her there!—and there you may see her grave-stone until this day. I was told the other day, that it is in contemplation to run Pine Street through the churchyard to Greenwich Street; if so, the grave, the story, and the stone, will be lost, as Harper says, in eternal oblivion; except some good-natured printer gives it a place in his *Spectator*, where it may remain on his dusty shelves as long as *moths* grow and *worms* run. Very many fell a sacrifice to the fever for want of proper attendance about this time, especially among those who were left in charge of their masters' houses. Relations, and sometimes acquaintances, would attend one another; but many died unknown and unlamented. At the corner of — Street and Broadway, a re-

spectable family removed, leaving a man-servant in charge of the house. After some days, it was noticed that he did not appear in the street as usual,—it was supposed that he had shut up the house and fled: in a day or two after, a person who had charge of a house whose windows looked into the yard of said house, observed a man sitting in a sort of arbour, or summer-house. He, supposing the man had returned, took no more notice till next day, when, seeing him still sitting for hours in the same position, he gave the alarm: the door was forced, and the man found dead—*partly undressed*. In this and subsequent fevers, cats and in some cases dogs were thoughtlessly left shut up, to die a cruel death; the streets, also, were swarming with famishing animals, whose piteous howlings added much to the distress of the few inhabitants who were unable to leave the city. In these times, that tried the souls as well as the bodies of men, I saw parents fly from their sick children, and children from their parents, husbands from their wives; but never, except in one solitary instance, did I see a woman desert her husband in distress. She, to be sure, was married to a great lump of a fellow old enough to be her father—rather a sloven, and apparently a proper subject for the yellow fever. As soon as he was fairly reported, she snatched up her youngest child, got on board a potato-sloop at Peck Slip, and never stopped till she got out at Stonington light-house, or somewhere down east; for in a few days thereafter I received a letter from her, wishing to be informed if her husband was dead. From the tenor of her letter, I expect she was wofully disappointed when she received my answer;

for he lived to lay her head very quietly in the grave about three years after. She was a real Yankee, but I did not think she was a daughter of the *Puritans*. I rather supposed she must have sprung from those *lang*-sided, corn-fed wenches and whale-killing sailors, who peopled all that country round Cape Cod; whereof you may see a more particular account in Knickerbocker's history of those times.

Of all the nostrums in use at this time, the *vinegar of the four thieves* was the most sovereign,—a story was tied to its tail, which insured its character as a most powerful *specific*. In 1555, or some other year either before or after, a dreadful plague raged in *Marseilles*, in France. The people fled, the city was visited by no one except four thieves, who daily entered, robbed the houses, and carried their plunder to the mountains. The astonished citizens, who had hid themselves in dens and caves of the earth for fear of the plague, saw them daily pass and repass with their ill-gotten gear, and wondered most profoundly why the plague did not seize them. In process of time, however, one of these thieves was taken by some of the *man-traps* of these days: they were just going to break him on the wheel, when he said, if they would spare his life, he would learn them to make the vinegar of four thieves, by means of which they had escaped the plague when robbing the city. His request was granted; and lo! in New York we had it in such profusion, that it reached to the mouth and nose of most of the men in the city, though many of them were above five feet ten inches high; and so powerful was its effects on some of the venders, that whereas for-

merly they were obliged to plod their way through the lanes and streets of the city on their legs, they were now enabled to sit in a carriage, and to be drawn along by four-footed beasts and creeping things of the earth. Where they got so much of this thievish vinegar, I never could find out; but I strongly suspect it was made from crab-apples by some of those Hackensack farmers in the Jerseys. Be this as it may, you could hardly meet a man in the street but had a bottle at his nose, till their nose-points and upper lips were tanned as brown as the sole of a new-made boot. As for the few women who were left, they contented themselves by stuffing their brains with Scotch snuff, which had quite as good an effect in preventing the yellow fever.

At this time there was a famous doctor in the city, by the name of Church. I well remember, on my first landing, about four years previous, of imbibing a wonderful antipathy against him, and all patent medicines—their makers and their sellers throughout the world. The incident was this: I stepped from the good ship Providence; in which I had crossed the Atlantic, on shore at Gouverneur's wharf, about 7 A.M., came sauntering up the middle of Wall Street (there were few carts then to obstruct the way); arriving at the old Federal Hall, where now stands the Custom-House, I observed a placard about a yard square, and headed with letters as large as my hand, *Scotch Ointment for the Itch*. I was confounded: I rubbed my eyes and read it again. Says I, it is an abominable lie; for I never heard of such an ointment in Scotland, nor did I ever see any use for it there. I stood and looked,

and reasoned more calmly on the matter. Says I to myself, well, this man must make a living by selling this stuff to somebody; but it is impossible he could live by rubbing the hides of what few Scotchmen are here, for I have not met one to-day, as I know of. I therefore concluded, that here must be collected, whether homespun or imported, a group of dirty fellows, all scratching and itching for something, otherwise he could not live among them. So when the yellow fever commenced, he, amongst the first, came out with his specifics, his preventives, his pills, and his purgatives: says I, he shall never get a cent of my money, die or live. I had not forgot the box of ointment I saw on the wall; but, perhaps, this prejudice was the means of saving my life; for I verily believe, had I swallowed one half of the stuffs then recommended, I would not have lived half my days. To conclude,—this man died and was buried: one of his countrymen (they were Englishmen) composed an epitaph, which was never published—part of it runs thus :-

“ He cured a million of Scotchmen in his day :
 Death itch'd for him, and scratch'd the man away.”

At this time the post-office was removed, and kept, during the fever, in the house of Dr. James Tillery, corner of Broadway and Wall Street. The doctor (a better never crossed the doors of Edinburgh College) gave it as his opinion, that there was no danger to be apprehended by persons out of town coming or sending for their letters any time from 9 A.M. to sun-down. As almost every man at this time was his own letter-carrier, Broadway was pretty well frequented in the

above hours by persons going to or returning from the post-office. On Sabbath, too, the episcopal ministers, who had removed to Greenwich and Bloomingdale, came down, as the bell tolled, on horseback or in a chair, tied the horse to one of the trees, said their prayers and read their sermons, and so went home again; thus they kept their churches open during the fever of 1798. Dr. P., too, stood like a son of thunder, and preached every Sabbath-day in the church in Ann Street, now occupied by the sons of St. Patrick. The Methodists, too, in John Street: these sober-sided old fellows, who almost preach for nothing and find themselves, stood, as it were, between the living and the dead. Their church-doors were seldom closed. In the quietness of the day, and stillness of the night, their notes of prayer and songs of praise could be heard for many blocks around. In this there was something soothing to the poor mortals, who were standing round the open graves, waiting till death came behind and pushed them in. But the reformed and orthodox churches were all shut up. I wondered, at the time, if the letters of the merchant, or the prayer-book of the Episcopal, were of more consequence to them, than preaching to the dry bones and dying mortals was to the orthodox and reformed ministers. Now, you may observe, I am not laying down any fundamental or fixed principle in this matter. I am telling you what I thought at the time. It brought to my mind, and I could not help drawing a comparison with a story which may be found in Harrison's Museum, printed at No. 3, Peck Slip. It happened about twenty years before Buonaparte entered Italy; and shewed to

the world, that the Pope in Rome had no more power in heaven and earth, nor in the waters under the earth, than the most weak and sickly of Adam's sons; inasmuch as all the *bulls* he could muster could not so much as stop the progress of a single French pistol-ball. I say it was at this time, when the bishops in France were believed by the poor ignorant frogs to be something more than men, that the Bishop of Paris, after being well fed and well watered (with wine), took an English nobleman out to shew him his kingdom, and the glory thereof. He had fine gardens, and fine green-houses; fine mountains, and fine baths; Brussel carpets, and beautiful parlours; a beautiful library, and elegant pictures;—but one thing needful was wanting, which is a very essential article in comfortable housekeeping, namely, he had no beautiful wife—this the canons, these powerful engines of the church, forbid. Having seen all these pretty articles, “Ah!” exclaimed the nobleman, “what a pity! death will come and rob you of them all.” “Ah!” replied the bishop, “there's the rub; most willingly would I forego my seat in *Paradise*, provided I could retain my place in *Paris*.” Now, for the life of me, I could not help thinking, that some of the shepherds of the flock at that time in New York were exactly, on this point, of the same opinion with the Bishop of Paris.

CHAPTER IV.

Further Account of the Yellow Fever in 1798—Birth of my first Child—Some Account of the Yellow Fever in 1822.

ON the 25th of August, my brother, living in the family of Rich and Thompson, as their clerk, was taken down with the prevailing disease. By this time there was hardly as many in health as were required to take care of the sick. I considered it my plain duty to assist the family in attendance on my brother: he recovered; and on the first day he was able to rise from his bed, Mr. Rich was taken with the same disease. The family having paid the same attention to my brother as if he had been their own child, I thought it my duty to assist them. About this time, two or three young men of our acquaintance, who had assisted in sitting up and attending on my brother, were taken down. When the families with whom these young men resided removed to the country, they had been so imprudent as to remain in charge of their employers' houses; and when they were taken sick, there was none in the house to give them drink. Presuming they might have caught the disease from my brother, I was doubly bound to attend them. In one house, corner of Dover and Water Streets, lay three brothers; in another, corner of Pine and Front Streets, lay two young men; and one in No. 65, Liberty Street. Being all without attendance, I was obliged to go from one to the other, by day and by night, for three weeks. I still enjoyed good health

and spirits, for God kept me from all over-anxiety and fear. My wife expecting every day to be confined, her mother lived with her for company, as I was most of my time out attending the sick. At last her mother got so alarmed, we advised her to go into the country: I then providentially met with a sensible elderly woman, and engaged her to live in our house, and to take care of my wife, whatever might happen. I so arranged matters, that this woman slept with my wife, and I fixed my bed in a garret above.*

Often after I went up to bed, have I sat and listened till I found they were asleep, then taken off my shoes and gone out softly, and staid with the sick all night; and they never knew I was gone. Had they known it, they would not have permitted me to go on any account whatever. The time was awful and melancholy, and our neighbours on the right and on the left hand had all fled or died. From the 25th of August to the 22d of September, I was night and day with the sick; and though, as I said before, my health was good, yet I was almost worn down with fatigue. By this time, my friends and acquaintances, whom I was called in providence to attend, had all got better or died. On the morning of the 22d, about five o'clock, I buried the last: he was the oldest of the three brothers I mentioned as being sick at the corner of Dover and Water Streets: the other two recovered. He was only twenty-

* I frequently, at this time, used to see two small boys going along the streets selling coffins from a little hand-cart. They told me their father was from England, and then lived in Warren Street. He and four journeymen made coffins night and day. They sold them at four dollars each, made of white pine.

four years old when he died. Their parents died before we left Scotland. We came together from the same town, where we had all sat with our parents in the same pew in the same church.

When I returned from seeing the remains of my young friend conveyed to Potter's Field, with five or six more, in the solitary hearse, my wife and I having mingled our tears over the early fall of this promising young man, we joined in our morning prayers, thanking God for his goodness, and praying for a continuance of his preserving favour, we took breakfast. I then went to work, thinking that getting again in my usual way would soonest cure me from the effects of late fatigue. At one o'clock (my regular dinner-hour) I came in: I found my wife in better health and spirits than she had been for some days, and had been washing a few things: a Mrs. Hunter, our next-door neighbour, who removed early in the fever, was also there. I was surprised at meeting her, and asked if she was not afraid. She answered, that for two or three days she had such a continual anxiety on her mind about Mrs. Thorburn, that she could no longer resist her inclination to come and see her. Mrs. Hunter having fled from the fever, was at this time living with her sister, about a mile out of town: she was a widow and a mother of children, and therefore qualified to assist in the emergency at hand; for, about an hour after dinner, my wife was taken with pains, and before sun-down my first child was born.*

* It may be well to remark here, that although Mrs. Hunter tarried with my wife six days, she returned to her home in the country, and did not catch the fever. This fact is remarkable, as

Having only one room in my dwelling, I walked the solitary street from Maiden Lane to Liberty, ruminating on the awful desolation. At length, tired with anxious suspense, I entered between hope and fear: my eyes got a glimpse which rivetted my soul. One of the women sat at the head of the bed, the other at the foot; every thing had gone well; my wife lay with her face to the candle, the head of her infant pillowed on her arm; his eyes open and gazing on the light, as if wondering what strange world he had entered. With one of her sweetest smiles, such an one as had long before won my youthful heart, she said, "Come here, and see what I have brought you." At that moment there was not, perhaps, a happier man in the universe. I had just witnessed so much of God's goodness, that I had no anxiety for the future.

Let me here observe, how kind and merciful God ordered the time of this event!—1st. Had it happened but a few days sooner, some of my patients would have suffered, as after that I could not leave the house, my wife having only the old woman to assist her; but, as I stated above, on the morning of that day I buried the last I was called on to attend that season. 2d. Happening in daylight, I considered it a mercy, when we consider the pestilence that then walked our streets. 3d. Had it happened on one of those nights when I was out with the sick, the consequence would have been dreadful, as they knew not of my being from home; and I looked on the coming of Mrs. H., at that critical

many who returned to the city a month after this took the fever and died: those who had been in the country, and returned early, seemed more liable to catch the infection.

hour, as an angel sent from God to help in time of need. For although I had first engaged a midwife; and she had fled—a doctor also; yet, when they were wanted, they were not to be found: so my wife had no help but those two women. But, by the help of God, all was done well.

A circumstance happened the same hour that my son was born, which will give some idea of the desolate state of the city. At that time, in the third house from where I lived, there boarded a respectable physician, by the name of Dr. Dingly; the family went to the country, leaving the doctor and a young man, his assistant, alone in the house. On the 16th the Doctor fell sick, was attended by the young man, and visited by many of his own profession till the 22d; when, finding he was dying, they ceased coming. When my wife was in labour I walked out along the street, till I came to the house where he lay: the street-door being wide open, I stepped in, and knocked softly. Receiving no answer, I listened; I thought I heard the groans and heavy breathing of one dying. Walking up stairs, I was struck with a sight that might make one's very eyes weep blood. The doctor, a large man, was laid on a cot, in the middle of the room; his eyes, already glazed with the varnish of death, were fixed on the ceiling, but seemed without meaning; his spacious chest was heaving with the last struggles of expiring nature. I spoke: he took no notice. Not yet having seen any person, I called, but received no answer. On a sideboard stood a bottle with some wine, beside it a large silver spoon; I poured out a few drops. When the spoon entered his mouth, he seized it with such

force between his teeth as made the spoon sound through the solitary room : the noise went to my heart — it rung like the knell of death. I lifted a branch of weeping willow that lay on the floor, swept the flies from his face, walked round the cot, put up a prayer for his soul, and left the room. Returning in half an hour, his spirit had fled to God who gave it. I saw no one in the house. Three hours after, the hearse came and took away his corpse.*

Doctor Dingly was a native of England ; settled in my neighbourhood about six months previous ; had got into very respectable practice, and, as I understood, intended to have brought over his family, had he lived to the following spring.

In those lonely Sabbath evenings when no “ church-going bell ” invited to the house of prayer, and no “ gospel’s joyful sound ” was heard in our city, Rebecca and I used to sit and recount the names of the number of our friends who had gone into eternity since the last

* On the 15th of September, Peter M'Dougal, a Scotchman and respectable merchant, died of the prevailing disease. A young gentleman of the same family lay, as was supposed, at the point of death in the same house. A coffin was procured and placed under his bed ready to receive the corpse. A pit was dug in the east corner of the Scotch Presbyterian churchyard, in Cedar Street ; there the body of Mr. M'Dougal was laid, and a load of lime thrown over the coffin. The pit was left open for nearly one week, as it was intended to deposit the body of the young man in the same grave. Every morning I walked round to see if the pit was closed, in this way to ascertain whether he was dead or alive ; at length he recovered, and the pit was shut up. He paid the carpenter for his coffin, and is alive at this day.

Sabbath's sun. I remember hearing a sermon on a Sabbath afternoon, and before the sun rose the next Sabbath morning, seven who were in the meeting, and with whom I was personally acquainted, had gone into eternity. We used to sit and make up our accounts, expecting to follow our friends before another Sabbath; we then sung the 121st Psalm, and retired in peace.

It is now thirty-six years since I witnessed these scenes of death and danger, and yet I often look back and wonder when I think how the tender frame and quiet spirit of my young partner was supported. Irresistible fear had driven from her her mother, who ought to have been her chief earthly support and comfort in her hour of peril; thousands were falling on our right hand and on our left; death was daily passing our door, and looking up into our windows; yet her mind was kept in perfect peace, her heart being fixed, trusting in her God. The wise men of this world may call this enthusiasm — be it so; but it is a pearl of great price in times of trouble.

Death and we shook hands so often in those times, that his bony fingers appeared as soft as a lady's glove.

Should I live to see this city again visited with the yellow fever, I have determined to remove as soon as my neighbours, unless detained by a call of duty, as on former occasions. I took notice of many things during the prevalence of the late fever that I think may be of use to the inhabitants to be informed of, should the return of another such calamity compel them to leave their homes.

But, before I proceed, I owe my friends and neigh-

bours an apology in return for the interest they took in my fate while I remained in the infected district. I have resided in this neighbourhood since the death of Dr. Treat, in the year 1795, and never left it during the prevalence of the yellow fever in all that period; and as the fever never, till this last season, prevailed in my neighbourhood, I did not take the alarm till it was too late to remove. In my house resides an old, infirm female relative; it was almost impossible to remove her—and to have left her in the care of a stranger would have been cruel. Our plants (near 2,000) would have all perished in a few days; any person that has been in the habit of raising plants, knows there is a certain attachment beyond their value in dollars and cents—vegetable life is life still. I know those cold, calculating mortals whose ideas never rose above a bale of cotton or a cask of molasses, will smile at this. It only shews that they are neither burdened with mother-wit nor philosophy.

Besides, our whole stock of seeds, pease, and beans, would have been destroyed, as the rats came round me in hundreds in a few days after my neighbours removed; and had not the cats, in nearly equal numbers, quickly followed, I could hardly have stood my ground. But these useful cats, (like some of our good democrats, who generously serve the public for ten or twelve dollars per day,) compelled by hunger, and no doubt in gratitude for what food and shelter I gave them, so completely cleared the premises, that I have not seen a rat since the 10th of September last. Let me here remind the public, should they again leave their homes, not to forget these poor animals, and

suffer them to die by hundreds in the streets with hunger. A wise king once said, "A merciful man is merciful to his neighbour's beast." What are we to think of them who had no mercy on their own beasts? Here, if I could command words, I ought to record the philanthropy of two Long Island milkmen, and a generous-hearted Irishman, who, for several weeks, left at my doors a quart of milk each for the good of the starving cats; also, of a very big coloured woman, residing at the corner of John and Cliff Streets, who might be seen every morning in the street, before her door, dividing the offals, which she had collected from the market, among forty or fifty cats.

On the 7th of September, having sent the last of my family to the country, and considering it my duty to remain, I made my arrangements for life or death, just as Providence might order. I engaged a nurse to live in my house, and, after several fruitless attempts, a respectable physician undertook to attend me if wanted. This was no easy matter to obtain, as I lived in the infected district. I rose at my usual hour every morning, wrought as usual all day, and went to bed at ten, my regular hour for many years past; and, by way of preventive, as has always been my custom whenever the fever prevailed, put on my *winter clothes*; and, before I left my room in the morning, took half a glass of *rue water*, which is made by putting two ounces of green rue in a porter-bottle, and adding one pint of clear rain water, and one pint of Holland gin.

From the most particular observations I have been able to make, I am satisfied, in my own mind, that we

would have no yellow fever in New York, in a public sense, and but few cases in a private sense, without a *first exciting cause*. I believe the air of the city was in a state to receive infection, but the flame would not have burst out, except some foul vessel, like the match applied to the powder, first commenced the blaze. I founded this opinion on the fact, that the fever has always commenced its march from the neighbourhood of our wharves; and for several weeks previous to the late fever, a number of very dirty, suspicious-looking vessels, apparently Spanish or Portuguese, lay near the spot where it first commenced. What effect the contents of one of these nasty vessels might have, could they be discharged among the inhabitants of Bergen or Harlem Heights, it is hard to tell. But one thing we are all sure of, that neither the sick, the dead, nor their bedding, has ever spread the contagion in the villages.

By fever in a private sense, I mean individuals who took the fever. I believe there was not one who remained in the infected district till the beginning of October, but what had the seeds of the disease ripe in their blood, and wanted only some act of imprudence, such as intoxication, colds, over-fatigue, &c. to set the disease a-going. I could fill a volume of instances in support of this opinion, to which I was an eye-witness in the late and former fevers.

I have above stated, that I never saw a single instance of what I could term a *spontaneous case* of yellow fever. The first case in my neighbourhood the season past was Mr. Tate, a respectable coloured man, temperate, strong, and healthy. He was one of the

temporary watch — was on duty the night of the 3d of September — was dressed in thin clothes — no great-coat — it rained in the night, he got partially wet — complained of pain in the bones next day — he was out next night again — no great-coat — weather very hot. He told me it changed about two o'clock in the morning, and that he felt the cold very sensibly. At half-past five the thermometer stood in my yard at fifty-two. I took hold of his hand — his pulse beat high — I advised him to call a physician — he was afraid of being reported — he took medicine; while under its operation was out and in — sometimes dressed, sometimes in bed. On Saturday, the 7th, at five P. M., I spoke to him in the street. On Sunday evening a physician was called for the first time, and by half-past seven he was dead.

Sept. 14.—It rained early this morning. Smith and his wife, residing at 21, Nassau Street, stood nearly half an hour collecting water from a gutter—got completely wet—taken down same day. Smith died in seven, and his wife some days after him. James North, stocking-weaver, in my house, having business in the Bowery, met with an old acquaintance—stayed till night—was overtaken by a thunder shower—got completely wet—next morning had the fever in its highest degree, and died the seventh day. Two out of the five sugar-house cases commenced in a similar manner; but as all their places of residence was in the upper part of the city, I never got any account of the others. There is one fact worth recording here, viz. Mr. Christian, the foreman, a sober, regular, temperate man, was the only person about the works who ate and slept nearly

through the whole fever season at the sugar-house, and he enjoyed his usual health. The other men slept up town, and came to work in the morning. It appeared to me, from the manner in which the doctors reported cases to the Board of Health, that they had entered into a conspiracy to scare the already frightened inhabitants of New York. About the 10th of September, Peter Sims was reported sick of yellow fever in Orange Street; it was added that he had attended Tate. This was incorrect, for Tate had no attendance. The fact is, Sims was at Tate's funeral: next day, being a little indisposed, he called a physician, who, as soon as he learned where he had been, pronounced it yellow fever; however, he was able to go about his usual business in a few days.

Next week, Abraham Gordon was reported sick of yellow fever, with the addition that he had been in Tate's house. Gordon belonged to the temporary watch—lay down the fore part of the evening, and, having overslept himself, hurried out, forgetting his watch-coat; in one hour was struck with a chill—had a sharp attack of the fever, but recovered.

A man was reported sick of yellow fever, and, by way of addition, it was stated this man assisted to extinguish the fire in the coal-yard at the bottom of Rector Street. Here was a most alarming instance of the poisonous atmosphere in Washington Street. Now for the *whole truth*. The fire was extinguished between twelve and one o'clock P. M., a very hot day; if I am not mistaken, the 21st of September. This man, covered with sweat, dust, and smoke, (and maybe a little stimulated withal,) throws off his clothes,

and plunges in the stream. I have no doubt but that the doctors who reported the above cases knew the attending circumstances; and had they been reported along with the cases, it would have tended to diminish the terror of the infected district, and thrown light on the commencement of this terrible disease. But, however important this might have been to every inhabitant of this city, it appeared (at least to me) there was something like a premeditated plan to suppress every thing that might throw light on the subject. When a physician was called, his first inquiry was,—not how the patient had conducted himself for the last two or three days—whether he had been exposed to extra fatigue, cold, or excess of any kind—but, Where have you been? If it was ascertained that the patient had been in any part of the city to the southward of Beekman Street, his case was immediately pronounced *yellow*, although, as in several instances, it proved to have been only a slight attack of *barley fever*. It was enough to make common sense blush to read the daily reports at this period. It was only after a long and violent contest that any fever to the east of Beekman Street was admitted to be yellow; while it was as clear as a sun-beam, that the fever began at the water's edge, on the west point of the city, and marched with a steady step till it reached the eastern shore at Corlær's Hook, and there stopped, having no more subjects to feed on.

One beautiful moonlight evening, towards the end of September, I walked up Broadway to view its desolations. I stopped fifteen minutes near the spot in Chamber Street where the man used to fix his spy-

glass to look at the moon. It appeared as if I then stood on the line between the living and the dead. Below, was the stillness of death, only interrupted now and then by the groans of the sick and dying, the rattling of the hearse, the voice of the solitary watchman, and the squalling of the starved cats. Above, was the usual bustle of street-walkers; and the wind blowing gently from the north, I could plainly distinguish the broad, hoarse laugh of the crowds around the doors of the Circus, whose interior was crowded with our citizens, who, only a few days previous, had fled before the face of death; but now, in the full tide of fancied security, joined chorus with master-sweeps and their apprentices, making the air resound as if hell had broken loose. I thought, if these people had any feelings, they could by no means be of the finer kind.

I will now conclude my remarks by giving a few of my thoughts on things as they passed. I thought the machine used for conveying the sick poor to the hospital was the most improper that could be contrived for that purpose, as I never could discern any difference between it, either in shape, size, or colour, and the one used for carrying the dead to Potter's Field. The rich, who were removed after being taken sick, fared little better; only they were dragged off in a gilded chariot, while the former rode in a hearse; but few, very few, of either rich or poor, who were removed when sick, ever returned. I thought the life of the patient was generally decided by the treatment they received during the three or four hours after being attacked by the prevailing disease.

On the 14th of September I received, through the

post-office, letters from two respectable physicians, then out of town, exhorting me, by all the arguments of religion, nature, and friendship, to fly from the infected district, as a man ought to fly whose house was on fire, &c. In my mind I felt very grateful for their disinterested and kind intentions; and, had it been in my power, I would have left the city, had it only been to please them; but I had a post which I thought it was my duty to keep, even at the risk of my life; besides, the comparison of a "house on fire" I did not think was strictly applicable to my situation. I thought it was like going into battle, where every shot might kill me or my neighbour—but all would not fall; and though death flies thick, the man or officer who leaves his post is deservedly punished. I thought when I saw a man issuing from the war-office, with his commission to fight the battles of his country, and another issuing from a surgeon's hall, with his diploma to practise the healing art, that both, in some sense, took their lives in their hands; the one to defend his country's rights, and the other as a guardian of the public health. I thought when I saw the lamp-lighter every morning come from Greenwich, climb the infected fence to trim, and again at night to light every lamp in the district—when I saw the bakers from the Bowery, and the milkmen from Long Island, come their rounds every morning (men who lived in pure air), and not take the fever, I thought that fear had fallen on certain doctors where no fear was. When I saw six or seven respectable physicians daily go their rounds in the infected district, some on foot, and some in their chairs, and at times attending the sick poor, from whom they could not

expect any compensation, I thought they deserved a statue of gold. When I saw the assistants of the Board of Health, every day, with about fifty pounds weight of keys, exploring every infected corner of this district, and the same drivers of the hearse daily pass my doors with their load of mortality, I thought either the doctrine of the fever's being communicated by smell or breathing was not correct, or that Providence, in mitigation of this calamity, by a miracle preserved the lives of these men in the performance of their necessary duties. There was another remarkable fact: I never could learn that any of the regular night-watch took the fever, though they stood their regular tours through all the infected district; nor the men who watched the banks by night and by day. But these men were sober, steady, cautious livers, who knew the value of great-coats, even in a summer night. It is true, five or six of the temporary watch died; but they were a different sort of men from our old sober Dutch cartmen, many of whom compose the city watch. I do not mean to say that no temperate livers fell victims to the yellow fever—I know many; and I have known some of this class to sit from nine to eleven o'clock at night, in the long cool passages of their houses, enjoying a most agreeable current of air, and think they were promoting health by checking perspiration. I have known some, by taking preventives, reduce their bodies till they raised the fever in their blood. One of this class I could name who died of the yellow fever with his pockets full of antibilious pills. One or two cases were reported of persons who, it was said, came from the country, walked in the infected district,

went home, took the fever, and died. It may be true ; but I suspect, if the circumstances had been properly investigated, they would have borne another complexion. Among a hundred instances I could mention in opposition to this doctrine of *instantaneous infection*, I will mention only one. The wife of Mr. Christian, foreman of the sugar-house in Liberty Street, removed to the country, with her three children, about the beginning of July. About the middle of September, hearing of the many cases reported in and about the sugar-house, she got so alarmed for the fate of her husband, who still resided in the sugar-house, that she returned with her children and lived eight days in the sugar-house—went back to the country—came to the town again in November, with her children, all in good health ; neither of whom had one hour's sickness, though they had eat, slept, and breathed, in the most infected spot of the whole infected district for eight days and nights. How well this fact corresponds with the cases of two children in Dutch Street, reported with great pomp, no doubt, to the Board of Health, who, as the report stated, had been looking through the board fence, corner of Broadway and Liberty Street ! It turned out, however, that they had been to market — fell in with a *liberal* Dutch market-man (a rare occurrence !) — got as many peaches as they could eat — took sick — but in a few hours they were playing in the street as usual !

I will now conclude with two short remarks. I cannot think the churchyards produce yellow fever. For twenty-five years that I lived within ten yards of one, I have not been one day sick. Had the fever either

commenced, or lingered in its march, when it reached the churchyard, there might have been some foundation for the idea; but I think, if the advocates for burying in town were to visit the beautiful stillness in death that is visible in and about the burial-ground of New Haven, (where the weary seem emphatically at rest,) they would no longer wish to lay their departed friends in vaults running under the pavements of the streets, where their bones are kept in perpetual motion by the rolling of carriages and carts.

I think, when our worthy friend, B. Romaine, came down Broadway, exploring the dry gutters and clean pavements, in search of the origin of the fever, had he just put on his spectacles, he might have seen at the foot of Rector Street the spot where it began; he might have seen it spread along Washington, before it reached Greenwich Street; he might have seen it in Lumber, then creeping up Rector Street; and, being a master of figures, he might have counted near forty days from its commencement before it spread its poisonous breath among the clean, healthy, and airy mansions of Broadway. Had he taken the above precaution, I don't think he would have laid the blame on the poor water-carts, sprinkling the light dust of the street with clear salt-water. Had I not found the name of so respectable a citizen to the work above quoted, I would have thought it was a conspiracy among the *patent coat-cleaners and sellers of cough-drops*, to encourage trade. Fifty years ago, the small pox created as great an alarm, and proved as fatal, as the yellow fever does now. The very mention of yellow fever inspires the minds of most people with such a terror, that they are

unable to think or speak aright on the subject. The ghost of Buonaparte, landing on the Battery at the head of a thousand Cossacks, could not have produced a more precipitate retreat than was witnessed in New York last August. If our great men and little men, wise men and learned men, would agree for a while to suspend their fast-held opinions—let it once be said, the same cause will produce the same effect every where; that the same degree of heat, filth, and moisture, will produce the same poison in New York as it does in Havanna; that the foul air in the hold of a vessel coming from a higher latitude, will gather more strength and virulence from having been pent up for weeks or months, and if allowed to explode at our wharves, will catch our already inflammable air, as certainly as the spark from the flint applied to the powder. Surely, every friend to a besieged city will agree to put down the enemy within, as well as prevent his approach from without. Let those whose business it is act like rational men, and make the best use of the means Providence has put in their power; then may we expect, through His blessing, to escape this dreadful scourge.

CHAPTER V.

Death of my Wife — Second Marriage — Anecdote of Mr. Van Hook — Unsuccessful in the Grocery Business — Beginning of my Business in Seeds and Plants — Review of the Circumstances that led me into this—Narrow Escape of my Property from Destruction by Fire—Begin raising of Seeds on my own account—Disastrous Termination of this Branch of my Business—Return to New York.

MY wife recovered soon, and enjoyed good health till the month of August 1800, when she was seized with the symptoms of a rapid consumption; and though every means was resorted to, she died, in the peace and hope of the Gospel, on the 28th of November of the same year. On her death-bed she was often visited by the elders and praying members of our church. Often she told me how thankful she was that God had made her to be acquainted with me, which was the means of introducing her into such society. Had I married that man of the world, she would say, what now would have been all his riches to me? Not one of his acquaintances is able to speak a word of comfort to my soul. On the morning of her death the sun rose in all his rich effulgence, so strikingly mild and beautiful at that season of the year: his beams fell on the end of a brick building, in such a position that it reflected its light in her face. I asked her if I should close the shutters. She answered, No; it did not hurt her eyes; it made her think of the glories of heaven,

where they have no need of the sun, neither of the moon, the Lamb being the light thereof. Her mother and I sat by her bed-side: she turned her face towards the wall, and in five minutes, without speaking a word or heaving a groan, her spirit escaped from its cage.

As much as I valued this precious gift of Heaven, I dared not repine. He gave her to me as by a miracle, and He had a right to his own when he pleased. A few hours before she died, I sat by the side of her bed, with her son on my knee. She fastened her expressive eyes on him for some minutes. I said, "Rebecca, have you any regret in leaving this child?" "None!" she firmly replied: "I have given him over to the care of his heavenly Father, who will never leave him nor forsake him; and his earthly father I know will be kind to him, for my sake." The hope that supports nature in such extremities must be from above.

Being thus left with a child two years and two months old, with a care of a house and store, and thinking it more creditable and wise to marry a wife than to hire a housekeeper, I again entered into that state in 1801. Shortly after this, the introduction of cut-nails cut me off from making a living by my hammer. I now kept a grocery, and had a good run of customers: I still resided at No. 22, Nassau Street.

On the east corner of Nassau and Liberty Streets there lived the venerable old gentleman, Mr. Isaac Van Hook, so well known as the sexton of the New Dutch church opposite his house, for nearly fifty years. James Laing and William Smith, both cabinet-makers, and carrying on a respectable business, having in their em-

ployment ten or twelve journeymen and apprentices ; these men took a mad resolution, gave up the business, sold their stock, hired the corner house over the head of poor old Van Hook,* turned him and his tobacco-pipes out of doors, and commenced the grocery business. Theirs being a corner, took away the most of my customers ; insomuch that I was obliged to look round for some other mode to support my family. This, you may be sure, I considered a great misfortune ; but, in the sequel, you will see that Providence was thus preparing the way to put me into a more agreeable and profitable business ; and what we may often think is a great misfortune at the time, is only making the way for a greater blessing.

About this time the ladies in New York were beginning to shew their taste for flowers ; and it was customary to sell the empty flower-pots in the grocery-stores ; these articles also comprised part of my stock.

In the fall of the year, when the plants wanted shifting, preparatory to their being placed in the parlour, I was often asked for pots of a handsomer quality, or better make. As I stated above, I was looking

* This Mr. Van Hook was so great a smoker, that the pipe was not out of his mouth perhaps one hour in the twenty-four : he used the longest kind of Liverpool pipes. In the house, in the street, in the church, and in his bed, have I seen him with the pipe in his mouth. One day, a wag sent a countryman to ask if he sold any *smoked tongues* ? The old man took the hint, said he had none to sell, but directed him across the street to old Mr. Watkey's, another noted smoker ; between them they *smoked* the man, and, after drinking some good old Hollands, parted good friends.

round for some other means to support my family. All at once it came into my mind to take and paint some of my common flower-pots, with green varnish paint, thinking it would better suit the taste of the ladies than the common brick-bat coloured ones. I painted two pair, and exposed them in front of my window. I remember, just as I had placed the two pair of pots in front of my window on the outside, I was standing in the side-walk, admiring their appearance, a carriage came along, having the glasses let down, and one lady only in the carriage. As the carriage passed my shop, her eye lit on the pots; she put her head out at the window, and looked back, as far as she could see, on the pots. Thinks I, this will take; and it did take—for these two pots were the links of a chain by means of which Providence was leading me into my present extensive seed-establishment. They soon drew attention, and were sold. I painted six pair; they soon went the same way. Being thus encouraged, I continued painting and selling to good advantage: this was in the fall of 1802. One day, in the month of April following, I observed a man for the first time selling flower-plants in the Fly-market, which then stood in the foot of Maiden Lane. As I carelessly passed along, I took a leaf, and rubbing it between my fingers and thumb, asked him what was the name of it. He answered, a rose-geranium. This, as far as I can recollect, was the first time that I ever heard that there was a geranium in the world; as, before this, I had no taste for, nor paid any attention to, plants. I looked a few minutes at the plant, thought it had a pleasant smell, and thought it would look well

if removed into one of my green flower-pots, to stand on my counter to draw attention. I remember after smelling the first leaf of the rose-geranium, and also when I received additions to my stock, how I was struck with wonder and amazement, at the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, in imparting to the *green leaf* of one plant the fragrance of another, such as the balm, musk, pennyroyal, &c. How condescending to our senses, how indulgent, as it were, even to our childish and playful fancies! It was thus my mind was struck when I smelt the first leaf. Thought I, it is strange that a *green leaf*, plucked from a plant no way similar, should possess all the flavour of the *flower* plucked from another.

Observe, I did not purchase this plant with the intention of selling it again, but merely to draw attention to my green pots, and let the people see how well the pots looked when the plant was in them. Next day, some one fancied and purchased plant and pot. Next day I went, when the market was nearly over, judging the man would sell cheaper, rather than have the trouble of carrying them over the river, as he lived at Brooklyn,—and in those days there was neither steam nor horse-boats. Accordingly, I purchased two plants; and having sold them, I began to think that something might be done this way; and so I continued to go at the close of the market, and always bargained for the unsold plants. And the man finding me a useful customer, would assist me to carry them home, and shew me how to shift the plants out of his pots and put them into green pots, if my customers wished it. So I soon found by his tongue that he was a Scotchman,

and being countrymen, we wrought to one another's hands : thus, from having one plant, in a short time I had fifty. The thing being a novelty, began to draw attention ; people carrying their country friends to see the curiosities of the city, would step in to see my plants. In some of these visits the strangers would express a wish to have some of these plants, but having so far to go, could not carry them. Then they would ask if I had no seed of such plants ; then, again, others would ask for cabbage, turnip, or radish-seed, &c.

These frequent inquiries at length set me to thinking, that if I could get seeds, I would be able to sell them ; but here lay the difficulty, as no one sold seed in New York, no one of the farmers or gardeners saved more than what they wanted for their own use ; there being no market for an overplus. In this dilemma, I told my situation to George Inglis, the man from whom I had always bought the plants in the Fly-market. He said he was now raising seeds, with the intention of selling them next spring along with his plants in the market ; but if I would take his seeds, he would quit the market, and stay at home and raise plants and seeds for me to sell. A bargain was immediately struck ; I purchased his stock of seeds, amounting to *fifteen dollars* ; and thus commenced a business on the 17th of September, 1805, that already is the most extensive of the sort in the United States.

It is worth while to look back on the steps by which Providence led me into this business, without my ever planning or intending to become a seedsman.

1. By the introduction of cut-nail machines cut-

ting me off from making a living by my own trade of nail-making.

2. By shutting me up, so that I could not make a living by keeping grocery.

3. By directing my mind to the painting of green pots, which induced me to purchase the first plant that ever drew my attention; and this merely with a view of ornamenting my store, and not for the purpose of sale.

4. In being led, by the sale of this plant, to keep a quantity of them for the same purpose, which induced people to ask for the seed of the plants, and also for vegetable seeds, long before I ever thought of selling seeds.

I now advertised in the papers of the day garden-seeds. In a short time my small stock was all sold out: I knew not where to replace them. In this difficulty a friend* stepped into the store, and introduced me to his friend, Mr. Morgan, just arrived from London, having a small invoice of garden-seeds, which he was willing to sell at a small advance. A bargain was soon struck, for the invoice contained the very articles I was daily asked for, and knew not where to obtain. Next day, on opening the casks, I found a catalogue of seeds for sale by William Malcolm and Co., London; this was at that time a prize to me, for never before this had I seen a seed-catalogue. This catalogue had noted on the margin the time of sowing—a thing I was totally ignorant of. Having now a plan, I published a

* T. L. Rich, for a long time a respectable merchant-tailor in Wall Street.

catalogue of my own, and, with the assistance of my friend the gardener at Brooklyn, adapted the time to suit our own climate; so that now, when my customers asked when such and such seeds ought to be sown, I was able to give the necessary information. Next fall, I sent a small remittance with an order to Mr. M. The seeds arrived in good season, and, with the seeds raised by my friend at Brooklyn, composed a good assortment to commence business in the spring. The seeds I had imported and got raised here, proving very good, my sales increased beyond what my friend could supply; and some of the market-gardeners, supposing they might be able to sell me seeds, had this year raised seeds for that purpose. Having no other resource, I was fain to purchase such as were offered; and, being a mechanic by profession, and alike ignorant of seeds and gardening, I had long to struggle with the impositions of unprincipled seed-raisers, they often selling me spurious seeds, and asserting they were of the most genuine quality.

Having at length brought the business to a pretty respectable footing, it narrowly escaped total destruction, in 1808, by a great fire, which commenced in a soap and candle manufactory adjoining the store. This fire broke out at midnight, the 25th of August, and was so rapid that five of the inmates of the house where it commenced perished in the flames. Several circumstances occurred in connexion with this fire in which I could discern the kind hand of Providence, and are in themselves so remarkable that they deserve never to be forgotten. It was impressed on my mind, long before it took place, that that factory would be

burned. For many months previous, when the fire-company belonging to engine No. 16 came to the pump, corner of Liberty and Nassau Streets, on the first Monday in every month (according to law), to wash and clean the engine, I used to tell them, in a jocose manner, how I wished them to act when the candle-box (as I termed the building) should take fire. I got my property insured a short time before the fire took place; it was in time of the long embargo. I had on hand a large stock of early York cabbage and other seeds, which I was obliged to import, but which could not then be imported, on account of the restrictions existing. At dinner, the day previous to the fire, I told my wife I was going to pack my most valuable seeds, and head them up in flour-barrels, that they might be safely removed when the fire broke out next door. I came from my store between nine and ten o'clock that evening. My wife was much fatigued with nursing our youngest child, who was sick at the time; I told her to lie down, and I would nurse till she got some sleep. She arose about five minutes before twelve. As I laid my head on the pillow, the clock in the corner of my room struck twelve. I must have dropped to sleep immediately; for the next day I found my clock in the New Dutch Church, with the hands stopped at fifteen minutes past twelve; it having been stopped and carried into the church at that minute, to save it from the fire. I was awoke by a loud scream from my wife, who was then rocking the cradle; I sprung on the floor before my eyes were opened, and asked what was the matter. She said we were all on fire. I opened the back window, and was saluted

by a column of smoke and fire, issuing from the back of the soap-works. Having for many months previous resolved in my mind how I would act when the thing took place, I was in nowise alarmed; she being dressed, I told her to take herself and child to a place of safety, and I would wake up and take care of the other children and servants. I afterwards dressed, and put on a pair of double-soled boots, fearing that in the confusion I might tread on a rusty nail in some of the boards that might be pulled down. I then went in my store, which was by this time on fire, and secured my valuable papers and money, by pinning them in my jacket-pocket; I wet my night-cap and put it on, to preserve my hair from being singed. As the engines came up, I directed them to the places where their services would be most useful, and then ran from place to place, saving and preserving such property as I could.

The buildings where the fire originated stood on the south side of my premises, my back store, a wooden building two stories high. The wind blew fresh from the south,* which covered this building with flame; but, notwithstanding, there was so little damage done this building, that ten dollars put it in as good repair

* Had the wind been from the north-west, there is no knowing where the conflagration would have stopped. As the New Dutch Church was undergoing repairs, and a new steeple erecting, the churchyard was filled with shavings, and had these caught on fire, it would have taken hold of the scaffolding, and the church must have inevitably shared the same fate, and have been reduced to a heap of ruins. The want of the bell of that church added much to the misfortune, it laying mute in the church-garret; and of course the alarm could not be so soon sounded as was desirable.

as it was before the fire began. There was only an inch-board between the factory and my back building. The day previous, I had been painting pots with green varnish. The shelf on which the painted pots stood was next to the factory; one pot, containing about four pounds of verdigris, mixed with spirits of turpentine and varnish; a pitcher also, containing half a gallon of rosin, varnish, &c., with a jug containing half a gallon of spirits of turpentine. The fire burned through the boards directly opposite where these inflammable articles stood; the end of the shelf burned through, and dropping about twelve inches, rested on the floor, and then was extinguished; but by what means no one could tell, as no engine, person, or water, could reach that spot during the fire. The heat melted the paint that was on the outside of the pots and jug, running down the sides; when the fire subsided, they were found glued fast to the board. The jug with spirits of turpentine was corked; the pots containing paint and varnish were without covering, but completely filled up with black coals, which must have fallen in while burning. Yet for all this these inflammable articles did not take fire; had they taken fire, my whole premises must have been consumed.

Next day, when the carpenter and his men came to repair what little damage was done, they were the first to observe this circumstance; and being struck with surprise, not only called me, but several of the neighbours, besides others, to see it, before they removed the articles. One of the neighbours observed, it was impossible that they could have stood there during the fire without being burned; when one of the

carpenters told them to lift up the pots and jugs. They found them glued fast to the board, and were then convinced, that, however strange, it was true.* For my own part, I saw in it the power of Him whose hand is in every thing, whether it is the fall of an empire or a sparrow. In short, the small damage that was done to my premises surprised many; and many came from a distance to view the buildings for months after. Eight or nine houses were burned on the rear and on the windward side of the factory where the fire commenced; while my store, which was joined by nails and boards, had scarcely the smell of fire on its roof.

In 1808, when all intercourse between America and Britain was suspended, and we were therefore prevented from importing such seeds as are necessary in our business, I was advised by my friends to attempt the raising of them myself. I was drawn into this business much against my own inclination and better judgment, as you will see in the sequel.

A few years previous, a gardener from England, by the name of Thornly, purchased about seven acres of land near Newark Bridge, which he improved as a kitchen-garden, and for raising a few seeds; but failing of success, and getting in debt, he absconded. He owed me a few hundred dollars at the time; so when he got to Philadelphia he executed a deed, whereby he constituted me owner of the soil, the first intimation of which was my receiving said deed per mail.

* Mr. Jacob I. Roome, the person who copied this book from the manuscript, being at that time sexton of the South Dutch Church, and also a member of fire-engine No. 16, can attest this to be a real fact.

As there was a considerable crop of seeds on the ground at the time, I resolved to gather the seeds as part payment, and as there was a mortgage for two hundred dollars on the premises, to let the land go to whomsoever had the best claim. The seeds were gathered, but the crop hardly paid the men's wages; but still I was persuaded to pay the mortgage and keep the place, as my well-intending friends all said it would do wonders under the management of an active man. It did wonders with a witness; for, after striving and toiling by sunlight and moonlight, in wet weather and dry weather, I found, at the end of five years, I had spent the whole earnings of my life, and was several thousands worse than nothing. I now gave up my all to my creditors; and that I might be enabled to commence business anew, I applied, with an empty pocket and a clear conscience, for the benefit of the insolvent act. For this end it was necessary, as a first step, that I should either go to jail or the limits. I preferred the former, as I could board for half the expense. So, in December 1813, I left my wife with one dollar and sixty-two cents, and four young children to support, without any certainty where the next dollar was to come from, in a solitary house, the nearest neighbour being one fourth of a mile distant, and on a stormy day. You may suppose my feelings at this moment were not of the most pleasant kind.

The following circumstance took place, which struck me forcibly at the time, and on which I often reflect with wonder and gratitude. As I was walking down the main street in Newark, on my way to jail, the sheriff's officer politely going some distance either be-

fore or behind me, it matters not which, I was accosted by a man whom I had not seen for two years previous. Says he, " Mr. Thorburn, I have owed you fifteen dollars for a long time, but it never was in my power to pay you till now ; just step in this store, and I will pay you," pointing to one close by. I received the money with as much wonder and thankfulness as if I had seen it drop from the clouds in my path. I had not seen this man for so long a time, that I never expected the money. This circumstance inspired me with so much confidence in a superintending Providence, that I went into jail with a light heart, and *slept*—yes, my mind was so composed, after witnessing this signal proof of the goodness of God, as a *Provider*, that all my anxieties on account of my family fled, and I *slept*. I knew that He who hangs creation on his arm, and feeds her at his board, would not suffer my children to starve.* Well, having staid the time appointed in jail, and gone through the forms by law prescribed, I came out whitewashed from all claims as far as the *law* could go ; but I thought I was as much bound in *justice* as ever I was to pay my honest debts, should Providence put it in my power, by prospering my future exertions. He did prosper my future exertions, and I can now shew receipts for thousands of dollars which were by law cancelled.

In the course of my life, I have experienced at times the depths of sorrow and the heights of delight ; but just enough of the former to give a relish to the latter.

* This man told me, some months after, that at the time he paid me that money he knew nothing of my difficulties.

When I failed, and gave up my property to my creditors, as usual, it was sold by the sheriff. At the public sale of my furniture, a cradle, in which lay one of my children asleep, then about two months old, was sold among the rest. This was more than my philosophy could stand. A gentleman among the company had it knocked down to him; he observed, with a smile, he supposed the child now was his property, as well as the cradle. Being answered in the affirmative, he called the mother of the child, and made her a present of both. Such seasonable acts of kindness, in times of trouble, give a double relish to the deed. While I was filled with gratitude to the instrument, I was also thankful to Him who has the hearts of all in his hands, believing that all men are to me what he makes them to be. He who gave Joseph favour in the eyes of his fellow-men is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

In 1815, I returned to New York with my family, and only about twelve dollars in my pocket. Being out of employment, I hired myself as porter to the store of Mr. D. Durham.* He always treated me with kindness, though the other servants about his office complained of him as being a hard master. In January 1816 a friend advanced me five hundred dollars, with which I

* Nothing is more easy than to bespatter the fair fame of a man whose enterprise and genius have raised him above his fellows. They hate him because they cannot rise to his summit; and of such were the enemies of D. Durham. Though his name was seldom blazoned in the papers, or blown at the corner of the street by the trumpet of fame, yet I myself have often witnessed his deeds of *private charity*, and sometimes he made me his *almoner*. None now will deny that his death was a public loss;

commenced business in the cellar of a house, corner of Nassau Street and Liberty. For seven years previous, in spite of all my exertions, every thing went backward,—now every thing seemed to thrive of itself.

Previous to my removal to New Jersey, my seed-establishment was kept at No. 20, Nassau Street. After my failure, it was occupied by Mr. Grundy as a seed-shop; and he being in possession of the original stand, nearly engrossed all my former custom. He, however, neglected his business, took to habits of dissipation, was sold out by the sheriff in turn; when I purchased part of the stock and all the fixtures, and continued the business in my old stand.

On the day of my discharge under the insolvent act, Mr. Grundy was the only person who brought forward any opposition. It was not founded on the plea of fraud, but in trying to make out some sort of a flaw in the papers, as not having got the full two-thirds of my creditors to sign off, or something to that purpose; and had it not been that the recorder saw through the motive, and withal being a man proverbial for leaning to the side of mercy, he would have frustrated my discharge at that time.

I have often found that the persons to whom I had shewn the most kindness, generally returned me evil for good. When Mr. Grundy arrived in America, he lodged first in my house, and continued under my roof several years, where he was always treated with kind

cut off in a moment, in the midst of plans and improvements, which, had he lived, would have given life and employment to thousands. This tribute of gratitude I owe to the memory of a man who was my friend in the gloomiest times.

attention; yet when I was surrounded with difficulties and trouble, he proved my most determined enemy.

Again I had an opportunity of returning good for evil. When he got low, I gave him employment: the last shilling he received in the world was from my hand. The streets were glazed with ice: I urged him to go home before night; he stopped on the way with a friend; it was very dark; he fell backward, and was dead before morning.

Finding my business again in a prosperous state, I left New York the 8th of July, on a visit to my friends in Scotland.

CHAPTER VI.

A Scene at Sea—Journey to the Bay State in June 1829.

ON the 8th September, 1818, I sailed from Greenock, in the *Iris*, Captain S., of New York. One morning, at sun-rise, having been out near four weeks, we discovered a vessel far astern, seemingly following our track. The captain, after looking some time with his glass, observed, "That fellow wants to speak us." I requested him to slacken sail, as perhaps they were in distress. Having now a fair wind and a good breeze, he was loath to comply: again applying his glass, and laying it down, says he, "They want to speak us." I again renewed my entreaties; the captain ordered to take in sail. When the vessel came up, she proved to be a small schooner from Nova Scotia, bound to Liverpool, laden with rum; had encountered a storm three days previous; her decks were swept, and almost a wreck, with only five gallons of water on board. "Now, captain," says I, "had you known their situation, you would have lain by all day for them." Says he, "I would." "Well, sir," says I, "I hope you will remember this." (At this time we were about the middle of the Atlantic.) Our captain told them to launch their boat, and he would give them a cask of water. They replied, their boat was stove, and would not live in the water. We then lowered our small boat, rolled a hogshead of water overboard; three of our men

in the boat dragged it to the schooner, where it was hoisted on board. They gave the three men as much rum as they would drink, besides a quart-bottle full to each. They also sent a demijohn, containing five gallons, with a quantity of onions and lemons, for the captain. As our men came on board, I observed the bottles under their jackets; I followed them below to ascertain what they had got, and found it as above stated; (observe, I was the only cabin passenger — there were twenty-two in the steerage). It was now eleven o'clock A.M.; the heavens began to gather blackness, and, as I thought, threatened a storm. I told the captain the situation of the three men; the liquor they had drunk on board the schooner already made them unfit for duty. “Now,” says I, “when the others go down to dinner, they will drink the three bottles, which will make them all drunk; and as the sky looks threatening, it may be attended with serious consequences.” I therefore advised that he would go in the fore-castle, and get from them two of the bottles, which afterwards he might divide among them when necessary. He shrugged his shoulders, and said there was no danger.

Twelve o'clock P.M. it blew fresh. While the captain and I were at dinner, I heard considerable noise on deck, between the mate and men, but said nothing. As was my custom after dinner, I was sitting on the fore-castle, smoking my pipe. A woman from the steerage, with a child in her arms, came flying along and screaming with all her might, “O! Mr. Thorburn, Mr. Thorburn, come, come, the captain is murdering the men!” I made for midships as fast as possible,

when I beheld the captain with a broad-sword, swinging away among the crew like a man thrashing oats.

In about an hour after, when the uproar had nearly ceased, I learned that the men had drunk up all the rum, as I predicted. The gale had increased almost to a storm, as I predicted. The sails wanted handing; but the crew were top-heavy and bottom-heavy, and when ordered, first by the mate and then by the captain, they were unable to go aloft. He ordered one of them to be tied up and flogged; the others resisted; he ran for his sword, and was flourishing away like a *sans-culotte* in the streets of Paris, when I arrived at the scene of action. Among our hands was a strong active fellow by the name of Tom: he was with Commander Porter, in the *Little Essex*, when she fought the *two British sloops* of war till the blood of the whole crew had nearly run out at the scuppers. This man seized the captain's arm, wrenched the sword from his hand, and next moment it skimmed the waves like a sea-gull. The captain sprung into the cabin at three steps, returned with both hands full of pistols, and began firing away like one of our Pearl Street Invincibles, in the Park, on the 4th of July. Finally, the crew laid hold of the captain, pistols and all, pushed him down the cabin stairs, and shut the door. During all this affray, the mate stood holding on by the fore-chains, and trembling like a dog on a sand-heap. He was a poor milk-and-water-looking son of a woman: he looked more like a psalm-singer from Danbury, than a mate on the quarter-deck of a ship. Having sailed from New York with this captain and crew, I knew the trim of all of them. I was on very good terms with the men, having

lent them books to read when they had leisure. With the help of the mate, passengers, and such of the crew as were able to work, we got the ship in safe trim. I then went down to the captain. He was as mad as a *March hare*. I told him there was a ship to leeward : he took his glass, and after a minute's observation, said she was bound to the States, and added, he would run down, go on board of her, and leave the ship to the mate. I used every argument to dissuade him from this, without effect. I then went and got two of the women passengers out of the steerage, each having a child in her arms. I hastily told them how they should play their part. (You will here observe, he had a wife and children in New York, of whom he appeared very fond, as nothing pleased him so much as conversing about them.) We now descended into the cabin, renewed the attack on the side of domestic economy, spoke to him of his own wife and children, &c. The tears of the mothers, and smiles of the babes, at length prevailed : he consented to stay by the ship. (Perhaps it may be well to remark, by the way, that if this man had been a *bachelor*, we might all have gone to the bottom, for in this case he could have had no fellow-feeling for either wives or children.) By this time we had neared the vessel, and was preparing to speak, she lying to for us. I requested the captain to say nothing about our situation, as by her sailing it was likely she would make New York a week before us, (we got in first by two days, however,) and the news would give his family and mine much uneasiness : to this he assented. The ship was the *Comet*, from Havre to New York.

But here our troubles were only commencing. He told me next morning, he was resolved to make for Halifax, and deliver over to the British authorities his mutineers. I told him, as soon as the men got knowledge of his intention they would throw him overboard (as they knew the British government made short work with such characters), then make the first land, and run off. So by this means we passengers may all go to *Davy's locker*. He finally proposed, that if the passengers would divide themselves into watches (there were seventeen men, nine to go with him, and I with eight others on the mate's watch, he would keep on his course. I then dived into the steerage, and had a vast deal of trouble to get the men to comply; they all said the captain was to blame for not taking the liquor from the men. I said it mattered nothing to us now who was to blame; but if he steered for Halifax, and we went to the bottom, they would never see New York. With many more frightful words I laboured to persuade them. At length the women and children began to cry, and the men were compelled to give in. I then told them the captain had another request, which was, that every man who had either a gun or a fowling-piece should loan them to him till our arrival at New York; with this they also refused to comply: at length they offered me their guns to carry into the cabin; I told them I cared no more for the captain than for the crew, only in as far as our own safety was concerned, and provided we once had our foot in New York, he and they might go to *Hackensack*, in the Jerseys, for any thing I cared: but says I, gentlemen, half measures won't do now; don't behave like children, but act like

men ; every one of you shoulder his musket, walk down in the cabin ; the men will thus see you are determined to support the captain's authority, right or wrong ; if he has injured them, they can get redress by the laws of their own country ; but let us look to ourselves. This had the desired effect ; they up with their pieces (seven in number), went off into the cabin, while I remained behind. The crew eyed them askant, but I saw their insolent looks had fled, and were replaced with something like fear. The captain then ordered two of the men to be confined in the forecastle, to be fed on bread and water till we arrived at New York, and threatened to shoot them if he caught them abaft the windlass. One of the confined was Tom aforesaid, a desperate mad fellow ; he swore he would not be so treated, and threatened to come on deck. I advised him to submit, and if he sued the captain when we arrived, I would assist him as far as was right. He was fond of reading, and I supplied him and his fellow-prisoner with books, which made the time pass more easily. But between them and the captain I had my hands full ; the latter was very passionate, and when in this state was not to be controlled ; however, he was passionately fond of music and Scotch-songs. We had a few Paisley weavers among the passengers who could sing and play well ; I gave them the hint, and whenever the evil spirit was upon him, I stepped into the steerage. J. M'Farlain and his bass mate straightway were on deck, exerting their powers, vocal and instrumental ; the sounds never failed to absorb all his attention, and in this way we kept down the evil spirit, just as David of old played the devil out of Saul. From

this night till our arrival in New York (three weeks) the other passengers and I stood our regular watches with the captain, mate, and crew,—no very pleasant affair, you may be sure, to mount watch at eight, turn in at twelve, rise again at four, and stand till eight; but the thought of home, and hopes of meeting them I held most dear, still kept my spirits up. Were life's voyage never clouded in tempests, we could not so sweetly relish the sunshine of prosperity. These events took place in the cold dark stormy nights of October. Often in the beginning of my watch have we shipped a sea, been drenched to the skin, walked the deck four solitary hours; yet I was not sick for an hour, nor ever caught the slightest cold. On the 3d of November we arrived, after fifty-six days' passage. Finding all well more than repaid me for all my past troubles. As soon as the ship struck the wharf, the hands jumped on shore and run off, the captain offering no hinderance. Next day the following appeared in the "New York Gazette," 4th November, 1818.

"*A Card.*—We the passengers on board the ship *Iris*, from Greenock, return our thanks to captain J. S. for his care and attention to our health and safety during the voyage; also to Mr. Grant Thorburn, of New York, cabin-passenger, for his mild and conciliatory exertions in suppressing and averting the consequences of an alarming dispute among the crew, whereby our lives and the safety of the vessel was for some time in imminent danger.

(Signed)

JAMES ANDERSON,

JOHN LAWRENCE,

in behalf of the other passengers."

It's of no use for a man to write his journal, except he can get it printed, otherwise nobody will know that he has been travelling at all; and as I kept one when journeying to the Bay State, in June 1829, I will here occupy a few pages in giving it publicity.

I heard much of a country peopled by the daughters of Puritans and sons of the pilgrims; and, besides, that of late years they had made such rapid advances in what they termed *rational religion*, that I thought it was there and then that the millennium, so much spoken of in the "Progress of the Pilgrim," was about to commence. I was anxious to see this people, not to take the height of their corn-stalks, nor the diameter of their pumpkins; but among them I thought was to be found the perfection of the church militant, and I longed to see a sight so imposing. You will see in the sequel how sadly I was disappointed. But I'll begin with Fulton Slip, from which we started, in the steam-boat Franklin. After we passed the Gates of Hell, and got over the Hog's Back, two dangerous rocks in the sound, on the eastern shore of Manhattan island, the captain, knowing from former experience that his goodly boat knew the road well enough to go by herself, turned his attention to more important matters. He sent forth a little boy, his face as black as Lehigh coal; a bell, white as silver, in his hand, went tinkle, tinkle, round the deck. "Passengers will go to the captain's office and pay their fare." (Thinks I, these Yankees have their office of deposits every where.) I was carried along with the crowd, and came to a stand with my head right under the port-hole, or office-window as they called it;

when up came squeezing a long-legged fellow, and shoved me aside like a thing of nought. Says I, "Sir, in New York he who comes first with his pail to the pump gets it first filled." He *looked down* on me—that was all; he held between his finger and thumb, while it floated with the breeze, a \$50 bill,—as much as to say, you see I have more money in my purse than wit in my head. Captain Bunker, with one eye observed the manœuvre, while with the other he was giving change from a ten-dollar bill. Says he, "Mr. T., it's your turn next (I wondered where he got my name); you are getting squeezed among these big men; I'll let you go." Mr. Long-legs looked as flat as a pancake without yeast. This wee bit of civility from the captain gave me a good opinion of his heart and head. Having nothing else to do, I observed him through the passage, upstairs and downstairs, sunlight and moonlight; he was always doing the thing as it ought to be; always good-natured and laughing. I believe if he stood in a storm on the last plank of his boat he would smile; though he looks like one that would never give up the ship while two of her timbers hung together.

Next morning we saw Newport. I wondered to see a great heap of men, I daresay near a hundred of them, bigging up something like a great stane dyke, with windows in it. I asked the captain what it was for. He said they were making a battery of one hundred and fifty guns, for the *protection* of Newport. I thought their poverty would be a good protection for them. I asked if the men wrought by the day or the job. He said, by the day, he believed. I thought so; for from

the time the boat came near enough to see the white of their eyes, till we had passed them so far that we could not tell the colour of their coat, they stood gaping and looking; and from a hundred men, with each a hammer in his hand, you could not hear a stroke in a minute. I thought it must be another *Rip Rap Contract*.

I asked if the town or state paid them? He answered, it was *Uncle Sam** paid them. Oho! thinks I, this solves the whole mystery; these men will never finish this, till once another job as good comes to hand. Poor *Uncle Sam*, he has not only to pay his stewards high wages for collecting his rents, but some of them share off 25 or 30 per cent for commissions; and others, knowing that their reign will be short (as the next man who comes into power will kick them out of doors), make the most of their time, and so become defaulters for the whole. I really wonder how *Uncle Sam* gets along so well as he does.

At Providence, coaches were ready; we flew through the dust and sweat of the day like Jehu. At the tavern of —, the dinner was ready, but there was no contract for time to eat; after grace from Dr. Cox (which I thought was too long for the occasion), we began to eat. Scarcely had I swallowed half of my first course, when in came the driver hallooing, "All ready!" I thought there was something like a stable-yard understanding between him and the landlord; for while we were brushing the dust from our clothes, mustering, and saying grace, he was eating and drinking as fast as he could, and I did not observe that he

* *Uncle Sam*, a crank word for the United States.

paid any thing. Having a fine stern breeze, we flew along at the rate of ten knots an hour, amidst clouds of smoke and dust. All along I could see houses, and doors, and windows, and folks looking out of them; but I had no time to inquire either into their principles or practice: so I wisely resolved (as I thought) to suspend all further inquiries till I got to Boston, setting down in my mind, that if I found the fountain pure, the streams would be pure also. We arrived at the Eagle Tavern about sun-down; the ladies' hats and frocks, which in the steam-boat shewed colours enough to have decked fifteen rainbows, were now one, viz. ashes on ashes, and dust on dust.

Next day being Saturday, as I could not prosecute my main inquiry, I went to Bunker's Hill. By the monument I stood with feelings all my own: the history of that battle brought to my mind the first of my newspaper recollections; but a tale hangs there, which I have not time to repeat, nor a wish to tell to every ear—but the monument—I wish it were finished. The young ladies of Boston can do it alone. Let them with one consent place a neat little box on every side-board; when their young friend presents them with a box-ticket, receive it with thanks, and add, "Now we are going to finish the monument,—for one year from this date we will suspend this pleasure." Let the price of the tickets be placed in that box, and our monument of *gratitude* will *rise*. The Boston Elm, a monument of antiquity,—I stood under its shadows with great delight, and thought of former days. Were a neat stone fence two feet high, and an iron railing three feet more, placed round this tree, it would protect its

bark from the knife of idle boys, and its roots from the foot of the ox ; six wagon-loads of good fresh mould laid on the surface would help to invigorate its old age ; one dollar from each of the owners of those princely mansions round the mall would accomplish this.

I rose about five on Sabbath morning, resolving to examine the exterior and interior of the churches. Whenever I could spy a steeple for a guide, into most of them I found access, as the sextons were either dusting inside or sweeping outside. I thought this was hardly consistent with *purity*, for they might give the man a dollar a-week more, and he would do this work on Saturday afternoon. I was struck with the grandeur of all of them (they beat our New York churches hollow). I was pleased that they did not let the house of God lay in ruins, while they themselves were living in palaces of wainscot. But there was such a wonderful profusion of scarlet curtains and scarlet cushions behind the pews and before the pews, behind the pulpit and before the pulpit, I thought it had an *awful* squinting at the mother of harlots riding on the scarlet beast, whereof you may see a more particular account in the 17th chapter of the Revelations, from the first verse to the end. In another church, where the back of the pulpit was near as broad as the east end of the City Hotel, in Broadway, was an anchor hung up, large enough for the Washington 74 ; and, in place of tarred ropes, it was bound round the stock with fine scarlet cords ; the wall was covered with scarlet cloth. I should think there was a hundred yards of it, which hung in beautiful festoons over the flukes of the anchor. The sexton told me the cloth and

anchor was made a present to the church by a *single* gentleman, and that it cost a thousand dollars. Presuming the man was a bachelor, as the words *single gentleman* seemed to imply, I thought he had better have bought furniture with the one thousand dollars, and gone to housekeeping with one of those bonny lasses I saw playing under the elm-tree; and he had better have painted the back of the pulpit a good sky-blue colour, and given the balance to the poor missionaries, or even to one of the Female Auxiliary Temperance Societies, whereby these kind-hearted creatures would have been enabled to feed and clothe a few score of these poor starving brats whose fathers drink up all their money in rum, because the bread is so dear. But I don't mean to enter into the merits of this case. I only tell you what I thought: this was a rational church, and I daresay the man thought he was acting on rational principles, and that is enough for me, especially as I found the puritan churches decked out pretty much in the same manner,—nothing but the eternal red scarlet every where, like the hats of the fat cardinals at Rome.

At ten the bell rang, as it does in New York: the minister told the folks to *join with him* in singing to the praise and glory of God. Had you seen me at this moment, with mouth open, and eyes staring with surprise, when, instead of joining with him in singing to the praise and glory of God, up starts a long string of young lads and lasses, who sung out most lustily to the praise and glory of *themselves*, and behind them was an organ, roaring as loud as the arms of the man and the wind of the bellows could make it: I thought,

if this be worship, a pair of Scotch bag-pipes might do as well. I turned to see how the minister brooked the affront, as no one joined with him; when lo! there he stood, as mute as a mummy, his psalm-book shut, a hand on each side of the pulpit, supporting his noble frame; his face, instead of displaying anger, (as I expected,) was almost mantling with a complacent smile, as he looked under the broad brims of the lasses' hats, and seemed absorbed in contemplating the sweetness of their warbling throats. His ruddy cheek and glistening brow told me, in accents louder than the organ's roar, that, however satisfied he might be to worship God by *proxy*, he did not carry the principle into the ordinary walks of life,—at least in as far as eating and drinking was concerned. By the time they had sung a verse, I found it was a good old Scotch tune, by the name of *French*, they were at; and as I had joined with a thousand voices in the old Grayfriars' Kirk, Edinburgh, forty years ago, in singing "David's Psalms" to this same tune, I up with my book, turned my back to the minister like the rest, and sung away as loud as I could, keeping time with the lads up stairs. The folks stared: one said, "He is a Yorker,"—others that I was daft; but, thinks I, they may laugh that wins; I am doing my duty in joining with the lasses (if the minister wont) in singing praise, and at any rate, am leaving testimony against this anti-puritan mode of worship; so I sung on to the end of the hymn. Thinks I to myself, these folks' religion may be rational enough for aught that I know; but they appear to me to have a queer way of shewing it. I thought how much better this thing is done in Scotland. Professor Silliman, in

his journey through that country, takes notice of being in the Tron Kirk of Edinburgh, where generally about a thousand people assemble for worship on Sabbath days. He says they all joined, men, women, and children, in singing the Scotch version of the Psalms: it made him feel as if standing on the outside of heaven's walls, and hearing the sound as the sound of many waters, &c., and it thrilled his very soul. These are not the exact words, (as I have not his book by me,) but they are the substance.

In the afternoon I went to another church, to see if I could find any thing more pure. The minister, after inviting the people to join with him, &c., having read a hymn, and the organ played a solo, a woman, dressed pretty enough, and her cheeks I thought rather more ruddy than nature commonly paints them in the month of June, got up and sang most sweetly all alone by herself, praise and glory in the name of the whole congregation, as I could neither see man nor minister that joined her: nothing was heard but her sweet pipes, and the tin pipes of the organ. After I got out, I asked a decent-looking man who she was that sung? He said she belonged to the play-actor folk; and, if he was right informed, had been singing at twelve o'clock the night previous, in one of the theatres, to the *praise and glory* of the *devil*. The puritan church paid her \$300, and the devil's church \$600 per annum; so, between the *two* she cuts a bright figure. I said to myself, if one of those stern old pilgrims, who landed on Plymouth rock that cold stormy day, with their noses as red as a north-west moon, were to enter now, how these pigmy degenerates

would sneak into mice-holes ! To return—(but I must observe, that all the ministers I heard in this eastern country are readers, not preachers of the gospel). After the woman had finished her song, the minister made a very decent prayer. In it he sought the Lord to lay plentifully to his *hands* of the *food* of *souls*, &c. Now, thinks I, we will have a preaching. Well, his prayer finished, without a blush on his face, he pulls from his pocket a roll of black leather, in form of a tobacco-pouch ; from this he unrolls about a sheet of paper, and, without ever opening the Bible, reads a text from the head of the sheet, and so reads on till he comes to Amen, at the end of the sheet. I wondered at the indecency (to call it no worse) of the man. Did he think he was addressing a stock or a stone, that did not hear him ? Did he suppose his Maker did not know, that all the food he was about to deal out to the hungry souls before him was in his pocket ? I have heard this same mode of prayer used by reading ministers in New York. I hope hereafter they will pray for the blessing of light, and eyesight, and the use of their tongue ; for, by this system of reading, I had almost said they put it out of the power of God Almighty to help them. I have been to Guilford and Stonington, to Bambury and Danbury—every where they read their sermons, and sing praise by proxy.

It was harvest, and very warm. Saturday was fine for getting in the grain : it was full moon. Many of the farmers kept their men-servants and maid-servants, their oxen and their jack-asses, at work till one o'clock on Sunday morning. At half-past ten they got all to church. The minister began to read off his task ; but

scarcely had he got to *thirdly*, when I looked round I found they were all asleep, except a few old women, (and they would have been asleep also, but having *dozed* for the last forty years under the droppings of this drowsy preaching, for the life of them they could not sleep an hour longer,) and about two dozen of Sunday scholars in the gallery, who were cutting sticks to make windmills. I observed that the teachers, male and female, were asleep, and the minister was reading the dead languages. To keep myself awake, my thoughts run a-head in the following strain:— Before this, I never could comprehend what was the employment of those chaps in Yale College, who are called professors of the dead languages. I now felt satisfied that it must be they who teach the young Yankees to read sermons; but what a pity the old farmers, their fathers, should squeeze and starve all the rest of the family to raise forty dollars per month, to pay board and fees, and fire and candles, and pens and paper, to teach a boy to read sermons in New Haven. Only send them to New York, and Picket will teach them for *ten shillings* per month to read nearer to the points than many whom I heard; and Carvill, corner of Pine Street and Broadway, for one hundred, will give them as many sermons as they can read in fifty years: this, too, would save a great deal of paper, for a sermon reads just as well when printed as written. We have heard much of the march of intellect since the days of the pilgrims; but with regard to pulpit life, oratory, and eloquence, it has been in an awful *retrograde* line. Cotton Mather, and his contemporary champions of truth, would preach hours on a stretch without a paper

within a mile of them except their Bible. The Edwardses and Witherspoons, the Rogerses and Lins, the Livingstons and Masons of our day, made the souls of their hearers, as well as the walls of their churches, tremble, with their extempore pulpit eloquence. Now we have boys fresh from the college; their beards as soft as the down on a mushroom-top; green spectacles to hide their conscious shame, reading from a dead paper to a company of dead souls, and with a manner, too, as dead as the devil (who always attends church) could wish it. Why, if these men were to go into congress, the bench, or even the theatre so, they would be kicked from the hall, or hissed from the stage. Is it not a shame, to say the least of it, that a man in congress, or in a court of justice, will speak hours to the purpose, and often in support of a doubtful point, without paper, and yet a minister of the gospel, who has the range of three worlds—heaven, earth, and hell—with all the sublime doctrines of the Bible at his finger-ends, can't speak forty minutes without a quire of paper held up as an extinguisher of truth between their eyes and the eyes of their hearers? If you want to convince men in argument, they must see the fire of truth flash from your eyes. When Paul stood before Felix, and reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and a future judgment, his eyes kindled with the mighty theme, darting conviction through the eyes of the tyrant into the dark corners of his guilty, black, iron-bound soul-case, which made him tremble on his throne,—yes, on his throne, and before a prisoner in chains, too. Truth, when well spoken, (not read,) will make any tyrant tremble.

There is no excuse for this *banisher* of pulpit eloquence, — laziness is the cause. Forty years ago, you would rarely have seen a paper in any pulpit in New York. The abilities of our young men are as good now as they were then; memory, like all faculties of the mind, will improve by using; ministers only, of all public speakers, take neither pride nor pains to excel. Were I a minister, I would throw my paper in the fire, and say, I will be second to none, were it only for the *honour* of the *profession*. The ministers in the devil's church* deal out their fictions and lies in such a solemn strain of eloquent pathos, that they can chain the attention of their audience, and bathe them in tears for hours; but many of the ministers of the Most High deal out their solemn realities as if they were mere fictions, and they can barely keep the people from going to sleep. The "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" never flowed from off a paper. One Sabbath evening, about seventeen years ago, I went into the brick meeting to hear Dr. Wight, from Connecticut, preach. There he stood, with all the insignia of office—white bands, silk cloak, and tassels enough to bedeck a modern hearse—a tall, fine-looking man. I thought he was Boanerges personified. Out came his paper: he read along pretty well for fifteen minutes. The thunder began to roll over Snake Hill, in the Jerseys; the heavens were clothed in darkness, his spectacles failed, and he was obliged to sit down, till the sexton procured lighted candles. I thought this spoke more than volumes against the pernicious practice of reading. However,

* Theatre.

next day I learned he had been a professor of theology for seven years previous, and being a man of a very charitable turn of mind, I thought it was probable he might have given away whatever little stock of divinity he once possessed, for the benefit of those young students whose heads he had been polishing, and thereby left nothing to himself. I also learned he had been a preacher for twenty years, ten of which he had passed away under the title of doctor of divinity; but there he sat, and could not speak one word for his Master, without the help of paper, ink, and candle-light. Such were my reflections returning home in the steam-boat Washington, Captain Comstock.

But I have said nothing of the town. The men were kind, sociable, and sober. I heard it said that their temperance societies existed long before the revolution. The merchants are not quite so bustling as in New York, but I think they do it more *cannily*. You meet very few by two o'clock who have five hundred dollars short painted on their countenance. Their markets are fine, neat, and clean—all shut up as tight as a store at night. No drunken, dirty rascal sleeps there at night, as in our markets, on the stalls, till aroused in the morning by the butcher throwing down his quarters of beef. Their provision-shops are well supplied, and are a great convenience to the inhabitants—a blessing we are deprived of in New York by law. The ladies are handsome, good cooks, and good-natured: it is all we want of them.

CHAPTER VII.

Purchase the Friends' Meeting-House and Grounds— Instance of Special Providence— Thomas Paine — Anecdote of him — His narrow Escape from Execution in France — Effects of Infidelity in France — General Moreau.

DURING the time I was gardening in New Jersey, I sunk twelve thousand dollars and upwards; but when, in 1825, I made the purchase of the Friends' Meeting-House, this loss was *providentially* made up to me in one day, inasmuch as I paid twenty thousand five hundred dollars for the Meeting-House and ground, and in a few days thereafter was offered forty thousand, and lately was offered fifty thousand and upwards. The house was situated in Liberty Street, and had been occupied by the Society as a place of burial, school, and meeting-house,* for upwards of 140 years. The present building, however, was erected within the last thirty-five years.

For the following reasons I think I see the kind hand of Providence in this matter. As it was a

* It is another curious incident in my life, that I was making nails on the opposite side of the street at the time the Meeting-House (now my store) was building — part of the nails used were made by myself. Little thought my good friends (the Quakers), while they were paying me for nails to assist in rearing the Meeting-House, that, at the same time, they were preparing for me a shop, wherein to sell seeds — but so Providence orders our lot.

transaction of great importance, I earnestly prayed for direction from Him who has said, "Acknowledge me in all your ways, and I will direct your steps." I did so, and I think he directed me in that important matter; for, 1st, Every step I took towards furthering my views succeeded beyond my expectations. 2d, Every time I went to see any of the persons concerned in the sale, I always found them at home, and did the business I went about, without once going what we call a *needless errand*. 3d, I bought it at *private sale*—a circumstance which has not happened, in the sale of so much valuable property in the lower part of the city, for very many years. The circumstance is more remarkable, as several individuals had also applied to make a purchase; also the New York Athenæum, and other public bodies; besides several gentlemen, who wished to have it for building lots. Likewise a company of gentlemen in the lower part of the city had a plan laid out, and a company organised to purchase it at any rate, for the purpose of converting it into a select school for their daughters. In this state of things, each party was preparing for the contest of public sale. One broker since told me that he was authorised to bid as high as \$32,000. I purchased six lots for \$26,000, Mr. Tilletson paying \$5,200: so our four lots on Liberty Street, with the building, cost us only \$20,800. Every one who knew the circumstance was surprised, and unable to conceive a reason for its being sold at private sale. Under the above circumstances, for my own part, I can only say that so Providence ordered it should come to our hands; for, had it come to public

sale, it would have gone far higher than our business would afford to pay the interest for the purchase-money.

Our expenses in erecting a green-house, and other necessary fixtures for carrying on our business to advantage, were great; however, our sales so increased, that we were able to meet the demands.

The following is one, out of many instances, in which Providence directed me, almost by miracle, in the furtherance of the seed-establishment. In April 1803, I commenced the selling of seeds. One evening, in the fall of the year, a merchant gave me an order for a quantity of spring-wheat: at that time I knew not there was such an article in use. However, I promised to get it if possible. At the same time, there lived, at the corner of Stone and Mill Streets, a grain-broker, by the name of Reynolds. Next morning, I started, with the intention of making my first inquiry of him. Having a small bill against Mr. Henry Coster, whose office was situated in William Street, directly opposite the post-office, I took it along with me, as it lay in my way. When I entered the office, Mr. Coster was conversing with a gentleman; Mr. Coster inquired my business, and insisted that I should stop: their conversation continuing, I again offered to retire, but was prevented by Mr. Coster, who observed he should be at leisure presently. In a few minutes, the gentleman went out; I finished my business, and, just as I crossed over to the post-office, I met J. Patrick coming out with a handful of letters. As we were going the same way, his office being on the west side of Old Slip, we kept company, talking about the

weather, &c. till we came to the corner of Stone Street. Just as I was turning to pursue my original intention of calling on Reynolds, at the corner of Mill Street, says Mr. Patrick, "Mr. Thorburn, as you are a seedsman, do you know of any one who wants a quantity of *spring-wheat*, which was sent me yesterday from Hudson?" Surprise prevented me from answering for a few moments: I did not tell him I was in pursuit of the article, but we walked to his store, when I made an easy purchase of the whole. Returning and ruminating on the circumstances and occurrences of the last half hour, I thought I would still call on Reynolds. He had no spring-wheat, nor did he know where it could be found. He said very few raised it, and it was seldom brought to the city.

Thus you see had I not met Mr. Patrick at that precise moment, I should have gone on a needless errand; and had not Mr. Coster twice detained me against my wishes, I should not have met Mr. Patrick coming out of the post-office.

I could relate many such instances, in which I could see the directing hand of Providence, and abundant proofs that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the notice of our heavenly Father :

In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see ;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

When I look back I remember some ludicrous and curious scenes in which I have been part actor. I have come in contact with several of the men whose names have bore a conspicuous part in the history of the last

forty years : such as Thomas Paine, General Moreau, &c. When Thomas Paine escaped from the dungeon of the Committee of Safety, men whom the writings of Paine, and such as Paine, had turned into monsters, he put up at the City Hotel in this city. One morning about nine o'clock a person came in my store, and stated that he was standing on the steps in front. As I lived next street, and being anxious to see him, I, with two gentlemen who happened to be in the store at the time, went round to have a look at him; but before we got there he stepped in. While I stood considering how to get a sight of him, I observed Samuel Loudon, the printer, enter the hotel. As I knew Samuel and he were copatriots through the whole of the American revolution, I presumed he was going to see his old friend. I proposed to my companions to go in; and as I was acquainted with Mr. Loudon, we would thus get introduced. They declined going. As I went alone, I asked the waiter—

“ Is Mr. Paine at home ? ” “ Yes.”

“ In his own room ? ” “ Yes.”

“ Alone ? ” “ Yes.”

“ Can I see him ? ” “ Follow me.”

He ushered me into a spacious room, where the table was set for breakfast—a gentleman at the table writing, another reading the paper. At the further end of the room a long, lank, coarse-looking figure stood with his back to the fire. From the resemblance to portraits I had seen in his *Rights of Man*, I knew it was Paine. While I followed the waiter, presuming Paine was alone, I was preparing an exordium to introduce myself to a plain republican alone; but when

I thus found myself in company with the great author of "Common Sense," for a moment I was at a stand. Says I, "Gentlemen, is Mr. Paine in this room?" He stepped towards me and answered, "My name is Paine." I held out my hand, and while I held his, says I, "Mr. Paine, and you, gentlemen, will please excuse my abrupt entry; I came out of mere curiosity to see the man whose writings have made so much noise in the world." Paine answered, "I am very glad your curiosity is so easily satisfied." Says I, "Good morning, gentlemen;" walked out, and shut the door behind me. I heard them all burst out into a loud laugh. Thinks I, they may laugh that win; I have seen Paine, and, all things considered, have made a good retreat. The gentlemen called the waiter, and inquired who that was. "It is Thorburn, the seedsman." They reported the matter at the coffee-house, and among their acquaintances. As the story travelled, it was told with all manner of additions. One was, that I told Paine he was a rascal; had it not been for his books I would never have left my native country, &c. &c. In short, there was nothing heard for many days but Thorburn's visit to Mr. Paine.

At that time I was clerk, or psalm-singer, in the Scotch Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street, of which the famous Dr. John M. Mason was the minister. The church-session caught the alarm; an extra meeting was called. To be sure I was not noticed to attend—perhaps they were afraid of contamination from one who had shook hands with Mr. Paine. Be that as it may, I was suspended from office for some months.

A few years after this, when Paine had fallen into

disrepute, and his company shunned by the more respectable of his friends, on account of his unpopular writings and hard drinking, he boarded in the house of one William Carver, a blacksmith and horse-doctor. This Carver and I had wrought journeywork together in the same shop ten years before that period; so, having free access to the house, I frequently called to converse with Mr. Paine. One evening he related the following anecdote:—He said it was in the reign of Robespierre, when every republican that the monster could get in his power was cut down by the axe of the guillotine, Paine was in the dungeon, and his name on the list, with twenty more, ordered for execution next morning. It was customary for the clerk of the tribunal to go through the cells at night and put a cross with chalk on the back of the door of such as were to be guillotined in the morning. When the executioner came with his guard round, wherever they found a chalk the victim was brought forth. There was a long passage in the cellar, or dungeon, of this bastille, having a row of cells each side containing the prisoners. The passage was secured at each end, but the doors of the cells were chiefly left open, and sometimes the prisoners stepped into one another's room to converse. Paine had gone into the next cell, and left his door open, back to the wall; thus having the inside out. Just then came the chalkers, and, probably being drunk, crossed the inside of Paine's door. Next morning when the guard came with an order to bring out twenty, and finding only nineteen chinks (Paine being in bed, and his door shut), they took a prisoner from the further end of the passage, and thus made up the number.

So Mr. Paine escaped ; and before the mistake was discovered (about forty-eight hours after), a stronger party than Spirie's cut off his head, and about thirty of his associates ; and so Paine was set at liberty. But being afraid to trust his head any longer among these good democrats, for whom he had written so much, he made the best of his way for this country.

I asked him what he thought of his almost miraculous escape. He said, " The *Fates* had ordained he was not to die at that time." Says I, " Mr. Paine, I will tell you exactly what I think : you know you have written and spoke much against what we call the religion of the Bible ; you have highly extolled the perfectibility of human reason when left to its own guidance, unshackled by priestcraft and superstition ; the God in whom you live, move, and have your being, has spared your life that you might give to the world a living comment on your own doctrines. You now shew to the world what human nature is when left to itself, to wander in its own counsels ; here you sit, in an obscure, uncomfortable dwelling, powdered with snuff, and stupified with brandy ; you, who was once the companion of Washington, Jay, and Hamilton, are now deserted by every good man ; and even respectable deists cross the streets to avoid you." He said, " He cared not a straw for the opinions of the world." Says I, " I envy not your feelings." So we parted. In short, he was the most disgusting human being you could meet in the street. Through the effect of intemperance his countenance was bloated beyond description—he looked as if God had stamped his face with the mark of Cain. A few of his disciples, who

stuck to him through good and through bad report,—to hide him from the gaze of men, had him conveyed to Greenwich, where they supplied him with brandy till he died.

One evening, shortly after he gave me the history of his escape from the guillotine, I found him in company with a number of his disciples, as usual abusing the Bible for being the cause of every thing that is bad in the world. As soon as I got an opportunity to edge in a word, says I, “ Mr. Paine, you have been in Ireland, and other Roman Catholic countries, where the common people are not allowed to read the Bible; you have been in Scotland, where every man, woman, and child, has the Bible in their hands; now, if the Bible were so bad a book, they who used it most would be the worst people. In Scotland, the peasantry are intelligent, comfortable, sober, and industrious; in Ireland, they are ignorant, drunken, and live but little better than the brutes. In New York, the watch-house, bridewell, alms-house, penitentiary, and states-prison, is filled with Irish; but you won't find a Scotchman in these places.” This being an historical fact which he could not deny, and the clock having just struck ten, he took a candle from the table and walked up stairs, leaving his friends and myself to draw our own conclusions.

Mr. Paine was very fond of company; but his habits being intemperate, his chief associates were mostly among the second orders in society. From my acquaintance with William Carver, the blacksmith, at the corner of Cedar and Temple Streets, I often used to spend the evening conversing with

Mr. Paine. He had seen much of men and their manners; had a clear, strong head, but (as I thought) a very unsound heart. Politics and religion were the chief topics of our discourse. We agreed on the former; on the latter we differed, but always in a friendly way. One evening he was describing, in his usual strong manner, the mischiefs (as he termed it) produced in society by the Bible and its followers. Says I, "Mr. Paine, the first night I slept in America was on a hard mattress, laid on the floor of a close garret, in a hot night in the warm month of June—the place swarmed with musquitoes and other *domestic animals*, and whenever sweet sleep approached, they drove her from my pillow: sore, feverish, and sunk in spirit, I rose by break of day to while away the time till the family got up. I commenced unpacking my box of books; I opened the first book that came to hand, merely to see if it had received any injury by confinement in the hold of the vessel for so many weeks; my eye lit on the words, '*My son*'"—(this book was in two small volumes: often when I went to see Mr. Paine I put it in my pocket, to set him right when he misquoted a passage.) Having the book by me, I asked, and he assented, to hear it read—it was the third chapter of Proverbs; we sat with the table between us, his eyes fixed on my face till I had done. "Now," says I, "Mr. Paine, put yourself in my situation—a poor, sick stranger, just entering on the untried scenes of life without a pilot, and conceive, if you can, a set of instructions more suitable: why, sir, it drove away my fever and my fears—I went forth, to commence my new career, with a heart as light as a feather, trusting in Him who hangs crea-

tion on his arm, and feeds her at his board." He heard without interruption, when, patting me on the head, with a good-natured smile, " Ah," says he, " but thou art a young *enthusiast*." So we parted for the night.

I will now, to give Mr. Paine his due, mention one good action he performed. The man who suffered death instead of Paine left a widow, with two young children, in poor circumstances. Paine brought them all with him to this country, supported them while he lived, and, it is said, left most of his property to them when he died. The widow and children lived in apartments up town by themselves; I saw them often, but never saw Paine in their company: he then boarded with Carver. I believe his conduct was disinterested and honourable to the widow. She appeared to be about thirty years of age, and was very far from being handsome.

The friends of Mr. Paine, merely in attempting to contradict my statement, have lately asserted that this woman was not the widow of the man guillotined, and, from what I lately learned, I believe she was not. One thing I know, when he first brought her out, he and his friends passed her off as such; and it's a pity they should have taken from him the credit of the only good action he was ever thought to have performed.

There are some who have read little, and thought less, on the events that have passed before our eyes within the last forty years, who may honestly wish to see the experiment tried, whether society can exist in any thing like a state of order, without the religion of the Bible: but the experiment has been tried and found wanting. The Governor of the world, as if to

leave men without excuse, gave the management of the affairs of France, for several years of her late revolution, into the hands of men who were freethinkers in principle, and enemies to religion by profession. Having the power, they put their principles into practice: they abolished the Sabbath, and substituted every tenth as a day of rest or amusement—they shut up the churches, and banished the ministers, except a few, whom they styled priests of the religion of nature—they dressed up a female, (the Fanny Wright of Paris, no doubt,) according to their notion of some heathen deity, whose costume was any thing but modest—they placed her on a pedestal in one of their public squares or temples—they bowed the knee and paid her divine homage, under the style and title of the *Goddess of Reason!* Yes, gentle reader, these men were the philosophers of the day, the Timothy Jenkinsees of France, who shouted in the ears of the simple, We are the men—we are the men! and wisdom will die with us! It was enough to make the *devil blush*. The gutters of Paris were turned into a scarlet die, so mighty was the devastation and murders of these philanthropists—these friends of man! Buonaparte, and a few other men of strong mind, seeing the nation was rolling fast towards the dark gulf of worse than savage barbarism, took the reins from the hands of these unskilful drivers; they scattered the council of 500 into thin air, restored to the people their weekly Sabbath, their altar, and their priests—and again were the people happy. Now, my good friends, look out for the rocks on which others have split. We have as much, and more, liberty to carry as we can fairly stagger under:

no religious denomination can lord it over another in America, as the constitution has placed these as they ought to be, *all on a level*; and while we have neither lords temporal or spiritual in our country, you will never be hurt by priestcraft. If it is a craft, I think it is the poorest craft I know of in America; for except in New York, and two or three of the largest cities, they scarcely are paid enough to keep soul and body together. Were we, as in England, obliged to pay tenths to a man whose church we never enter, we might complain of priestcraft; but here we have free churches, and in every church are free pews for those who are unable to pay: so, in America, above any other spot in the world, it may emphatically be said, “the poor have the gospel preached unto them.”

When General Moreau fled from Buonaparte's persecution, he took up his abode in New York—he and his lady, the beautiful Madame ——, daughter of a banker in Paris. She was said, at that time, to be the richest and handsomest woman in Europe. Be that as it may, she was very a pretty little woman, and fond of flowers. The general condescended to all her whims and notions about plants; and very well he might, for he was rather ugly, and old enough to be her father. When any thing was to be arranged among the plants, she was not pleased except the general and I had the fixing of them. One day I was placing some pretty little modest Scotch daisies in his study, I cast my eyes on his hat, coat, sword, and other accoutrements, hanging on one side. Thinks I to myself, it is but a few months since with that sword in hand, he was arranging the ranks, and directing the most masterly retreat, perhaps,

on military record ; and here he is seemingly exerting all his mind in *ranking* up flower-pots. He observed the direction of my eyes, and spoke in French to his servants, who told me the general wished to know what I thought. I said, I wished to know if that sword and hat was with him on the field of battle. He said it was. I told him what I thought ; he explained to the general, who laughed as loud as Frenchmen generally do.

It was a pity he ever left New York : he was a pleasant, unassuming man, and was much liked. He had plenty of money, and might have been very happy here, had he been only contented. I would rather live in America on an annuity of 2000*l.* sterling, than mount the throne of any monarch in Christendom.

CHAPTER VIII.

Journey to Albany—The Genesee Girl and her little Red Book, or her Journey overland to Albany; a Story not founded on, but all fact.

It was in that tremendous weather, in the winter of 1831, that froze the *soles* and bodies of men, I rose before day, that I might catch the first ferry-boat. The moon shone bright, the north wind blew as if charged with particles of pulverised flint, the pavements were thronged with the dear sisters of the Assistant Society,* pattering along with their little feet, o'er cutting ice and frozen snow, some going to the house of prayer, and some going to the house of mercy; but all engaged

* Composed chiefly of rich, handsome, and delicate females, members of the Catholic, Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, Baptists, Universalists, Unitarians, Friends (Quakers), Moravians, Congregationalists, &c., agreeing to differ on *points*, but going hand and hand in their labours of love, following, in this respect, the footsteps of their Master, who ever was found in the hovels of the wretched, and by the sick bed of the miserable; for in America we have no *privileged church* to create and foster jealousies among brethren—the *Lord Jesus Christ* is the only king and head of the church in America; it is he alone who carries the keys of hell and of death,—a bunch too heavy for the feeble arm of any of Adam's sickly sons, not even excepting the strong man *Samson*. These American bodies have some strange notions about things; they won't believe that there is a man in all the universe of God whose arm is strong enough to carry the *keys of hell* and of *death*, except the man *Christ Jesus*.

(like Young's departed friends) "on errands full of love."* I gazed on the little groups as they passed along under the pinching beams of that ecliptic moon. Bless the women! though I, surely their *record* is on high, for their worth goes unrewarded in this world. By the by, you may recollect, it was this self-same *cold, calculating moon* that stepped between us and the sun one forenoon last winter, whereupon there ensued such a season of *freezing*, that the like had not been felt since the year 1782, when they rolled the cannons over the ice from Whitehall to Communipaw in the Jerseys.

I say it was on this morning we left Hoboken, &c. But before we commence (as friend Harper says, after he has made five and twenty leaves of a book), I would hereby forewarn every man, woman, and child, if they have any regard for life or limb, for soul or for body, that they travel not to Albany in winter on the Jersey side of the Hudson river: the reason you will find as we get along the road. We left Hoboken with about fifteen passengers, close packed in a stage with wheels, and a very neat coach. I was politely asked to step into the coach, and so foolish was I and ignorant (never having travelled by land), I thought this same fine close carriage would go through thick and thin with me all the way to Albany: in two short hours my eyes were opened. We stopped in Hackinseck, at a tavern, grocery, grog-shop, and post-office, all under one concern (if I mistake not); for we carried Uncle Sam's letter-bags (which,

* This was in the winter of 1831, the time when the *sincerely pious* thought they were doing God *more service* by rising at five A.M. in January, and walking a half mile to the place where prayer was wont to be made.

by the way, was another grievance, as we had to stop every few miles to change the mail). The keeper of the office began to bluster and swear he had neither carriages, covered or uncovered, to forward so many passengers. He said the Jockey Club in New York took all the money and gave him all the trouble. In short, says he, unless you remain here till four o'clock P.M., you must go on with such conveyance as I can furnish. Here one of our passengers, a great, black-whiskered fellow, told the landlord to his face, he would rather stay in h— till four o'clock than stop in such an abominable rum-hole. As we applied to our Hoboken driver, he said his orders were to drop us at Hack-inseck, and bring back the carriages; and sure enough he turned about, and back he went. Looking at our commodious carriages on their return, one of our company observed, "These are kept as *decoy ducks*." I thought, in our case, they had decoyed geese; for no person with brains ought to expect any good thing to come out of Jersey. Here we were detained nearly an hour. I stepped into the bar-room—a large place. In the centre stood an old-fashioned ten-plate stove, surrounded by fifteen or twenty large, lazy-looking fellows. On the stove (which was very hot) stood a number of pots, mugs, pitchers, and jars of beer, brandy, ale, and cider; some, running over with the heat, made a hissing and a noise, and the fume which rose to the ceiling, and intermixed with clouds of pipe and cigar smoke, rebounded again on the heads of the smokers, nearly shutting out the light of day, and brought to mind the midnight revels of Macbeth's witches dancing round the infernal fire, with Satan

standing on the edge of the caldron, stirring the ingredients in their incantations. Had I the powers, pencil, and canvass of Hogarth, I would have daubed these fellows into lasting fame. After waiting an hour, we were sent forward, viz. : two in an open chair, four in a light wagon, and the remainder, eight, I think, in a common Jersey farming-wagon, all the machines being without covers. It now commenced raining ; and by the time we got to the next stage, we looked like moving pillars of salt, our hats and coats being covered to the thickness of one-eighth of an inch with ice transparents. At the town of Goshen, we changed the mail, thawed our garments, and eat our dinner. As we got north, the sleighing got better ; so we were accommodated with a covered box and runners ; but alas ! it was like the man's lantern without a candle. The cover was of white-wood boards, placed a quarter of an inch apart, without *paint*, *leather*, or *canvass*, to protect them from the weather. (You will here observe, that seventy-five cents' worth of canvass, and twenty-five cents' worth of paint, and half an hour of time, would have made this machine both air and water-tight.) But in Jersey, time, cents, and every comfort, seemed all swallowed up with the rum-jugs and the ten-plate stoves. We travelled all night. The rain and snow descending through the roof, our hats were frozen to our capes, and our cloaks to one another. In the morning, when we stopped at the village of Cocksackie, we looked like some mountain of ice moving down the Gulf-stream. I thought the machine used at the Dry Dock would have been an excellent appendage here to have lifted us bodily into the breakfast-

room : and this is what the horse-flesh fraternity in New York advertise as their *safe, cheap, comfortable, and expeditious* winter establishment for Albany.

I have met some who would not believe that the iniquities of the fathers are visited on the children ; but let these same men only go into New Jersey, that is to say, provided there should be any winter in that state next January or February, and they will then and there see the doctrine in practical operation. I saw delicate-looking women hewing wood and drawing water ; I saw children standing on the snow and sliding on the ice without stocking or shoe on their feet ; while the lazy, drunken father was spending his time and money by the *ten-plate stove*. I have ever thought laziness and drunkenness to be the very essence of iniquity, and here I saw it visited on the innocent children with a witness. I thought the very brute creation of Jersey were groaning in pain under the wickedness of the men. Horses and cows stood trembling by the board-fence, the bones sticking through their hide-bound skins, without the slightest covering to protect them from the piercing winds. Cedar poles and brush were there in abundance ; but the men were chained to the *ten-plate stoves*, while they ought to have been constructing a place of shelter for their dumb beasts. The clean rye-straw was blowing about with the four winds of heaven, which ought to have been gathered to the cutting machine, boiled with a few potatoes or coarse-ground Indian meal. Their cows would then have paid them three-fold in milk, and the horses in willing and efficient labour ; but these abominable *ten-plate stoves* and *cider-mugs* seemed to swallow every hour and

every comfort they might enjoy. Here the sleighs were bad, and the horses were bad; the victuals were bad, and the cooks were bad; the roads were bad, and the fences were bad; indeed, you might almost have told when you entered York state, as things began to mend every mile.

Among our passengers was a young woman about seventeen, who, having spent the winter in and about New York, was returning to her friends in the west: she was under the protection of a young man, who, from his polite, yet cool attentions, I thought must have been nearer related than a *cousin*. Had she been a witness at the Hall or Court House, the papers would have said she was a very *interesting young lady*; but as I don't quite understand the phrase in the connexion, it is as well to say at once she was a handsome young woman. Most of this day's journey there sat on her right hand a respectable farmer from Ohio—a man of sound principles, and who, by his observations, must have seen much of men and their manners. He appeared to be about fifty. On her left sat a young man about twenty-two, in the vigour of life and health, and whiskered to the mouth and eyes—(observe this was not her protector). Our farmer, in answer to a question by a passenger, when speaking of the inhabitants of the new settlements, observed, wherever there was a church and a stated minister, the people, for five or six miles around, were more orderly, circumspect, and sober, than were those who did not enjoy this privilege. This observation drew forth the tongue, the learning, and the eloquence of our young hero of the whiskers; he had been to college, and was studying some learned

profession: he spoke long and loud about witchcraft and priestcraft—said the laws of Lycurgus were better than the laws of Moses, and the Bible of Mahomet was better than the Acts of the Apostles. He said the stories about hell and the devil were only invented to scare the ignorant, and that death at the most was only a *leap in the dark*. But ah! *this leap in the dark*: we little thought we were so near the precipice, and that in a few minutes our courage would be put to the test. It had rained for the last twenty-four hours, the sleighing got bad, the horses were sinking to the knees, and the driver swore he would take to the river. We thought that he was in jest; but finding him turn in that direction, the passengers, one and all, remonstrated, but to no effect. At every stopping-place, while the horses drank water, he drank rum. He was now at that point of high pressure that he declared he feared neither death nor the devil.

This scene took place between Newburgh and Catskill. We knew the ice had been strong enough to bear a hundred sleighs; but the rain had run from the frozen hills on each side, and the ice was now covered to the depth of at least two feet of water; the wind was fresh, and the waves rolled as if no ice was under. Our apprehensions arose from our danger of getting into air-holes, which could not be seen, as all appeared but one sheet of water. At this juncture the rain ceased, and snow began to fall in broad flakes, so thick and so fast that the driver could hardly discover the head of his leaders or forward horses; and, to add to our fears, the banks were so steep we could not effect a landing for nearly a mile a-head. I looked at our

farmer ; I thought, as he had travelled the length and breadth of the land, he must have encountered dangers by field and by flood ; his eye was uneasy, startled, and twinkling with something like fear. I asked what he thought : he thought it was both unsafe and imprudent. I looked at the young woman ; she looked pale, thoughtful, and serious, but spoke not : on her lap she carried a small willow basket, the lids opening to the handle. While I was observing the effects of fear on her countenance, she took from her basket *a little red book*, about two and a half inches long, two broad, and one thick ; she opened the book, turned a few leaves, fixed her eyes, and read about a minute. As she shut and replaced the book in the basket, she turned her face towards the heavens—she closed her eyes, and her lips moved. Now, reader, if you ever stood at Werckmeister's window, corner of Liberty Street and Broadway, you may have seen a painting of a beautiful Italian nun at her devotions : well, if you have seen this, you may figure to yourself the countenance of this young woman in that trying moment. As she opened her fine black eyes, the hue of fear, which for a few moments had blanched her rosy cheeks, passed away like the shadows of a showery cloud by the side of a green hill on an April morning. I knew not the book, nor what words she had read, nor did I think it prudent to ask ; but I was sure it must have been something that she took for inspiration, and that was enough for the present case. I thought how cruel would it have been in one of those hoary-headed philanthropists of the Temple of Reason, at this critical moment to undeceive this young woman, *could such a thing have been possible.*

During the remainder of our perilous ride, she sat composed, but spoke not. I looked at the whiskered young man; he trembled in every limb: ten minutes before, he looked stout enough and fierce enough to have made the passage of Lodi on the right hand of Buonaparte; but now he sat in dismay—this *leap* in the dark took him by surprise—he was like one without hope; while she placed her tender foot firmly on the Rock of Ages, and with her hand she took a grasp upon the skies, then bid the waves roll, nor feared their idle whirl. At this moment I saw before me what I thought was hope, and no hope, personified—hope, in the person of this young female, who could not so much as set her foot upon the ground for very delicateness; yet she neither screamed nor wrung her hands, she neither needed smelling-bottle nor hartshorn, but sat strong in the faith of her little red book; and no hope in the person of this young man, who, from strength of body and vigour of mind, might have passed for one of the very lords of the creation; but now sat unstrung and feeble as a child;—they had taken from him his *little red book*, and given him a *blank book* in its place: he had *no hope*. At this juncture a passenger crept through the green baize covering and sat with the driver. What unanswerable argument he used, I know not, but strongly suspect it was in the shape of a *safety-fund note*;* for in five minutes the driver and his horses returned to the earth from whence they had lately sprung.

We stopped at the village of Catskill. While they were placing the victuals on the table for dinner, I

* Bank notes so called.

asked Miss Campbell, in as polite a manner as possible, for a sight of the little red book she carried in her basket. Its title was, "Daily Food for Christians, being a Promise, and another Scriptural Portion, for every Day in the Year," &c. Boston.* I asked her what portion it was that seemed to please her so much while we were sleighing in the water. She pointed to the 15th, 16th, and 17th February, and their texts; that of the 16th runs thus:—"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people," &c. &c. The hymn, "Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take," &c. [If you want to read the whole, go and buy the book; it costs only 2s. 6d.] As I returned her book, I observed, "There are some who say this book is all delusion." "What if it is? it is at least a *cheap*, a *comfortable*, and a very *innocent delusion*," says she; "they may call it what they please; but I intend to make it my companion through all my journeys in life, unless they produce a better book." This conversation took place by a window, in the large dining-room, out of the hearing of the other passengers.

Now, master or miss reader, there was nothing miraculous or unaccountable in the matter of the red book. This young woman had read of some who, in times of trouble, had drawn support from the leaves of the Bible. She was now in a situation where there was no refuge on the right hand or on the left. She thought of the little book; in turning to the text for that day of the month (this was on the 23d), her eye lit on the texts above cited; they were in Isaiah, xli. 14, xlvi. 15;

* This book is reprinted from the London edition.

Psalm cxxv. 2. When you read these words, and reflect that she believed them to be *inspired*, you will not wonder at her sitting unmoved in the midst of the danger.

After dinner we resumed our journey through clouds of falling snow. About nine P.M. the wind chopped round, the moon shone bright, it froze and blew a hurricane all night. Next day was clear and fine sleighing; at two P.M. we stopt at Bement's; the sun shone full down on State Street, the sleighs and the bells danced merrily along, and every thing bore the appearance of life and comfort. In our company was a lady who a few days before had arrived in one of the Liverpool packets, and was on her way to join her husband in the west. Fear on the river stopped not her utterance, but had quite a contrary effect. She was a small body, and when her little English tongue broke loose, it went like the hammer of a mill-clack: if the fellow was in her country, he would be prosecuted and mightily punished for such presumptuous behaviour to passengers; and declared, if she lived to see Albany, she would have satisfaction, if there were any laws in this country, &c. While the driver was untying our baggage, says I, "Mam, that big house* on the top of the hill, is the place where the king, lords, and commons, are now sitting, and making laws as fast as you would pitch half-pennies: over the way is Mr. Van Blarcum, the lawyer's office. Now, if you are willing to spend a sovereign or two, and board ten or twelve days in this hotel, you will find as much law and justice to punish

* The State, or Court-house, where the governor, senate, and house of assembly, were then making laws.

that driver for putting you in bodily fear in this as in your own country." She looked in my face for a moment. "Dogs take the fellow!" says she; "I would not stay another week from my husband for all the coachmen in America." "Good by, mam," says I. So she jumped into the Schenectady, or some other stage; I saw no more of her.

The above story is a simple tale of truth; I have written merely what I saw and heard. In July, 1833, a respectable-looking elderly gentleman came in the store and asked for me; I answered to my name. He said his name was Campbell; lived in the state of Genesee, in the far west; that his daughter desired him to call with her respects, she being the young woman who made one of the passengers in the sleigh from New York to Albany, in February 1831; that she was married to a young gentleman whose views in matters of religion coincided with her own; that she was very happy, &c. This Mr. Campbell emigrated from the west of Scotland, and landed in America when his daughter was a child; he taught her to put her trust in the same God who had been the guide of his youth, and the staff of his riper years.

CHAPTER IX.

Reflections on board a Steam-boat—Dr. Graham's Address—
 Black Hawk's Reply—Arrival at Boston—Digression—New
 York Forty Years ago—Old Times.

MAY 25th, 1833, I left New York per steam-boat Franklin, Mr. Bunker, the old commodore himself, commander. Intending this as a voyage of discovery, that I might learn something more of men and of their manners, I took no encumbrance, save only a small trunk, and left all my live lumber at home. The history of one steam-boat voyage on our north or eastern waters may answer for the history of one hundred at the same season of the year—it being the season when men, as well as the bird creation, make choice of a mate. You may always observe a reasonable proportion of these twos made one. On board, you may easily distinguish them from those who have been buckled together in this holy alliance for the past three years; for, provided you are a keen observer of nature, you will see the fair *new-made one* cling fast to the arm of her natural support up stairs and down stairs to the table, or to the promenade, always linked together as close as the bands of matrimony can tie them. Even in a crowd, where they can't go abreast, you may see her pressing sideways along, still grasping the arm, as if she were afraid he might drop into oblivion. After supper, and when most of the passengers have retired, you may see them pacing the deck, or sitting in a lonely corner, like the turtle-dove on a solitary tree,

repeating their tales of love. There they sit till midnight. But now the cold north-east wind comes pouring down from St. Anthony's Nose (a high rock on the Hudson river so named), or round the bleak corners of Point Judith (a point in the sound, so named, where it sometimes freezes in the month of June, and the waters are proverbially turbulent). These winds are more like to form icicles than to fan the flames of love, and admonish them to retire. They now walk to the door of the ladies' cabin; but hitherto they may go, but no farther. Here the imperious law of the boat, in direct contradiction to the words of the *ceremony*, part those asunder whom God has joined together: no more dares he to set a foot there, than were he to enter the harem of a Turk. There, with the pearl dancing in her eye, they shake hands, and part as if it were for ever—she to sleep if she can, and he to the bar to drown his sorrow in a glass of champagne.

I now saw a few pairs of them whom I had observed on my former voyage three years ago. Then they were newly *linked*—now they were settled down in all the sober realities of life. No squeezing sideways arm and arm in a crowd; no leading down stairs or pulling up stairs by the hand, or tip of the fingers, like the hauling of a drowning man from a mill-pond; no snatching at a fan, a glove, or a handkerchief, before it had reached the deck; but merely a very sedate ejaculation of "My dear, you have dropped your fan," when very quietly raising it up, to be sure. I thought how much easier they now got along, the one before and the other behind, in all the composure of true Indian style.

If any of my thinking readers should suppose that the picture is too high coloured, they have only to visit Albany and Boston by steam, between the month of June and the month of January, and they will see the same comedy and the same tragedy acted over some scores of times.

Next morning I arose at five A.M.: having washed, shaved, and dressed, I sat down with my pipe in *lound** corner, forward, to smoke, and ruminate on what I had seen and heard the day previous. Says I to myself, I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen an unhappy marriage but where the improper conduct of the husband lay at the root of the evil. The temper of a woman must be very bad indeed if a man of sense can't lead her along. It is contrary to a woman's nature to be driven; but by kindness and persuasion you may lead her any where.

Mrs. Socrates, if history speaks true, was a woman of a violent temper, and a tremendous scold; yet her husband, who was a man of sense, could get along with her very comfortably. It is written of her, that one day having scolded near half an hour without being able to draw an angry word from his tongue, or to discompose a single idea in his contemplative brain, thus finding the powers of wind had no effect, she thought she would try the powers of water; so seizing a vessel that usually stands in the corner of the room, she made for the front window, where seeing he still sat composedly on the stoop, solving some problems among the stars, she emptied the whole contents on the bald head of her

* Snug corner.

husband. He then mildly observed to a friend who sat by, "After thunder we may always expect a shower." No doubt this sensible remark of the husband made the old lady draw in her head and smile; and, I dare say, when they met again on the stairs, they were as good friends as ever they had been since the first day they were linked together. Now, had Mr. Socrates been as hot-headed as some fiery fools of husbands that I have known, he would have ran up stairs and broke her favourite china tea and milk-pots, and may be driven his hand through the looking-glass. She, in revenge, would then have torn his portrait in pieces, and maybe have cut the throat of his favourite cat. Then there would have been hell upon earth in the house; but instead of this, he only poured the soothing oil of forbearance on her stormy temper, and soon the waves were still.

Those pests of society—the bachelors of forty—as an apology for their sins of omission, and their sins of commission, in transgressing alike against the laws of nature and of nature's God, will assert that they are afraid of being caught in the matrimonial trap, seeing so many promising young ladies have made very indifferent wives, and very bad housekeepers. This, I say again, is a mere excuse; besides, it is a downright slander. I can say, from thirty-seven years' experience and observation in these matters, that I never saw a bad wife except there was first a BAD husband. When two are yoked together, they must calculate to draw equal if they expect to get along easy. In the higher walks of life (for there I believe the daughters of Eve suffer more keenly for the sins of their grandmother

than they do in the lower) I have seen the young, accomplished wife, before twenty moons had waned since she changed her name, sitting lone and solitary as the sparrow on the house-top. Perhaps her health was now delicate; the nourishing and cherishing care of her partner was almost necessary to her existence; but he was gone—gone to some political, literary, or maybe some jockey-club. Perhaps he returns at midnight, breathing the fumes of wine, and steaming with the smoke of cigars—a pretty sort of a fellow to be sure! how unequal the yoke to a young lady of twenty! and yet he has the confidence to account himself a suitable companion to a sensible, delicate, well-educated female. Such usage and worse when often repeated, will sour the temper of any woman, though naturally as sweet as the dew-drop appending to the mountain-rose. I have heard the eloquent Dr. Mason assert from the pulpit that there were more ways of breaking the heart of a woman besides breaking her head.

Again, in the lower walks of life have I seen a delicate little woman—she was clean and neat about her house, her person, and her dress, but very unequally yoked to a great lump of a fellow, with an arm as thick as the leg, and a hand as heavy as the foot of an ox. He was by trade a currier of hides, a profound politician, a thorough reformer, and a warm friend of the people; and so completely was he filled with a *disinterested* love for all mankind, that he had not one particle left to bestow on his wife and children; for every night, as the sun went down, would he, after scrubbing his own hide, and drinking his tea, adjourn

himself off to the Indian Wigman, or Tammany Hall, and there would he harangue, cajole, rebuke, and debate, till the going down of the moon; and having made the science of political economy and national government his study from his youth up, he was positively never able to spare a moment of his time to think how he should govern *himself* or his *own house*.

In these long, lone winter nights, there sat his pretty little wife, her pale and interesting face yet more pale from the flickering light of the lamp—there she sat, one child asleep in her lap, her foot on the cradle rocking the babe, and at the same time mending his coat or darning his stockings. About twelve A.M. his heavy foot is heard on the stairs; his head buoyant as the balloon, from the fumes of ale and the smoke of cigars. Rough and uncouth as her portion of animated clay appeared, she yet welcomes him with a smile. “Han,” said he (her name was Hannah), “have you got any thing to eat?” Softly raising the child from her lap, and depositing it on the bed, she went quietly about placing something on the table to fill his capacious jaws. As the cradle stood still, the babe began to stir. “John,” said she, “please to turn the cradle a little.” “Rock the cradle yourself, and be hanged to you!” and, strutting across the floor in all the swell of strong stimulance and self-importance, “Rock the cradle yourself, I am one of the *lords of creation!*” A *lord of the creation*, indeed; it is enough to make the *devil blush*.

This thing took place in 1798, when the federal and democratic parties divided the country, or when, to the shame of America, Who is for France, or Who

is for England, was the watch-word—not a solitary voice for their country—Washington, Hamilton, Jay, Adams, and a few others who had bled for independence, excepted. I think Louis-Philippe served those chaps right, when they went as a deputation from our *meddling, officious, would-be conspicuous* wise men of *Gotham*. They went to congratulate him on the revolution of July 1830, which placed him on the throne, and made him a *king*. *Very consistent with republicanism!*

Having heard their flat address, “Gentlemen,” said he (in plain Scotch), “hereafter learn to mind your own business, and never burn your own noses in other people’s *kail*; right about face, march!” These are not the exact words, to be sure, but certainly the substance.

The New York republican procession, with the *French cockade* on their hats, and the New York republican committee’s address to King Philippe of Paris, in 1830, are two of the most beautiful specimens of *republican simplicity* I was ever witness to, except it may be the following, from the “New York Commercial Advertiser,” of June 1833.

“*The Address of John A. Graham, LL.D. of the City of New York, to Black Hawk and his Companions, on the 17th inst.*”

“Brothers! open your ears; you are brave men; you have fought like tigers, but in a bad cause. We have conquered you. We were sorry, last year, that you took up the tomahawk against us; but we believe that you did not know us then as you do now. We think, in time to come, that you will be wise, and that

we shall be friends for ever. You see that we are a great people, numerous as the flowers of the field, as the shells on the sea-shore, or the fish in the sea. We put one hand on the eastern, and, at the same time, the other on the western ocean. We all act together—if sometimes our great men talk loud and long at our council-fires; but shed one drop of the white men's blood, our young warriors, as thick as the stars of the night, will leap on board our great boats, which fly on the waves and over the lakes swift as the eagle in the air—then penetrate the woods, make the big guns thunder, and the whole heavens red with the flames of the dwellings of their enemies.

“Brothers! the President has made you a great talk. He has but one mouth, but that one has sounded the sentiments of all the people. Listen to what he has said to you—write it on your memories. It is good—very good.

“Brothers! Black Hawk, take these jewels—a pair of topaz earrings beautifully set in gold, for your wife or daughter, as a token of friendship; keeping always in mind that women and children are the favourites of the Great Spirit. These jewels are from an old man whose head is whitened with the snows of seventy winters—an old man who has thrown down his bow, put off his sword, and now stands leaning on his staff, waiting the commands of the Great Spirit.

“Brothers! look around you, see all the mighty people, then go to your homes, open your arms to receive your families; tell them to bury the hatchet, to make bright the chain of friendship; to love the white men, and live in peace with them, as long as the rivers

run into the sea, and the sun rises and sets. If you do so, you will be happy. You will then insure the prosperity of unborn generations of your tribes, who will go hand in hand with the sons of the white men, and all shall be blessed by the Great Spirit. Peace and happiness, by the blessing of the Great Spirit, attend you.

“Farewell!

JOHN A. GRAHAM.”

Black Hawk's Reply.

“Brother, we like your talk. We will be friends. We like the white people; they are very kind to us. We shall not forget it. Your counsel is good, and we shall attend to it. Your valuable present shall go to my squaw. It pleases me very much, and we shall always be friends.”

But to return to the gentlemen in high life, and the mechanics in low life. Had the former staid at home, when his partner was indisposed and unable to accompany him abroad,—had he with his own hand held the medicine-cup to her lips,—had he set by her bed and conversed, or read to her from some entertaining book (as he was in duty bound), he never would have cause to complain of a sour-tempered wife. And had the latter kept at home at night, and assisted his true yoke-fellow to nurse the child, while she was washing the clothes (for the bird creation will assist his mate to rear their young), he never would have broke the heart and soured the temper of his delicate wife. So I think I have shewn, without all controversy, that if a man only bears his share in the troubles of life, a woman will never flinch from bearing her's.

Those consummate blockheads the *bachelors*, they too must join the hue and cry to deface and to defame the most beautiful part of the creation. Conscious that they are running *contrary* to all laws, human and divine, they come forth with hard words in place of arguments; they are not able, say they, to support a wife; why, it costs many of you more money in six months to pay for the soda-water you drink, and the cigars you smoke and give away, (two articles that you can well dispense with, and articles too that your fathers never saw,) than it would take to support a sensible woman for a twelve-month. You are afraid of the expense of a family. He that hangs creation on his arm, and feeds her at his board,—he that hears the young ravens when they cry, will never suffer the young Yankees to starve. When you have got money enough to buy furniture, you will then go to housekeeping and marry. Here the fowls of the air will teach you; in the spring he looks out for his mate; he has not got a stick or a straw towards housekeeping: together they gather the sticks and the straws; in a few days a dwelling is prepared for the little family. But the bachelors in every thing put the cart before the horse—always wrong end foremost with them. They say, as soon as they get a nest, they will then look out for a bird—thus running quite cross-grained in the teeth of nature.

When I was not worth 150 dollars I married. My wife earned thirty-one and a half cents per day with her needle, I earned seventy-five cents per day with my hammer; yet I never until this day was without a loaf of bread and a shilling. You have read how *Lawrie Todd* began housekeeping; the inventory is true:

we had but three chairs—it was one more than our need; you may have a hundred, but you can only sit on one at a time. Had I my life to begin anew, and in the same circumstances, I would just do as I did then; at the age of twenty-two I would rather lodge by the bush with the woman of my choice, than to strut over a turkey carpet, gape on the sofa, yawn by the piano, and dream over the sideboard, in all the dark, gloomy, and horrible forebodings of a bachelor of forty; for they know the time is past—twenty-five is never to be recalled.*

By the time I got through these ruminations, Providence came in sight. My ticket for the stage was No. 2; whether it was what people call *chance*, or whether it was a plan of the captain's, I know not: be that as it may, I found myself seated with my back to the driver, comfortably stowed away with eight well-dressed females,—I being the only male creature on board. I soon learned they were two mothers with their four daughters and two young waiting-maids. I knew none of them, but soon found out they had been to Philadelphia, had visited my store, and were now on their way home to Boston. Having so precious a cargo in charge, I thought myself in duty bound to do what in me lay for their comfort: at every watering place, such as were thirsty I got abundantly refreshed with lemonade, milk-punch, or spring water: when we

* These sinners against the laws of nature ought to be told, that by examining the records of births all over the world, they will find an equal number of males and females born annually, which says, that every man ought to have his own wife, and every woman is entitled to one husband.

stopped to dine, while the other passengers were feasting on beef and brandy, we quietly sipped our tea and cake in a neat little room by ourselves. To shorten the time on the road, I amused them with Hogg's Tales and Scott's Stories; you may be assured there was not a heavy eye in the coach. About 7 P. M. we were quietly set down at the Tremont. Since my former visit, three years ago, I received many invitations from ladies and gentlemen from Boston, who had called to look at our store. I discovered by the way that I had left most of my cards behind; reflecting on the circumstance, thinks I, should I pass the door of any of those good folks, they will think, either that I am destitute of common civility, or wanting in truth; so I inserted the following in the "Boston Transcript."

"NOTICE. Through the progress of the two years just gone by, I received many *pressing invitations* — *beautiful cards* — and made many *fair promises* to call on Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So first time I was in Boston; unhappily, however, in the notes of preparation, I came off forgetting most of my *cards* and part of my *wits* in New York. Not wishing to be thought guilty of a *breach of promise*, or wanting in the common civilities of life, I wish only to inform my good friends aforesaid, if they will leave their address at the Seed Store, No. 52, North Market Street, I will endeavour to redeem my pledge.

"If spared, I intend remaining about a week."

I had another reason for publishing this notice: I knew that among some of the fashionable folks they think they are obliged to practise a great deal of hypocrisy. I remember many years ago of carrying a

bill to a fashionable lady in Broadway, New York; she and another lady were just coming to the door—the former asked me to step into the parlour; she was warm in her thanks to her neighbour for calling, and *seemed earnest* in her invitations for her to call again soon. As I had never seen any thing of fashionable life, you may think I was almost confounded, when, after shutting the front door with a *loud slam*, she returned into the parlour, and, without paying any attention to me, began to harangue to her daughter most vehemently; she wished that “hateful woman would never enter her door again, that she always gave her the headache, as her tongue was as rough as the sound of a grindstone,” &c. &c. Thinks I to myself, this is another way of doing business. She paid my bill, however, that was my business; the other affair was her own. So I thought about my cards; it may be that some of those fine ladies, whose cards are so smooth and brightly polished, after all, would rather see the grave-digger coming into the house than to see me: so, thinks I, this notice will put all to rights; those that are sincere will send their cards, and on them I will call; those that are not sincere will see the advertisement, and so take the will for the deed.

I must here digress, while I state what New York was forty years ago, and what it is now, and then I will return to Boston.

At that period, most of our dry-goods stores were in Pearl and William Streets—the shop in front, and generally a room behind; a glass-door intervened, through which the master of the house could see while eating his dinner; and if a person entered, he immediately arose,

left all, and waited on his customer. But look at it now. Half-past three P.M. yesterday, I called at the boarding-house of Mr. S. in Broadway—rang the bell—was answered by a *black nigger*. “Is Mr. B. within?” “He is at dinner, and can’t be disturbed when at dinner.” Says I, “Go tell Mr. B. my business is urgent, and can’t be delayed.” However, he did not appear till after fifteen minutes, while I sat in the parlour gazing on some shabby pictures, and magnifying every minute into ten. When he appeared, says I, “Sir, I have seen your employer, near forty years ago, rise from his dinner to sell a yard of tape.” This fellow is now third or fourth clerk *under*, in a vendue store in Pearl Street; receives about one hundred dollars per annum and board: he was just from the tail of the plough about eighteen months ago; he now wore a coat much in appearance like the wind-sail of a vessel in the tropics, it reached to the middle of his thighs, which, with his legs, were covered with a stuff called *gum elastic*, adhering so close as to resemble in appearance the bandages around the limbs of an Egyptian mummy, and made his legs appear not much thicker than a Bologn sausage; the toes of his shoes were as broad as the heel; his neck screwed up in a black leather collar. His face was of the true Weathersfield cut, of a mixed hue, between Dutch-pink and brick-dust. His nose sharp enough to have gouged the eye of a musquito; whiskers enough to have covered his whole visage, had they only been transplanted over the surface. Such is the miserable remnant of mortality who expects to become a merchant for the next generation.

You will excuse this digression—I felt so provoked with the young fop, I could not proceed till I recorded his folly.

Perhaps now may be a fitting place to insert the following:—

“*Old Times.*—We have been favoured by a friend with the following list of established merchants in New York anterior to the Revolution, together with one or two items of history, that will perhaps be interesting to many now on the theatre of action.

“The following are the names of all the importing merchants, previous to the American Revolution, that resided in New York:—

“Abeel and Byvank, Joseph Blackwell, Samuel Bowne, James Bowne, Robert Bowne, Geo. Bowne, William Butler, Thomas and Walter Buchanan, Samuel Broome, John Broome, James Beekman, Corsa and Bull, Dirck Brinckerhoof, Evert Bancker, Richard Bancker, David Beekman, Benj. Booth, Garrit Beekman and Son, Edward Goold, Henry Breveort, Gerardus Beekman, Cornelius Clopper, Peter Clopper, Peter I. Curtenius, Elias Desbrosses, James Desbrosses, Wm. Denning, Abraham Duryee, Gerardus Dycking, Thomas Ellisen, Walter Franklin, Samuel Franklin, James Franklin, Thomas Franklin, George Folliott, Gilbert Forbes, Ennis Graham, Peter Geolet, Joseph Hallett, Nicholas Hoffman, Andrew Hamersley, Henry Haydock, Ebenezer Hazard, Jacob Le Roy, Jacobus Lefferts, Francis Lewis, Gabriel H. Ludlow, Gabriel W. Ludlow, William Ludlow, Isaac Low, Nicholas Low, George Ludlow, Philip Livingston, Edward Laight, Robert Murray, John Murray, James Morton,

John Morton, Charles M'Evers, James M'Evers, Thomas Moore, Peter Mesier, Wm. Neilson, Garret Noel, Jeremiah Platt, Daniel Phoenix, James Parsons, Thomas Pearsall, Lewis Pintard, John J. Roosevelt, Alexander Robinson, Henry Remsen, Thomas Randall, John Reade, Richard Ray, Samuel Ray, John Ray, Isaac Sears, Christopher Smith, William Smith, Solomon Simpson, James Seagrove, David Seabury, Comfort Sands, Oliver Templeton, Wm. Ustick, Henry Van Vleck, Peter Vanderbilt, Hubert Van Wagenen, Henry White, Hugh Wallace, Alexander Wallace, John Walts, Jacob Watson, Richard Yates, Hambleton Young; in all 105, and all are dead except as follows:—Wm. Smith, David Seabury, Comfort Sands.

“ In November 1774, a committee of sixty persons was chosen to carry into execution the non-importation agreement made by congress; of which sixty there is now living only William W. Gilbert and Comfort Sands.

“ After the Lexington battle, 19th April, 1775, a new committee was chosen in May 1785, of 100 persons, of which there is not now living but three of them, Wm. W. Gilbert,* Comfort Sands, and Peter Van Schaick, of Kenderhook. In November 1775, twenty-one members were chosen for New York, in the provincial Congress of the State, all of which are dead except Comfort Sands.”

* Since dead.

CHAPTER X.

A Week in Boston—Reflections on Present State of Society.

BUT to return to Boston and the *cards*. The day after my advertisement appeared, the second edition of cards came pouring in like hail from a thunder-cloud in the month of July. Punctual to the hour, I ascended the steps of the princely mansion of the handsome Mrs. Ottis, just as the clock struck seven. When the door of the parlour opened, the blaze of lights, dress, youth, and beauty, was something more than my senses were prepared to receive. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for some have thereby entertained angels unawares," was the first idea that struck my mind. The lady of the manor on which I now stood once entered my store; she was to me a stranger; I entertained her, not knowing I was entertaining one, in many respects, so far superior to what we usually meet in the ordinary walks of life. My thoughts on this occasion may have taken a wrong flight, (as they have done many a time both before and since,) but I merely state what they were. It was the first time I had met an assembly where the sights were so *imposing*. The amusements of the evening commenced with what they call handing round tea, (a thing I had never seen performed in Scotland): first came a servant with tea-cup and saucer; another with bread and butter; then there came cake, rusk, tongue, and sweetmeats: here I was

brought to a dead stand — my hands were full — I could neither eat nor drink. Says I, “ Madam, this tea-drinking concern of yours reminds me of the man who was going to bury his wife in Scotland. They had three miles to walk, and were going pretty fast : ‘ Not so fast, friends,’ says the husband ; ‘ don’t let us make a *toil* of a *pleasure*.’ Now,” says I, “ Madam, your tea-concern is all very good ; but the way in which you manage the business makes a real *toil* of a *pleasure* — at least to me.” The lady took the hint, and very politely placed before me a small stand, when I got along very comfortably.

Among the many fine eatables placed on the board, or paraded round the room, an article came in, in size and appearance resembling a seven-pound ham, very neatly roasted. In answer to my question, the queen of the feast informed me it was a *roasted yam*. Never having seen a roasted yam, and never having tasted a yam in my life, my curiosity was awake. In a few minutes the heart of the yam was nicely scooped out with a silver spoon, placed on pretty little china plates, neatly compounded with the sweetest of butter and essence of spice. According to order, it was handed first to the ladies ; all were loud in praise of the yam : then to the gentlemen ; nothing was heard but the delicious yam — the famous St. Domingo yam. (I thought of the man with the long nose riding through the town of Straatsburgh.) I took one teaspoonful of the yam, then another. Thinks I to myself, were it not for the sweet butter and odoriferous spice, the heart of a corn-stalk would taste better. The lady of the feast asked how I liked the yam. Says I,

“ Madam, it reminds me of the story of a young countryman, whose grandmother died and left him a fortune. He came into Edinburgh to see life. Observing that people were carried from street to street in sedan-chairs, he applied to the porters for a ride. They seeing he was a *flat*, one of the porters winked to his mate, who drew out the bottom of the chair, on one side, just as his fellow opened the door to let the young man step in on the other side. When he stepped in, the door was shut, and the young man stood on the pavement. Away they go, through mud and through mire, always crossing where the mud was deepest. At length, they stopped in front of the hotel where he lodged: being let out, and his fare paid, ‘ Well,’ says the carriers, ‘ how did you like your ride?’ ‘ O,’ says he, ‘ it was very good; but, were it not for the *name* of the *thing*, a body might just as well *walk*.’ Now, madam,” says I, “ were it not for the *name* of the *thing*, a good Scotch potato would make a better feast.” I am sure that the laugh which followed did the mistress and her guests more good than all they derived by eating the yam.

By and by the music and the dance went round: a lively widow of forty asked if I would *waltz* with her; I told her if she would shew me how it was done, and I liked it, I would try. She jumped up and threw her arm round the slender waist of a tall girl; away they flew to the sound of the tamborine; when done, she sat down by me on the sofa. “ Well,” says she, “ how do you like it?” Says I, “ Madam, I think it’s coming to rather too close quarters.” I never till that hour knew exactly what waltzing was; and, I

must say, I tremble for the sons and fathers of the next generation, if we are to go on in imitation of those vile European customs. I asked her if the lads took hold of the lasses when they were at those pranks : she said they did. “ Then,” says I, “ the lasses are the more fools to let them.”

June 5th.—Went to Faneuil Hall to witness the proceedings of the meeting held to raise funds for completing the Bunker Hill monument. As I entered, a gentleman whom I knew not spoke to me by name, and introduced me to the mayor, who directed one of his friends to provide for me a comfortable seat. I felt grateful for their kind attention. The circumstances, and the place, brought to my memory one of my earliest newspaper recollections. One evening about the beginning of September 1775, the Edinburgh stage-coach stopped at my father’s door, and delivered the paper as usual. It contained the British account of the battle of Bunker’s Hill, and concluded, of course, with the prediction of the total destruction of the American cause. My father, I remember, expressed much sorrow while reading the account to his family, and in his evening prayer remembered most fervently the poor oppressed Americans. Being then in my third year, I knew not the nature of the contest, but thought it strange that my father should be *sorry* when our side *won*—as we used to say at school.

While the speakers were depicting in eloquent language the happy results that have flowed upon mankind, in consequence of that important battle, I thought perhaps there was not one in all that large assembly who could feel exactly as I did at that

moment. I beheld the ground on which scores in each contending rank had dropped into eternity, with each repeating *charge*: I thought of my father's principles with regard to that contest, and how they grew with my mind, and strengthened with my years, and the influence they held on my after-life. His principles made me set up as a reformer of the world, before I scarcely could tell my right hand from my left. These principles made me a prisoner in chains before I completed my nineteenth year; these principles procured me the privilege to banish myself, when, by the directing care of Providence, and the help of the good ship Providence, belonging to my worthy friend Mr. Samuel Campbell of New York, I was landed in America; thus placing me in the best country in the world — the best state in that country — the best city in that state — the best street in that city — and, *as I think*, the best spot in that street: so, you see, had it not been for the principles so successfully contended for on that hill, on that day, it is not probable I ever should have seen America, and this book and its author would never have seen the light of the sun in Boston. Such were my ruminations after the meeting broke up, as I was plodding my way through Washington Street, to spend the evening with a select party at the house of Mr. —; but as the history of one steam-boat trip will answer for one hundred on the same waters, so the description of one evening party will answer for six in the same city. The next day I visited many of the gardens in and around Boston. Nothing I have seen in America will bear the least comparison with the houses and gardens

of the Messrs. Perkins. The vegetable and flower-gardens, the green-houses and hot-houses, the grape, peach, apricot, and nectarine-houses, particularly those of Thomas Perkins, are superior to most, and inferior to none, of the same sort I have ever seen in Britain. And why should they not? These men are as rich as princes, and more hospitable than kings. Such men are the true nobility of any country: the majority of what are styled nobles, and noble bloods, all over Europe, were nothing originally but royal robbers. When no law but the law of might prevailed, some mighty robber associated with himself a set of lewd and lawless fellows of the common sort, and robbed, plundered, and destroyed their weak neighbours: the sons, approving of their fathers' sins, kept possession of the stolen goods from one generation to another. In process of time they styled themselves *noblemen*: and at this day you may find fellows in Europe boasting of their blood and pedigree, whose fathers, had there been either law or justice in the country, would have been hanged. But such princely merchants as are to be met with in every quarter of Massachusetts—men who have made their own fortunes (not made by the father)—these are the true nobility.

Next morning, at half-past six, I called at the country-seat of Gen. Derborn; walked round the premises some time, thinking the family might not be up: a few minutes before seven I knocked—the door was opened by the general himself—found breakfast on the table—his lady and daughter present, in a very becoming morning-dress: ate a comfortable breakfast, and got so absorbed in a very interesting conversation, that

time flew without our taking note, till it was lost ; it was near ten before we rose from the table. I have not met a more agreeable lady than the mother, a more polite lady than the daughter, nor a more finished gentleman than the general.

In the afternoon, visited Mount Auburn. I don't think a spot more beautiful and more suitable for the long home of the weary traveller can be found in the world. As you trace the neat and solitary walks, darkly shaded by the thick foliage of the ancient trees, the very breeze seems to whisper in your ear, *there the weary are at rest.* The monuments are simplicity itself: no gorgeous robes nor war trophies there; nothing save the emblems of the solemn realities of eternity. One plain square stone denotes the names of five children, sons and daughters of T. and E. Story, once the hope of their parents. After recording the name and age of each, (they all died under twenty-four months,) it adds, "*of such are the kingdom of heaven.*"

The Botanic Garden at Cambridge is well enough, but the green-house is a mere *apology* for a thing; considering, too, that it forms part of a public institution. It is neither long enough nor broad enough—it is neither wide enough nor deep enough—in short, it is a mere burlesque of a house to be called a public botanic garden *green-house.* The churches and colleges, the students' houses, and professors' houses, are all well enough. The students appeared to have food to eat, and raiment to put on. Some of them *looked like fools*, and some of them are fools from the foundation. The former wore coats shaped like a flour-barrel, both ends out; and they also wore strong black

leather collars bound about the neck, which made them look like a snapping turtle, sitting on the edge of a ditch in a summer day, with its mouth open to catch flies. I thought they were making those chaps doctors or lawyers, or some other sort of *necessary evil*—for I could not, for the life of me, conceive what other use they could make of them, except they were to stick them on a bean-pole to scare crows. The latter, I thought, were intended for *readers* (not preachers of the Gospel). Their heads, I thought, the professors might as well save themselves the trouble of polishing, as they had only to send them down to Cape Cod, or Stonington, where, in rummaging some old chest in the garret, they might find as many sermons, preached by their grandfathers, sixty years ago, as would serve them to read for their lifetime. Indeed, I have always thought it was time and money thrown away to teach a man to speak Greek when he had only to read English sermons in Connecticut.

The professors, too, are men of sense, and, I wish I could add, men of *feeling* also; but were they possessed of one drop of this sweet milk of human kindness, sure am I they never could look on that fine *Protia Argentia** of theirs without the most painful sensations. There he stands, or rather is compelled to sit, in the centre of the stage; and, for aught that I know, he may have sat there for half a century. Again and again has he strove to rise his silver locks towards his native heavens—again and again has he been beat down. Bowing to the earth, twisted this way, bent,

* Classical name of the Silon tree.

coiled, and confounded the other way—like a snake with forty rattles, or like some *lang*-legged Yankee, crammed in a molasses cask, till his heels grew fast on his shoulders—and all these chapters of misery arose from a narrow contracted spirit, a narrow contracted purse, or a narrow contracted house. It is a pity but some old rich bachelor would die in that neighbourhood, and, by way of atonement for the sin of omission, would leave some thousands to build a green-house for the college, on condition that they would call it after his own name—then, indeed, his memory would live among the orange-trees and myrtles, though his name might perish from the house of his fathers.

I knew none of the gentlemen about the place, but they knew me, and treated me as a friend. I there found a geranium I had never seen; it was named the *Davieanum*. I was very kindly presented with a plant. I carried it through flood and through field, in stage and in steam-boat, bringing it safe to New York without losing a leaf. As the good people of these states in congress assembled assume the right to alter a man's name, so when I, with much care and labour, got this exotic safely landed in my own state, thought I also had a right to give it a new name; so, instantly procuring a painted stick, had it newly labeled Quinceyanium, in respect to the worthy president of the institution.

Next day I went forth with my package of cards to make my calls of ceremony—knocked at the door of Mrs. —, in Beacon Street: the door was opened by a smart-looking white waiter, who said Mrs. — was from home. (I could read in the man's eyes he spoke not the truth.) I gave him my card, and told him to

give it to Mrs. — when she came in — (perhaps I ought to have sent in my card at first, but I wished to see how matters were managed among the quality). Walking slowly from the door, I was tapped on the shoulder by the man, who said Mrs. — was at home and wished to see me. I was shewn into the parlour : Mrs. — was sitting on the sofa, in a neat eleven-o'clock dress. She met me in the middle of the room, and taking both of my hands—" O ! Mr. Thorburn," says she, " had I known it was you, I would have been at home." " Then," says I, " madam, you really are at home." " I am." " Well," says I, " I have often read of the witches in New England, who could be home and not home at the same time — but I never saw one of them till this moment. But," says I, " had they been all as handsome witches as thou, I don't think they would have burned so many of them." She smiled. " But," says I, " madam, are you not ashamed to hire a man by the month to tell such tough stories for you ? (she blushed.) It was as easy to have said you were fixing your curls, or crimping your cap, and could not be spoke to till four o'clock P. M." She said it was true, but we can't get along without a portion of deceit. " However," says I, " madam, I am not come to scold, but to crave your help in a small difficulty. Here are two cards, Mrs. A—— and Mrs. B——, within a few doors of you ; are you on visiting terms ?" " We are." " Then, madam, as I can't be in three places at one time, like you *young witches*," (a blush)—says I, " so you may blush — (observe here, she took it all in good part — perhaps the compliment at the beginning might gild the pill—and she really was pretty)—and as your

card says seven this evening, cannot you invite them, or get them to invite you? this will be like killing three dogs with one bone." She said it was a good idea, and carried it into effect most brilliantly that same evening.

Next morning, going to Medford in the stage, and thinking on the occurrences of the day previous, says I to myself, how much happier might we live in this goodly land, where Providence is daily loading us with more benefits than falls to the lot of any other people under the sun, were we only to use them like beings possessed of common sense. The rich make themselves very unhappy by relinquishing their own liberty and independence, and tamely submitting to the caprice and folly (to call it by no worse name) of the most powerful of all tyrants, *fashion*—each striving to outdo his fellow in extravagance and show. Mrs. A—— goes to drink tea with Mrs. B——, she there finds a new and very expensive addition to the tea-equipage; she goes home in misery, and can neither eat, rest, or sleep; she then *my dears* her husband day and night continually, till he procures for her the like, or maybe something more costly. Now this is the only *speck* on the *sun* of a *woman's blaze of excellence*; but even this, a man of sense may, in a great measure, remedy, by *kindly* and *candidly* making known to his partner his real situation and circumstances.

The second class make themselves miserable by looking up at, trying to imitate, and envying their superiors. A great majority of the labouring class make themselves miserable by getting drunk, forgetting to make hay when the sun shines, and forgetting to lay up stores in summer, that they may be able to sit

by a good fire, and crack their nuts in winter, as the squirrels do — and almost every one thinks his neighbour happier than himself, and this is because he cannot see the snakes that gnaw his neighbour's heart. The only secret of happiness is in *comparison* : when you think your troubles are more than any man's, look round, and you will see thousands in a worse condition than yourself : when you break your arm, be very glad your legs are whole ; when you break your leg, be very thankful it was not your neck ; and when *Willie Wilson's* draft for \$200 comes back *protested*, be very thankful that it was not *Jamie Jammison's* for \$400. Just view every thing as coming from the directing hand of a wise particular Providence, and, my life for it, all the powers of earth and hell will never be able to rob you of your confidence.

Saturday, 8th of June, left Boston at 12 o'clock M. My feelings and impressions were of the most pleasing nature — the most polite attention and kindness was shewn me every where by the gentlemen and the ladies.

I can only say to all the good folks of Boston, should any of them visit my store, I will endeavour to return the compliment. At Providence I tarried two days, where I met with the same kindness, particularly from Mr. —, one of the best and kindest men in Rhode Island, at whose house I lodged.

On reviewing the last ten days, I think I have seen more of what may be termed *high life* than ever I before witnessed ; and from what I have seen, I am more than ever convinced, that if each knew his neighbour's troubles, he would find that what are termed the

good and evils of life are pretty equally divided. I have seen the man whose riches increased, and wealth flowed in from every quarter: he was the envy of his neighbours, because they knew not the sorrows that wrung his heart; — he had no children to share in his wealth, and no babes to whom he might leave his substance; this was the worm that continually gnawed at the root of his *gourd*. I have seen the servant, while dusting the costly furniture, and cleaning the handsome grate, place the shovel on the side where the tongs used to stand. Such a trifle as this have I seen throw the wife of that rich man into a state of so much turmoil and passion, that the blood receded not from her face, nor the fire from her eyes, nor did the music of her tongue cease to play, for an hour to come. I have seen the poor man, who had barely food to eat, or raiment to put on — but then he could rejoice in the strong arms of three industrious sons, while his wife could smile at the light step, the ruddy cheek, and healthy looks of her active daughters.

The rich man fares sumptuously every day; but in most cases, by abusing his mercies he turns them into a curse. I have seen the prosperous merchant return from his office to his house in Broadway, or *palace* near town. His table was furnished with every luxury — three or four courses; then nuts, fruit, and wine: perhaps half a dozen fowls of the same feather in company: they have a real set-to of eating and drinking, for four hours on a stretch. Had you seen these men in Wall Street, at two P.M., their eyes sparkling with intelligence, and the whole countenance lit up with mercantile enterprise, and look on them now — they

are like beings of another sphere. It is seven P.M.; the table is strewn with apple-skins and orange-skins — with nut-shells and almond-shells — cigars half-smoked and whole-smoked — bottles half-full and whole-full — wine, red, white, and blue, mixing with the shells, skins, and tobacco aforesaid, forming altogether a beautiful chemical, vegetable, and compound dye, which flows from the board for the benefit of trade, and the hopes of the merchant of Brussels. But look now at their keen, calculating, Wall-Street eyes; they are sunk, glazed, and vacant — half-shut, half-asleep — their chairs turned half round, facing one another in pairs; there they sit, staring in one another's faces, muttering half sentences of incoherent nonsense, and looking like a set of most consummate fools. No wonder that the ladies retire from such a scene, as soon as the bottles and cork-screw are called for. Next morning, at nine A.M., you may see them crawling out of bed; the weather is hot; their heads are buoyant from the fumes of wine; they stagger across the room, and are brought up at the back-window by a chair or sofa; for ten minutes they sit inhaling the sweet breeze from the cooling waters of the Hudson; having shaved, washed, and dressed, they descend, holding fast to the banisters. The breakfast-table is set with every thing to tempt the appetite, but appetite they have none: a pump-bolt itself could not cram these good things of God down their burning throats. Again they walk slowly on to Wall Street, where, in some soda-water or doctor's shop, they drown their burning thirst.

Now this is what these men call *good living*; fast living it is in all conscience; and I think these must be

the very sort of bodies mentioned in the *Auld Book*, who “live not out half their days.” I know some of these men; they were boys when I was married; now they are old men at forty. You may see them of a fine afternoon crawling along by Trinity Church; you may know them by their short step of three inches; by placing the heel first on the ground — no elastic spring of the foot, that bends to the toe — no such thing with them; already are their toes twice dead — plucked up by the gout. You may see them bending on their staff, or holding with both hands to the railing of the churchyard — perhaps reading the monument of his grandmother, or the tombstone of some brother of the cup, long departed, and he himself grinning in horrid anticipation of the fast-approaching night when he, with his gouty feet and corny toes, will moulder in that clay. So much for *good living*.

Now look at the sober house-mason. At six A.M., March 10th, he goes forth to work; at eight, his pretty little daughter, with a basket of bread and butter, and maybe a smoked herring, all covered with a clean neat cloth—a small tin kettle with his pint of coffee: he sets himself down on a cold stone, where he eats his bread with a merry heart and a good appetite. Now if this man is blessed with a thankful heart, and a *trust* in a kind Providence, he is happier by far than the man who fares sumptuously every day, and has no such *trust*: no gout, cramp, or dyspepsia, ever disturbs his rest.

CHAPTER XI.

Interview with the Editor of the *Subaltern* Newspaper—Effects of Infidelity—History of William—A Visit from him.

I CALLED to see Mr. ——, of the *Subaltern* newspaper. This gentleman had given me some very hard names, because he and I differed about Mr. Paine's principles and practice. He had said, "I was an old bigoted Scotch dotard." I called at his printing-office. "Is Mr. —— within?" (he sat by a table examining some papers.) "My name is ——, sir." Says I, "Have you ever seen me?" "Not to my knowledge," says he. Says I, holding out my hand, "My name is Thorburn." He coloured for a moment. Says I, "You and I have had a small paper war; now, if there is any bad feeling between us, I am come to make it good." We were friends immediately. "Now," says I, "Mr. ——, I do not presume to call you to an account for your opinions; that is a matter between God and your own conscience; but I claim an equal right to hold mine. You think society can exist, and be in more comfortable circumstances, without religion and the Bible than with them. I think otherwise: the experiment was fairly tried in France thirty years ago, when the Freethinkers had the government in their hands. They abolished the Sabbath—they shut up the churches, and the country became one field of blood. The tendency of your system is to send our clerks and mechanics to the fields on Sunday,

where they soon spend their money, find bad company, and contract bad habits ; come home at night sorely fatigued, and maybe drunk ; next day are unable to enter on the necessary labours of the week. Ours leads them to the temple of Him in whom we live, move, and have our being, to thank Him for the mercies of the past week ; and in this there is a luxury of pleasure that only the thankful heart can feel. There, they are not exposed to bad company ; are not tempted to spend their money ; they do not get drunk ; they rest and recruit their frame : on Monday morning they enter on the labours of the week, refreshed in body and mind, and no horrible regret at a day mispent." In this strain we conversed in a comfortable manner near half an hour, and parted better friends than when we met.

Of late a good deal has been said about Miss Wright and her Temple of Reason. I think the plain, simple, but true history of myself and William affords as good a practical comment on the effects of infidel principles as any thing I have met with.

In a short time, it will be forty winters since I first landed in New York ; I was then in my twentieth year, without a face that I knew, or a friend to counsel or direct. On the first Sabbath morning after we landed, three young men of our passengers called and inquired where I was going to-day ? I said, " To church." They answered, " We have been near ten weeks confined to the ship ; let us now walk out and see the country ; our health requires exercise, and we can go to church another day." I said, " As long as I can remember I have gone to church with my father every Sabbath of my

life; and when we parted, his last words were, *Remember the Sabbath-day.*" They went to the country—I went to church; they spent a few shillings of their wages—I put two one-penny corporation-bills* in the plate.† Some of them were good mechanics, and got from eight to ten dollars per week; my branch was poor, and it was only by close application I earned five dollars per week. They continued going in the country, found loose company, spent most of their week's wages, came home half drunk, sometimes caught by a thunder-storm, which spoiled their fine clothes and hats; rose late on Monday morning, bones and head aching, and could work but little all that day. I went to church, saved my wages, rose early on Monday morning, my bones rested, my head sound, and started on the labours of the week with a light heart and quiet conscience. At the end of the year they could shew fine clothes and powdered heads on Sunday; but I could shew \$100, piled in the corner of my chest. They have all been gone long ago; having lived fast, they died early; while I, as one consequence of regular living, have not been confined by sickness for one day in all that period.

Now, Mr. Deist and Mrs. Deist, you who profess to reform the world by destroying the Bible and abolishing the Sabbath—you who profess to speak and write for the good of society, I would ask you, who lived the most comfortable life, they or I? Who were the most useful members of society? They died, and left their

* Paper money, then in circulation in New York, before the United States had established a mint.

† Collection for the poor.

wives and children beggars. If I die to-night, my family have the tools and hands to make themselves independent of the world.*

About three months after I landed, there came from England into the shop where I wrought a man by the name of William; he had a fine little woman for a wife, and one or two young children. He was an excellent mechanic, and the first, I believe, who manufactured coach-springs in New York; he was, by religious profession, a Baptist, and went to the church in Gold Street. Dr. Foster, I believe, was then the pastor. He continued a consistent professor, attending church regularly with his wife and children. But William was a warm politician—a democrat, as red hot as the iron he hammered. He was soon found out by the radicals of that day. About this time there came to the city a man by the name of Palmer, who was either born blind, or had lost his sight by disease. This blind leader of the blind used to lecture on Deism, in what was then called the Assembly Room, in Williams Street. William was led by some of his new associates into this dungeon of despair, and drank deep in their dark and cheerless doctrine. In a short time he came out a flaming Deist; and instead of going with his wife and children to church, he led them to Long Island, or the fields in Jersey; or he went by himself to some low tavern, and harangued on Mr. Paine's "Age of Rea-

* One of the young men of whom I speak was a baker: in a fit of intemperance, while working dough in the trough alone, he lost his balance, tumbled in with his head buried in dough, and in this situation was found dead. This fact is known to scores of his countrymen now in this city.

son," to any set of blockheads who would hear him. His children, as they grew up, being left to wander as they pleased, soon associated with bad company, and turned out worse than good for nothing. He had commenced business for himself, and for some time was in a very thriving way. But now every thing was forgotten in his zeal for propagating his new principles. You might find him in every street and corner, pouring out his new light; and so vulgar and brutish was the language in which he blasphemed every thing which society in general holds sacred, that moderate men of any principles got disgusted, shunned his company and shop, and his worldly circumstances began to fall into decay. As old shopmates, he and I have ever been, and now are, on the most friendly terms when we meet; and from the beginning have I expostulated and warned him of the ruin he was bringing on himself and family in this world, laying the next aside. Though he could not deny the truth of what I said, yet he seemed like one who had gone so far, that he was ashamed to recede.

One morning about ten o'clock, a few weeks ago, he called on me and asked for something to buy his breakfast, as he had not tasted any thing that day. I looked on him with sorrow, almost to crying; says I, "William, has it really come to this with you?" He said he had not a cent, a friend, or child to help him in the world. I asked for his sons and daughters by name—they had all gone to ruin, or were dead. The few old friends of the Williams Street *Illuminati*, now that he was poor, knew him not. I gave him a small sum, and told him to call on me in his extremity. Says

I, “ William, there are my sons and daughters ; they are an honour to their parents, being all useful members of society. Your children and mine were brought up neighbours to one another—what should make them to differ ?” He was silent. Says I, “ I told you, thirty-four years ago, your mad principles would beggar yourself and ruin your family. While you carried your children to the fields, or left them to wander in the road to destruction, I carried mine to the church, where they were not exposed to bad company ; and now they walk in the ways of wisdom, which are pleasantness and peace.” I added, “ You must now be convinced that religion is the best thing for this world ; and in the next, they who profess it will be as well off as you. But if the Bible is true, you may say with the miser, ‘ I was starved in this, and damned in that which is to come.’ ” He confessed I had the best of the argument, and said he might have been a rich man if he had stuck to the principles he brought with him from England. He said he thought of going into the alms-house—it was a good last retreat. “ And for this,” says I to William, “ you have to thank Christianity ; for where the Bible is not known, they have neither alms-house nor hospital.” I have only to add, that this story is no fiction, nor combination of characters that may have existed ; but it is literally true. My friend William now lives ; he is a man of truth, though a Deist, and will vouch for what I have said, were he asked. If any one doubts, I can point them to some of the men, still alive.

Have just had a visit (this August 2, 1833) from my friend William ; he calls as usual when his funds run

low ; gave him something of the needful. Being a hot day, and not many customers, we sat and conversed about *old times*. Says I, “ William, it is now thirty-nine years since the first week that you and I wrought together. Now,” says I, “ William, there is no use of disguise about principles, or any thing else, between you and me. You *must* be in the grave soon, and I, though nearly twenty years younger, may be there first; but would you do as you have done, could you recall the last forty years of your life?” He answered firmly, he would not. Says I, “ In what would you improve?” Says he, “ I never again would deny my religion, or forsake my church;” and added, “ he believed he would have been among the richest mechanics in New York, had he only continued in the principles he brought with him from England.” I said, “ I believed he was right ;” for, says I, “ William, you will remember often when you got engaged in a dispute, your bellows and hammer lay still, and your fire went out, while mine was flying like the clapper of a grist-mill.” He smiled, and said, “ I was correct.” I asked, “ Where he found those who were most ready to help, now that he could not help himself,—among his freethinking friends, or among the church-going folks?” He said, “ Last winter he was some time confined to bed by sickness, and was often visited by ladies and gentlemen from the Methodist and other churches, and by the humane societies.” They told him (it is his own words), “ though they were opposed to his principles, yet it was their duty not to see him want;” and added, “ that they were very kind to him ; but very few of his freethinking brethren ever came near him.” “ Now, Wil-

liam," says I, " twenty-five years ago you branded all these church-going people as a set of unqualified hypocrites ; but you have lived to experience the benefits of their principles and practice ; they, at least, in this way follow the example of the Master they profess to serve, for he always was found in the hovels of the poor, and by the sick-bed of the wretched. Did you ever see Miss Fanny Wright brave the winter's blast and enter the abodes of misery, like those ladies you speak of ? Did you ever hear of a Deist founding a hospital ? Did you ever hear of a Deist giving thirty thousand dollars to a blind institution, as was lately done by a rich professor in Boston." He acknowledged he had not, and that religion was the best thing for this world, and would do no harm in the next. He said he had gone wrong ; but now it was too late to retract.

William is honest, sober, and kind to man and beast ; industrious, too, he was thirty-eight years ago, till he changed his coat ; then he spent a large portion of his time in reasoning, disputing, and spreading abroad his new light. He is courteous, and always was charitable when he had wherewithal to give. These, and other good qualities still in his possession, he learned from the Bible in his youth ; and though he has long since thrown away the book, he yet continues to practice many of its most beautiful precepts.

Those monsters who reigned with Robespierre, and cemented the pavements in Paris with the blood of *women*, were not Christians ; they, to be sure, were born under a most Christian, or a most catholic majesty, and might have had the sign of the cross at baptism ; but

with regard to its principles and practice they were as ignorant as the beasts that perish; they were professed freethinkers, philanthropists—so full of love for all mankind, that they thought it was doing the Goddess of Liberty service to cut half the throats of the present generation, so that they might transmit the same privilege to the generations to come.

CHAPTER XII.

Correspondence between Thomas Paine and William Carver.

MANY of my readers will laugh at the unconnected nature of my little book; but I hope the interest is not lessened by it.

I will now fill a chapter with a correspondence between Thomas Paine and William Carver; for in a short time the men to whom Mr. Paine was personally known will have vanished from the earth; and what follows will furnish a valuable document for future historians, and will be read with interest, and no doubt with benefit, by many of the present generation who knew him not. I understand the writer is still an inhabitant of this city, and is considered a man of truth and honourable dealing with his neighbours; and though he continues an admirer of Paine's principles, he has always condemned his practice.

*Extracted from Cheetham's Life of Paine,
p. 253, published in 1809.*

No. I.

New York, November 21st, 1806.

CITIZEN FRIEND—I take this opportunity to inform you that I am in want of money, and should think it as a favour if you would settle your account; you must consider that I have a large family, and nothing to support them with but my labour. I have made calculation of my expenses on your account the last time

that you was at my house, and find they amount to one hundred and fifty or sixty dollars; your stay was twenty-two weeks, and Mrs. Palmer twelve weeks' board on your account. I expect, therefore, you will have the goodness to pay me; for you must recollect you was with me almost the whole of the winter before last, for which you only gave me four guineas. If I, like yourself, had an independent fortune, I should not then require one cent of you; but real necessity, and justice to my family, thus prompt me to urge payment from you.

Yours in friendship,

WILLIAM CARVER.

Mr. Thomas Paine.

No. II.

MR. CARVER—I received your letter of the 21st inst., and as there are several mistakes in it, I sit down to correct them. You say to me in your letter,—“ You must recollect you was with me almost the whole of the winter before last, for which you only gave me four guineas.” This is a mistatement in every part of it. I paid you four dollars per week for the time I was at your house. I told you so when I gave you the money, which was in the shop. I had lodged and boarded at Mr. Glen's in Water Street, before I came to your house. I paid him five dollars per week; but I had a good room with a fire-place, and liquor found for dinner and supper. At your house, I had not the same convenience of a room, and I found my own liquor, which I bought of John Fellows: so that you were paid

to the full worth of what I had. As I paid by the week, it does not signify how long or short the time was; but certainly it was not "*almost the whole of the winter.*" I had burnt out my wood at Mr. Glen's, and did not choose to buy any new stock, because I wanted to go to New Rochelle to get Purdy off the farm; I therefore came to your house in the mean time. How does it happen that those who receive do not remember so well as those who pay?

You say in your letter,—“You have made a calculation of your expenses on my account the last time I was at your house, and find that they amount to one hundred and fifty or sixty dollars; that I was twenty-two weeks, and Mrs. Palmer twelve weeks on my account.” I know not how you calculate, nor who helps you, but I know what the price of boarding is. The time I was at your house consists of two parts. First, from the time I came from New Rochelle till I was taken ill; and from thence till I came away, Nov. 3; I know not exactly the time I came from New Rochelle, but I can know by writing to Mr. Shute. I know it was some time before the eclipse, which was the 16th June. The time I was taken ill I can know by referring to my will, which is in the hands of a friend.

You seem not to know any thing about the price of boarding. John Fellows took board and lodging for me and Mrs. Palmer at Winship's, Corlær's Hook. Winship asked seven dollars per week for me and her. The room I was to have was a handsome spacious room, and Mrs. Palmer had none, nor a fire to come to when the weather grew cold. As to myself, I suffered a grea'

deal from the cold. There ought to have been a fire in the parlour.

The things which Mrs. Palmer did for me were those which belonged to the house to do — making the bed and sweeping the room ; and when it happened Mrs. Palmer was not there, which often happened, I had a great deal of trouble to get it done. The black woman said she should not do any thing but what Mrs. Carver told her to do ; and I had sometimes to call John from his work to do the servant-woman's work, and your wife knew it. Sometimes the room became so dirty, that people that came to see me took notice of it, and wondered I staid in such a place. I am at a loss to understand you when you say, " I have made a calculation of my expenditures *on your account*, and find they amount to one hundred and fifty or sixty dollars." Why did you not send me the particulars of that expenditure, that I might know if those particulars were true or false ? The expense, however, that you were at on my account, was the addition of one more to your family than you had before I came, and no more, except for the time Mrs. Palmer was there, which *was not twelve weeks* ; and your wife often called her down to cut out and make things for herself and children. I had tea with brown sugar, and every thing else in common with the fare of the kitchen ; so, that unless I ate more than any body else, I was of no more expense than any body else. What liquor I had, I sent out for myself. On what ground then is your calculation founded ? I suppose the case is, that you have been a good deal cheated, and your wife and son try to make you believe that the expense has been incurred upon my account.

I had written thus far on the Sunday evening, when Mr. Butler called to see me, and I read it to him, and also your letter; and I did the same to John Fellows, who came afterwards. Any body seeing your letter, and knowing no further, would suppose that I kept you out of a great deal of property, and would not settle the account. Whereas the case is, that I told you, the last time you came for money, and I gave you ten dollars, that I did not choose to pay any more till the account was settled; you ought, therefore, to have come for that purpose, instead of writing the letter you did, which contains no account at all. I did not like the treatment I received at your house; in no case was it friendly, and in many cases not civil, especially from your wife. She did not send me my tea or coffee till every body else was served, and many times it was not fit to drink. As to yourself, you ought not to have left me the night I was struck with the apoplexy. I find you came up in the night and opened the little cupboard, and took my watch; did you take any thing else?

I shall desire John Fellows and Mr. Morton to call on you and settle the account, and then I desire that all communications between you and me may cease. Butler called on me last evening, Tuesday, and told me your goings on at Martin's on the Sunday night. I did not think, Carver, you were such an unprincipled false-hearted man as I find you to be; but am glad I have found it out time enough to dispossess you of all trust I reposed in you when I made my will, and of every thing else to which your name is there mentioned.

THOMAS PAINE.

No. III.

MR. THOMAS PAINE—I received your letter, dated the 25th ult., in answer to mine, dated November 21; and, after minutely examining its contents, I found that you had taken the pitiful subterfuge of lying for your defence. You say that you paid me four dollars per week for your board and lodging, during the time that you were with me prior to the first of June last, which was the day that I went up by your order to bring you to New York, from New Rochelle. It is fortunate for me that I have a living evidence that saw you give me four guineas, and no more, in my shop, at your departure at that time; but you said you would have given me more, but that you had no more with you at present. You say, also, that you found your own liquors during the time you boarded with me; but you should have said, “I found only a small part of the liquor I drank during my stay with you; this part I purchased of John Fellows, which was a demijohn of brandy, containing four gallons, and this did not serve me three weeks.” This can be proved, and I mean not to say any thing that I cannot prove; for I hold truth as a precious jewel. It is a well-known fact, that you drank one quart of brandy per day at my expense, during the different times you have boarded with me, the demijohn above mentioned excepted, and the last fourteen weeks you were sick. Is not this a supply of liquor for dinner and supper? As for what you paid Mr. Glen, or any other person, that is nothing to me. I am not paid, and found you room and firing besides. You say, as you paid by the week, it matters not how long your stay was. I ac-

cede to your remark, that the time of your stay at my house would have been of no matter, if I had been paid by the week; but the fact is otherwise. I have not been paid at all, or at least but a very small part: prove that I have, if you can, and then I shall be viewed by my fellow-citizens in that contemptible light that they will view you in, after the publication of this my letter to you. You ask me the question, "How is it that those who receive do not remember as well as those that pay?" My answer is, I do remember, and shall give you credit for every farthing I have received, and no more. I will ask you, what consolation you derive to your mind in departing from truth, and endeavouring to evade paying a just and lawful debt? I shall pass over a great part of your letter with silent contempt, and oppose your false remarks with plain truths. As the public will see your letter as well as mine, they will be able to judge of your conduct and mine for themselves. You say that I seem not to know any thing about the price of boarding in the city; but I know the price is from three dollars to five, and from that to ten, with an additional charge if the boarder should be sick for three months or upwards. I shall shew you how I calculate my expenditures, by the bill that will be rendered to you; and I believe it will be an important lesson to those that may undertake to board you hereafter. I have no person to help me to calculate or write; but fortunately took the advice of a friend, and got him to keep the account of all the times you staid with me. You assert, that your being at my house only added one more to the family; I shall prove that it added to the number of three. You know very well when you came I

told you I must hire a servant-girl if you staid with me. This I did for five months, at five dollars per month and her board. This I would not have done, unless you had given me ground to believe you would have paid me. After your departure she was discharged. Now, sir, how will you go to prove that yourself, and Mrs. Palmer, and the servant-girl, are one? In order to do this, you must write a new system of mathematics. You complain that I left your room the night that you pretend to have been seized with the apoplexy; but I had often seen you in those fits before, and particularly after drinking a large portion of ardent spirits—those fits having frequently subjected you to falling. You remember you had one of them at Lovett's Hotel, and fell from the top of the stairs to the bottom. You likewise know I have frequently had to lift you from the floor to the bed. You must also remember that you and myself went to spend the evening at a certain gentleman's house, whose peculiar situation in life forbids me to make mention of his name; but I had to go to apologise for your conduct; you had two of those falling fits in Broadway, before I could get you home.

You tell me that I came up stairs in the night and opened the cupboard and took your watch; this is one more of your lies—for I took it during the time your room was full of different descriptions of persons, called from a porter-house and the street, at the eleventh hour of the night, to carry you up stairs. After you had fallen over the banisters, and the cupboard-door was open, the watch lay exposed. I told you the next morning I put your watch in my desk, and you said I had done right. Why did you not complain before?

I believe that I should do the same again, or any other person in my situation; for had the watch been lost, you would have thought that I, or some one of my family, had got it. I believe it will not be in your power to make one of my fellow-citizens believe, that at this period of my life I should turn rogue for an old silver watch.

You go on and say, "Did you take any thing else?" Have you assumed the character of a father confessor, as well as a son of Bacchus? Did you lose any thing? Why did you not speak out? You have been so long accustomed to lying, one more will not choke you. Now, sir, I have to inform you I lost a silver spoon that was taken to your room and never returned. Did you take that away with you? If not, I can prove that you took something else of my property without my consent. You likewise gave a French boy that you imported to this country, or was imported on your account, a nice pocket-bottle that was neither yours nor mine, it being the property of a friend, and has since been called for. I lent the bottle to you at the time you was sick with what you call apoplexy, but what myself and others know to be nothing more than falling drunken fits. I have often wondered that a French woman, and three children, should leave France and all their connexions to follow Thomas Paine to America. Suppose I were to go to my native country, England, and take another man's wife, and three children of his, and leave my wife and family in this country, what would be the natural conclusion in the minds of the people, but that there was some criminal connexion between the woman and myself?

You have often told me that the French woman alluded to has never received one letter from her husband during the four years she has been in this country. How comes this to pass? Perhaps you can explain the matter. I believe you have broken up the domestic tranquillity of several families with whom you have resided; and I can speak by experience as to my own. I remember you undertook to fall out with my former wife—and one of the foolish epithets you attempted to stigmatise her with, was, that she originally was only in the character of a servant. Was this a judicious remark of the “Author of the Rights of Man?” I well remember the reply she made to you, which was, that you had not much to boast of on that ground, as yourself had been a servant to the British government. And now again you try to break up our tranquillity by insinuating that my wife and son have deprived me of my property. I call this pitiful employment for a man who calls himself a philanthropist. When you tell me that Mrs. Palmer did the work belonging to my family, you know the assertion to be false, which can be proved by her and others that resided in the house. You have written well on just and righteous principles, and dealt them out to others, but totally deny them in practice yourself; and, for my part, I believe you never possessed them. An old acquaintance of yours and mine called on me a few days ago. I asked him if he had not been to see you. His answer was, he had not, neither did he want to see you. He said he believed that you had a very good head, but a very bad heart. I believe he gave a true description of your character in a few words. It has been

my opinion for some time past, and many more of those you think are your friends, that all you have written has been to acquire fame, and not the love of principle; and one reason that led us to think as we do, is, that all your works are stuffed with egotism. You say, further, that you were not treated friendly during your stay with me, and hardly civilly. Have you lost all principles of gratitude, as well as those of justice and honesty, or did you never possess one virtue?

From the first time I saw you in this country to the last time of your departure from my house, my conscience bears me testimony that I treated you as a friend and a brother, without any hope of extra reward, only the payment of my just demand. I often told many of my friends had you come to this country without one cent of property, then, as long as I had one shilling, you should have a part. I declare when I first saw you here I knew nothing of your possessions, or that you were worth four hundred sterling per year. I, sir, am not like yourself. I do not bow down to a little paltry gold, at the sacrifice of just principles. I, sir, am poor, with an independent mind, which perhaps renders me more comfort than your independent fortune renders you. You tell me further, that I shall be excluded from any thing and every thing contained in your will. All this I totally disregard. I believe if it was in your power, you would go further, and say you would prevent my obtaining the just and lawful debt you contracted with me; for, when a man is vile enough to deny a debt, he is not honest enough to pay without being compelled. I have lived fifty years on the bounty and good providence of my Creator, and I

do not doubt the goodness of his will concerning me. I likewise have to inform you that I totally disregard the powers of your mind and pen ; for, should you, by your conduct, permit this letter to appear in public, in vain may you attempt to print or publish any thing afterwards. Do you look back to my past conduct respecting you, and try if you cannot raise one grain of gratitude in your heart towards me for all the kind acts of benevolence I bestowed on you. I shewed your letter, at the time I received it, to an intelligent friend ; he said it was a characteristic of the vileness of your natural disposition, and ought to damn the reputation of any man. You tell me that I should have come to you, and not written the letter. I did so three times ; and the last you gave me the ten dollars, and told me you were going to have a stove in a separate room, and then you would pay me. One month has passed, and I wanted the money, but still found you with the family that you resided with ; and delicacy prevented me from asking you for pay of board and lodging. You never told me to fetch the account, as you say you did. When I called the last time but one, you told me to come on the Sunday following, and you would pay or settle with me ; I came according to order, but found you particularly engaged with the French woman and her two boys : whether the boys are yours, I leave you to judge ; but the oldest son of the woman, an intelligent youth, I suppose about fourteen years of age, has frequently told me and others, that you were the complete ruin of their family, and that he despised you ; and said that your character at present was not so well known in America as in France.

You frequently boast of what you have done for the woman above alluded to; that she and her family have cost you two thousand dollars — and since you came the last time to New York you have been bountiful to her, and given her one hundred dollars at a time. This may be all right. She may have rendered you former and present secret services, such as are not in my power to perform; but, at the same time, I think it would be just in you to pay your debts. I know that the poor black woman at New Rochelle, that you hired as a servant, who, I believe, paid every attention to you in her power, had to sue you for her wages before you would pay her, and Mr. Shute had to become your security.

A respectable gentleman from New Rochelle called to see me a few days past, and said that every body was tired of you there, and no one would undertake to board and lodge you. I thought this was the case, as I found you at a tavern in a most miserable situation. You appeared as if you had not been shaved for a fortnight, and as to a shirt, it could not be said that you had one on; it was only the remains of one, and this likewise appeared not to have been off your back for a fortnight, and was nearly the colour of tanned leather; and you had the most disagreeable smell possible, just like that of our poor beggars in England. Do you not recollect the pains I took to clean you? That I got a tub of warm water and soap, and washed you from head to foot, and this I had to do three times before I could get you clean. I likewise shaved you and cut your nails, that were like bird's claws. I remember a remark that I made to you at that time, which was,

that you put me in mind of Nebuchadnezzar, who is said to have been in this situation. Many of your toenails exceeded half an inch in length, and others had grown round your toes, and nearly as far under as they extended on the top. Have you forgotten the pains I took with you when you lay sick, wallowing in your own filth? I remember that I got Mr. Hooton (a friend of mine, and whom I believe to be one of the best-hearted men in the world) to assist me in removing and cleaning you. He told me he wondered how I could do it; for his part he would not like to do the same again for ten dollars. I told him you were a fellow-being, and that it was our duty to assist each other in distress. Have you forgotten my care of you during the winter you staid with me? How I put you in bed every night, with a warm brick at your feet, and treated you like an infant one month old? Have you forgotten, likewise, how you destroyed my bed and bedding by fire, and also a great-coat that was worth ten dollars? I have shewn the remnant of the coat to a tailor, who says that cloth of that quality could not be bought for six dollars per yard. You never said that you were sorry for the misfortune, or said that you would recompense me for it. I could say a great deal more, but I shall tire you and the public's patience. After all this, and ten times as much more, you say you were not treated friendly or civilly. Have I not reason to exclaim, and say — O the ingratitude of your obdurate heart!

You complain of the room you were in; but you know it was the only one I had to spare — it is plenty large enough for one person to sleep in. Your phy-

sicians, and many others, requested you to remove to a more airy situation, but I believe the only reason why you would not comply with the request was, that you expected to have more to pay, and not to be so well attended; you might think nobody would keep a fire, as I did, in the kitchen, till 11 or 12 o'clock at night, to warm things for your comfort, or take you out of bed two or three times a-day, by a blanket, as I and my apprentice did for a month: for my part, I did so till it brought on a pain in my side, that prevented me from sleeping after I got to bed myself.

I remember, during one of your stays at my house, you were sued in the justices' court by a poor man, for the board and lodging of the French woman, to the amount of about thirty dollars; but, as the man had no proof, and only depended on your word, he was nonsuited, and a cost of forty-two shillings thrown upon him. This highly gratified your unfeeling heart. I believe you had promised payment, as you said you would give the French woman money to go and pay it with. I know it is customary in England, that when any gentleman keeps a lady, he pays her board and lodging. You complain that you suffered with the cold, and that there ought to have been a fire in the parlour. But the fact is, that I expended so much money on your account, and received so little, that I could not go to any further expense, and if I had, I should not have got you away. A friend of yours, that knew my situation, told you that you ought to buy a load of wood to burn in the parlour; your answer was, that you should not stay above a week or two, and did not want to have the wood to remove. This certainly

would have been a hard case for you, to have left me a few sticks of wood.

Now, sir, I think I have drawn a complete portrait of your character; yet, to enter upon every minutia, would be to give a history of your life, and to develop the fallacious mask of hypocrisy and deception, under which you have acted in your political as well as moral capacity. There may be many grammatical errors in this letter. To you I have no apologies to make; but I hope the candid and impartial public will not view them "with a critic's eye."

WILLIAM CARVER.

Thomas Paine, New York,
Dec. 2, 1806.

CHAPTER XIII.

Death of Thomas Paine — Freethinking.

It is not true, as has been reported, that Mr. Paine recanted his freethinking principles on his death-bed. His physician — a man of good standing and respectability — informed me, that in the same hour that Mr. Paine died he was in the room. Mr. Paine's complaint was excruciating, and ever as the convulsions returned, he would exclaim — " Lord, help ! Lord, help ! Lord Jesus, help !" he had then a few minutes' respite from the pains. The doctor stood by his bed : says he, " Mr. Paine, you have published to the world, and we all know your sentiments on that subject ; I ask you now, as a man who will be in eternity before one hour, am I to understand you as really calling on the Lord Jesus for help ?" He thought for about one minute, and then replied — "*I don't wish to believe on that man.*" These were his last words, for in twenty minutes thereafter he died. It is a fact, that he applied (*officially*) to the Society of Friends to have his body buried in their ground ; and when notified of their refusal, seemed much hurt :

" Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

YOUNG.

Mr. Paine, with all his failings, was a man of strong mind. I remember (and I have heard him state the fact), when Louis XVI. was condemned by the Convention to suffer death, each member, on voting,

was obliged to state his reasons; when it came to Mr. Paine, he voted against his death; and, among others, gave the following very sound reason:—"As I think," says he, "gentlemen, we are not making war on the person of the king; as a man—we are contending for principle. Unfortunately for Louis he was born a king—he could not help it—it was not his fault. Let us spare his life—give him a sum of money to live on, and banish him to America—there he can do no harm." I thought this the best speech he ever made since the day he wrote the book on "Common Sense."

About January 1830, there appeared in the Commercial Advertiser a piece taken from Blackwood's Magazine, of November last, an anecdote of Thomas Paine:* how it found its way into Blackwood, I know not; but the incidents are true to a letter. I was in Scotland some years ago; and, if I remember right, my brother, who now lives in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, was so pleased with the story, that he made me leave it with him in writing. I suspect this accounts for it. Be this as it may, this, the history of myself and William, has brought all the freethinkers between Passamaquoddy and Baltimore on my back. I have received as many books, pamphlets, newspapers, and letters, as did our good friend General M'Clure, when he proposed, in the august assembly of this state, to take all the collars from the dogs, and tie them round the necks of the bachelors. (By the by, I think the General was more than half right in that affair; for in a country like this, where we have more victuals than we can eat, and more trees growing than there are men

* See page 136.

to cut them down, I think no bachelor above twenty-five ought to be tolerated.) I have deferred answering any of them till they were done, thinking I might then make a kind of wholesale job, and make one letter do for them all. I find no fault with these gentlemen how free they think, or how deep they think, or how long they think; but I think they have taken a liberty of thinking about me, and putting their thoughts in black and white, to such a length, that neither common decency nor common sense will warrant. And first, a curious fellow in Providence—*Subaltern* by name—calls me an old *dotard Scotchman*, and says as much as I won't let Mr. Paine slumber in the grave of the *venerated dead*. (Mark this, gentlemen! *venerated dead*!) Now, what he means by dotard, I know not; but suppose it may be one of his crank Yankee words for *drunkard*; but if this is his meaning, I can only tell him it's not true, for I never was drunk in my life—but a Scotchman I am, and I glory in the name. I would rather be a Scotch mechanic, possessing the comforting principles of their simple and sedate family fireside religion, than be Emperor of all the Russias, with his crown, lands, and royalty; for I think (and I have as good a right to be a freethinker as any of them) that the national, moral character of the Scotch will stand an unanswerable argument against all the sophistry of Deism, as long as wood grows and water runs. He next blames me about disturbing Mr. Paine's grave. Why, I thought that every freethinker, in America at least, knew that Mr. Paine, like his old friend Mahomet, had no grave under the sun. He once had a grave; but his warm disciple, the rapacious Cobbett, had his dry bones scratched out of

the ground, and carried with him to England. This is fact; and if fame speaks true, he had them made into jacket-buttons, and sold to the radicals, at a very high price, thus supporting the principle of making the most of his friends every where. On his late visit of love to this country, he sold his little *black pigs* to all the good democrats who would buy them for five pounds currency a-piece, when, at the same time, they could have bought better pigs from the Dutch farmers at Bergen for one dollar. Another of these thinking gentlemen calls me an old nail-maker—that's not true, for all the nails I ever made were new when I had finished them. Another tells me to let the subject rest, for I have not got the brains to pursue it. Now, this is an honest fellow, and speaks the *truth*. Another says, it's not true when I assert that the common people in Ireland don't read the Bible. Says he, "They do read the Bible, but it is not the Bible of the *fanatics* and *missionaries*—it is the Bible of *the Fathers*." Now, I never had the pleasure to see this same Bible of his Fathers; but I have been thinking if it is not a better specimen of domestic manufacture than many of the sons, it must be a pretty rough sort of an article. Another says: "I got Dr. Brownlee, or one of the *holy Vandals* who want to stop the mail on Sunday, to write *Cardeus*, *Index*,* &c. Now, this is not true; for neither man, woman, or child, either composed, wrote, read, or saw a word of any of

* These names refer to communications made from time to time to newspapers and other public journals. I gave the substance of the history of William and myself (page 185) under the signature of "Cardeus;" and the correspondence between Paine and Carver (page 193) under the signature of "Index."

these pieces, till I put them in the hands of the printer. Besides, I never saw a Vandal in America since the year 1813 or 1814, when they burned up all the bonnie books and pictures at Washington. Again, there is not a doctor of law, of physic, or divinity, in the city, who saw as much of Thomas Paine as I did; and therefore I think they are not so competent to write about him; besides, truth is so easily told, that the veriest fool can give a straight story, where no *twistification* is necessary. But the last, though not the least in importance, puts the following plain questions:—1st, Did you not *fail* in 1813? 2d, Having become rich, is it consistent with your Bible to refuse paying your honest debts? 3d, Where did you get the money to pay for the Quaker Meeting-house? And then he tells me to pull the beam out of my own eye, as *my Bible directs*, &c. Now, as I believe this is an honest inquirer after truth, and preaches sound Bible doctrine, I will answer him in words of truth and soberness. I will answer the last question first. I got the money to pay for the Quaker Meeting-house (as you call it) from Mr. Robert Lenox, in Broadway. 2d, I am not rich in money, though I account myself the richest man in America, as I would not change situation even with your friend Andrew himself; for no growling, hungry democrat can squeeze me out of my living, and he, honest man, has to please all the sovereign people, and millions of them are most sovereign and consummate fools. To return. I did pay my *honest debts*. When I failed in the Jerseys, property that cost me above twelve thousand dollars was sold by the sheriff for about two thousand eight hundred. I returned to New York without a dollar. Mr. G. H.

(of the house of H. B. & B.), a man of feeling, loaned me five hundred dollars. I repaid this money, and settled with all my lawful creditors to their satisfaction. To some I paid the whole original bill; to some seventy-five cents on the dollar, and some few fifty; but the last sums were their own proposals. There is one exception in the person of a very respectable and wealthy merchant in South Street, who always refused to receive any part of a considerable sum I owed him when I failed, till, as he expressed himself, I was more able to spare it. The heavy purchase of the meeting-house, and above four thousand dollars' assessments since, has put it out of my power to pay him any thing as yet; but I account myself no less his debtor. Any decent persons who wish to satisfy themselves of the truth of this assertion, and will call at the store, I will shew them receipts to the amount of nearly three thousand dollars for debts I owed before I obtained the benefit of the Insolvent Law. Mr. Joon Battin, dry-goods merchant, 276, Greenwich Street, and John H. Shepherd, writing-master, 80, Mulberry Street, will vouch for what I state, as far as my transactions went with them.

Now, my honest-intending, free-thinking friends, I hope you are satisfied on this point. When you put the questions, I sincerely think that you supposed the censures implied in them were true; and as you thought I had set up for a preacher of righteousness, you had a most undoubted right to say, "Physician, heal thyself." I agree with you, that I know members of churches rolling in wealth, while the widows and orphans they have defrauded are begging. But our Bible countenances no such deeds of darkness; it says a day is

coming when these deeds will be brought to light, and punished. An angel of light is no less an angel because the devil steals his cloak when he wants to deceive. If the Mechanics' Bank was not a sound one, and their \$10 bills equal in value to ten hard dollars, the counterfeiting fraternity would never forge them. Who ever thought of counterfeiting a Marble or Exchange Bank* bill?

The substance of these remarks on freethinking, and my replies to their attacks, which I had made through one of the New York newspapers, provoked the ire of Miss Fanny Wright and her cousins. In their profound wisdom they deigned not or could not, or in their sovereign contempt they would not, answer them. But a plot, as deep and dark as ever sprung from the kitchen of hell, was planned, matured, and partly put in motion, with a view to hurt my reputation. The first act in the play commenced with the following copy of a letter, dated at

“ *Philadelphia, Dec. 3, 1829.*

“ MR. GRANT THORBURN,

“ SIR — The directors of the American Sunday School Union have observed some notices in the New York papers, under your signature, relative to the effects of infidelity upon those who have embraced its cheerless doctrines. They conceive that views of the kind such as you have advanced, are precisely those needed at present to check the irreligious spirit which is prevalent among us. Practical narratives of the *effects* of such senti-

* Two unauthorised banks.

ments upon the characters and destinies of individuals, are calculated to arrest the attention of the reader much more than a course of abstract reasoning.

“ Actuated by these views of the subject, the Sunday School Union propose to publish in a tract the narrative which you have caused to be printed in the papers of New York ; that is, if the directors succeed in making an arrangement upon the subject with you. They propose that you should re-write the whole, improving it by alteration and addition, as you may think proper. It would be well if you could add a few anecdotes, similar to that published in the ‘ Evening Post’ of Tuesday last ; and matter enough should be furnished to fill about twelve duodecimo pages.

“ The Sunday School Union do not expect that you will take this trouble without compensation, and they are willing to make you a payment of one hundred dollars, if your manuscript shall suit their purpose.

“ If you decline this proposal, you will please to communicate that decision to me as soon as you conveniently can. If you accept it, be good enough, without delay, to commence preparing the copy for the printer ; for we should like to put it into his hands in the course of eight or ten days, if possible. Let your letter enclose the manuscript ; and signify to us how you should like to have the money transmitted.

“ I am, sir, with much respect, yours, &c.

“ ROBERT BAIRD,

“ *Agent of Sunday School Union.*”

It never entered my head that this letter was a forgery. I therefore answered it in substance, that I did

not write for money—that I had no time to make and revise manuscripts—that if they thought the pieces referred to worth any thing, they might crop, prune, alter, or amend them, as they pleased; and thought they were too flush of money to offer one hundred dollars for an article of so small value, &c. In a few days Mr. Baird called at my store, and shewed me the answer I had written him, and said he knew not what it meant. I produced the letter with his signature, which he read with attention, and pronounced it a *forgery* in toto: but added, it was an excellent imitation. This letter I now have in my possession. It bears the Philadelphia post-mark, Dec. 3, 1829.

Now, these kind-hearted philanthropists had thought to bring me into a ludicrous mess by drawing on the American Sunday School Union for one hundred dollars; but the bait was lost. I had no thought that Miss Fanny or her friends were the authors of this piece of *beautiful simplicity*. Men who were continually talking about the *immutability of truth*, and the *eternal fitness of things*, I thought would not have seen fit to practice such a small piece of deception.

The second act (*viz.* the C—— affair) was only a link of the same chain. This also fell short of its aim: it gave me a lesson, however, on my own folly and ignorance, that will not soon be forgotten. Some of the foregoing pieces were copied into many of the periodicals in America, and a few into those of Europe. I began to think I was something, when, in reality, I was lighter than *nothing* and *vanity*.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. and Mrs. E . . . — A Plant removed — My Opinion of Theatres — of Religious Hypocrisy — A Bookseller, and the Son of a Bookseller.

SOME years ago, being a passenger on board of the steam-boat North America, we stopped at West Point. The annual examination of the cadets had just closed. —, the secretary of war, at that time, had been presiding, and, in consequence of an invitation from the corporation of Newburg, came on board of our boat, on his way to visit that ancient borough. He and his lady were escorted to the wharf by all the officers and professors of that station, with a company of cadets, and a fine band of music. On our way going up, I was introduced to them, by a gentleman, one of our passengers, and enjoyed a pleasant conversation with him till we arrived at Newburgh. There, on the wharf, ready to receive him, were assembled the corporation, and most of the respectable men of the town: a procession was formed. I was invited to join; and we were thus escorted, with a band of music, to the Orange Hotel, and were marshalled into the large room, where the glass and the toasts went round. I was called on, and gave the health of the secretary of war — hoping he would never need to test the practical part of his office. From my plain dress he supposed I belonged to the Friends, and remarked, he presumed, by profession, I was opposed to war. I answered, “ I am not a follower of Fox ; but I hold it is

better to receive a blow on one cheek, and then turn the other, than to have one's head blown off altogether by a cannon or pistol-ball." This produced a hearty laugh, in which he joined, and so that matter ended.

Mrs. E. is a handsome woman, and has been much spoken against. However, of her character I pretend not to judge; but from her manners and conversation, the short time we were in company, I formed a very favourable opinion. If the proposition be true, that the face is the index of the mind, sure am I that nothing unholy or impure can dwell in hers. I have thought it most likely that some of those brainless, senseless, pennyless, blustering young officers, whose company her husband, from the nature of his office, could not altogether avoid, may have boasted of favours which they never received; and so, with the fiend-like malice of hell, conspired to deface one of the most beautiful objects in all the creation of God. Just like the old devil, their master, who could not rest when he saw the beautiful, youthful, and happy simplicity of our grandmother Eve, but must needs come with his lies and serpent-like tricks, and was never satisfied till he got the gates of the garden of Eden shut in her face.

One morning, about three years ago, there came into our premises a young man, leading on his arm a very pretty girl. They stopped about an hour; she seemed very fond of flowers, and particularly fixed her laughing eyes on a beautiful japonica. He appeared much inclined to indulge her taste, and would have bought it, but the price was five dollars. Her I knew—him I knew not. He appeared to me, however, to be one of those Broadway clerks, who, instead of

going to church, ride out of a Sunday, and spend their week's wages; by which means they have no money to spare either, to treat their sweetheart or to pay their washerwoman. Be this as it may, that evening between eight and nine o'clock (the time of shutting our gates) the plant disappeared. My suspicions fell on the young man as above. I resolved next morning on going immediately to the house of the young lady, with pretext of giving her some advice about the plants I knew she had in the yard, hoping I would find my own gracing the company. At once my mind took a different turn. I thought with myself thus: these young people seemed very fond of one another—pity that I should spoil so much happiness for the sake of a paltry five-dollar bill. Should I find the plant, it will expose him, and, no doubt, spoil the marriage—for her father is a sterling, honest Dutchman. Now, thought I, should they get married, she may save him from the paws of the devil, from whom many a simple bachelor has been snatched ere this by the helping hand of a good wife; besides, should the old gentleman approve the match, no doubt he will empty one of the black leather bags to set them a housekeeping, and she having the money, will be able to indulge her fine taste for plants; so, by this means, I may help to count some of the dollars, and thus recover more than I have lost. On thus reflecting, I very quietly gave up the pursuit. To make a long story short, in a few weeks after this they were married, by the consent of all parties; but whether my surmises were right or wrong founded, gave me no further concern—as from the delicate hand of the pretty daughter I came

in for a share of the old gentleman's dollars, sufficient to make up the previous loss, and pay a reasonable per centage besides.

Now the same cords of love that impelled him to follow, still leads him along with her to the house of God. Each beautiful Sabbath morning they pass my door on their way to church; she still hangs on his arm, and looks in his face as fondly as she did on that morning when they first entered my garden. I can read, in their animated conversation, and the frequent turn of the head to look on each other's face, as they pass along, that they are happy in each other,— and may they long continue so!

It is more than three years since this thing took place; but I never look on them without a feeling of gratitude to that kind, directing Providence, which turned the course of my thoughts, and prevented me from precipitately running into a project which might have destroyed so much happiness, and ruined him, soul and body — for I think his wife was the means of his reformation.

I have some peculiar notions on Theatres, which I think it well to put in print. When Mr. —, of the London theatre, arrived in our city, as is the custom of most strangers, he called at our store. In compliance with an invitation, I spent an evening with him at his lodgings, and found him to be a man of sound sense, a believer in revealed religion, and in the doctrine of a Particular Providence. Our conversation, of course, turned on theatrical subjects. He was surprised when he learned I had never seen a play. I said, for aught that I knew, plays might be good enough in themselves,

but as I always went to bed at exactly ten o'clock, I could not forego the pleasure of lying down on my comfortable bed, after being tired with the labours of the day, for all the plays in the world; besides, from the general character of the actors, and of those who frequented the house, I could never think that the theatre was a school for morality. I observed, that wherever I had seen a play-house erected, there sprung up immediately around it a porter-house, a gambling-house, an oyster-house, and a house that perhaps was worse than any of them; and that the frequenters of the former were generally the supporters of the latter. I told him that one night, about thirty years ago, a fire broke out in the house next door to the theatre in Chatham Street. It was play-night, and most of the audience emptied themselves into the street. The fire was soon extinguished; the mob returned into the house, making a great crowd. I thought now was a good opportunity to see the inside of a play-house, and how matters were managed there; so in I crowded among the rest. As soon as order was restored, a fellow came out, dressed like an English wagoner: he had a whip in his hand, and walked round the stage singing a song; he gave a smart crack with the whip—the people clapped their hands, and roared out *encore! encore!* Thinks I to myself, either the people must be fools, or I very dull of apprehension, as I neither saw nor heard any thing to raise a smile. Seeing nothing on the stage to draw my attention, I turned my face to the boxes; but here a sight met my eyes which spoke louder than the thunder of Witherspoon's eloquence, or the still small voice of Miller's strong arguments

against the immorality of the stage. It was the fashion of that day for the ladies to wear their frocks cut pretty low in the neck. Well, there sat mothers—ladies who moved in circles very respectable—members of churches, and grandmothers withal. There they sat, surrounded by daughters and grand-daughters, from twelve to twenty-four, in all the immodesty of naked truth. Thinks I, for the soul of them they dare not appear in church so. However, I supposed this might be the meaning of the words I saw on a large green blanket they had hung up over the stage—“ *Holding the mirror up to nature.*” He remarked, with a smile, that there was too much truth in what I had said.

When I have leisure, and observe any thing very smart or very ludicrous, I generally write it down.

In the forenoon of last August there came into the store a genuine Mansfield Yankee. He stood leaning on the counter near ten minutes without speaking. “Well, sir,” said I, “what is wanting?”

“Nothing particular,” said he; “only I am the son of B—— D——, who kept a book-store in Water Street, thirty-three years ago, and with whom you were well acquainted.”

“You look like him,” said I; “and how do you live?”

“By serving the *Lord*,” said he, “as well as I knows how.”

“Then,” says I, “you are a preacher.”

“No; I teach the languages.”

I thought it must be the dead languages, for he looked as dead as a snail; and I knew by the “cut of

his jib," and the stock he sprung from, that he was preparing to open his battery on charity; so, thinks I, I will have the first shot. "And why are you not teaching now?" said I.

"My health will not admit; it was too sedentary," replied he.

"Well," said I, "go and hoe corn—that's a healthy trade."

"It *blisters* my hands," replied he.

"When first I began to handle the hammer," said I, "my hands blistered too; but I wrought the blister down, and wrought till my hands grew as hard as a horn; and though I have wrought, on an average, from six in the morning till nine at night for fifty years past, yet my hands have not blistered since: besides, you say you serve the *Lord* as well as you know how. But," says I, "you must be first *diligent in business*, and then fervent in spirit, if you mean to serve Him; and Paul also comes in, closing the matter at once: he says, 'the man that won't work should not eat.' Now," says I, "when a widow with two children comes begging, right or wrong, I help her; but a bachelor of thirty, sound in leg and limbs, let him work or die." I turned to speak to a customer—he was off—I saw no more of him.

This young fellow is a chip of the old block; the father did little else for twenty-five years than go from house to house, talking largely on the theory of religion; with regard to the *practice* of the thing, he knew nothing about it. You might find him in almost every house and family belonging to the brick church and Wall Street congregation, talking

to the children and the servants on religion—laying down in plain colours and ambiguous terms, to the master and mistress of the house, the vast difference there did exist between Antinomianism and Hopkinsonianism—between Arminianism and Socinianism, &c. &c., in great swelling words, and words of profound nonsense. The man and wife sat with eyes staring and jaws extended, swallowing every word as gospel itself; wondering at the head that could contain more than was to be found in the whole of Boston's "Body of Divinity." In this way he would sit till dinner was announced. He was invited, of course. At four P.M. he would resume the application, and, if listened to, would sit till tea, or adjourn to some other house and act the same farce, till he made sure of his tea. In this way he took the care of all the families in both churches on his generous shoulders, while his own wife and children might have gone to ruin for him. Now this man (and there are many such), though every day he was quoting Scripture by the yard, was worse than an infidel, inasmuch as he provided not for those of his own house. He had a store of books, procured from his honest and sincere brethren of the church (who thought him a very dungeon of divinity); but you might have called at his store one hundred times in a week, you would never find him there. He gave notes, too, and got some of his honest, unsuspecting brethren in the church to endorse them. He thought no more of the matter. When his friend got notice, *that the holder looked to him for payment*, he waits on brother D. S. : "How is this, brother?"

"O, my dear sir, I never thought a word about the

note—thought it not due for a month to come yet—never gave a note before,” &c. This was all his friend got for \$150; and though this fellow pretended ignorance, yet there was not a Yankee between Eastport and Gravesend who knew the meaning of a note better than himself.

Now this is no painted character, but a true facsimile of C. D. bookseller in Water Street, near Fletcher, about thirty-three years gone by. I had a substantial remembrance from himself; and at this day I could direct your attention to *twa score and twa* just exactly such mortals—men who do more harm to the cause they profess to support than all the infidels who have lived since the days of Herod the tetrarch.

CHAPTER XV.

Acquaintance with William Cobbett—Success of emigrant Scotchmen—Remarks on Forms of Government—On Emigration in general—An Anecdote—“ Apartments to let.”

WHEN William Cobbett kept seed-store in New York, in May 1818, the following address appeared in the “ Evening Post :”

“ *William Cobbett's Address to the Public.*

“ I have received from my own farm, in Hampshire, a quantity of the seed of Ruta Baga, or Russia Turnip, of which I shall sell all that I do not want for my own use at the price of one dollar for a pound weight. It will be put up in pound parcels, and sold by my man in his wagon, in the Fly-market, New York, every Saturday, between an early hour in the morning and two o'clock in the afternoon : I shall put my name on the parcels.

“ A store-keeper who has been selling Russia turnip-seed in New York, having a fine large farm, has a specimen, bought, I am informed, of my man, and says it was raised from his seed. This may, probably, not be recognisable in a court of law ; but it may be worth the consideration of this store-keeper, whether it be not recognisable in a court of conscience.* Mr. Thorburn has advertised that his Russia turnip-seed is as good as mine ; I am very glad of it,

* It is enough to make the devil blush to hear Cobbett talk of conscience.

for in that case it is a great deal better than seedsmen in England sell, except by mere accident. I am exceedingly glad that America contains a seedsman who is scrupulous about what he sells; though in that respect she possesses, what I believe my native country—dear old England—never possessed, viz. an honest seedsman.

“ Dated at Hyde Park, L. I., 16th June, 1818.

(Signed) “ WILLIAM COBBETT.”

Next day I carried the following answer to the “ Evening Post,” and offered to pay for its insertion: Coleman refused. However, it was published in another.

“ MR. PRINTER,

“ SIR,— Now that Bonaparte and Wm. Cobbett have gone into dignified retirement—the one to catch shrimps in Saint Helena, the other to raise Ruta Baga turnips on Long Island—I presume you are not so pressed with important matter but that, if inclined, you can spare me part of a column of your paper to state the following facts. Perhaps, too, when you consider the mighty inequality of the parties—one, a small seedsman; the other, a powerful author, whose porcupine quill, dipped in republican gall, has shook the monarch’s throne—pity may induce you to give me a chance to rub off the dust thrown on my coat by an advertisement in your paper of yesterday, signed ‘ William Cobbett;’ in which, if I understand his meaning, he says I sold Russia turnip-seed, and told people it was raised from his turnips, or was his seed; and talks about the courts of law and courts of conscience, &c.

The following is the truth : — Coming up Wall Street, about the 2d or 3d of last April, I was overtaken by the young man who attends the business of Mr. Cobbett's Register office in this city. He stated that Mr. Cobbett was anxious to get some one to sell his Russia turnip-seed, and that at his office there was some of the turnips, to which, if I would send, he would give me one. I thanked him, and said I would sell the seed for Mr. Cobbett, he allowing me good commissions — sent to the office (not to the wagon), got the turnip, placed it on the counter, and to all inquiries said it was of Cobbett's turnips, and that I would warrant my Russia turnip-seed to be as good as his; as mine was not got from a seed-shop, but was brought over by a gentleman, who, like Mr. Cobbett, came off as fast as his feet could carry him, and who got his seed, not from a seedsman, but from a friend in old England, just as Mr. Cobbett got his. I also told my customers that I was surprised, when he, Mr. Cobbett, knew that the people in this country were so wise and enlightened,* how he thought he would make them believe he was the first to introduce that turnip, when we had it in our Fly-market every spring these twenty years past; that ten years ago I had sold the seeds that produced the same roots of turnip; that we always knew it by the name of Russia, or Swedish, or Ruta Baga; and that the bulb was always yellow. There is not an old farmer on Long Island but remembers raising that self-same turnip when Mr. Cobbett was writing long letters in his 'dear old England.'

“ In the year 1796, a large field of these turnips

* See his Letters to the People of England.

was raised by Wm. Prout, on that piece of ground now occupied by the Navy Yard, at the city of Washington. If Mr. Cobbett will turn to page 545 of 'Porcupine's Gazette,' published at that time by Mr. Wm. Cobbett, printer, in Philadelphia, perhaps he will find an account of said field. At No. 43, Beekman Street, in New York, lives a gentleman who assisted in pulling the Russia turnips from said field, in 1796. Had Mr. Cobbett been the first to introduce this fine vegetable into America, he deserved, as Mr. Windham said on another occasion, 'a statue of gold.*' To conclude, it's not the least of the wonders of the 19th century to see William Cobbett and Grant Thorburn scolding one another in the Fly-market, and quarrelling about who sells the best Ruta Baga seed at \$1 per pound.

(Signed) " GRANT THORBURN."

Next morning after this advertisement appeared I received a polite letter of apology, with an invitation to call and see him. I went, and spent half a day very agreeably, in getting the history of his life, &c. He asked how I, a nailmaker, come to be so extensive in the seed-business. I answered, I landed in this country with only three cents in my pockets: while making nails, it was as much as I could do to earn

* Some time about the year 1800, Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, obtained a verdict of some thousand dollars against Cobbett, for defamation of character; he then sold out, and went home. He applied to parliament for a sinecure, or share of the secret-service money. Mr. Windham, in his speech on that occasion, remarked, that for the services Cobbett had rendered to the cause of kings by his writing in America, he deserved a statue of gold.

seventy-five cents per day. Two dollars I paid for my board, twenty-five cents for washing, and twenty-five cents to spend, making sure to lay up two dollars per week. Now, says I, mark the difference. Some of my fellow-passengers received twelve dollars per week; on Sundays they went to the country, got in company, spent their week's wages, contracted loose habits, and went to the devil. I went to church; put two cents in the plate; if the preacher was lively, I heard him — if he was sleepy, I slept also; at any rate, I saved my money, rested my body, rose on Monday morning refreshed for work: while they spent their money, fatigued their body, and on Monday rose with the headach, unable to work. Now, says I, you see it was by keeping the Lord's day that I came to be a seedsman; and added, whatever religion might do for us in the next world, it was the most profitable concern a man could follow in this. He looked earnestly in my face, and said he believed I was right. I made these observations to him, as I suspected that he was a free-thinker.

I think, also, that I owe some of my success to the circumstance of my being a Scotchman. Among the emigrants who arrive at New York from all parts of the world, I observe there are none who so soon establish themselves in respectable business as the poor Scotch mechanic—he who has only his clothes and tool-chest, and five shillings in his pocket: those who *bring money*, and commence business, generally lose it. There are but few among the English, Irish, French, Dutch, or Germans, who get along so well, as far as I have noticed. The uniform and first means of

the Scotchmen's rise in the world, lays in the habit they had contracted in their own country of going to church on Sabbath, while the majority of other emigrants walk out in companies, and more or less spend their money; but, no matter from what principle, the Scotchman goes to church—there he can't spend his money. Thus he soon acquires the means to put himself in business. His national pride prompts him to aspire; and while he is seen plodding along on the easy and humble tenor of his way, his heart is planning and swelling in schemes of honourable ambition, till soon he raises himself amongst the first. This day there is only one merchant in New York who was in business forty years ago, when first I saw it, and, thank God, he is a *Scotchman!*

If it is merely for the pleasure of living under a republican form of government, I would not advise any man who is comfortably settled in a situation or business, whereby he makes a living, to throw away certainty for hope; you will find *political rascals* as plenty in a republic as in a monarchy, and perhaps more, as they have more scope for intrigue. You also will find common sense as much insulted by a set of fellows talking about equal rights, while they give right to nobody—about the public good, while they are filling their pockets with the public money—against family pride and kingcraft, and as soon as they make money enough out of the people to set up a two or four-wheel carriage, dress up an imported flunkie footman, or Virginia negro, with a green coat, red collar, black hat, and gold belt, daub something on his carriage-doors by way of arms, being the likeness

of nothing in heaven above or on the earth beneath; thus imitating, as near as he can, nobility and royalty; and this is his *republican simplicity!* Talking about disinterested regard for the public good, while it is only to bring down every one to his level, that he may rise on their ruin. And then there are the elections, which never stop. Kept in continual motion by a set of political puppets behind the curtains, descending to means low, dirty, and dishonourable, where no honourable man can follow; so that there is some danger of the government being left to the management of men who are the off-scourings of all things. If our elections came only once in six years, I should almost think our government was perfect. But it is not the difference between having a king and a president that makes America more desirable to live in than perhaps any other country under the sun; but we have a large and a fruitful land—a vast deal more land than we have people to eat the fruits thereof. In Europe, they have more people than land to feed them on. The climate does so much for man in America, he has but little to do for himself; in Europe, the whole population are in continual anxiety about crops and weather; our chief anxiety is, how to get clear of our produce: we have no corn-laws, no poors' rates, and no church establishments, that bone of contention which has separated the brethren in Europe for the last thousand years.* A man of family will confer a larger

* As an instance of the good feeling which exists among the religious denominations in America, I will state the following:—One day, a meeting was advertised by the Christians to devise ways and means for the conversion of the Jews; next day, a

and more lasting benefit on his posterity by placing his children in America, than were he to buy a throne for each of them in Europe.

Farmers coming to America with money may buy a farm, and live where and how just as they please.

A good mechanic will always get employment; but if he has a family, he ought to have fifty guineas in his pocket to carry him to the interior, as so many land at New York, and having no money to carry them farther, there is generally more men about town than can get work. A man with a family should bring nothing to America of household stuff, except bedding; all iron and wooden ware can be got here *cheap*.

Finally, let no man leave Europe to settle in America under the impression that he can live without industry. Thousands have gone there with this mistaken notion, and great has been their disappointment. Professional men, or such as hope to live by meeting was advertised by the Jews to devise ways and means for the conversion of the Christians. I thought this was in them one step towards conversion, as it shewed at least a true *Catholic spirit*. Forty-two years ago I was a member of the Relief Church in Scotland; I thought then every body else was going to the devil, except it might be a few Burghers and Antiburghers; some of them, I thought, might get into heaven by hard squeezing; but where Peter was to stow away the Baptists, Methodists, Episcopal, High Kirk folk, and a thousand others, I never could contrive. When I came to New York, however, and visited the churches and different denominations, I found in some another doctrine, but in prayer all substantially the same—“God be *merciful* to me a *sinner*,” was the motto of their prayer and the burthen of their songs. I now thought, that in every country they who work righteousness are accepted of Him; that barbarian, Scythian, bond and free, are all one in *Christ Jesus*.

their wits, of all others, are earnestly admonished to remain at home—of such we have an overstock, of domestic production. But to those who have some means, who are willing to go into the interior of the country, and there submit with untiring industry and frugality to the hardships and privations incident to the life of a pioneer, flattering prospects may be safely presented. Such is the increase of settlements and spread of population, that, taken in connexion with the genius of our political institutions, it is not an idle vision to suppose that the children of such,—if they tread in the footsteps of their fathers,—may not only attain to affluence, but to the first offices in the gift of a free people—independence is an inevitable result. Nor would I discourage the emigration of young men of good habits, who are acquainted with agricultural pursuits; the wages of such persons are high, and land cheap; and if they refrain from rum, which is still cheaper, which is the ruin of a large proportion of those who emigrate to America, they can hardly fail of being benefited by such a change: a few years' industry, with frugality, will enable them to purchase a farm, a large one if new land, and a small one if improved.

Thousands of young farmers yearly remove from the more populous states of the north and east, leaving the comforts of the paternal roof for the untried hardships of a frontier life, with the well-founded hope of greater ultimate prosperity. The avenues that are open to native enterprise are equally free to all. I repeat, however, and would earnestly impress the

folly of removing to the United States with the delusive hope of gaining a subsistence without labour. Those who have no trades, and rely solely on the precarious employment furnished to mere manual labour in the sea-port towns, can probably do full as well at home, and are perhaps less likely to contract habits that destroy both body and soul; for it is a well-known and melancholy fact, that foreigners — from whom the means of intoxication are in a great measure withheld in Europe, by reason of the cost — avail themselves of its cheapness in America to such an extent, that a large portion of them soon become useless to themselves, and a nuisance to the country of their adoption.

Another class who are sure to do well in America is young women for domestic servants. Let them only continue in the same sober, modest, obedient, and orderly tenor of life in which they have been brought up in Scotland and England, and they are sure to receive six, and sometimes seven dollars per month wages. Young professional men, particularly Scotchmen, (for they can live where an Englishman will starve), who are willing to receive just compensation enough for their services, as will keep soul and body together for a few years, till their worth and abilities are known, generally rise into respectability; but doctors, ministers, and lawyers, having families, except they have money to live *independent*, had better stay at home. It's very rare that I have known an emigrant to reside five years in America, who ever returned with the intention of remaining where they came from. I

have known some who had made what they thought a fortune return; but the most of them came back before they had been twelve months in their own country.

The following anecdote is indicative of the feelings of most young men, after they have resided a year or two in this country, and get weaned, or spean'd as we say in Scotland. About twenty years ago, two brothers, farmers' servants from Lanarkshire, arrived at Philadelphia; they both got service with one of those substantial farmers (lords of the soil) within four or five miles of town, whose tables are daily loaded with necessaries and luxuries, and where the farmer and his white servants eat at the same table. The one was named *Sandy*, and the other *Jock*. One morning, after they had been about eighteen months in their place, as they were dressing, Jock says, "Ah! Sandy, I had an awful dream last night." "And what did you dream, man?" says Sandy. "Aye, but it was an awful dream," says Jock. "And what did you dream?" says Sandy; "did you dream you had broken your leg?" "Far waur than that," says Jock. "And what was it, man? did you dream your mither was deed?" "Waur than that yet." "And what was it ye dream'd, man?" says Sandy; "did ye dream ye was in the bad place?" "It was waur than that yet," says Jock. "And what was it, man?" says Sandy. "O! I dream'd I was at home again," says Jock.

It is very rare that I have seen a *woman*, whatever may have been her sphere of life in Britain, provided she was rising of forty years before she left her home, that ever got reconciled to or was happy in America. The husband, led abroad in society by his business, soon

makes new friends ; the children soon make new associates, and form new attachments ; but the mother finds every thing strange. The modes and manners of housekeeping are strange to her ; there is even a sort of vocabulary, as it were, belonging to the domestic affairs of every country, that a woman brought up in another country never can learn ; and though her husband and children are all happy around her, though she can buy apples of the best flavour here as cheap as she can buy potatoes in her own country, and though she has every thing in abundance around her, yet she longs for the conversation and company of those who were the companions of her youth. Nothing to her like London, like Edinburgh, like Dublin, or even like her *hut* on the barren side of some hill in Scotland.

Some years ago, there came to New York from London a smart bachelor, aged about twenty-eight. He had a high opinion of himself, and the place he came from. Wishing to hire a room for an office on the ground floor, he noticed a card in a window, "*Apartments to let,*" was waited on, and shewn the premises by the tradesman's daughter who owned the house. She was a beautiful, modest, sensible girl ; he was pleased with the apartment, but more so with the young lady ; as he afterwards said, there was a music in her voice which made him ask questions. Having been told the price, says he, " Is the damsel to be let with the apartment ? " (at the same time making a polite attempt to take hold of her hand). She made a step backwards, and looking him full in the face, replied, " Sir, the damsel is to be *let alone.*" He hired the room, took possession next day, but the apt reply kept

sounding in his ears, "Sir, the damsel is to be *let alone*." He never left his office satisfied without having a word or a look from her; he soon became her professed admirer, and before twelve months she became his wife. The countenance and respectability of her relations has given him a standing in society; he is attentive to business, and every thing seems thriving and happy about them.

CHAPTER XVI.

A few Reflections from Forty Years' Observations in America—
Particular Providence shewn in the national Affairs of America
—Concluding Instance of same to Myself.

MEN, Fiddlers, and Trollopes, who travel forty days in America, fifteen of which are generally spent in the death of sleep, ought not to be branded as *impostors*. The public, if they think at all, are not to expect any correct information concerning a people, their country, and their manners, from either fiddlers or mountebanks, who may happen to spend a few strolling days in the line of their profession in that country. If they do expect so great a miracle, then they richly deserve to be imposed on. But no; they are not imposed on: they buy these as they do any other work of fiction, to see who among all those hundred-and-one book-makers can tell the most plausible lie. Therefore the writers and printers are not *impostors*; for the people desire to have it so.

I am satisfied the book bearing the name of Mrs. Trollope was never written by an English lady. A lady implies every thing that is mild, pleasant, beautiful, engaging, modest, and discreet. I remember, fifty years ago in Scotland, to say that a woman was a soldier's trollope, implied every thing that was bad, hateful, and disgusting. Besides, no modest and discreet woman will be found travelling *alone* through seas and floods, in ships and boats, with mates, cooks,

and captains, except she were completely unsexed. Besides, the book professes to be an *exposé* of the "Domestic Manners of the Americans." Now, sure am I that no woman, having the feelings of a woman, would ever expose, if she could, the failings and frailties of her sisters, and in such language, too, as that book contains—more like the licentious slang of some minor theatre, or the polluted breath of some London fishwife. If it has been written by a woman, thank God we have no such women in America.

There is, perhaps, no country on earth where ladies are so highly respected and thought of as they are in America (I speak from forty years' observation). Had the writer of *Trollope* really been a lady of feeling, she would have rejoiced to find that there was at least *one* country under the sun where *woman* holds the exact place in society which nature and the God of nature has assigned her,—that of being the companion and help-mate of man, not his slave. From these reflections, my own mind is satisfied that *Trollope* is no woman, or, if she be, she must be one who wears the breeches. The very fact of her travelling with Miss F. Wright ought to expel her from women's company.

It is really provoking to hear European writers comparing themselves with themselves, and exalting themselves by themselves, and impeaching the Americans for want of *refinement*. Its like C***** teaching honour, or the devil preaching truth. The real standard of refinement all over the world can only be estimated by the place which woman holds in society, and by the usage she receives from those lords of the creation, falsely so called. Mrs. Trollope has the

ignorance to compare the modest, beautiful, sprightly, and sensible ladies in America, with the poor, debased daughters of Eve in Europe. I know that God has made many of their women as angels for beauty, but the men have transformed them into devils. Among your singers and players are some of the handsomest women in the world; but the European savage—man, has debased them beneath the brutes that perish. In Africa they are the beasts of burden and labouring slaves of the man; in Asia they are the *soulless* automatons of his pleasures, and the labouring slaves of his profits; and in proportion as they excel in *beauty*, in the same proportion are they transferred from one heartless tyrant to another, and with more unconcern than they would part with an ass or a colt from the stall. But in Europe their degradation is yet keener and deeper, for there they receive just education enough to shew them their high origin, and the place in society which by right is their own; thus making them see and feel more acutely the abject state into which they are plunged by the cruelty of man. Many of them, young, lovely, and sensitive creatures, are shut up in monasteries (and this, too, by those who gave them birth), or compelled to be buckled to some old *worn-down, rich, titled debauchee*, whereby all the sweet sensibilities of their nature are destroyed, and all the useful purposes for which the God of nature made them are lost to the world. In comparison with this, the burning of a Hindoo widow, or a Jewess of old placing the son of her youth in the red-hot arms of Moloch, is like *tender mercies*. Even in our own day, we have seen in France—that country of chivalry,

refinement, and gallantry—the young, the learned, the high-born and accomplished females, led out by ruffians whose hands yet smoked with the blood of a sister—we have seen them tied in groups, as is done by the wild savage in our western wilderness—we have seen their beautiful heads roll in the basket of the guillotine, till the arms of the executioner grew faint—we have seen *men* (falsely called) in Europe stand by with indifference and see the beautiful Mary of Scotland murdered by a fire-cat of a sister, and, in our day, the fascinating Marie Antoinette of France by the ruffianly Sans-culottes. Were such brutalities attempted in America on woman, every rifle, from Eastport to the Rocky Mountains, would be raised in her defence: and yet these men have the very great *modesty* to talk to the Americans about *refinement*.

In Europe, too, where dwell the most Catholic Majesties, the most Christian Majesties, the Kings by the grace of God, the Defenders of the Faith, the Heads of the Church, and the Lords Spiritual, even there these men of refinement will take the most comely of their women, strip them of their chief ornament, modesty, then tear off rag after rag, till scarcely a fig-leaf is left; then they place them on a large table, which they call a theatre, and sometimes on a rope, and there they make them dance to the sound of an Irish fiddle, or a pair of Scotch bagpipes; and this is what they call in Paris, in London, in Dublin, and in Edinburgh, *worshipping the fair sex*.* Now a body

* I would here inform Messrs. Fidler, Trollope, and Co., and all other forty-day travellers, who may wish to make a book, that

would really suppose that this is all right, for it is all done just under the noses of those holy men aforesaid. They also have dancing bears, and live elephants, and monkeys, which they make to dance about just as they make their ladies do; and it's all done for money: indeed, they will do any thing in Europe for money. Some sell their bodies to the doctors while they live, and some sell their souls to the devil when they die; and all for money.

Another source of misery to the ladies in Europe, and which sours all the sweet charities of their lives, is their family distinctions, their bloods, and their titles. Thousands of them are here sacrificed, like Jephtha's daughter; hence the forced marriages, the unhappy marriages, the runaway marriages, the elopements, and, finally, their crim. con. trials,—names, the meaning of which is unknown to the ladies in America.

In America, when a young woman comes to her eighteenth year, she is of age, and can marry the man of her choice, despite of cold-blooded parents, or self-interested guardians. There are no laws to obstruct the freedom of marriages in America, (as far as ever I could learn,) no licenses, no proclamations at the desk, or advertisements on the church-door. Any man and woman, of any age or condition, can go to the mayor, magistrate, minister, or justice of the peace, taking

from what I have seen, I am confident there is not a lady in America, having a drop of American blood in her veins, but rather than expose her person, as is done by the women in Europe, to the brutal gaze of those noble blackguards, she would take a prayer-book in one hand, and a wooden cross in the other, and walk into the flames of martyrdom.

with them two witnesses to prove that they are both single people, and they get married without further ceremony. Now, Mrs. Trollope would call this an instance of the loose state of morals in America; but experience shews it has quite a different effect. In Europe, some popish priest or bishop gives them a license to become man and wife in a *political sense*, and some Beelzebub or Lucifer gives them a license to keep as many *masters* and *mistresses* as they please. The marriage is merely to enable the first son of the next generation to hold the estate; but with regard to love or natural affection, they know just as little as the Esquimaux in his cabin of ice: and yet these trampers on every thing that is pure, holy, and becoming in life, have the impudence to preach modesty and refinement to the Americans.

The laws are *severe* against *bigamy*, and are seldom infringed except by foreigners, who have left wives in Europe. In fact, the Americans know little, not even by name, of the many vices that are rife in old countries.

In Europe, the ladies among the higher casts are waited on by white slaves—in America, by black: among the inferiors in Europe, the women are the slaves of the men—in America, the men are the WILLING slaves of the women: in short, domestic economy in America is comprehended in two words,—the man provides, and his wife takes care of what he provides.

With regard to *governments*, it matters little to me whether the *head* is called a king or a president, provided they are a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well. Even in hell they have a *king*, to

keep order in that pit; and among the powers of the air, they can't get along without having a *prince*. All nature obeys the law of its Maker, men and devils only excepted; and they require a strong arm to keep them in order.

In America, I would prefer living under a republican government, but not in Britain. I think now that they have got their parliament so far reformed, they have as much liberty as they can fairly stagger under. If they get along, quietly and easily, to cancel their sinecures as the present incumbents die, and also, by degrees, in lessening their church burdens, and keep themselves from going to war, they will do very well. The experiment of having religion supported in a country without the interference of government, has been tried in America for the last fifty years, and with the most complete success. I verily believe there is more pure and undefiled religion amongst the episcopal churches in the state of New York alone, than is to be found in the same church all over England. Such a thing as a horse-racing, cock-fighting, fox-hunting, tavern-keeping parson, is not known in America. Were they so to appear, the people would just withdraw their support, and the priests drop into oblivion. There is no priestcraft in America: where civil government is kept out of the church, priestcraft cannot exist. Before the revolution in America, the episcopals lorded it over God's heritage,—now every tub stands on its own bottom.

Those simple dreamers, who, for the last fifty years, have been turning the world upside-down, and writing so many fine-spun *theories* on government, always

assume the *false* position at the outset, that man is a *perfect being*. Mr. Thomas Paine wrote and spoke so much and so long about the perfectibility of human nature, that he became a perfect beast himself. Were it not for insulting the dignity of the *British nation*, in the persons of some of its *members* in *parliament*, I could give the history of two or three of them,—men whose heads are so long, that they themselves really think they can govern the universe, and yet they never learned to govern their own tongues, to govern their own wives, to govern their own hearts, sons, servants, or affairs. The fact is, they are so filled with a *disinterested ambition to rule*, that, were it possible, they would take the reins from the hands of the Governor of the world.

These men, like all other *madmen*, are continually striving to destroy the very means in which is involved their life and safety. Were it not for the arm of a strong government, when O'Connell, Hunt, and Co. collect such a mass of folly and wickedness around them in the fields, as sometimes is done, one word from a bravo in the crowd, and the leaders (like the keeper of some wild beasts let loose) are torn in pieces. We saw it done repeatedly within the last forty years in France; and human nature is the same, under the same circumstances, every where.

In America, we have *too much* liberty. The imported patriot, as ignorant as a goose, and as *poor* as Job's hen-turkey, has as good a vote for the men who tax, assess, and take from me my property, as I have myself. This is giving him who has nothing, LIBERTY to be sure, but it is to take from me what is not his.

Often these men have not been three weeks in the country, but as they always *vote for our side*, we have some easy modes of creeping through our naturalisation laws. From this, and many more defects I could name, we need never expect to see a government without faults.

Democracy and Republicanism* sound fine in theory; and were men what God made them, it would work well in practice; and herein lays the mighty odds—God made man upright, but he sought out many *inventions*—God made him wise, and he made himself a *fool*. In Europe many are civilised—some about half—and a number are still in a state of nature. Take a few from every country, town, and village, and perhaps you cannot select three from each hundred that

* In America, the genius and habits of the people, with their broad spread and thin population, befits them exactly (as I think) to taste fairly the experiment of the strength and stability of a republican form of government; and from what I have seen I feel confident it grows stronger with its age; and if the principles laid down in General Jackson's proclamation are enforced so as to ensure the future union of the states, I believe it will continue as long as wood grows and water runs. But if twenty-three states are to submit to the direction of one, then is the union at an end. Soon shall we have a chief, a protector, a king, or a landgrave, at the head of every state—soon shall we need a standing army to prevent aggressions on the lines, and to cut one another's throats, as the wise men in Europe have been doing for the last 1500 years. Then, when future *generations* read of Washington, who gained *independence* for his country, and of the band of worthies who gave her a *constitution*, how will they curse the cupidity of the present generation, who let these blessings slip through their fingers before these worthies had all slept with their fathers!

are men of sound sense—seventy-five are fools, and twenty-two are rogues; therefore, the more men that are engaged in a matter, the greater is the quantity of human folly and wickedness collected. Besides, I never knew a genuine *bawling republican* in my life (and I have seen many) but he was a most consummate tyrant, as far as his little brief authority went. Some years ago I knew one of these thorough-going *imported* republicans in New York; the “Rights of Man” was continually in his mouth, and the horse-whip in his hand. He was a cabinet-maker by trade; and one day the police justice cancelled the indentures of *seven* of his apprentices, on account of barbarous and cruel usage.

I don't think there is a nation in Europe could exist twenty years under a republican form of government; they are not so well informed as the people in America generally are; besides, from their youth the Americans are accustomed to something like this form of self-government, by selecting persons to fill many of their offices, as road-masters, poor-masters, militia-officers, &c. &c. It is not so much the form of our government that makes the people so happy in America, as the fact that we are not saddled with any of the customs of the dark ages, which yet hang about the necks of the good folks of Britain. In America, every man that professes religion attends to the religion of his own house; and if twenty heads of houses conclude to build a church, and engage a minister to lead their devotions on Sabbath, the government has no concern in the matter. In Europe, they hire men at a high price to become a head for their church, but in America *Christ*

is the only head of the church that they will acknowledge, and they own no Lord but the *Lord Jehovah*.* We have no poors' rate, and no noble blood. This noble blood spoils a great many happy marriages in Europe; but in America nature displays her most perfect works. We have no standing army, because we don't need one; in Europe, the people must be kept in order by the point of the bayonet; but in America the people have common sense enough to keep themselves in order. Our government is the cheapest; and were it not that our elections are so frequent, I should think it was the best in the world. It's really amusing to hear, when you go to London or Edinburgh, how ignorant the people are with regard to every thing appertaining to America; and yet every week they have a *new book of travels* from some strolling Fidler, Hall, Hamilton, or

* About seventy years ago (if fame speaks true) none were admitted into the House of Parliament but members, ladies, and the servants of noblemen. Dr. M'Intosh of Edinburgh being in London while the house was sitting, and probably not knowing the regulation, and having a desire to see how matters were conducted, presented himself at the door. From something about his dress, or probably from the very circumstance of his wanting admittance, they supposed he must be a nobleman's servant. There were two keepers — the first accosts him — "What lord do you belong to." Instantly replies the doctor, "To the *Lord Jehovah*." "The *Lord Jehovah*!" echoes the keeper, looking inquiringly in the face of his fellow; "the Lord Jehovah! why, I never heard of that lord: I am sure," raising his voice, "he is not in all the *Court Calendar*. Where lays the estate?" "In the northern hemisphere," replies the doctor gravely. As they knew as little about the hemisphere as they did about the Lord; "O, damn him!" says keeper No. 2, "let him pass; it must be some poor Scotch lord, I suppose."

Trollope. These Fiddlers, however, are not fools; they know that a wise man cannot live in a country unless the majority of the people are fools. It is for this reason that a *Scotchman* cannot get along in Connecticut among the *cunning Yankees*, because they understand how to *hold* as well as he does how to *pull*.

I was in Scotland fifteen years ago; had with me my son, a lad about ten; stopped to see a lady at the seat of Lord A——, near Edinburgh; was introduced as Mr. Thorburn from America—and this is his son, a *young Yankee* (the lad was both white and ruddy). The good lady stoops; lays her arm round his neck, her hand on his left shoulder, and, looking him full in the face, exclaims, “*The Losh preserve us, but he’s as white as our ain folk!*” Observe, this was at a lord’s house, in 1818—not among the *mobites*. It is funny to hear their wise men speak, and their wise women write, about the Americans, as if they were nothing but a set of simple men, the sons of silly women. They speak about our generals and colonels being cow-keepers, and horse-keepers, and bar-keepers, &c.; they speak about our captains and our militia as being shoe-makers and tailors, having guns without locks; they speak about our *commodores* as being packers of *cod-fish*, and our ambassadors as being printers or doctors, and petty-fogging lawyers. All this may be true; but, then, when they come in contact with them, they find themselves most commonly out-generated. Washington and Hamilton generated them out of a whole continent—General Jackson packed up their generals in rum hogs-heads—the shoe-makers and tailors, having guns without locks, *locked up* Burgoyne, Cornwallis, &c.—the

packers of cod-fish caught a whole fleet on the lakes at one haul—and Franklin the printer, Adams, Jay, Laurence, and other petty-fogging lawyers, out-witted and supplanted their diplomatists, in 1776, at almost every court in Christendom.

With regard to the navy in America, there is no doubt but man to man, and gun to gun, they will be able to defend themselves against any nation under the sun. The late war gave a lesson to these men, whose principle of right consisted in making the weak submit to the strong, which they will not soon forget ; but as now they know where each other's strength lays, they will find it their interest to cultivate one another's friendship. Their fleets *combined* will be able to protect the world from oppressors.

In reading the history of America for the last fifty years, it often occurs to my mind, that Providence has taken the affairs of the country into his own immediate direction. I think we can't look back on the late war without being convinced that the Governor of the world turned the mistakes and blunders of our own governors into public blessings, and in a way and manner, too, contrary to our own plans and most sanguine calculations. For instance, when the war of 1812 broke out, our governors thought they had only to send a few men into Canada, carrying a pole with a striped handkerchief at its top, and that all the whole country would join them. But after losing millions of money and thousands of men, they found themselves completely discomfited, foiled, and laughed at. And it was right it should be so. It was both unjust and impolitic ;—unjust, because the Canadians were our

brethren, and never had done us any harm. If their masters, three thousand miles away, had robbed our ships, it was not their fault—they could not help it; it was impolitic, because, had our government issued a proclamation, telling them we were brethren of the same soil, we had no quarrel with them, and if they would let us alone we would let them alone—had this been done, I verily believe that, ere this time, Canada would have now formed the twenty-fifth state in the Union.

But look at the *ocean*, that highway of *nations*; there we had been robbed and plundered because we wanted the means of defence. These leviathans of the deep, with their mouths of one hundred fires, told us to stand by or they would sink us in the mighty waters. On these waters, though our cause was just, we thought we could do nothing. But there we looked on, while the Lord wrought gloriously for America—where we looked for disgrace, he gave us honour, and for defeat he gave us victory; till at length the skill of the officers, and the strength of the six American *fir-built frigates*, was proclaimed from the Park and Tower *guns of London*.

Look also at New Orleans; their ships darkened our rivers; their men were numerous as the locusts in Egypt; their officers and soldiers were all mighty men of war, having just conquered the conqueror of the world, and laid his *invincibles* low, even in the dust. But here these noble fellows, whose swords had just let loose the heart's blood of Buonaparte's *lancers*, were cut down like grass in the field, and scattered abroad like chaff before the wind, by the unerring aim of the American rifle. They were the *invaders*, the

Americans were the *defendants*; but in Canada the Americans were the invaders, and were discomfited.

All these things are arguments with me in favour of the doctrine of a Particular Providence, in regard to nations. As respects myself, in addition to what has been already stated, I beg to give another instance, in a circumstance which happened to me only in April last, and with which I shall conclude this account of my life. I could have put on record some scores of such instances, any one of which might suffice to convince a reasonable person of the *consoling doctrine* of the *ministry* of *angels*, or a class of beings, though invisible to us, by far superior in power and intelligence, and who stand ready, at the nod of their Master, to execute his will in a moment, even to the utmost boundaries of space: but here our feeble mind is lost. On what other principles are we to account for the curious incidents which frequently happen to every observing man, viz. of *thinking* or *speaking* about a person whom, perhaps, we have not seen for years, and he will immediately appear;* and sometimes going through scenes in your sleep in which you will be a prominent actor next day? These things must be whispered on our senses, or impressed into our souls, by some being to us invisible. Heaven, earth, and sea, are full of wonders and mysteries, of which those wise men (self-styled philosophers) never dreamed.

In April last, then, we received a letter from Mr. C., ordering about \$250 worth of seeds and trees, and stating that B. and Co. would pay our bill. Before comply-

* Hence the Scottish proverb, "*Speak of the de'il and he'll appear.*"

ing with the order we shewed the letter to B. and Co.; they stated, had the amount not exceeded \$100 they would have paid it, but being already considerable in advance, they were not inclined to go further; but added, they considered him a good man, and thought we should be safe in trusting him to that amount. My son being anxious to fill the order, I consented; the goods and invoice were forwarded, but receiving no answer, after six weeks we wrote to him again, requesting him to send us a draft on P. W. and Co.; still no answer came. One day, during the cholera, about the beginning of September, I picked up a piece of paper from the floor, which, from some words on it, brought the matter to my mind. I told my son I was getting anxious about the matter of C., and was resolved to stir in the business; my son thought we had better let it rest till after the cholera, as it was probable Mr. C. might be out of town, &c. However, the thing kept harassing my mind, so I determined to see the Messrs. B., and consult with them before the day closed. I called at their office about fifteen minutes past four P.M., presuming they would have returned from dinner: I waited some time, and they not returning, I went home, drank my tea, and resolved to call again, if spared, next morning—but something in my mind kept prompting me on; so, having finished tea, I returned to the office and found Mr. B. alone. I shewed him Mr. C.'s letter, and asked his advice. He advised me to draw on C. at ten days' sight, in favour of R. C., to give the draft to him (Mr. B.), and he would give it to C. to forward. I came home, told my son, bid him go to tea, and draw the drafts as soon as

he came back. He smiled, and said he could not see what made me so pushing in this business all at once. Says I, "I can't either; but something hurries me on, that I can't rest satisfied till I push it as fast as I can." The draft was drawn that night. Next morning I gave it to B., with an *earnest request* that he would give it to Mr. C. to forward by that day's mail. About a month after, Mr. B. came into our store, and told us a long story about the failure of Mr. P., and how much they had lost by him, but added, your *draft is paid*, and paid, too, the very day before he failed. Next day Mr. C. stepped in and told us the same story, adding, "You are a lucky fellow, Thorburn, for had not the draft gone on that very day, I don't think you would have got one cent." Now, in reviewing this matter, I can't help being assured, in my own mind, that there was some invisible influence that urged me on in a manner, for which I could not account, to bestir myself in this business on that very day; and I also think I can see the hand of Providence in inclining the hearts of both Messrs. B. and C. to transact their parts of the business on that same day, with more promptness, perhaps, than if their own interests had been at stake.

APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

A FLOWER EXTRACTED.

[*From the New York Commercial Advertiser, May 19, 1829.*]

THE following characteristic communication is too good to be delayed for a single day; and we make room for it without hesitation :

To the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser.

I really believe that you gentlemen printers save more money to the good people of this city, by the cautions you give, and the exposures you make of the practice and tricks of thieves, than all the paltry sum of ten dollars which you usually ask, to pay for paper, ink, and carrying. Since last fall, when you gave an account of the fellow who stole the gold fish, we have not been sensible of a single depredation: but one morning last week, about six A.M., a figure strolled into our yard, his feet being half covered with a pair of sea-green morocco slippers; his stockings, which had *once* been white, rolled down to his ancles, and displayed part of a leg, which, from appearance, had not been anointed with soap since the 4th of July last;

his cassimere pantaloons of the same colour as the Scotch snuff that is made in Chatham Street, and ornamented at the top by a bunch of seals as large as a *mock* orange, and as yellow as if they had really been made from gold found in North Carolina; around his neck, too, he wore an iron chain, appended to something at the end which was meant as an apology for a watch, but from the spider-like appearance of his *spine*, I thought it might be intended as a preventor, (as the sailors say,) to keep the extremities from separating from the trunk; or, like the men of Jersey, who with an ox-chain fasten the small, to keep them from running away with the large wheels of their wagon. His face was pretty enough, and on the whole he might pass for a very handsome fellow; but in the vacant stare of his eye, you might easily perceive that Madam Nature, getting tired with labouring all day to form a handsome person, at last being vexed with the job, had rolled him from her work-bench, forgetting to put brains in his head. Thinking he wanted the capacity to contemplate the beauties of nature aright, and therefore must have some other object in view by so early a visit, I told Argus to look out. In a few minutes he reported a hyacinth flower broke off, and deposited in the steeple crown of his hat. On examining the spot, I found a red *Groot voorst* (probably so named after one of the ponderous beauties of Amsterdam) had just been cropped off by the ground. I arose in anger, and was just going to upbraid him, when three decent young lads, and their pretty young lasses, entered the gate. Thinks I to myself, I won't discompose them, and, bad as he was, expose him to the ridicule of the

ladies; so I asked him to step into the store. Says I, "Sir, you have not paid for the flowers in your hat." Says he, "I intend to pay." "Then," says I, "we're agreed at once, for I intend you shall pay. The price, cut to order, is twenty-five cents; but as you helped yourself without leave, I will only charge Wall Street commissions; so you may give me fifty cents, and be off. Having got the *money* in my *hand*, I began to deliver an extempore lecture on the baseness of such conduct, comparing it with the ox in the meadow, who, having not sense to discern these beautiful works of the Creator, tramples them in the mire with his cloven feet; but, being conscience-struck, he shuffled himself out of the gate, up into Broadway, as fast as his long legs and green sluffs could carry him.

P.S.—Stepping into the green-house the other day, I observed a decent-looking woman holding up, admiring, and smiling at a pretty rose-bud she had just plucked from a bush. As she did not attempt concealment, I was sure it was not done in evil design, or with *malice prepense* (as they say at the Hall of Justice). Says I, "Madam, I daresay you thought no harm when you broke off that rose?" Says she, "I thought where there were so many to pluck off, one would not be missed." "But," says I, "ma'am, had you thought for a moment that if every lady who visits this place was to carry away a rose, or break off a branch, in a short time *we* should have nothing left to look at but bare poles and brickbats." She looked so, and said she was sorry, and I really believe she was sorry; so I cut a slip or two of geranium, and a sprig of myrtle, to tie to the rose, and so made a bouquet complete. She went

home more repenting than if I had scolded as loud as Mrs. Socrates of old, when she emptied the salt water bath on the bald head of her husband.

LIVERWORT.

[*From the New York Commercial Advertiser,*
17th August, 1829.]

We cannot deny the use of our columns to our friend Grant Thorburn for the following characteristic letter in defence of his favourite plant. If our "Subscriber" who ridiculed it on Saturday has any music in his soul, he will laugh; and if he has any magnanimity, he will "give it up." His closing allusion is very good; but we suspect Mr. Thorburn went to church so many times yesterday, that he had not time to refer to the text of his authority. It was not the king of Assyria who preferred "the rivers of Damascus" to "all the waters of Israel," but Naaman, an officer of the king of Syria.

"*Liverwort again.*—I met a grave-digger the other day, and asked him how was trade. He said it had not been so dull before in the month of August since the year 1816—and were it not that a few young ladies get every week squeezed to death by their *corsets*, he did not believe he would make salt to his *kail*.* That year there were so many black spots on the sun that the cucumbers were frozen to death in July, and seed became so scarce that the Yankees were obliged to invent a machine whereby they made seed from the wood of the white-wood tree, and peddled it round

* Scotch soup.

the Continent for the moderate price of one dollar per ounce. Now, I am thinking, Mr. Stone, that this same *subscriber* of yours must be an undertaker, or gravedigger, whose business of late has been so much curtailed by the introduction of *liverwort* and *mustard-seed* (the character of the latter is so firmly fixed he dare not say a word against it), that having nothing better to kill his dull time, he sits down to vent his spite on the poor liverwort. I think, too, Mr. Printer, he gives you a pretty good knock on the head in the outset of the letter, when he says, he is *provoked* to see you puffing up an herb which has *no medical qualities*. In all the vegetable kingdom, a plant or herb has not yet been discovered that God made without possessing *medical properties*. Your subscriber next comes down on the poor sobersided Shaking Quakers—a set of the best mechanics and honestest fellows I ever met with—and were it not that they hold the doctrine of that consummate blockhead, Malthus, I would call them among the best members of society too. He therefore almost commands you not to come out with your white paper and black *printer's-devil* advertisements, thus aiding and abetting these monstrous Shakers to deceive the public. I really wonder what makes the man so angry. He asks you, too, if you have any interest in the *apothecaries' stores*? I think I sell more of that weed (without medical properties) than any apothecary in town, and therefore think he strikes me over your tall head. But if he is really in search of truth, and will call at the meeting-house in Liberty Street, I will give him the names of some gentlemen, probably of his own ac-

quaintance, in whose renovated countenances he may read the medical properties of this herb. Every improvement in science or mechanics has been met by the opposition of the ignorant or interested. When the bright eye of CLINTON first sketched the lines of a canal through a thousand hills and dales, an host of fellows, who could not see an inch before their nose, wrote volumes to prove that he was born blind. If this same liverwort grew only on the banks of the Ganges, it would be a sovereign remedy; but as it is to be found in abundance on the banks of the Hackensack river, in New Jersey, we are to be told it is the only herb that ever God Almighty made which has no *medical properties*. This thing will sound strange in the hall of Princeton College. It reminds me of the great king of Assyria, who would not believe the prophet when he told him to wash away his leprosy in that clear running brook close by — but he must needs go to one of the great rivers in Damascus wherein to bathe his royal brown hide. To be serious, this herb is doing much good in pulmonary complaints — it is a pity to knock it in the head at once anonymously.

Yours, &c.

GRANT THORBURN."

[*From the New York Commercial Advertiser,*
19th August, 1833.]

MESSRS. EDITORS—It is provoking to read in your paper, occasionally, an editorial puff of some herb which has no *medical properties*. Eighteen months ago there was a cure (related by the newspapers) produced by

liverwort. The article became immediately very common, and every body who had a liver complaint or affection of the lungs drank freely and continually of the decoction, till every one was satisfied that the liverwort was an inert article. Now you are trying to get it up into use again. The leaf has three lobes, which gave name to the plant, as the liver has three lobes likewise: this is the origin; but many suppose it derived its name from its virtues in diseases of the liver. I was knowing to the following fact:—A child had the quincy very bad—so bad that there was danger of suffocation. The doctor prescribed an emetic and a blister-plaster; but an old woman came in, and said that the swallow was affected, and the best thing was a poultice made of a swallow's nest. This took with the father and mother, and the doctor's medicine was laid aside. The nest procured consisted of excrement and clay, and was applied for two days, when the child died. So with the liverwort. Have you an interest in the apothecaries' stores which induces you to recommend it so highly? I presume not; therefore do not deceive the public with the advertisement of the Shakers, which was got up to produce a sale of the article.

The "New York Observer" recommended and wrote columns, and printed hundreds of certificates of drunkards who were cured by Chambers' remedy. A year afterwards the same editor stated he had been deceived, for every one of whom he had published a cure were still drunkards. So it is with all these quackeries. I fear the day will never come when the community will not be stuffed with nostrums got up merely to make money.

A SUBSCRIBER.

HINTS TO GARDENERS WISHING TO EMIGRATE TO THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

[*From the London Gardener's Magazine.*]

SIR,—Being a well-wisher to gardeners, both from principle and interest, (as it is by that craft I live,) I think I may be of some service to those who intend coming to this country by letting them know on what footing they must stand on their arrival. We have neither lords spiritual nor temporal in this country, with seventy thousand pounds sterling a year at their backs; and who, to assist them in spending so much money, must employ perhaps thirty horsemen, a hundred labourers, and it may be, thirty gardeners. Every tub here stands on its own bottom, and almost every man is his own gardener; and perhaps not in all America are there three gentlemen who employ two gardeners for the twelve months round. While our present system of government continues, as we have no hereditary estates, and property is consequently always shifting, we never shall have what are called overgrown fortunes. No man is able to employ ten gardeners in this country; therefore, while the present system continues in Britain, gardeners will meet with better encouragement there than in America. Such a thing as head-gardener, a *grieve* (bailiff), or *overseer*, is not known in this country, except some of the latter, in the southern states, among the blacks.* But, notwithstanding all this, a gardener may live very comfort-

* Some of the young cockneys who have visited this country, with more money in their purses than wit in their heads, have returned, and got some one to write for them a book, or, as they generally style it, "A Journal of their Journey overland in

ably in America — single men (that is, such as are not married) are generally engaged by the year, and receive from twelve to fifteen dollars per month, bed, board, and washing. It is expected from them to raise vegetables sufficient to supply the family, to take the care of a few flower-beds, and sometimes a small green-house. If they are careful of their money, by attending church on Sunday, instead of travelling about in steam-boats, chairs, or frequenting ice-cream gardens, they, in a few years, will have enough to hire some acres near the city, where they may commence market-gardening for themselves. I have known many who, in a short time, have established themselves very comfortably in this way; and, as land is cheap, and neither poor-rates

America.” These would-be authors, almost without an exception, describe in lively colours (and it is generally the only lively paragraph in the book) the inconsistency of the people and government of America keeping slaves in the South. This charge is true in the abstract, but these men forget, or perhaps they never knew (as they are not deep read) that these slaves were introduced into America under the reigns of George I., II., and III.; rather an inconsistent act of a government composed of lords spiritual as well as temporal, and kings by the grace of God, defenders of the faith, &c. ! So, when the Americans were old enough to govern themselves, they found they were saddled with this last curse of the European dark ages. But there is no way to get quit of them, except they do as the Hessians, and other white slave-holders do in Europe, that is, sell them from one master to another to be shot at for so much per head. However, they are now sending them back to their own country as fast as practicable; and, in the mean time, they eat better, sleep better, are clothed better, and have less hard work, than the white slaves in Birmingham, Manchester, &c. Another generation, I confidently trust, will not find a slave from one end of the Union to the other.

G. T.

nor tithes to pay, if they mind their own business, they will get along very quietly. But I would not advise a gardener who has a family to come here, except he can bring with him one hundred or two hundred guineas; for it often happens that some months go over his head before he gets into a situation. In the mean time it takes considerable sums to support his family. If he has no children, and his wife understands taking care of a dairy, they may both get employed, and live in the same house with the family—he managing the garden, and she the dairy; but if he has sons grown up, or of the age of eighteen or twenty years, he might hire a piece of land near the city, and commence raising green-house plants for sale. I have known some do very well in this way, and among them is your worthy friend Thomas Hogg. But if a man come here from principle, he will not regret being put to a little inconvenience, when he reflects that he has delivered his children from the burdens and bondage of Europe, and placed them where their worth and industry will be suitably rewarded. Some of the wise men in Britain of late years have been devising plans whereby to stop the growth of the poor population; but in America there is room and sustenance for the whole population of Europe for very many centuries to come. A man wants only health, (thirty-eight years I have been in New York, and have not one day been confined by sickness,) hands, a good character, and a good spade to work his way in this country.

Yours, with respect,

GRANT THORBURN.

New York, Sept. 15, 1832.

ROMANCE, IN REAL LIFE.

[*From the New York Commercial Advertiser of
September 12th, 1833.*]

Having spent an hour in company with this young lady, on the day of her arrival in New York, and being privy to some of the facts; I think they are worth preserving.

“ From Susquehannah’s utmost springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
A shepherd of the forest came.”—FRENEAU.

On Sunday evening last, we were fortuitously witnesses of an incident equally interesting and painful. Many people have denounced Shakspeare’s Othello as too unnatural for probability. It can hardly be credited that such a fair, beautiful, and accomplished woman as Desdemona is represented to have been, could have deliberately wedded such a blackamoor as Othello; but if we ever entertained any incredulity upon the subject, it has all been dissipated by the occurrence of which we are to speak.

About two years ago, an Indian of the Chippewa nation—formerly said to have been a man of some rank in his tribe, but now a missionary of the Methodist church among his red brethren—was sent to England to obtain pecuniary aid for the Indian mission cause in Upper Canada. What was his native cognomen—whether it was the “Red Lightning,” or the “Storm King,” or “Walk-in-the-Water,”—we know not; but in plain English he is known as Peter Jones. An Indian is a rare spectacle in England. Poets and romancers have alike invested the primitive sons of the

American forest with noble and exalted characteristics, which are seldom discernible to the duller perceptions of plain matter-of-fact people; and which English eyes could alone discover in the hero of the present story. But no matter: Mr. Peter Jones was not only a missionary from the wilderness, and, as we doubt not, a pious and useful man among his own people, but he was a *bonâ fide* Indian, and he was of course made a *lion* of in London. He was feasted by the rich and the great. Carriages and servants in livery awaited his pleasure, and bright eyes sparkled when he was named. He was looked upon as a great chief—a prince—an Indian king; and many romantic young ladies, who had never passed beyond the sound of Bow-bells, dreamed of the charms of solitude amid the great wilds—“the antres vast and deserts wild” of the great west; of the roaring of mighty cataracts, and the bounding of buffalos over the illimitable prairies; of noble chieftains, leading armies of plumed and lofty warriors, dusky as the proud forms of giants in twilight; of forays and stag-hunts, and bows and arrows, and the wild notes of the piercing war-whoop, in those halcyon days, when, unsophisticated by contact with the pale face,

“Wild in woods the noble savage ran;”

and all that sort of thing, as Mathews would most unpoetically have wound off such a flourishing sentence. But it was so:—

“In crowds the ladies to his levees ran—
 All wished to gaze upon the tawny man;
 Happy were those who saw his stately stride—
 Thrice happy those who tripp’d it at his side.”

Among others who perchance may have thought of “kings barbaric, pearls and gold,” was the charming daughter of a gentleman of Lambeth, of wealth and respectability. But she thought not of wedding an Indian, even though he were a great chief, or half a king—not she! But Peter Jones saw, or thought he saw—for the Indian Cupids are not blind—that the young lady had a susceptible heart. Availing himself, therefore, of a ride with the fair creature, he said something to her which she chose not to understand—but told it to her mother. Peter Jones sought other opportunities of saying similar things, which the damsel could not comprehend—*before him*—but she continued to repeat them to her mother. He sought an interview with her; it was refused. He repeated the request; it was still refused, but in a less positive manner. Finally, an interview was granted him with the mother, and the result was, that before Peter Jones embarked on his return to his native woods, it was agreed that they might breathe their thoughts to each other on paper across the great waters: thus was another point gained. And, in the end, to make a long story short, a meeting was agreed upon, to take place the present season in this city, with a view of marriage. The idea is very unpleasant, with us, of such ill-sorted mixtures of colours; but prejudices against red and dusky skins are not so strong in Europe as they are here. They do not believe in England that

“These brown tribes who snuff the desert air,
Are cousins-german to the wolf and bear.”

The proud Britons, moreover, were red men when conquered by Julius Cæsar. What harm in their becoming so again? But we must hasten our story.

On Tuesday morning of last week, a beautiful young lady, with fairy form—"grace in her step, and heaven in her eye"—stepped on shore from the elegant packet-ship *United States*. She was attended by two clerical friends of high respectability, who, by the way, were no friends of her romantic enterprise. She waited with impatience for her princely lover to the end of the week, but he came not. Still she doubted not his faith, and, as the result proved, she had no need to doubt; for on Sunday morning Peter Jones arrived, and presented himself at the side of his mistress! The meeting was affectionate, though becoming. The day was spent by them together, in the interchange of conversation, thoughts, and emotions, which we will leave to those better skilled in the romance of love than ourselves to imagine.

Though a Chippewa, Peter Jones is nevertheless a man of business, and has a just notion of the value and importance of time. He may also have heard of the adage, "there's many a slip," &c.; or, perchance, of the other, "a bird in the hand," &c. But no matter. He took part, with much propriety, in the religious exercises of the John Street church, where he happened to be present, which services were ended at nine o'clock by an impressive recitation of the Lord's Prayer in the Chippewa dialect. Stepping into the house of a friend near by, we remarked an unusual ingathering of clergymen, and divers ladies and gentlemen. We asked a

reverend friend if there was to be another religious meeting? "No," he replied; "but a wedding!" "A wedding!" we exclaimed with surprise. "Pray who are the happy couple?" "Peter Jones, the Indian missionary," he replied, "and a sweet girl from England!"

It was then evident to our previously unsuspecting eyes, that an unwonted degree of anxious and curious interest pervaded the countenances of the assembling group. In a short time, chairs were placed in a suspicious position at the head of the drawing-room, their backs to the pier-table. A movement was next perceptible at the door, which instantly drew all eyes to the spot, and who should enter but the same tall Indian, whom we had so recently seen in the pulpit, bearing upon his arm the light, fragile, and delicate form of the young lady before mentioned,—her eye dropping modestly upon the carpet, and her face fair as the lily. Thereupon up rose a distinguished clergyman, and the parties were addressed upon the subject of the divine institution of marriage; its propriety, convenience, and necessity, to the welfare of society and human happiness. This brief and pertinent address being ended, the reverend gentleman stated the purpose for which the couple had presented themselves, and demanded if any person or persons present could shew cause why the proposed union should not take place. If so, they were requested to make their objections then, or for ever after hold their peace. A solemn pause ensued. Nothing could be heard, but a few smothered sighs. There they stood, objects of deep and universal interest—we may add, of commiseration.

tion. Our emotions were tumultuous and painful. A stronger contrast was never seen. She, all in white, and adorned with the sweetest simplicity; her face as white as the gloves and dress she wore, rendering her ebon tresses, placed *à la Madonna* on her fair forehead, still darker; he, in rather common attire, a tall, dark, high-boned, muscular Indian: she, a little, delicate European lady; he, a hardy, iron-framed son of the forest: she, accustomed to every luxury and indulgence, well educated, accomplished, and well-beloved at home, possessing a handsome income, leaving her comforts, the charms of civilised and cultivated society, and sacrificing them all for the cause she had espoused—here she stood, about to make a self-immolation; and, far away from country and kindred, and all the endearments of a fond father's house, resign herself into the arms of a man of the woods, who could not appreciate the sacrifice! A sweeter bride we never saw: We almost grew wild. We thought of Othello—of Hyperion and the satyr, or the bright-eyed Hindoo and the funeral pile! She looked like a drooping flower by the side of a rugged hemlock! We longed to interpose and rescue her; but it was none of our business. She was in that situation by choice, and she was among her friends. The ceremonies went on: she promised to “love, honour, and obey” the Chipewa; and, all tremulous as she stood, we heard the Indian and herself pronounced man and wife! It was the first time we ever heard the words “man and wife” sound hatefully. All, however, knelt down, and united with the clergyman in prayers for a blessing on *her*, that she might be sustained in her undertaking, and

have health and strength to endure her destined hardships and privations. The room resounded with the deep-toned, heartfelt, and tearful response—Amen! The audience then rose, and after attempting, with moistened eyes, to extend their congratulations to the “happy pair,” slowly and pensively retired. The sweet creature is now on her way to the wilds of Upper Canada—the Indian’s bride!

Such is the history of a case of manifest and palpable delusion. Peter Jones cannot say, with Othello, that “she loved him for the *dangers* he had passed.” The young lady was not blinded by the trappings of military costume, or the glare of martial glory. But she is a very pious girl, whose whole heart and soul has been devoted to the cause of heathen missions; and she has thus thrown herself into the cause, and resolved to love the Indian for the work in which he is engaged. For our own part, we must say, that we wish he had never crossed the Niagara. But the die is cast, and the late comely and accomplished Miss F——, of London, is now the wife of Mr. Peter Jones, of the Chippewas; but that she is deluded, and knows nothing of the life she is to encounter, there can be no doubt. As evidence of this, she has brought out the furniture for an elegant household establishment: rich China vases for an Indian lodge, and Turkey carpets to spread on the morasses of the Canadian forests! Instead of a mansion she will find a wig-wam, and the manufacture of brooms and baskets instead of embroidery.

In justice to the spectators of the scene, however, it is proper to state, that a few of her real friends in

this city—those into whose immediate society she was cast—laboured diligently to open her eyes to the real state of the case, and the life of hardship and trial which she is inevitably destined to lead. Poor girl! We wish she was by her father's ingle in Lambeth, and Peter Jones preaching to the Chippewas, with the prettiest squaw among them for his wife!

MAY MORN SONG.

The following beautiful verses, from a Scotch Magazine, ought to have a place in every book.

The grass is wet with shining dew,
 Their silver bells hang on each tree,
 While opening flower and bursting bud
 Breathe incense forth unceasingly;
 The mavis* pipes in greenwood shaw,
 The throstle† glads the spreading thorn,
 And cheerily the blithesome lark ‡
 Salutes the rosy face of morn.
 'Tis early prime;
 And hark! hark! hark!
 His merry chime
 Chirrup the lark:
 Chirrup! chirrup! he heralds in
 The jolly sun with matin hymn.

* Mavis—the thrush.

† Throstle, or Scotch blackbird—a fine singer.

‡ Skylark. None but those who have heard, can form any idea of the soul-stirring effects of this sweet songster, when, mounting to the sky an hour before sunrise, he sings his Maker's praise.

Come, come, my love! and May-dews shake
 In pailfuls from each drooping bough;
 They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom
 That breaks upon thy young cheek now.
 O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,
 Aurora's smiles are streaming free;
 With earth it seems brave holiday,
 In heaven it looks high jubilee.

And it is right;

For, mark, love, mark!

How, bathed in light,

Chirrup the lark.

Chirrup! chirrup! he upward flies,
 Like holy thoughts, to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart who cannot feel

The voice of heaven within them thrill

In summer morn, when mounting high,

This merry minstrel sings his fill.

Now let us seek yon bosky* dell,

Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,

And where its clear stream murmurs on—

Meet type of our love's purity.

No witness there,

And o'er us, hark!

High in the air

Chirrup the lark.

Chirrup! chirrup! away soars he,

Bearing to heaven my vows to thee!

* Mossy.

ADVERTISEMENT.

PERHAPS there is not in the world a city where the seed business can be carried to the same extent as in New York. The port of London, to be sure, carries her wares, and brings back the produce from every corner of the world; but then, owing to the *moist atmosphere* in which they are raised, there are very few of their *seeds* will stand to cross the Atlantic, or any other long voyage. They generally become *heated*, and this destroys the germinating principle; and even if the seed should grow, it is rarely they produce a good vegetable. The contrast is so great between Britain and the West Indies, or southern parts of our continent, that they won't answer. Our climate being drier, the seeds answering better, and our port being nearer, we, more or less, supply all the West India Islands, besides New Orleans, and most of the western states; as the seeds raised in the middle states are found to thrive better than those raised in any other section of the country. Our establishment is large, but it is only in its infancy, in comparison to what it could be brought to, provided we had the means. Most of such institutions in Europe are supported by government patronage, or incorporated bodies.

It has been my chief earthly ambition to bring this

business to its present high standing. It is now *second* to *none*; and as Providence has placed me in this charge, I think it is my duty to bring it to the utmost perfection possible. Money nor ease is not my object. I never eat a mouthful of the bread of idleness; and if money were in view, we could make more, perhaps, by the sale of the property than we make by the profits in trade. As I have devoted the best days of my life in building it up, I mean to devote the fruits of the history of my whole life (if any) towards its completion. A building and stock is wanted to contain all the bulky implements, useful and patent, for husbandry, gardening, and horticulture; a room is wanted to contain a complete library on the science of botany, gardening, &c.; where also might be kept a gallery of paintings illustrative of the system of botany, &c.; all to be open for public inspection *gratis*.

Should this object be accomplished, I am happy; but if not, I am perfectly contented—I have done my duty.

I once thought of consulting my friends on the expediency of publishing, or not publishing, this book; but having *resolved* to send it forth to the world, if Providence spared my life to complete my fortieth year's residence in America, I thought it of no use to consult any one. The very circumstance of asking a friend's advice implies that you have a higher opinion of his discretion than of your own; and he, to confirm you in this opinion, will run quite contrary to your project; and if perchance he succeeds, he then hugs himself most complacently in the high opinion you entertain of his wisdom and discretion. I remember,

about seven years ago, when I learned that the Friends' Meeting-house was for sale, I looked on it as a desirable situation for my business. I consulted my family and friends: they all, without exception, strenuously advised me against the purchase. However, I followed my own plan and made it. Every one said I was *daft* (crazy): when, in a week thereafter, I was offered ten thousand dollars for my bargain, O! then I was profoundly wise and long-headed. But had I sunk under the heavy purchase, I should have been set down as a consummate, headstrong fool. So wags the world.

Besides, notwithstanding the many books of travellers in America, lately published, I find the majority of emigrants totally ignorant of the most essential points on which they ought to be informed, before leaving their own country. The nature of my business for the last thirty years has brought me in almost daily contact with them; I therefore think myself better qualified to give such information than these three months' or three years' travellers, who will give you two or three pages descriptive of a place which they entered at sunset, slept six hours, and perhaps left at sunrise next morning.

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