Day & Haghe Lith.rs to the Queen

HEWING FIGHT.

ECHOES

FROM

THE BACKWOODS;

OR

SKETCHES

OF

TRANSATLANTIC LIFE.

BY

CAPTAIN R. G. A. LEVINGE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XIX.

ECHOES

FROM

THE BACKWOODS.

CHAPTER X.

A RACE THROUGH THE UNITED STATES CONTINUED.

"I have seen a fellow reckoned a great adept in *gouging*, who constantly kept the nails of both his thumbs and second fingers very long and pointed—nay, to prevent their breaking and splitting in the execution of his diabolical intentions, he hardened them every evening in a candle."—*Travels by an Officer.*

Have you ever seen Buffalo?—Cranberries out of Season—Antidote against Travelling-Illness—High-pressure in a Stage—Davy Crockett—Economical dress for Jockeys—Mesmerising Deer—Lynch Law—Captain Harris's *Soirée*—Possums—Red River—Six Feet and a half.

Tell a Yankee that London is a large place, he will say, "Stranger, I guess you've never seen Buffalo?"

This said Buffalo is the capital of the West, through which the great stream of emigration passes; it was burnt by us during the late war, but rose quickly from its ashes, and is appropriately termed by the Americans "a great business place." Dollars were in every one's mouth, whether they were in their pockets or not. It is the emporium whence start the numerous magnificent steamers which navigate lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan, in one of which we embarked, to cross the first of these lakes to Cleveland, in the state of Ohio, the boat touching at Erie, Ashtabula, and other towns *en route*. The passengers were, for the most part, of the lowest order, emigrating to the far West. The boat was crowded; and, though there was a second price, before we had left Buffalo three hours, all distinction was at an end.

We had not been out long before it came on to blow right ahead. The whole of the company, with the exception of ourselves and

perhaps half-a-dozen others, were remarkably unwell, and it was evident, from certain numerous red deposits on the deck, that cranberries were in season, and very plentiful in the Buffalo market. It was the third day, owing to a contrary wind, before we could make Cleveland, and during the whole of that time they did not wash or clean the decks; and, of all detestable conveyances, a steamer with a republican sea-sick company is most to be eschewed, they having no respect for themselves or their neighbours, distributing their favours over themselves and each other indiscriminately. One man begged me to ask my friend, who was smoking, to *lend* him his cigar; he said that he would not keep it long; he merely wanted a few puffs, as he felt very squeamish; and that if I "could borrow it for him, it might prevent his being sick." I had lent my eau-de-Cologne bottle to a young lady who was dreadfully ill; her brother, on returning it in the morning, begged to remu-

nerate me for as much of it as had been used!

There were a number of Kentucky men on board; they were dressed in blanket coats of green, crimson, and all colours. They were perched up on one of the paddle-boxes, eating cabbage swimming in vinegar, lumps of which they were thrusting down their capacious throats with their bowie-knives, assisted by an occasional shove from their huge fore-fingers, cursing and swearing between each mouthful. They had a number of tumblers of gin-sling, cocktail, &c., before them, the effects of which were soon apparent in a general row; till the conductor of the boat was obliged to interfere. We were rejoiced to land in Ohio, and get clear of such accumulated horrors.

Forty miles, the distance between Lake Erie and Wellsville, where we struck the Ohio, we accomplished in twenty-nine hours, passing by Pittsfield, the Birmingham of the

United States. The road was vile: we were often obliged to turn out all hands, and support the top of the stage, by holding rails against it to prevent its capsizing. At last it fairly broke down; upon which the driver pulled a couple of long stakes out of the fence, and placed them across the axle-tree, to support the body of the coach. This he did so systematically, that it was evidently an every-day occurrence. To our dismay, a woman got in at Rome (one of the numerous towns of that name consisting of about four houses), who stated, by way of introduction, that "she was troubled with wind upon her stomach, and that *riding* in a coach always made her sea-sick." She was hardly seated, when she commenced roaring like a high-pressure steam-engine, until she was *relieved* by being exceedingly ill, and *we*, by the driver's quietly assisting her out, and leaving her to her fate by the road-side.

When we reached Wellsville, we found the

river low, and a most diminutive steamer took us down, until deeper water enabled us to change into a larger boat, which changes were repeated several times, till we arrived at Cincinnati.

The Ohio commences at Pittsburgh, where it is formed by a junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela. The literal meaning of the Indian word "Ohio" signifies "The Beautiful River," or "the River which I love;" hence the French "*La belle Rivière.*" At Pittsburgh it is six hundred yards wide, at Cincinnati a little more, and below the Cumberland its average breadth is one thousand yards; and it has a course of nine hundred and forty-nine miles to its confluence with the Mississippi. It is bounded in its whole course by bluffs, sometimes towering sublimely from the shores of the river, and sometimes receding two or three miles. The scenery on the Ohio fully entitles it to the French appellation, and the effect was at this

time greatly heightened by the autumnal change in the foliage; the tints of the sumachs, maples, and papaws, were most brilliant; and, this being our first autumn in America, we knew not sufficiently how to admire them. A man told me, that a white willow transplanted became weeping; he "guessed" we had nothing like *that* in the old country. He then proceeded to "guess" that we came from the North, as we were "almighty healthy-looking."

We passed a natural curiosity called "the Cave in the Rock," supposed by the Indians to be the habitation of the Great Spirit. Mr. Harris, a tourist, gives the following description. "For three or four miles before you come to this place, you are presented with a scene truly romantic. On the Illinois side of the river are large ponderous rocks piled one upon another, of different shapes and sizes. Some appear to have gone through the hands of the most skilful artist; some represent the

ruins of ancient edifices, thrown promiscuously in and out of the river, as if Nature intended to show us with what ease she could handle those mountains of solid rock. In some places, you see purling streams winding their course down their rugged front, while in others the rocks project so far, that they seem almost disposed to leave their doubtful situations. After a short relief from this scene, you come to a second, which is something similar to the first; and here, with strict scrutiny, you can discover the cave. Before its mouth stands a delightful grove of cypress-trees, arranged immediately on the bank of the river. They have a fine appearance, and add much to the cheerfulness of the place."

The mouth of the cave is but a few feet above the level of the river; it is formed by a semicircular arch of about eighty feet at its base, twenty-five in height; from the entrance to the extremity is one hundred and

eighty feet: it has a regular and gradual ascent. This cave was the place of resort and security to Mason, a notorious robber, and his gang, who were accustomed to plunder and murder the crews of boats, while descending the Ohio.

About ten miles below the mouth of the Tennessee River we passed Fort Massac, formerly a military post of importance. The French erected a fort here in the early settlement of the country, and when in possession of the western country. The Indians, then at war with them, devised a curious stratagem to take it. A number of them appeared in the day-time on the opposite side of the river, each covered with a bear's skin, and walked on all-fours. Supposing them to be bears, a party of the French crossed the river in pursuit of them. The remainder of the troops left their quarters to see the sport. In the mean time, a large body of warriors, who were concealed in the woods hard by, came silently

behind the fort, entered it without opposition, and very few of the French escaped the massacre. They afterwards built another fort on the same ground, and called it Fort Massac, in memory of this disastrous event.

We found the people of Cincinnati complaining that they had had a "dreadfully dull season." This, which we imagined might relate to a paucity of amusements, or even a want of briskness in trade, we found to relate solely to hogs. "No quantity had been killed;" they hoped the following season would be better, and contrasted it gloomily with the last, "when the streets had run rivers of blood." Mrs. Trollope's Bazaar they call Trollope's Folly, and seem to hold her in especial detestation.

The steamers on the Ohio and Mississippi have all high-pressure engines. The reason given is, that the water of the Mississippi is so muddy, that the deposit in the boiler would choke them up; certainly the escape valve

vomits forth a stream of mud mixed with the steam. The largest vessels are well fitted up; some have three tiers of decks, one above the other: they are all constructed with large overhanging guards, which give great deck-room. Accidents are frequent, from all the passengers rushing to one side at the landing-places; and the boilers, often to the number of ten or twelve, being placed horizontally, the water rushes from one to another, and they collapse, on which occasions some ten or twenty persons are generally either burned or scalded to death. The furnaces are open at the front, and the great draught made by moving so rapidly through the air causes them to burn brilliantly; when racing with other boats, the crew will burn tar-barrels. As for gambling and drinking, it exceeded all belief, and the consumption of gin-sling and mint-juleps was enormous.

Races were going on at Louisville, the capital of Kentucky. The Kentuckians,

with Davy Crockett at their head, are a sporting race, and are in general fine-looking fellows, good shots, and, *par excellence*, the roughest of all the inhabitants of the United States.

Every thing here is Davy Crockett. He was member of Congress. His voice was so rough it could not be described—it was obliged to be drawn as a picture. He took hailstones for "Life Pills" when he was unwell—he picked his teeth with a pitch-fork —combed his hair with a rake—fanned himself with a hurricane, wore a cast-iron shirt, and drank nothing but chreosote and aqua-fortis. Almanacs bear his name, and he snored so loud that he was obliged to sleep at a house in the next street for fear of waking himself. He had a farm, which was so rocky, that, when they planted the corn, they were obliged to shoot the grains into the crevices of the rocks with muskets; and, on another part of his property, the stones were so thick

that the ducks couldn't get their bills between them to pick up the grasshoppers: in short, he was a devil of a fellow. He could whip his weight in wild cats—drink the Mississippi dry—shoot six cord of bear in one day—and, as his countrymen say of themselves, he could jump higher, dive deeper, and come up dryer than any one else. Then he could slide down the slippery end of a rainbow, and was half-horse, half-alligator, and a bit of a snapping turtle. Even his domestic animals were the most cunning in the world, and he possessed a cat which, having lost her kittens, was so "cute" that she was observed moaning for several days at the door of a *sausage-maker*.

I whip my weight in wild cats,
  I eat an alligator,
And tear up more ground
  Dan kivers fifty load of tater.

I sit upon a hornets' nest,
  I dance upon my head,
I tie a viper round my neck,
  And den I goes to bed.

On awaking, the morning after our arrival

at Louisville, a great noise attracted us to the window; half the street had disappeared; numbers of oxen were carrying off the houses bodily; some fifteen or twenty being harnessed to a house, the passage of which was facilitated by rollers placed at intervals.

Like the Virginians, the Kentuckians are extensive breeders of horses, and take great trouble, sparing no expense, to improve the breed. The race-course was enclosed with railings, so that the horses could not bolt, but were obliged to run round in a circle as at Astley's. The jockeys who bestrode them were most diminutive negro boys. The economy of their dress was delightful: white drawers tied round their bare legs a little below the knee, leaving the little black legs naked; at a short distance, it had the appearance of boots and breeches. As the horses ran away from the start, it was a fair runaway match, and the boy who rode the winner came in well upon the horse's neck; the ears

of the horse alone, to all appearance, preventing the boy's being dragged over its head. The Kentuckians are capital rifle shots, and will usually hit a squirrel in the eye at sixty yards; the barrels of their rifles are very long, and the bore remarkably small, but so heavy as to prevent any recoil. They shoot deer at night, taking with them a pan of charcoal, which they carry through the woods; this, they say, does not alarm the deer, but, on the contrary, has the effect of fascinating the animal, the eyes of which appear to the hunter like two balls of fire: a good marksman (his sight being assisted by a line of chalk, drawn down the barrel of the rifle, as a guide at night) shoots him exactly between the eyes.

We followed the Ohio to its junction with the Mississippi: having built many castles in the air as to the meeting of these two mighty rivers, we were (as is usually the case) extremely disappointed. We glided quite im-

perceptibly into *the Father of the Waters*,[1] whose lazy muddy flood is lost for nearly two miles in the stronger and beautiful green stream of the Ohio, which drives the Mississippi quite to one side. Here we passed many large steamers, on their voyage up to St. Louis on the Missouri—as the course of this latter is much longer than the Mississippi before their junction, it should have been the prevailing name, and as far as the entrance of the Mississippi into the Gulf of Mexico. However, custom will have her way ; the continent is called America, and not Columbia, and so the Mississippi will ever be the name of this mightiest of rivers, though the Missouri, which is muddy from its source in the Rocky Mountains, discolours both rivers till they are lost together in the same gulf.

One hundred and fifty years after the Mississippi was discovered by La Salle, Mr. Schoolcraft first reached its source in a little

[1] The Indian name for the Mississippi.

lake, Itasca, on a high table-land 1500 feet above the Gulf of Mexico, and 3160 miles from its mouth by the windings of its channel. Its source is in about forty-seven degrees, and its mouth in twenty-nine degrees north latitude: it consequently traverses eighteen degrees of latitude. It commences in many branches, that rise, for the most part, in wild lakes; but it traverses no great distance before it becomes a broad stream. Three hundred miles from its source, it precipitates its waters down the "Falls of St. Anthony;" thence it glides alternately through beautiful meadows and deep forests, swelled in its advance with the tribute of a hundred streams. In its progress, it receives a tributary, which of itself has a course of more than a thousand leagues: thence it rolls its accumulated, turbid, and sweeping mass of waters through continuous forests, broken only here and there by the axe, in lonely grandeur to the sea.

The Falls of St. Anthony, instead of being fifty feet high, as described by the extravagant early French writers, are, says our guide-book, but sixteen or seventeen feet of perpendicular descent; and the surrounding scenery is described as most striking and romantic. A thrilling story is told of a young Dacotah, or Sioux squaw, who, goaded by jealousy of her husband, who had taken another wife, placed her young children in a canoe, and, chanting the remembrances of love and broken vows, precipitated herself and her infants down the Falls. Indians are always romancers, if not poets. Their traditions say, that these ill-fated beings so perished that no trace of them was seen; but they suppose that the mother's spirit still wanders near the spot, and that she is seen on sunny mornings, carrying her babes in the accustomed manner, bound to her bosom, and still mourning the inconstancy of her husband.

Eight hundred and forty-three miles from

the Falls, the waters of the Mississippi are augmented by the immense stream of the Missouri from the West. The latter has the longer course, brings down a greater bulk of water, and gives its own character to the united current; yet it loses its name in the inferior stream. Above their junction, the Mississippi is a clear, placid stream, one mile and a half in width; below, it is turbid, and becomes narrower, deeper, and more rapid.

Between the Missouri and the sea, a distance of 1220 miles, it receives its principal tributaries—the Ohio from the East, and the Arkansas and Red Rivers from the West; and immediately below the mouth of the latter, gives off, in times of flood, a portion of its superfluous water, by the outlet of the Atchafalaya. It is on this lower part of its course, where it should, properly speaking, bear the name of the Missouri, that it often tears away the islands and projecting points, and, at the

season of high water, plunges great masses of the banks, with all their trees, into its current. In many places it deposits immense heaps of drift-wood upon its mud-bars, which become as dangerous to the navigator as shoals and rocks at sea.

Below the Atchafalaya, it discharges a portion of its waters by the Lafourche and Iberville; but the great bulk flows on in the main channel, which here has a south-easterly course; and, passing through the flat tract of New Orleans, reaches the sea at the end of a long projecting tongue of mud, deposited by the current. Near the Gulf of Mexico, it divides into several channels, here called *passes*, with bars at their mouths, of from twelve to sixteen feet of water. The water is white and turbid, and colours that of the Gulf for the distance of several leagues.

The Mississippi is obstructed by *planters*, *sawyers*, and *wooden islands*, which are frequently the cause of injury, and even destruc-

tion, to the boats which navigate it. Planters are large bodies of trees firmly fixed by the roots in the bottom of the river, in a perpendicular manner, and appearing no more than about one foot above the surface of the water, when at its medium height. So firmly are they rooted, that the largest boats running against them will not move them; but, on the contrary, they materially injure the boats. Sawyers are likewise large bodies of trees, fixed less perpendicularly in the water, and of rather less size, yielding to the pressure of the current, disappearing and appearing at intervals, and having a motion similar to the saw of a saw-mill, from which they derive their name. These obstructions have been partially removed by a government snag-boat, and a great portion of the trees that form them have been cut away from its banks. Wooden islands are places where, by some cause or other, large quantities of drift-wood have been stopped and matted together in different parts of the river.

Craft of all sorts are found on these waters. There are the rude, shapeless masses, that denote the infancy of navigation, and the powerful and magnificent steamboats which mark its perfection; together with all the intermediate forms between these extremes. The most inartificial of all water-craft is the ark, or Kentucky flat, a huge frame of square timbers, with a roof: it is in the shape of a parallelogram, and lies upon the water like a log; it hardly feels the oar, and trusts for motion mainly to the current. These arks are often filled with the goods and families of emigrants, and carry even their carriages and domestic animals; they are also used for shops for various goods which are sold at the different towns in their downward course. Some are fitted up as workshops for artificers, others contain museums of wax-work figures, and other raree-shows or travelling libraries.

The first steamboat on these waters was built at Pittsburg, in 1811, and, according to our book, up to the year 1838, above eight hundred

had been built; and there were at that time upwards of three hundred on the Mississippi and its tributaries. There are also keel-boats and barges, which are light and well-built; skiffs that will carry from two to five tons; "dug-outs," or pirogues, made of hollowed logs, and other vessels, for which language has no name and the sea no parallel.

And now commenced that tiresome voyage so often described:—snags, sawyers, running aground;—then all the contrivances for getting afloat again. We were soon weary of it. For days the scenery was unvaried. The country on either side a dead flat, covered with masses of gigantic forest, excepting where the growth of white poplar of different heights, one above another, indicated, like a flight of steps, the constant shifting of the river, and the formation of its deposits. It is this perpetual change which renders the navigation so difficult and uncertain, and the pilots unable to guard against running aground.

The Rhine, from Strasburg to Carlsruhe, and the Danube, from Mölk to Vienna, are affected in the same way, and have much the appearance of the Mississippi. As we advanced towards the south, the vegetation daily changed. Where swamps existed in the opening of the forests, the trees were covered with long pendent mosses, which are dried and used to stuff mattresses. On examination, a long hair is found in each fibre. Peccan trees, bearing delicious nuts, many kinds of bay, evergreen oaks, cypress, laurustinus, magnolia grandiflora, palma christi, &c. &c., took the place of forest trees.

Once a day we stopped "to wood," in which operation the deck-passengers were expected to assist. The squalid appearance of the wretched squatters who make the provision of wood has often been described. In one place we came to a set of people strangely out of character with the surrounding scene,—a set of actors rehearsing in a cane brake,

hard by the water's edge. They had embarked at Pittsville on the Ohio, and were acting their way down to New Orleans. Luckily, there were but few passengers on board, who, after having asked every question they could think of, left us in peace for their cards and dram-drinking. I was writing a letter in the cabin, when the steward of the boat came behind me, and began reading over my shoulder; I suspected what he was about, and having somewhere heard or read (in Joe Miller, perhaps) of a like case, I wrote, "I cannot add more, for a carroty-headed rascal is looking over my shoulder." He took the hint, and, filling one cheek with tobacco, went off whistling

My daddy loved his backer pipe,
My mother lov'd her poodle,
Till I appeared a cherry ripe,
Dear little Yankee Doodle.
Ri tol lol, &c.

The only instance of any thing approaching to a hill, was at Natchez and Randolph, both

situated upon bluffs of land, and these were not of any considerable height. The former had been the head-quarters of a notorious set of gamblers and scoundrels. It was a common practice to put lights in the windows, and to begin music and dancing when the steamers came alongside. The passengers, attracted by the sounds, went on shore to see the fun. The captain of the steamer, being a party to the thing, rang the bell of the steamer as a signal for departure; the passengers rushed down to the boat, and fell over ropes stretched across their path to trip them up, when they were set upon and robbed.

At Randolph we found the captain of a steamer on his trial for conniving at the escape of a slave. The court was held in a sort of bar for selling liquors; the judge was in his shirt-sleeves, covered with the flue of cotton, the picking of which he had evidently just left, and the accused was balancing himself on the hind-legs of his chair, with his feet

elevated against the wall, and smoking a cigar. The departure of the boat obliged us to leave the prisoner, uncertain of his fate, whether to justice or Lynch law we never learned; most probably the latter, which is performed by covering the unfortunate individual with tar, and then rolling him in cotton. He is put across a rail and carried about; hence the expression frequent in these parts, "I guess he'll ride a rail." Bad as all this is, we must recollect that, in a society composed of a set of ruffians, the very outcasts of the world, who have been driven first from Europe, and then from all the more civilized quarters of America, to these far distant parts beyond the pale of civilization and laws, it is well that even a code of this sort should exist.

Lynch law exists, though on a *milder* scale, on this side of the Atlantic. In 1833, whilst the Coercion Act was in force for the county of Kilkenny, military officers were made magis-

trates in the disturbed districts, in one of which was included the town of Ballyraggett. A cur-dog, one of a numerous breed inhabiting that place, excited the irritability of a gallant officer invested with the power of preserving the peace, by "ill-using or otherwise maltreating" his favourite spaniel. The cur was discovered next morning so heavily logged that he was regularly anchored to the ground. His master, on seeing his dog in *durance vile*, enlisted, in his cur's behalf, a numerous gang of the Ballyraggett *fair*, who, watching their opportunity, sallied forth *en masse* on the unfortunate captain and his subaltern whilst they were on a fishing excursion, and, by main force, quickly denuded them of every stitch of clothing, leaving them to hide their nakedness in the wavy bullrushes until night favoured their escape.

Some good stories we heard illustrative of high life in Kentucky. A man who had feasted his eyes upon a fair lady's graceful

form, and followed her through the mazy dance, at last ejaculated, with great emphasis, "By Jams! that gal's worth spoons, so I guess I'll dance with her." On the conclusion of the set, the *gentleman's* self-introduction ran as follows;—"Miss, will you dance with *me?*" On the young lady's declining, he exclaimed, "Well, you're not so handsome but what you *might;* and if you have got a friend or a brother in the room, I'll whip him, by ——!" And at another ball—which had gone on with great spirit up to a certain time of the night—and fair partners and mint-juleps had had their effect upon the disciples of Davy Crockett—

> The pipers loud and louder blew,
> The dancers quick and quicker flew—

the host suddenly rushed in amongst the dancers, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, the ball is broke—Captain Harris has kissed my wife." Of course a general commotion took place—and soft speeches were foregone for hurried

draughts of cocktail, slings, &c., as a general search took place for muffs, boas, and tippets, and all thought of taking themselves off, when the injured husband as suddenly made his reappearance, and, taking up a position in the midst of the room, called out, "Gentlemen, the ball may go on again—Captain Harris has behaved like a gentleman; he has given me *ample* satisfaction, by —— !—he has given me five dollars."

We were told of a man being seen writhing on the ground as if he was in convulsions, the while thrusting his thumbs furiously into the sand—on being asked what he was about, he replied, "he was *practising* gouging."

They all carry knives, generally *Arkansas toothpicks*. The blades, being longer than the handles, allow only three parts to be shut; over the point a scabbard is carried, which, when in expectation of a row, they take off, and begin picking their teeth with the point, preparatory to opening the full length of the

blade, which is only resorted to should the row become a general one.

The following is a specimen of their mode of proceeding upon entering a steamer, particularly should it be crowded, and the chance of getting a berth doubtful. They take out their knife and place it on one, exclaiming, "Hell! that is my berth;" as much as to say, they are ready to fight for it—but, should any one happen to have a pistol, and allow the possessor of the knife to see the superior weapon, he will immediately give in, pocket his knife, and withdraw his claim, as he considers the other the better armed, and, in consequence, the better man. The old saying, that "might is right," is fully exemplified on the Mississippi, and this is the excuse for Lynch law.

We landed at an island below the mouth of the Red River, to await the arrival of a boat coming up from New Orleans. The only accommodation was a log hut, put together

like the mountain chalets of Switzerland; and, when inside, the entrance of the light between the round logs produced just the effect of being in a cage. We accompanied our host to hunt for our supper, or rather for opossums, the only food forthcoming, excepting squirrels and some coarse cakes of Indian corn. The night was very bright, and the chase most successful. We found them by means of dogs; when discovered, they immediately sham dead. '*Possuming* is become an idiom; a term signifying any one who is humbugging or deceiving. Their habits have often been described, but I do not know that I have ever met with any mention of one peculiarity belonging to them. If surprised in a tree, they will suspend themselves straight down by the tail, which they wind round a branch, thus making themselves appear as part of the tree; sometimes they take the appearance of the mosses of the tree; in short, their power of adapting themselves to the

situation they are found in is most extraordinary. When roasted, they are not unlike a sucking pig—not bad either. Thousands of parroquets were screaming through the woods: "Psittacus Carolinensis," the only one of the parrot tribe inhabiting North America.

We had to keep watch by turns through the night, expecting the boat every moment: at last, we heard her puffing and roaring—fancying she must be abreast of us, we were immediately bustling off; when the people in the hut told us we need not hurry, for she could not be up for three hours—and so it turned out: the night being calm, the noise of the broken-winded, high-pressure steam-engine might be heard distinctly for ten miles. So winding is the course of the river, that, although she could not be more than that distance off in a straight line, she was, in fact, nearly thirty miles distant; often a nick in the bank, followed by a flood, will make a

new channel, changing the old circuitous line, and thereby saving ten or twenty miles.

At daylight, we found ourselves in the Red River; a sullen, sluggish, red ochre-coloured stream. Floods from the Rocky Mountains had caused it to overflow its banks for somewhere about one hundred miles, as we ascended; which gave us the appearance of steering right through the forest—the effect was grand and novel; the stream was rapid, and the great red flood rushed through the trees which extended as far as the eye could reach. On every log or uncovered bank lay numbers of alligators: we fired with our rifles at many of them, and, although close to them, the ball had no effect, except in the instance of a very small one which a Yankee killed. They seldom prove the attacking party, but such instances have occurred: it is said that the best mode of escape is for the attacked to get to a tree, and run constantly round it. The alligators cannot turn quickly; all their

strength, when on land, is in the tail, with which they sweep their prey into their mouths; from their extreme length they can move only in an angular direction, and find it impossible to turn quickly enough to catch a man describing a small circle round a tree.

Quantities of the beautiful egret, or lesser egret, together with rose-coloured spoonbills, also appeared on the banks. The junction of the Red and Black rivers was rather curious, for they literally were of the colours their names indicated; black and red eddies forced their way through each other alternately, retaining their colours unchanged. The Red River is the highway to Texas, but the navigation is stopped some sixty miles above its union with the Mississippi by an enormous raft of cedar, which, having drifted down the river for centuries, lies in masses of huge trees, one over another, and extends for many miles; the timber thus soaked is very valuable. They are desirous to remove it, and

skilful engineers have been consulted as to the best manner of doing so. Our navigation was not easy on account of the flood, and the pilot ran us into the forest, where, some of the machinery breaking, we were obliged to halt twenty-four hours to repair it.

When making my toilet next morning, I found a man at work with my comb, which I had laid down for a moment; I asked him why he made use of it, as he had one of his own which I had seen him use. "I wanted to try it," said he, "for I guess it looked almighty handsome." His own was a pocket arrangement, consisting of a looking-glass, comb, and brush, *multum in parvo*, the whole contained in a case about the size of a large plum.

The Americans have been greatly censured, and justly, for the abominable practice of spitting, but it is to be encountered to quite as great an extent in the steamers down the Danube and in most parts of Austria and on

the Rhine; and, indeed, though a Frenchman has a certain civility of *manner*, any one who has ever travelled with the *Commis Voyageur* of *La Jeune France* to be met with in public conveyances, will bear witness to a sort of sneering rudeness under the cloak of politeness, more difficult to bear with, than any thing I ever witnessed in America. Both nations are suspected of jealousy of England. It is probable that this bad spirit among the Americans is mainly to be attributed to the number of travellers who have held them up to ridicule: they complain, and with some justice, that the Englishman, thrown in the public boat and carriage among an order of persons with which he is accustomed to associate at home, has mistaken too frequently the manners of *a class* for that of the nation.[1]

That good manners do exist in America,

[1] What Miss Edgeworth justly calls "the common error of travellers, the deducing general conclusions from a few particular cases, or arguing from exceptions as if they were rules."

there can be no doubt, but they are rather to be met with in the retirement of private life than in the bustling scenes of commercial activity. When thrown into collision with manners which are extraordinary and even disgusting, there is nothing for it but to take all with good-humour: with that determination we had started, and we found amusement instead of annoyance in every strange associate—and the extraordinary "lengths" to which they will proceed the following anecdote will prove.

I had heard that a brother officer of mine, than whom no one was fonder of a joke, and whose dimensions were some nine and a half inches above the "average height of man," had actually been *measured* by a Yankee. I wrote to him to inquire the truth, and received the following, which I give *verbatim*:—

"The story you want is as follows:—Scene, Lockport. I was standing, as most Englishmen do, with my back to the stove, one cruel cold morning in October. I observed a

Yankee eyeing me from head to foot, which he continued to do for some minutes, without having come, as I could see, to any satisfactory conclusion. At length he got up from his seat, pulled a two-foot rule out of his pocket, and proceeded to measure me. When he had done, he looked me in the face.

"'I guess, mister, you're just six feet five and a half?'

"I kept my temper, but remarked he was a d—d cool fellow.

"'And pray, Mr. Britisher, what is the meaning of cool?'

"I was done, and burst out laughing."

CHAPTER XI.

A RACE THROUGH THE UNITED STATES CONTINUED.

Old Mammy Dinah, what you got for supper?
Cold fish and clams, and a little yolly butter.
NEGRO SONG—*Air*, "*Jim Crow*."

Slave chase—Departure for the Prairies—Advantages of a corduroy road—Woodpeckers—How alligators like "chicken-fixens," and how we had to put up with "common doings"—An Indian hanging—'Possuming—Atchafalaya—Mississippi—New Orleans—Triumphs—Battle ground—St. Rosa Sound—Independent post—Railway improvements.

It was Sunday when we reached Alexandria; all the shops were open. An attempt had been made to establish a church, but the inhabitants broke the windows and drove the clergyman out of the place. In the evening, a number of men turned out to chase an unfortunate slave, who was suspected of having stolen a horse: they fired several shots at

him, and at last he was knocked down by a blow from the butt-end of a rifle; we saw him dragged off, probably to endure some greater cruelty. The inhabitants of Alexandria are chiefly gamblers or cunning speculators, a nest of incarnate devils, who live by cheating the latest comers, and, whenever possible, each other.

The ruffians who composed the invading army to Texas were at this time passing up the Red River. Sundry hints were given to us, that the reality of our being British officers travelling for amusement was questioned, and that we were suspected of being spies. In consequence, we abandoned a hunting expedition already planned, took the hint, and prepared to cross the prairies of Louisiana towards New Orleans. Two wretched horses and a mule made their appearance for the journey; as for saddles, they were fac-similes of those upon which Hogarth has represented Sir Hudibras, or that which the brazen statue

of his majesty George III. bestrides at the end of Pall Mall; and the whole turn-out, although not suited to a cover side in high Leicestershire, was well adapted to cross the prairies of Louisiana, so intersected with corduroy roads and swamps that the county Longford horses, said to be web-footed, might be introduced with great advantage. Once under weigh, however, they proceeded very well, with the exception of the mule, which kicked incessantly from the time of starting, until we reached the first corduroy road, when the logs, turning round at every step, obliged him to place his fore-feet so carefully, that he was effectually prevented from elevating his hinder ones; and his rider, taking advantage of such an opportunity, gave him so sound a drubbing that he condescended to forget his tricks, and turned out a most useful animal during the rest of the journey.

The first day's route lay through "the Bush." Large plantations of cotton were

growing among dead and blanched timbers, killed by the process of "girdling," *i. e.* cutting a deep notch round the tree, of sufficient depth to check the upward flow of the sap, when the consequent destruction of the foliage sufficiently secures the admission of light and air to the cotton, which flourishes amidst these gigantic skeletons, that remain standing until destroyed by fire, storm, or age. Amidst these trees, the hammering of the "ivory-billed" and "pilliated woodpecker," the most noble of their tribe, was incessant, and their splendid scarlet and carmine crests gleamed in the sunshine.

Wilson, writing of the former, says: "His manners have a dignity in them superior to the common herd of woodpeckers. Trees, shrubberies, orchards, rails, fence-posts, and old prostrate logs, are alike interesting to those in their humble and indefatigable search for prey; but the royal hunter now before us scorns the humility of such situations, and

seeks the most towering trees of the forests, seeming particularly attached to those prodigious cypress swamps, whose crowded giant sons stretch their bare and blasted or moss-hung arms midway to the skies. In these almost inaccessible recesses, amid ruinous piles of impending timber, his trumpet-like note and loud strokes resound through the savage wilds, of which he seems the sole lord and inhabitant. Wherever he frequents, he leaves numerous monuments of his industry behind him; we there see enormous pine-trees, with cart-loads of bark lying around their roots, and the chips of the trunk itself in such quantities as to suggest the idea that half a dozen axe-men had been at work for the whole morning. The body of the tree is also disfigured with such numerous and so large excavations, that one can hardly believe the whole to be the work of the wood-pecker."

Wilson, however, takes the proper view of

this most active and energetic bird, and shows that he is a preserver, and not a destroyer. "The sound and healthy tree is the least object of his attention. The diseased, infested with insects, and hastening to putrefaction, are his favourites; there, the deadly crawling enemy have formed a lodgment between the bark and tender wood, to drink up the vital part of the tree. It is the ravages of these vermin which the intelligent proprietor of the forest deplores, as the sole perpetrators of the destruction of his timber. Would it be believed that the larvæ of an insect, or fly, no larger than a grain of rice, should silently and in one season destroy some thousand acres of pine-trees, many of them from two to three feet in diameter, and a hundred and fifty in height?"

We halted for the night at a wretched shanty, on one of the great Bayous. The people had the ague, and their whole conversation was about the quantity of hogs

flesh that they (the American settlers) gave their negroes—to the disparagement of those fed by the French part of the population, who were not either so fat, or so sleek, in consequence of not being treated with corresponding luxury. They apologized for giving us a bad supper, as an alligator had that morning carried off the last of their pigs: we were, therefore, obliged to content ourselves with "common doings," instead of "chicken fixens"—the southern mode of expressing the difference between an *en famille* manner of feeding and the preparation for a guest.

There was but one bed in the house, and upon it we all three stretched ourselves to enjoy as much sleep as is to be obtained where fleas and vermin swarm. Unluckily, for the one who took up his berth in the middle, his legs were encased in a pair of Tartan trousers, a perfect flea-trap, and a fine cover for the whole of the biting tribe. But we had no cause to exult in their choice, for

the unfortunate's maledictions and scratching lasted until daylight reminded us that it was time to get under weigh.

Americans have no objections to sleeping in the plural number—a habit so repugnant to an Englishman's ideas;[1] and, unless a very sharp look-out is kept, and the door locked, the waiters will, to a certainty, show a bed-fellow to your room, should the house be full —a proceeding not to be submitted to; and Jonathan, dreadfully disgusted, goes off, swearing at the "Britisher's" pride. Even in our own provinces the same annoyance occurs. Once, when driving my sleigh on a journey through one of them, I had halted for the night, and fearing, from the number of people and the scarcity of beds, that some attempt might be made upon mine, I took the precaution to have my bed made on the floor

[1] Ever since the days of Tony Lumpkin, who discovered to the world and his companions that the only spare bed at the "Pigeons" was "taken up by three lodgers already."

with my buffalo-skins. It had not long been completed, however, before I heard a fellow contemplating the snugness of its appearance, and with the greatest *sang froid* thus soliloquizing: "I guess I'll turn in with that chap; that bed looks almighty comfortable." I soon undeceived him in his pleasant anticipation, on which he called out to a friend in an adjoining closet, "Well, then, I guess I'll turn in to you; we've often slept together before." They both held high situations in the province.

During the greater part of the following day, our road lay through forests of magnolias in full flower, with an underbrush of roses. The perfume was overpowering, but was occasionally relieved by passing over sandy hillocks, covered with pitch-pine, emitting an aromatic fragrance in agreeable contrast with the sickliness of the magnolia. More than once a red deer started across our path, followed by a Cherokee Indian, upon

the hunting-grounds of which tribe we then were. We stopped to talk to one, a magnificent fellow, dressed in a hunting-shirt, embroidered with porcupine quills and scarlet leggings. He was one of the last of his tribe, which had been driven gradually before progressing civilization from one hunting-ground to another, till he and a few others were the sole remnant of what had once been a mighty nation.

The following account of "an Indian hanging" appeared in a newspaper:—"The first Indian that was capitally executed by the Cherokees, under Cherokee laws and by a Cherokee sheriff, was a man named Nat, who was hanged several years ago about five miles from Van Buren, Arkansas, for the murder of another Indian, who was called Musquito. The sheriff had caused a gallows to be erected a short distance from the Court Lodge; but when the culprit was brought to it, he being a very tall man, it was found to be too short

for his accommodation, and some other place had to be sought for the execution.

"The whole band of Indians, with the sheriff and Nat in the midst of them, then betook themselves to the banks of the Arkansas, in search of a proper tree from which to suspend the prisoner; and, after a little time, a tall cotton wood was found, with a projecting branch far up the trunk, that in the opinion of all was suitable for the purpose. Nat, now that all things were ready, expressed a wish to bathe in the river once more, which he was permitted to do, carefully watched by the rifles from the shore. He went into the water, frolicked about for some time, swam to and fro with great apparent pleasure — then came to the shore, donned his blanket, and stood ready for the last act of the drama. The sheriff now told him to climb the tree, which he commenced doing, the officer of the law toiling up after him with the fatal cord. Nat reached the

projecting limb of the tree, and was desired by the sheriff to work himself as far out upon it from the trunk as he could, which was done; when the sheriff adjusted the noose around his neck, and tied the other end of the rope around the limb. All these preparations were conducted with the utmost coolness, and the most perfect good understanding existed between the sheriff and the Indian. When all the arrangements were completed, the sheriff told Nat that he would slide down the tree to the ground, and make a signal when he, the prisoner, must jump off the limb, to which Nat cheerfully assented. The sheriff reached the ground, and, looking up to the limb upon which sat the poor victim, he shouted, 'Now, Nat, you red devil, jump!' And jump Nat did; and, after a few struggles, hung a mass of lifeless clay, to the infinite wonderment of his red brethren, who had never before been regaled with the sight of an execution of that kind."

By degrees, the glades opened into vistas; and at last we debouched completely on to the prairies, which stretched away to the Gulf of Mexico. The view of them was most striking. The mid-day sun shone upon the grass, agitated by the wind, which gave it the appearance of a vast ocean, bounded only by the horizon. A track along the prairie, made by the herds of oxen driven to the New Orleans market, was the only indication of a road; other tracks, crossing at intervals, perplexed and rendered us often uncertain of our path. The shepherds, who are mounted, carry long sticks, retain traces of Spanish blood, and are a picturesque addition to the scene. They are like the pastores, who drive cattle over the Campagna di Roma.

At Opelusas we gave up our brutes to a sort of postmaster, and, in a cariole, made an expedition to the Bayou Teche, in search of a steamer to New Orleans. We found one with all her machinery out of order, and that

line being abandoned in consequence, we were obliged to go on to Fayetteville in the cariole across the prairies, but along a more beaten track than hitherto passed over. When driving rapidly down a dry water-course, we came suddenly upon an opossum, and surprised him before he had time to get out of our way; he instantly shammed dead, and, although he was chucked into the cariole *sans ceremonie*, neither the jerk, the motion of the vehicle (which, when passing over corduroy is indescribable), nor any hints or persuasions we could add, induced him to show any symptoms of life. After dusk, the navigation of the prairies became difficult, and various will-o'-the-wisps acted as perplexing beacons.

The next day, owing to the stupidity of our guide, and after crossing prairies, thick woods, not to mention rivers and lakes, we were too late for the only steamer descending the Bayou Atchafalaya; as this boat conveyed cattle to the New Orleans market once a

week, we had no remedy but to put up at a log hut on the Bayou, where, after much bargaining and persuasion, we at last succeeded in inducing a negro to take us down in his canoe. The rest of the evening was employed in making paddles. At night, a terrific thunder-storm came on, and, owing to the construction of the hut—each large log crossing at the corners—the spaces between were as great as the logs themselves; so that we had a most airy domicile. The lightning was the most vivid I ever saw, and, when lying in bed, we saw for many seconds, quite distinctly, every object in the hut.

By means of the negro and our own exertions, we reached the landing-place—a distance of sixty miles. The Atchafalaya resembled the Red River, and is, in fact, an overflow from it. Alligators, and alligator gars—a disgusting-looking fish, with a head in form between that of a pike and an alligator, and having a body ten or twelve feet long—were

in vast numbers. Their horrid, nauseous, slimy-looking heads and backs were perceptible above the water, but slowly disappeared on our approach. The flood from the Red River was so strong that, for the greater part of the way, all trace of the legitimate course of the stream was obliterated, and the wall of trees on either side, festooned by creepers of the most brilliant hues, alone marked the original river through which we paddled, greatly excited by the tropical nature of the scene.

——————— At length we came
Where the great river, amid shoals and banks
And islands, growth of its own gathering spoils,
Through many a branching channel, wide and full,
Rushed to the main ———————

By night, we had reached the landing-place, and got excellent coffee at a French settlement below Baton Rouge, and about one hundred miles above New Orleans. We waited for a steamer to descend the Mississippi; there was plenty of opportunities for billiard-players, every second house containing

a table. A mammoth steamer, towards evening, came groaning and puffing down the river, so loaded with bales of cotton to the water's edge, that nothing but her chimneys could be discerned; she looked at a distance like a monster snail. The number of bales they carry is almost incredible, and the passages to the cabins are left like steps in the packing of the bales. The clearances on both sides became more extensive and occurred oftener. Sugar plantations appeared on either side, and the live oak, the timber of which is so heavy that it sinks in the water. The American men-of-war are built with it, and so sensible are they of its value that they make large plantations of it. As we arrived at New Orleans, we saw several steamers filled with adventurers, who were going up the Red River to join the expedition against Texas. Like the Rhine in Holland, the Mississippi is dammed up, above the level of the city, upon which we looked down from our steamer.

It is, perhaps, the most demoralised place in the world; there are whole streets of houses of more than doubtful reputation, alternating with hells and billiard-rooms. They are open to the street, a crimson curtain being the only separation from it: nymphs lie upon sofas much in the undress in which Canova has represented Pauline Borghese. The Quadroon women are exceedingly beautiful, with well-formed hands and feet, and exquisite figures. The French print of "Esmeralda giving water to Quasimodo" affords a better idea of a beautiful Quadroon than any thing I know.

The eating at the best hotels, and the venison in particular, (with which they eat preserved cranberries) is excellent. At the *table-d'hôte*, on the ringing of a small bell, a crowd of negroes rush in and sweep every thing off the table, and on a repetition of it a second course appears quite as quickly as the first disappeared. It was September when

we were there, and the heat was tremendous. The yellow fever raged; we took advice, and went every evening before sun-down by the railway to sleep at an hotel on Lake Pont Chartrain. Our evening's amusement was generally strolling into the negro balls. The pictures of Black Life in Philadelphia admirably portray the scenes we saw. "Bruder Brutus's" lub, whose heart is made to "tump about" by "the elligum Venus in the trousers,"—such trousers, too—sorts of fringy arrangements like pillow-cases fastened on below their knees, and called "Pantinetts;" further, "Philip Augustus" requests that his card may be left for "Miss Dinah" who is "particular engaged in washing de dishes," and the production of *black* when *flesh-coloured* stockings are demanded by a sable fair, are no exaggerations. They are in general Roman Catholics, and offer their devotions to a black Virgin Mary. The Madonna de Loretto, by the way, is black.

We visited the site of the battle of New Orleans; the tree (an ilex) is still standing near which Pakenham was killed, and part of the ditch dug by the Americans remains undisturbed. The ramparts, during the action, were made with bales of cotton, materials perfectly bullet-proof; from behind these the Kentucky riflemen four-deep took deliberate aim—the best shots firing, the remainder loading and passing up the rifles. Almost every shot told. The English failed in gaining the day for two reasons. First, instead of rushing at once upon the enemy, who were not in any force, and marching directly into New Orleans, they delayed and allowed them time to form in the above manner, giving time also for a number of Kentucky riflemen to assemble for their support. Secondly, instead of attacking with regiments fresh from the Peninsula, inexperienced troops led the attack. The 85th succeeded on the right bank of the river in gallant style. An officer of a

light division regiment was so enraged at being only an idle spectator of the engagement, that he ran at the ditch sword in hand, jumped over it, and amidst a shower of balls cut a Yankee down and returned unscathed to his comrades.

The society of New Orleans is composed of two rival factions, the French, and the American. They expected what they termed a "bloody season." The ball-room is the arena chosen for catching their enemies, when with "an Arkansas toothpick" or a "bowie knife" they pay off old scores.

It was night when we embarked in a steamer to cross Lake Pont Chartrain, and by the next morning passed through the Rigoletts, a set of lagunes in which the land is gradually growing up from the bottom, and pushing out annually into the Gulf of Mexico. The whole of the Delta of the Mississippi, an immense tract of fifty or sixty miles, has evidently been so formed. We passed an Ameri-

can fort before entering Lake Borgne, built on the mud in a "prairie" of bulrushes, extending in all directions as far as the eye could reach; a dreadful quarter to be doomed to, the abode of countless alligators, and loathsome reptiles of all sorts, to say nothing of the myriads of mosquitoes, which literally darkened the air: they were, together with cockroaches, on board our steamer, in hundreds, and swarmed in the berths. The only chance of obtaining anything like quiet was by means of a cigar, which for the time drove them off. It was through this amphibious country that our troops passed in boats to attack New Orleans.

A sea breeze next morning drove off the mosquitoes; for many hours the paddles of the boat stirred up the mud and left a discoloured wake behind her. We passed Dog, Cat, Rabbit, Dolphin, and countless zoologically named islands, and entered Mobile Harbour, protected by a magnificent fort. The inhabitants of Mobile are hospitable and

much to be liked. "The Southerns" enjoy themselves, and like to see their friends do so: they keep hounds and follow field-sports; report adds that they will ask you a long price for a slave, though of this we had no opportunity of judging; but, though we were unprovided with letters of introduction or of credit, one of the banking-houses discounted a bill; and altogether much kindness was received.

From Mobile we embarked for Red Bluff, travelling thence by stage, through the night, to Pensacola, which we reached by noon next day. Once more in a steamer up Santa Rosa Sound, a long inlet of the sea, divided from the Gulf of Mexico by banks of sand as white as the driven snow—it had the oddest effect under the burning sun, for it was difficult to divest one's self of the idea of its actually being snow.

Thence we were conveyed up a creek, in a boat, to a log hut, where we found the stage ready to take us across Georgia and part of

Florida; a dreadful journey, night and day, to Augusta, in South Carolina. The road, called there a natural one, *i. e.*, when the track becomes impracticable, we were driven round trees, and through the bush, amongst enormous pitch-pines, magnolias, bays, laurels, and all the evergreen tribe. The fare to be obtained at most of the halting-places was wretched; we seldom got "chicken fixens," and the "common doings" were opossums and squirrels, with "hog and hominey"—*Anglice*, bacon and ham, with a very good sort of cake made of Indian corn, looking like ground rice. We constantly saw pigs and turkeys devouring snakes, which swarmed in great varieties.

On the Ocmulgee river, the stage stopped at a limestone spring of excellent water. I stayed behind the rest of the party, in order to make some little ablutions, and, when just divested of some of my habiliments, I heard a noise like the grind-

ing of a coffee-mill, and, looking back, was startled by the sight of a huge rattlesnake. The brute was just getting up his steam for a spring, and I had only time to make a precipitate retreat, which I did in double-quick time, without stopping to think of my appearance, to the great amusement of my fellow-passengers, before whom I arrived in considerable dishabille.

Early one morning, coming to a post-office, the driver hailed the postmaster. We heard the fellow muttering in bed, without giving any signs of rising. The driver lost his patience, cursed and swore, threw the letter-bag back into the boot, and drove off. This being the only mail on the road, and passing but once a week, the unfortunate inhabitants would be nearly a fortnight without their letters. So much for independence! We passed the Appallatachola, Ocmulgee, and other fine rivers; the tropical foliage hanging in festoons, feathered down to their margins,

till met by an upright fringe of canes, springing from a golden line of sand, and the whole blended by the sunlight of the Indian summer, and reflected in the water in a soft and hazy mass, inexpressibly beautiful.

After six days and nights we arrived in Augusta, where it was a considerable relief to find a railway, however slow—one hundred and twenty miles were accomplished in twenty hours. There was only one track, and, as the trains from Charleston were the favoured ones, we had either to wait at the stations until they passed, or put back to the last to allow them to pass. In parts this line passes through extensive cypress swamps; the difficulty of taking it through them was overcome, we were told, by the engineers cutting the live trees off to a level and laying the rails over them. Being dark, we were not able to see whether we were gulled; but, if so, it was not a bad idea.

My chief recollections of Charleston are confined to an auction of slaves which we

witnessed. A batch of unfortunate wretches (a family) were put up to auction in the market-place, and their points facetiously descanted upon by the auctioneer, exactly in the style of Tattersall's: they were finally "knocked down" separately to the highest bidder.

> High in the air exposed, the slave is hung,
> To all the birds of heaven, their living food!
> He groans not, though awaked by that fierce sun;
> New torturers live to drink their parent blood;
> He groans not, though the gorging vulture tears
> The quivering fibre. Hither look, O ye
> Who tore this man from peace and liberty!
> Look hither, ye who weigh with politic care
> The gain against the guilt! Beyond the grave
> There is another world! . . . . bear ye in mind,
> Ere your decree proclaims to all mankind
> The gain is worth the guilt, that there the slave,
> Before the Eternal, "thunder-tongued shall plead
> Against the deep damnation of your deed!"
>
> SOUTHEY.

CHAPTER XII.

A RACE THROUGH THE UNITED STATES CONTINUED.

"Our commodore, sir, of 'the Peacock,' the ship that *whipt* your 'Hornet,' talked so much about a mare he had, that he actually bought a saddle and bridle for her, though he never had a horse in his life."—*Table-d'Hôte Conversation.*

ANOTHER YOUNG ONE.—A new journal has been started at New York, called *Young America.* We believe the principles it advocates are—universal repudiation, mint-juleps, no taxes, and a tarnation thrashing to all the world.—*Punch.*

Avoid the Swamp —An extra Passenger — Canvass-backed Ducks—Mint Julep—Spinning-knives—Mammoth Oysters—Military Umbrellas and Cavalry—Fine Arts—Receipt for a fine Head of Hair—The Apollo at a Discount.

We were recommended to go by land from Charleston to New York. The inducements were, a drive through the "Dismal Swamp" and a visit to the great naval arsenal at Nor-

folk; but the former did not sound inviting, and, as for the latter, we were somewhat over-intimately acquainted with dockyards in general, having mounted many guards over them in the old country. We therefore determined to give them both a wide berth and embark direct for New York in the old "David Brown" steamboat. So high was she out of the water and so top-heavy, that, although it was a dead calm, and the swell a mere nothing, she rolled, to all appearance, as if she would capsize. No sooner did she get under weigh than it came on to blow great guns right ahead; but the harder it blew the steadier she became.

We were three days and three nights in reaching New York; half of the voyage was over when an unfortunate little black slave was discovered; having got on board without observation, he had hid himself a day and a night behind the boiler, but was forced from his place of refuge by hunger and the intense heat. The captain hailed a steamer returning

to Charleston, and put him on board, in spite of all his tears and entreaties. We tried hard to persuade the captain to favour his escape, but without success; he said it was as much as his situation was worth to do so. The poor little wretch was therefore dragged off, to be returned to a probably cruel master.

New York has been for ever described, so has the Astor House, famous for its magnitude, table-d'hôte, and canvass-backed ducks.

Amongst the first questions asked by one's friends on returning to England from an American trip, are, "Have you eaten canvass-backed ducks? What are they like?" "Have you tasted mint-julep? How is it made?"

The canvass-backed duck is a variety of the pochard,[1] or dun bird. The flavour of the meat is to be attributed to the kind of food they find in the mud of the Potomac, for, like all the waterfowl tribe, their taste depends entirely on their feeding.

[1] Fuligula Valisneria.

Mint-julep is thus concocted:—

Fresh raw mint.

Equal quantities of brandy and rum.

Sugar, with rough ice planed quite thin.

The tumbler filled up with water to the top.

It is poured backward and forward into another tumbler till the whole is churned up.

Yet, in spite of such concoctions, the total absence of malt liquor, or of any light wine, is a great nuisance; whisky and peach-brandy are placed upon the table, and are not charged for; wine is very dear everywhere; sixteen dollars a bottle have been paid for Madeira. The greatest part of the champagne is American cider, sent to France to be stamped and re-imported, "to gull their folks on the principle of wooden nutmegs." At the table-d'hôte it is ever "Broadway," "Buffalo," "dollars," and "dollars" again. The great amusement after dinner was spinning knives. The old hands knew the respective merits of each knife to a turn, and made their bets ac-

cordingly. It was not always the pace "what kills;" a drop of wax or part of a raisin stuck upon the blade made them slow and sure.

We admired, as every one must, the pretty faces and figures of the New York ladies. In no part of the world are more delicately formed features to be met with than one encounters in many parts of America. And their hair, which was tied in the simple Grecian knot (the fashion of the day), added not a little to the contour of their heads. In particular districts, however, they are exceedingly fond of the gum of the spruce-fir. And, as their fair proportions are rocked to and fro in their "rocking chairs," they chew the cud of "sweet and bitter fancies," giving to their pretty mouths a sort of rotatory motion —but why not?—it is the Land of Liberty! and their husbands incessantly masticate tobacco. The height of independence is that in which the young bride finds herself in a "Boarding House." She then gets rid of

the responsibility of keeping house, and of the chance of her "help's" borrowing her best bonnet, and the drudgery of making puddings —in many cases with her own hands. The Americans especially excel in that art. A Yankee will swear by his puddings, quite as much as he will by his thunder and lightning, which he says "whips that of all other countries to immortal smash."

"For pumpkin pies,[1] and 'possum fat,
In us dere's no mistaking, oh!
And den I tink we beat de world
In boiling and beefsteaking, oh!"

[1] *How to make Pumpkin Pies.*—The pumpkin is peeled and cut in slices, then stewed for two hours over a slow fire. To two pounds of the stewed pumpkin add two quarts of milk, one pint of cream, and six eggs, with sugar and spices to the taste. This preparation is baked in puff paste without a top crust.

Let me add one other receipt,

For Buckwheat Cakes.—Buckwheat meal two pounds, warm water three pints, salt, and a little yest. The mixture is made over-night: the cakes are placed on a hot griddle in the morning, and baked very quick, then served up "hot and hot" for breakfast, eaten with fresh butter and maple honey. In the event of not being able to procure maple honey, treacle will be found a good substitute.

The oysters are monstrous in New York, as large as a saucer, and not to be taken in at a *coúp* by all mouths.

At the theatres, they are now, thanks to Mrs. Trollope, extremely well behaved; for, if a man attempts to take off his coat, or to sit upon the edge of the boxes, turning his back to the audience, there is an immediate cry of "Trollope, Trollope, turn him out." That lady has likewise taught them to brush their hats.

> But, oh! ye gods and little fishes,
> What's New York without militias?

When Mathews visited the United States, he found their national guard better armed against wet weather than any European troops; but since his time they have become dreadfully soldier-like, and real firelocks and bayonets have been substituted for umbrellas. It is a goodly sight to see a muster on Independence day. Hundreds of companies, each in a different uniform, of every colour in the

rainbow; all kinds of shakos, helmets, and caps; every sort of plumes, feathers and tufts, of all hues and all sizes, meet the eye, flourishing in every direction, ingenuity having been stretched to the utmost to invent such an heterogeneous mass of disfigurement. Strange to say, a pump was once sufficient to embarrass this mighty armament; for years it had outmanœuvred their best generals (whose knowledge of military tactics was somewhat limited), for when the head of the column arrived at that part of the street where it was situated, it wavered and hesitated; company after company was thrown into disorder, until they were all completely routed. The ladies laughed, their lovers blushed, when one day, to the great joy of the military of New York, a new mayor ordered the old pump to be pulled down—blown up would have been a less ignoble fate for such an antagonist—and they now march past in all their glory, to

the tune of "Hail Columbia, happy land!" like heroes dreading nought.

Pat, who enjoyed the rank of full private in the "Slashers," seeing a French division marching three deep—French and most foreign troops still manœuvre in that way—held up his hands and exclaimed, "Very well, the front rank—middling well, the *rare* rank—Oh! holy Moses, the cintre!"

The infantry was pretty well, but what would the "Slasher" have said had he seen the Yankee dragoons? All description must fall short. I saw a regiment at Utica. They were dressed in orange, with primrose facings in the front, as well as on their cuffs and collars. They wore a sort of contrivance on their heads like a watering-pot, from which sprang a cloud of ostrich feathers of divers colours; round their waist was buckled a broad buff belt, unpolluted by pipe-clay, and therefore another shade of yellow was added to the dress: through this was stuck the

sabre, a weapon having a large hilt, not unlike the cutlass used on board ship,

> With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
> And serve for fight and dinner both.

Their overalls, which came but half-way down the leg, were of a sky-blue colour, and exceedingly long straps only prevented their boots from falling off; the boots themselves were perfectly indescribable. Blacking had never astonished them, and the rusty spurs were a happy medium between those worn by the Mamelukes and a common kitchen skewer. They rode or rather balanced themselves on their horses like a fork, the tip of the toe only reaching the stirrup. When the animal was put in motion, they were obliged to row with their legs. I have no doubt they are the bravest of the brave, but they would make a much better appearance, fight equally well, and ride infinitely better, if they would take up their stirrups at least six holes.

We visited West Point, the Sandhurst of

the United States, differing from our establishment in this, that all officers are obliged to go through their military education there before they can get appointed to their regiments.

One of the boats on the so-much *bepraised* Hudson, the "Rochester," went through the water at an astonishing pace, not less than fifteen miles an hour; and, during the time she ran "opposition," burnt tar-barrels. The landing and picking up, or rather chucking in, of the passengers, was performed in a moment; the small boat, getting a swing from the impetus with which the steamer was going through the water, was spun to the shore; when the passengers were bundled in, the word "go-ahead" was given, and the boat wound up and hauled alongside by a rope attached to the engine.

Although there are berths for above two hundred on board the night-boats, so numerous are the passengers that beds are made

up on a series of trays three deep, swung from the ceiling, and arranged in rows; by which means above five hundred free and enlightened citizens of the United States were enabled to snore and grunt *ensemble* in the arms of Morpheus, and their boots, ranged in like manner, were cleaned and replaced without confusion.

What a temptation for those lovers of frolic in the old country, who, by the scratch of a slate-pencil, alter the whole of "Boots's" calculation for his morning's *reveille!* when No. 6 finds himself called to go by a coach at five o'clock instead of No. 4, a commercial ambassador, who, by the strict injunctions given over-night, implied the necessity of departing by the said early coach, and who, to his great mortification, finds that the coach has not only started an hour before, but that his boots (a new pair,) have, thanks to these lovers of fun, been replaced by others any thing but new, and at least an inch too short.

But the descendants of Tom King have never emigrated to the New World, and the race of bagmen in America sleep in peace and wake to find their own boots. Apropos to this much persecuted race, I remember, when billeted in "The Castle," at Newcastle, a brother officer and myself, to whom in those days fun came not amiss, being attracted to an adjacent room by sundry odd noises, and, upon exploring, we discovered one of the *commis voyageur* fraternity extended upon the bed in No. 10, in rather an oblivious state, owing to the strength of the "Castle" brandy. He loudly vociferated the pleasure he had in seeing company, soon declared we were the best fellows he had seen, and ordered sundry bottles of Champagne, the effect of which upon his good-nature was strong enough to cause him to produce from under his pillow a gig-seat full of cigars, which, being samples, were excellent, and we continued to be "such good fellows" as long as the cigars lasted,

when, without much persuasion, we induced the T. G. to partake of a cool bottle of claret in our quarters. On the way to his own room, he either saw double, or mistook No. 20 for 10, which No. 20 contained our captain, a man of iron, who sallied forth armed with the poker; he drove the inebriated ambassador back to our rooms. The effect of the fright was more instantaneous than any emetic—a window was opened, his head pushed through it, and the window being shut on him, he was left regularly guillotined, to awake to a sense of the loss of his sample cigars, with a bad headache into the bargain, probably to consider himself as unfortunate as a well-known member of the Kildare Street Club in Dublin, who, when he was condoled with for his bad luck at whist, replied that "he considered himself the most unfortunate man in the world, for that he had that morning ridden three times round the *Circular Road*, and found the wind *always* in his face, and that

he was convinced, if he had been a hatter by trade, men would have been born *without heads*."

But to return to the steamboat. Although we had taken berths, the perfume proceeding from so many somniferous citizens being any thing but agreeable, and much more like wet blankets than eau-de-Cologne, we rolled ourselves in our coats, pitched upon a soft plank, and betook ourselves to rest on the deck, until an upward rush and the ringing of a large bell awakened us to the necessity of landing again at New York.

There was at the time an exhibition of pictures open. I was struck with some battle-pieces, masterly sketches by Colonel Trumbull—scenes in the War of Independence. There is decided talent among many of the American artists. Mr. Power, whose noble embodying of Eve is well known at Florence, has attained to wonderful eminence with the chisel; his Fisher Boy is also a *capo d'opera*.

The Eve is a beautiful woman, but it is to be regretted that there is not more of the Greek and less of the Contadina in her composition; Mr. Power is a man of high talent, and his clear hazel eye indicates much genius. The generality of his countrymen, on the other hand, never shake off the Yankee, and, on entering their studios, it is easy to detect a certain self-content, a certain expression which says, "I know a trick or two," and a wish to impress upon you that they are geniuses of the first water. Even those below mediocrity invariably tell you that "*they* are self-taught," that "they have discovered a new method, and it is all very well to talk about Titian, Giorgione, or Rubens—*they* have made such and such effects by some self-acquired process."

I was once copying in a palace at Rome, in company with an American, who daily endeavoured to impress me with his manner of dead-colouring—that is, preparing his picture—a copy of Murillo's Virgin and child.

One morning he called me to his easel, saying, "Now, I guess, I'm going to give the *finish* to *my* picture." His palette was prepared with sundry transparent greens. He had worked himself into a fever, which he termed "getting his steam up." He took, literally, a handful of one of the tints, and, dashing it against his copy, rubbed it well in with the palm of his hand. This he continued repeating, rushing backward and forward to see the effect, until, at last, the perspiration streamed from every pore; wiping his hands in his hair between each heat, until his picture was finished, and his hair a fine green: with all this, or rather, in spite of it, he made a good copy.

I saw him two years afterwards in Florence, with a remarkably luxuriant head of hair, no doubt the effect of maguilp—a balsam as wonderful as Willis's "Myrific," or "thine incomparable oil, Macassar." His opinion of his self-taught genius had increased with his hair; and he told a Roman artist, the night

before his departure from the Eternal City, that he was going to paint a picture "all the world would talk of."

I have often been amused with the remarks of Americans on the wonders of art in the galleries of Italy. That same year, I followed a party through the Vatican, one of whom exclaimed, on being shown the Apollo, "Oh! that's it, is it? Well, I guess they do dig up an almighty lot of these things about here, to be sure."

Steam, by sea and land, conveyed us from New York to Boston in sixteen hours. Soon after getting under weigh, we shot the terrific tide race of "Hell Gate," in the fastest steamer in the world. The actual width of the channel is but eighty yards. The navigation of Hell Gate is most difficult. "The Pot" and the "Devil's Frying Pan"—the Scylla and Charybdis of the new world—lie on either side.

The lobsters of North America are at least three times the size of those caught in our

seas, and, although they abound on the New England coast, they never were found in this sound until a vessel freighted with them was wrecked in the Devil's Frying Pan, when the fish escaped and multiplied exceedingly, until again driven away by the cannonading at Long Island, in the War of Independence; or, as the Yankee would say, they all went *to pot*.

In a train from Providence to Boston sat two Yankees. A phrenological discussion commenced by one requesting to be allowed to feel the other's cranium, to which he politely consented, until, after having undergone the examination, he was much astonished by his *vis-à-vis* exclaiming, "Sir, I guess I'm a phrenologist; I charge *one* dollar."

There's a man cheats a cock of his crowing,
And he does it so shrill and so prime,
That the sun was observed to be glowing
Full two hours before its right time.

Now I think I've described Yankee wonders,
And my statement I never will change;
You no doubt will think them all blunders,
But you'll own they are "tarnation strange."
Oh! yes, &c.

In due time we reached St. John, and found all hands busily engaged in rigging out sleighs, and preparing for the winter.

Having obtained twelve months' leave of absence, I did not wish to leave the continent without visiting Lower Canada, little imagining at the time that in a few months, thanks to Mr. Papineau, I should rejoin in that country. It was with regret that I took leave of my friends in New Brunswick, and a free and independent forest life in the healthiest climate on the face of the globe.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ATLANTIC—A WINTER'S PASSAGE.

Son. "Lord, father, if mother only knew where we were."
Father. "Hold your tongue, you young scoundrel; if we only knew ourselves."—*Off Long Island, a Father and Son cast away at Sea.*

"One night it blew a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Bunting turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowline—

"A strong northwester's blowing, Bill,
Hark, don't you hear it roar, now?
Poor creatures! how I pities all
Unhappy folks on shore, now."

* * * *

"Whilst you and I Bill, on the deck,
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying!"

Bad Weather—Good Living—Thunder and Lightning—Lobsters out of their Element—The Duke of York's Friend; his Life saved at the Coa—Difficulty of Steering the Samuel Walker—Liberality of American Custom Houses—Harassing Journey.

In consequence of the outbreak in Canada all officers on leave of absence were ordered

to join their regiments in the North American colonies. In three or four days I accordingly found myself at Liverpool, and on board a magnificent liner of nine hundred tons, bound for New York. With the exception of one American, twelve or fourteen officers were the only passengers; no one attempting to cross the Atlantic in the winter months—a bore of the first magnitude, and not to be undertaken, unless, as in our case, "in duty bound."

The St. Andrew went boldly on her course for four or five days, and the studding sails "low and aloft" were filled by a perfect sailing breeze right aft, but certain signs familiar to the nautical world soon convinced us of the truth of the old saying, that

> Mackerel skies and mares' tails
> Make lofty ships carry low sails.

It blew an uninterrupted hurricane for thirty-three days, during most of which time we were "lying-to," without a stitch of canvass set; a bit of tarpaulin threaded through the mizen-rigging sufficed to steer her by;

but the St. Andrew was a noble vessel, and her captain a fine fellow, and the sailor's dread—a *lee-shore*—was not thought of in the midst of the Atlantic, where drifting a few hundred miles more or less to leeward is nothing, the only danger being lest the wind should suddenly lull, when, unless she can "make sail," the vessel loses steerage-way, and falls off into the trough of the sea, where a huge wave will sometimes run up the side, and, balancing itself, as it were, in the air, curl over, and, breaking its great crest, fall upon the deck, and shake the ship to her very kelson. A few such, following in quick succession, must swamp her.

We passed a Frenchman in great distress. She had been "pooped" when scudding, and a sea had carried away the whole of her stern, over the wreck of which they were nailing canvass; but the sea ran so high that we dared not go near her. What made it the more distressing was to learn from the signals she

made that the whole of one watch had been washed overboard.

During the continuance of the gale, partial lulls were succeeded by the most tremendous hail-squalls, the wind suddenly, and generally four or five times in the twenty-four hours, shifting round to the diametrically opposite point of the compass; and our nightly course was frequently illuminated by what are called "Jack o' Lanterns," haloes of light like balls of fire, round the top of the masts and on the extremities of the yard-arms. The effect of the angry monsters of waves, beat down for the time by the violence of the hail to a comparative smoothness, lighted up by these meteors and by vivid flashes of lightning, was awfully sublime. On one occasion, a sea struck the vessel a little abaft the bows, clearing away the boats, bulwarks, hurricane-house and all, flush with the deck, and knocking over the men at the wheel.

The captain told me he had once had his caboose, cook, and dinner, all carried overboard, and that the return sea had brought them back: such was his story—I did not see it.

> I cannot tell how the truth may be,
> I tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

He also said that, when in the same ship, she had been struck by lightning, which entered the pantry, and, running along a line of tea-cups, hanging on hooks, broke all the handles, so that the whole line of cups fell simultaneously, to the astonishment of the steward; passing on, it ran down one of the tables laid for dinner, breaking the decanters and glasses—(so much for glass being a non-conductor)—and finally passed out of one of the after port-holes, doing no mischief to any thing else.[1]

[1] Another of our skipper's stories was the finding a vessel yawing about in a most fearful way, steering wild. He at first determined to give her a wide berth, but afterwards thought he would inquire the longitude. He therefore

American skippers place the greatest possible reliance on the barometer, and observe it constantly; one day, I was going up the companion-ladder with ours—it was a dead calm at the time—*en passant* he glanced at the glass, rushed by me, turned up all hands to shorten sail, but before they could furl half of them, there came on a violent squall, which increased to a gale before half an hour.

The living on board these packets is perfect; and though the passage was much longer than is usually calculated upon, and there were a greater number of passengers, still we had every thing equally good to the end of the voyage. Champagne, burgundy, porter, soda, selzer-water, sardines in oil; and, what is the greatest luxury of all at sea, the old cow did her duty to the end of the journey.

hailed her, "What ship is that?" "The Samuel Walker." "Where are you from?" "From *Bosting down east.*" "Who commands her?" "Why, *I undertuk her*, but I swear she is *too much for me.*"

We could not enjoy these good things in peace—the dead-lights were generally in—a leg of mutton would occasionally take a short cut into the nearest cabin, and so hard did it blow, and so much was the old vessel out of the perpendicular, that many of the passengers were afraid to leave their berths for days, taking what rest they could get by placing their feet in a "*slantingdicular*" position against the top of their berths, to steady themselves during the time they contrived to stow away a certain quantity of nautical food called *lobscouse*, an excellent conglomeration of the fag-ends of ham and smashed potatoes, capable of being conveniently conveyed to the mouth with a spoon.

It happened one evening that the conversation turned upon the best thing to be done in case of a man's falling overboard. Nearly all the party had witnessed such accidents; each had seen a different remedy tried: life-buoys were descanted upon, and every

sort of patent anti-drowning contrivance discussed—but, as usual, no two agreed. It was like Mr. Merriman's wonderful "amphiberous sea cow," which could not live on the land, and died in the water, "measured twenty feet from head to tail, and only seventeen from tail to head; and, further, had two hundred and forty-four spots upon the body, no *two* alike but every *one* different." On one point, however, they all did agree, which was, how rarely a man is ever saved. The captain gave it as his opinion that the only chance in such a case, if by day, was, for some person immediately to run up the nearest shrouds, and never to take his eye off the man; for, long before a large ship can be brought to the wind, or a boat lowered—especially if it is blowing fresh—an incredibly large space is left between the victim and the vessel.

With the captain's words ringing in our ears, we betook ourselves to our several berths;

and curious enough it was that, when in the act of extending my legs next morning to an angle of nearly 45 degrees, in order to get a hitch and a purchase against the side of my cabin, to steady myself before beginning the operation of shaving, and just as I had incited some of Mr. Smith's best "Naples soap" to a lather, and dipped my razor into a sort of tin contrivance filled with parboiled bilge-water, I heard a row on deck, men running aft. I rushed up, and found that the helm was "hard a-lee," all the sails flapping, a heavy sea running, the captain in the mizen-top, and "a man overboard." I ran up the shrouds to join the captain, who, after great difficulty, pointed out to me a black point occasionally visible upon the side of a huge wave. This object was in a quite opposite direction from that in which a landsman would have looked for it, and it would have puzzled even a seaman to indicate where had been the wake of the vessel, or, rather, the course she had been

on. After half an hour or forty minutes of great anxiety on the part of all of us, the man was got on board a boat, which had been lowered and despatched after him.

According to his account, he had been washing in the fore-chains, under the bowsprit, and was clad merely in a pair of light duck trousers; his being thus unincumbered was in his favour. On coming to the top of the water, and looking about him, he soon discovered, by the alteration in the course of the vessel, that he was missed, and being an excellent swimmer (which was proved by his having deserted from an American ship of war by swimming three miles ashore by night), he only maintained an upright position, and, from the buoyancy of the water and the great size of the seas, he was able to do so with little or no exertion. He was a fine muscular fellow—I never saw such a chest—tattooed all over. He ran up the side of the vessel, turned a summersault upon the deck, and disappeared

to his berth. A glass of grog was administered, and he was none the worse.

On the subject of buoys, and the few lives that are saved by their means, I recollect, when coming home in a line-of-battle ship from Gibraltar, sitting at supper, or rather tea, one fine but dark night; there was but little sea, the ship was slipping through the water at the rate of ten knots, under a crowd of canvass, when we were startled by the lieutenant of the watch rushing into the gun-room: "A man overboard!" he exclaimed, as, without arresting his progress, he made straight for the stern windows, below which were suspended the life-buoys; attached to each of them were a couple of strings, with the notice, "Fire"—"Let go," over either. Unfortunately, the old adage proved in this instance too true—"the more haste, the worse speed"—for, instead of pulling that string which would have fired the amphibious conveyance, and letting it fall, he seized the rope of "Let go."

The life-buoy fell unlit. In this case, however, the lieutenant's mistake signified not; for the two poor fellows missing were supposed to have struck against the catheads in their fall, owing to the bellying out of the sail, and in all probability they were killed before their bodies reached the water. The ship was put about, however; boats were lowered; a search was made; even the life-buoy was not found; and after an hour or so the ship resumed her course.

But to return to the St. Andrew: there was an old light-division hero on board, a well-known person. He had distinguished himself on many occasions, but nowhere so much as at the battle of Coa, where he was left on the field of battle badly wounded. It was a moonlight night, and a party of females came to rifle the dead, and, as it often happens, they charitably attended to show their tender mercies to any wounded man they might find, by putting him out of his misery. When they

came to C——, whom they found lying on his face, they commenced despoiling him; a lucky thought struck him, he would hold his breath and sham dead. He did so, until his body became so inflated that he could hold out no longer; when, in the act of turning him over, a terrific groan was heard. The whole party scampered off panic-struck, leaving him in peaceful possession of the field, and alive to tell the tale; and, with many others, he enlivened us during this cruel winter's run. Moreover, he was the identical Captain C—— who called upon the Duke, then commander-in-chief, to ask his royal highness to give him his promotion, winding up his request by saying, "that he hoped he would, as his royal highness was the only friend he had in the army." "And not a bad one either, Captain C——," was the Duke's good-natured reply, and C—— found himself in the next Gazette.

At length we encountered a short and pitching sea, caused by the wind's being in an

adverse direction to the Gulf Stream, and, a bucket being lowered and hauled up full of hot water, the skipper was confirmed in his idea that we had entered that great flood of hot water, which, having its rise in the Gulf of Mexico, affects the Atlantic as far north as Newfoundland. From thence a fair wind filled the sails of the St. Andrew, until the sight of the high lands of "Neversink" obliged the old ship to alter her course, when the wind headed us; and, being anxious to land, we were glad to get into a pilot-boat, a regular "clipper," and "beat up" almost in the wind's eye, among masses of floating ice in "The Narrows," to New York, where we arrived after a passage of sixty-five days, the second best amongst sixteen other liners which had left Europe at the same time.

Thanks to the liberality of the United States' government, the custom-house officers had orders to pass free all officers' baggage who were proceeding to Canada, and we

landed accordingly without that cursed ordeal, a custom-house examination; and the disagreeables of such a voyage as we had experienced were at once forgotten in the luxuries of a warm bath at the Astor House.

The system of examination at custom-houses, either when landing in a foreign country or in passing a frontier, usually tends much to annoy the traveller. No nation is so liberal as the United States on this subject —none so detestably troublesome as our own. From the Rhine it is possible to enter Holland without having one's baggage overhauled, also to pass into Austria, though they may be rather more strict. In Bavaria, a gulden has the same effect as a few pauls in Tuscany; and a scudo, carefully administered to a laced pontifical Doganiere, will elicit an "Ecco, ecco, signor, la sua lascia passare." I once witnessed an unfortunate *brave Belge*, who, when landing at the Tower Stairs, gave his word that he had nothing to

declare; but, unfortunately, in attempting to pass down the vessel's side, he brushed against one of the custom-house tide-waiters. Slight as was the contact, it was sufficient to cause the shilling-seeking understrapper to instigate a strict search, and what followed beats all description. Two men proceeded to pass their hands down his sleeves and pantaloons in a manner a small boy is taught to groom a hunter's fore-legs. Lo! at every stroke a shower of cigars came forth, until, like a milked cow, his sleeves and nether garments would yield no more. They then asked if he had *now* any thing to declare. Unluckily, his answer in the negative did not sufficiently convince them that his Herculean calves, ill according with his now meagre figure, were to obtain free entrance into her British majesty's dominions, and his boots were pulled off amidst a fresh shower of cigars, *sacres*, and shouts of laughter. On the return of the Army of Occupation

from France, all kinds of smuggling were considered fair play. An officer, who had filled the firelocks of his company with lace, was much annoyed at a custom-house officer requesting that he would give the word to "examine arms."

But, although it may be necessary to prevent such infringement on the laws requiring duties to be paid on certain foreign luxuries, it cannot be necessary to molest officers landing from service in our colonies, as has happened to myself on arriving at Liverpool, where the incivility of the Jacks-in-office surpasses any thing it has ever been my luck to encounter in any part of the world, and one in particular, who possessed but one leg, legitimately his own (the other being of wood) is especially to be avoided. It was with the greatest difficulty, and this occurred another time when I landed at Portsmouth, also from America, that I got off without paying duty for my own sketches; and a couple of birch-

canoes, the skins and horns of moose-deer, and specimens of birds, though all prepared by myself, were charged with duty ;[1] further-

[1] The Wanderer of Cayman celebrity, in his Essays on Natural History, complains of the same annoyance: "After devoting many years in trying to improve," says he, "the very defective process universally followed in preparing specimens for museums," he reached Liverpool with a very large collection, and quotes a letter received from the authorities at the Treasury, illustrative of the illiberality of the existing laws of the Customs:—

"Treasury Chambers, May 18th.

"Gentlemen,

"The Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury, having had under their consideration your report of the 10th, on the application of Mr. Charles Waterton, for the delivery, duty free, of some birds, quadrupeds, reptiles, and insects, collected by him in Guiana, and recently imported from Demerara, I have it in command to acquaint you that my lords have informed Mr. Waterton that, if he will specify the articles which he intends to give to public institutions, my lords will not object to their being delivered duty free; but that, with regard to the specimens intended for his own or any private collection, they can only be delivered on payment of the *ad valorem* duty of 20 per cent.; and I am to desire you will give the necessary directions to your officers at Liverpool, in conformity thereto.

"I am, &c.,

Signed "J. R. Lushington."

"Commissioner of Customs."

more, after being detained for twenty-four hours in Liverpool to have our baggage overhauled, I was requested to take an oath, that a London-made gun I had taken out with me was really made by Lancaster; and I was made (not in the Jeremy Diddler line certainly) to pay two-and-sixpence to her majesty's customs for taking the said oath: This having happened in '39, it is to be hoped that some improvement has been made since that time.

From New York a steamer conveyed us to Sing Sing, the locale of the famous prisons; above it the Hudson was frozen; we were, therefore, obliged to commit ourselves to the regular stage. Posting exists not in the United States, but they put on extra stages, *i. e.* coaches to accommodate passengers, therefore there is no danger of being left; but the "extras" had been so much worked, owing to the number of officers at this time passing up to Canada, that the horses were

completely knocked up, and the roads were in an abominably amphibious state, as is always the case in the early spring. The mud, which was frozen at top, would sometimes bear the wheels, but oftener they broke through; and the misery of travelling day and night in such weather, when thirty miles in the twenty-four hours was considered a good day's work, rendered our journey detestable. The road followed the left bank of the North river, and the shores of the Lake Champlain. As we approached the frontier, we found every village inn filled with "patriots," "sympathisers," or, in plain English, "Rebels," who took the opportunity afforded by being in the United States to insult us in every possible way; and it was therefore, all things considered, with no slight satisfaction that we reached the first British outpost. That evening I came up with my regiment, which formed part of the army on the Richelieu.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE OUTBREAK IN LOWER CANADA.

"Bray, asses, bray for the pride of the levellers;
Stretch your long jaws to the Tricolor's praise;
Oh for a chief of Parisian revellers
'Mong us the standard in earnest to raise!
Oh for a hangman bold,
Worthy our flag to hold,
Onward to lead us 'gainst order and law!
Loud would Clan Donkey then
Ring from its deepest den,
Glory and freedom for ever! Ee—aw!
Ee—aw!
Plunder and pillage for ever! Ee—aw!"

Symptoms of rebellion—Sons of Liberty — Attacks on St. Dennis and St. Charles—Rebel leaders desert their men — Regiments ordered from New Brunswick — The passage of the Portage of the Madawaska — Dresses of the officers — Reception of the 43rd Light Infantry by the Inhabitants of Quebec — *Cahots* — Breaking-up of the Sea — Montreal.

The first symptoms of the Rebellion of 1837 showed themselves at Montreal, where it was

immediately quashed. At St. Dennis and St. Charles, on the river Richelieu, the rebels made their first stand. At the latter place, Papineau and his self-styled "Sons of Liberty" formed a confederation, planted the tree and raised the cap of liberty. To drive them from these fortified strongholds, two brigades were despatched from Montreal. The roads were in a wretched state for the transport of the troops: the mud, being frozen at top, but not sufficiently hard to bear the weight of the men, they broke through the crust and sunk deep at every step. The attack upon St. Dennis, under the command of the Honourable Colonel Gore, miscarried, the troops being led to the attack when worn-out, jaded, and dead-beat, after marching the whole of the night of the 22nd of November, over the vilest of Canadian roads, through which they had floundered knee-deep in mud; nor was it until ten o'clock in the morning of the 23rd that they

reached St. Dennis, where they found the rebels occupying the village in great force.

The attack was led by Captain Markham, with the light company of the 32nd, and under a heavy fire from some fortified houses. The engagement lasted until near three o'clock in the afternoon, at which time Captain Markham, assisted by Lieutenant Inglis and a small party, in attempting to carry a building, was severely wounded, and brought to the ground; and, although Lieutenant Inglis kept up a fire, he was on the point of being made prisoner, when Sergeant Alcock, of his company, rushed forward and bore him away, the rebels all the time keeping up a murderous fire, from which Captain Markham received another wound whilst in the brave sergeant's arms.

The brigade being then threatened on all sides by the insurgents, who had received numerous reinforcements and seized a bridge in the rear, the largest field-piece being fixed immoveably by the frost in a deep rut, from

which it could not be brought to bear, and the ammunition nearly all expended, Captain Markham's party was obliged to retire. Colonel Gore commenced a retrograde movement, leaving many prisoners and the howitzer in the hands of the rebels.

The brigade under Colonel Wetherel was completely successful. They left Montreal on the 18th of November, and had to contend with the same wretched roads and worse weather. He effected the passage of the Richelieu in an incessant downpour of rain, which froze as it fell, and was illuminated, for two hours, by the blue lights of the rebels. On arriving before St. Charles, Colonel Wetherel summoned the rebels to surrender. This was answered by a cheer of contempt. The gallant Colonel deployed his men, and instantly commenced an attack. The breastworks were stormed and carried. Most of the rebels ran, with the exception of about fifty, who knelt down and reversed their

arms, thereby intimating that they surrendered themselves as prisoners. No sooner, however, did the troops advance to take them than the traitors opened a fire, by which a sergeant was killed and many men wounded. This act of treachery so exasperated the troops that the officers could not restrain their fury, and a general massacre ensued; and many were drowned in attempting to escape the enraged soldiery. The estimated loss of the rebels was about 300, killed and wounded.

On the first appearance of the troops before St. Charles, the cowardly rebel leaders deserted, under pretence of procuring reinforcements; while Papineau and O'Callaghan, who had

"Fled like crows when they smell powder,"

preferred viewing the engagement from the opposite side of the river; but the defenders of the village, some 1,500 in number, fought with a spirit worthy of a better leader and a better cause. A hundred stand

of arms, a couple of French six-pounders (committed to the safe keeping of Richelieu) were taken; and among the trophies, the rebel-standard, upon the pole of which was a wooden tablet, bearing the inscription "*A Papineau, par ses concitoyens reconnaissans.*"

On the arrival of the victorious brigade, under Wetherel, at Montreal, Sir John Colborne sent reinforcements to Colonel Gore, with instructions that he should follow up the advantages already gained, and reduce the disaffected country on the Richelieu. At St. Dennis, the howitzers and wounded men were retaken, and the strongholds of the rebels reduced to ashes.

Upon the first intimation of the chance of rebellion in Lower Canada, Sir John Colborne did everything that a skilful commander could devise to be prepared to meet it; and, being cut off from all chances of succour from home, (the winter having set in) he instantly communicated with the governors of New Bruns-

wick and Nova Scotia, in the event of requiring reinforcements; which reinforcements could only reach him by traversing the woods between those colonies and Quebec. In anticipation, therefore, of their services being required, engineers were despatched with parties of Indians to prepare camps or houses of refuge along the line of their intended route. There were at that time three regiments in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick; the 34th and 85th at Halifax, and the 43rd Light Infantry, divided into wings, in garrison at St. John and Fredericton.

When affairs assumed a serious character in Lower Canada, and the line about to be taken by the disaffected became sufficiently evident, a despatch was sent to Fredericton, ordering the 43rd Light Infantry to pass "*the Portage*" of the Madawaska to Quebec; this they accomplished in thirteen days. Their arrival at Quebec was hailed as next to a miracle, and their exploits in per-

forming such a march in the depth of a North American winter were the theme of universal admiration at the time.

They were subsequently followed by the 85th and 34th. The baggage of the regiments, as well as all the women and children, were left behind until the following summer; and it must be remarked of the inhabitants of New Brunswick, that they deserve the greatest credit for their loyalty and generous conduct; for, besides their public exertions to assist in every way the transport of the troops, the inhabitants of St. John entered into a subscription for the support of the women and children of the 43rd and 34th, who must have suffered severely had it not been for this most timely and charitable relief.

On the 12th of December, the first company of the 43rd Light Infantry left Fredericton in fifteen sleighs; and they were subsequently followed daily by the other five. A jolly Sub writes to his friend in the old

country: "It certainly was a curious sight altogether. Our costumes—self, *par example*, wore four pair of socks, (*i. e.* when I started) then mocassins, over which I had large worsted sort of long boots, P trowsers, thick P P coat, over that a coat made of seal-skin, rather *outré*, but very warm and comfortable; then a buffalo-skin muff, fur cap, ear-covers, and lots of gloves, mits, boas, &c., oceans of baccy, and a short Indian pipe; to this we added a buffalo skin, to keep our legs warm, and we were each served out with a couple of blankets." Our friend, after describing the above "weather-proof" garments, adds, "My dog 'Bob' travelled with me, and helped to keep me warm." The officers all had snow-shoes, and twelve or fifteen pair were served out (each man ought to have had a pair) for the men of every company. They had extra socks, mocassins, ear-covers, throat-warmers, extra flannels, and a pair of blankets.

Rations of pork, biscuits, and rum were served out, and the regiment received field allowance.

The officers were allowed a sleigh for themselves and baggage, and a camp-kettle. Each sleigh, drawn by two horses, held eight men, and a camp-kettle was issued to each company. So far as Madawaska, the men were put up in private houses, and the officers at the inns or taverns. On the St. Lawrence they were almost universally put up in the convents, and received much hospitality from the jolly *Padres*, who were merry good fellows,

> "Round fat oily men of God as ever sang a psalm,
> Or closed a penitential fee devoutly in their palm."

On coming to the Arestook river the ice had not "made" sufficiently, and they had to cross in small canoes. This was a tedious operation; but, by lashing two canoes together, and placing the sleds singly or in pairs across them, it was effected after much delay.

Some few accidents happened, but the contrivance was excellent, and is well worthy of imitation in the passage of a river; for by means of it immense loads are made capable of transportation, and it is absolutely impossible to upset them.

After leaving the Madawaska, the troops reached the first camp on the left bank of the river of that name. "We were all heartily tired," says our Sub; "but, notwithstanding the snow-storm and cold, we were compelled to remain in the open air all night, it being impossible to stay any time in the camp, as they, and this one in particular, was dreadfully full of smoke. They were constructed with logs, about thirty feet in length by eighteen wide, open at the top and at the doors; and, with three persons only in them, were awfully cold. We had blazing fires, but, when our feet were burning, (which they constantly were) our heads were freezing; the tea froze a foot from the fire, and the thermometer inside the camp

was at 29° *below zero;* the men were much better off and more comfortable: they were 'stowed' closer, but on the line of march they constantly had their feet, ears, or fingers frozen, and when we got in at night, we had the agreeable task of rubbing them with snow to restore circulation. The cooking went on outside, where a sentry always was. Well! at last we turned out our buffalo-skins, ate our pork and biscuits, drank our tea and hot rum or brandy and water, and fell asleep, from which we usually awoke from the cold, and got up well bestiffened to renew our fires. Camping in the woods in winter in the Indian fashion is perfect 'feather-bed' work in comparison to this, as in the former one is generally warm, but never suffocated, as in the latter. Worse camps than ours, and worse adapted to the purpose, could not possibly be made. We always had to wait some time for the provision-sleigh's arrival, and it was late at night generally before our

and the men's dinners, frugal as they were, could be cooked; in addition to which, visiting the sentries at night, looking after and doctoring the men, were anything but recruiting. But, independently of leaving New Brunswick, I liked it very much, and enjoyed the fun excessively."

On entering the Madawaska district, a part of Lower Canada, the troops were hospitably received by the inhabitants, and the officers in many instances were invited to private houses, and experienced much attention. I mention this, as it has been asserted that the inhabitants were disaffected. But their conduct towards the officers and the men of the three regiments, who passed through their country at a time when the population in their immediate neighbourhood were in open rebellion, gives the strongest contradiction to that report. Had they been otherwise than peaceably inclined, a few trees, felled across the route taken by the troops, might

have seriously impeded their progress, and they could have done infinite mischief—with comparatively little danger to themselves. I have adverted to this point, in the hopes of removing any erroneous impressions produced by slanderous reflections on the loyalty of these people.

On arriving at St. André, on the St. Lawrence, the leading company halted for the arrival of the second; and so on from thence to Point Levi, opposite to Quebec: they proceeded two companies at a time, having one hundred "Carioles" to each grand division. On reaching Point Levi, they were cheered tremendously, and the whole town of Quebec turned out to witness the passage of the St. Lawrence, which they accomplished in log canoes. The river was covered with huge masses of floating ice, on which, as it was propelled downwards by the stream, the men landed, hauled the canoe to the other side of the ice, re-embarked, and so on, until they

reached the opposite shore. They were received by the Queen's Volunteers in their rough blanket coats, bands playing, and the whole population cheering vociferously. They were almost carried up to the Jesuits' Barracks, and were looked upon as having performed a miracle; and during their stay (for nine days) they were regularly fêted.

Our Sub goes on to inform his friends that the governor, Lord G——, was very kind to them, and, that he "dined with him three or four times; but that one night, on his return to his quarters, and when going most carefully down a very steep hill close to the Jesuit Barracks, he slipped down: his companion W—— tried to save him, and for that purpose laid hold of the tail of his only red (uniform) coat, which unluckily gave way and disappeared in the snow, where he supposed that it would remain until the snow was gone—when that might be he could not tell — but he never found it again." The

following day, he received another invitation to dinner at Government House, but sent an excuse to the effect that "he was tail-less;" Lord G——, however, sent his aide-de-camp to say that it did not signify—and he dined in one of his aide-de-camp's coats—"so much," says he, "for the kind-hearted governor and my mishap!"

After six days sleighing from Quebec, the regiment reached Chambly on the Richelieu, having performed a march of upwards of six hundred and twenty miles in the depth of a North American winter, the thermometer averaging from 10° to 20° below zero, and for many days of their route passing through trackless forests, using the frozen streams for their highway.

One of the first things which struck me, on my arrival in Lower Canada in the winter, was the bad exchange I had made from New Brunswick as a quarter; and I may safely add, that it is far inferior in every respect.

The sleighing is vile—that greatest of all possible resources cannot be enjoyed in comfort in Canada. This only source of pastime in the long months of the North American winter in New Brunswick was perfect—"high runners" and a smooth, beaten track forming together the *beau ideal* "of locomotion." In Lower Canada, on the contrary, it is the most detestable on account of the "*Cahots*,"[1] which are formed by the peculiar construction of their "Carioles." These are made with excessively low runners: the shafts are fastened on to the body of the Cariole, having a board in front with a slant of 45°. As the vehicle is dragged through the fresh snow, this snow is checked by the board in front, and accumulates until the heap is so great that the sleigh gives a kick and gets rid of the incumbrance; and so on at regular intervals, forming heaps of snow along the road like the waves of the sea.

[1] From Cahoter.

Other sleighs follow, and fresh falls of snow soon cause the "Cahots" to be scraped into mounds of three or four feet in height, so that the motion caused in passing over them can literally be compared only to the pitching of a boat in a storm. One writer has well named them "*Les ondes glacées!*" Nothing can be conceived more disagreeable. The fault lies entirely with the peasantry, who are so bigoted to old habits and customs, that, disdaining all innovations, they will have their "low runners" and their "Cahots."

During the remainder of the winter, the troops were employed in chasing the rebels, who invariably fled before them; and, on the frost breaking up, we moved to La Prairie, which is on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence to Montreal, in time to witness the breaking up of the ice, an event watched with great interest by the Canadians. Cannons are fired to assist its dispersion; should a jam take place, it piles up in masses, and causes

tremendous destruction. A comparatively small piece, checked in its downward career, is liable to stop this frozen flood for miles, which then soon collects, block upon block, until it overwhelms whole villages, and leaves every thing within its reach an utter wreck. So variable is the climate in these regions, that no sooner was the river clear of ice than vegetation commenced; and a fortnight sufficed to change the iron face of winter to vernal spring. And it was an agreeable sight, as the setting sun would throw long shadows over the mighty flood, so lately an absolute sea of ice, to behold the town of Montreal, with its tin roofs and spires, backed by the purple Mount Royal, reflected in the broad St. Lawrence.

In passing from La Prairie to Montreal, the steamer descends the Rapids at such a terrific rate, that it requires six men to steer her; an iron tiller is obliged to be employed, as she would not answer her helm quick enough

if steered by a wheel. Our baggage having arrived from New Brunswick, we were obliged to throw aside our fur caps, blanket coats, and rags, to find but a bad exchange for our free life on the Richelieu in the pipe-clay and garrison duty of Montreal.

> Then the parade, or guard, or smart review,
> The flowing banner, martial music's strain;
> The General deck'd in scarlet's brightest hue,
> With prancing staff, and beauty in his train.

CHAPTER XV.

UPPER CANADA—NIAGARA.

. . . . Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread, a matchless cataract.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
Its steady eyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bear serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

CHILDE HAROLD.

Leave Montreal for Upper Canada—Niagara—The Falls in Winter—Clothing—Mammoth Icicles—Governor's Feed—The Lady from Troy—Hanging Match—Benito Soto.

At six o'clock in the morning, at least two miles out of the town of Montreal, and in the midst of as much fuss as is generally displayed

on an ill-managed garrison field-day, we received an order to march in two hours for Upper Canada, to prevent the self-styled "patriots" from crossing the Niagara. We had neither breakfast nor baggage, and were consequently without incumbrance. As the clock struck eight, the right wing moved off, and by nine were packed in boats on the canal cut to avoid the Rapids of Lachine—between the Lake St. Francis and Montreal—when we were transferred to steam-boats, and ascended the Ottawa, landed and crossed a portage of some twelve miles, to overcome the Rapids of the St. Lawrence, which roared on our left during our midnight march. Towards morning, wet through and beat, we were again sent on board steamers, and by noon the following day were landed, jaded, fagged, and without food, at Cornwall, when a halt showed sufficiently the absurdity of our hurried march, which had been performed in strict conformity with the command received, viz.,

"light marching order," no food having been supplied by the quartermaster-general's department, so there was no exertion required on the part of the men to carry it; who, poor devils, indulged at night with what they good-humouredly termed a soldier's supper, viz., "some wind and a pipe of tobacco;" and, when it is taken into consideration that they found the tobacco themselves, it is easy to ascertain the exact amount of the consideration of the quartermaster-general's department.

From Cornwall we again marched to avoid the Rapids, among which was to be discerned the terrific "Long Sault," one of the grandest scenes on this magnificent river, at the moment a fleet of *bateaux* were shooting the Rapid. Any description of the sea-green river, the broken and foaming tide, the skill of the voyageurs when entangled in such a Rapid, or of the scene itself, is beyond my powers. The ever-varying scenery of the Thousand

Islands was passed, and we were put up in the fort overlooking the town and harbour of Kingston, at the outlet of Lake Ontario, and at the head of the navigation of the St. Lawrence; whence, after a couple of days' rest, we were ordered on board a large steamer, where we found the governor of the province and a field-battery, and immediately got under weigh for the Niagara.

The next evening we were under canvass on the plateau in front of the village of Niagara. Nothing could be more lovely than the accidental *locale* of our encampment; on the right flowed the river, sea-green till it mixed its water with those of the deep-blue Ontario, which, calm as molten silver, lay before us. A glorious sunset contrasted the golden-tinted green of the hickory with our gay encampment. An invitation to a dinner and a dance soon arrived; the band played soft music, while cool claret and the bright eyes of the Niagara fair obliterated all re-

membrance of the delicate attentions of her majesty's quartermaster-general's department in North America.

At sunrise we again embarked for the heights of Queen's-town, half the distance to the Falls (our destination), where disembarking we found the march to Drummondville awfully fagging. The sun was burning; the thermometer stood at 96°; the glazed patent leather tops of the men's shakos concentrated the rays of the mid-day sun, and many poor fellows fell as if they had been shot. It is extraordinary that of all the host of correspondents in the *United Service Journal*, who sign themselves "Tuft," "Helmet," "Chako," &c., one old fogy only proposes a head-dress more hideous and inconvenient than that thought of by his predecessor.

A long streak or column of spray soon became visible above the lofty forest, and a low murmur announced the Falls of Niagara. These signs of our approach to the mighty

cataract had an instantaneous effect on the spirits of our men, who forgot all their sufferings, and passed on their way cheerfully. In a quarter of an hour the divisions wheeled into line, and marched straight down upon the table-land above the Falls. The thickness of the foliage at first intercepted our view of them, but no sooner had the arms been piled and the order given to "fall out," than the men broke *en masse*, and rushed to the edge of the precipice.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the *coup d'œil* presented by our encampment. The situation was perfect. The tents of the men were pitched with scrupulous exactness, in regular order, upon a green plateau, elevated some 130 feet above the level of the "Falls." A snow-white column of companies extended along the whole length of the field, while, to the rear, the tents of the non-commissioned officers, band, and married soldiers were scattered upon ground slightly elevated, and

backed by groves of dark-green foliage. In the centre of the plateau stood one solitary magnificent butternut tree, the branches of which lifted a canopy of leaves high over the sward. Under this the band played every evening, to the amusement of countless visiters, who came for the double purpose of visiting our encampment and beholding the grandest of all stupendous sights.

On the edge of the precipice which overhung the Falls, clothed with a magnificent foliage of hickory and pine, in quiet nooks and corners, the officers' tents were nestled, peeping up here and there from the aforesaid fringe of forest, which formed the limit of the turf. The many-coloured stripes of their canvass, coming out against the dark wood, made an unrivalled foreground to the scene. My tent was perched upon a small isolated green spot scarcely larger than the circumference of the tent itself—upon a sort of step, a little lower than the plateau above.

From it I looked, through a labyrinth of acacia and hickory, upon the cataract itself, as it poured its overflowing emerald flood into the abyss beneath. But the influence of the spray often had its effect upon our "tent-lines," and it required no little attention to keep our canvass standing. It is a certain sign of there being an old soldier in a tent, when (on the elements threatening a down-pour) a man is seen to debouch from the cover of his tent to *slack off the ropes*, a dodge which the young soldier will never learn until taught by experience. Unless it be done, the rain tightens the ropes so much that the pegs are dragged out of the ground, and the occupants are awakened by finding the canvass about their ears.

Probably most visiters to the "eternal city" will remember the obelisk in front of Michael Angelo's wonderful Basilica, and with the Egyptian monument will associate the story of the English sailor, who, on a

demur arising in getting it up, called out before the assembled multitude, "Wet the ropes," a hint immediately complied with, and the mass of porphyry was raised without further difficulty on the back of the four tortoises, its destined pedestal.

But, as every thing in this life must have its dark side, ups and downs, and reverses, so our beautiful encampment, which in the morning appeared swan-like and resplendent in the sunshine, whilst flitting rainbows danced amidst the evanescent spray, was one night visited by one of those sudden whirlwinds which descend here, accompanied by sheets of rain and hail; it rushed down upon the devoted encampment like an avalanche, tore up the tent-pegs, prostrated some tents, while it took others up bodily, and turned them inside out like an umbrella. The trenches round the camp were soon filled and flooded, and the unfortunate soldiers were seen crawling about dripping wet, like a nest of rats suddenly inundated.

I have before said that to attempt a delineation of Niagara either with pen or pencil is equally hopeless. Being in camp and cantonments there for a year, we had ample opportunities of observing the Falls during every change of atmosphere and weather, and we were never tired of watching the sublime variations that these occasioned.

Sometimes the spray would rise in a clear column, until lost in the deep blue of the heavens. Again, the whole heavens themselves would appear as if they were part and parcel of this mighty column, connected, as by a water-spout, with the very centre of the cataract. This appearance was usually the forerunner of a storm; then the waters would roar like thunder; and, when the angry storm broke above them, the peals reverberated above, below, and through the forest. It is at such times that the column of spray may be seen at Toronto, across Lake Ontario, and from sixty to eighty miles in all directions.

But to see this glorious scene in its fullest magnificence, it must be visited towards the end of winter, when the spray, carried by the winds, has crystallized rocks, trees, and every thing within its reach; when

> The spreading oak, the beech and tow'ring pine,
> Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine;

and when huge icicles, like church-steeples reversed, frozen columns, and obelisks of the height of a hundred and fifty feet, enclose the water, pouring over the centre, green as a vast emerald.

It was the duty of the orderly-officer to visit every night a guard placed at the ferry below the Falls, at a short distance from them. A narrow path led down to where this guard was stationed, and it was anything but agreeable, on a dark night, to find one's way down a frozen, slippery path, beset with monster icicles, which, hanging overhead, threatened destruction at every step; most

of them only awaiting a partial thaw to be disengaged and come thundering down, dashing themselves, and all within reach, to pieces.

When upon these guards, several sentinels were fired at. Little urchins, from the other side of the river, would shy an axe into a tree, and, making a rest of it, take a deliberate shot at them.

Soon after we were established at the Falls, the governor-general made his appearance, with an enormous staff. Steamers and numerous hotels were retained for extravagant sums; and a major of the United States was desired by his excellency to invite a number of the free and enlightened citizens of the United States to witness a grand review in honour of his person, and to partake of a magnificent dinner afterwards. It so happened that the major had originally been a tailor by trade. The consequent result from such a "high-way and by-way" collection as

were bidden to the feast can be more easily conceived than described.

Officers were invited, but only to fill up the intervals between a given number of guests; and, by way of completely frustrating the harmony of the evening, an equal number of loyal Canadians were invited to meet a set of men, who, to say the least, were "sympathizers" with the rebellious proceedings of the past year.

A young officer of our regiment, who had just joined from England, sat next to me; on his right sat a genuine Yankee. The boy was bashful and silent; Jonathan quite the reverse. The young ensign had no wish to enter into conversation, but his neighbour had; so he began, "Well, I guess you are a private now?" Poor B—— did not know what to say, and appealed to me. I answered, "Take no notice of him." Soon after, the down-easter dropped his pocket-handkerchief. B—— had been educated in France, and,

without thinking, from an impulse of civility, unluckily picked it up, and presented it to the Yankee, whose answer was, "Well, now I guess you do take me for a woman, don't you?"

After dinner, the governor proposed the health of the "Queen of England." So far, so good. He then proposed that of the "President of the United States," which sounded all fair; but unfortunately the Canadians present, whose hearths had been invaded, and whose brothers and friends had been murdered, if not by any of those at table, at least at their instigation, turned restive, and a scene of much confusion ensued.

One man near me was pulled back into his chair by his wife—who tugged at his coat-tails until she contrived to get him down—he all the time during the operation loudly vociferating, "he'd be d—d if he drank such a toast!"

After dinner, the governor and his suite

passed over to the other side in full uniform, feathers flying and swords glittering, whilst a numerous train followed, much to the amusement of the Yankees, men and boys, who came down in crowds, and got up into the trees to see "Durham."

We had a hundred volunteers sent us: fortunately most of them soon disappeared, as they were no particular acquisition. Some tried to swim across the river, and perished in the attempt; their bodies being found below the Falls. One or two reached the other side, where we heard of them—received and *fêted*.

Apropos to desertion.—A soldier at Gibraltar once took it into his head to commit that crime, and succeeded so far as to clear the British lines, and gain those occupied by the Spanish outposts: no sooner, however, had he been taken to the guard-room, than some qualm of conscience struck him—he repented his rash step, and determined to re-

trace it, and, as it generally happens that a determined man succeeds in any undertaking, so ingenuity at once came to his assistance. He would persuade the Spanish soldiers on guard to show him how they performed their manual and platoon exercise, having first bribed them to do so by volunteering to go through his own: the *ruse* succeeded admirably, and no sooner did they come to "ram down cartridge," and he heard that peculiar ring of the ramrods at the bottom of their barrels, which told him that they were not charged, than he at once "bolted," and, long before they could go through the process of biting, priming, shaking out, and ramming a cartridge down, to say nothing of the cocking of the piece and that of the eye of the marksman, he had regained his own lines. N.B.—In consequence he was *not* brought to a court-martial.

The colonel who commanded on the frontier discovered that there were "crimps" on the

other side. They were well dressed and disguised, and came over to tamper with the men. The day after Lord Durham's review, a number of visiters came over from the opposite shore; among them one of these crimps, who, unfortunately for himself, pitched on the colonel's orderly, a Peninsula veteran, who allowed him to go on, and afterwards pointed him out to his colonel, as he was turning in to the great *table-d'hôte* at which we all dined, together with the visiters who daily came to see the lions. After dinner, the colonel got up—he was a magnificent fellow, a noble figure, the hero of a hundred fights. He began with a little soft *sawder;* the Yankees were all attention: "He regretted that there should be a set of persons on the other side, who tried to induce his men to desert their colours, and forfeit their honour and allegiance to the Queen of England. There is such a man here present"—here he beckoned to his orderly to step forward, on

which a man, covered with rings and chains, was observed to turn deadly pale—" who, by his appearance, ought to be above such a rascally action." Upon a " Yes, sir, that's he," from the orderly, the colonel, with Herculean strength, took hold of the fellow by the collar, and, lifting him completely off his seat, gave him a kick in that part where the smallest particle of honour, be there any, is supposed to be seated, and handed him over to a file of the guard, to see him safe to the other side of the water.

The curiosity of the various visiters to the camp was beyond belief; especially that of the fair sex; more particularly were they excited and astonished at the sight of our kits, from which we had been separated for many months; and which, having now just arrived, were all spread out for the benefit of the broiling sun before each officer's tent. The heterogeneous mixture of scarlet hunting-coats, top boots, leather breeches, &c., to

say nothing of sundry dozens of shirts, was perfectly unaccountable to American eyes, to whom two or three such articles constitute an enormous wardrobe. They pulled everything about in the most absurd manner, coming into our tents, and asking questions right and left, until they obtained the desired information. One young lady, more bold than the rest, asked point-blank to see all my worldly possessions. Her request was so frankly and so prettily made, that it alone would have been sufficiently irresistible, even had it not been backed by a remarkably handsome face and graceful form. She was a perfect child of Nature; she said, without any conventional forms, every thing that came uppermost. "She hoped I would show her round the Falls;" I did so. Before parting she gave me her hand, saying, "I am much obliged;" then added, "You'll not object, will you, to lend me a knife?" This seemed rather awkward, but I immediately complied.

She then proceeded to cut out a heart on the bark of a tree, and within it she carved her name, "Anne." "Now, you'll put yours underneath, won't you? And then I guess I'll wish you good morning, and, if ever you pass by Albany, come and see my old ones: I live on Mount Olympus, near Troy."

The next episode in our camp life was the condemnation of a notorious rebel to receive the last penalty of the law, and we were ordered to send a detachment to Niagara on duty: numbers of women attended, dressed in their Sunday's best. It is an old and a true remark that women invariably flock to an execution; and in this case many had come from long distances, and were certainly in the proportion of ten to one man. Jack Ketch did his duty well, and the unfortunate wretch was launched into eternity with becoming brevity. The sympathizing newspapers at Lewiston appeared the following day in *mourning*, considering him a martyr to the patriot

cause; and one man was overheard to say that, "If he was President of the United States, before he'd suffer a free and enlightened American citizen to be butchered in that cold-blooded manner, he'd go to the World's End and jump into Never!"

The last execution I had witnessed was in the year 1830, when the inebriety of the man who acted as hangman caused him to bungle frightfully. It was a case which occasioned great excitement at the time. Benito Soto, a notorious pirate chief, captain of a brig of war, "Il Defensor Pedro," (which he and his companions had captured in Corunna) was discovered by the police at Gibraltar, and thrown into prison; his brig having been driven on shore in a gale of wind off Cadiz. Those of his crew who escaped drowning were taken, tried, and hung by the Spaniards, with the exception of Soto himself, who contrived to make his escape, shaved off his beard and moustaches, and concealed

himself in an obscure lodging, where he was apprehended. It was supposed that with his vessel he had captured upwards of thirty ships of different nations.

Appearances were against him; still it was doubtful whether there was sufficient evidence for a conviction. It was, however, strongly suspected that he was the man who commanded the piratical attempt to scuttle the Morning Star, a homeward-bound vessel, with invalid troops and their wives on board. After having committed every atrocity on the women, the piratical crew gagged the men, bored augur-holes in the ship's bottom, battened down the hatches, and left her to sink. The vessel was eventually saved by means of one of the women, who, having concealed herself and been overlooked, unfastened the hatches.

At great expense, two witnesses had been brought over from England; and I shall never forget the sensation which was created when

the principal witness, the steward of the Morning Star, entered the court, and, confronting the prisoner, who stood with his arms folded on the dock, called his God to witness that he was, indeed, the very man he had seen on the deck of the Defensor Pedro, directing the horrors above described. This testimony hung him. The only other witness, a black boy, could not, from his being a heathen, be admitted to take his oath, but he fully corroborated the steward's evidence. On sentence being passed, Benito called for a cigar, and walked quietly out of the court. At sunrise, a gallows was erected over a cart at low watermark, outside the land-port guard. The troops stood under arms; a ladder with three steps was placed against the cart; up this the prisoner walked (his arms tied behind him) with the coolest composure, and, having made his confession to a priest, the hangman adjusted a cord round his neck, which proved too short—in a word,

he was drunk, as I before said. Benito muttered between his teeth, stretched out his neck, arranged himself the position of the knot, and swung himself off!—

CHAPTER XVI.

UPPER CANADA — LAKES ERIE — HURON — MICHIGAN.

So we sailed on,
By shores now cover'd with impervious woods,
Now stretching wide and low, a reedy waste,
And now through vales where earth profusely pour'd
Her treasures, gather'd from the first of days.
Sometimes a savage tribe would welcome us,
By wonder from their lethargy of life
Awaken'd; then again we voyaged on,
Through tracts all desolate, for days and days,
League after league, one green and fertile mead,
That fed a thousand herbs.

SOUTHEY.

American "Gunners"—An excursion planned—"Cutting-out" of the Caroline—Murder of Captain Usher—Navy Island — Detroit Landlord — Sporting friends — Woodcocks—The St. Clair —Lake Huron—Mackinaw Indians—Manitou—Going to the Infernal Regions—Chicago.

Being out woodcock-shooting near the Falls, I met an American, who was the only

one I had ever fallen in with who was able to give any information about "shooting." In general, they never think it worth while to throw away powder and shot upon small game; Jonathan will take a raking shot at a whole bevy of quail, should they be sitting on a rail, or fire into a mass of passenger-pigeons, but they never shoot flying, and, as Lord Byron has it,

> Who shoot not flying rarely touch a gun.

This difficulty of gaining information with regard to the haunts of game, &c., is most annoying to a new-comer; and be he ever so good a sportsman, with the most accurate knowledge of the haunts of game in his own country, yet, as the majority of the game in America are birds of passage, and therefore only to be found in particular seasons and places, it frequently happens that he does not discover their retreats until he is just obliged to leave the country.

In the hope of being useful to some who may feel the want of a guide, as I did, I mention the following particulars, which are the result of my own experience. Quail follow cultivation, as do all the gallinaceous tribe, and they are to be found wherever that has extended. The woodcock, at particular seasons, is also to be found in cultivated spots; but, as they remain only for a short time on their passage, in the spring and autumn, unless you know exactly where to look for them, it is often a great loss of time, and entails a hard fag. Having always in New Brunswick found them in the alder and cedar swamps on the outskirts of the woods, I had not thought of looking for them elsewhere in Canada; but my sporting friend told me that they were to be found in great numbers at this season (the end of August and beginning of September) in the Indian corn, which affords them shelter from the midday sun, and in which, when planted in

low land, they find at once thick cover and room underneath for boring, which makes it particularly suited to them. He further told me that, in the neighbourhood of Detroit, on the St. Clair river, which connects Lakes Huron and Erie, he has had excellent sport, shooting the prairie hens or pinnated grouse; and that he was sure, if I would go as far as Chicago, a town situated on the south-west shore of Lake Michigan, on the border of those great prairies extending from the lake across to the Mississippi, the sport would well repay the trouble. I mentioned what I had heard to my companion of many former excursions, who, delighted with the thoughts of it, agreed at once to make the experiment, and we soon settled to obtain a month's leave, and give the prairie a trial: the distance was some three thousand miles there and back—nothing in this "go-ahead" country.

Accordingly, we embarked at Chippeway,

in a small steamer, the Red Jacket, to ascend the Niagara river to Buffalo, in which course we passed Schlösser, the scene of the "cutting-out" of the Caroline.

It is curious how the public were gulled by prints of the Caroline going over the Falls in a mass of flames; every one who has seen these stupendous Rapids, into which the great body of water rushing from Lake Erie is broken up, and which alone, did the Falls not exist, would be one of the grandest sights in the world, must be aware that nothing, let it be ever so strongly built, could resist the impetuosity of this foaming flood. After the war, a huge gun-brig was launched into the stream, to see the effect of its going over; it was dashed into a thousand pieces the moment it entered these Rapids, and never was seen to go over at all: a piece or two of timber picked up in the whirlpool some three miles below the Fall was the only vestige ever found of her. So it was with

the Caroline. She was moored with iron chains to the jetty at Schlösser: the party under the command of Captain Drew rowed across, on a dark night, in boats, just above where the Rapids commence—a most daring attempt, inasmuch as the least deviation in their course would have involved them in the stream. They arrived safe at Schlösser.

The party consisted of five boats manned by forty-five men. The boats assembled off a point of land, and dropped down upon the stream as quietly as possible. They actually approached within twenty yards of her, before the sentry on the gangway hailed them. Not receiving a satisfactory answer, he fired upon them—Captain Drew, with Lieutenant Cormack and party, immediately boarded the steamer. They encountered some twenty or thirty armed men on her decks, who fought bravely, but were compelled to give up their vessel. Six of the enemy were killed, and Lieutenant Cormack and Captain Warne received

some severe wounds in the encounter. The gallant little party then commenced towing the Caroline to their own shore; but, half-way across, their strength failing and the current hurrying them forward to the Rapids above the Falls, Captain Drew set fire to the prize and cast her off.

The self-styled patriots who were on the wharf took alarm and opened a fire upon them, in the teeth of which they cut the iron moorings, set fire to the vessel, and let her go. They got back in safety; and the Caroline, burnt to the water's edge, was completely finished in the Rapids. No one was on board, though the contrary was generally believed in England. I was told these particulars by Captain Usher, a fine fellow, who acted a conspicuous part in the affair. Such a spirit of revenge did these patriots harbour against him, that, when we were at Niagara, two ruffians knocked at the door of his house, and, as he came out with a light,

they shot him dead through a pane of glass at the side of it.

We next passed Navy Island, which M'Kenzie made his head-quarters, after the failure of his attack on Toronto; where his treachery would in all probability have succeeded, had he not been met by the loyal inhabitants of that place within a mile of the city, and completely routed. A military force was immediately despatched from Montreal. M'Kenzie escaped with considerable difficulty to Buffalo, where he succeeded in creating a feeling in behalf of the disaffected Canadians. Many of the citizens at once undertook to supply men, arms, and all necessaries to invade the province of Upper Canada; and M'Kenzie, now in command of several hundred of these borderers and sympathizers, with an American named Van Ranseller, took possession of Navy Island, which is situated only four miles above the Falls of Niagara, and midway between the shores of

Canada and the United States. The river runs past the island at the rate of some five miles an hour; and this position, naturally so strong, was rendered more defensible by felling the trees around the island, from the shore, for several yards inland.

From this stronghold they kept up a constant fire upon the line of road leading from Lake Erie to the Falls, which, without doing much mischief, caused great annoyance. Their means of communication with the American side were maintained by the steamer Caroline, which daily conveyed men, arms, and provisions to M'Kenzie's party. Colonel M'Nab, who commanded at Chippewa, was therefore determined to drive the marauders from the island; and, as a preliminary measure, he ordered Captain Drew, of the Royal Navy, "to burn, sink, or destroy the Caroline." How that was effected I have already described; M'Kenzie and his party became in consequence the besieged in

a fortress of their own construction; and the fires, which from necessity they were obliged to keep up, served as a mark for our artillery, until the island was made too hot for them, and they were eventually ferried over to the United States by their sympathizing brethren.

Navy Island has become in consequence "classic ground;" and walking-sticks, supposed to have been cut upon the island, are as eagerly bought by the visitors to the Falls of Niagara, as bullets and bits of iron are sought after by tourists on the plains of Waterloo; but, as the demand for the latter has far outrun the legitimate possibility of a supply, they are manufactured expressly. So the walking-sticks from Navy Island have been chiefly cut at the back of Mr. Starkey's shanty, at the Falls!—only four miles off, to be sure.

At Buffalo we embarked with our dogs for Detroit, on Lake Erie. After a fine passage,

we landed and put up at the American Hotel, to the landlord of which my sporting acquaintance had given us a letter. They are generally the most important personages in the towns of the United States, and we found him most civil and obliging. He sent us up the river with a party of his friends, whom he called hunters, but who appeared to be a loose set of rascals, who did not know what to do with themselves, and an exact personification of the phrase—"ready for any thing, from pitch and toss to man-slaughter." A large boat was freighted with this society and their dogs—a horrible collection of curs: with a large supply of provisions, champagne, gin, and brandy, with all which we could well have dispensed; but, as it was civilly intended, we were obliged to put up with it, determining to shake them off on the first opportunity.

We rowed and sailed up the St. Clair for a considerable distance, to a large island which

they said was famous for woodcocks, and supplied the Detroit market. We, however, beat the whole of the island without finding birds. Our men, who had started as if bent on no end of execution, with lighted cigars in their mouths, their guns at full cock, and their curs yelping and barking in a manner to disturb all the game from Detroit to Buffalo, soon gave in; and we found them on our return busy with the luncheon, and "pretty well on," as they called it—otherwise, intoxicated. They let out, under this influence, that they had been in the expedition to Point Pelée, where Captain Browne, of the 32nd, so gallantly routed the rebels, although greatly superior in numbers and protected by huge hummocks of ice. Our friends seemed, indeed, bad enough for any thing; they were a vile set; however, there was no backing-out, and all we could do was to get them to land us on the right bank of the river, near some large clearings. Here they took to the

brandy again, and we to beating Indian corn, where we immediately found woodcocks.

The evening was by this time closing in, but, between those found in the maize and in some patches of cover, we killed a great number. We lay down on a hard floor in a shanty, and, after picking out the softest plank, slept soundly until daybreak, when we went off again in search of woodcocks, and found them, as on the preceding evening, in the maize; as it had not arrived at its full growth, and was about breast-high, we walked through it, flushing great numbers. Three or four were constantly on the wing at the same time, enabling us to kill right and left repeatedly. Quail were also very numerous. Having shot away all our ammunition and that of our inebriated friends, who had not stirred from the shanty, we returned to them; they had never seen so many birds killed before; and, having finished all the brandy, were quite willing to return to Detroit.

After excellent cock and snipe shooting in the vicinity of Windsor, in Canada, and on the opposite side of the river, we took berths for Chicago. Some of the best boats will perform the passage thence in three days, but we got into one which had seen her best days, and was very slow. After a few hours' steaming up the St. Clair, we entered the lake of that name. The navigation of this lake is extremely dangerous, being so very shallow. Thousands of acres of bulrushes collect the mud, and the bottom of the lake grows upwards in an extraordinary manner. The only channel was so serpentine and shallow that the steamer could go only at half speed, for the greater part of the day: the paddle-wheels stirred up the mud, and the boat, with all the precautions used, often stuck fast. The river being rapid from the upper end of St. Clair to Lake Huron, and evening coming on, the vessel was moored to a tree and made snug for the night.

In the morning, just before entering Lake Huron, we passed Fort Gratiot and its light-house on the American side. The shores of the lake are low and uninteresting, and a sort of dull, melancholy look hangs over it, very different from the gay, lively, sea-green Erie. We followed the western coast for two days, stopping once for five hours in a bay, a natural harbour, the only one in this long line of shore. We put back to it in a gale, after having left it for some hours on our course towards Mackinaw; as the old tub of a steamer, not being seaworthy, could not be trusted in such weather.

The tediousness of the voyage was much relieved by our good fortune in making the acquaintance of a Count B., a very agreeable man, on a botanical expedition, with a view of publishing: some numbers of his book, which he showed me on a later visit to New York, were well got up. Having nothing better to do, we set to work, under his direction, to col-

lect plants wherever we landed; a habit which we afterwards continued on the prairies.

Next evening, we reached the beautiful island of Mackinaw. An American fort, half-way up its rocky side, is a conspicuous feature in this island. I was delighted, after returning home, with Miss Martineau's beautiful mention of this island—"It is known to me as the tenderest little piece of beauty I have yet seen on God's earth."

By particular good luck, we found collected here four tribes of wild Indians, assembled to receive the presents annually distributed by the United States' government. They consisted of the Ottawas, Chippewas, Seminoles, and Maiomes. The whole of the beach was covered with their wigwams, and the bay (it being night when we arrived) was brilliantly illuminated with their birch-bark torches: the effect was extremely striking.

As we remained on the island that night and part of the next day, we had time to see

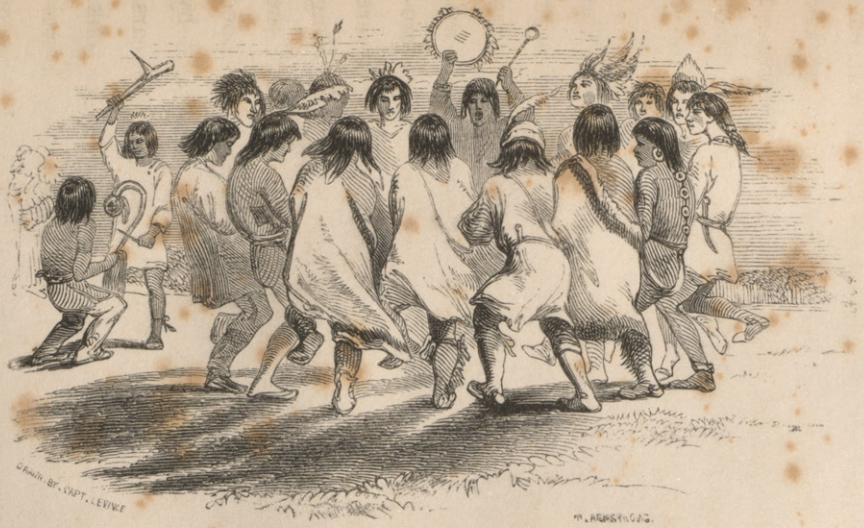
them well. Either the United States' agents had given them brandy and other spirits, or the traders in furs had done so, for the majority were quite drunk: poor wretches! It was with a mingled feeling of disgust and pity that we saw several very finely-formed men, sitting round a large can, containing at least as much raw spirits as a stable-bucket would hold, and drinking till reason deserted them; when, no doubt, their peltry, the hard-earned produce of the winter's trapping, was obtained from them either for the very tub of spirits we saw them engaged with, or, at any rate, for a very inferior value. The agents of the American government deal most unfairly by the poor Indians, whom by degrees they are driving beyond the Mississippi, and whom they will, without doubt, eventually exterminate. Not so the British government, who do all they can to atone to the remnant left for the loss of their own legitimate soil; and, had the events of the rebellion in Canada

involved the two countries in war, the whole of the Indians, to a man, would have fought for England. Runners from the different tribes carried the wampum, a large string of beads, to which one is added by each tribe, of a red colour, if a declaration of war be intended. It is said to be so large that it requires two Indians to carry it.[1]

The expedition from Amherstburg to recover the island of Point Pelée from a detachment of insurgents, and the gallant conduct of Captain Browne on that occasion, adverted to in a preceding page, are well deserving of a brief notice, before I resume the thread of my narrative.

Towards the end of February, a large party of sympathizers took forcible possession of the British island of Point Pelée, on Lake Erie, forty miles distant from Amherstburg, and twenty from the main land. The

[1] For a description of the wampum see the end of this chapter.



WAR DANCE, WISCONSIN.

rebels made the few inhabitants prisoners, and put the island in a state of defence. Colonel Maitland despatched Captain Glasgow of the artillery from Amherstburg, to examine the state of the ice, as to its fitness for the transport of troops and guns, and, the report being favourable, the Colonel determined to attack them. His force was composed of four companies of the 32nd (his own regiment), one of the 83rd, a troop of yeomanry cavalry, in all about two hundred and fifty men, with two six-pounders. They sleighed along the shores of the lake to Colchester, where they were joined by many volunteers, and they all started at two a.m. in order to arrive at the island before daylight, and thus save the troops from unnecessary exposure to the weather. The morning was clear at first, but a fog came on, and all traces of a road were gradually lost. The bearing of Point Pelée being well known, the track could not be recovered by means of

the compass, which would have led the party over soft snow—a messenger was therefore despatched for lights.

The troops were now enabled to advance, but at so slow a rate that the original plan failed, and the enemy ascertained their strength and mode of operations. Captains Browne and Eveleigh, with two companies of the 32nd, and some yeomanry cavalry, were ordered to the southern end of the island, to intercept any attempt at escape from that quarter. Colonel Maitland advanced, with the remainder of the force and the guns, towards the north-east, to drive the woods. The marauders, as was expected, fled before the skirmishers, and retreated upon Captain Browne's detachment, who had drawn up his men in close order on the ice, out of musket range of the woods. Perceiving that the enemy advanced in line, and that they were well armed and organized, he extended his files, and, when they approached, opened his

fire. This was returned, and was kept up on both sides for some time.

The detachment was, however, borne down by superiority of numbers, the insurgents being about five hundred strong. Two serjeants and about twenty men lay stretched upon the ice; and there was no apparent chance of the enemy giving in. Captain Browne gave the order, "Prepare to charge." The men closed in at once, and with a cheer dashed at them. The enemy stood so long that the troops began to think that bayonets would be crossed; but, after firing another volley, by which seven or eight more of our men fell, they turned and fled in confusion to the bush. Eleven of the enemy were killed, among whom were their colonel-major, and two captains, besides several wounded. Captain Browne then fell back upon his former position, in expectation of a second attack but the enemy had already commenced a retreat across the ice, in attempting which

many perished. After a fruitless skirmish through the woods, Colonel Maitland made his appearance at the southern extremity of the island, and there learnt the gallant conduct of the detachment under Captain Browne. He was afterwards most justly promoted.

Colonel Maitland then scoured the woods, and, having satisfied himself of complete success, returned to Amherstburg. When we take into consideration the strength of the enemy, securely posted behind hummocks of ice, five hundred strong, and well armed, with American muskets, obtained by breaking open the United States' arsenals, and that by their first volley nearly one third of Captain Browne's party were stretched—that the remnant became the attacking party, and actually charged and routed the scoundrels, we must admit that their conduct was beyond all praise. Colonel Maitland's despatch was most emphatically concluded by

the following words,—"The duties the soldiers had to perform from the time they left Amherstburg until their return were indeed arduous—travelling as they did forty miles in an excessively cold night, twenty of which was across the lake, accomplishing the object in view, namely, the liberation of the loyal people detained on the island, gaining possession of the place, restoring it to the proprietors, defeating with considerable loss the enemy, and returning to barracks in forty hours."

THE WAMPUM.

"The wampum is formed of the inside of the clam-shell, a large sea-shell bearing some similitude to that of a scallop, which is found on the coasts of New England and Virginia. The shell is sent in its original rough state to England, and there cut into small pieces, exactly similar in shape and size to the modern

glass bugles worn by ladies, which little bits of shell constitute wampum. There are two sorts of wampum, the white and the purple; the latter is most esteemed by the Indians, who think a pound weight of it equally valuable with a pound of silver. The wampum is strung upon bits of leather, and the belt is composed of ten, twelve, or more strings, according to the importance of the occasion on which it is made; sometimes also the wampum is sewed in different patterns on broad belts of leather.

"The use of wampum appears to be very general among the Indian nations, but how it became so is a question that would require discussion, for it is well known that they are a people obstinately attached to old customs, and who would not therefore be apt to adopt, on the grand and most solemn occasion, the use of an article which they had never seen until brought to them by strangers. At the same time, it seems wholly impossible

that they should ever have been able to make wampum from the clam-shell for themselves. They fashion the bowls of tobacco-pipes, indeed, from stone, in a very curious manner, and with astonishing accuracy, considering that they use no other instrument than an ordinary knife; but then the stone which they commonly carve thus is of a very soft kind. The clam-shell, on the other hand, is extremely hard, and, to bore and cut it into such small pieces as are necessary to form wampum, very fine tools would be wanting. Probably they made use of the clam-shell, and endeavoured to reduce it to as small bits as they could with their rude instruments before we came among them; but, on finding that we could cut it so much more neatly than they could, laid aside the wampum before in use for that of our manufacture. Mr. Carver tells us, that he found 'sea-shells very generally worn by the Indians, who resided in the most interior parts of the

continent, who never could have visited a sea-shore themselves, and could only have procured them at the expense of much trouble from other nations.'

"Whenever a conference, or a talk, as they term it, is about to be held with any neighbouring tribe, or whenever any treaty or national compact is about to be made, one of these belts, differing in some respect from every other that has been made before, is immediately constructed. Each person in the assembly holds it in his hand while he delivers his speech, and, when he has ended, presents it to the next person who rises, by which ceremony each individual is reminded that it behoves him to be cautious in his discourse, as all he says will be faithfully recorded by the belt. The talk being over, the belt is deposited in the hands of the principal chief.

"On the ratification of a treaty, very broad splendid belts are reciprocally given by the

contracting parties, and deposited among the other belts belonging to the nation. At stated intervals they are all produced to the nation, and the occasions upon which they were made are mentioned. If they relate to a talk, one of the chiefs repeats the substance of what was said over them; if to a treaty, the terms of it are recapitulated. Certain of the squaws, also, are entrusted with the belts, and it is their business to relate the history of each one of them to the younger branches of the tribe; this they do with great accuracy, and thus it is that the remembrance of every important transaction is kept up."

CHAPTER XVII.

SECOND OUTBREAK IN LOWER CANADA, IN 1838.

Hurrah, hurrah! for the flag of St. George,
The ancient Briton's delight
On land, when it led through the battle's gorge,
Emblem of Albion's might.

Or when unfurl'd on the billowy world
It constantly proved to be,
With its cross of red, ev'ry foeman's dread,
And lord of the deep deep sea.

THE OLD SAILOR.

Attack on Beauharnois — Capture of the Henry Brougham—Gallant conduct of the Iroquois at Caughnawaga—The Volunteers at Odelltown—The Windmill affair at Prescot.

During the summer, a petty border warfare had been carried on: excepting this, Canada had remained tranquil. No sooner, however, had November set in, than rebellion began to show itself. At La Tortue, two farmers

were murdered in cold blood. The seignorial house at Beauharnois was attacked, and Mr. Ellis, his wife, and her sister, Miss Balfour, were made prisoners. The steam-boat Henry Brougham, with the mail and passengers, was seized; and on the Richelieu the rebels had risen in great numbers. The insurgents were congregated in the greatest force in the villages of Napierville and Chateaugay, while at L'Acadie also an insurrection was attempted, but the rebels were dispersed by Colonel Taylor—and the agitator, his son, and six others were taken, whilst assembled for revolutionary purposes at the house of one of the disaffected, named Gagon, near Pointe à la Mule.

On Sunday, the 4th of November, a large force of rebels marched upon Caughnawaga, a settlement of Indians of the Iroquois tribe, intending to obtain their fire-arms from them by force or artifice. They reached the village during the time of divine service; and, whilst

all the Indians, who are Christians, were in church, they took up a position in the adjacent woods. But their movement engaged the attention of a young Indian. Unobserved by the rebels, the youthful Iroquois, with an elastic but noiseless step, bent his course to the church, and, through the officiating minister, communicated the alarming intelligence to the whole congregation. In an instant, the flag-staff in the centre of the village was surrounded by the Indians, when the chief hastily reconnoitred and at once formed his plan.

To commence hostilities with a force double his number, and strengthened by a very advantageous position, would have been rash in the extreme; with that sagacity, therefore, inherent in the Indian race, the chief despatched five of his young men, ostensibly to inquire of the Canadians their intentions in coming thus armed, and in numbers; but in reality to draw them from the advan-

tage of their covert into the more open space afforded by the village. "We come," was the taunting answer, "to borrow the arms of the Five Nations"—the Iroquois were one of the Five Nations—"and if the Indians refuse the loan, we must fight for them." The deputation replied, "We are but children; come to the village, and speak to our chief:" to which request the insurgents readily assented; and, as they entered on one side, the Indians quitted the place on the other. The war-hoop then resounded through the woods, and at once made evident to the Canadians their helpless condition, and to the chief the completion of his orders. Seizing the foremost rebel, he wrested from him his musket, when the rest, panic-struck at being thus assailed, surrendered themselves without a struggle, and were conveyed prisoners to Montreal.

The troops were immediately assembled at Montreal—and Sir John Colborne, who, since

the departure of Lord Durham, had become governor, did everything possible to confine the rebellion within narrow bounds, and to limit its duration to a very short period. A steamer was despatched for the Grenadier Guards from Sorel; and brigades, under Generals Sir James Macdonnell and Clitheroe, scoured the country in every direction. Lieutenant-Colonel Cathcart, in command at Chambly, did the like in his vicinity.

On the 7th, the volunteers at Odelltown, under the command of Colonel Taylor, attacked a party of rebels at Lacole; killing nine, and taking seven prisoners, together with one cannon. On the 9th, the insurgents mustered one thousand strong, under the personal command of Dr. Nelson, and attacked Colonel Taylor's advanced guard—obliging him to concentrate his little force of two hundred men upon Odelltown church, where a determined fire was kept up on both sides. After an obstinate conflict of two

hours and a half, the insurgents retreated, leaving fifty dead, but carrying off their wounded. Of the volunteers, Captain M'Allister and four men were killed, and Lieutenant Odell and nine men slightly wounded.

On the 10th, a large force under Sir John Colborne entered the town of Napierville, but the rebels, gaining information of the movement, took alarm and fled. The same day, Major Carmichael, in conjunction with Lieutenant-Colonel Philpotts, with a detachment of sappers and miners, one hundred and thirty of the 71st, and about one thousand of the Glengary men, landed at Hungary Bay, entered Beauharnois, and rescued the prisoners.

In the preceding year, a sympathy in behalf of the disaffected Canadians existed along the borders, and they concentrated their whole force upon the Prescot frontier; and at midnight, November 11th, two schooners, having on board between four and five hundred armed men, appeared off Ogdensburg,

directly in front of the town of Prescot, on the opposite side of the river St. Lawrence—here about one mile wide. Suspicions of a hostile intention on the part of the borderers had long been entertained, although the place of destination remained altogether in doubt: and, as a precautionary measure, a guard of observation was stationed ashore, while the naval force, under Captain Sandon, R.N., cruised between Kingston and Prescot. Consequently, the movements of the sympathizers did not pass unheeded. The Experiment steamer, Lieutenant Fowle, R.N., mounting three guns, was on the look-out; and on shore a call to arms was sounded, and a general muster of all who could procure fire-arms or other implements wherewith to repel the brigands. This force comprised a company of the Glengary volunteers, enlisted in the Queen's service, the militia of Johnston district, only a few days arrived, with some few of the townsmen, in all not more than three hundred men; and for these

there were but few arms, and a small quantity of powder.

At an early hour on the morning of the 12th, one of the schooners endeavoured to effect a landing at a wharf, but, being hailed by Colonel Young, hauled off. News soon after arrived, that the steamer, "the United States," had been seized by three hundred of the rebels, and she soon after took up a threatening position in mid-channel. The commander of the Experiment, however, was on the alert, and, although with a crew of only twenty men, kept her at bay. Soon after, the United States and one of the schooners dropped down the stream, about a mile and a half, opposite to a windmill, and began landing their men. The United States then returned for a second trip, but was roughly handled by the Experiment, and obliged to put into Ogdensburg to refit. The insurgents already landed immediately commenced throwing up breastworks, and strengthening their position as much as possible; and, the

only available troops being so few, it was deemed imprudent to attack them. But one hundred and fifty volunteers, under Colonel Gowan, arriving with some spare arms and ammunition, and a couple of armed steam-boats, commanded by Captain Sandon, it was determined to attack them on the 13th. Lieutenant-Colonel Young was reinforced by thirty-five men of the 83rd, with the marines from the steam-boats, some forty men in all—he then marched upon them in two divisions, while Captain Sandon fired upon them from the water, with the intention of attracting their three field-pieces.

The left column of attack was led by Lieutenant-Colonel Frazer of the militia; that on the right by Lieutenant-Colonel Young. The enemy was strongly posted behind stone walls on rising ground, but the intrepidity of the troops overcame all obstacles, and in an hour they were driven into the windmill and stone houses adjacent. The fire of the rascals was very destructive; and

Lieutenant Johnston, of the 83rd, who was gallantly storming a house at the head of a few of his men, fell mortally wounded. Lieutenant Parkes, of the marines, was shot through the arm in trying to rescue him. An officer of militia was killed, and two others wounded; and the loss altogether on our part was forty-five, while that of the enemy was very great. Two of their leaders were killed, and thirty-two made prisoners.

Colonel Young, finding the position of the rebels so strong, and the fire from the armed steam-boats and musketry making little or no impression, determined to await the arrival of heavier metal, to batter down the wind-mill. Captain Sandon was despatched to Kingstown for the requisite forces and supplies.

On November 15th, the Honourable Colonel Dundas arrived from that place, with four companies of his regiment, the 83rd, a couple of eighteen-pounders, and a howitzer, and immediately commenced a cannonade; whilst,

from the river, Captain Sandon brought two gun-boats, carrying two eighteen-pounders each, to bear. These did little execution; but, after an hour's battering from Colonel Dundas's guns, the brigands tried to effect an escape, but he immediately ordered an advance. Little resistance was made by those occupying the windmill; but a sharp fire was kept up from the adjoining stone buildings, until a white flag made its appearance on the windmill, and the insurgents surrendered unconditionally. Eighty-six prisoners, sixteen of whom were wounded, were taken, together with a Pole, calling himself General Van Sault, a large quantity of arms, kegs of powder, and three pieces of ordnance.

With the exception of an attack on the frontier at Sandwich, where Colonel Prince, by great promptitude, and with the assistance of some Indians, put a stop to it, this was the last effort at invasion; and the rebellion was quashed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRAIRIES OF ILLINOIS.

———On the top
Of yon magnolia, the loud turkey's voice
Is heralding the dawn; from tree to tree
Extend the wakening watch-notes far and wide,
Till the whole woodlands echo with the cry.
SOUTHEY.

The Prairies a vast flower-garden—Strawberries—The soil alluvial, or wet Prairies—Dry Prairies—Of the Game—Indians—Big Thunder—The Starved Rock—Indian Mounds—Prairie Hens—Cure of Ague—Amherstburg—Wild Turkeys—The Gobblers.

But to return to Mackinaw—many of the war-canoes of the Indians at this place, constructed of birch-bark, were capable of holding thirty men. All the Indians, male and female, were painted and tattooed in every conceivable shape and form. One woman, calling herself the wife of a chief of the Meomis, who was rather the worse for rum,

sold me her garters—a beautiful pair, embroidered in red and white wampum, worked in the pattern of her tribe. Her forehead was painted with vermilion, and on each cheek was a patch of the same colour, relieved with a white ring, and beyond that a sky-blue one, resembling the targets at our archery meetings. She had a ring through her nose; a musk-red skin hung over the top of her head; her hair was carefully divided, and abundantly greased with fish-oil; a profusion of scarlet feathers of the taniger were fastened into the back of it. Three long ones projected right and left towards the front, from which depended blue ones, tipped with scarlet. Her toilet was completed by some forty or fifty silver bells in her ears, which tinkled at every step which she took. Her chemise was made of deer-skin, embroidered with porcupine quills, and dyed moose hair, fastened by a series of silver plates, circular, and diminishing in size from the

top. She also wore large armlets of silver; and the garters were placed below the knee, as ornaments merely, for no garment reached further, while a blanket, thrown over her, completed her costume.

The men wore blankets of all hues, part of the presents received at different times. They were also tattooed in all ways. Some were perfectly naked, with large tufts of feathers in their heads; others had the skin of a fox or badger made into a cap, and the tail left hanging down behind. Outside most of the wigwams were tame bears, and the small Indian dog, the most faithful of all the race. The best watch-dog was left in charge of such huts as the owners had deserted.

After a minute inspection of their spears, bows and arrows, canoes, and dresses, all most interesting to any one curious in the habits of these most extraordinary people, and in the distinctions of their different tribes, we examined a sort of museum collected by some

of the fur-traders, containing specimens of their arms, spears, and weapons, also articles of bark, embroidered by the squaws. These latter, however, are much inferior to those made by the Micmac and Milicete tribes of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

The island of Mackinaw is important, as it commands Lakes Huron and Michigan, with the outlet of Lake Superior. The American government have, therefore, built a strong fort upon it, overlooking, as I said before, its bay or harbour. The clearness of the water here is very striking: stones may be distinctly seen on the bottom at the depth of forty feet. In all these lakes are taken delicious white fish, superior in flavour to any salmon: when first taken out of the water, they shine and glisten like silver, and average from twenty to thirty pounds.

After leaving Mackinaw, a tremendous gale came on at night. There was no harbour within reach, and I was awakened by the

captain rushing into the cabin, calling out, "Look out for yourselves, for we are all going to hell!" The first impulse was to rush upon deck; a fearful sea was running, and the steamer, which had become unmanageable, was drifting to leeward at a most unpleasant rate. The night was pitch-dark; it was blowing a hurricane, and the boat rolled in an awful manner. Fortunately, at daybreak the gale moderated, and we were enabled to put her before the wind just in time, for, had she continued to drift for another hour, she must have struck on one of the Manitou Islands. Most assuredly, had an Indian been on board, he would have attributed the favourable change in the weather to the "Manitou," or Great Spirit; these islands being by them held sacred, and supposed to be the abode of departed spirits.

It now fell a dead calm. In the course of the day we passed a landmark on the Illinois coast, called the Sleeping Bear, a mountain

resembling exactly the shape of that animal, whose shaggy coat is admirably represented by a stunted growth of fir, and which, situated above a lofty and long line of light yellow sand, looks, when seen from the lake, like a huge effigy of Bruin on a *giallo antico* pedestal. At length, and in spite of the prediction of the captain, who, ever since the storm, had been consoling himself with an unlimited allowance of gin-sling, we arrived safe at Chicago, which is situated upon the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, upon the skirts of those great prairies extending to the Mississippi, and connected by the great fresh water seas of the North with all the different trading ports on them. It is built on level ground, but sufficiently elevated above the highest floods to prevent overflow. The great stream of emigration has set that way, the natural meadows presenting all the advantages of the most favoured parts of the valley of the Mississippi.

The "Rambler in the West," who writes in the year 1837, gives the following flourishing account. "Chicago is, without doubt, the greatest wonder in this wonderful country. Four years ago, the savage Indian there built his wigwam—the noble stag there saw undismayed his own image reflected from the polished mirror of the glassy lake—the adventurous settler then cultivated a small portion of those fertile prairies, and was living far, far away from the comforts of civilization. Four years have rolled by, and how changed that scene! That Indian is now driven far west of the Mississippi; he has left his native hills, his hunting-grounds, the grave of his father, and is now building his home in the far West, again to be driven away by the mighty tide of emigration. That gallant stag no longer bounds secure over those mighty plains, but startles at the rustling of every leaf, or the sighing of every wind, fearing the rifles of the numerous Nim-

rods who now pursue the chase. That adventurous settler is now surrounded by luxury and refinement; a city with a population of over six thousand souls has now arisen; its spires glitter in the morning sun, its wharfs are crowded by the vessels of trade, its streets are alive with the busy hum of commerce.

"The wand of the magician, or the spell of a talisman, never effected changes like these; nay, even Aladdin's lamp, in all its glory, never performed greater wonders. But the growth of the town, extraordinary as it is, bears no comparison with that of its commerce. In 1833, there were but four arrivals, or about seven thousand tons. In 1836, there were four hundred and fifty-six arrivals, or about sixty thousand tons."

Chicago eclipses Buffalo in the same degree as, in the Yankee's estimation, Buffalo does London; for, in 1832, according to our guide-book, it contained five small stores and two

hundred and fifty inhabitants, and, in the year 1837, the population numbered eight thousand, with one hundred and twenty stores, besides a number of *groceries:* further, it supported fifty lawyers, and—thanks to the intermittent fever and ague—upwards of thirty physicians.

But it cannot be said that Nature has left them unprovided with remedies for other complaints, for, not to mention smaller manufactories, at Edwardsville alone there are annually manufactured from thirty to forty thousand gallons of castor oil from the palma christi, which is indigenous to the soil of Illinois.

At Chicago we hired a waggon and a pair of horses, and started for the prairies, which we entered at once on leaving the town. Our guide-book contained an account of them with regard to emigration, and I have extracted from it some notes, which may not be unacceptable. The characteristic peculiarity of

these prairies is the absence of timber; in other respects, they present all the varieties of soil and surface found elsewhere. Some are of inexhaustible fertility, others hopelessly sterile; some spread out in vast boundless plains, others undulating or rolling; while others are covered with a rich growth of grass, forming natural meadows. Hence the French term *prairie*.

The prairies begin, on a comparatively small scale, in the basin of Lake Erie, and form the bulk of the land about Lake Michigan, the upper Wabash, and the Illinois; but, on the west of the Mississippi, the whole tract may be described as prairie, intersected by patches of woodland, chiefly confined to the valleys of the rivers. The traveller may wander over these wide prairies for days without encountering an elevation worthy to be called a hill. One vast plain spreads with little intermission from the shores of Lake Michigan to the Mississippi.

Every prairie is an immense flower-garden: in the early stages of spring, a generation of flowers arise, whose prevalent tint is that of peach blossom. The next is a deep red; then succeeds the yellow; and, to the latest period of autumn, the prairies exhibit a brilliant golden hue; while, in the strawberry season, thousands of acres are reddened with the finest species of this delicious fruit.

The soil is generally of the finest quality; a compound of alluvial deposits and of hard and compact layers of earth, like those at the bottom of a long stagnant mill-pool. From whatever cause the prairies at first originated, they are certainly perpetuated by the autumn fires which have annually swept over them from an era long anterior to the earliest records of history. Along the streams, and in other places where vegetation does not suffer from the drought of the latter part of summer and early autumn, it of course is longer in becoming sear and combustible than in the

plains which are drier, and the fire does not encroach much—consequently, the forests prevail there, and probably increase gradually in some places upon the prairies. As soon as they are ploughed, and the grass is kept under, young timber begins to sprout. Where the soil is either too poor, or too wet to produce a heavy annual growth of grass sufficient to make a strong fire, there is no prairie.

The Indians and hunters annually set fire to the prairies, in order to dislodge the game. The fire spreads with tremendous rapidity, and presents a grand spectacle. The flames rush through the long grass with a noise like thunder; dense clouds of smoke arise, and the sky itself appears almost on fire, particularly during the night. Nothing can be more melancholy than the aspect of a burnt prairie: one black uniform surface; a vast plain of charcoal. During a fire, travellers crossing the prairie can only escape by burning the grass around them, and taking

shelter in the burnt part, where it must expire for want of fuel.

Some parts of these prairies are healthy, some wet, and others dry or undulating. The first have springs of water, and are covered with bushes of hazel, furze, and small sassafras shrubs, mixed with grape-vines, beautifully decorated with the brightest herbaceous plants. Early in March the forests are in bloom, and the bright Judas tree (*cerus Canadensis*,) the lonicera flava, and yellow jasmine, enliven and perfume the landscape. The bushes are overtopped with the common hop.

The alluvial or wet prairies are generally on the margins of the great watercourses. Their soil is black, friable, and of exhaustless fertility. From May till October, the prairies are covered with tall grass and flowers.

The dry or undulating prairies are almost destitute of springs and of all vegetation, with the exception of a crop of grass. There

are numerous ponds in this region, some formed from the surface water, some from rain and the melting of the snows in spring. In these are found great quantities of fishes common in the streams. After the waters subside, they are frequently taken away by cart-loads; those which are left when the water has evaporated attract thousands of buzzards,[1] which prey upon them.

When the tough sward is once formed, timber will not easily take root; but, when that is destroyed by the plough, it is soon converted into forest land. There are large tracts of country in the older settlements, which

[1] This bird lives on filth and putrid flesh, and is so useful in clearing away offensive substances that it is protected by law in the southern cities. They are foul birds, and exceedingly voracious, and sometimes gorge themselves with food in such a manner as to be unable to fly. They breed in solitary swamps, making their nests in decayed trunks of trees and excavated stumps; and, it is said that, if a person takes one of the young ones in his hands, it immediately vomits forth such abominable matter as soon to drive the intruder away. The old birds, when caught, drive off their enemy in a similar way.

the farmers formerly mowed for hay, now covered with a forest of timber of rapid growth.

A kind of country called barrens, or oak openings, prevails to some extent in the Illinois. This term is used in the West to designate a species of land of the character of forest and prairie. The surface is generally dry, and covered with oaks, sometimes interspersed with pine, hickory, or other forest trees, of stunted growth. They rise from a grassy turf, seldom encumbered by brushwood, occasionally broken by jungles of rich and gaudy flowering plants of the dwarf sumachs. Among these oak openings are some of the most glorious landscapes of the West; and the scenery is, for miles together, like that of a fine park, diversified by hill and dale, trees grouped and single, or arranged in long avenues, as though by human hands, with strips of open meadow between them. Sometimes the openings are interspersed by numerous clear lakes. When the

fires are stopped, these barrens produce timber at a most extraordinary rate; first, hazel and young shrubs, until finally a thicket of young timber covers the surface.

The buffalo has entirely left these plains, and is only found at the head-waters of the Mississippi, and of those vast streams west of the Missouri. They once roamed at large over the Illinois, and in considerable numbers, as the well-beaten buffalo paths still indicate. They usually take a direction from the prairies in the interior of the State to the margins of the great rivers, showing the course of their migrations, as they changed their pastures periodically from the low marshy alluvial to the dry upland plains. Their paths are narrow, and remarkably direct, showing that they travelled in single file through the woods, and pursued the most direct course to their places of destination.

Deer are very numerous, and increase with the population. They suffer most from the

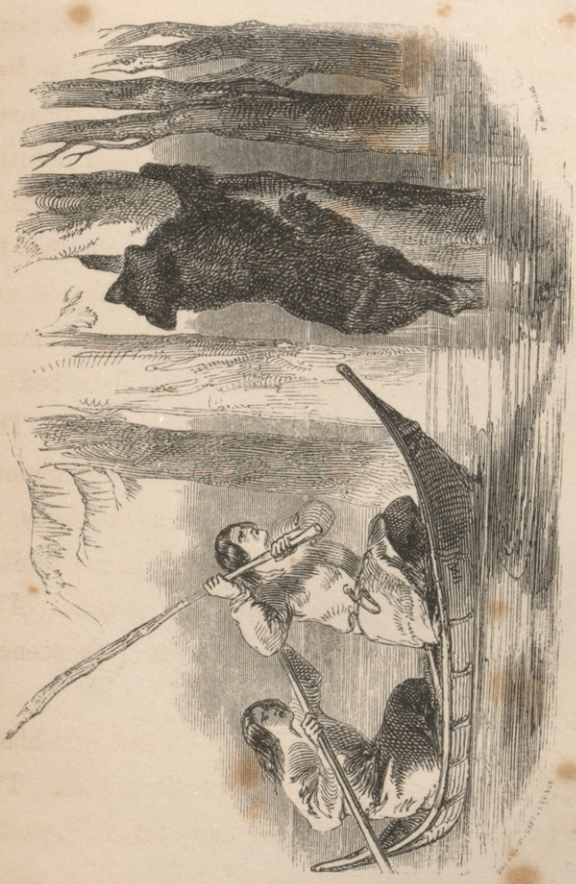
wolves, which hunt in packs, and seldom give up the chase until the deer is taken. It is asserted by the Illinois hunters that, during the season, when the pastures are green, this animal rises from his lair precisely at the rising of the moon, whether by day or night. The hunter keeps this in mind, as he rides slowly through the thickets with his rifle. On seeing a deer, he slides gently from his horse ; and, while the deer is observing the latter, he creeps upon him, keeping the largest trees between himself and the object of his pursuit, until he gets near enough to fire.

Another mode is by watching at the "salt licks" at night, where the deer remain licking the earth for hours. The hunter secretes himself in the thick top of a tree, or in a screen erected for the purpose. This manner is only followed in the cloudless nights of the summer or early autumn, when the moon shines brilliantly. Such places are generally bare of timber; and, as the animal is about

to emerge from the shade into the clear moonlight, he stops, looks cautiously around him, and snuffs the air; again advances a few paces, again stops and smells the ground. The hunter sits motionless and almost breathless until the animal comes into a favourable light and within shot. A few deer only can be thus killed in one night; and so timorous are they, that they are soon driven from any haunts where they are liable to be thus disturbed.

The elk or wapiti has disappeared. The bear is seldom met with; he inhabits the more wooded parts, and delights particularly in the cane-brakes, where he feeds in winter on the tender shoots of the young cane. The meat is said to be excellent in consequence, and is esteemed a great delicacy.

There are two kinds of wolves, the black or common wolf, and the prairie wolf. The former are large, fierce, and hunt in packs, and seldom attack man, unless when asleep or wounded. Their common prey are the



"TREEING" A BEAR.

deer, which they hunt regularly. The smell of burning assafœtida is said to have a remarkable effect upon this animal. If a fire be made in the woods and a small quantity of this drug thrown into it, any wolves that are in the neighbourhood immediately assemble round it, howling in a mournful manner. And such is the remarkable fascination which it exercises, that they will suffer themselves to be shot rather than leave the spot.

The prairie wolf is a smaller species, between the wolf and the fox. In colour, it resembles the latter. It is found exclusively on the open plains. It preys upon poultry, rabbits, which are very abundant on the prairies, young pigs, calves, &c. The most friendly relations subsist between it and the black wolf. Nothing is more common than to see a large black wolf, hunting in company with several prairie wolves.

Bees are found in every large patch of forest. When the frost has killed vegetation, they are hunted for their honey and wax.

The ponds, lakes, and rivers, during the migratory season of waterfowl, are covered with swans, pelicans, cranes, geese, brants, and ducks of all tribes and varieties. But the game of the most interest, and that of which we came in search, are the prairie hens, or prairie fowl—but of them more anon.

By different treaties, the Indians have ceded the whole of their territorial claims on the Illinois to the government of the United States. It appears that the Illinois, Delaware, Shawanee, Pottawatomie, Eel River, Weea, Kickapoo, and Piankasaw tribes, had each their hunting grounds on these prairies. Many Indian remains are met with. At the Saline Creek, large fragments of earthenware are constantly found, both on and under the ground. They have on them the impression of basket or wicker work; and it appears, from a variety of circumstances, that the Indians were acquainted with the manner of making salt; they valued it highly, and called the creek the great salt spring.

Near the town of Belvidere is a mound, the base of which covers nearly an acre of ground. It is elevated seventy feet above the bottom lands of Rock River, and on the top is the sepulchre of Big Thunder. He died about 1831 or 1832, in the Sauk war. He was placed in a sitting posture on a flag mat, wrapped in blankets, his scalping-knife by his side, to cut the plugs of tobacco that are offered to him. Over the body is constructed a covering of wood and earth, with an opening in front, where Big Thunder may be seen with his tobacco lying before him. The Indians still visit the place, to replenish his stores of whisky, tobacco, &c.

Thou sittest amongst us on thy mat;
The bear-skin from thy shoulder hangs;
Thy feet are sandall'd ready for the way.
Those are the unfatiguable feet
That traversed the forest track;
Those are the lips that late
Thunder'd the yell of war;
And that is the strong right arm,
Which never was lifted in vain.

On the right bank of the Illinois River is a perpendicular rock, near the foot of the Rapids, called the Starved Rock. It is washed by the current at its base, and rises to one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river, from which its perpendicular sides are inaccessible; but it is connected with a chain of heights, that extend up the stream, by a narrow ledge, the only ascent to which is by a winding and precipitous path. The diameter at top is not more than one hundred feet, and it is covered with a growth of young trees.

A band of Illinois Indians once sought refuge here from the fury of the Pottawatomies, with whom they were at war. They entrenched themselves, repulsed all the assaults of the besiegers, and would have remained masters of the high tower, but for the impossibility of obtaining supplies of water. Provisions they had secured—but their only means of procuring water was by letting down

vessels with bark ropes to the river, which ropes their enemies, stationed in canoes below, cut as fast as they were let down. The consequence was, the extirpation of the whole band—and their bones were whitening on the summit of the mountain for many a year after. An entrenchment corresponding to the edge of the precipice is distinctly visible; and fragments of antique pottery and other curious remains of the vanquished race are spread about.

The northern part of Illinois was the scene of many atrocities and much human slaughter, during the war of 1832 and 1833, between the Sac and Fox Indians and the United States. The Indians were conducted by the celebrated chief Black Hawk and the Prophet, who, after their capture, ceded the country east of the Mississippi to the United States.

A line of mounds, more ancient than even the wild and fabulous traditions of the Indians, are said to be scattered along the right bank of the Rock River and the Wisconsin territory.

The New Englander is now settled upon these plains. The last of the Indian race left in 1836; their gardens are overgrown with tall rank weeds, and their war cry is heard only beyond the Mississippi.

At the public-house, or shanty, where we put up for the night, after a drive of eight or ten miles, we found all the inmates in bed, covered up with blankets, and every thing which could add to warmth heaped upon them. The driver informed us that this was the *bad day* of their fever, but that the fit would soon be over, and that then they would set about our accommodation for the night. We did not particularly like stopping in a house where every soul was under the influence of remittent fever, but our Jehu comforted us with the assurance that more or less of it prevailed in every house on the prairies at this season of the year; so we took out our dogs and guns, and, on crossing through a patch of peas in the garden at the back of the house,

one of the dogs came to a point. It proved to be a pack of prairie-hens;[1] we shot eight brace in the garden: magnificent birds they were, as large as our black game; a bright band of orange citron colour encircles the eye. They are very game upon the wing, and, in the general colour of their plumage, resemble much the gray hen, with the exception of having a bag of orange-coloured skin on either side of the neck, over which hang long straight feathers. In the drumming season, like the birch partridge, they inflate these bags to a great size, at which time the feathers stand out at right angles. Of these, however, the female is deficient, as well as of the naked skin. Wilson calls them the pinnated grouse.

In the pairing season, like the birch partridge and the turkey, the male bird inflates himself, and makes a peculiar sound, which

[1] Tetrao Cupido; so called from two tufts of pointed feathers on either side the neck, resembling the wings of a little Cupid.

may be heard for several miles. Wilson describes it as a sort of ventriloquism. "It does not strike the ear of a bystander with much force, but impresses him with the idea, though produced within a few rods of him, of a voice a mile or two distant. This note is highly characteristic—it is termed '*tooting*,' from its resemblance to the blowing of a conch or horn from a remote quarter."

They contain more blood, taking into consideration their size, than any bird of the tribe—this was remarked by a brother officer who followed our steps over these prairies in the month of October; but who, instead of finding the birds to lie well, as we did, in the early part of September, found them very wild and to carry away very heavy shot, even No. 3; whereas, at our visit, we contrived to bag quantities when using No. 5, and even No. 7 shot. He further informed me, that he never saw birds which his pointers apparently took so little notice of, even when wounded.

But, as we found it to be quite the reverse in the month of September, and as he is one of the best and most observing sportsmen that I know, it follows that, if these prairies be visited for the sake of shooting the pinnated grouse, it should not be later than the middle of September.

We found also woodcock and quail in the long grass, and numbers of the beautiful wood-duck and blue-winged teal in all the pools and rivers near; so that, by the time they had recovered at the inn, we had had a capital day's sport, and a brace of grouse were soon ready for supper. Like all the grouse tribe, they have dark and light-coloured meat, but are rather dry, and not to be compared in flavour to the red game. Next day, we continued our course over the prairies, steering, as it were, now for a clump of trees, now for some rise on the horizon—across the rolling prairies without road or track—through the most luxuriant grassy herbage as deep as

the wheels of the waggon, stopping occasionally by the way to shoot grouse, ducks, or quail. Our eventual object was to reach the Fox River, along the line of which we heard that the prairie-hens abounded, in consequence of the cultivation along its banks; and by night we arrived, and put up at one among a few huts on the banks of the river. The heat was overpowering; and, during three days that we stayed there, we could shoot only in the mornings and evenings. The country was much dried up, but we found game in great quantities round the house, so that we had as much shooting as we could manage both of grouse and quail.

But, before reaching Fox River, I discovered that I was in for the ague, or rather that it was well in *me*. I swallowed quantities of quinine, by virtue of which I was generally enabled to shoot, after the attack went off, in the evening, and always on the intermediate day. We next moved our

quarters, some eight miles down the river, and put up at a log-hut. Here an old woman gave me a decoction of a plant which she called *thorough-wort*, and which, I think, is a species of eupatorium. The leaves of it grew opposite to each other, and, though it alleviated the fits, my recollection of it is that the remedy was almost as bad as the disease, it having been by far the most bitter and nauseous beverage I ever imbibed. In one week we had nearly finished all our ammunition, and began to think of returning.

Just before our departure, we saw in the neighbourhood one of those curious salt-licks, to which for ages countless herds of buffaloes, deer, elks, and other animals appear to have annually resorted. Bones are found to a great depth deposited under the soil, layer upon layer, and among them bones of the mammoth and mastodon; and geologists say that the vast masses found here are to be accounted for by the herds which had come

down to the licks being pursued by wolves and panthers, and, panic-stricken, trampling each other to death. These places bear the name of the Mammoth Licks. It is utterly impossible to keep animals from salt-licks; and farmers who have enclosed fields near them, finding their hedges repeatedly broken, at length usually compromise the matter by making a road to them.

Wild turkeys and wapiti are to be found on these prairies, but the chance of getting at them appeared so uncertain, that we returned to Chicago without making the attempt. Rattlesnakes are very numerous; and it is a curious fact that the Almighty has provided the antidote for their poison, in the rattlesnake plantain—an orchis-looking plant, the leaves of which taper up to a sharp point: the Indians chew it to a pulp, and bind it over the wound. This, they say, is the only remedy that will extract the venom. The snakes gain a rattle with every year of their

age: when about to make a spring, they erect them. I killed one near the Falls, on the snow, with an axe; it had fourteen rattles, and was as thick as a man's arm; it had been caught by the frost, before it had provided a winter habitation. They would increase to a fearful extent, were it not for the fires on the prairies, by which great numbers are destroyed.

We made a prosperous voyage back to Detroit, and crossed over to the Canada side of the river, where we had capital woodcock and snipe-shooting. Thence we rowed down to Fort Malden, garrisoned by one of our regiments. Along the Lake Erie shore, we met with plenty of quail. As we were informed that wild turkeys were numerous in the neighbourhood, we determined, before leaving the country, to "have a shy at them."

Franklin observes that "the turkey would have been a much fitter emblem of the United States than the white-headed eagle—a lazy,

cowardly, tyrannical bird, living on the honest labours of others, and more suited to represent an imperial despotic government than the Republic of America."

The male bird of the wild turkey, or gobbler, is a noble bird, and his plumage is resplendent with the brightest gold-tinged bronze, varying, as he changes position, to blue, violet, and green. Each feather is terminated with a deep black band, and has also a bronze or copper-coloured lustre. I found the feathers from the tail to make excellent wings for "hare's ears," and "deep purple" artificial flies to be quite as good as the mallard's coat, and infinitely better than those of the domestic bird used for the same purpose.

The wild turkey-cock has a long pendent tuft of hair on its breast. This, as well as the carnucles about the head and neck, comes to perfection and arrive at the greatest size and length in the third year. Audubon says, that from fifteen to eighteen pounds may

be taken as a fair average of their weight, but that he once saw a gobbler in the Louisville market, which weighed thirty-six pounds, and the tuft of hair on the breast measured upwards of a foot. Bonaparte confirms this account, but remarks that birds of thirty pounds are not rare.

The wild turkey, however he may be surprised when feeding in patches of maize or buckwheat in the clearance, is the most difficult bird possible to find in the woods, as they run with great swiftness, and are most watchful. They are bad flyers, and, for that reason, go up to the tops of the highest trees before they will attempt the passage of rivers of no great width; and even then, the weakest birds are often sacrificed in the attempt. The lumberers on the Mississippi, Ohio, and other broad streams, are so well aware of their proceedings, that, when they hear the row, the strutting, the gobbling, and all the other devices practised by the oldest birds to instil

courage into the funking part of the community, they take up a position in the neighbourhood, and, so soon as the turkeys make up their mind, and have screwed their courage up for a start, they contrive to bag great quantities which have fallen into the water. After mounting the highest trees they can find, they stretch out their necks once or twice, as if to take breath; and, at a given signal, all start together for the nearest point on the opposite side, descending constantly until they reach it.

In the love-making season, there is no end to the strutting and puffing of the male, for the purpose of winning the admiration of his mate; and his splendid tail is then spread in the form of a fan—a habit pursued on the same occasion both by the ruffed and pinnated species of grouse. After the season of incubation, the males cease to gobble, and are easily killed; but at this time they are of no value; being meagre and covered with

vermin. In the breeding season, however, they are often decoyed within shot, by blowing through the large bone of the turkey's wing, cut off at one end, and which, if skilfully performed, produces exactly the plaintive sound of the female. When this practice is followed, the hunter proceeds cautiously and alone, and places himself under "a roost." As the light appears, he may find himself directly under a flock of turkeys; but, if not, he must wait until he hears the gobble. Then, says a Yankee writer, in "The Spirit of the Times,"[1] the first sound from the old gobblers the hunter answers by the plaintive note of the female, and the male bird is ready to search out a mistress with becoming gallantry. "Pup, pup," lisps the hunter; "Gobble, gobble," utters the proud bird; and here the interest of the hunt commences. Then is to be seen the alluring on of the gobbler, his struttings and prancings, and a thousand gal-

[1] The "Bell's Life" of the New World, published in New York.

lant airs, for his lady-love. Anon his suspicions get the better of his love; and the coward is plainly visible in his suddenly contracted body and air of ready flight. The hunter warily plies his music, and the bird comes on, until the sure rifle finds the beautiful bird in its range. This, however, requires to be practised with skill, for the cautiousness of the wild turkey is wonderful, surpassing that of the deer or any other game whatever: and nothing but stratagem and the most intimate knowledge of its habits will command success.

"We once knew an Indian," says the above-quoted writer, "who gained a living by bringing game into a town in the West, who always boasted exceedingly if he could add a wild turkey to his common load of deer; and, as the demand for birds was greater than he could supply, he was taunted by the disappointed epicures of the village for want of skill in hunting. To this charge he would

always reply with great indignation, saying that the quality of venison which he brought to market was sufficient proof of his being a good hunter. 'Look here,' he would angrily say; 'I see deer on the prairie; deer look up and say, May be Indian, may be stump—and deer eats on; come little nearer, deer look up again, and say, May be Indian, may be stump; and first thing deer knows, he dead. I see wild turkey great way off; creep up very slowly; turkey look up and say, first time he see me, Dat damn Indian any how; and off he goes; no catch turkey, *he cunning too much*.' "

The writer, proceeding with his description of this splendid bird, says, "The Englishman, Frenchman, or any other European, vaunt about the Thames, the Seine, and the like, and thereby grow very conceited and satisfied; but knock under when you mention the wild turkey, and willingly admit that America is a great country: indeed, Franklin

knew all this; and, with a wisdom that eclipsed himself, wished to have this bird of birds introduced upon our national emblem, instead of the eagle. The idea was enough to have immortalized him, if he had not been a philosopher, or a modern Ajax, defying the lightning." This is all very fine; but, had they thus exalted the gobbler, what would have become of the French comparison—"Bête comme un dindon!"

We made a party, and left Amherstburg in search of turkeys; and, after a drive of a couple of hours, arrived at some small "clearances," amidst a great tract of forest, and close to an immense marsh overgrown with a sort of jungle of long grass, stunted alder, willow, and shumac, said to be a very favourite place of these princes of the gallinaceous tribe—the manner of shooting them being the same as that pursued by our sportsmen, when waiting for the water-fowl tribe at a spring at night-fall. The party took up their stations in the vicinity of

a patch of buckwheat, which is the favourite food of these birds, whose acute sense of hearing is so strong, that, as a matter of precaution, we placed our guns on full cock; for so shy are they, that a click of a London-made lock would be sufficient to give the alarm and disperse any number of them, who, in all probability, would not return to the same *locale* for many nights.

We had not long been in our places before the noise of the gobbler was heard, and continued at intervals; this naturally put all on the *qui vive*, and in readiness for action. Suddenly I observed one of the party, whose station was opposite to mine, advance slowly and cautiously along the zig-zag fence which served as a protection for the crop of buckwheat from the promiscuous intruders in the forest. The twilight was fast fading away, and it was with difficulty that I could follow the movements of my friend. After twenty minutes or so, in which time he had managed

to progress as many yards, he abruptly stopped, and, raising his gun to his shoulder, took deliberate aim. Just as I expected to hear the report of his fowling-piece, I was startled by the sudden explosion of a tremendous oath, followed by a volley of curses and maledictions; but, to make a long story short, instead of the expected gobblers, who should make his appearance but our wretched sable guide, who, having stationed himself in the immediate neighbourhood of the clearances, for the purpose of attracting the turkeys, had, owing to his most faithful imitation of the aforesaid gobble within range of our weapons, well nigh fallen a victim to the sporting ardour of my friend. This unfortunate nigger now stood alternately trembling and grinning, between the uncertainty of life and death, and within ten yards of the muzzle of a double gun, loaded with swan-shot. After trying in every possible way to get shots at wild turkeys, we ended by giving it up in disgust; which was

not a little increased by hearing that, soon after we departed, our guide, the nigger, had killed five in the very same patches of maize.

We left our hospitable friends of the 34th to the pursuit of the turkeys, and to the building up of the fort: the only occupation to be found in this the most westerly of our garrisons.

On returning to the Falls, we found the men and officers stowed away in two of the great hotels, and in sundry shanties and sheds in Drummondville; and the company to which I belonged put up in a large building in Lundy's Lane—classic ground, on which the battle was fought, in 1812.

CHAPTER XIX.

UPPER CANADA—NIAGARA DISTRICT.

"All this and much more have I seen since my departure from England; but I doubt if any transmarine spectacle gave me half so much pleasure as did the sight of the jolly, red, weather-beaten face of the first *bumboat woman* who came alongside our gallant frigate at Spithead!"

MUNDY'S *India*.

Deer-stalking in the woods—Of the best kind of gun for Upper Canada—The log-hut and process of clearing the land—Water-fowl—Novel kind of card-table—Long Point—Silver and cross foxes—Singular kind of Boa—Starky's Museum — Racoon — Squirrels — Rifles — Black corps on skates—Long-tailed Ducks—The Bald Eagle—The wind-up.

Deer-stalking in the woods in winter requires the quickest eye, and must be conducted with the greatest possible caution. In all the parts of the forests which the deer inhabit are to be found cedar or alder swamps; these are lower than the surrounding ground, on which the timber grows larger,

stronger, and it follows, as a matter of course, wider apart; whereas, in the swamps, the stems of the cedar and alder (especially the former, which is evergreen) are much closer, growing quite in a thicket. The thickets are selected by the deer as their sheltering places during the day; in them they find their feeding, and secure, in the thickness of the place, they have a great advantage over the hunter, who has to approach them through the more open forest, and rather on an inclined plane. The odds are, therefore, much against him, even should he be stealing up wind, and have the elements in his favour in the shape of a gale of wind, which sets any shaken or rheumatic trees groaning and wheezing.

Nature has, moreover, given this watchful animal her assistance by changing its coat at this season of the year into a dun colour—most difficult to distinguish among the surrounding grays, the prevailing colour of the woods in their winter dress. Even the very

birds are against man, and the beautiful blue jay (*Corvus Cristatus*) in particular, which are very numerous, give instant warning by their screaming and chattering—an alarm which the deer soon learn, and become fully sensible of its import. On more occasions than one, I have found that the beautiful blue rascal has prevented my surprising deer in their lair.

In deer-stalking, in the woods of Upper Canada, I would recommend the hunter to learn well the locale of the country in the immediate neighbourhood of his quarters, to find out whereabouts exactly are situated these swamps, as well as what are called "hurricanes," also the favourite resort of deer. These hurricanes are insulated spots in the great bush, where a whirlwind has descended and matted together masses of huge trees, torn up or broken down by the force of a tornado, and many of them thrown across one another in the most impenetrable con-

fusion. He should then proceed most cautiously to some spot to leeward of these places, and, having taken up his position under the wind, and selected a comparatively open place, send some one round to come upon the swamps or hurricane in the opposite direction, when the deer will immediately be alarmed, and the chances of getting a shot are much more in his favour than by going straight an end through the forest.

There is also another manner, which is to find out, along the outskirts of the forest, if the "clearances" have been made in such a way as to have left large patches of the woods standing out in the form of promontories, by walking round which it is easy to ascertain by the tracks whether deer have entered, and, of course, whether they have left. Should one of these portions of the bush contain deer, the sportsman can have them driven by the same means, or with a cur dog—for all dogs in Upper Canada are constantly so em-

ployed—whilst the hunter takes up his position to command "the pass." He is then almost sure of a shot; and, as before stated in another part of this work, on his hallooing sharply, the deer will stop short for an instant, when, if he be expert enough, he may get a standing shot; but for this a great deal of nicety is required, and the hunter must be careful so to time his shout that the animal may halt in an open space; for it has happened to me that, by not so managing it, a deer has been "brought up" exactly in the very thickest spot, with two huge butts of trees between him and my sight. Of course, there was no use in moving — there was not time. I therefore laid my rifle, fancying that I should catch him as he crossed my barrel at the first bound—a calculation impossible to make to a certainty, and in this case the luck was against me; for, instead of dashing forward, the animal jumped some six feet in height to clear a prostrate log, which no eye,

taking all things into consideration, could scan in the semi-momentary halt made by this deer.

The same plan can be pursued, where points of the forest form promontories into the frozen lakes: and, by going from one of these places to another, the hunter will, in all probability, kill deer, if they are but in moderate plenty in the vicinity.

One word as to the best sort of gun for Upper Canada. On the whole, then, as there is not the facility of carrying about several kinds of guns, a smooth-bored "double-gun," which will throw ball true at sixty yards (and most guns will) is the best weapon for deer-shooting, as most of the shots got in the woods in Upper Canada are within that distance. It is, therefore, available for small game. There is a prejudice against firing ball from a smooth-bored gun, as it is supposed to injure it for shot. No sort of damage is done by having the balls cast in a mould one size smaller than the guage of the barrel; and,

by placing them in the ends of the fingers of kid gloves, cut off long enough to cover the ball, they will fly quite true, and will not injure the gun in the slightest degree; and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a ball will fly nearly as true at sixty yards, as one fired from the best rifle turned out of Moore's or Lancaster's shops. It is to be remembered, however, that only two-thirds of the charge of powder used when shooting with shot is required when the same gun is to be loaded with ball.

Deer are very plentiful about the sources of the Welland, some three or four miles from Dumville, on the Grand River; and we frequently put up at a log hut in that vicinity, for the sake of hunting and of obtaining the services of the proprietor, who was an adept in the art. He and his family had but just bought some fifty acres of the forest, and built their house; and the process of clearing the land was in full progress during our visit. It would have astonished an inhabitant of the

old world not a little to see a door open every evening at sun-down, and a pair of oxen yoked to a huge piece of magnificent oak timber, which would square between three and four feet, and drag it bodily into the middle of the habitation; when, detaching it from the chains, our host and his brother rolled the log into the back of the grate with hand-spikes (the said grate comprising the whole length of one end of the hut), where it would burn for four-and-twenty hours, when the same operation would again be repeated. Our host had no means of getting any sale for his timber, and therefore the sooner it was got rid of (by fire) the sooner his land would be cleared.

He was most anxious to show us all the sport he could, and tried every means to bring the deer within shot. He placed rock-salt in an open place in the bush, and felled a green pine, stating, that to lick the one or browse upon the other, it was certain the deer would find their way to the spot so soon as

the night set in. Watching for them, however, in the moonlight nights, with a deep snow upon the ground, was but a frigid amusement; and, although we got several shots, we soon gave it up for the day-stalking. On one occasion, when out near this hut by myself, I suddenly saw a whole flock of wolves, trotting along in Indian file. I had but just time to get behind a tree; and it was with feelings of no little satisfaction that I saw them all (twelve or fifteen) pass by, without being aware of my proximity to them; for, although armed with a loaded rifle and an axe, they would have availed little had the voracious brutes taken it into their heads to attack me.

On either side of the Grand River, close to Dumville, there are large marshes where the snipe-shooting is good, and wild fowl also are very plentiful, particularly "the wood-duck" and "the black duck." I have had the latter disturbed along the river, and the former from among the flooded swamps in the

forest by a negro, who offers himself as a sort of cicerone to any sportsman that may visit Dumville; and, when standing on the banks of an outlet of the Grand River which forms the feeder to the Welland canal, I have killed great numbers on "the pass."

A ludicrous adventure happened to a brother officer and two friends, when duck-shooting, at Long Point, on Lake Erie. The point is detached from the main land about eight miles, and then, a succession of sand-bars, forming islands which run twenty miles into the lake, with marshes on the one side, chiefly beds of wild rice and high reeds, the resort of countless water-fowl. They had to make a camp, and took a man and punt each, a tent and a cook; the flight-shooting, when the wind set in from the lake for half an hour or more, was magnificent. Stationed in their punts among the reeds, near a rice-bed, they each fired as fast as they could load, bringing in generally from fifty to sixty

large black ducks of an evening; besides what they killed punting about during the day, wild geese, &c.

Scarcely had they been settled, as well as the space would admit of in their camp, when the sheriff of an adjoining county joined the party: he was also very fond of duck-shooting, but, from the circumstance of his pulling a pack of cards out of his pocket immediately after they had disposed of their dinner, grog, and kettle of hot tea, it might be argued that the duck-shooting was not the sole inducement of his visit. They were three in number, and he would make a fourth; thus, there was no occasion for that useful adjunct on an emergency of this sort yclept "Dummy." Our friends were excessively tired, and had no sort of wish to play whist; moreover, their camp, being much like that in which the writer of that best of all novels placed his hero, Peter Simple, in the neighbourhood of Flushing, when a wolf took

a fancy to divide the narrow apartment with him, was so small that they could not sit upright. However, the new-comer was very pressing, and at last they complied; and, as they could not sit up, it was voted that the corporation of the stoutest of them should do duty as a table. A clean towel was spread over upon the living mass, and the game commenced. This practice was continued for several nights, until the sheriff was regularly "cleaned out," and sent home, being obliged to borrow money to take him back, and leaving in debt besides.

During the ten days they staid there, they killed hundreds of ducks, black and gray—teal, widgeon, and wild geese. It is the best place in Canada for wild-fowl shooting, the next being Ballidoon, near Lake St. Clair.

The marshes on either side of the Chippeway Creek are full of snipes in the months of September and October; and, from the Falls, in a direct line along the left of the

road to Queenston, and in the cedars in the vicinity of this village, woodcocks are to be found in the same months in considerable quantities, and in the Indian corn in the low country below Queenston heights, also on the line of road from Chippeway village towards Port Colborne, where the Welland canal has its outlet in Lake Erie. Quail (the Virginian quail—*Tetrao Virginianus*) are very numerous all over this part of Upper Canada; they are in size between that of our quail and the partridge—are found in bevies of from eighteen to twenty-five—are very game, and, next to woodcocks, are decidedly the best shooting in Upper Canada.

Navy Island is full of deer, and lies very conveniently for autumnal stalking.

I have been told that, in the immediate neighbourhood of Toronto, the cock-shooting is excellent, and extends up the shore of Lake Ontario as far as a creek called the Credit.

It is curious that, in the whole of these districts, we could hear of no fly-fishing.

When at Mackinaw, I purchased a beautiful skin of the black or silver fox, which is very rare. There is a species, however, which appears to be a cross between that and the common fox, and is called the cross fox, which is very beautiful, although not to be compared to the former. They are constantly shot near the Falls of Niagara; and I have also a specimen of this latter, which was shot *in a tree* by the landlord of the great hotel, a good rifle shot, as the many scalps of the eagle and the antlers of deer hung round his chamber attest. The skins of these foxes were worn by our officers as boas, and added not a little to the general effect of blanket coats, with their deep blue borders, scarlet wings, seams, &c., and other means and appliances of winter costumes. Silver buttons were substituted for the eyes, by which means the head of the animal, when

passed round the neck, becomes fastened under the chin, and the beautiful black brush hangs down in front.

There is a capital museum of all the natural curiosities of the district, kept by Mr. Starkey at the Falls. Most visitors become acquainted with him; as his house is the depository of the sort of oil-skin, sentry-box kind of garment in which their bodies are enveloped, before passing behind the "great falling sheet of water," and a certificate signed by that individual is presented to each visitor who has passed that ordeal. A rope has been fastened along the rock by this enterprising fellow, and ladies are enabled to proceed to the distance of eighty or one hundred feet between the falling flood and the rock; walking along a ledge of the latter, and "holding on" by the line, with no further *désagrement* than that of a cold shower-bath, and the deafening roar of the cataract, and with the comfortable conviction that it is

impossible to fall off the ledge of rock into the abyss below, as the counter-current of wind is strong enough of itself to prevent even suicidal attempts of the sort. Many living rattlesnakes are kept at the museum, some of them of a great age—they are found in quantities about the Falls.

The woods are full of racoons, which, like the bear, take up their abode for the winter in some hollow tree. The former select the finest and most healthy-looking oaks, which the crafty woodsman would guess, from sundry heaps of dust accumulated at the bottom (the work of the woodpecker,) to have incipient decay of the trunk, or at least that it had begun in some of the forks. The racoons select these trees, as the roughness of the bark prevents the scratches of their nails from being traced. The weather, however, affects the racoon, and a sudden thaw obliges him to descend for food, when his tracks at the bottom of a tree tell a tale, which no in-

genuity on his part can efface, although I have been told that they try to effect it by brushing the snow over them with their tails, before they again ascend. Although the hunters cannot entirely depend on these signs, it is astonishing with what *sang froid* they will proceed to cut down the largest trees on the chance of finding the racoons. Each tree contains generally three or four, and they will frequently sleep undisturbed during the operation of felling, until the tree comes to the ground with a crash, which splits it into ribbons. The racoons, though so unceremoniously roused from a torpid state, are instantly all alive, and rush up the nearest "saplings," where they become a mark for the rifle; an expert marksman never hits either the racoon or black squirrel anywhere but in the eye. This is not merely to show his skill as a shot, but it is invariably practised for the sake of not injuring the skin. Some superior riflemen will brag that they can hit

the bark in a particular way, so close to the squirrel as to stun him, when he falls off the tree, and, before he has recovered from the effect of the blow, they pick him up—or as the Yankee song has it,

> Then a rifleman there's such a shot,
> The birds, when they see him a-loading,
> Come down, and fall dead on the spot,
> They can't bear the noise of exploding.

Racoons are said to be very injurious to fields of maize and all kinds of fruits, to be very fond of strong liquors so as to get excessively drunk, and often to become the prey of snakes. Those which inhabit places near the sea-shore live much on shell-fish, particularly oysters. They will watch the opening of the shell, dexterously introduce their paw, and tear out the contents. Sometimes the oyster suddenly closes, catching the thief and detaining him, until drowned by the return of the tide. They likewise feed on crabs, both land and sea. It has all the cunning of the fox. Lawson says, "that it

will stand on the side of a swamp and hang its tail over the water; the crabs will lay hold, mistaking it for a bait, which as the racoon feels, he pulls it with a sudden jerk, and makes a prey of the cheated crabs."

"The racoon is tamed with great ease, so as to follow its master along the streets like a dog, but never can be broken of its habit of stealing or killing poultry. It is so fond of sugar or any sweet things, as to do infinite mischief in a house if care is not taken. It has many of the actions of a monkey, such as feeding itself with its fore-feet, sitting up to eat, being always in motion, very inquisitive, and examining every thing it sees with its paws. Though it is not fond of water, it dips into it all sorts of dry food which are given to it, and will wash its face like a cat. It is sought after on account of the fur; some people eat it, and it is very good meat. The fur makes the best hats next to that of the beaver."

Nowhere in the United States is the manufacture of the rifle attended to with greater care than in Buffalo. The barrel being very thick, and the bore (fifty to sixty to the pound) being proportionably small, the weight of metal prevents the slightest recoil, and the ball flies to its point-blank range; about one hundred yards is the outside, but they cannot be depended upon for more than sixty. Germans are chiefly employed in the manufacture of the rifle. I paid but £6 currency for an excellent one. It would hit a dollar to a certainty at sixty yards.

Squirrels of many kinds abounded about Niagara woods—the flying squirrel, the large gray squirrel, the masked squirrel, and the black without end. The gray are the most beautiful of all the species. Some writers affirm that the black make regular migrations on the approach of severe weather, that they cross rivers on branches, waiting for a fair wind to embark, spreading their tails in the

manner of a sail, and that thus they are wafted to the other side. Certain it is that they swim well, and will beat a dog in the water. Besides the pursuit of these animals, the track of a wild turkey would occasionally put the hunter on the *qui vive*, but they usually led him only into a swamp, which baffled all their pursuit.

During the winter, the skating on the Chippewa Creek was excellent, and added not a little to our amusement. Large parties contested games of hockey on the ice, some forty or fifty being ranged on each side. A ludicrous scene, too, was afforded by the instruction of a black corps in skating: from the peculiar formation of a negro's foot, and the length of his heel, they were constantly falling forward; it was impossible to keep them on their skates, and down they came by whole sections. They might have done admirably on snow-shoes, but it was lamentable to witness the dreadful "headers" they suffered from the skates.

A tandem sleigh-club, of some twenty or thirty sleighs, met alternately twice in each week, at Niagara town or the Falls. A luncheon, and a ball in the evening, concluded the gaieties of the day.

Thousands of long-tailed ducks pass at sundown from Lake Ontario, which never freezes, up the line of the Niagara River. We used to turn out in numbers to wait for them. On a cold, clear night, they might be heard making a tremendous noise, until division after division passed over our heads, and volley after volley brought them down in crowds. Many came out for the express purpose of firing a random shot, and rushing in to pick up the spoil. However, like all other ducks, they soon became very wary, and could be killed only on the pass, when a strong wind against them kept them low; nothing, however, confounds the water-fowl tribe like a thick fog; it is then that they become an easy prey to the fowler. The long-tailed

duck is but indifferent eating; their flesh is fishy and strong. They were a little improved by bleeding, for which, indeed, all wild fowl are the better. These flocks passed beyond Lake Erie in the evening, as that lake was frozen over, but I never knew to what river; at daybreak they returned to Ontario, where they remained during the day.

The Falls of Niagara are the great resort of the bald eagle, (*aquila ceucocephalus*,) and the osprey, (*aquila haliata*,) or fish-hawk. The former is the national emblem, and the noblest of the tribe found in North America. They afford excellent sport to the rifleman, and the scalp of a bald eagle takes rank far above the head and antlers of the finest stag. They breed in the old trees overhanging the Falls, and are often to be seen sailing majestically above them. I subjoin Wilson's graphical and eloquent account of this prince of quarries.

"This distinguished bird, as he is the most

beautiful of his tribe in this part of the world, and the adopted emblem of our country, is entitled to particular notice. The celebrated cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for the bald eagle, as well on account of the fish procured there as for the numerous carcases of squirrels, deer, bears, and various other animals, that, in their attempt to cross the river above the Falls, have been dragged into the current and precipitated down that tremendous gulf, where among the rocks that bound the rapids below they furnish a rich repast for the vulture, the raven, and the bald eagle. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold, feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land, possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves, unawed by anything but man, and, from the etherial heights to which it soars, looking abroad at one glance on an immeasurable extent of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean, deep

below him; he appears indifferent to the little localities or change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the higher to the lower regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is, therefore, found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits, but prefers such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish. In procuring these, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, daring, contemplative, and tyrannical: attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but, when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree, that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls

slowly winnowing the air, the busy tringæ coursing along the sands, trains of ducks streaming over the surface, silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading, clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests his whole attention: by his wide curvature of wings and sudden suspension in the air he knows him to be the fish-hawk; settling over some devoted victim of the deep, his eye kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself with half-open wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around!

"At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour, and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the

air with screams of exultation. This is the signal for our hero, who, launching in the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most elegant and sublime aërial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; and the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods."

The appetite of the bald eagle, though habituated to long fastings, is of the most voracious and often the most indelicate kind. Fish, when he can obtain them, are preferred to all other fare. Young lambs and pigs are dainty morsels, and made free with on all favourable occasions. Ducks, geese, gulls, and

other sea-fowls, are also seized with avidity. The most putrid carrion, when nothing better can be had, is acceptable; and the collected groups of gormandizing vultures, on the approach of this dignified personage, instantly disperse, and make way for their master, waiting his departure in sullen silence, and at a respectful distance, on the adjacent tree.

> High o'er the wat'ry uproar silent seen,
> Sailing sedate in majesty serene,
> Now 'midst the pillar'd spray sublimely lost,
> And now, emerging, down the rapids tost,
> Glides the bald eagle, gazing calm and slow
> O'er all the horrors of the scene below;
> Intent alone to sate himself with blood,
> From the torn victims of the raging flood.

But to return from this poetic description to the affairs of every-day life. Skating, sleighing, and hunting, serve to beguile the monotony of a Canadian winter, which was fast drawing to its close, when I received an order to join the depôt of my regiment in England; and I was going a round of farewells, when, at eleven o'clock at night, the bugles of the dif-

ferent cantonments sounded the "Turn out," and company after company were hastening down to Forsyth's Hotel—a great overgrown wooden pile, six stories high, which overlooked the Falls—it was on fire, and, being wholly composed of wood, burnt like tinder. The doors were torn off their hinges, the furniture thrown out of windows, and all the efforts five hundred soldiers could make were tried to save the house—but in vain.

The effect was magnificent; there was not a breath of wind, and the night was pitchy dark; the glorious Falls roared like thunder, the liquid flames lit them up, and they were seen as plainly as in the broad daylight.

This was my farewell look at the mighty cataract. Early the following morning, I was *en route* for the Old World, and amongst all the phases of Niagara's grandeur, this is not the one that my memory least loves to dwell upon.

THE END.

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