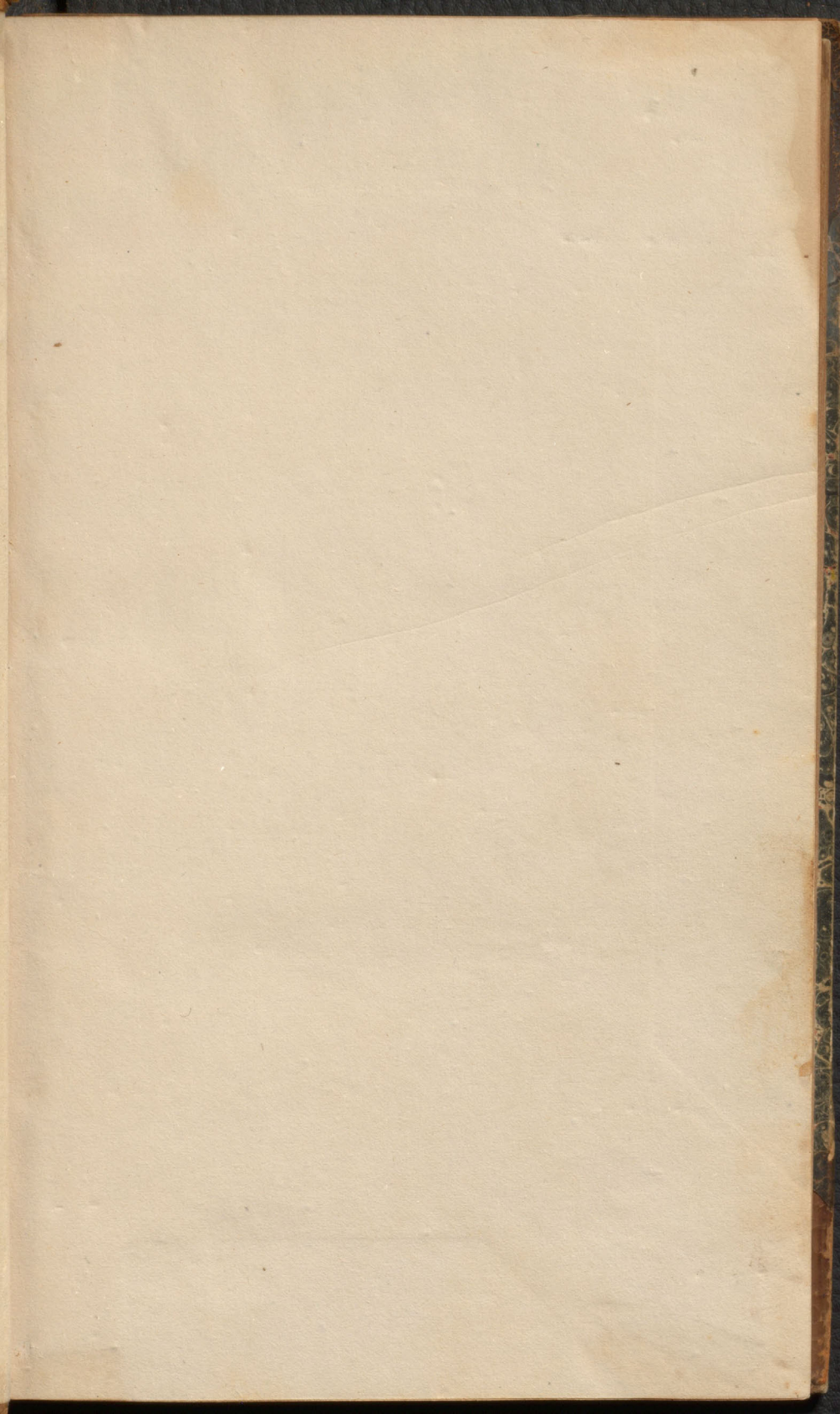
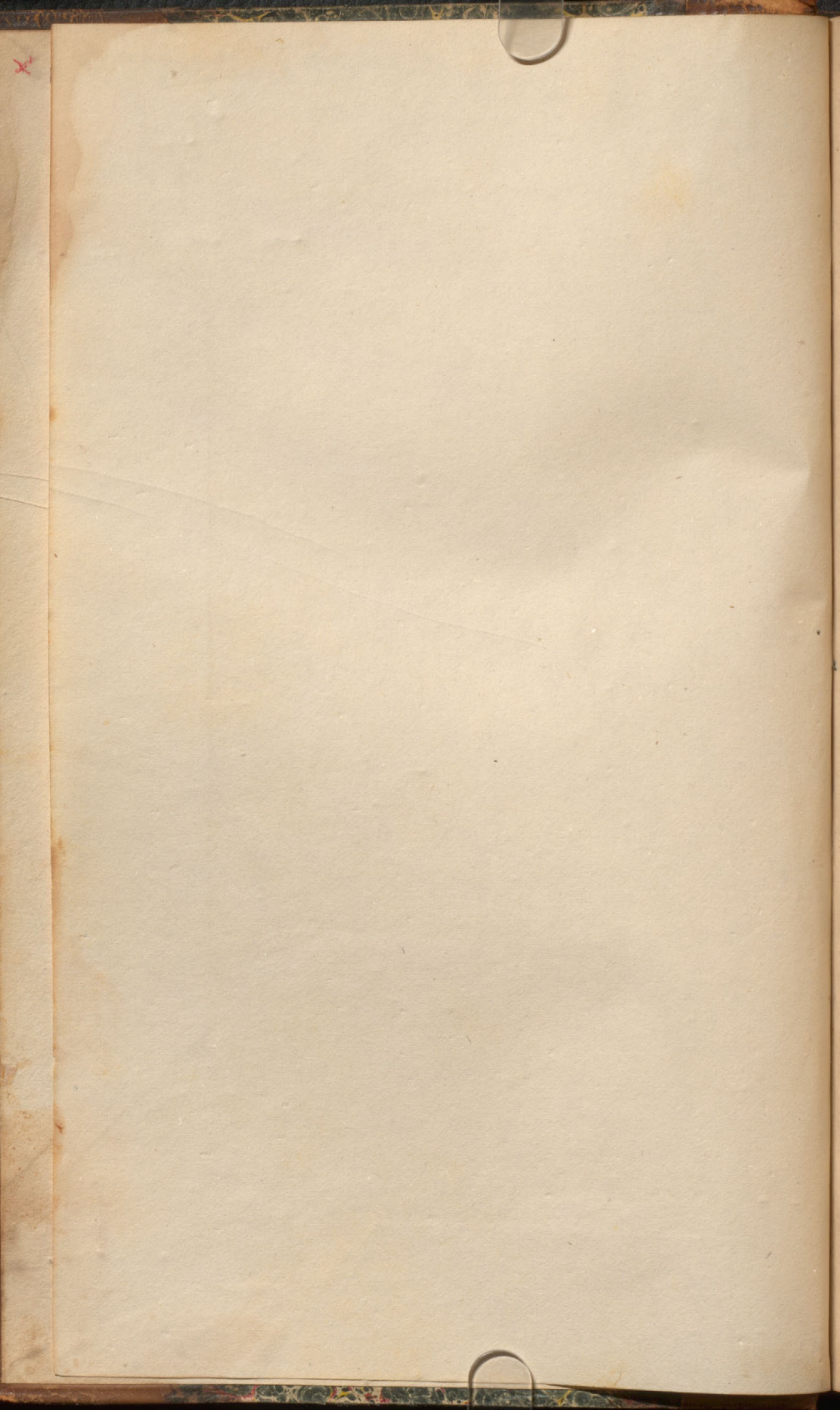
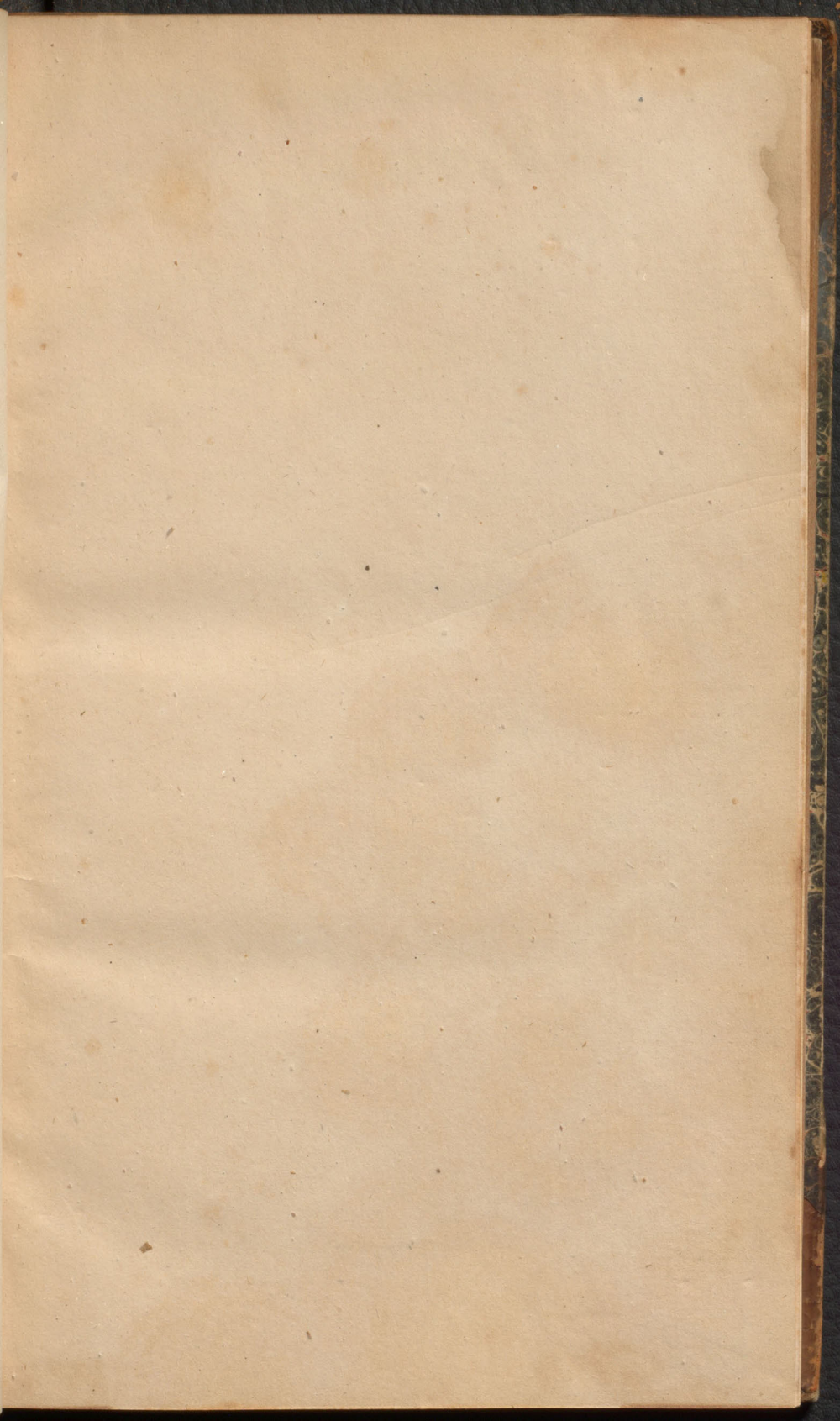


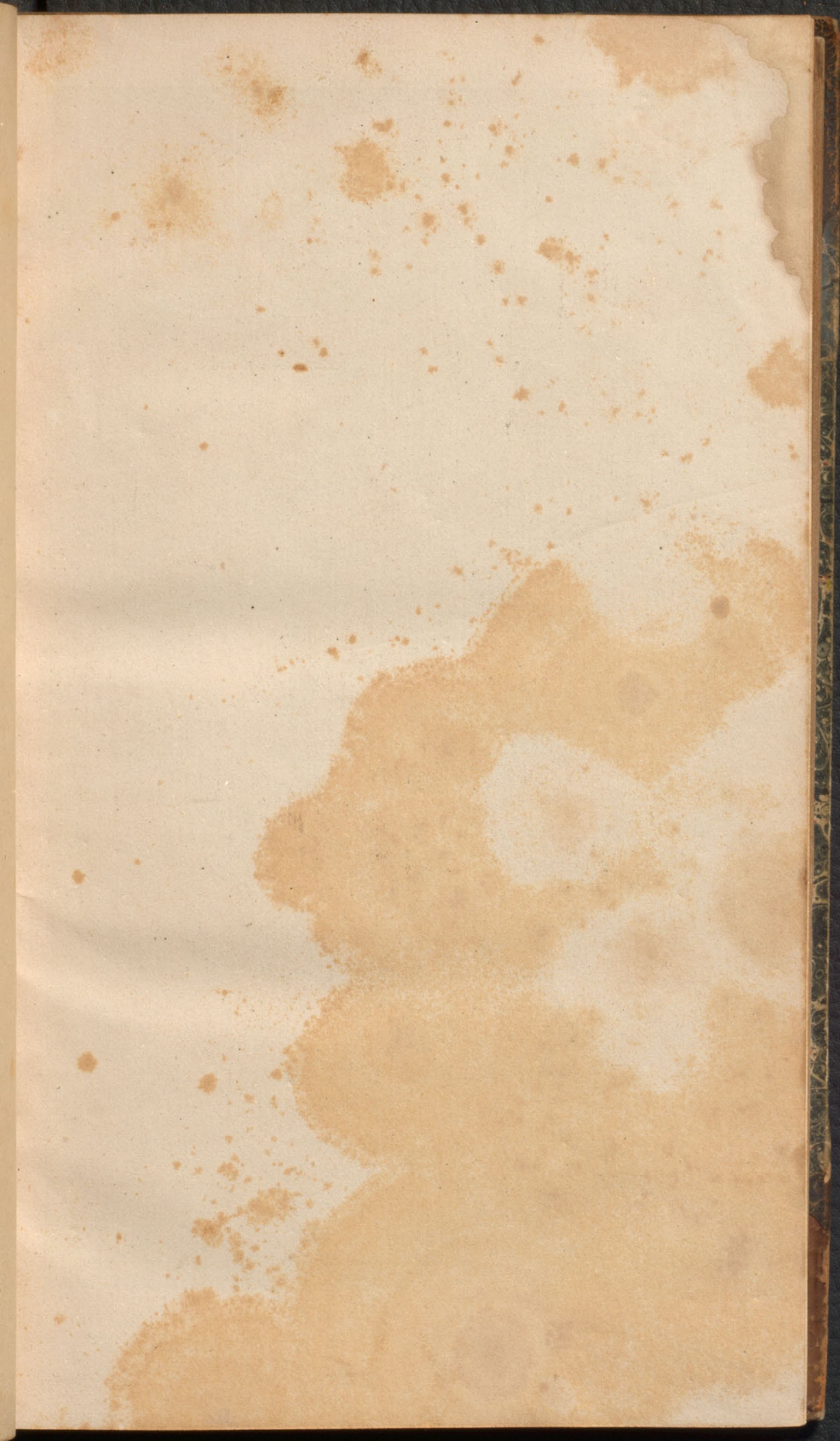
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THE  
UNITED STATES

AND  
CANADA,

IN 1832, 1833, AND 1834.

BY C. D. ARFWEDSON, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:  
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OF  
THE SECOND VOLUME.

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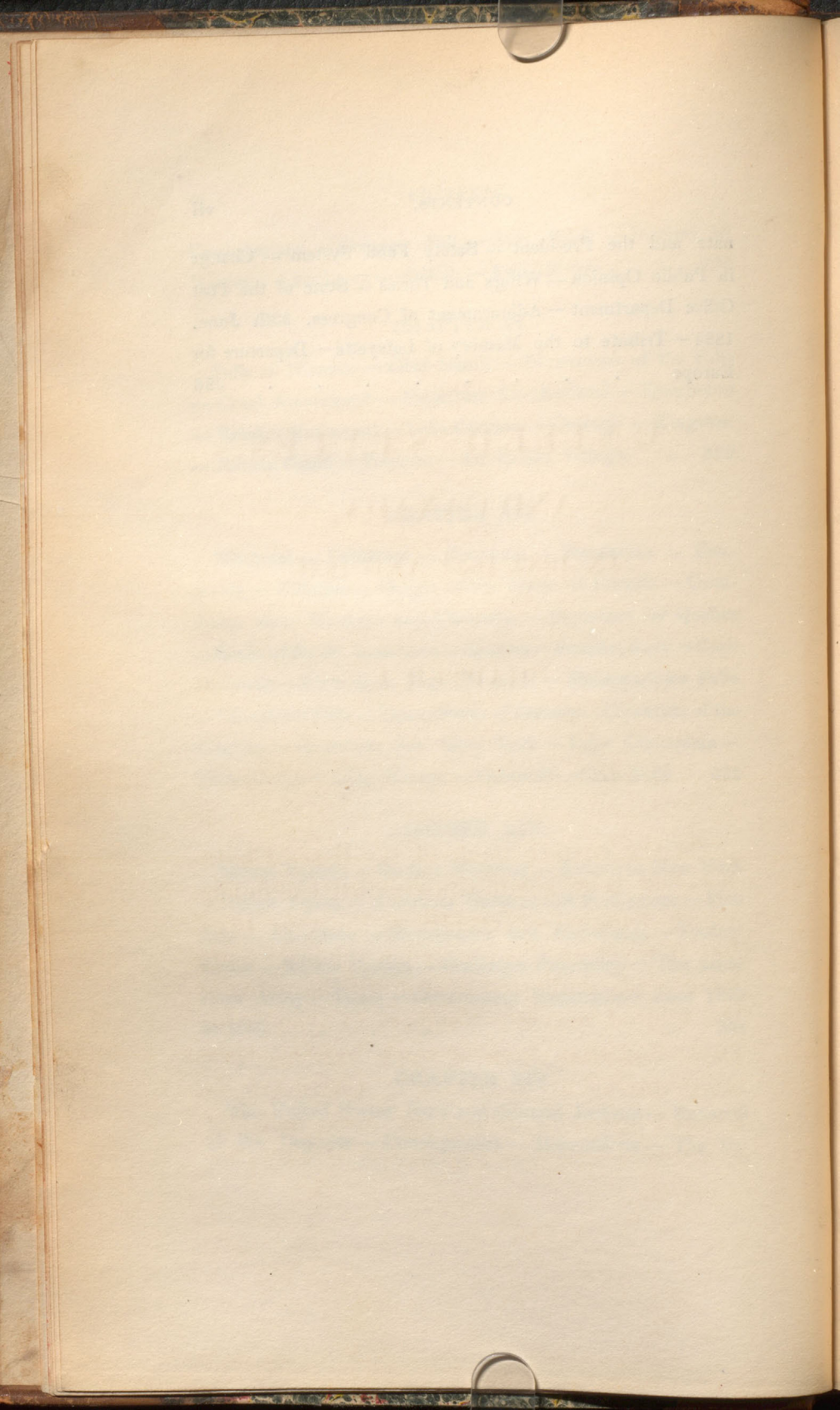
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THE  
UNITED STATES  
AND CANADA,  
IN 1832, 1833, AND 1834.

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CHAPTER I.

The Indian, child of sorrow,  
Remnant of a mighty race;  
Grief is his, no ray of gladness  
Beams upon his dwelling-place.

TAPPAN.

ON the eastern bank of the River Chatahoochee is a small town called Columbus, which, founded so recently as the year 1828, has not yet attained so much celebrity as to have a place allotted to it in all the maps of the United States. Numbers of Americans know not that such a town exists. How often, during my residence in America, have I heard of towns sprung up in the midst of wildernesses, with a population of one, two,

or three thousand inhabitants, commerce and trades of various kinds, courthouses, stages and steamers, schools, churches and prisons; all as if created by magic! Other towns disappear with the same rapidity: what in Europe is formed or undone in the lapse of ages is here effected in as many months. It is, therefore, a peculiar study to be acquainted with the names of all the towns, new-born or dead, in the course of a twelvemonth: it requires a memory equal to that of Mezzofanti of Bologna himself to remember all. Columbus still ranks among the smaller towns, without any pretension to fame, though it may not be doomed to remain long in obscurity. Its rapid increase in population, wealth, and trade, may probably soon bring it on the grand stage of the world.

Captain Hall visited this place in 1828, about the period of its foundation. His description is interesting when compared to what Columbus was four years and a half subsequently. A few extracts may not be unseasonable:

#### COLUMBUS IN THE YEAR 1828.

“The first thing to which our attention was called was a long line cut through the

coppice-wood of oaks. This our guide begged us to observe was to be the principal street ; and the brushwood having been cut away so as to leave a lane four feet wide, with small stakes driven in at intervals, we could walk along it easily enough. On reaching the middle point, our friend, looking around him, exclaimed in raptures at the prospect of the future greatness of Columbus : ' Here you are in the centre of the city ! ' He assured us further, that, within a very short period, this pathway would be converted into a street sixty yards wide, and one league in length.

“ After threading our way for some time amongst the trees, we came in sight, here and there, of huts made partly of planks, partly of bark, and at last reached the principal cluster of houses, very few of which were above two or three weeks old. These buildings were of all sizes, from a six feet box or cube, to a house with half a dozen windows in front. There were three hotels, the sign belonging to one of which, I could observe, was nailed to a tree still growing untouched in the middle of the street. Another had glazed windows, but the panes of glass were fixed in their places, merely for the time, by a little piece of putty at each corner. Every thing

indicated hurry. As none of the city-lots were yet sold, of course no one was sure that the spot upon which he had pitched his house would eventually become his own. Many of the houses were in consequence of this understanding built on trucks, a sort of low strong wheels, such as cannon are supported by, for the avowed purpose of being hauled away when the land should be sold. At least sixty frames of houses were pointed out to me, lying in piles on the ground ready to answer the call of future purchasers. At some parts of this strange scene, the forest, which hereabout consists of a mixture of pines and oaks, was growing as densely as ever; and even in the most cleared streets some trees were left standing. As yet there had been no time to remove the stumps of the felled trees, and many that had been felled were left in their places; so that it was occasionally no easy matter to get along. Anvils were heard ringing away merrily at every corner; while saws, axes, and hammers, were seen flashing amongst the woods all round."

COLUMBUS, 1832.

The situation of the town is on the confines of Georgia and Alabama, and on the river

Chatahoochee\*, which is navigable as far as the Gulph of Mexico. This river, on which four steamers are continually plying, has been of such infinite advantage to this place, that it may already be called a flourishing town. The population exceeded two thousand, and among them were several that might be denominated wealthy. The number of the inhabitants was augmenting monthly, and the increase of commerce, I was assured, was in the same proportion. Carpenters, masons, and workmen of every kind, were never without employment, and could not erect houses fast enough. Streets, which in 1828 were only marked out, were now so filled with loaded waggons that it was next to impossible to pass. The principal street which traverses the city, following the course of the river, is, like the rest, not paved, but has so many shops filled with a variety of goods, such a number of neat houses, and, finally, in the mornings such a concourse of people, Christians and Indians, that it can hardly be believed that it is the same street which was only marked out in 1828. Most of the

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\* Chatahoochee is an Indian name, which signifies flowered stones, on account of the quantity of stones of various colours found at the bottom of this river. I have several specimens of them in my possession.

houses were of wood, and some of brick: a few in the English style, others again in the Grecian taste. The hotels are, perhaps, the worst buildings in the town: I resided in one, the staircase of which bore a strong resemblance to a fire-ladder, and the bed-room, although provided with window-frames, had no panes of glass in them.

Commerce is also on the increase, and will be still more flourishing, when the neighbouring tract of land in Alabama, bought by the State from the Indians, but which they had not yet quitted, is brought into cultivation. At the northern extremity of the town, the river forms several falls, which are made available for working cotton-factories. The goods are conveyed by the steamers to a sea-port at the mouth of the river called Apalachicola, where they are re-shipped for exportation.

The manners of the people were uncouth to a degree, which made it equally disagreeable and hazardous for a civilized person to remain in Columbus. Many individuals, there called gentlemen, would in other places receive a very different appellation. The proximity of the Indian territory on the other side of the river contributed not a little to

the toleration among the inhabitants of a certain number of loose persons, on which account morals were at the lowest ebb. Opposite to the town, on the Alabama shore, a number of dissolute people had founded a village, for which their lawless pursuits and atrocious misdeeds had procured the name of Sodom. Scarcely a day passed without some human blood being shed in its vicinity; and, not satisfied with murdering each other, they cross the river clandestinely, and pursue their bloody vocation even in Columbus. Peaceable citizens are thus often attacked, not only in the streets or in the woods, but in their own houses: in vain do they look for reparation or protection from the authorities of the town. The delinquents of Sodom are exempt from all prosecution, their village being situated on the Indian territory, and as such under no control. Temerity, courage, and boldness, alone command respect from these banditti: mildness, virtue, and beauty, are in their eyes so many contemptible attributes, which they conceive they have a right to violate with impunity. The manner of living has meanwhile, by the frequent occurrence of these atrocities, acquired a degree of insecurity, which obliges every

one to carry arms about his person, and to be prepared for defence at a moment's warning.

When laws have so little power to protect the lives of citizens, necessity makes it obligatory to obtain justice by personal efforts; and, when this alternative unfortunately occurs, passions generally gain the ascendancy, and, as a consequence, the contest on both sides too often terminates in blood. The most trifling difference not unfrequently occasions murders of the blackest dye, and when the crime is consummated, the offender hastens across the river to Sodom, boasting of his deed, and scoffing at the lamentations of the relations and friends of the murdered victim. I saw in this village persons whose looks bespoke the assassin: even Pæstum in Calabria cannot produce similar monsters. With such neighbours, it certainly is not surprising that the citizens of Columbus should preserve a certain uncouthness of manners, peculiar to a place that has just sprung up in a forest, but which, from its rapid progress, ought to have already disappeared, if the vicinity of Sodom had not to a certain degree retarded the advance of civilization. As soon as the Indians have retired from this part of the



country, and the State of Alabama can enforce the observance of her laws, even in the remotest districts, it is to be hoped that the scum of mankind now occupying Sodom will be reduced to obedience and submission; and not till then will Columbus see her own population happy and tranquil, and civilization diffusing its light among her citizens.

After remaining in this town a few days, I continued my journey towards the West in a carriage drawn by one horse, accompanied by a boy seven years old as guide. No road in all America can be compared with that between Columbus and Fort Mitchell. I had often been told that this was the worst piece of ground in the Southern States, and this account I found, by woeful experience, to be by no means exaggerated: it is a real matter of surprise how a vehicle can move forward one hundred yards. Too often I lost every trace of the road, and had to guess the path by certain incisions in the bark of thick fir-trees. On one occasion, the highway leading over a dilapidated old bridge, probably thrown across by the Indians, both horse and carriage were precipitated into the river, and it was a miracle that we were not drowned.

Fort Mitchell is a small fort thrown up in the middle of a wood, with a few barracks, where the Federal Government generally maintains a company of soldiers to keep the neighbouring Indians in check. This garrison had, shortly before my arrival, received orders to break up and march towards South Carolina, the Nullification party having about this time assumed a threatening attitude. Fort Mitchell was, therefore, for the present evacuated; but a young Indian, who had probably for a long while regarded the white-skinned strangers with feelings of dislike, now determined to be revenged, and had taken formal possession of the fort. I saw him for some time with a musket on his shoulder, march to and fro between the barracks, as if mounting guard. Woe to him who approached! No more would the rays of the sun have shone on any one who ventured to dispute the right of possession. My young guide amused himself with approaching within pistol-shot, but returned immediately, the Indian having already cocked his gun; and he would infallibly have sent the timorous enemy to another world had he not taken to his heels in time.

Towards noon I arrived at a small hut, where a few dozen intoxicated Indians had

assembled, and were engaged in bartering several fine deer, recently killed, for a certain quantity of whisky. They were in a state of insensibility from the effect of liquor long before the bargain was concluded; and the conscientious white merchant adroitly availed himself of their situation, to turn the exchange to his own advantage. Never, assuredly, had whisky brought a higher price, or deer been so depreciated in value. Both parties, however, appeared satisfied with the contract, and separated peaceably.

In this hut, the only one for a distance of twenty miles in the wood, preparations were made for dinner, the most singular of its kind I ever sat down to. In the middle of the table was placed a bottle of whisky, of which both host and hostess partook in no measured quantity, before they tasted any of the dishes. Pigs' feet pickled in vinegar formed the first course; then followed bacon with molasses; and the repast concluded with a superabundance of milk and bread, which the landlord, to use his own expression, washed down with half a tumbler of whisky. The landlady, a real Amazon, was not a little surprised to see a person refusing such a delicacy as bacon swimming in molasses, and shrugged her

shoulders at my perverted taste. But when, soon afterwards, I also declined eating the black bread soaked in whisky, her astonishment had no bounds: she lost all patience, and declared that such treatment was beyond endurance, after she had taken the trouble to cook for strangers. Little pleased with each other, we separated; for my part, I felt no desire ever to return to this habitation, and was happy when the wood at length intercepted this miserable hovel from my view.

Night approaching, I arrived at another hut of nearly the same kind. On entering the only room, I perceived two other travellers warming themselves at a large fire, in attitudes perfectly corresponding with Trollopian reminiscences. Rocking backward and forward on wooden chairs, they had fixed their dirty feet against the fire-place, almost in a horizontal direction with their eyes, and amused themselves with spitting continually in the fire. Their costume was not *recherché*: it consisted in extremely large inexpressibles, grey woollen stockings, short boots with long iron spurs, frock-coats with pockets on the sides, in which their hands were continually concealed, low cravats, high loose collars, which hid half the ears, and a soft dark

brown beaver hat, so formed that it fitted in whatever shape it was put on the head. There was something excessively characteristic in the whole exterior of these individuals; and when, in addition, I discovered the haughty and aristocratic air with which they condescended to look at the last arrived stranger, I entertained very little doubt that they were men of the highest consequence in the State. Had I by chance met these great *seigneurs* at a lonely posthouse in the Scandinavian Peninsula, I should unquestionably have taken them for some petty functionaries assuming the importance of office; but, meeting them in the United States, and particularly in an almost uninhabited part, what could I possibly surmise but that they were aspirants to some high dignity? They honoured me with a glance, and commenced conversation in the usual way, by informing me, what I already knew, that the weather had in the course of the day been extremely mild and agreeable. This old-fashioned beginning, however, led to a more familiar conversation respecting the institutions of the Southern States, their commerce, and the state of politics, on which subjects they appeared to have clear and just notions, expressing their views in terms I

little expected to hear in the woods of Alabama, and which excited my curiosity to know more particularly to whom I had the honour of speaking. At length, when midnight drew near, and the almost extinguished fire gave us warning to retire to rest, I mustered courage and asked the one nearest me whence he came. "I am from Sparta," answered he; "and I from Athens," rejoined the other. I remained silent, for the classical names of their places of nativity formed a singular contrast with their unclassical figures. A few minutes' silence was sufficient to consign the Spartan as well as the Athenian to a comfortable sleep.

At daybreak the whole house was again in motion. The two travellers continued their route to the south, and I, intending to steer my course among the Indians, proceeded in an opposite direction. Provided with a pretty accurate description of the woods and swamps I had to traverse, I mounted my horse without any other guide than a poor Indian, expelled from his tribe, who, for a trifling remuneration, engaged to conduct me to the residence of a certain Indian chief, a day and a half's journey distant. The country presented no variety: the dark and dismal forests appeared endless.

Here and there I met a few scattered Creek Indians, who, like myself, followed the incisions in the trees; but they never showed any symptoms of hostility to the Whites. They appeared, on the contrary, well disposed, and always bowed and muttered something in a low tone, which my guide never failed to return, and which he afterwards told me signified "Peace be with you!" Once only I met with a little resistance from an Indian, who seized the bridle of my horse and drew his bow; but, no sooner had my guide informed him that I was unarmed, and that I consequently placed myself under the safeguard of the Red Men, than he dropped his weapon and wished me a prosperous journey.

At night we bivouacked on a hill, making up a large fire that lasted all night. The sad and wild shouts of the Indians in the wood did not cease till morning; and the effect of the reverberation between the trees more than once deceived me as to the distance of these savages. More experienced than myself, my guide shook his head each time I told him to listen to the sound, which to me appeared quite near. In the usual Indian way, he threw himself on the ground, to listen if any one approached, and then fell asleep as com-

posedly as if he had been in his own bed. The stump which served us as a pillow was to his taste a soft and pleasant cushion, and the ground a bed to which he had been accustomed from infancy. Thus passed the night.

At dawn we continued our journey; and, before the sun had reached the meridian, I stopped at a solitary hut, the wished-for end of my excursion. At the door stood an elderly man; it was the chief himself, who, on being made acquainted with the object of my visit, hastened to show me every mark of hospitality. He had, in the course of his life, been several times at Washington, and was besides, as chief of his tribe, in constant communication with the Whites, by which means he had acquired sufficient knowledge of the English language to make out what was said to him. Introduced into the hut, I soon found myself in the midst of six women and a host of children, the greater part wrapped in blankets and lying on the floor, while others had scarcely any covering: they were engaged in mending bows and cutting weeping willows. The arrival of a stranger suspended their occupation for a moment; but, as Indians never betray any



symptoms of surprise, however astonished they may in reality be, they soon subdued their childish curiosity, and continued their work with perfect indifference. The women remained motionless on the floor, as little concerned as if a daily visiter had arrived. In order to take possession of the place which had been assigned to me in a corner, it was absolutely necessary to step over the females stretched in every direction. The old man led the way without their taking any notice of him, and I followed his example in profound silence. I thought at first he had brought me into an hospital, and that the individuals present were so many unfortunate beings of his own race, humanely taken care of, for the purpose of being cured: this seemed the more probable, as Indian chiefs are generally both warriors and physicians. But how great was my surprise when, with his usual composure, he informed me that all these six ordinary and disagreeable females were his wives, and the swarm of children his offspring! In truth, a respectable number for a single man to take charge of! And what a collection of ugly and dirty faces! The oldest would, in no part of the civilized world, have passed for any thing but a witch,

and the youngest, about twenty years of age, considered as a beauty among the Indians, was so repulsive, that I considered myself not a little fortunate to be seated near the door.

This palace of an Indian chief was built of logs, loosely laid one upon another, and nailed at the ends, between which the wind had free access: these crevices were necessary in every respect, particularly for the admission of light, windows being absolutely unknown. Instead of a boarded floor, the ground itself was strewed with sand. The house was parted off into two divisions, forming one room on each side of the entrance. The furniture consisted of three wooden chairs of the simplest construction, an old table, and a clock, such as itinerant hawkers are in the habit of selling. But where was the kitchen? will probably be asked by some careful housekeeper. I put the same question to my host, and received for answer that when hungry I must be my own cook, and make use of the fire in the yard. Necessity has no law: she makes every thing of man. Where no forks are to be had, the fingers must serve as a substitute. These Indians had no fixed hour for their meals; but every

one helped himself when he felt hungry, without regarding the hour. One of the women got up in the middle of the night to appease her cravings, by taking a bit of venison, which she cut out of a dead deer, and roasted at the fire. After finishing her repast, at which the luxury of forks was not introduced, she returned to rest.

As soon as it grew dark, the whole family went to bed, that is, laid themselves down on the ground. They had no particular place: some were lying in groups, others at short distances apart. My host had allotted to me a corner in the adjoining room as a resting place, and fixed outside the house a torch, made of a piece of wood impregnated with rosin, I know not for what reason; this circumstance, however, was of no little assistance to me, as it enabled me to survey the group of beings that slept under the same roof. Nearest to me were eight children, some sleeping together, and behind them two of the wives with six other children, placed across them in rows. The remaining members of the family, together with the aged chief himself, occupied the other room, where, in the course of the night, a violent contest arose between two of the females, which for a while

threatened the most serious consequences. It was soon quelled by the interference of the half sleepy and highly-excited husband, who issued his commands in no very measured expressions or tone of voice. In my immediate vicinity luckily no similar scene occurred; but a nursery, with all its accompaniments, has other inconveniences not less unpleasant. One of the children in particular honoured the company with an extremely discordant concert, divided into several parts, commencing at sunset and lasting till sunrise. The mother had, no doubt, often heard the same music performed, and was not in the least disturbed by it; so that the harmony continued without interruption, till the little musical urchin, hoarse and fatigued by exertion, ceased his notes. But this was not the only disagreeable circumstance; the continual motion and restlessness of the children added another, namely, contact with these dirty young brats. My patience was at last exhausted, and I was obliged to retire from the scene, which I did without being perceived by any one. The night was so clear and serene, that I lay down in the open passage, awaiting the approach of dawn.

The principal occupation of Indians con-

sists in hunting stags and deer. Anxious to attend one of these hunts, I availed myself of the opportunity of accompanying, on the following day, the chief and four other Indians, who went upon one of these excursions. We all mounted horses, and provided ourselves with rifles ; some of them had also a kind of spear or lance, which they handled with a dexterity that would have astonished even a Hetman of Cossacks. The horses were small, but full of fire, not unlike northern ponies and the Canadian breed ; and could hardly be checked when once put in motion. Indians generally ride without a saddle ; but the old man had furnished himself and me with something bearing a resemblance to this convenient appendage : it was a saddle - tree, which was stuffed with hay, and fastened on the back of the horse with two strong cords. We had scarcely mounted before the horses showed symptoms of wild restlessness. The chief led the way, and pushed his steed into the thickest part of the wood : I followed him, and then came the other Indians, one by one. In vain did I several times try to urge my horse out of the track of the first, and to make the others deploy on the ground : the animal remained perfectly insensible to all

my efforts on the mouth as well as on the loins, and continued blindly to follow the steps of the leader. Neither swamps, bushes, prostrate trees, nor rivulets, arrested our progress.

The Indians kept their seats as if they had never been off the back of a horse: all their motions were graceful, and bespoke a steadiness which would have obliged an equerry to yield the palm of horsemanship to these untaught cavaliers. Although unprovided with stirrups, I often observed them lean on one side to avoid contact with branches or bushes, and preserve their equilibrium merely by pressure against the loins of the horse; otherwise their bodies were constantly in a perpendicular position, without appearing stiff to the eye. In one hand they held the reins, and a gun, always cocked, in the other—a circumstance by no means pleasant to the person riding before. The hounds, a hundred yards ahead, had meanwhile commenced barking, a sound at all times delightful to the ears of a sportsman: we followed them as closely as possible, making circles in the wood of no small diameter, anxious not to lose the traces of the stags. Within an hour from the time of starting,

two balls had already done their duty, felling a couple of stags to the ground: they were immediately cut up, and the entrails taken out and given to the dogs, after which the bodies were thrown across the horses' backs. The Indians seated themselves on the lifeless deer, and we returned home with the same swiftness that we had come, for the purpose, as they said, of making the flesh tender preparatory to eating it.

The North American Indians, still found in the woods east of the Mississippi, have, from their contiguity to the Whites, nearly lost all the virtuous qualities of the "Red Men," whilst imbibing all the vicious habits and propensities of civilized man. One cannot help being struck with the appearance of the hideous figures, living and wandering about in the neighbourhood of some of the southern towns, dressed in rags, carelessly thrown around them. Ruined by an inordinate passion for strong liquors, they sell, under its influence, the very country for which their ancestors fought, and have no other ambition than that of passing through life in a perpetual state of delirium. The poison undermines constitutions naturally strong: their frames become enervated, their eyes are continually

half-closed: and these are the men at whose very name the white invaders formerly trembled — who never appeared without spreading desolation and death around — these men, I say, are now objects of commiseration — beggars instead of commanders. How despicable they appear to the calm spectator, who attached to the word Indian every thing that was cruel, and yet every thing that was noble and grand! Many a European visiting the United States re-crosses the Atlantic under the impression, produced by meeting intoxicated Indians on the highway, or in some of the newly settled towns, that this race of men, as described in old records of America, is totally extinct in the northern parts of that continent; that those still remaining are all like the miserable objects so frequently met with on the roads in the Southern States, and whose appearance is so revolting to the feelings of the philanthropist. This conclusion, although very general, is far from harmonizing with my observations.

Is it just to judge of the character of a whole nation by a few dissolute, and probably expelled, individuals? Just so with the Indians. It is not the outcasts seen begging on the roads and in the towns that constitute



the Indian race: men are yet to be found (they were at least in 1832) in the woods of Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi, who, although of a sanguinary disposition, still inspire respect; who have the common failings of Indians, but also a portion of their virtues. Of the tribes then inhabiting these States, the Choctaws had undergone the greatest change, and had suffered most from immoderate indulgence in ardent spirits: then follow the Creeks, whom I visited; the Chickasaws and Cherokees still preserving their original character, costume, and manners. The emigration of Whites to their neighbourhood had already begun to produce a baneful effect on the latter: one alternative only remained to save these children of the forest from being destroyed by what they call "fire-water," and of this they took advantage, when fleeing from civilization, and concealing themselves in wild regions to the West of the Mississippi. These removals took place in the course of the next and in the beginning of the following year.

Each race has one or several chiefs, distinguished by undaunted courage and bravery. They are generally handsome, having something royal in their looks and noble in their

carriage, and are attired with more taste and care than other Indians. Some are wealthy, having even a number of slaves, with whom they traffic, or whom they employ in cultivating fields of Indian corn, adjoining their wigwams. My host had more than twenty Negroes, besides numberless Negro-women, who, by his own account, might any day be sold to itinerant slave-dealers for at least seven or eight thousand dollars. A chief possesses authority only so long as he is able to inspire the multitude with respect; that once lost, his life is no longer safe. His duty is to administer justice among his vassals, to deliver speeches at their meetings, to give advice to those who require it, and to head their warriors in case of hostilities.

The old man, at whose house I lodged, was by nature endowed with the qualifications necessary to produce effect on an Indian multitude, and to keep it within bounds: he spoke little, but, when he did, his sentences were short and abrupt, and the words calculated to make impression. He never uttered any thing without adding a comparison equally poetical and striking, and chiefly derived from the nearest objects, such as streams, rivulets, woods, stars, sun, and moon. His

daily costume varied very little from that of other Indians, it was only rather cleaner and more *soigné*; but, upon grand occasions, when meetings were held, or when going to battle, he adorned his head with a variety of feathers, threw a shooting-bag, richly set with mock pearls, across his shoulders, fastened an equally rich belt round his waist, painted his face with different colours, and brandished the redoubtable tomahawk which had long been laid aside. His ordinary costume consisted of a turban of red or blue cotton stuff, one end of which, trimmed with white fringe, hung down over the left ear. The breast and neck were bare: on his feet he wore yellow moccasins, garnished with mock pearls. The legs, from the knee to the instep, were covered with yellow leggings of skin, fastened round the calf by garters, also embroidered with mock pearls, and from which hung yellow and blue fringe on the outside of the leg. Next his skin, he wore a kind of apron fastened before and behind by a tight belt; over this a blue calico shirt, trimmed with white cotton lining, formed into festoons both at bottom and round the chest; about the waist was another belt, and over the whole a blanket, which he carried like a *preux Chevalier* of old.

The other Indians had generally neither leggings nor mocassins: I often found them with no other covering than blankets. The women wore red or blue-striped petticoats, reaching half-way down the leg, trimmed with white fringe: the legs were bare as well as the feet. Some of them wore skins across the shoulders, but the greater part had white sheets, even blankets, in which they wrapped themselves. Their long and jet-black hair hung in disorder and uncombed round the face; indeed, they bestowed no care whatever upon it. The ears were decorated with rings, often six in a row, which began at the upper part, and continued to the extremity of the ear. Frequently I saw some of these damsels with silver or brass rings through the nostrils.

Indians are generally tall, well-made, and robust. They are erroneously called Red Men; their colour being copper-brown, far from red. Their large black eyes sparkle with fire: the nose is straight and well-formed, but all have high cheek-bones. Like the women, their hair is jet black and straight, flowing over the shoulders, and giving to the face a wildness of expression which it does not otherwise possess. Their motions are

pleasing: I never could sufficiently admire their graceful attitude, while standing and placing one leg across the other.

The women, in general, may be called ugly, and always appear dejected, sombre, and sleepy. I never saw one of them smile. This absence of vivacity, invariably an attribute of the fair sex, may be easily accounted for, if the condition of the Indian women is taken into consideration. They are treated as subordinate beings, slaves, with whom the husband may do what he pleases, and never inspire him with any of those lofty and noble sentiments peculiar to civilized man. I do not mean to say that Indians are strangers to love; but their love is only a wild sensuality, which, once satiated, gives place to contempt. The number of wives is not limited, provided they can maintain them. Parents give away their daughters to the first comer, without even asking them if the choice is agreeable to their feelings. Marriage ceremonies are entirely out of the question: as soon as the bride enters the house of the bridegroom, she is considered his wife, and, from that moment, his slave.

The Indian looks upon labour as debasing, even if he be doomed to beg. This opinion is so prevalent, that if an individual has any

other occupation than that of hunting and roving, he is expelled as a contemptible being, or is unceremoniously scalped by travelling companions. Necessity sometimes compels them to enter the service of a White; but this is only resorted to at a great distance from other Indians. Stretched on the ground, the master gives his commands to his wives and Negroes, respecting the cultivation of his fields and the concerns of the house. These never hesitate to obey, well knowing that disobedience would be severely and instantaneously punished, and that the husband is amenable to no laws. Upon one occasion only is the unhappy wife allowed to address her lord otherwise than in the quality of slave—it is when the husband is intoxicated, and unconsciously seeks a quarrel. Here the subdued Indian woman shows that she is intitled to respect from her spouse: here she shows that degrading slavery has not altogether stifled the natural mildness of her sex. She invariably succeeds in parting the drunken men, who, left to themselves, would otherwise kill each other. For this act of generosity, what is her reward? Contempt, unmitigated contempt, when the husband recovers his senses.

I had frequent conversations with my host

on the subject of the religious creed of Indians, with a view to obtain some clearer ideas and better information on the subject; but all I could elucidate from his answers was, what I already knew, that the Indians believe in a Divine Spirit, who rules over the world, and that the dead go to the abode of their deceased forefathers in the West, where, in the bosom of the Great Spirit, they enjoy happiness proportionate to their good or evil actions on earth. They are absolutely ignorant of the sacredness of the Sabbath, and cannot conceive why man should be more pious on that day than any other. "My Sunday is to-day, to-morrow, the day after to-morrow," said the old chief to me; "the sun rises one morning as well as the next: why should we make any difference in our worship, when the worshipped himself is always the same?"

Revenge is permitted among them; the law of retribution being strictly observed. Not only must they have blood for blood; they even go farther in their vindictive ideas: if a white man, for instance, kills an Indian, either his blood or that of any other white man must atone for the crime. Happily, this vindictiveness does not prevent them from

possessing many mild and peaceable qualities, hardly reconcileable in the same person with the vice just mentioned. Nothing is more sacred with an Indian than the rites of hospitality: he will rather lose life than permit these laws to be infringed. Even his most inveterate enemy finds protection under his roof, if he throws himself freely and with full confidence into his power, appealing to the laws of hospitality.

I happened to visit these Indians at an inauspicious moment, a misunderstanding having for some time prevailed between one of their race and a white emigrant, which was said to have been amicably adjusted, though not altogether to the satisfaction of the injured Indian. This Indian came, in company with several others, to the residence of the chief, the day after my arrival. As soon as the old man saw him, he ordered me in a commanding tone to go into the other room of the hut, informing me, at the same time, that, if I set my foot outside the door before he had given his permission, he would not answer for my safety. I learned afterwards the cause of this unexpected command, which was, that he feared the Indian would, at the sight of a white man, be unable to



subdue his thirst for revenge. My prison was not so confined but that I could see every thing that passed outside the house; the walls having, as I before observed, large apertures, through which I perceived every motion of those who had just arrived.

Round a large fire, continually burning outside the house, the Indians seated themselves on the ground, cross-legged, in the Turkish manner: the men were nearest to the fire, and the women and children behind, wrapped in blankets and shivering with cold. They conversed a long while in short and half broken sentences, intermixed with cries not unlike the neighing of a horse: in these they were joined by the women, who added their soft voices to theirs. At last the whisky-bottle began to circulate, and, once put in motion, it was impossible to check its progress. Night came on, but still none felt disposed to retire, the hospitable landlord never permitting the bottle to remain empty; the consequence was, that all the men became intoxicated, and began howling and gesticulating in a manner which surpassed anything I had ever heard or seen. I often thought that they would kill each other, and this would probably have happened had not the women interfered, and succeeded in

parting the combatants. Thus they continued till morning, when one after another departed under the guidance of the females. The scene was unique, and highly interesting to me. The variety of colours, the wild howling of the men and the slavish looks of the women, the loneliness of the wood, the dark shades of the night, and the flames of the fire—all left a deep impression on my mind of Indian hospitality.

Before I take leave of this subject, I must not omit mentioning, as a singular circumstance, that in New Echota, a small place situated in the northern part of the State of Georgia, a journal is published in the English and Cherokee language. The publisher is a native Indian, belonging to the Cherokee race, the manners and characteristics of which are immediately recognised. He had already attained a certain age, when he invented the letters of the language, having no knowledge of any other but his own; the idea of writing Cherokee only struck him on hearing several Whites one day boast of their superiority over the Indians, and adding, that they could do many things which the Red Men never dared attempt, particularly in committing to paper a conversation, so as to

make it understood by all even in the most distant parts. He was mortified that he could not refute this, or at least that he could not show that the Indians were as capable of doing extraordinary things as the Whites.

He determined, however, to try if it was not possible. At first, he saw no other chance of executing his project than to make a sign or figure for every sound, which he partly learnt by heart himself, partly gave to his own family to learn and remember; but, after working at it a whole twelvemonth, he found that the number of signs already amounted to several thousands, and that it was impossible to retain them in the memory. He now began to divide the words into parts, and then discovered that the same syllables might be applied to a variety of words. Exulting in this discovery, he continued his exertions with unremitting zeal, and directed his attention particularly to the sounds, and thus discovered at last all the syllables in the language. After working upon this plan for a month, he had diminished the number of sounds to eighty-five, of which the language at present consists. He first wrote them in sand, afterwards cut out the signs in wood, and finished by printing them such as they

now are in the Journal called the CHEROKEE PHENIX.

On the third day, I left my hospitable landlord, taking leave of him and his numerous family, probably for ever. The old man hinted an intention of crossing the Atlantic, to visit the Redcoats, by which he meant the English; but this project, like many others, was a mere whim of the moment, and will never be carried into execution. He has now probably removed to some of the woods west of the Mississippi, instead of going to Europe; and from that retirement he is not likely to venture for the purpose of visiting an unknown civilized world. He followed me, in the mean time, for a considerable distance, repeating, in his characteristic language, how much friendship the Red Man felt for the White, and in what fraternal concord they would now pursue their way through life. When I parted from him, he muttered a farewell in the Indian language, and turned his horse with the rapidity of lightning. Again alone with my Indian guide, I directed my course southward, with a view to get into a road leading to Montgomery, where I arrived about dusk on the following day, having met with no other ad-

ventures but such as I have already described in my visit to the Indian chief.

I passed the next night in a hut, at which another traveller had just arrived. He was a jovial and talkative man, returning home on horseback, from a journey of several hundred miles, to Kentucky, whither he had gone to visit his mother, with whom he had spent several weeks. He gave me some valuable information respecting the soil and state of agriculture in the Southern States, a subject with which he appeared quite familiar; but his conversation was not confined to these topics: he also enlarged on politics, with a perspicuity and clearness seldom to be met with in persons residing in woods and deserts, several hundred miles from any civilized part of the country. He had not only a perfect knowledge of the constitution of his own State, its leading men, and their principles, but was thoroughly acquainted with the component parts of the Federal Government, its prerogatives and duties, the qualifications and faults of President Jackson, the sentiments of every member of Congress, and the calculations and plans of different parties. Such men are often found in the United States: it is not a dazzling exterior, or refined

manners, which distinguish the man of intellect in that country: the greatest politician is often seen in the simplest garb, and politics are discussed in the remotest hut in the woods. More than once did I meet in the Western States with persons who went by the name of "half horse and half alligator,"\* and in Europe would have been called vagabonds, yet possessing accurate information concerning the government and the politics of the country.

On the following morning I took my seat in the stage for Montgomery, and parted with my new acquaintance, who, on bidding me farewell, with a frankness and disinterested hospitality peculiar to the people of the Southern States, gave me an invitation to spend as many months as I pleased at his residence in the heart of Florida.

The road to Montgomery is only a repetition of that from Augusta to Columbus. I pass over in silence the disagreeable part of this journey, and will at once conduct my reader to Montgomery.

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\* A term expressive of the utmost uncouthness of manner.

## CHAPTER II.

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,  
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?  
Where is to-morrow?—in another world.

YOUNG.

OF all the towns in the Southern States, I know none so uncomfortable as Montgomery: its exterior has nothing to induce a stranger to stay there, and the manners of the inhabitants betoken the lowest state of civilization. The life of man has very little value in this lately erected place; the mixed composition of the population gives rise to many frightful deeds, which in other towns would be severely punished by the authorities, but are here perpetrated without any serious consequences. A few days before my arrival, a misunderstanding had taken place between two gamblers. One of the parties attacked the other in the middle of the street, and

wounded him very dangerously : the adversary, prepared for the aggression, drew his poniard, and pierced the heart of his opponent. Both expired amidst the struggle, clasped in each other's arms. Their friends lost no time in applying for redress to the authorities of the town, and appealed to the protection of the laws in similar cases ; but they were answered that gamblers were not within the pale of the law, and that, as long as murders were exclusively committed upon persons of that class, without disturbing any of the peaceable inhabitants of the city, the assassins were at liberty to use their poniards or any other weapons. From that hour, there were no bounds to scenes of blood and vengeance : every day added to the catalogue of murders in Alabama. Any man is considered imprudent who does not continually carry a dagger about him, to fight for his life at any moment.

The town appeared to me in every respect so disagreeable that I was glad soon to leave it, and lost no time in embarking by the first steamer for Mobile. The distance is about five hundred miles, being rather more than twice the length of the way by land, on account of the many windings of the river, often



resembling the curves of a twisting snake. The Alabama is one of the most romantic rivers in the South: its lofty, ever-varying, and highly cultivated banks must, in the summer season, present the finest views. Immense quantities of wild ducks and wild turkeys were constantly disturbed by the paddles of the steamboat, but we often passed through flocks of them without causing the least fright. At one place we met with a number of deer swimming across the river, which showed so little fear of the steamer, that the steersman purposely allowed her to touch one of them. A chase followed, which ended in the boat running down some of the swimming animals, and drowning them in the agitated waves.

This trip occupied no less than four days and nights, owing in a great measure to the time lost in taking on board numberless bales of cotton at different landing-places. Of these, there are nearly one hundred on this river, where planters may ship their produce, which is then conveyed in a few hours to the market at Mobile. I counted at least forty such places at which the steamboat stopped: these stoppages rendered the voyage both long and tedious, and fatigued the passengers before

half the distance was accomplished. The loading of cotton was often attended with difficulty, the banks being high and steep. The vessel lying with one side as close as possible to the rising bank, the bales were dropped from above, rolling over stones and bushes, and tumbling from place to place, till they reached the deck, which shook under the weight. It was amusing to behold these bales coming down a distance of about one hundred feet above the surface of the water, sliding rather slowly at first, and then upsetting every thing that arrested their progress. A Negro had once got too near one of these rolling bales, and was carried with incredible velocity at least fifty feet down the hill, all the time in a recumbent posture, until, coming in contact with another bale, it checked his course, but gave him at the same time such a shock, that he changed his position, and arrived on deck in a sitting attitude, without being in the least incommoded by the rapid descent. Fires were kindled at night at different points on shore, as a signal that cotton was to be taken on board; and at last the steamer had a complete cargo, which, on our arriving at Mobile, consisted of no fewer than one thousand bales.

In the course of this trip we passed several

small places, which elsewhere would have been too insignificant for mention, but were here considered important and of note, after taking on board there a certain quantity of cotton. Washington, Vernon, Selma, Catawba, Cannon, Clairborn, and Fort Mimms, are towns, or rather villages, situated close to or not far from the river, of which nothing can be said, except that they consist of a few log-houses, the greater number of which have stores and cotton warehouses. Vernon was only six months old, and the remainder, with the exception of Catawba, had not seen many winters. Catawba is said to have been the former capital of Alabama, and is known in Indian history as a place where the Red Men defeated the Whites with great slaughter. A garrison had been placed in the fort, to keep a watchful eye on the numerous tribes of Indians laying waste the neighbouring country, and whom they had with undaunted courage repulsed several times. One day, an Indian presented himself before the fort, and demanded admittance, which was granted, his motive being merely curiosity to see the fortifications. Several others came in the same way, one by one, without appearing to have any connexion. Their object was not sus-

pected, until a tolerable number had gained admittance, and dispersed themselves in several parts of the fort: they then, all of a sudden, fell upon the unprepared soldiers. The gates were forced, and a number of Indians who were waiting outside rushed in, and massacred the whole garrison, scalping all the white men.

Not far from Catawba we passed the wreck of the steamer Helen McGregor, which had left Montgomery one day before us, and was run foul of by another steamer. Both were under high pressure, and the concussion was so violent, that the Helen McGregor began to sink before the panic had subsided. None of the passengers perished, but the greater part of the cargo was either damaged or lost.

At length we arrived at Mobile, early in the morning of the fifth day. The town is small, but appears comfortable. The conflagrations, with which it has been visited of late years, have contributed to its embellishment. Instead of the former log-huts, rows of fine brick houses are now to be seen, and where once narrow and dirty streets were observed, the stranger now finds, to his no small surprise, wide and well-planned tho-

roughfares, made of oyster and other shells, which form a compact substance. Near the port there is a continual bustle, all buildings in this part consisting exclusively of stores, warehouses, and offices, in front of which stand pyramids of cotton-bales.

Mobile is well known in Europe as a place of considerable trade. It has a most advantageous situation at the mouth of the great Alabama river, which intersects the State of that name. Agricultural produce of every sort is carried down this stream, and contributes not a little to the wealth of the citizens and the flourishing state of the town. Alabama is one of the principal cotton-growing States in the Union, its soil being peculiarly adapted for that crop. Nothing is wanted but an increased population, and sufficient capital to unite the two rivers, Alabama and Tennessee, either by a railroad or canal, which would open a communication with Ohio, as well as with South Carolina.

That this scheme is neither visionary nor unlikely to be executed, must be obvious to any one who takes the trouble of considering the rapid progress and improvement of these States for the last ten years. The only obstacle that Mobile has to contend with is the

difficulty of access by water, the mouth of the river being full of sand-banks, which prevent large vessels from entering the port: merchants are therefore obliged to load goods in small schooners, which convey them to larger vessels, lying about twenty miles outside the port. This is rather an unfortunate circumstance for Mobile: causing a waste both of time and money, and giving encouragement to the idea of founding another town in a better situation, where similar expences might be avoided. Independently of this inconvenience, the town is rather unhealthy during the heat of summer, which drives away the greater part of the inhabitants. This emigration gave rise to the building of another town called Blakely, on the opposite side of the river; but, although the latter possessed many advantages over its rival, it could not contend with it, and was soon reduced to insignificance.

The principal article of commerce in Mobile is cotton, of which so many as one hundred and thirty thousand bales were shipped in the course of 1832. Who would have thought, ten years ago, that the exportation of produce from this little place would have risen eighteen hundred per cent? The increase

cannot go on in the same rapid proportion as heretofore; still I do not see any thing to prevent this town from doubling or perhaps trebling its exportation of cotton in the course of a century. The produce shipped here is not considered of quite so good quality as that shipped at New Orleans, and prices vary in consequence: how far this inferiority is real, or merely the effect of prejudice and custom, I will not pretend to say. The merchants at Mobile have one opinion, those at New Orleans another; but which is correct the cotton-manufacturer must be the best judge. The Alabama bales contain more than those from South Carolina, and weigh about four or five hundred pounds, but take no greater space than those of Carolina, whose weight is from three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds, the bales on arriving at Mobile being pressed by the power of a steam-engine before they are exported. I examined one of these steam-engines, which thus reduced the size of six hundred bales every day; the expence is about sixty cents per bale. The warehouses, built on the same plan as those at Augusta, are capable of containing ten thousand bales.

I was continually dissuaded from proceed-

ing by mail to New Orleans, on account of the badness of the road, which renders it impossible to fix a time for arrival, and was recommended to proceed by sea. In opposition, however, to this advice, I started in the stage. The road cuts in an oblique direction through projecting points of land of the States of Alabama and Mississippi, and traverses a country filled with woods and swamps. On arriving at the landing-place, I found a steamboat intending to proceed with the mail-bags to Lake Pontchartrain; but she was still undergoing repair, with one of her chimneys taken down, on which two smiths were hard at work, hammering and repairing. Seeing her in this state, I naturally supposed that her departure was not near at hand, and therefore went on shore with the intention of taking a short walk. The captain had hardly observed my departure, when, offended probably at my boldness in coming to a conclusion without consulting him, he cried out in a tone of voice distinguished by any thing but mildness: "Excellent! a passenger less! Take away the planks! Put the wheels in motion!"

I lost no time in returning, and endeavoured to make the captain understand that, as the



boat was not yet ready, she could not start. "Who told you that?" asked the gallant tar, still more excited—"people now-a-days pretend to understand what they know nothing about."

The sentence was hardly finished before the vessel was in motion. The chimney was raised in a twinkling, and fastened to the sides by chains, but so loosely and imperfectly, that, like the pendulum of a clock, it swung to and fro every twenty yards that the boat advanced. Soot and smoke issued through apertures still left unrepaired, and covered deck and cabin with a dense cloud, at times almost suffocating. To protest against this annoyance was of very little avail with a man of this stamp. Neither indeed was it possible to make any complaint, as the worthy captain, feeling his eyes rather heavy from the effect of drinking, had retired to his birth, and said to his black servant, whilst locking the door, "Woe to him who ventures to disturb me! If the boat should take fire, you may wake me, but not otherwise." There were three other passengers on board besides myself, who laughed at this, and amused themselves with playing at cards all night. I ought here to observe, that these individuals

were members of a society established in the Southern and Western States, whose occupation is exclusively directed to gambling pursuits. Some of the worthy fraternity are invariably found on board steamboats, or in other places to which strangers are likely to resort. The profits of their ill-gotten gains are afterwards divided among them.

Finding that nothing could be done towards improving our present disagreeable situation, I retired to rest, in hopes of finding some repose after my fatiguing journey. I was on the point of taking a nap, when a shock, resembling the report of a cannon, dispelled all inclination to sleep. Uncertain if the cause was not the bursting of the boiler, I went on deck, where, to my no small surprise, all was quiet, as if nothing particular had happened. The only person I could find was a carpenter, making plugs of wood: on inquiring the cause of the last shock, he answered very drily and laconically, "Oh, it was only one of the boilers that burst." At the same moment another shock was heard, and presently a third. The carpenter pretended not to hear, and continued his work. I asked if the captain ought not to be called, since all the boilers had burst, and placed

both boat and passengers in danger of making a sudden aërial voyage. "Why so?" replied he; "does not the vessel go as before? It is not the first time the boilers have burst. I have hardly time to make plugs fast enough. As soon as a hole is observed in the boiler, a plug is put in, and it answers the purpose perfectly well."

The steamboat meanwhile slowly continued her voyage without stopping, and steered her course within the rocks, along the shore on the right side, having a number of islands on the left. The entrance to Lake Pontchartrain from Lake Borgne is rather narrow and full of dangerous shoals, which it is often difficult to avoid. The first lake is very extensive, having the appearance of a sea: its waters are easily agitated, the least wind raising them to the height of waves. The steamboat stopped at the southern shore, and landed passengers at a place much visited during the warm season by people from New Orleans, for the convenience of sea-bathing. Several large houses are built for that purpose on the banks of the lake, where both sexes bathe together, as at Lueg, in Switzerland.

Creoles often told me how extremely pleasant this sociable way of bathing was, and

assured me that the most agreeable moments in the summer were spent in this manner. The bathers are attired in a peculiar dress, mostly of flannel. Whole families walk there for hours together, and young ladies are courted and flirt in the bath with as little inconvenience as in a drawing-room. A little, handsome, black-eyed Creole, in New Orleans, was one day describing to me how much pleasure she found in this recreation, and summed up all she had been saying on the subject in the following words, expressed with perfect extacy: "*Mais, Monsieur, c'est charmant, c'est un paradis terrestre!*"

The distance hence to New Orleans is about six miles, which I travelled in twelve minutes by means of a steam-carriage. The road passes by a continual swamp, and it is only on approaching the town that the ground acquires solidity. This circumstance sufficiently accounts for the fevers always prevalent in these parts, the idea of which may be said to be inseparable from the name of New Orleans.

New Orleans is built in a semicircle, along the shore of the Mississippi, one hundred and five miles from its mouth at Balize, and one thousand from its junction with the River Ohio. The streets follow the

curve of the stream, and are crossed by others running from the Mississippi. Only one of them was paved when I visited the city, but I was assured that the others would undergo the same process in the course of a short time: a beginning was already made in one of the principal streets when I left New Orleans. Paving is of the greatest consequence to this town, for after rain it was next to impossible to move without sinking knee-deep in mud: after a long drought again, the dust was intolerable, when spectacles were indispensable requisites to prevent blindness. Mud and dust were the only alternatives.

The city is divided into two parts, the town itself, or the old French town, and the Faubourgs, of which the northern and nearest goes by the name of the American town. The old town is a parallelogram, formed on three sides by wide streets, planted with trees, and on the fourth inclosed by the Mississippi. No stranger can help observing the wide difference there exists in every thing between the French and Creole, and the American part of the town: they appear like two different cities, inhabited by different natives, governed by different principles and laws. In the first are seen a number of wooden houses, only one

story high, containing three or four rooms, opening into the street by means of glass-doors. Those that have been built of late years are of brick, and plastered, which gives the town more of a European than American appearance. Creoles, who inhabit the old parts of New Orleans, are generally satisfied with little, and not fond of trouble. This circumstance, the effect of a warm and relaxing climate, operates sensibly on the appearance of this part of the city, which has received very little improvement.

In the American part again, every thing advances, the enterprising Yankees setting no bounds to improvements of every kind. Possessing considerable capital, which they know how to lay out to advantage, their activity in every branch of commerce must insure the success which they anticipate. The extensive and lucrative cotton trade, the principal source of wealth to New Orleans, is drawing gradually towards the American quarter, and now seems to have established itself there for good. Attempts have been made and are making to divide the trade, by rendering the Southern Faubourg a free port, with commodious warehouses; but I much doubt whether the object can be accomplished

in the manner proposed by sanguine speculators.

In the mean time, the American part of the town is flourishing and increasing in a most astonishing degree. Large brick buildings and warehouses spring up, and are finished in a shorter time than Europeans require to lay foundations. Streets are filled with goods, principally bales of cotton; and between these American merchants are seen running in a continual hurry, their minds filled with schemes and speculations. The price of cotton was the topic of conversation from one end of the street to the other; and a fall or rise occupied the dealers so intensely, that their countenances became at last actual barometers, in which a physiognomist could easily discern if the difference in price since the preceding day was one-quarter, one-half, one, or two cents per pound.

The port of New Orleans is called the Levee, a wide unpaved street, always filled with mud or dust, equally annoying to man and beast; on one side a row of stores and dwelling-houses has been erected. The rapidity of the river prevents the building of a pier, so common and convenient in other towns of America, running in a straight line from the

shore, and so wide that ships may load and unload with the greatest ease on both sides. Instead of such a structure (unquestionably leaving more space), the ships lie in tiers alongside the harbour, sometimes three or four deep. A visit to the port offers a very interesting spectacle, both on account of the river, majestically washing its shores, and of the many different languages there spoken. One day I remarked individuals of the following nations : Americans, English, French, Scotch, Spaniards, Swedes, Germans, Irish, Italians, Russians, Creoles, Indians, Negroes, Mexicans, and Brazilians.

This mixture of languages, costumes, and manners, rendered the scene one of the most singular that I ever witnessed. The liveliness of the Italians, the proud air of the Spaniards, the elasticity of the French, the composure of the English, the stern countenances of the Indians, the slavish conduct of the Negroes, formed altogether such a striking contrast, that it was not a little extraordinary to find them united in one single point. If there is a place where it is possible to form any thing like a correct idea of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel, it certainly is New Orleans. Contemplate this



group of polite and volatile Frenchmen, of grinning Creoles—do they not appear as if they passed through life dancing? Yonder stalk a few Spaniards—does not their gait denote their national pride? And this group of robust Swedish mariners, encamped on a pile of bar-iron, brought by them from the Scandinavian Peninsula—what forms the topic of their interesting conversation but the country that produces this metal? Here the fruiterer exhibits a variety of fruit, and raises pyramids of oranges, bananas, lemons, pineapples, &c. See with what voracity these South Americans, stretched on the ground, devour the half-ripe fruit. There, an Italian is performing on a miserable organ, while two monkeys are dancing on the top. Yonder, again, an itinerant Yankee spreads a thousand different articles on the ground, exclaiming that he sells them at a loss, merely for the sake of ensuring custom. Here, coffee is sold by Negro women; there, oysters are swallowed; there, Indians are draining their whisky-bottle, after having given a small quantity to their wives and children. There, again, is a countryman from Kentucky, who has just sold his crop, and has his pocket full of money, which he is anxious

either to lose or to double at a gaming-house as soon as evening arrives. Finally, listen to the noise of the Mulatto, Negro, and Irish women, offering their goods for sale, and the rolling of carts and waggons, sinking under the weight of produce from all parts of the world. Who will deny that these afford innumerable subjects for the painter and the poet?

The population of the city amounted, according to the census of 1830, to forty-eight thousand four hundred and fifty-six souls; during the winter months, it may probably be very little short of sixty thousand. More than half are natives of Africa, or their progeny, such as Mulattoes and Quarteroons; and the other half consists of Whites, of whom the Creoles form a greater proportion than settled Americans. I remember having often heard in Europe the name "Creole" applied indiscriminately to all people of colour. This is, however, a great mistake; for it means a free native of the country, and belongs exclusively to white people born in the neighbourhood. In conversation, for instance, it is often said, "a Creole of New Orleans," "a Creole of St. Croix," "a Creole of Guadaloupe," which implies a person born in these places. A Creole of New Orleans considers it as degrad-

ing to be taken for a Mulatto or a Quarteroon, as an inhabitant of the Northern States would, and never fails, both in word and deed, to show this distinction. Descending from a mixed race of Spaniards and French, the Creoles have inherited all the characteristics of their forefathers, such as jealousy, and an impetuosity of temper, that often drives them to the commission of acts which in other parts of the globe would be severely punished, though they are here passed over unnoticed. At playhouses it was not unusual to see persons attack each other with drawn daggers.

I was myself an eye-witness of two scenes in the French Opera House, which left on my mind a strong impression of the passionate and vindictive disposition of the Creoles. On both occasions, a dispute arose between two well-dressed gentlemen on the subject of their seats; a sharp expression led to a retort, and then followed the drawing of dirks, which are carried by every one at New Orleans. One of the combatants received a very severe wound in the shoulder, and the other a dangerous cut in the side, which put his life in jeopardy. As soon as the bleeding heroes had been carried out of the house by their friends,

all sensation ceased, and the play was resumed as if nothing had happened. On another occasion, at a public ball, which was attended by the principal people of the city, two gentlemen had a misunderstanding respecting a lady, with whom both wished to have the honour of dancing. They retired immediately from the ball-room to settle their quarrel with balls of a different kind.

The Creoles are in general handsome, with large bright black eyes, fine figure, and an agreeable carriage. They have something of the French *tournure*, and dress tastefully and elegantly. The climate, however, produces a relaxing effect, observable in their movements, which indicate indolence, and in their conversation, tainted with a kind of debility. Few are able to express themselves in English; their French is a kind of *patois*, which annoyed me a little at first, until the ear became more familiarized with the strange sound.

Quarteroons, as they are called, are individuals descended from Negroes, intermixed with Whites; after several generations, they may be said to be three-fourths of the latter race, retaining only one-fourth of the Negro blood in their veins. Many of them are as

white, if not whiter, than the Creoles ; so that a stranger can hardly discover the African extraction. In general, they have obtained their freedom ; still they are not entitled to the same privileges and respect as free citizens. It is enough that they are of sable origin (even though in the sixth generation) to subject them to all the contempt bestowed on the slave. A barbarous enactment forbids marriages between these and the Whites, declaring all such alliances illegal. The consequence may be easily foreseen. The unfortunate Quarteroon girls, many of whom have received an education which would be an ornament to any lady, imbibe a belief from infancy, that the Creator has made them subordinate beings, belonging to a race inferior to the Whites, and that therefore they are not fit to go through the ceremony of marriage, or to receive the usual benediction from a clergyman. They are far from ignorant of the obligations and duties of a wife, and perform both as becomes respectable females ; but, however spotless their conduct, a certain degree of disgrace never leaves them for a moment. If a white man happens to marry a Quarteroon, he is no longer admitted into the society of Creoles ; from that instant

he is reduced to a level with the former. He must then live *en retraite* in New Orleans, or quit the country for another part, where different customs permit him to restore to his wife that respect which she often deserves, and of which she has only been deprived by a foolish prejudice.

Quarteroon girls are of course divided into several classes — I have now only spoken of the first. There are some whose morals are certainly objectionable ; but their appearance and demeanour bespeak nothing of the kind. A stranger would take them for respectable and virtuous women. The boldness and effrontery peculiar to females in this degraded station in London or Paris are not to be found in New Orleans. Unless a person is previously acquainted with the life they lead, nothing in their conduct excites suspicion. It is almost impossible to believe that these bashful females are other than what they represent themselves to be. Much is said all over America of their extraordinary beauty, but I confess I was not a little disappointed. Undoubtedly, there are many who may be called handsome, but beautiful they certainly are not, in my eyes, at least. I did not see one that might be called so. They

have in general large dark or black eyes, and black hair ; but they are deficient in two important qualities : the voice is often harsh and unpleasant, and the figure not exactly that of a Taglioni. Shakspeare has told us that a gentle voice is “ an excellent thing in woman ;” and we all acknowledge the fascination of a symmetrical form.

No city in the United States, with the exception of New York, has a more advantageous situation for commerce than New Orleans. The immense rivers which traverse the Western States bring thither, without difficulty, produce from distances of several thousand miles. Canals and railroads contribute, in a great measure, to facilitate communications partly formed by Nature ; so that New Orleans may now be said to be in direct communication with the Canadas and New York, by means of an inland navigation, effected by canals, which unite the Ohio with Lake Erie, and Lake Erie with the Hudson. In the months of January, February, and March, it is not uncommon to see one thousand flat boats\* lying at one time in the harbour. I counted one day fifty steamboats

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\* Boats made of logs put together in a loose and slovenly manner, on which produce is brought down to New Orleans. When the goods are disposed of, the boat is also sold for fuel.

near the bridge. Ships are continually coming in or going out, towed by steamers. Every thing indicates the most extraordinary activity. New Orleans is already in the South what New York is in the North, gradually monopolizing all trade from the neighbouring towns, and it would even surpass the latter, if the climate did not check its increase.

This unfortunate circumstance, which compels the inhabitants to absent themselves for about four months in the year, tends to check, in a sensible degree, the rapid advance of New Orleans. The yellow fever appears to have fixed its abode in this city; and if any other contagious disease reaches the American shore, it is sure to pay a visit to this place. None, without being seasoned to the climate, can with any safety remain during the heat of summer; but, having once gone through the ordeal of the yellow fever, no apprehensions need be entertained of a second attack. Creoles are not exposed to it; but strangers and emigrants often fall victims to its influence. The sickly season generally commences in August or September, and does not cease till a sharp frost sets in, when all diseases disappear with the same rapidity that they broke out, often in a single night.



Winter is exempt from any disorders, although the atmosphere is damp, and as unpleasant as it is trying to an individual not accustomed to it. I have no doubt that the unhealthy vapours which are continually rising from the Mississippi and the adjoining swamps, so peculiarly injurious at night to weak constitutions, will, in a great measure, be obviated when these swamps are drained, and the ground feels the effect of cultivation. To accomplish this desirable end, numerous canals have already been cut, and others are daily making, which, when completed, will, it is to be hoped, have a material influence on the climate, and if they do not altogether extinguish the epidemic, will perhaps diminish its virulence so much that New Orleans and yellow fever will no more be synonymous.

During the five weeks I spent in this city, the weather was uninterruptedly mild, and, with the exception of my sojourn in Naples, I never remember having spent so warm a January as this. In the middle of the day, the heat was even oppressive. The mornings had a delightful freshness, but the nights were often so warm, that one might without risk sleep with open windows. The city was visited at least once a week by thunder-

storms, so awfully magnificent that they must be heard to be duly appreciated; and these were generally attended by such heavy showers, that they threatened to sweep away the whole city. Night and day, millions of mosquitoes sported about; tired no doubt of the common blood of Creoles, they manifest a decided preference for that of strangers, to whom they are a source of extreme and continual annoyance, never failing to leave such marks of their visits, that these are often confounded with those by which votaries of Bacchus are generally distinguished.

New Orleans had, this season, been severely visited with diseases of various kinds; the yellow fever and cholera having alternately raged with a violence which spread terror even among those who had hitherto braved every danger. None escaped; neither Creole nor stranger, neither White nor Black. Death invaded every family, and depopulated every fifth house: it was out of human power to stop its ravages. Half the inhabitants fled in dismay to the neighbouring country, but even there they were assailed. Scarcely was there time to take leave of intimate friends, to bury the dead, or to read a prayer over their

graves. Whole families were extinguished like lamps, by a breath of air. Yes, one night was sufficient to sweep from the earth father, mother, children, dying in each other's arms, before their neighbours even knew they were ailing. Trenches were dug in the swampy churchyard, into which were thrown, by scores, the bodies of persons, who either had no friends or relations, or, if they had, these were so occupied with their own safety, that they had no time to provide coffins. Friendship, love, every tie, was dissolved; in every house there was a vacancy. How few were the fortunate beings, who, at the end of 1832, could say that not one of their friendly circle was missing! But why dwell on a scene which involves so much misery, of which numbers have seen pictures equally frightful, in America as well as in Europe!

From sorrow to joy there is but one step, and from the most serious contemplation men often relapse into the most cutting satire. I shall, therefore, take leave of this gloomy picture, and turn to another, in which a Yankee occupies the principal place. I will relate the anecdote just as it was told to me, and only quote it with a view to illustrate the fact, if it could be questioned at all, that a

Yankee is "cut and dry" for business, and that, place him wherever you please, he is sure to prosper and grow rich. There is nothing that he cannot turn to his advantage: he even carries, if I may be allowed the expression, frozen lakes from Boston to the East Indies for sale, and succeeds beyond his most sanguine expectation. In the same way, a calculating head in one of the New England States had heard that the cholera was advancing towards New Orleans; judging, from the bad name and unhealthy state of the place, that a great mortality must of course ensue among the citizens, he determined to turn the circumstance to his own advantage. He accordingly chartered a vessel, which was quickly laden with a considerable quantity of large boxes. On arriving at the place of destination, the utmost despatch was used to unload her: how great were the surprise and astonishment of the consignee on finding that the whole cargo consisted of nothing but . . . . . coffins!

The 8th of January was a day of festivity at New Orleans. Eighteen years had now elapsed since that day had been distinguished in the page of American history by a victory gained by General Jackson, at the head of a

body of undisciplined troops, over the English army, commanded by General Sir Edward Packenham. This victory, so glorious to the republican commander, paved the way to the presidential chair. The day was therefore sacred to every American citizen, and celebrated at New Orleans with more splendour than in any other part of the United States. Early in the morning, mass was performed in the cathedral, an old, dilapidated building, where thousands of faithful Catholics repaired to hear *Te Deum*, and a sermon commemorative of the event, delivered by one of the ablest preachers in the city. The subject afforded the orator ample scope for indulging in severe observations with reference to the defeated enemy, which were listened to by a number of Englishmen, who happened to be present upon the occasion, with philosophical composure. Divine service was followed by a grand parade of the militia of the city, composed of cavalry and infantry, belonging to the first families in New Orleans, and amounting to about eight hundred men. The uniforms were the handsomest I had seen in the New World, particularly that of the cavalry, which bore a strong resemblance to the French. The martial bearing of both

officers and soldiers left nothing to be desired : yet the salutes, or firing of the small arms, were rather indicative of the recruit, and not unlike the report of a few hundred crackers let off one at a time. The festivities concluded with a performance at the theatre, adapted to the occasion, and with balls.

The Legislature of the State of Louisiana was then sitting in New Orleans. Members of both Chambers were chosen from among the Creoles as well as from the American population. As many members only understand one language, either French or English, it is necessary at the end of every speech to employ an interpreter, who makes a summary translation as far as his memory permits. This causes, however, a loss of time irreparable to a legislative body like this, and which would be much better employed if the same language were spoken by all. Time will probably remedy this evil, when Americans shall have so much ascendancy in the State as to elect their own members, and to exclude those who speak no other than the French Creole dialect. I was fortunate enough to hear several of their first orators speaking on the subject of creating a

new Bank, which should have the additional privilege of providing funds for the cutting of a canal from the Mississippi to Lake Borgne. The speeches were violent, but flowing, and often distinguished by eloquence.

### CHAPTER III.

I hear the sound of death on the harp.  
OSSIAN.

THE Mississippi was lying before me. Its waters, restless and muddy, always filled with a great quantity of half-consumed bushes, branches, and trees, rolled rapidly past the shore on which I stood. It is not without great exertion that man is capable of mastering its powerful waves. On the least neglect, he is lost without redemption. Unhappy he who has the misfortune of falling into the river: an invisible arm drags him instantly to the bottom, never to appear again. Thousands are the means employed by the Mississippi to attract its victims. If a month happens to elapse without a steamboat or some other craft being engulfed in the agitated waves, all at once you hear of one of the former having foundered, after striking against a snag, projecting from the



bottom of the river, or of the boiler having burst, or the boat taken fire, or of a flat boat being totally lost; on all these occasions, human lives are sacrificed. But this is not all. Vapours of a highly pernicious nature rise in various directions near the banks of this river, and produce dangerous disorders. Tornadoes are also very frequent, and sometimes shocks of earthquakes are felt.

It was a truly imposing spectacle to behold this magnificent river. The sombre appearance of immeasurable forests on both shores, the disagreeable, muddy, and light brown colour of the water, and its extraordinary rapidity, all contributed to clothe the Mississippi with a majestic mantle. The width is not considerable, being only about half an English mile near New Orleans. St. Lawrence and other large rivers can therefore dispute the palm in that respect. The Mississippi is perhaps the narrowest stream on earth, possessing such an immense mass of water; this circumstance may appear singular to those who have not seen this river, but can easily be explained, by taking into account that it is not a clear stream, but filled with earth and trees, which are carried by the current till they stick fast in some bay or curve, and

thus contribute to keep the channel equally narrow and deep.

The Mississippi takes its rise in a high table-land, in about the forty-seventh degree of latitude. Opinions still differ respecting the precise spot where its source may be found; upon the whole, it is a matter of very little consequence whether it be Turtle Lake, Leech Lake, or any other lake. In or about the forty-seventh degree of latitude is situated, however, beyond a doubt, that source which gives birth to a stream that soon widens into a considerable river, and, traversing large and rich tracts of land, has a longer course than any other that I know of. From its source to its junction with the Missouri, the distance is computed at sixteen hundred miles, seven hundred of which may be navigated by steamboats. From this point, the outlet into the Gulph of Mexico is twelve hundred and fifty miles distant; so that the whole length of the river is two thousand eight hundred and fifty miles. Several authors have contended that the Missouri,\* being a much

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\* The Missouri, from its source to its junction with the Mississippi, is three thousand one hundred and eighty-one miles in length, of which two thousand six hundred are navigable by steamers. To Balize, it is one thousand two hundred and fifty miles farther, making the whole length of the stream four thousand four hundred and thirty-one miles.

larger, longer, and more powerful stream, ought to give name to the river, after its junction with the Mississippi: be this as it may, the Mississippi, into which the Missouri runs, being the straighter of the two, has given its name to the gigantic stream. That tract of land which goes under the denomination of the Valley of the Mississippi, because the river runs through it, is bordered towards the east by the Alleghany Mountains, and on the west by the Rocky Mountains, the distance between which two chains is two thousand five hundred miles in a straight line, and double that space if the course of the Ohio and Missouri is followed.

No river in the world has so many tributary streams, which, like weak vassals, joining an advancing army headed by a hero, pay their contingent to the Mississippi, and mingle with its mighty waters. To enumerate all these streams would exceed the limits of this work: I will only mention a few of the principal, that may not be generally known in Europe, and yet may vie with the Rhine, the Danube, and the Elbe. To the north of the Missouri, the following streams run into the Mississippi: Ouisconsin, Rock River, Des Moines, Salt River, and Illinois. South of

the Missouri again, the following form a junction: Kaskaskia, Ohio, St. Francis, White River, Arkansas, and Red River. Were these in the Old World, they would long ere now have been objects of admiration, perhaps the theme of some illustrious poet: at present they must wait in hopes of the arrival of that day, when their European rivals shall have sunk into oblivion and insignificance!

About three hundred miles from its source, the Mississippi is half a mile wide. It then precipitates itself from an elevation, and forms a perpendicular waterfall of seventeen feet. This cataract is called the Falls of St. Anthony. The environs are described as extremely romantic, and as having been the scene of the following melancholy event. A young Dacota Indian woman, impelled by jealousy and despair at the inconstancy of her husband, who had taken another wife, placed herself and children in a canoe, and let it glide down the fall. Both mother and children perished, without leaving the least trace behind; but, according to tradition, the spirit of the injured woman still hovers about the place, bewailing the infidelity of the husband.

The features of the stream below this fall are well described in Flint's excellent picture of the Mississippi Valley, to which valuable work I beg leave to refer my readers. From St. Anthony's Fall the river runs tranquilly through rich meadows and thick forests, continually increasing by the junction of many other streams, themselves coming from regions several thousand miles distant. As far as the mouth of the Missouri, the rapidity of the river is scarcely two miles an hour; below the Missouri, again, it is more considerable, and may be computed at four miles for the same period. On joining this river, the Mississippi is one mile and a half wide. The united streams have subsequently, as far as the mouth of Ohio, no greater width than three quarters of a mile. The mighty Mississippi appears to lessen rather than widen it; but the depth insensibly changes; the mass of water increases; and, what is much to be lamented, alters its character altogether. It is no longer the quiet and peaceable stream, with smooth shores and plain sandbanks: it is now a wild and boiling river; its shores present uneven and rugged banks, and, at places from which the water has receded, heaps of mud are deposited.

The Mississippi will always remain a sublime subject for contemplation ; aged forests will ever cover its banks ; but its peaceable character, hitherto so gratifying to the eye, is gone. "No thinking man can contemplate this mighty and resistless current, sweeping its proud course from point to point, and winding through the dark forests, without a feeling of awe. The hundred regions laved by its waters ; the long course of its tributaries, some of which water the abodes of civilization, while others pursue their way through countries where not a solitary dwelling of civilized man is seen on their banks ; the numerous tribes of savages that now roam on its vicinity ; the affecting and imperishable traces of generations that are gone, leaving no other memorials of their existence or materials for history than their tombs, that rise at frequent intervals along its shores ; the dim but glorious anticipations of the future — these are subjects of contemplation, that cannot but associate themselves with the view of this river."\*

I was repeatedly told in America that none can form a correct idea of the Mississippi who has only visited it once. I doubted the

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\* Flint's "History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley."

truth of this assertion, until I had an opportunity of personally surveying this immense river. A few weeks' acquaintance with it soon convinced me that its appearance in spring, when the banks overflow, is very different from what it is in autumn. It is no longer the same stream, which, at one season, confines itself within a mile, and at another covers a space of at least thirty miles in width, and is in no place less than fifteen feet deep. Trees, which in summer and autumn raise their aged heads far above the surface of the water, are hardly visible during the rest of the year, and resemble boundless woods growing at the bottom of an extensive lake. One is even led to believe that it requires a man's life-time to examine and to become thoroughly acquainted with the character of this river. Individuals who inhabit its shores are often struck with amazement at the sudden changes produced in a single night, in the course of the Mississippi, by its increased width and extraordinary ravages: how is it then possible for a traveller, who only sees it once, to come to any correct conclusion! He may be astonished at its length—judge by the depth of tributary streams of its immense mass of water—tremble at the violence of the

waves—contemplate with surprise the muddy water which follows him long after quitting Balize, and even when land is out of sight—still he knows nothing of the Mississippi, until in the afternoon of a long life, commenced, passed, and concluded, on its shores.

It was about the beginning of February when I quitted the great Southern metropolis, and embarked on board the steamer Louisiana, bound to Louisville. This was one of the largest steamboats plying on the Mississippi, and belonging to the Mississippi and Ohio Mail Line, the only one in all the Western States in which it is possible to travel with any degree of safety. Each year adds a considerable number to the long list of human victims lost by accidents in steamers on this river. It is almost a miracle to escape with life on these trips. Of nine steamboats that left New Orleans on the same day for different places, Natchez, Alexandria, St. Louis, Louisville, and Pittsburg, three only arrived without disasters of some kind or other. Negligence, no doubt, is the principal cause, and of this I was an eye-witness during my trip up the river. The length of the voyage, from one thousand to one thousand five hundred miles, so overpowers captain and pilot, seamen



and engineers, with fatigue, that they fall into an imaginary security, from which they are roused only when accidents happen, and death already reigns on board.

But still negligence may not always be the cause: false economy, and a want of proper feeling on the part of proprietors of steamboats, have also their share, if the statements current in the Western States may be depended upon. A captain of one of the smaller steamboats had, as I was informed, for a long time called the attention of his owners to the indifferent condition of the boilers, and assured them, that some were so worn out, that he expected they would burst every minute, and that he could not answer for consequences. The owners laughed at his warnings, and ordered him immediately to proceed with the steamer to his place of destination, adding: "A few lives more or less are of very little consequence to us; the steamer must go."

When to this carelessness of human life and the negligence of the crew is added the really dangerous navigation of the Mississippi, both on account of the strong current and the sunken snags or sawyers\*, so often

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\* Sawyers, or snags, are trees, which, torn from the banks, get entangled by the roots at the bottom of the river. Their trunks,

met with, one may form an imperfect idea of the continual dangers to which travellers on this river are exposed. The Atlantic Ocean, with its fathomless depth, is not half so dangerous as the Mississippi: a voyage from Liverpool to New York is a party of pleasure when compared to that from New Orleans to Cincinnati. During the two years I spent in America, hardly a month passed without some accident happening on the Western rivers, by one or two steamboats being blown up, burnt, or sunk; and I still shudder at the number of human lives that were sacrificed, not by hundreds, but by thousands.

It was in the year 1811 that the first steamboat was built in the Mississippi valley, but it was not until 1817 that they were in full activity. On the large Western rivers there are now no fewer than about four hundred steamers, of which the greater part are from two hundred, two hundred and fifty, three hundred, to three hundred and fifty tons burden. Among the larger ones, the Mediterranean takes the first rank: this steamboat was built at Pittsburg, and carries a freight of seven hundred tons. She was like a fri-

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by the influence of the current, are always moving backward and forward, and are extremely dangerous to vessels, which they often cut through.

gate, with three decks: the steam, issuing at every revolution of the wheel, was so impetuous, that the noise it made resembled the report of a cannon. Next to this vessel follow the Homer, Henry Clay, Uncle Sam, Mohican, &c. The Louisiana measured three hundred and sixty tons, and had two decks, the upper of which consisted of a long saloon, extending from the fore-part of the ship to the stern, and a ladies' cabin with births on the sides. The births for the men were on each side of the saloon, with windows facing an open passage round the vessel. In the middle of the room appeared an oblong case of immense size, used as a table, but in reality a covering for part of the machinery raised through the floor. The only outlet from this saloon was in the fore-part, through the bar, an apartment incessantly frequented by all the drinking individuals on board. This place of resort was exactly above the boilers, so that, in case of any accident, the aforesaid individuals would have been among the first victims, nor was there any escape for those who might chance to be in the stern. The other deck again was fitted up for the machinery, (high pressure), and was also used for such goods as could not be stowed in the hold

of the vessel, and finally for the accommodation of deck passengers. The latter consisted chiefly of persons who had come down in flat boats from the Northern and North-western States, and who, after disposing of their produce and boats, were returning home at a small expence. From Louisville to New Orleans, for instance, they paid no more than five dollars, if they engaged to assist the crew in taking in firewood at various stations.

Above the long saloon was the hurricane-deck, as it is called, perfectly open, without any covering. Here the pilot had a box in the foremost part of the vessel, immediately behind the two chimneys, or above the drinking room. The fare was much better on board this boat than in those on the Alabama river; but, after all, it can hardly be called good. The dishes were badly cooked, and served up in small allowances: bacon and ham, and all sorts of pig-meat, seemed to be favourite dishes with the captain and cook. The black attendants were impudent and insolent, and their conduct often led to disagreeable scenes between them and the passengers.

Steamboats in the West are undoubtedly the least durable of any: they are considered

old and useless after a service of five years. The cause may be traced partly to the green wood employed in their construction, partly to the hurry in which they are built. They generally pay the first cost within five years, sometimes even in three, two, or one year. Hence some conception may be formed of the immense traffic in these parts; many steam-boats not only pay their expences, but yield large profits to their owners.

*First Day's Journey.*—On both banks of the river, walls had been thrown up to prevent its overflowing the low but valuable fields used for the cultivation of sugar-canes. When the water is high, which was the case now, it reaches the foot of the walls; and it is far from unusual for the impetuosity of the stream to defy all obstacles, to overthrow the bulwark, and to inundate the whole neighbourhood. Several places were shown to me, in the course of the first day's journey, where the river had, by its violence, made breaches of this kind, and overflowed large tracts of land which had been productive. Some of these inundations are so considerable, that they may be used for the transport of produce, but not until the inhabitants have raised high walls on both banks, as on the

parent stream. Others again, turning in a southerly direction, discharge themselves into the Gulph of Mexico ; thus carrying away large masses of water from the Mississippi, before it reaches New Orleans. These drains, or diverters, are known by the name of Bayous.

The country on both banks of the Mississippi is flat, but displays the greatest fertility and the richest soil. Sugar, cotton, and rice, are cultivated every where, particularly the first article, as far as one hundred and fifty miles north of New Orleans: cotton then takes the lead. All the sugar-plantations that I could discover had a neat appearance, indicative of a certain profit to the owners. The sugar-cane does not succeed every year, but the profit of one good season is so great that the planters are richly remunerated for several indifferent crops. One of these hospitable, generous, and independent, men assured me that he purchased, ten years ago, for the sum of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, (all borrowed money) a sugar-plantation, which had, notwithstanding several bad crops, already paid off one hundred and thirty thousand dollars, leaving only thirty thousand to be liquidated, which, he added, he could easily pay at the end of the next crop.

No plantation, however, requires more capital or more Negroes for its cultivation than that of the sugar-cane: this circumstance, in some measure, prevents competition. The mortality among Negroes on such plantations is considerable, on account of the severe work which they have to go through in harvest-time, the sugar-cane requiring a quick process, which must be completed in a few days. The canes are generally cut in November and December, and the sugar immediately pressed out by rollers. The roots are left in the ground till the month of February, at which time they are set on fire, in order to clear the soil and prepare it for another crop. These fires produced a fine effect at night. The flames were white as snow, and disputed with the feeble light of the moon the right of illuminating the neighbourhood. I remained a good while on deck this night, enjoying this singular light, as as well as a warm delightful summer air in the month of February.

*Second Day.*—The river continued of the same dark grey, dirty colour, filled with fragments of branches and trees, which already began to meet the eye at New Orleans. The current was at the rate of about four miles

an hour. When steamers go down the river, they generally keep in the middle, to accelerate their velocity by taking advantage of the strong current, in addition to the speed caused by the working of the machinery. But, when they proceed up the stream, they act differently, as they must then steer as near the shore as possible, in order to avoid the current. Numberless difficulties arise from this peculiar navigation, unknown on other rivers. The Mississippi, as I have before observed, is not straight, but runs, with few exceptions, in semicircles, of which one commences where the other ends, in an opposite direction, forming bays and bends of such regularity, that pilots calculate their distance by the number of them. The channel is generally deepest at the bottom of the bay, all trunks of trees, as well as earthy substances, following the current nearest to the outer side, thus leaving the interior tolerably free from impediments. Steamboats must, therefore, at each of these bays, steer right across the stream to the interior part of the curve, continuing the same course, till another bay obliges them to cross the river again, a manœuvre seldom effected without a serious struggle between the vessel



and the stream, in which the former unquestionably conquers, but not without trembling at the gigantic strength of her antagonist. This necessary precaution prolongs the voyage by doubling the distance, and consumes thrice the time required in going down the river, in addition to which must be mentioned the danger of falling in with snags, which, from the pressure of the current, incline downwards.

In the course of this day we passed the small towns Baton Rouge and Francisville, in the vicinity of which several plantations are situated. To the north of these places, the banks begin to have a wilder appearance, and fewer human habitations are seen. Forests rise majestically, and, like many noble families, seem to pride themselves on their coronet and ancestry. Swamps increase in the same proportion, and Nature assumes, at each step, a different aspect.

*Third Day.*—Early this morning, I was called on deck to view the wreck of a steamboat, bound from Pittsburg to New Orleans, which had foundered the day before, having run foul of a snag, in consequence of which accident she filled with water in the space of two minutes: the fore-part alone was now

visible. The passengers had only time to save themselves in the small boats before the steamer, with all their effects, was under water. This sight, which at any other place would have made a deep impression on the spectators, and caused many bitter reflexions, more or less applicable to our own insecure situation, had, however, no effect on those present. A few lives more or less were of very little consequence to them; the captain himself narrated the disastrous event with a *nonchalance*, which evidently showed the frequency of these accidents.

A few miles further on we fell in with a snag-boat. This is a kind of steamer, made of two flat-bottomed boats, fastened to each other by strong beams, and provided with powerful engines, by which they are propelled with amazing force. The object is to extract and cut off snags found in the Mississippi: this operation, of essential importance to the navigation of the river, is thus performed. The boat starts with the greatest velocity against the current, taking the snags between the flat-bottomed boats, the beams of which raise them to an almost perpendicular elevation in the water. The boat is then checked in her speed, and all hands are employed in sawing

or cutting off the trunk raised above the surface of the water. This operation can only be undertaken when the water is low; during the remainder of the year, the boats are unserviceable. Their utility cannot be questioned, and it would be beneficial if their number on the Mississippi were increased. They cannot, it is true, be said to answer the purpose altogether, for many snags defy their attacks, and remain stationary, in spite of all exertions. Some are even dangerous after having been cut off, particularly at low water. It is, in my opinion, impossible to clear the Mississippi entirely of these incumbrances, the river receiving continually an accession of them from trees washed down from its banks. On the Mississippi, these snag-boats are technically called Uncle Sam's tooth-pullers.

The incessant windings of the river often conduct the water, after a course of many miles, to nearly the same spot whence it started. To avoid this circuitous route, and at the same time shorten the voyage, a passage or canal has been cut through a narrow isthmus, at a short distance from the mouth of Red River. By means of this channel, which is not more than twenty-seven yards in length, a distance of eighteen miles is saved.

On paper this certainly appears a gain of time, as regards the progress of the voyage; but, in reality, these shortenings of the Mississippi are of very little moment. The river, possessing already a strong current, receives an additional impetus; the fall which formerly took place in fifteen or twenty miles being now confined to half a mile. Steamboats are therefore obliged to make great exertions to work against the stream, and take probably as much time to proceed half a mile as they formerly needed to perform thirty times that distance. It is in vain to attempt, by digging, to render the Mississippi straighter than it is by nature: it cannot be mastered by the hand of man, and will ever continue forming new bays, in defiance of all human efforts to change its course.

I arrived towards evening at Natchez, the capital of the State of Mississippi. It is partly built on an eminence, on which most of the dwelling houses are situated: the remainder are near the river, occupied by the refuse population of the neighbourhood, among whom scenes of disorder and bloodshed are continually occurring. The town is very flourishing, ships a considerable quantity of cotton to New Orleans, as well as to Liverpool, and

contains a population of about three thousand souls. It was in this vicinity that the now extinct Indian race of the Natchez once resided—a race well known to those who have read Chateaubriand's beautiful and touching novel, *Atala*.

*Fourth Day.*—The first object that met my eyes this morning was a small town called Rodney, situated near the river, and which appeared to be a flourishing place. It carries on a considerable cotton trade. The river had, a few days before my arrival, undermined a large warehouse, built on the shore, and containing about two hundred bales of cotton, the whole of which was precipitated into the stream. Such accidents are not uncommon where the banks are so low as at Rodney, and excite very little sensation among the residents.

The Mississippi had now assumed its well-known character of uniformity. The banks no longer presented any variety; they were level, and wooded down to the water's edge. In most places, nothing but swamps could be seen for many miles around, and a kind of grey moss hung down from the branches of trees, which were destitute of leaves. Here and there might be seen a few scattered cot-

ton-plantations, with solitary log-houses or Negro huts in the vicinity. They appeared to be protected from inundations by mud walls, not merely following the direction of the banks, but inclosing the plantations on all sides. For a while, the eye was gratified with the sight of cultivated fields, trees a little trimmed, human habitations, and, above all, living beings—a sight very rare on the majestic yet wild Mississippi.

*Fifth Day.*—The steamboat generally stops twice every twenty-four hours, to take in fire-wood, which settlers on the banks, for a trifling remuneration, cut and pile up for the use of the first vessel that arrives. The consumption of this article on the Mississippi has of late years so much increased, that many emigrants, in spite of the insalubrity of the climate, have found it worth their while to settle on its banks, for the express purpose of carrying on the wood-trade with the steamboats on an extensive scale. These woodcutters are called Squatters, who fix their abode wherever they think proper, without asking permission of any person, or even inquiring if, by chance, the spot has a proprietor. Many are individuals banished from civilized society on account of their irregula-

rities, who here seek an asylum, absolutely forgotten and unknown, and frame for themselves laws, which are observed and executed by the interposition of the gun. Others, again, are peaceable emigrants from the Eastern States and from Europe, who settle in these parts with their wives and children, in hopes of ameliorating their circumstances. This class of people make regular and legal purchases of land for themselves and their offspring, with which the first mentioned never interfere. Trees are felled, fire-wood cut and sold, mud walls erected, the ground cleared, stumps, roots, and moss burnt, huts and sheds raised, and, finally, rich seed sown in the fertile soil, which yields a rich crop to the industrious cultivator, more than sufficient for the support of himself and his family.

But disease finds its way to the humble cottage, at the same time that abundant harvests promise the emigrant a happier and more independent life than the peopled and cultivated parts which he has left behind. His wife and children fall away by degrees, till they are like spectres in appearance; their healthy complexion fades, and gives place to a sickly, sallow hue. Truly fortunate is he who, at the end of the year, has not to

deplore the loss of some member of his little circle; he may then, indeed, joyfully celebrate the return of this season. A few years' residence on the spot is said to obviate nearly all danger; but, be this as it may, I never saw a hearty and healthy looking person on the banks of the Mississippi. What I have just mentioned respecting insalubrity does not apply to other rivers, where emigrants may always find spots perfectly healthy. But the case is different on the Mississippi; its banks are low and swampy, and must of necessity engender distempers among persons unaccustomed to marshy exhalations. I am inclined to think that the banks of all the Western Rivers will be thickly settled before those of the Mississippi. Time will show if I err in my judgment.

I landed, with a few of my fellow-travellers, at one of the firewood stations, with an intention of killing some of the small green parrots, which were flying in thousands about in the wood. I had not advanced far from the landing-place before I discovered a hut built of logs, to all appearance for the purpose of saving the inmates from drowning in case of inundation. Indian corn had been raised, in the preceding season, on small adjoining lots of



ground ; and trees stood like a solid wall close to the dwelling. The whole gave me but a mean idea of the industry, activity, and agricultural experience of the proprietor. I opened the door, to which a few loose stones served as steps, and entered the hut. In the room were two elderly persons, a man and a woman, and a few half naked children, more like savages than civilized beings. The habitation was wretched in the extreme, denoting the greatest poverty. I had not yet had an opportunity of contemplating the old man, but when he addressed me thus : " Stranger, thou art welcome here !" I could not help surveying his countenance. His exterior bespoke a man of about forty, though he had seen at least sixty winters ; all he knew himself of his age was, that he was born in the eighteenth century. His look had a wild expression, without exciting awe ; his hair fell in long dark ringlets down his back. His costume was singular, consisting of a coarse green coat, waistcoat of variegated colours, wide chocolate-coloured inexpressibles, no cravat, high shirt collar, following the impulse of the wind, and a low broad-brimmed hat.

The eccentric appearance of this individual excited my curiosity to know something more

of his history. I soon found I was not mistaken in my conjecture: he was a Kentucky man by birth; one of those uncultivated but hospitable and restless persons who never remain long in one place, and fear civilized neighbours more than Indians and wild beasts. He had left Kentucky when young, finding that emigrants began to settle in his neighbourhood, that is, within one hundred miles of his residence in the wood.

'Tis true he shrank from men, even of his nation;  
 When they built up unto his darling trees,  
 He moved some hundred miles off, for a station  
 Where there were fewer houses and more ease.  
 The inconvenience of civilization  
 Is, that you neither can be pleased nor please\*.

Driven from place to place by dislike of neighbours, he had, several years ago, settled on the banks of the Mississippi, in hopes that its reputation for unhealthiness would deter emigrants from approaching these regions; but the prospect of lucre from the supply of steamboats with wood was too tempting to be resisted by poor Irish emigrants. They came within a distance of about one hundred miles of our Kentuckian. He could not possibly bear this intrusion. He could no longer

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\* Byron, "Don Juan," Canto viii.

breathe freely, but suffered in his imaginary dungeon, and felt the weight of supposed fetters: he grumbled at encroachments and illegalities, and determined to cross the stream with a view of regaining liberty in States situated in a more westerly direction. "I have no elbow-room," answered he, offended at my endeavours to dissuade him from the idea of removing to regions totally unknown to him. "I cannot move about without seeing the nose of my neighbour sticking out between the trees. Thou dost not understand, stranger, what liberty is: don't meddle with it. I cannot bear a close confined town-air, and laugh at the fool who submits to wear chains, though he may be free if he chooses. Art thou, man, one of those who wear fetters?"

From this monologue, during which the appellation stranger and man, two epithets very common in the West in speaking to unknown persons, were often used, the conversation turned upon the politics of the country. He appeared well versed in the form of government of his own State, expressed himself firmly and energetically on the good and bad parts of the Constitution, concluding his remarks by a glowing panegyric on Henry Clay. I heard him with surprise: it was

strange to meet with a politician in the shape of a poor Kentuckian, on the banks of the Mississippi, who had wandered all his life from place to place, and passed his time with his family in absolute solitude in the woods. But this is a characteristic feature in Americans. They are, from infancy, accustomed to speak freely of the acts of Government, of the Constitution, and the influential men in the country. Newspapers, circulating in infinite numbers in all parts, and published in the smallest town in the Western forests, keep alive opinions thus early inculcated, and confirm their minds in prejudices, originating in party-spirit. No consideration can silence their tongues: they express themselves unreservedly on the measures of Government, for they conceive that the country belongs as much to them as to any citizen of the Northern States; and they are as anxious for the welfare of the Union as the individual who advocates its cause before Congress. During the whole course of my journey, I never met with an American, however poor, who was deficient in knowledge as to the form of government of his own State, or that of the Union; and, more than once, on board the steamboat, Louisiana, did I listen with the

greatest delight to political discussions among persons of the lower class, on topics connected with the prosperity of the Union. How different is the state of information among similar classes in Europe!

The fire-wood was now already taken on board, and the sound of a great bell recalled the scattered passengers to the steamer. I left my new acquaintance in great haste, in the midst of a violent attack on some, in his opinion, unwise measures of the Federal Government; wishing him a pleasant journey and more elbow-room in the States west of Mississippi. Our sportsmen came running in every direction from the wood, carrying on their shoulders a variety of birds, among which parrots were the most conspicuous, on account of the beauty of their plumes. Hardly were we on board, before the wheels began to move, and in a minute the steamboat darted forward with the rapidity of an arrow.

The same evening, after dark, we had the misfortune to lose one of our crew, who accidentally fell overboard. The machinery was immediately stopped, as soon as his cries for assistance were heard, and a boat lowered to pick him up; but the current was so rapid that he was carried away several hundred

yards before any aid could be afforded. I heard him for at least two minutes calling out for assistance, his voice growing weaker and weaker; and at last all was silent. Darkness rendered it impossible to save him. The boat returned, after having at great risk vainly tried to rescue him. The Mississippi would not surrender its victim. He was drowned, leaving in Ohio a widow with several children in indigent circumstances. A subscription was raised on board for the benefit of the unfortunate survivors; but how little could it compensate for the loss of a husband and a father!

*Sixth Day.*—The territory of Arkansas was now on my left. The banks continued low and woody as before. A number of islands\* lay scattered in the river, formed partly by floating trunks of trees, collected among heaps of sand and mud, partly by inundations, which have cut off pieces of land, and thus converted them into islands. In the course of this day's trip, we passed the mouth of the Arkansas, a river two thousand one hundred and seventy miles in length, giving

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\* There are not fewer than one hundred and twenty-five islands in the Mississippi, from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico.

name to the territory through which it runs. Little Rock, the capital, is situated on its banks, in the centre of the State, about three hundred and fifty miles from the Mississippi. There is a constant communication between this town and New Orleans by means of steamboats.

*Seventh Day.*—This was the first time I saw an Indian since I left New Orleans ; he was standing on shore, with a gun on his shoulders, leaning against a tree, his attitude and looks showing that he was absorbed in deep contemplation. Perhaps he was mourning the degradation of his race ; perhaps recalling to memory the happy times when his ancestors ruled over these regions, when the Mississippi was his, and no white man dared to navigate its waters. Alone on the soil whence civilization has driven him, and to which native inclinations and habits could no longer attach him, he contemplated, probably for the last time, with feelings of bitter sorrow, the country he could no longer call his own. The remnant of the race to which he belonged had, in obedience to the mandates from Washington, long ago evacuated the country, and removed westward of the Mississippi : he was perhaps the only one who still lingered on his native

soil, bewailing his unhappy fate. "Our day is past!" seemed imprinted on his downcast looks. Unfortunate offspring of a mighty race, thy day is indeed past on that soil which covers the ashes of thy forefathers; thou canst live only in a foreign land! Look out for it whilst yet some of thy people remain; collect the precious relics; build thy Troy in new regions; and die at least among those whom thou callest thy countrymen!

It is impossible to give, with any degree of accuracy, a statement of the number of Indians, descendants of the former inhabitants, still remaining in the United States. Tables, which I have examined, do not agree as to the amount: one of them states sixty different tribes, with two hundred and two thousand souls, as the nearest approximation to the truth. Another again says they do not exceed one hundred and eighty thousand. All these statements are, however, made at random; most of the Indian tribes leading such a straggling life, that it is impossible to take a census. That they annually decrease is certain. This decline is not only perceptible in the vicinity of civilization, but, strange enough, in the remotest regions, where they never heard of the existence of Whites. Two



tribes alone, the Choctaws and Cherokees, are said to be on the increase: the first-mentioned bear, of all Indians, the greatest animosity to the Whites. I believe, however, that many experienced Americans believe, with me, that the Indians will one day live only in the annals of history. This total extinction will probably be a subject often touched upon by poets; but, after all, it is only a natural consequence of intellectual progress and of the march of civilization. A savage cannot exist by the side of an enlightened man: let him be treated with kindness, with tenderness, still he will pine away, like a feeble and inferior plant, beside the rich and luxuriant vegetation of the South. The wild vine will not thrive in our cultivated orchards: it either dies, or must be grafted on a better stock. So with the Indian. Many a Red Man will vanish from the earth, but a nobler and better nature will be infused into others. Time will afterwards amalgamate the civilized descendants of savages with the Whites in general, and thus Indians will cease to live on the earth.

Night had already overtaken us before the steamer arrived at Memphis. This is the port through which the trade in cotton with

the interior of the State of Tennessee is carried on : considerable quantities of that commodity are shipped here for New Orleans, from which Memphis is about seven hundred and eighty miles distant.

## CHAPTER IV.

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon :  
The devil's in the moon for mischief.

BYRON.

*Eighth Day.*—THE sun had just risen above the right bank, and few of the travellers were yet awake, when the dreadful cry, "Fire on board!" reached our ears. Every one rushed from his berth, and hastened into the saloon, in hopes of escaping while there was yet time. Confusion, for the space of a minute, was general. Men and women ran against each other in the utmost consternation, with faces pale as death. I abstain from further details of this frightful moment, lest I should be accused by my unfortunate companions, particularly by those of the fair sex, of levity and indifference to their sufferings. It is easy to imagine the comic as well as tragic

scenes which naturally take place on such an occasion. Here, therefore, I shall leave a chasm in my narrative, and only resume it at the period when the fire was luckily extinguished, and tranquillity restored.

The fire was occasioned by the dilapidated state of the kitchen chimney. Being placed close to the outer wall of our cabin, it would never have occasioned any accident, had it not been in so bad a condition. The component parts, it appeared, had given way, leaving an opening towards the wall, large enough to communicate heat and sparks of fire ; these first blackened and afterwards ignited the dry wood-work. An early discovery of the fire enabled the captain to extinguish it at once. As soon as the danger was over, I asked if he intended to repair the chimney, that we might not, in the course of our voyage, be a second time exposed to a similar catastrophe. His answer confirmed me in my former opinion as to the prevalence of neglect and carelessness of human life in the Western States. "I have so many times gone up and down the Mississippi with the chimney in this state, without any accident happening to me, that I do not see the necessity of making any alterations or taking any pre-

caution against an imaginary danger." Accordingly, we were obliged to continue our trip with the broken chimney, which would in all probability more than once have set the vessel on fire, had not some of the passengers, at intervals, thrown water on the heated walls.

I have now proceeded a considerable distance up the Mississippi, without having said a word about the company who happened to be on board. My fellow-passengers from New Orleans were chiefly persons from States bordering on the Atlantic Ocean, returning home after a short residence in the latter city. I passed in their agreeable society moments which would otherwise have been very tedious. But, at every landing-place, new passengers, chiefly farmers, were taken on board, some of whom were in reality "half horse, half alligator;" others again seemed to possess a good fund of information, and manners entitling them to the first place among men even in the Eastern States. They were generally frank, hospitable, and jovial, having apparently nothing on the mind to depress their spirits. Their language was as original as the subjects they discussed. No conversation, however brief, could take place, with-

out a due proportion of anecdotes full of jocoseness; and in less than five minutes generally the whole auditory were convulsed with laughter. But these were not the only persons added to our number. We also received an accession of those despicable beings, who make gambling their profession, and live upon their winnings. Every steamboat from Pittsburg to New Orleans is filled with such persons, who form regular societies among themselves, to "pluck young and inexperienced pigeons."

A number of disgraceful contrivances, illustrative of their profession, were mentioned to me, as practised by these hard-hearted gamblers to lull suspicion, and plunder the unwary. The ablest and most barefaced croupiers of London and Paris are hardly more dexterous, or can perform their legerdemain tricks with more apparent fairness than these sharpers. How often industrious and honest farmers return in despair to their wives and children, totally ruined and reduced to beggary, after having visited New Orleans, sold their crop, received the proceeds, and, on the home voyage, fallen into the hands of desperate gamesters who have stripped them of every dollar!

Fatigued with beholding the cold-blooded looks of the gamblers, and the pale visages of the victims at the hazard-table, I hastened into the open air, anxious to shun the sight of men, clearly endeavouring to ruin each other. The evening was cool, but serene; the stars appeared in all their brightness. I seated myself on deck, trying to dispel by the contemplation of objects before me the recollection of the scene I had just witnessed. Around me was Nature, majestic and grand; a stream so wide that both banks could not be seen at the same time, and a forest resembling a massive, dark, interminable wall. In the fore-part of the steamboat were a group of engineers, whose blackened countenances were now and then brightened by the reflexion of the immense fires in the furnaces, and who laughed immoderately at every jocular expression. A few merry songs were also heard issuing from the same jovial group, each sally of boisterous mirth generally concluding with a copious libation of whisky.

In another corner, half a dozen Kentuckians were stretched on their backs, relating to each other their many hair-breadth escapes, and affirming on oath that none had better guns or wives than themselves. Yonder again,

a few young passengers were dancing to the sound of an old broken fiddle: and in another place an aged matron related to listening children how barbarously the Indians had slaughtered and eaten her ancestors of blessed memory. Here, a man, advanced in years, was reading passages from the Bible to a numerous auditory — there, two champions were wrestling. In a word, I saw and heard nothing but singing, laughing, dancing, and innocent mirth around me, until night was far advanced, and a few game-cocks, confined in cages, informed me by their crowing that dawn was near at hand. Every one repaired to his berth, and I hastened to mine, far better satisfied with the time I had thus spent than if I had watched the gamblers gathering their ill-gotten harvest.

*Ninth Day.*—Early this morning, we perceived the State of Missouri on our left, and, in the forenoon, Kentucky, on the opposite shore. The landscape continued to be of the same character as before. Towards noon we arrived at New Madrid, formerly a flourishing town, to which may now be applied *ubi Troja fuit*. In the year 1812, this place was visited by a succession of those dreadful natural phenomena, earthquakes, so



common in the South, which have buried cities without number, and consigned millions of human beings to a premature grave. The earthquake that destroyed New Madrid is described as having been peculiarly violent: historians even state that the shocks were the strongest ever experienced. It is not the number of victims which, in this instance, inspires awe, the town being small and the neighbourhood little peopled.

But the extent of country which was shaken, new moulded, and swallowed up, by this extraordinary convulsion, was so considerable, that it is still a matter of surprise how any living being could possibly survive the catastrophe. From the river St. Francis to the mouth of the Ohio, a distance of about three hundred miles, the shock laid waste every thing with dreadful violence. Lakes and islands were formed in place of sand-hills, and valleys appeared where lakes formerly existed. Nearly all the houses in New Madrid were destroyed: the cemetery, with its silent inmates, was precipitated into the Mississippi.\* Since that time, the town has not been able to recover its former flourishing

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\* See "Recollections of the last Ten Years passed in the Valley of Mississippi," by T. Flint; and "Westward Ho!" by Paulding.

state. A few miserable dwellings only now show where New Madrid formerly stood. Although in ruins, the place is still a principal rendezvous for flat boats descending the Mississippi. As far as I could see with the naked eye, boats of this kind were lying fastened to each other. The Mississippi itself was almost hid by their number. I cannot give a better description of this singular scene than by quoting Mr. Flint's own words, in his excellent work on the Valley of Mississippi, in which he resided ten years :—

“ In the spring, one hundred boats have landed here in a day. The boisterous gaiety of the hands ; the congratulations of acquaintances, who have met here from immense distances ; the moving picture of life on board the boats ; the numerous animals, large and small, which they carry ; the different loadings, the evidence of the increasing agriculture above ; and, more than all, the immense distances which they have already traversed, afford a copious fund of meditation. In one place there are boats loaded with pine plank, from the forests south-west of New York. In another quarter, there are numerous boats with the ‘ Yankee notions ’ of Ohio. In another quarter are landed together the boats

of Old Kentucky, with their whisky, hemp, tobacco, bagging, and bale-rope; with all the other articles of the produce of their soil. From Tennessee there are the same articles, together with boats loaded with bales of cotton; from Illinois and Missouri, cattle, horses, and the general produce of the Western Country, together with peltry and lead from Missouri. Some boats are loaded with corn in bulk and in the ear; others are loaded with pork in bulk; others with barrels of apples and potatoes, and great quantities of dried apples and peaches. Others have loads of cider, and what is called 'cider-royal,' or cider that has been strengthened by boiling or freezing. Other boats are loaded with furniture, tools, domestic and agricultural implements; in short, the numerous products of the ingenuity, speculation, manufacture, and agriculture, of the whole upper country of the West. They have come from regions thousands of miles apart. They have floated to a common point of union: the surfaces of the boats cover some acres. Dunghill fowls are fluttering over the roofs, as invariable appendages; the piercing note of Chanticleer is heard; the cattle low; the horses trample as in their stables; the swine utter the cries of fighting with each

other ; the turkeys gobble ; the dogs of a hundred regions become acquainted ; the boatmen travel about from boat to boat, make inquiries and acquaintances, agree to 'lash boats,' as it is called, and form alliances, to yield mutual assistance to each other on the way to New Orleans. After an hour or two passed in this way, they spring on shore, 'to raise the wind' in the village. If they tarry all night, as is generally the case, it is well for the people of the town if they do not become riotous in the course of the evening ; in which case, strong measures are adopted, and the proceedings on both sides are summary and decisive. With the first dawn all is bustle and motion ; and, amidst shouts, and trampling of cattle, and barking of dogs, and crowing of the dunghill fowls, the fleet is in half an hour all under way ; and when the sun rises, nothing is seen but the broad stream rolling on as before."

This evening I bade farewell to the mighty Mississippi. By the different colour of the water, for many miles, I had already perceived the vicinity of the Ohio. "The Beautiful River," which is a translation of the word Ohio, has a much clearer and purer mass of water than the troubled and ever muddy Mississippi. The Ohio was formerly so clear,

that the bottom could in most places easily be seen : this transparency has greatly subsided since cultivation has increased on its shores. The difference of colour between the Mississippi and the Ohio is, nevertheless, so conspicuous, that they are easily distinguished when running beside each other. They appear like two champions meeting for the purpose of deciding a contest for life or death. They measure each other's strength for a long while before they prepare their sinewy arms for battle. Both are strangers to fear, but rejoice at the idea of being opposed to an adversary famed for courage and valour. When, at last, the struggle commences, the bowels of the earth tremble. Nature stands mute, anxiously waiting the issue of the conflict. The Ohio is vanquished, and the Mississippi, now furious from resistance, rages with additional violence over its extensive domain.

At the mouth of the Ohio, three different States are seen at once, namely, Missouri, Illinois, and Kentucky, forming the banks of the two rivers that here meet : to me the appearance was that of a large lake, one of those immense seas so often found in America. But every thing connected with the Mississippi is grand and gigantic.

*Tenth Day.*—The banks of the Ohio, for an extent of about fifty miles, exhibit the same features as those of the Mississippi: flat, woody, uniform, and full of swamps. Even the width of the stream is the same. At length, the scene changes: rising grounds succeed each other—here and there are flat tracts of land, on which stand thick and rich woods—the banks draw closer and closer—every where are scattered islands of the most picturesque appearance. It was no more the grand, dark, and majestic Mississippi: every thing was now of a smiling, agreeable, enlivening character to the mind, hitherto disposed to depression. Cultivated fields became more frequent: Indian corn was seen in many places; even cotton-fields often met the eye, too long accustomed to wild Nature. Human habitations also made their appearance in greater number than before, and domesticated animals wandered on the banks, instead of snakes and alligators. The barking of dogs and the lowing of cattle were novel sounds, extremely delightful to those whose ears were filled with nothing but the noise occasioned by the uniform and shot-like report of steam, escaping from the “high pressure” engine. Each step announced

the power of civilization to remould and ameliorate the wild aspect of Nature.

In the course of this day, we passed the mouth of two rivers, the Tennessee and the Cumberland, hardly known by name, but well deserving to rank with many well-known streams. The first takes its source in Virginia, runs through Tennessee and Alabama, and discharges itself into the Ohio in the State of Kentucky. Its length has been differently stated: some pretend it is one thousand two hundred miles, others again about eight hundred. The Tennessee is navigable for large boats for more than six hundred miles. Cumberland River rises among the Cumberland Mountains, in the eastern part of Kentucky, and runs in various directions through this State and Tennessee. Nashville, the capital of the latter State, is situated on this river, the length of which is reported to be from about five hundred to six hundred miles.

A little further on we came to a hamlet, called Golconda. When this name was mentioned, long before the place was in sight, I naturally expected to see a town, bearing some resemblance, in point of splendour and romantic situation, to the oriental city of the

same name. But how terribly was I disappointed in my anticipations: thirty miserable houses, situated near the river, on a flat piece of ground, constitute the whole town. No splendour, no magnificence, no grandeur; every thing bore the stamp of poverty and wretchedness. Such disappointments are very frequent in the New World. Names are given to towns without reflexion, without judgment; they are often christened by names of which many already exist, as, for instance, Manchester, of which the State of New York has three or four; Ohio, two; Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, Indiana, Missouri, and Mississippi, each one. On other occasions, names are given to towns, calling to mind places that formerly existed, without having the slightest resemblance to them. This is exactly the case with Golconda and several others, showing a want of taste and judgment on the part of the founders. Why not preserve the Indian names, always characteristic and sonorous?

It is next to impossible to remember how many towns of the same name exist in America. Even natives often make mistakes. I recollect reading one day, in a newspaper in New York,



a long description of a town called Manchester, said to be situated in the State of Mississippi, having a population of three thousand inhabitants, newspapers, a bank, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, seven steamboats plying between it and New Orleans, a railroad, &c. The description was drawn up with so much ability and in so seducing a style, that my curiosity was excited to know something more of this modern Manchester. I accordingly had recourse to every book that had been published on the statistics of the State of Mississippi. I referred to general and special maps, but all in vain; no such town as Manchester was to be found. This tended to convince me that all the books and maps I had examined were too old, and, under this impression, I went to one of the principal booksellers, to investigate the matter more thoroughly. I again took the trouble of looking over, with the strictest scrutiny, all the new publications and statistical accounts having reference to the subject; but the Mississippi Manchester could no where be discovered. An elderly gentleman, who had for a long time witnessed my eager researches, now addressed me in the following manner: "Search as long as

you please, you will never find Manchester in Mississippi. The town has probably been founded within these few months, during which no map has been made. To raise a place from nothing to a certain state of prosperity requires, in the West, only as many weeks as in Europe years, nay, centuries. Were new maps drawn for every town thus sprung up, no month would elapse without making a similar labour necessary. A man would have occupation enough, were he to devote his time exclusively to the ascertaining what new places have sprung up during his short life-time. He who has no leisure or disposition to follow this study closely must content himself with the information derived from mere rumour of rising towns, and blindly confide in it; for it often happens that we hear of new cities, with banks, newspapers, steamboats, and cotton trade, without being able to ascertain their exact situation, till after the lapse of several years, perhaps five or ten, when they at length have the honour of a place assigned to them on the maps. Follow, therefore, my advice: abstain from all research; it is perfectly useless."

On arriving at Shawneetown this evening, we encountered a real northern snow-storm.

The cold was intense, and felt doubly so to those coming from the mild climate of New Orleans. Snow fell in such abundance that the steersman could no longer distinguish any object near him, and grumbled at the darkness and cold. Under these circumstances, it was determined to lie-to and wait till the morning.

*Eleventh Day.*—The storm continued, though not so violently. The River Wabash, which divides Illinois from Indiana, and runs into the Ohio, could hardly be seen through the thick veil of snow-flakes that were flying about. We passed the small hamlets of Henderson, Owenboro, Rockport, and Troy, consisting, as usual, of a few wooden houses, which I did not visit on account of the snow-storm that still continued.

*Twelfth Day.*—A clear and beautiful though cold morning. The stream appeared a little narrower, and the banks were higher than those I had previously seen. Among the small places which I passed this day, Brandenburg had a peculiarly picturesque appearance. The houses are built between two steep mountains, extending as far as the river, the sides of which are also covered with dwellings of various kinds.

Towards night we discovered the Falls of Louisville, as they are called, or shallows, which, when the water is high, may easily be crossed by steamers, but are very dangerous when it is low. A channel has been made, by which these shallows may be avoided; but the expence of passing it is so heavy, that it is only in case of necessity that navigators have recourse to it.

Louisville is unquestionably the most flourishing town in Kentucky. Its situation near the shallows just mentioned has not a little contributed to its remarkable increase of late years. All goods sent from Pittsburg to New Orleans must here be unloaded and re-shipped, before the vessels can continue their voyage. Hence, a lucrative commission-trade is carried on, which puts a certain capital in circulation in the place, and diffuses wealth and comfort among its inhabitants. The town had, in the year 1800, a population of only six hundred souls: in 1830, it had increased to ten thousand three hundred and thirty-six. The exterior of many of the houses, as well as the width of the streets, bespeak general affluence; notwithstanding all this, Louisville left but an indifferent impression upon me. I quitted it without regret, hastening on

board the first steamboat proceeding to Cincinnati.

Of all the steamers that I have seen in America, as well as in Europe, this was unquestionably the worst. Her name was the Ben Franklin. The vessel itself was rotten from keel to deck, and fitted up besides in the most inconvenient manner. The engine had a very arduous task to produce a velocity of four miles an hour, and the paddles were so badly constructed that they hardly ever touched the surface of the water. The distance from Louisville to Cincinnati is only one hundred and fifty miles, and yet it required forty-seven hours to complete it, during which period we ran aground eleven times, lost both chimneys by their becoming entangled in branches projecting from the thick wood on shore, had the misfortune to disable one of the sailors, and consign another to a watery grave, besides meeting with a number of other mishaps. Add to this the company, exclusively composed of professed gamblers, whose whole time, night and day, was taken up in ruining each other at the faro-table.

In the cabin of this boat was a fac-simile of a letter written by Franklin, framed and glazed. Although its contents may not be

unknown to many of my readers, yet I cannot refrain from giving a copy of it in this place, as being highly characteristic of the great man, and representing him in true colours:

Philadelphia, July 5th, 1775.

Mr. Strahan,

You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction — You have begun to burn our Towns and murder our People—Look upon your hands!—They are stained with the Blood of Your Relations!—You and I were long friends:—You are now my Enemy, and

I am

Yours,

B. FRANKLIN.

At last I arrived at Cincinnati. The fame of the extraordinary rise of this city had beforehand excited my curiosity to the highest degree. Cincinnati was never mentioned in America without the addition of such surnames as “The Wonderful,” “The Western Queen,” &c. Flattering epithets of this kind are generally exaggerated; at least they have often appeared so to me: but, in this instance, they were justified. Cincinnati is in every respect an extraordinary city; the only one, perhaps, on record, which has, in the course of twenty-five years, sprung up from nothing to be a place of great consequence, with a population exceeding thirty

thousand souls\*. Banks, University, Museum, Theatre, Athenæum, Bazaar, and Hospitals, are now seen, where, a quarter of a century ago, nothing but the primitive forest was standing untouched. On the spot where, not long since, the roaring of wild beasts and the yells of Indians were alone heard, the machines of manufactories and the hammers of workshops are now in motion. Where a solitary canoe formerly lay, from fifty to one hundred steamboats, besides other craft, now ride at anchor.

Cincinnati, with its three thousand houses, gardens and hills, churches and public buildings, its smoking manufactories and numerous wharfs, its active trade and bustle of hundreds of waggons and carts, is really an extraordinary sight. Who is not amazed at this rapid advance, particularly on calling to mind, as many persons now living may do, the time when the wigwam of the Indian was the only hut in these regions! If twenty-five years have effected this metamorphosis, what may we not expect when this city is a century old! Cincinnati may not, probably, increase

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\* The first settlement near Cincinnati was in the year 1789; but it was only in 1808 that lots of ground were sold for building houses. The population in 1830 amounted to 26,515.

hereafter in the same ratio ; but that it will advance rapidly cannot be doubted. Situated on a spot in every respect favourable for commerce, and surrounded on all sides by a fertile country, it must continue to flourish and gain an accession to its population. It may well be asked—Where and when will this increase end ?

The city is situated near the River Ohio, in a valley, twelve miles in circumference, and surrounded by a rising ground, which is seen in the distance. The river divides this rich and well cultivated valley into two almost equal parts : on the north side is Cincinnati, and, opposite to it, Newport and Covington, two small manufacturing towns, separated from each other by the River Licking, which discharges itself into the Ohio.

Cincinnati has already the appearance of a large city. The first glance leaves an impression of splendour, which the traveller is far from anticipating in these remote western regions. Handsome brick houses, wide streets, and magnificent public buildings, strike the astonished eye of the stranger, who expected to find only wooden houses and narrow lanes. Near the bridge, he sees the same bustle and activity as on the quays of New Orleans and



New York. Advancing into the town, he sees at each step brilliant shops, exquisites and dandies lounging about, and ladies attired in the last Parisian fashions. On entering the hotel, he finds himself in a five-story building, containing apartments without number, and halls almost endless. Fatigued, after wandering about for an hour in these passages, which require months to get fully acquainted with, he throws himself at last carelessly on an excellent ottoman, inquiring, with an air of *nonchalance*, of a group of waiters constantly in attendance, "Is there any newspaper in Cincinnati?" "Sixteen daily journals and periodicals are published here at present," answers the waiter, hastening to bring to the inquirer not only these, but a number of others printed in different places of the Union. Satiated with news, he next wishes to ascertain (rather from habit, acquired during many years' travelling, than with the hope of finding so far west any buildings but huts), whether "there is any thing worth seeing?" "Please to look over the map of the town, sir," is the answer. A week is not sufficient to gratify the curiosity of the stranger who wishes to see all that is interesting at Cincinnati.

Among objects invariably shown to visitors is the Bazaar, built by the celebrated authoress of "Domestic Manners in America\*," but, for want of means, left by her in an unfinished state. A more absurd compound of every species of architecture never entered the head of any architect. The sublime in the Gothic style, the tasteful in the Greek, the ridiculous in the Chinese—have all here been grouped together into an unnatural and disfigured whole, which can neither be called a Gothic church, a Greek temple, nor a Chinese pagoda, but partakes a little of each. This building is as ill adapted for a bazaar as for a dwelling-house; and when Mrs. Trollope, the first proprietress, could not make it answer, it was converted into an hotel, or a place for public entertainments and balls. But even this plan was soon found objectionable; for the inhabitants of the town were far from being passionately fond of dancing. "What is now to be done with this building?" was a question put by a stranger in my presence. "Convert it into a church," was answered by the person who showed the house to travellers.

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\* Mrs. Trollope. I shall hereafter have occasion to speak more fully concerning this writer.

Mrs. Trollope quitted Cincinnati, extremely disappointed in her expectations of making a rapid fortune, and angry with the ungrateful inhabitants, who, in her opinion, could not appreciate the embellishment which she had bestowed on their town by the erection of the bazaar. How her feelings found vent is as well known in Europe as in America. From her sharpened pen issued a work, which darted fire and flames over unfortunate Cincinnati. From this moment it may be said that the town began to attract general attention. The contemplated reproof was the greatest benefit she could bestow upon it. The name of Cincinnati made the tour of the globe with the rapidity of the wind; the peculiarities of its inhabitants, in manners as well as in mode of living, were no longer veiled in mystery from the world. Assuredly, not a few laughed heartily at the ludicrous and satirical picture; but impartial judges discerned, through the sarcasm, sufficient ground for admiration and deeper research respecting its object. Is there any thing in existence so serious and sublime that it may not be turned into ridicule and derision?

I freely admit that many things in Cincin-

nati may appear strange, nay, even extort laughter, especially from one accustomed to European habits and manners; but surprise vanishes upon closer examination. Is it reasonable to expect in this place the same state of society as in the larger towns of Europe? Is it reasonable to expect, I repeat, that a town, whose age only dates back a quarter of a century, should possess the same refinement of manners, and have made the same progress in arts and sciences, as a place of several hundred years' standing? I thought I could discover among its citizens a burning desire, a strong predilection, for every thing new. Accustomed constantly to see emigrants, with whom they form new acquaintances, they show a degree of indifference to each other, and this characteristic influences their actions, and stamps them with a certain want of feeling.

“A deep and permanent recollection of an absent guest,” says Flint,\* in speaking of the citizens of Cincinnati, “is soon dispelled by the unmeaning reception prepared for the stranger. In the midst of a population so composed, of which a great proportion is daily moving, and cannot be

\* Flint's “History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley.”

said to belong exclusively to Cincinnati, who can expect to find refined manners, arts, and sciences? But another generation will come, which, born on the spot, will forget the prejudices and peculiarities of parents. The light of intellect, now only glimmering, will then burst into a blaze, and, diffusing its influence over all classes, equalize the inequalities in the character of the people. Who can doubt of the beneficial effect it will produce on the general mass of people in the Western States?"

After a short stay in this interesting town, I continued my journey towards the North, and went on board a steamboat proceeding to Wheeling. This journey occupied about three days, although the distance is only three hundred and sixty miles: long detentions at landing-places, indifferent machinery on board, an unskilful steersman, &c., may be mentioned as some of the causes of this slow progress. The landscape on both sides of the river was invariably the same as on the banks of the Ohio, near its outlet into the Mississippi.

The author\* of "Men and Manners in America" says in one place: "The great defect

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\* Hamilton, author of "Cyril Thornton."

of the scenery of the Ohio is want of variety. During the first day I was delighted ; but, on the second, something of the charm was gone ; and at length its monotony became almost tedious." Want of variety ! This is the fault found by another acute and impartial traveller, in speaking of the Beautiful River. Of all streams in America, there is none whose banks are less uniform than those of the Ohio. Mountains and valleys succeed each other with great rapidity, diversified by rich and fertile fields and wild woods. Nature is perhaps not so grand and majestic as on the shores of the Mississippi, but the scenes are more varied and charming to the eye. Numberless islands, scattered in the Ohio, embellish, in no small degree, a picture already abounding in beauty. There was even a greater variety of trees than south of Cincinnati ; those which appeared in the greatest profusion were the sycamore, the maple, the ash, &c. The banks were generally high : signs could, however, be traced of inundations occasioned by the swelling of the river. In the month of February, 1832, the Ohio rose not less than fifty feet above low-water mark, and it was still not unusual to see here and there pieces of wood, planks, even whole

canoes, perched on the tops of trees. Many of the small towns which embellish the banks yet exhibited visible traces of this dreadful inundation, the greatest within the memory of man. The walls of houses bore marks of the different heights at which the water had stood, and some had even these white marks on the chimneys, showing how high the river had risen. Houses thrown down, as well as sand-hills newly formed, piles of branches and trees, devastated fields, and torn-up streets, all proved the destructive effects of the flood. These, together with numberless other objects, continually presenting themselves to view, and the beautiful and pleasing appearance of Nature herself, render a trip on the Ohio far from being so uniform and wearisome as the author just quoted would make one believe.

The principal towns near the river, between Cincinnati and Wheeling, are Maysville, Portsmouth, and Marietta. Among these, Portsmouth, in particular, is remarkable for a canal, which, uniting the Ohio with Lake Erie, here has its outlet. A water communication has been opened between the city of New York and the Ohio, by means of this canal; and with very little additional trouble it may be extended to all the large Western

rivers, and thus form an inland navigation nearly eight thousand five hundred miles in length. Portsmouth will then increase in population and wealth, and I should not be at all surprised to hear, ten years hence, that this town has become one of the most flourishing in the Western States. The present number of inhabitants does not exceed one thousand ; yet they have already a bank and a printing office. Perhaps even now they publish not only an administration but also an opposition paper, having a sufficient number of subscribers to support them. Can this be said of places in Europe with so small a population ? Can it be said of any city in the Old World, with ten thousand, twenty thousand, even fifty thousand, inhabitants ?

Towards evening on the following day, I arrived at the mouth of the Great Kenhawa River, distant about one hundred and ninety-four miles from a town of that name. It has its source in the Alleghany Mountains. The waters of this stream contain so great a quantity of salt, that one bushel of this article may be extracted from one hundred gallons. From two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand bushels of salt are annually made at the salt-works lately established here. But



this river is also renowned in the page of history, and particularly interesting to those who value the Indian character.

Several murders had, early in the spring of 1774, been committed on white persons living in the State of Ohio: for these murders the Cayuga tribe of Indians was, probably without reason, accused. Logan was then their chief, a man well known all over the country for his peaceable disposition, and peculiar friendship for the Whites. To avenge these imputed atrocities, a number of Whites determined to murder any Indian of that tribe whom they might happen to meet with; and a certain Colonel Crespal placed himself at the head of this sanguinary band. They proceeded down the Kenhawa River, and fell in with a canoe filled with Indian women and children, who; not suspecting any harm, were easily made prisoners and unmercifully massacred. These were Logan's own wives and children. But this act of cruelty was not a solitary one; he had to endure yet another before he could be persuaded to change his opinion of the Whites. Shortly afterwards, his brother and sister were both murdered. He could now no longer suppress his thirst for vengeance. His voice summoned his countrymen to arms, and was

heard with dismay by the cold-blooded murderers. Both parties prepared for a conflict for life or death. Logan placed himself at the head of a host of Indians, and against these marched a number of regular troops from Virginia. An obstinate and bloody battle, fought between them at the mouth of the Great Kenhawa River, on the 10th of October in the same year, frustrated all Logan's plans for the future. His army was dispersed, and himself became a fugitive. In this emergency he concluded a treaty with the Whites, making the following remarkable speech, praised by both Jefferson and Clinton :

“I appeal to any White man to say, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat : if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last, long, and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the Whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, ‘Logan is the friend of White men.’ I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Crespal, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of

Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge; I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? — Not one."\*

This unfortunate hero, who had, as he says himself, none to mourn his loss, fell at length a victim to assassination. To their dishonour be it said, Logan was murdered by the Whites:

He left of all my tribe  
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:  
No! not the dog, that watched my household hearth,  
Escaped, that night of blood, upon our plains!  
All perished! I alone am left on earth!  
To whom no relative nor blood remains,  
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!†

The Great Kenhawa River must not be confounded with the Little Kenhawa, about seventy miles higher up the Ohio, close to which the beautiful and romantic Island of

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\* Vide Thatcher's "Indian Biography."

† Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming."

Blennerhassett is situated. From Pittsburg to Balize there is no island that can be compared to it: it has been celebrated by poets and called Paradise Island; and well it deserves the name. How many princes would be glad to exchange the dominion of unruly kingdoms for this peaceable retreat in the midst of the Ohio! A rich Irishman of the name of Blennerhassett is said to have settled on it in former times, and to have built a mansion unequalled in America. Large sums of money were expended by him in embellishing the spot, and converting the woods into a regular English park. Hospitality reigned within the precincts of this happy little kingdom.

The fame of Blennerhassett's Island soon reached the Alleghany Mountains. No stranger thought of visiting the Western States, without making a call at the far-famed Island, where every one was welcome. It soon acquired a fame equal to that of the Ohio and Mississippi. It was just about this time that the celebrated Aaron Burr\* entered into his well-known conspiracy. Blennerhassett was persuaded to join him with purse

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\* Aaron Burr is still alive, (1834) and has reached an advanced age. He is living privately at New York.

and person. The scheme was, however, soon discovered, the conspirators arrested, and tried for treason. From this period, the beautiful Island, hitherto the seat of happiness, with its mansion and park, fell into decay, and may now be compared to a solitary ruin. Votaries of ambition, behold what destiny awaits you! Many of you possess happiness within your own precincts, and yet you must go afar in search of it! Few are those who are satisfied with their lot, and desire nothing more. How often have we not an Island like Blennerhassett's within our reach, but still think we have not found the right one! We grope in the dark after an object which we hold in our hand. A false light confuses our sight; we imagine that we are at length in the track of the looked-for happiness, and seize it with eagerness—but, lo! in the impetuosity of the moment, we open our hand, and allow what we already possess to escape. This was exactly the case with Blennerhassett; this is a picture of scenes daily passing before our eyes.

At Wheeling I quitted the steamboat, and took leave of the Ohio. The town appeared so sooty and unpleasant, that it was with very little regret I left it. It contains, how-

ever, as I was informed, nearly six thousand souls, and will probably, in the course of time, become a flourishing city.

The clock had just struck two, when the travellers were roused from their slumber, in order to prepare for departure. As soon as the stage was filled with people, to whom I was an utter stranger, and who soon resumed the sleep from which they had been prematurely wakened, we started. The night was dark, and the road, although called national,\* so indifferent that we advanced at a slow rate. My fellow-travellers had this advantage over me, that they could sleep while journeying along this stony road: I really envied their happiness. The white nightcaps were the only objects visible in the dark, and conversation was confined to a few discordant sounds with which the sleepers now and then annoyed my ears. The approach of morning was greeted with delight by the only person awake in the coach; the announcement of the arrival of the stage at the place for breakfasting at length roused the slumbering group. Nightcaps were removed,

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\* This road is made at the public expence, and is intended to unite the Atlantic and Western States. It commences at Baltimore, passes the Ohio at Wheeling, and runs through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to St. Louis, in Missouri.

wigs combed, eyes rubbed, and, thus prepared, the whole company was immediately ready to attack an indifferent breakfast, consisting of lukewarm *coffee-water* and broiled chickens, a standing dish in Virginia.

In the course of the first day's journey, we passed the small towns of Washington and Brownsville, the latter of which has a picturesque situation on the river Monongahela, which afterwards runs into the Alleghany River, and jointly with it forms the Ohio. Brownsville has several manufactories, and seems to be in a prosperous state.

We had scarcely quitted Wheeling before the country assumed a hilly appearance, and this sea-like region continued uninterruptedly till we had passed a small place called Uniontown, about seventy miles from Wheeling, where the Alleghany Mountains began to show themselves. The country here has a more imposing appearance. Hills give place to mountains, and the valleys have the dusky tinge which distinguishes those in beautiful Switzerland. Laurel Hill was the highest mountain I passed; the landscape here bore some resemblance to the Alps, but cannot be compared with the latter. Vegetation, I admit, was particularly rich: there were val-

leys and mountains, extensive and smiling prospects, precipices also in abundance ; but still it was not Switzerland. The Alleghany Mountains, it cannot be denied, are clothed in a wild mantle ; but the wildness has not that form so peculiar to the valleys of Switzerland. Generally, these mountains appeared to me of a rounder shape and with a smoother surface than the Alps : I could discover no where pointed, snow-covered summits. In a word, the Alleghany Mountains are unquestionably extensive, but cannot be placed in competition with that chain which possesses a Mont Blanc and a Jungfrau.

We passed the second night at Cumberland, a town in Maryland, and continued our journey early the following morning, through mountainous districts and valleys, in all respects like those I had seen the two preceding days. The road, in several instances, followed the course of the Potomac, which forms the boundary between Virginia and Maryland, winding in numberless curves between hills and mountains. On one of these hills, at the foot of which runs the Potomac, we had a little adventure, at once unfortunate and ludicrous, which gave rise during the rest of the journey to frequent sallies of wit.



The stage coach had shortly before broken down, and another of a very doubtful character been substituted in its place at the first relay of horses. Every one found some fault with it, even before the animals were harnessed; but the driver assured us that there was not a better coach in the United States. In contradiction to this statement, we showed him several objectionable parts, and unanimously protested against continuing our journey in a carriage, the wheels and springs of which were in so crazy a condition. The driver, however, renewed the assurance that the coach was as strong as if it had come from the hands of the builder the day before; adding, by way of *finale*, that, "strong or weak, we must be satisfied with it, as no other was to be had within the distance of fifteen miles." We started accordingly, and proceeded tolerably well for a distance of about eight miles.

The travellers already began to dismiss the idea of danger, and were going to indulge in an afternoon nap, when, in the middle of a steep hill, down which the imprudent coachman drove full gallop, both hind springs gave way. The shock which the body of the coach received from the lower part of the vehicle was so violent, that the bottom broke out;

and, before the travellers had had time to recover from their consternation, their feet were dangling through the opening. To call out lustily "Stop!" was infinitely more easy than for the driver to check four galloping horses. Some of the ill-fated passengers, confined in this shattered coach, had in the mean time, by the violent shaking, fallen from their seats, so that their feet trailed upon the ground. They had now no other alternative but to run as fast as the wheels rolled. Fortunately, none were hurt, although the road was full of stones and holes; a few bruises, similar to those which follow a severe boxing-match, were the only result of this catastrophe. The horses were at length stopped at the foot of the hill, and the passengers crept out one by one, some through the windows, others through the hole at the bottom. The driver, stupified on beholding the state of the vehicle, exclaimed, "What, in the name of God, has become of the bottom?"

The journey was continued, partly on foot, partly in an open cart, until we came near a place called Hagerstown, where a new coach was procured. None of us, however, ventured to enter it without first examining the bottom; and, having found it firm, we started

afresh, and arrived early in the morning at Fredrick.

The great undertaking of making a railroad, for the purpose of uniting the Atlantic and Western States, had in the progress of execution reached as far as Point of Rocks, seventy miles from Baltimore. At Fredrick, which is ten miles nearer to the above city, I took an opportunity of travelling this road. Six cars, each filled with sixteen persons, and drawn by horses, started from this place soon after my arrival. The railroad in the first part of the journey was sloping, resembling a skittle-ground made upon an inclined plane; near Baltimore it was more level. When completed, it will run a distance of three hundred miles, the greater part of which lies across the Alleghany Mountains. The highest elevation it has to pass is eight hundred and eighty-five feet, at the commencement of the road near Baltimore. From Baltimore to Cumberland, the gradual descent will be about fifteen feet ten inches per mile; thence to Ohio only five feet two inches. The expence of the road already finished is about forty thousand dollars a mile, which heavy charge is occasioned by the number of viaducts and bridges which it has been found

absolutely necessary to build\*. The expences of the remaining part, I was assured, will be less considerable. The whole undertaking is executed by private capitalists, and holds out a prospect of becoming, in time, one of the most lucrative speculations of its kind.

By detention at different places, and from other causes, this journey took not less than eight hours, a very long time for a railroad excursion; the delay, however, is in some measure excusable, on account of their having only a short time before commenced using cars. The distance is now, I presume, performed in five hours. Without stopping any time at Baltimore, I continued my journey to Washington, where I arrived in the latter end of February, in time to attend some of the sittings of Congress.

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\* Vide "Flint's History and Geography of the Mississippi Valley."

## CHAPTER V.

A noble hall, for the purposes of legislation or justice, or a grand pile of buildings for the use of learning, is the immediate property of the people, and forms a portion of the inheritance of the humblest citizen.

VERPLANCK.

WASHINGTON was at this time so full of strangers, that it was with the greatest difficulty that accommodation could be procured; and, if by chance one obtained an apartment, it was generally either the garret or a kitchen, the common abode of Negroes, but now fitted up for the reception of strangers. Rooms are always scarce for those who visit the city during the session of Congress; this time, however, the want of accommodation exceeded all precedent, in consequence of the number of visitors, who arrived from all parts to witness the ceremony of the inauguration of the President for four additional years, to begin on the 4th of March. The inconvenience was, nevertheless, not greater than that generally attending festivities in a small town. Exor-

bitant prices for inferior accommodation, without even the satisfaction of signifying displeasure at the want of comfort, were the order of the day. But this was not all: disputes arose as to the preference of paying an unreasonable price, with permission to grumble, when the ceremony was over, at the imposition practised by the honourable citizens. Such scenes occur frequently in Europe: such also was the case in the American metropolis.

When Washington was first planned, the founders were buoyed up with the hope that it would, in the course of time, become a capital worthy of so great a Republic, and increase in the same proportion as other cities in the country. This was also, if I mistake not, a favourite idea with General Washington himself. The plan was formed upon a gigantic scale: a few houses were scarcely built at a great distance from each other, before people already began to talk with enthusiasm of the infant prodigy among cities, which, within a century, would surpass and eclipse all the pretensions of Paris and London. But, the city making slow progress, these expectations were not realized. Where no trade or manufactories exist, considerable increase cannot be expected. Washington

has no impulse of this kind, and in all probability never will have any. The houses are scattered, as if they had been sifted by an economical farmer ; and, to visit a neighbour, it is sometimes necessary to cross uncultivated fields or dusty sand-hills. The streets are like the deserts of Arabia, blinding the pedestrian with quicksand, a real nuisance. Pennsylvania Avenue, the principal thoroughfare, leads in a straight line from the President's house to the Capitol, a distance of one mile.

The Presidential Palace, or the White House, as it is called, is a plastered brick building, with rows of pillars on both fronts, without much pretension to classical or architectural beauty. It stands on an elevated ground, surrounded by four other buildings, exclusively adapted for public offices\*. In one of these is a collection of portraits of Indian chiefs who have concluded treaties with the government, or visited Washington for some purpose or other. This collection is interesting, without having any great value, considered as mere paintings. Here is also deposited the important document which de-

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\* One of these buildings, occupied by the Treasury Department, was destroyed by fire in the course of this year, and was not rebuilt in the summer of 1834.

clared the independence of America : it is to be regretted that this interesting paper, by being constantly copied, has been so defaced and worn out, that it is not without difficulty that it can be read. The signatures, in particular, are very indistinct, and some of them have disappeared altogether. Why not preserve it in a glass frame, like the Magna Charta of Great Britain ? It is a jewel which belongs to the people, and is equally precious to every citizen.

The Capitol, also situated on an eminence, is surrounded by an iron railing. Between this inclosure and the edifice, footpaths have been laid out, winding under trees. A beautiful flight of steps leads to the Capitol from Pennsylvania Avenue ; on one of the platforms of which may be seen a naval column of white marble, erected on a pedestal of the same material. It is intended as a monument to those naval officers who fell in the war with Tripoli. The first intention was to surround this column by water ; but the plan was abandoned, for some reason with which I am not acquainted, and the monument now stands on a rock, as dry as possible.

The Capitol is built of brick, and painted white. A dome has been raised in the centre,



on both sides of which the national flag is flying while Congress is sitting. The architecture of this building partakes too much of the old French school to please the present taste. The architect appears to have taken Versailles for his model, and to have made a copy of it, preserving all the defects of the old style without adding the improvements in taste of later times. Ornaments are seen, as if sprinkled, without calculation, over the walls, and pillars are crowded together. The whole appeared to me a kind of patchwork, and produced the same effect as a literary effusion, the author of which, to hide the poverty of ideas and their want of originality, is obliged to have recourse to lofty and bombastic language. Some of the late architects, who were employed upon the building, particularly Latrobe, endeavoured to remedy this littleness in the details; but it was found impracticable to remove all the original defects. There are, however, some parts in the interior as well as the exterior of this edifice, which are models of a pure and noble architecture, and among these, the Hall of Representatives occupies indisputably the first place. One of America's sons and ablest architects calls this building "a magnificent

architectural monster."\* This laconic criticism is perhaps rather severe, but it is not destitute of truth.

Beneath the dome is a rotunda with four doors, in form resembling the Pantheon at Rome. It is intended to decorate the walls of the hall with paintings illustrative of events in American History, the place being in every respect well adapted for that purpose, the light coming from above and throwing a most advantageous shade on the pictures. The short existence of the Republic has as yet only permitted a small portion of the walls to be thus ornamented: futurity also claims a place for the record of memorable deeds. Four paintings only are at present seen in this spacious hall, all executed by Mr. Trumbull, an American artist of note, who traced from memory many of the scenes which he has delineated on canvass. These paintings represent: 1st, The Declaration of Independence: 2d, Washington's Resignation: 3d, General Burgoyne's Surrender at Saratoga: 4th, The Battle of Yorktown. Between these, a few basso-relievos have been put up, one of which represents William Penn concluding a treaty with the Indians, another the landing

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\* See G. C. Verplanck's Speech on the Fine Arts in America.

of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, a third, Captain Boone's\* combat with two Indians at once, and the fourth, Captain Smith's† escape from death by the interference of Pocahontas. Viewed with the eye of an artist, these basso-relievos are of little value, and not deserving the place which they occupy.

The Hall of the Representatives is perhaps the best adapted room for its purpose that can be seen. The dimensions are magnificent, and in splendour it is not excelled by any thing of its kind. The form is a semicircle, resting on an even base. Round the walls of the semicircle are tasteful pillars, made of a kind of composition, and painted with a grey mottled colour, which produces effect and is pleasing to the eye. Columns of a similar kind also adorn another part of the room, in front of which is the Speaker's‡ chair, a few steps above the level of the floor. Below it, sit the secretaries, employed in reading different papers, &c. ; and, higher up, between the pillars, are galleries for the accommoda-

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\* Captain Boone was the first settler in Kentucky.

† See Thatcher's "Indian Lives," volume ii.

‡ In the following Session, 1833-34, an alteration was made by removing the chair of the Speaker from the straight side of the room to the centre of the semicircle. The reason assigned was that the members were better heard when the sound was directed to the circular part of the room ; this may possibly be the case, but at all events the room has not gained any thing in point of appearance.

tion of the public, as well as for reporters for the press. The members are provided with arm-chairs and writing-tables. The greater number keep their heads covered, some with caps, which they only removed when speaking, but the majority were rather reclining than sitting on their seats. Very few appeared to take any interest in the debate, but employed themselves continually in writing letters, reading newspapers, or conversing with their neighbours. The opposition members have no particular place assigned to them, both parties intermixing indiscriminately. The number of members, this session, was about two hundred and forty, of whom forty were from the State of New York, twenty eight from Pennsylvania, and twenty-one from Virginia, being the three largest States in the Union. One member out of a population of forty-seven thousand seven hundred in every State is sent to Congress, so that New York, possessing, according to the census of 1830, a population of one million nine hundred and eighteen thousand six hundred and eight souls, has a right to send forty representatives. Florida again, counting at this time only thirty-four thousand seven hundred and thirty settled inhabitants within her territory,

could send but one delegate to Congress, who has a seat in the Lower House, but no right to vote. Until a State has reached the amount of population prescribed by law, it is not considered as incorporated with the Union; it only goes by the name of territory. Of the latter class there are only three: Florida, Arkansas, and Michigan, sending delegates to Washington. The annual increase of these territories is, however, so rapid, that there is every reason to suppose they will, within a very short time, be raised to the dignity of free and independent States.

The Senate is the American House of Lords, and consists of forty-eight senators, or two from each State. Their hall is much smaller, and in many respects inferior to the other, though fitted up nearly upon the same plan. It looks more clean and polished than the House of Representatives, and inspires that kind of respect which every similar assembly ought to produce. This impression is far from being diminished on seeing the respective Senators take their places. Each of them has an arm-chair and a writing-table. All are uncovered, and support the dignity of statesmen.

When I entered this assembly for the first time, the subject under discussion was that

which for months past had exclusively absorbed public attention all over the country, namely, the Nullification in South Carolina, and the best mode of adjusting matters between all parties. The President had already, by his well-known proclamation of the 10th of December, 1832, in a great measure quelled the spirit of rebellion in the South; but, in Congress, the conflict between the advocates of free trade and those of higher duties for the protection of home manufactures still continued. Both parties persevered in making long speeches in support of their respective positions, which had no other result than sacrificing several months without coming to any decision. This waste of time on the part of Congress has been much censured;\* but it is an evil that cannot be remedied, being in the nature of a republican form of government. The Representatives of the people do not make speeches solely with the view of enlightening their colleagues and convincing them of the justness of their ideas and opinions on the subject under discussion — this is too often a secondary consideration,

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\* In the course of the following Session, no less than seven months were spent, and yet nothing was decided respecting the Deposit Question, or the United States' Bank. Debates took place daily.

an unnecessary trouble, according to their own confession: a member very seldom changes his views from hearing another of a different opinion from himself. No, it is for the people, for his own constituents, that he delivers orations in the Capitol;\* well knowing that, through the widely-circulating journals, the speeches will reach the homes of those who have sent him to Congress, and whose good opinion he thus hopes to preserve, so that at the next election he may secure their suffrages, and remain at the post of honour. This manufacturing of speeches entails a great loss of time in the passing of a Bill. All the members of both Houses wished first to have time to express, in long and well digested speeches, their opinion respecting Nullification, and the modification of the old Tariff, as proposed by Mr. Clay, before they would come to any decision. But, as Congress, according to the letter of the Constitution, was obliged to adjourn before the 4th of March, the period fixed for the inauguration of the President, no time was left to deliver the dif-

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\* That this is really the case, can be proved by an incontrovertible fact. One of the members in Congress having been prevented from delivering a long speech which he had prepared, simply said that it was a matter of perfect indifference to him, provided he could get it printed and sent home to the State from which he came. This request was complied with.

ferent speeches at full length; the consequence was, that Mr. Clay's proposition was considered as the only means of preserving the integrity of the Union. The Bill was therefore passed, the day before the adjournment of Congress, which took place in the night between the 2nd and 3rd of March.

That the adoption of the new duty was, in fact, rather a compromise than a law intended to remain long in force, is fully admitted by both the southern and northern parties; it fulfilled the wishes neither of the advocates nor opponents. For my part, I have no doubt that ten years will not elapse before it is nearly remodelled by the introduction of many alterations. The final liquidation of the national debt, which is to take place in the course of 1836, will, in all probability, have some effect in remodelling the Tariff; for how are the large sums to be employed that will arise from the Customs? "For internal improvements," will be the answer from every quarter. That the United States offer a vast field for improvements of different kinds, I freely admit; but, how and where are they to be undertaken? Will not one State have as much right in sharing the ameliorations as another? It is likely that States situate nearest to the



Ocean, whose commerce, properly speaking, contributes in a great measure to fill the Treasury, from which the funds must proceed, will permit their being exclusively instrumental in benefiting other States—States which lie in the heart of the Continent, and which hardly know what Customs mean? Suppose, even, that these commercial States do not require any portion of the public means for improvements, it would, nevertheless, be an act of crying injustice to tax one State for the benefit of the other. To solve this problem will sooner or later be a source of inquietude to some of America's enlightened statesmen. The evil was certainly not anticipated, when the United States were held up as the happiest country on earth, on account of the extinction of their national debt in 1836.

Before I take leave of this subject, which will no doubt in due time come under discussion, I will just add a few words relative to the present amount of the national debt. This debt, which commenced at the period of the war of Independence, and at one time, 1816, amounted to one hundred and twenty-three million sixteen thousand three hundred and seventy-five dollars, nine cents, has, by yearly payments, been so re-

duced, that it could at any time be liquidated by the Treasury, if the stockholders desired it. According to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, of December, 1833, the revenue from the Customs in the course of 1832 was not less than twenty-eight million four hundred and sixty-five thousand two hundred and thirty-seven dollars, twenty-four cents, and the payments in reduction of the national debt during the same period, seventeen million eight hundred and forty thousand three hundred and nine dollars, twenty-nine cents. On the 1st of January, 1834, the debt of the United States amounted to no more than four million seven hundred and sixty thousand and eighty-two dollars, eight cents, of which thirty-seven thousand eight hundred and twenty-one dollars, seventy-nine cents, are payable on demand, and the remainder, four million seven hundred and twenty-two thousand two hundred and sixty dollars, twenty-nine cents, after the 1st of January, 1835.

In America, the greatest orators and Statesmen are generally elected members of Congress. This post of honour, so much courted by every American citizen, is, therefore, seldom filled by men destitute of talents: they must show their ability in some way or

other to attract the notice of the people. This explains a singular circumstance, that, in a commercial country, like the United States, where the wealthy merchant is the only aristocrat, he is very rarely elected member of Congress. On the other hand, we find lawyers occupying the chief places in the legislative body, and standing foremost on the list of statesmen. In illustration of my assertion, I need only examine the returns of Senators for the twenty-third Congress. I there find, out of forty-eight members, no fewer than thirty-nine lawyers: the remainder are three doctors, one Indian agent, one proprietor of a newspaper, one ex-governor of a State, one farmer, one mechanic, and one solitary merchant. In the Lower House also, the proportion of lawyers is much larger than that of any other class of citizens.

The Representatives of the Lower House are elected by the people; the Senate by the Legislature of each State. A senator is seldom elected until he has been a member of the Lower House for some time; and none can, constitutionally, fill the senatorial chair, till he has reached the age of thirty; but at twenty-five a person is competent to become member of the other House. The Senate is

composed of men, distinguished as orators and politicians, the pride, in fact, of America. Talents more consummate than in this Senate have seldom been united in one point, either in ancient or modern times. Many of the senators are well known in Europe, such as Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and others, who are distinguished models among modern orators and statesmen.

Clay is the most popular speaker in America. His language is flowing, nervous, eloquent, and seducing. He is severe towards his adversary, but delivers his pointed observations in a tone generally playful. Without possessing a powerful organ, his voice, nevertheless, fills every corner of the Senate Chamber, particularly on entering into the heart of the subject, after going through the less important preliminaries. Fertility in metaphors is one of his principal ornaments: like the writer of *Frithiof*, (*Tegnér*) he is happy in the selection of them, and never fails to fix the undivided attention of his auditory. He is one of those peculiarly gifted individuals, whose eloquence ever enables him to maintain his ground victoriously, after having overcome the opinions of his hearers.

Mr. Webster, again, is a profound and

eloquent statesman, who never meddles with a subject without having given it his utmost attention. His speeches abound in deep thought and sound reasoning, and carry away the auditory by plausibility of purpose and clearness and perspicuity of judgment. It is impossible to listen to this great orator without admiring him. The penetrating and sharp look, so peculiar to him, is in perfect harmony with the character of his language. Woe to the imprudent opponent, who would attempt to involve any thing in obscurity on the straight road traced out by Webster! A glance from him is sufficient to dispel all darkness, and, if I may so say, to crush his adversary.

Calhoun is the third of this mighty triumvirate. He had, this session, been at the head of the Nullification party in Congress, and was, in every sense, a dangerous opponent to the present Government. Altogether unlike the two senators just mentioned, in the method of expressing himself, he is more distinguished by a facility of comprehension, and a clear development of every subject, than by florid language and choice expressions. In his speeches he never appears to care about the introductory part: he enters upon the merits

of the question at once, as if time did not permit him to lead his auditory up the usual steps to obtain a clear insight into the darkest parts of the subject.

Besides these three men, who seem to represent the whole Union — Webster for the Northern and Eastern States, Clay for the Western, and Calhoun for the Southern — there are also a great number of statesmen, some for, others against, the Administration, who would shine in any country, both on account of their rhetorical powers, and great perspicuity and soundness of judgment. Of these, my limits permit me to mention only the following: in the Senate, Poindexter, Preston, Clayton, and Forsyth: in the House of Representatives, John Quincy Adams, Everett, Tristram, Burges, Binney, and McDuffie.

A few days before the adjournment of Congress, President Jackson held a drawing-room, or rather gave an evening party, to which no particular invitations were issued, but where every one that pleased had a right to attend. These *soirées* had often been represented to me as extremely disagreeable, on account of the mixed company usually assembled; and Mrs. Trollope in her book, "The Refugee in America," has placed them

in so ludicrous a light, that one might almost have been led to the belief that the levees given by the First Magistrate in America were exclusively composed of coachmen and servants. Even in Washington, I often heard, among the higher classes, complaints made respecting the mixture of company at the President's house. In spite of this, none appeared disposed to forego the honour of paying their respects to the old General, whenever he held a "drawing-room." Neither did I wish to lose the opportunity of attending in person, anxious to judge of the scene for myself. On arriving at the palace, I was ushered into a large saloon filled with people of both sexes, some well dressed, others again in morning costume. Some of the ladies showed in dress, as well as in manners, that they did not belong to that high class of society which ought exclusively to form the circle of a President: there were, however, a great many whose refinement of manner announced a better *ton*, and this rendered the contrast the greater between the two clearly defined classes.

In the middle of the saloon stood General Jackson, surrounded by Van Buren, the Vice-President, Washington Irving, and some of

the Secretaries of State. The President is an elderly man, of middle size, with an expressive countenance, and a sharp eye, indicative of that firmness of character which he has evinced upon so many occasions, and particularly during the period of his military career, the laurels of which, it may be said, he chiefly gathered at New Orleans. His hair is perfectly white, combed upward from his forehead, which gives his face a long and narrow appearance. His manners are extremely condescending and polite, without derogating from the rank which he holds as the first man in America. Republican custom obliges him to shake hands with his visitors: General Jackson performs this part of the ceremony without losing any of his dignity, without appearing cold or distant. I observed his actions for a long while, to see if he made any particular distinctions between those that presented themselves; but, to his honour, as President of a Republic, be it said, he continued the same the whole evening—polite and affable to every one, and friendly to those whom he knew personally, particularly the fair sex.

General Jackson became President, for the first time, in 1829. He had, at the election in



1825, already placed himself on the list of candidates for the Presidential Chair, but had not a sufficient number of votes to insure his return: the honour of office then devolved on his more fortunate rival, John Quincy Adams. At the election in 1829, Jackson had a majority of one hundred and seventy-eight votes — at that of 1833, again, two hundred and nineteen, showing an accession of votes of forty-one, or, which is the same, a more extended popularity. How far this popularity has increased or lost ground, since the last election, owing to the adoption of certain measures against the Bank of the United States, by which a derangement in the finances has been occasioned, will be better ascertained at the election of 1837, as few people entertain a doubt that the present occupant will try to secure the Presidential Chair for the third time.

On the 4th of March, 1833, General Jackson entered upon the duties of his office for the second time. The ceremony of inauguration, or what in Europe would be called the coronation, is one of the simplest acts that the genius of man could invent. Early in the morning a considerable number of people assembled in the House of Representatives,

anxious, like myself, to witness this ceremony. The arrival of the President was announced in no particular way. Accompanied by Van Buren, the Vice-President, and his private Secretary, the venerable gentleman entered the room, almost unperceived by any present. Both the high functionaries were attired in black, without any decorations whatever, such signs of distinction being contrary to the Constitution. After them followed several foreign ministers in gold-laced costume. One in particular wore a uniform, the whole back of which consisted of a solid mass of gold lace, glittering in the sun, and forming a singular contrast with the numberless black coats present. A person, unacquainted with Washington and its customs, who had the appearance of an inhabitant of some of the remotest parts of the West, happened to stand near me in the crowd during the ceremony. He had never seen the President, and now tried to discover which was the Chief Magistrate. When the gold-covered foreign minister, just alluded to, made his appearance in the hall, attended by several gentlemen equally well dressed, he took it for granted that he must be the renowned hero of New Orleans ; but, to make sure of the

fact, he turned to me and asked the following question: "Which of these men is the President?" I pointed out the old grey-headed man to him. "By God! man," answered he, furious as a tiger, "you do not know what you say. The bravest of men, America's hero and favourite, in a suit of black! You are mistaken, stranger, and want information yourself."

The ceremony, however, commenced by a speech from General Jackson, which he read himself, and in which he endeavoured succinctly to state the situation of the country, its relations with Foreign Powers, &c. At the conclusion of it, Chief Justice Marshall advanced to the tribune, and received the oath, which the President repeated aloud:

"I swear to preserve, protect, and defend, the Constitution of the United States."

The Vice-President also took his oath, nearly similar to the preceding. This concluded the installation, and Andrew Jackson was now lawful President, for the four succeeding years, of the greatest Republic on earth.

## CHAPTER VI.

Excuse a foreign slip-slop now and then,  
If but to show I've travelled; and what's travel,  
Unless it teaches one to quote and cavil?

BYRON.

ALL European travellers, who have in later times gratified the public with descriptions of the United States, have generally devoted a considerable portion of time and space in their books to the consideration of the American Constitution. To judge by their manner of discussing the subject, one would be led to believe that they considered it a duty to give their opinions as to the effects which it is likely to produce in another half century. Thus they have not only discovered faults in this constitution, but even foretold the results that must ensue from the form of government before it has existed one hundred years. I am not a candidate for the honour of predicting the destiny of North America, still less do I believe it in human power to anticipate

the future effect of so liberal a Constitution as the American, tested only by a few half scores of years ; but I venture to affirm that, without being perfect, it is of all constitutions, ancient and modern, the one which has approached nearest to the object in view. Attempts have also been made to paint, in the strongest colours, imaginary dangers threatening its existence.

In the United States, there are many people of the same opinion as European travellers, who believe that the least disturbance and misunderstanding within the States may lead to a dissolution of the Republic. This apprehension appears to me rather unfounded, and not unlike that of a person who is afraid of ghosts, and trembles at the sight of a mouse.

In the year 1832, the whole Union seemed shaken to its very foundation by the voice of Nullification from South Carolina ; and many had already made up their minds that, within a twelvemonth, the Republic would no longer be able to claim the motto, now its pride and strength, *Ex pluribus unum*. It is well known how easily this misunderstanding in the South was quieted, and how few weeks were required to tranquillize the whole Union. A

year had scarcely elapsed after this occurrence, when North America again seemed to rest on a volcano. The measures adopted by the President against the Bank of the United States, and his famous experiment with the currency, gave rise to new apprehensions as to the stability of the Union. The whole country resounded with cries of despotism, tyranny, monarchy; and the newspapers, from Maine to Louisiana, alluded only to "King Andrew I.," and recommended the nation to defend the Constitution, in imminent danger of being overthrown by a usurper. This was a new species of danger for the unfortunate Constitution; and, at a distance, the United States already bore the appearance of a monarchy. That even this was an untimely apprehension will soon be seen.

Elections, which follow each other in such rapid succession, prevent the Federal Government from making any encroachments, and are like a bulwark for the durability of the Constitution. Changes in it may possibly be necessary; for every age requires such, if people are not too obstinate, and reject the improvements suggested by experience. But the Constitution is not, therefore, to be thrown aside, as not adapted to its purpose, and Re-

publican principles condemned as unsuited to the present times. Party-spirit cannot exist without a certain degree of excitement; and it is this which appears so frightful to those who have had no time or opportunity to follow the effect of the American Constitution on the community, from its origin down to the present day. In a word, North America is happy and free under the form of government which it now possesses, and may with calmness look forward to the future. But what is fitting for one hemisphere and one people is not always suitable for other nations; be it therefore far from me to preach up a republican doctrine in monarchical Europe! We may envy America its benevolent institutions, its liberal principles, its youth, and its strength; but may we never be induced to wish for any thing else!

It was a common topic in the United States to complain of the misrepresentations of European travellers. Captain Hall and Mrs. Trollope were those in particular who attracted general animadversion. The former, I was often told, is the more to blame, as he possessed talents equal to the production of a good and impartial book on the country, and was, besides, introduced into the higher

circles, where he received every attention and respect. The latter, again, had so few acquaintances, and was so little known among the higher classes, that it cannot appear singular if she judged the whole nation by individuals in the Western States, where she resided, and with whom she came in contact. Such was the judgment passed in America on these travellers.

The characteristic of an American is hospitality to strangers, and just pride at the advantages possessed by his own country. His house is never shut to visitors; he only expects, and with reason, that these shall not, on returning to their own country, ridicule the domestic relations they have had an opportunity of witnessing under the shield of hospitality. Have not Italy, France, England, and Sweden, many things which, to a foreigner, appear strange, if not ridiculous?

A degree of suspicion and reserve towards strangers has, from this cause, insensibly crept in among a certain class of Americans. It cannot, however, be denied that in the United States there are many customs and things of a repulsive character, rejected by refined Americans themselves. Foreign critics, particularly Mrs. Trollope, have at



least done this good, that they have called the attention of enlightened persons to these objectionable habits. Chesterfield himself could not have produced greater effect on the manners of the multitude; and in this respect Mrs. Trollope is certainly entitled to the gratitude of the nation. To show the useful effect already produced by her work, I may just mention that, whenever an individual in a playhouse happens, when seated in the boxes, to turn his back towards the pit, or, occupying a front seat, to put his feet on the benches, (a want of decorum severely censured by Mrs. Trollope) a general outcry of "Trollope, Trollope!" is heard from every part of the house, and the meaning of it is known to all. Her work is full of striking and true features; but they are pictures, representing scenes in the less civilized parts of the United States, not, as might be inferred from the title of the book,\* a description of the manners of the whole American nation. Would it not have been more in harmony with the contents of the book, if she had called her work "Customs and Manners of the Western States?"

In common with other travellers in Ame-

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\* "Domestic Manners of the Americans" is the title of the book.

rica, Mrs. Trollope has committed the error of taking what she saw at one point of the Union as a standard for judging of all the others. Whoever casts a look on the map of the United States will easily discover the unreasonableness of such a judgment. Louisiana and the New England States are as unlike as two different kingdoms in Europe; and the manner of living on board steamboats in the Mississippi is not to be compared with that on board those on the Hudson. In England the case is totally different—an Englishman is the same every where. A Tory is the same Tory in Lancashire as in Kent; but an American is very different in the South and North, in the West and East, even if he belongs to the same party. A Whig in Boston has not the same ideas as a Whig in New York, and still less as a Whig in New Orleans. Climate, habits, and interests, chiefly cause this difference; but, when this is the case, how unjust it is to pass an opinion on a whole nation from observations made at a single point, or from circumstances that have fallen under the notice of a traveller during a residence of a few months! To obtain a proper knowledge of the United States, it is necessary to remain some time in

the country ; to visit various parts of the Union ; to make acquaintance with all classes of men ; to compare their ideas with results daily occurring, and to lay aside all partiality. Of late travellers, Stuart is the only one who has seen the necessity of pursuing this line of conduct, in order to form a correct judgment of the country ; and his "Three Years in America" is a work abounding in interesting facts, and composed after a long residence, which enabled him to consider every object coolly and impartially. Of other descriptions of North America, it can only be said, that Hall's book was a political confession, Mrs. Trollope's a mercantile speculation, Hamilton's a criticism on a republican form of government, and Fidler's an effusion of disappointed hopes.

My limits do not permit me to enter into such circumstantial details of social life in America as the subject deserves. Washington, however, is considered the centre of the best society in the country ; manners are there more European than in any other part of the Union. The towns where the *ton* approaches nearest to that of the capital are Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Charleston, and New Orleans. Generally,

a certain reserve prevails in society ; and, if I mistake not, as little recreation is found there as in European societies. Invitations to dinner are less frequent than to evening parties, and on neither occasion is any particular luxury apparent. At dinner, the tables are provided with a superabundance of different dishes, though not much varied, owing to the difficulty of procuring culinary artists. Nor are balls and suppers more conspicuous for luxury, the collation being generally cold, with ice-cream and champagne.

The manners of the Americans bear some resemblance to those of the English : the women are upon the whole more easy than the men. While speaking to the latter, they appear absent and as if paying very little attention to what is said ; but this is far from being the case—they listen to every word. There is a certain slowness in their conversation, the consequence of an acquired habit. Their salutation in a room is, like that of the English, by shaking hands : at parting, they retire without following either the English or the French custom. The women, on the other hand, are pleasing, friendly, and polite. They are gifted with much natural grace, and combine with it a liveliness and ease in words

and actions, which relieve, in a great measure, the reserve and stiffness of a first acquaintance. A stranger, therefore, becomes sooner acquainted with them than with the men.

Dancing is a favourite amusement in all American societies, where quadrilles are almost the only dances permitted. Waltzing has lately been introduced, but the deep-rooted prejudice of elderly ladies still operates against this kind of dance. The objection is strongest in the Eastern and Northern States; in the Southern, again, it scarcely exists.

A European is often surprised at the freedom of manner which prevails in society, and is not unfrequently deceived as to the real meaning of the innocent intercourse carried on among young people. It is not uncommon, for instance, to see a young unmarried lady constantly with the same gentleman, without attracting either attention or illiberal insinuations from the world. From their tenderest infancy, the utmost confidence is placed in their capability of governing themselves, and of mixing in general company, without the assistance of an Argus in the shape of a guardian or a Duenna. Few married people are met with in society, where for the most part all are young and left to themselves. A

young lady may even travel with a young man, without exposing herself to the sneer of scandal. In a word, the intercourse between the sexes rests entirely on mutual confidence, and is consequently free and unrestrained. This confidence is so seldom abused, that it requires the age of man to remember an instance of its infraction. What is applicable to daily intercourse may also be applied to social life in general. Parents are not afraid to leave their daughters alone at a party, and these would consider it a want of confidence if they were not permitted to appear without the attendance of an elderly lady. This, combined with a natural inclination for domestic life, prevalent among American ladies, has however, had the effect of excluding from society almost all married people—such at least is the case in Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Far be it from me to object to this custom; still one cannot help wishing at times that, with a view to give a better tone to society, the married would not lead so retired a life.

On the adjournment of Congress, I again left Washington, and returned to New York by way of Baltimore and Philadelphia. A railroad had meanwhile been made between

Amboy and Bordentown, on the road from Philadelphia to New York. The whole distance between the two latter cities is calculated at about one hundred miles, thirty-five of which are travelled by the railroad, and the remainder by steamboats. Many years ago, the number of travellers daily passing between Philadelphia and New York was computed at about twenty; now they are not fewer than two hundred. At that period, the settled price for the trip was fourteen dollars; now it is only three. What formerly required two days to travel is now performed in eight hours: it will soon be done in six. Horses were at first used on the railroad, but, in the course of this year, steam-carriages were adopted, which, at the time of my departure, went at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

I had scarcely arrived in New York, before the ringing of the bells and the swiftness of passing engines announced the breaking out of a fire in some part of the city. The occurrence is here of so common a nature, that the citizens themselves express surprise if twenty-four hours pass without a conflagration of some extent taking place. Whoever visits New York for the first time is struck with

the frequency of these fires, breaking out, night and day, in all quarters of the city. The noise of the engines and firemen is truly sad and annoying, when heard in the night. A false alarm is often given, but the uproar in the streets is not less on that account. A greater activity and attention to duty than are displayed by those who have the management of the engines I certainly have nowhere seen. The first cry of Fire! is hardly heard, before all these undaunted men hasten to their post; and, let the night be ever so dark or boisterous, they never fail to run to the assistance of the sufferers. I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the intrepidity of these men: no roof was too high, no wall too steep, for them. They stood in the midst of the fire, with leather hose in their hands, never quitting their post till the roofs or walls were ready to fall in.

The firemen in America are divided into companies, the members of which engage to be always in readiness for service, whenever a fire happens. In return, they are exempt from militia duty, and possess other small advantages, indemnifying them in some measure for the sacrifices which they are daily obliged to make. The greatest unanimity



prevails among these companies, although each tries to surpass the other in activity and intrepidity whenever a fire occurs, and also in the tasteful and cleanly appearance of the engines. It is impossible to see any thing lighter and more pleasing to the eye than these engines. They are kept in the best possible order, always looking as if new : the brass is so shining, that one would imagine it was placed there only yesterday ; and the paintings which adorn the sides of the carriage are often executed in a style worthy of a great artist. To behold all these engines, upon some great occasion, when they parade the streets, accompanied by their attendants, who, dressed in different uniforms, and belonging to different companies, display their varied colours, is a sight equally singular and interesting. Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, rank foremost in regard to these fire establishments.

The worst of all fires, happening during my residence in New York, was one which broke out in the night between the 29th and 30th of April 1833, in that part of the city bordering on Greenwich Village, near the Hudson. Twelve hours sufficed to reduce nearly one hundred dwellings to ashes ; some

accounts even made them amount to one hundred and thirty. The greater part were wooden buildings, occupied by the lower class of Irish, and emigrants lately arrived in the country, a circumstance which rendered the event still more deplorable. Four squares, or blocks, were laid level with the ground. The fire commenced at night in a stable, where nearly fifty horses were kept. The flames, fed by much combustible matter, spread with such amazing rapidity, that none dared approach to save the poor animals, fastened in their stalls. More than forty perished in the midst of the fire and smoke; only three saw daylight again, after the halters had been consumed, and they were thus released from their confinement. In the course of the following day, the remains of the ill-fated animals were seen lying in a row, in the same order in which they had stood. Their half-consumed bodies were still smoking, several hours subsequently to the fire, and filled the whole neighbourhood with a stench of the most disgusting kind. For a considerable distance round the scene of desolation, household furniture of every sort was piled up; and on the smoking ruins were seen half-naked mothers with hungry children in their

arms. Misery, poverty, and wretchedness, formed the principal features of this heart-rending picture. The preceding evening, these individuals were not wealthy, but at least richer than they now are. Yesterday they possessed chairs, table, and a bed; to-day they are without a home. Yesterday, they complained, perhaps, of the bitterness and sorrows of life; to-day they regret even the independence and happiness of yesterday. Ask that pale and agitated woman, that hoary-headed man, that care-worn father, their ideas of the experience they have acquired of life: with tears in their eyes they will answer: "There is no misfortune that might not have been greater."

Fanaticism still reigns to a certain extent, not only among the people in the Western States, but also among a portion of the inhabitants settled on the Atlantic Ocean. Let not my meaning be misconstrued; I do not presume to speak against the religious principles of any particular sect; I only intend to allude to a few facts which occurred during my residence in the country, leaving to my readers to apply what name they please to the spirit which they bespeak.

1. One Saturday afternoon, I was sitting

with a few friends near a window on the lower floor of an hotel in New York. A well-dressed female, about thirty years of age, wearing a black veil and carrying a Bible in her hand, stopped before our window, and began to harangue us from the street. "To the city has come a prophet!" exclaimed she. "He is the only Christian who has preached the true Gospel, as announced by the Redeemer of the world." Having concluded this piece of intelligence, which was rather unexpected to the gentlemen present, she declaimed for nearly an hour. The tendency of her sermon was to praise the prophet, and to prove that she was herself inspired, and commanded by the Supreme Being to proclaim on earth who this new prophet was. Several hundred people had, in the mean time, collected round her, and listened, with peculiar attention, to every syllable uttered by this female fanatic. "I invite you all," concluded she at last, "to hear him preach to-morrow. Lose not the opportunity. You will be born anew by the agency of his instruction!" This female belonged to a respectable family, and was by no means labouring under mental alienation, as might be reasonably supposed. She was an extremely well-

informed woman, and distinguished by the brilliancy and acuteness of her observations on general subjects, religion excepted.

2. One of the most eminent dealers in dry goods, in the city of New York, was always in the habit, whenever he gave checks on the Bank for benevolent purposes, to word them : "To the order of the Lord." In his books the same individual kept a regular account current with the Lord, in which He was debited for all sums paid for any good and charitable purpose.

3. On the breaking up of Congress, in 1832, General Jackson left Washington in the beginning of August, to take a little recreation in the country, and to pass a few quiet months, after a stormy session. A rumour was propagated that, during this excursion, he had travelled a few miles on a Sunday, instead of keeping that day holy by attending divine service. The press, in all parts of the country, was loud in its condemnation of so profane a violation of the sabbath; in some congregations, even the President was already looked upon as an incorrigible atheist. Public indignation at the circumstance ran, at length, so high, that the friends of the President were actually obliged to refute, in the newspapers,

the correctness of the assertion, and declare to the nation, that the President, so far from having travelled on the day in question, attended divine service as usual, and did not continue his journey till the following day.

## CHAPTER VII.

If from society we learn to live,  
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die :  
It hath no flatterers ; vanity can give  
No hollow aid ; alone, man with his God must strive.

BYRON.

AMERICAN prisons, regulated upon the new penitentiary system, attract, at the present moment, general attention in Europe. The friend of humanity actually shudders, and with justice, on visiting the gloomy, unhealthy, and, in our enlightened times, really disgraceful dungeons, where criminals on our side of the Atlantic are confined. On entering these receptacles of misery, what presents itself to the eye? Accused and condemned, old men and young, all mixed together in the same place. Nothing is heard of but frequent desertions, continual infractions of discipline, cruel punishments, and dreadful mortality. Contemplate these prisoners—what is the expression of their looks? Revenge, nothing but revenge. After such a sight,

may not one ask, "Do these prisons answer the purpose?" Without hesitation, I shall answer, No!

The Americans were the first who thought seriously of a prison reform. By repeated trials, a new system has been established, which has already shown, and will still further display, important results; which, moreover, although it at first encountered considerable objections on the part of the advocates of the old prison-discipline, now spreads with extraordinary rapidity all over the Union. Prisons have hitherto been only places for the infliction of torture, and schools for the commission of crimes — now, they are converted into hospitals for the cure of those who are morally sick. A prisoner not only atones for his offence; his moral reform and improvement are at the same time effected. It is not necessary for him to be, as heretofore, a burden to the State, during the period of his detention; nor, after his liberation, is he branded with infamy for ever. The State has only lost him so long as the period of punishment lasts; he is then only considered as having laboured under moral infirmity. When he has recovered his former vigour and health, he enters upon the scene as a new



man, a member who may still be useful to society.

In America, there are at present two new systems that are acted upon. One is the Auburn system, as it is called, which rests upon this basis: work together in the day-time in profound silence, and solitude at night. This plan is followed at the new prisons at Sing-sing and Wethersfield, the former in the State of New York, on the banks of the Hudson, the latter in Connecticut. Massachusetts, Maryland, Tennessee, Kentucky, Maine, and Vermont, have also regulated their prisons upon the same plan. The other system, again, is that which goes by the name of the Philadelphia, and which has for its basis: solitude, night and day, with labour. The State of New Jersey is as yet the only one which has followed the example of Pennsylvania.

As detrimental as is an excessive tenderness to prisoners, so also is cruelty, when exercised towards them. The medium is in this, as in many other cases, what should be adopted; and, if this course, as regards prisons, has ever been found available, it certainly is in the new Penitentiary system. Severity is sometimes practised, but it does not border on tyranny, or aim at compelling the

prisoner to lead a life unbecoming a man, still less at debasing him in the eyes of his fellow-creatures; its sole object is to bring about a reform, which gradually raises the fallen to that station in society from which he sank at the period of the commission of the crime. That this great benefit is more fully accomplished by the Penitentiary system than by any other hitherto attempted, I consider beyond a doubt. The most conclusive proof is the statement that the number of persons sent back to the old prisons, as compared to that of condemned criminals altogether, was in the proportion of one to six, whereas, in the new prisons, the average was as one to twenty. I am, however, not of opinion that a man, who from infancy has imbibed questionable habits and principles; who, during a course of vice, has allowed them unrestrained indulgence — and, in a word, has been so complete a slave to their influence, that his character has received a deep impression from them; I do not believe, I say, that such an individual can be completely reformed. There are people who pretend that such a change is not only practicable, but has actually been effected: be this as it may, if a prisoner, on recovering his liberty, is not morally worse than when he entered the

house of detention, which was the case in the old prisons, something at least has been gained. As long, therefore, as no system has been found that produces, if I may be permitted the expression, a regeneration of the criminals, that system ought to be considered the best which does not destroy them.

But how can this regeneration be accomplished? The habits of the prisoner must be changed, and a new direction given to his thoughts and ideas. Solitude is in this respect highly essential. The isolated situation of the prisoner prevents him from injuring others, and makes him, if not better, at least not worse. He is severely punished for his crime, I admit; but he is treated as a fellow-creature, for whom we feel, and whose welfare is dear to us. He was indolent, and knew not how to work; solitude has now compelled him to have recourse to labour, which is given to him, to prevent his dying from inactivity, and habit makes it, at last, indispensable. He could neither read nor write, and had no more idea of religion than the slave in the West Indies. The Bible is now a valuable consolation to him. He disliked quiet and order—habit, become mechanical, makes him follow with exactness the rules laid down for him. He

scoffed at virtue, and threatened Heaven itself: his long, not corporeal but mental, sufferings soon inspired him with a dread of crime. He has ever defied the laws: he now finds that they are stronger than he. He is, perhaps, not the man whose honour is more sacred than life; but he has acquired honourable habits, and, thus impressed, he leaves the prison with a deep respect for the laws of the country. What more can be expected from a prison?

Auburn prison, the first which followed the new system, was founded in the year 1816; and in 1821 it was sufficiently ready to receive eighty prisoners, in different rooms. Attempts were made, at first, to improve the criminals by uninterrupted solitude, without labour; but the result soon showed that, without producing a reform, it brought on insanity or death. Those who did not sink into the deepest state of depression, often bordering on aberration of mind, were gradually undermined by a slow disease, which consigned them to a premature grave. The experiment was, therefore, immediately abandoned, and, in its stead, a modification of the system adopted, which has since been followed with success. Auburn prison was, however, found

too small for such a State as New York, where each prisoner must have a separate room. Elam Lynds, an enterprising character, for a time at the head of the Auburn establishment, now undertook the building of Sing Sing, the largest prison, upon the new system, in America. The manner in which it was built is singular, and deserves to be recorded.

Accompanied by one hundred criminals from Auburn, whom he had brought to obedience, he traversed the country, a distance of about three hundred miles, and arrived on the banks of the Hudson, where he encamped. There were no walls or arms to detain them: his own strength of mind and his authority over them alone inspired fear and commanded obedience. He employed every one in some useful handicraft business: masons and carpenters sprung up in rapid succession. Several years elapsed before they were able to erect and complete their own prison; and, even to this day, the unfortunate delinquents are occupied in constructing walls, which, when ready, will exclude them from the world. There is something so heart-rending in the sight, that it is impossible to visit Sing Sing without deep emotion; and yet that system

must surely be admired which only requires, for the superintendence of one thousand criminals, a collective guard of thirteen individuals. "The strength and perfection of this institution," say the Commissioners in their report of Sing Sing prison of the 16th of December, 1831, addressed to the Legislature of New York, "do not appear to be generally known. Here are about one thousand offenders, from the lowest delinquent—the refuse of society—to the most hardened desperado, whose hands are, perhaps, imbrued in blood, and whose past life has only been a series of abominations and crimes. Of all these, there is not one confined under lock and key during the hours of labour, or surrounded by walls, or fettered and handcuffed; they are all scattered in various directions, and some at work a quarter of a mile from the prison. What keeps them in this state of obedience? Thirteen overseers? (For there are no more at one time). No, only by the force of discipline are they brought to obedience and submission to their superiors, employed in the most useful and advantageous manner, and moved as if propelled by the most perfect mechanism."

When I visited this interesting prison for the first time, I certainly cannot deny that

it appeared to me an absurdity, I may add folly, to attempt to manage and keep in awe one thousand offenders by means of only thirteen individuals: and, when I afterwards went into the midst of them, and found myself surrounded by thieves, assassins, and criminals of every kind, who walked freely about me, I could not refrain from putting this question to the superintendent, "What security is there that all these prisoners will not rise *en masse* on their keepers, murder them, and escape?" "Our security, and the success of the system," answered he, "rest entirely on the silence prevailing. As long as that can be kept up, there is no danger. A prisoner may harbour as horrid plans as he pleases; if he is not able to communicate them to other criminals, his projects prove abortive. Should he attempt alone to have recourse to violence, he is seldom or ever supported by other prisoners, for they do not know what is his object, and dread, besides, immediate punishment, which always follows every offence in the prison. It is, therefore, with little difficulty that the overseers, provided with loaded guns, are able to frustrate plans of escape and murder. But these attempts seldom occur; the severe discipline

constantly preserved by steady labour, and invariable attention and vigilance on the part of the keepers, convinces them every moment, more and more, of the necessity of blindly obeying the rules laid down. The prisoner has not been here long before he perceives this necessity; he soon conforms to what is required of him, and gains confidence in his overseers, knowing that they are just, though severe."

It is not lofty walls, iron gates, or heavy chains, which are necessary to keep prisoners in awe. Do we not frequently hear that criminals, loaded with chains, scale walls, break gates, or effect their escape in various other ways? In reliance on the height of walls, the strength of gates, the weight of irons, overseers gradually relax in their duty, and become wrapped up in imaginary security; and prisoners, who have leisure to observe every thing, and easily perceive that the guardians place all their trust in the supposed strength of the prison, cease to dread them, and seize the first opportunity to show this. Such is not the case in a prison arranged on the plan of that of Singsing; it is just the reverse. The prisoner is at liberty to move about the whole day in the open air,



works without being fettered, breathes only at night the prison air, is surrounded by no walls, and still cannot escape, nay, hardly thinks of it. Undoubtedly, the confidence shown by the overseers must make an impression on him, and lead to the belief that they possess a superiority which needs not the aid of material strength. I thought also I could read in the countenances of most of the prisoners an expression of perfect resignation; not that resignation which is the offspring of tyranny, but that which results from the prospect, however distant, of a better condition.

The prison at Singing stands on the banks of the Hudson, surrounded by hills. On these, sentries, with loaded guns, are placed in such a situation that they can survey the whole of the ground on which the prisoners are scattered, and at work. On approaching these hills, and seeing the workmen, partly employed in cutting stone, partly assisting in finishing the building, it is scarcely possible to conceive that it is a prison. The difficulty is increased on mixing among these people, perceiving their general assiduity, and hearing the continual hammering among the industrious beings. You would rather suppose that it is a

public workshop, or some charitable institution. Each individual appears to attend to his particular business, without being reminded by the overseers, and seems to pay no attention to what is passing immediately around him. It was with the greatest difficulty that I could attract the attention of one of them ; but this was only for a moment ; the next he appeared as indifferent and unconcerned as ever. During the few hours that I remained there, I did not hear a single word uttered by any of the prisoners, nor could my ear discover the slightest whisper ; nevertheless, I do not think it is in human power to prevent a word now and then from passing between them. This, however, happens but rarely ; and the few words exchanged are so unconnected, that the other prisoners cannot make out a regular sentence. It must indeed be a singular and horrible situation for a man to associate with other people, to be constantly with them, to work by their side, to be aware that they are all partners in misfortune, and yet not to know any thing about them. It is a kind of society where the members see each other, but have not the slightest intercourse. There is a link which seems to connect them all, and yet they are not united ; their bodies

approximate, but their minds are divided. Can there be a greater or severer punishment?

Whenever a criminal enters this prison, he is immediately taught a trade, if he has not yet learned one. The chief occupation of the prisoners at Singsing is cutting marble, the whole neighbourhood being full of a species of white marble, that may be broken and worked with little difficulty, and at a trifling expence. I was shown several specimens of Corinthian and Doric pillars, pedestals, &c., made by the prisoners, with an accuracy which reflected great credit on the master, as well as on the pupils. Besides the works in marble, every article required in the prison is manufactured there, such as clothes, shoes, implements, &c., with a number of other things, which are sold for the benefit of the institution.

The prisoner is also taught to read, if he happens to be utterly ignorant. A Sunday School was established there a few years ago, and has indeed had the happiest and most extraordinary success. The Bible, hitherto unknown, and lying the whole year on the shelf in the cell unopened and unread, is now perused with eagerness and delight. The solitary hour no longer inspires a feeling of horror, since the prisoners are able to read. The lan-

guage of the Bible consoles and gives them hopes; it calms a conscience agitated by solitude, and gives to the thoughts a different direction. They now begin to see the advantage of industry, temperance, and order; and acquire at last, by the practice of these virtues, a taste for their exercise, which, when once they recover their liberty, will prevent a recurrence of former errors. It has been often insinuated that industry, temperance, and order, forced upon an individual contrary to his inclination, under the threat of corporal punishment, cannot leave a lasting and pleasing impression—a conclusion which seems to be generally prevailing among those who prefer the Pennsylvania system, as well as those who advocate the modified Auburn system, as practised at Wethersfield; but at Singing, at least, the conviction appears established that flogging does not produce the baneful effect of making a hypocrite of the prisoner, who sees the necessity of showing himself obedient and improved, even if he entertains the idea of returning to his former propensities, at the expiration of the period of punishment. The experienced inspector on the spot, Lynds, affirms that flogging is the most humane, and at the same time the most

effective, of all corrections. It is, therefore, frequently used at this prison; the least offence is followed by immediate flogging. It produces an instantaneous submission on the part of the prisoner, and does not interrupt his work for many moments, or injure his health: but still I am not convinced that its application is absolutely necessary for keeping the prisoners in order.

In the prison in Philadelphia, no flogging is allowed. In refutation of this hypothesis, it may be observed that, when prisoners are kept in constant solitude, night and day, such a mode of punishment becomes unnecessary. This I admit: but, at Wethersfield, where prisoners work together as at Sing-sing, they have for several years past been managed without flogging. Another objection may be started, namely, that a prison, containing only two hundred prisoners, may be conducted without having recourse to this mode of correction; but that, at an establishment like Sing-sing, with one thousand delinquents, order and obedience could not possibly be maintained without flogging.

This observation leads me to the conviction that a prison, which contains more prisoners than the overseer and clergyman can have

opportunities of examining to ascertain their character, and where, because it is out of their power to study the disposition of each, to scrutinize his inmost thoughts, and to give salutary admonitions sufficient to eradicate his failings—a prison where corporal punishments are resorted to for the same offences which would not have been committed, had time allowed these functionaries to devote a few hours to each—such a prison, I contend, does not answer the purpose. A mechanical obedience is, surely, not the only thing required of the prisoner: his reformation is the principal aim of the new system; and how can an overseer of such an establishment, at the period of the release of a prisoner, be fully convinced that he has not, during the whole time of his detention, played the part of a hypocrite, if he has not known him thoroughly, kept alive his few good qualities, and warned him against a return to former iniquities? If neither he nor the clergyman has leisure to attend to this important duty, the institution, in my opinion, is not better than the former prisons.

That part of the building at Singsing appropriated to the prisoners is very large and extensive, and runs in a parallel line with the

river. In the space between it and the stream, there is a large yard, where all the stone-masonry work is performed. The dwelling-house, properly so called, is five stories high, with two hundred cells in each story, or altogether one thousand rooms, five hundred of which are on each side of the length of the house. The rooms are built one above the other, with doors towards open galleries, sufficiently large for one person to walk about, and terminating at a staircase. All this, again, is surrounded by an outer wall, which, ten feet from the inner one, supports the roof covering the whole. To me, the building appeared like an immense box, over which a glass frame had been placed. The doors of the prisoners' rooms are of iron, painted black; opposite to them are windows in the outer wall, through which light and air are admitted, without giving the prisoner an opportunity of looking out. Iron stoves and lamps are placed in the galleries, so that light and heat are equally distributed. The overseers are never permitted to leave their post in these galleries, as long as the prisoners are in their rooms. They wear on their feet mocassins, as they are called, which are shoes made of woollen yarn, so that their steps are

never heard. The galleries are also built in such a manner, that the least noise, even whispering, in the cells is heard by the overseers.

It is impossible to imagine any thing more awful than to spend a few hours here during the night. There reigned not only the silence of the grave, making the mind afraid, if I may so say, of its own shadow; it was also a distressing, a heart-rending feeling, to fancy one's self in the midst of a thousand fellow-creatures, and yet seem as if inclosed in an Egyptian catacomb. The black iron doors, with their small bars, gave the whole building a dismal appearance; and the lamps threw a dim light along the galleries, where a solitary being mysteriously advanced, and, in his progress, appeared now a giant, now a dwarf, in proportion as he approached to or moved away from the lamps. Not a word, not a sound, of any kind, could the ear distinguish. I believe that if even a gnat had been dancing round the head of a criminal, the buzz occasioned by it would have delighted the remaining four hundred and ninety-nine in their solitude.

Each cell is seven feet long, seven feet high, and three and a half wide, consequently



sufficiently large for a person who only spends the night in it. The walls are so thick, that communication with neighbours is impossible. Heat and light are introduced through the grating in the door. Each room has a ventilator, which passes through the ceiling, and keeps up a free circulation of air. The bed and bedding are kept in a state of perfect cleanliness and order, and, in the day time, turned up on one side of the wall. A Bible belongs to each cell. No prisoner is employed in more than one particular kind of work: whoever has the charge of the kitchen is never employed in any thing else. The same is the case with those who wash linen, or clean rooms. Others are occupied as tailors, coopers, stone-masons, weavers, and smiths; all these trades, however, are carried on in different places, some under sheds, others in workshops, under the superintendence of inspectors, well acquainted with the work, and whose business it is to instruct those who are ignorant. Care is taken to place the prisoners as far as possible, in such a situation that all their faces shall be turned one way, so that their eyes may not meet, nor any signs be given. Behind the workshops are dark walks, with narrow and hardly perceptible

apertures in the wall: here the inspector of the prison can walk without being heard, and see through the holes if prisoners and keepers do their duty. This system of *espionage* on the part of the overseer is of the utmost importance: the prisoner is aware that an invisible eye watches his actions every minute, and that offences, which may possibly escape the vigilance of the keeper, may be perceived by the overseer, who never yet left a fault unpunished. Even the keeper is sensible of this secret vigilance, and dreads it; occupying as he does a lucrative and confidential situation, by the favour of the overseer, he may also be deprived of it, if the least neglect of duty is discovered.

I amused myself for some time in walking through these dark corridors, and examining the different workshops. No where could I discover a single transgression: smiths were working with activity, coopers hammering incessantly, carpenters sawing and planing with an assiduity that did them credit; shoemakers bending over their lasts, sewing with their long black twine, and on the tables were seated a dozen tailors, *à la Turque*, all as silent, unmusical, and careless about the world, as if they had been a set of automata

just turned out of the hands of the ingenious Mälzel. Who ever heard of a tailor's board, filled with workmen, without the accompaniment of singing, laughing, joking, and anecdotes ?

In most of the European prisons, where offenders are kept at work, they receive a portion of the produce of their labour. This is not the case in American prisons, according to the new system, with the exception of that at Baltimore, where a certain task is set for each day, after finishing which the prisoner is at liberty to work for himself. At Singing this plan has not been adopted. They here act upon the principle that a prisoner is indebted to the State and to society a larger sum, arising from the expence necessarily incurred for the maintenance of Courts of Justice, prisons, and police establishments, than can possibly be derived from his labour. He therefore works without the slightest remuneration, and without hopes of saving, by dint of industry and indefatigable exertions, a small sum which might be serviceable at the period of his release. A law of the State of New York enjoins an overseer of a prison to give every prisoner, on recovering his liberty, a sum not exceeding three dollars, and a suit of

clothes, which must not cost more than ten. At the prison in Philadelphia, four dollars are given him, and at that of Boston, five dollars, with clothes worth about twenty.

In general the labour of prisoners in confinement in America is disposed of by contract beforehand, the contractor paying a certain price for the labour of every day. Such is the case at Singing. The principal point in such cases is, to guard against the too great influence of the contractor in the prison, from his frequent inspection of the work. He is, however, forbidden to hold any other conversation with the prisoners but such as has reference to the progress of the work, and that only in the presence of the overseer. But, notwithstanding all these precautions, it has been found that the presence of a contractor in the prison produced certain inconveniences. At Auburn, attempts have been made to preclude the contractor from access to the prisoners; the consequence was, more order, but, on the other hand, numberless objections on his part; he was never satisfied with the work, and started continual difficulties. The restriction was at length abandoned, and the contractor was again allowed to inspect the progress of the work. At

Wethersfield, this principle is entirely rejected, and the administration there not only provides for the maintenance of the prisoners, but also attends to the disposal of their work. This is, undoubtedly, the best method, and worthy of imitation, although it increases the labour and trouble of the superintendent.

The rate paid for one day is the same for the whole year. Neither summer, winter, autumn, nor spring, neither birth nor wealth, have the slightest influence — all goes on in a regular and irrevocable course. At daybreak, a bell rouses the prisoners from sleep. A prayer is then read aloud by a clergyman, so placed that he can be distinctly heard by one side of the house at a time; after which the prison-doors are opened, and, on a given signal, the prisoners march out and form in a line, in which order they proceed down to the yard, where they are obliged to wash their hands and faces, and deliver such utensils as they have on the preceding day taken to their cells. Their march is very singular, their bodies being close together, but, nevertheless, they can have no communication with each other. All the motions are so uniform, the steps of one follow so closely upon those of the other, and the bending attitude of the

bodies is so much alike, that one is led to believe that the whole line is moved by a single string, pulled by the overseer. All eyes are fixed upon him, and never turned from that direction, until the procession reaches the place appointed for work.

When the breakfast hour arrives, the prisoners again leave their work in profound silence, and march back to their cells in the same close ranks and with the same mechanical appearance as before; on their return, they pass the kitchen, where every one takes his breakfast-plate, without, however, stopping a moment or falling out of the line. As soon as they have entered their cells, the doors are fastened, while, in perfect solitude, they take a simple and wholesome yet sufficient repast\*. In Auburn, again, all prisoners take their meals together in a large refectory, provided with several tables and benches. Holding up a finger is a sign that the party making it wants more food: in spite of this precaution, which contributes to maintain silence, it has been found that this plan is not near so good as the one adopted at Sing Sing; all other prisons have, therefore, followed the latter.

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\* In the latest built American prisons, each prisoner is allowed one pound of meat, besides other food.

After breakfast, work is resumed, and not suspended till dinner time. The whole afternoon is also devoted to the prosecution of labour, which concludes at dusk. Discipline is strictly observed in the whole course of the day; and it is only after having again washed hands and face, and listened to the prayers repeated by the clergyman, as in the morning, that the prisoner lies down in his dismal cell, and is relieved from toil. Experience has shown that it is at this period of the day, when exhausted with fatigue and left to himself, his mind is best disposed to be moved by the truths of the Gospel. The indefatigable clergymen attached to the new prisons avail themselves of this favourable disposition to produce the deepest impression. At Sing Sing, as well as at Auburn and Wethersfield, they are seen at dusk going from cell to cell, and every where leaving behind calm and composed minds.

I was anxious to hear the result of their inquiries respecting the character of various criminals, and spoke with several as to the causes which had particularly led to the commission of crimes. From the answers I received, I should infer, that the motives or incitements were principally the four fol-

lowing: ignorance, neglect, and indifference of parents, drunkenness, and, finally, the influence of women. "It is really lamentable," says the clergyman at Sing Sing in his report for 1831, "to see how many cases of drunkenness constantly occur, upon many occasions purposely resorted to, to instil a greater daring and dismiss reflection, in the commission of a foul deed." The resident clergyman at Auburn says again, in a report for the year 1833: "The number detained in this prison, at the present moment, is six hundred and eighty-three, of which, five hundred and eight, or nearly three fourths, may be classed as addicted to drunkenness; one hundred and fifty-six are more temperate, though still given to liquor, and only nineteen abstemious and sober." But, if drunkenness has so baneful an influence, what has not a dissolute and abandoned woman? Singular enough, there is hardly a criminal, in the course of whose life a bad woman has not played some conspicuous part, either in the shape of a faithless and unworthy wife, who has induced him to commit crime, sometimes merely with a view to satisfy extravagant inclinations; or, in that of an unnatural mother, who, by examples of levity, has planted the first seeds of



crime in the bosom of her young children. This, I am compelled to confess, is the general result of the experience of those who have studied the heart of a culprit, and is therefore subject to very little doubt.

The prison at Wethersfield, as I have already observed, is the smallest of all, and contains only about two hundred prisoners. The discipline here is not so severe as in the others, corporal punishments not being allowed. Nevertheless, delinquencies are not more frequent there than in places where the practice of flogging is adopted. The plan was made upon a very economical scale, and the yearly maintenance has so decreased in amount, that, instead of costing the State large sums, it yields a revenue, by no means inconsiderable, when the limited number of prisoners is taken into account. In the course of three years and a half, that is, from 1828 to 1831, it produced to the State no less a sum than seventeen thousand one hundred and thirty-nine dollars, fifty-three cents, after deducting all expences.

The prison at Auburn is larger, and contained, when I visited it, in the summer of 1833, rather more than seven hundred prisoners, twenty-five of whom were women.

High walls surround this prison. Many complaints were heard on this account, and the resident clergyman informed me, that diseases among the women were eight or ten times as frequent as among the men; a circumstance by which he endeavoured to prove the injurious effect of every kind of confinement in the day-time, the former being kept constantly in doors, whereas the men work all day in the open air. This unjust treatment of the weaker sex, I am in hopes, will soon be remedied, by the erection of a new prison, exclusively for women. "To be a male prisoner in this prison," says the same clergyman in his report for 1833, "is tolerable; but to be a female prisoner for some time is worse than death." This expression, emanating from a credible and experienced man on the spot, speaks for itself.

I was so far favoured as to be admitted into this part of the building, and found the unfortunate beings in a situation very different from what I expected, judging from other parts of the prison. They were all assembled in a large room, and employed in various occupations. In no countenance could I read that tranquillity of mind, visible, in most cases, in that of the men; nor did they appear

very submissive to the newly established discipline. No noisy mirth, I admit, or astounding oath, met my ears ; but there was an incessant whispering, and their significant looks evidently showed that they understood each other. In a word, much as I admired the prison of the men, I reject, as perfectly unfit, that of the women, and add, that if no alteration is made in the detention of the latter, no reform can be expected in that quarter ; and the liberated female will re-appear in the world, not better, but considerably more demoralized, than when first apprehended.

The friends of the Philadelphia system again contend that no reform is practicable unless the prisoners are kept night and day in a state of solitude. Following this plan, a prison has been founded which, when ready, will resemble a sun, with rays diverging in every direction. The centre is composed of a rotunda, appropriated to a watch-room ; from this run long corridors, possessing the strongest echo, so that every sound, however distant, may be heard from one end to the other. On each side are the cells, between which the walls are so thick, that all communication is impossible. Each cell is eight feet wide, twelve feet long, and sixteen feet high. It

has a free ventilation by an air conductor from the corridor, is provided with sufficient water, light, and heat, and is, besides, fire-proof. The bed of the prisoner is turned up in the day-time against the wall, so as not to take up too much room. Outside the cell is a yard, eight feet wide, and twenty feet long, surrounded by a high wall: the prisoner is there permitted to breathe fresh air, and enjoy the sight of the blue canopy of heaven. From the passage, through small openings, every thing may be seen that is passing in the cells, and a secret police is kept up without the slightest difficulty. The prisoner is never permitted to leave his cell or yard, till the period of his detention has expired. When divine service is performed, small shutters, fixed in the wall towards the passage, are removed; and, that the prisoners may not look at each other, a curtain is put up for the occasion, in the middle of the corridor, from one end to the other. The clergyman stands in the door of the watch-room, and directs his voice towards the prisoners: the echo of the vault carries every word distinctly to the most distant cell. In the year 1832, the number of prisoners was only ninety-two; but the new outbuildings, now under con-

struction, will soon allow space for one thousand criminals.

Few moments, according to the saying of the prisoners themselves, are more dreadful than the first entrance into this tomb-like cell, from which no release can be hoped for months or years. I was fortunate to obtain a sight of an offender, condemned to four years' imprisonment, at the moment of his introduction. His first look was that of curiosity, the next astonishment, the third horror. His arms crossed on his chest, he remained a long while immoveable; at last, as if roused from a lethargic dream, he looked round, and fixed his attention on the smallest trifle. But it was not long before every object had been surveyed. He still seemed to doubt the possibility of his detention. In vain did he rub his eyes: the walls were still there. A natural impulse drove him to the door, which he endeavoured to unlock: it could not be opened. He laid his hands on the walls, to find out of what materials they were composed: even these held out no hopes of escape. He looked towards the ceiling: this he could not reach. "Damn it!" exclaimed he, whilst beating his forehead wildly with both hands. He gnashed his teeth with fury,

and the froth of rage whitened his lips. At that moment nothing was sacred to him. Father, mother, mistress, friends, all could he now have despatched in cold blood. He forgot heaven and earth, and rent the air with imprecations and the language of hell. He scoffed contemptuously at religion, and threatened the whole world with vengeance. Work was offered him : he rejected it. The Bible, that great solace of the unfortunate and the unhappy, he shut with scorn, and wished it might be given to some godly old woman of sixty.

Let us return to the same individual six months afterwards. The first paroxysm of passion has subsided. Solitude, indeed, has calmed all the passions. He now threatens neither God nor man. His own conscience occupies him from morning till night. Despair makes him open the Bible : a new and true doctrine now speaks to his heart. From this moment he patiently submits to the discipline of the prison. His vindictiveness gradually changes into submission, and his wounded self-love is cured by a consciousness that nobody witnesses his punishment and dishonour. He knows that no fresh infliction awaits him, that no human being can upbraid him for transgres-

sions committed, or induce him to commit new ones. Solitude becomes at last pleasing, a result which he little anticipated, on entering a prison. Offer him the company of another condemned criminal; he will on his knees pray that he may be allowed to preserve his former seclusion. But, without occupation in his confined cell, how wearisome and insupportable would life be to him? Man is born for society: if all communication with living beings is cut off, he must be employed at something that fixes his attention. Among all the prisoners whom I examined on the subject, there was not one that did not speak of work with feelings of gratitude. "Sunday," said the very prisoner, whose history I have briefly endeavoured to relate, "is the only day which appears long to me: I have then no opportunity of working." Occupation gives a certain interest to the cell, which it did not possess before; it has, besides, the advantage of fatiguing the body, without depressing the mind. This individual, driven to the commission of one of the most atrocious crimes by thoughtlessness and indolence, now found, singularly enough, his only happiness in occupation. Indolence had excited in him a degree of abhorrence which, when once libe-

rated, will enable him to earn his bread in an honourable way. What prison can better advance the improvement of a culprit than that which imperceptibly teaches him to repent, to hope for a better life, to hate idleness, and to seek in religion his only consolation?

To induce a prisoner to reflect, undoubtedly the first step towards reformation, he should be alone. The Pennsylvania system, as I have before observed, says that solitude at night is not sufficient to answer the purpose, inasmuch as a man who is exhausted by the day's fatigue, when night comes, gives himself up to the solace of rest rather than to the seriousness of thought. A man who, in the course of the day, works with other prisoners, sees so many new objects around him, that, with the best inclination in the world, he cannot devote time to think of himself and his former crimes, or of the manner of reconciling them to his present life. Left, on the other hand, in solitude, night and day, he is obliged to think, the narrow cell offering no distraction, no food for his thoughts. Where a spider or a worm may form an epoch, there indeed is man left to his own reflections!



On common prisoners, such in particular as have hardly received any education, this uninterrupted solitude has, in general, had a still stronger influence. They have none of the resources of an enlightened mind, which can revert to the great productions of former days, to the politics of the present day, or to calculations for the future: they are continually reminded of the cause of their detention. On persons so disposed it is easy to make a favourable impression. If these precious moments are not lost, if the clergyman knows how to take advantage of them, no doubt can be entertained that the criminal may be reclaimed. The voice of religion, from the lips of the spiritual adviser, makes deeper impression, and causes greater emotion, in solitude than in the bustle of the world. His language, at once warning and encouraging, threatening and full of hope, penetrates the heart, like a voice from the other world. The captive not only views his own physical sufferings with resignation, but imbibes clearer ideas of God, of eternity, of future punishments and rewards. What seems particularly to operate upon a prisoner thus situated is the recollection of his family, his nearest relations. The name alone of a de-

served wife, an aged father, a sickly child, shakes his nerves. "Tell me only that my wife and son do not curse me," said one of these prisoners, "and I will cheerfully submit to my fate!"

It has often been affirmed that solitude entails the most injurious effect on the health of prisoners. This is an unreasonable assertion, completely refuted by experience. When I visited the prison in Philadelphia, none of the inmates had a sickly look: I do not mean to say that they had the freshness of health, but their faces did not bear the yellow tinge so common in other prisons. Medical men even asserted that their health was better than when they entered the prison. The most common cases were colds, dysenteries, and consumptions. During the prevalence of the cholera in the city, not a single case occurred here. Nor was insanity more frequent than among the same number of men in the enjoyment of liberty. From the establishment of this prison, down to the end of 1833, the average mortality may be calculated at less than five per cent. Which of these two systems is then the more conducive to usefulness and to the ends proposed by the community?

The Philadelphia system guarantees the impossibility of contamination by contact.

The Auburn system depends in this respect on the attention of the overseers.

Philadelphia produces the strongest impression on the prisoners, and, consequently, a greater reform than

Auburn, which, however, forms them more for social life.

Philadelphia leaves the prisoners in perfect ignorance as to their comrades in misfortune.

Auburn only prevents their verbal intercourse. On recovering their liberty, it is natural that their former sufferings should make them contract intimacies, for the purpose of committing new crimes.

Philadelphia has not yet opened its doors a second time to a single prisoner, after the expiration of his first detention. Hence it may be inferred, either that a complete reform has been effected, or, what is more probable, that the prison inspires such horror that it deters him from fresh trespasses.

Auburn cannot show the same favourable result. At this prison, the proportion of prisoners condemned for the second time to those composing the aggregate of inmates

was, from the year 1824 to 1831, as one to nineteen.

Philadelphia is more expensive than its rival, and must ever cost more than

Auburn. Here it is necessary to remark that the prison built in Philadelphia was more expensive than necessary. Experience has shown that a great saving may be effected.

Philadelphia ought to pay as well as Auburn: I cannot see any reason why work done in solitude should not be as lucrative to the institution as that executed in a common workshop. It would, undoubtedly, require some time before the prison could maintain itself without assistance from the State, though, according to the report of the overseer, this desirable result has already been attained. Hence it may be hoped that it may one day, like prisons following the Auburn system, have a surplus revenue.

Auburn has hitherto paid better than Philadelphia. Prisons adopting this plan have not only maintained themselves, but have exhibited the singular result of a considerable surplus accruing to the State. This is the case at Auburn, Wethersfield, Baltimore, &c.

The Philadelphia system is, therefore, in my opinion, more radical in its effect, better in its execution, and deserving in every respect the preference to the other, if sufficient funds are found to act upon it at the first foundation of the prison.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Enfin, qu' est votre chef?

PASSEVAL.

THE person of the President of the United States is not more sacred than that of any other private individual. The Constitution provides no farther protection for him than it affords to the meanest citizen in the Republic. For a provocation or insult, he has no remedy but that which is open to every one—the tribunal of the country. A singular circumstance, applicable to what I have been saying, happened in the course of the present spring. General Jackson had deemed it consistent with his duty to strike out of the rolls of the Navy the name of an officer for an alleged neglect of duty in the service. Whilst proceeding on a journey to Fredericksburg in Virginia, whither he had been invited for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone for a monument in honour of Washing-

ton's mother, he was grossly insulted at Alexandria, in the cabin of the steamboat which stopped there for a few minutes, and struck in the face by the aggrieved lieutenant, who had previously determined to be avenged, in the best manner he could, for what he conceived to be a gross injury. The President, although advanced in years, placed himself in an attitude of defence, and intended to inflict on the bold aggressor a summary chastisement with his own cane. During the confusion incidental in such a scene, the lieutenant effected his escape, and fled across the boundary line into Virginia. He was afterwards arraigned before the tribunal in the same State, for having committed an assault upon the first magistrate of the Republic, and sentenced to a short imprisonment; here the matter rested, and nothing more was heard of it. The suit was between General Jackson, not President Jackson, and the accused, consequently, between two individuals, who had to abide by the decision of the court. Whether the aggressor had been justly or unjustly dealt with by the President, it was, nevertheless, unwarrantable and disgraceful for a man of honour to resort to personal violence towards a man of the President's advanced years.

Scarcely had he returned from this excursion, when General Jackson determined to undertake his famous tour through the Northern and Eastern States. I have little doubt that this plan was mixed up with political considerations, and that its object was, in part, to uphold the courage of his friends, and if possible to lessen the number of his enemies, at the ensuing elections. Several towns through which he passed arrayed themselves on the side of opposition: notwithstanding this declaration, they received the distinguished guest with every demonstration of outward respect. In Boston, for instance, where his measures were condemned by the majority of the citizens, his reception was such as to preclude the inference of a general dislike to his policy. Persons, who had upon all occasions been his most inveterate opponents, and who had never ceased to counteract his wishes, placed themselves foremost in the ranks of those who offered General Jackson their congratulations on his arrival. It was not to the man, but to the President of the United States, that they wished to show attention; and upon this principle they neglected nothing which could possibly enhance the splendour and *éclat* of his reception. In New York,



nearly half its population assembled on the occasion at the Battery and at Castle Garden; and the crowd in the streets was beyond all precedent. It certainly is not going beyond the limits of truth to state, that the number of those who received him could not be less than one hundred thousand; I even heard them computed at a still greater number. He came on that day from Philadelphia, and landed from the steamboat at Castle Garden, where the authorities of the city paid their respects to the distinguished visiter. Here he mounted on horseback, proceeded to the Battery, received a number of militia, and continued his route to the place of residence assigned to him, amidst a mass of people, whose continual huzzas and waving of handkerchiefs sufficiently indicated the joy and satisfaction they derived from the presence of their chief magistrate in New York. In passing the bridge, connecting Castle Garden with the Battery, he however, had well nigh terminated his glorious career. Hardly had his horse quitted it, before one end of this decayed structure gave way, and fell into the water, with the whole weight of a dense mass of people, which followed close behind the President.

Curiosity had also led me to the spot, in company with a few friends, to witness the landing; as the crowd, every moment on the increase, precluded the possibility of a retreat, we were obliged to remain on the bridge till it had somewhat dispersed. At this moment, part of it, with a small gate adjoining, gave way, and precipitated all those on it and on the roof into the water. Hundreds took a comfortable cold bath in honour of the festivity: others, less fortunate, stuck fast in the mud, and looked at each other with woeful countenances. The sight was at once laughable and melancholy. The fright was, however, greater than the danger, the water being low and the bottom consisting of soft mud, as was clearly shown by the garments of those who had just emerged from it. A few corpulent individuals suffered most, and were dreadfully squeezed by the crowd. In front of us stood several persons, labouring under this disadvantage, who, when they once felt their feet slipping, could not possibly be checked before they had reached the bottom: this incident, coupled with an opportune retreat of a few yards from the spot, a second or two before the accident occurred, saved us from participating in the aquatic experiment.

None perished, or received any injury: a few hats were swimming in the bay, and numbers of coats had to be sent to the tailors for immediate repairs, being torn in various places.

After having feasted a few days at New York, shaken hands with thousands of citizens, given audience to the ladies of the city, received presents from the authorities and private individuals\*, the President started for Boston, where he met with the same cordial reception, although he could not, among the whole population, calculate upon more than one-sixth as his political friends.

At Roxburgh, not far from Boston, a triumphal arch had been erected, on which was the following inscription: "The Union must be preserved," which alluded to an expression used by General Jackson the winter before, when the principles of Nullification threatened a dissolution of the States. The President was delighted on reading this inscription, and exclaimed, in a tone which characterized his determined disposition, "It shall be preserved, as long as there is a nerve in this arm."

In Boston itself, he was received by all the authorities, and proceeded in an open landau

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\* The authorities of the city presented him with a beautiful saddle-horse; and a tailor, with a new black suit, &c.

through the ranks of several thousand well-dressed children of both sexes. Further on, he passed all the Engine Companies, with their colours and other insignia displayed; and, finally, through the ranks of several militia regiments, some of whom had no uniforms, and were known to be soldiers only by their carrying muskets on their shoulders, and cartouch-boxes at their backs.

Independently of reviews, breakfasts, suppers, and entertainments of different kinds, at which the President was obliged to drink wine with any one who chose to solicit the honour, he was completely fatigued by continual presentations, at which custom required him to shake hands with every one.

This, coupled with various attacks of colds, attributable to his exposing his bare head to rain, operated so seriously on the health of the veteran, that, instead of continuing his journey, as he intended, through all the Northern and Eastern States, he was obliged, at Concord, in New Hampshire, to retrace his steps towards Washington.

During the greater part of this journey, he was accompanied by the Vice-President, and one of the Secretaries of State; but as both, particularly the first, were no favourites with

the people of Boston, they thought it expedient to keep in the back-ground, and only appeared under the shade of the President.

Shortly after the arrival of General Jackson at New York, came also the celebrated Indian Chief, Black Hawk, who, captured during the war of 1832, in the Western States, had, together with the Prophet and their full-grown sons, been sent, first to St. Louis, and afterwards to a fort not far from Washington. They had now been restored to liberty, and, accompanied by an interpreter, they at length obtained leave to return to their wives, children, and home, on the other side of the Mississippi.

Black Hawk himself was an elderly man, with a bald head and serene look. His son appeared to me the *beau ideal* of human strength; and, although rather fat, possessed all those advantages of person so well calculated to subdue even the coldest female heart. The Prophet, again, had in his looks and manners a stoical dignity, which he never failed to support. It was not difficult to discover that this man had devoted part of his life to thoughts of more depth than those that generally engage the minds of Indian warriors. In him, as well as in the countenance

of his son, I thought that I could discover a certain secret savage disposition to spill human blood.

These Indians happened to arrive at New York at the very time that a bold aëronaut, of the name of Durant, made an ascent in a balloon. Of all they had seen in the United States, nothing made a deeper impression on them than this aërial voyage. The great crowd assembled upon the occasion, the handsome buildings, the splendid equipages, most undoubtedly had struck them: perhaps they might even have fallen in love with some of the many fair *squaws*, who, from motives of curiosity, daily visited them during their stay in New York, and who, as the Indians conceived, were desirous to marry them. But the aëronaut was always uppermost in their admiration; they looked upon him as a sorcerer, and never mentioned the name of the Great Warrior, for so they stiled him, but with the deepest veneration. Probably, in the account given by them to their children of what they have seen, he plays as great a part as the father himself at Washington.

About this time, in the beginning of the summer, I undertook a short excursion to Newport and Plymouth.

Newport is situated in the State of Rhode Island, not far from the spot where the same river which runs through Providence discharges itself into the sea. The town has an ugly and old-fashioned appearance, and the houses seem so indifferent that one might almost imagine them to have been collected from the refuse of all parts of the New England States. The inhabitants subsist almost exclusively by shipping, which is not inconsiderable. In summer, this place is much frequented by strangers, attracted by the excellent sea-bathing. For my part, it would be the last spot I should select for a summer residence, having nothing inviting, either within or without the town. This is an additional evidence of the singularity of taste prevalent in America, which induces people to spend the summer not in the country, but in a petty town, for the purpose of enjoying the pleasures of a winter's social life, in preference to inhaling salubrious country air. I felt anxious to see the curiosities of the city, and was at once shown two places situated outside the town of Newport, known by the names Purgatory and Paradise, and which, according to what I was told, formed the sum total of what the city had to boast. My readers, I

presume, are as anxious as I was to become acquainted with two places so interesting. Let us perform a pilgrimage together.

Along the sea-shore is a steep rock, in which a cleft has been formed, equally narrow and dark. The sea penetrates to the inmost recesses of the aperture, and recedes with noise from the opening, where the froth of agitated waves rises like a white column. In the upper part of this cleft, a few birds had formed a settlement, and hovered restlessly to and fro in the dark pit. This was Purgatory. A little further on, at the foot of a mountain, is a grove, on one side inclosed by an ugly and miserable hedge. Under the shade of trees, a few fat cows were seen feeding; and not far from them slumbered on the grass, pleasant to behold, a damsel who, to judge from the empty pail standing by her side, must have repaired to the spot for the purpose of milking the said cows; but, probably struck with the beauty of the place, had fallen into a profound sleep. This was Paradise.

Satisfied with a hasty peep into the dark recesses of Purgatory, and with enjoying as much as I could of the felicity of Paradise, I proceeded by land from Newport to Plymouth,



in Massachusetts. The country presented no peculiar feature worth mentioning, and the road was extremely sandy. Near Newport, fish-bones and fish-skins were used as manure for the fields, by which a most offensive stench was diffused all over the neighbourhood. I was assured that it was not injurious to health. This point I do not mean to contest; at all events it was extremely disagreeable, and took away all the balmy fragrance of country air.

On leaving Newport, I was accompanied in the stage by only three individuals, which number was not increased till we were half way to Plymouth, when we were joined by four elderly men, just returning from a wedding, where they had been partaking of all the amusements usual upon such occasions. They appeared to me regular bacchanalians, and to have done ample justice to both wine and punch; but my travelling companions, who happened to be distinguished promoters of the Temperance Societies in New York, did not at first perceive their state. Not a word was uttered in the coach for a long while; the four new-comers diverted themselves with looking at those who were previously in the coach. They must have become

pretty well tired with this examination, for, all at once, they pulled out of their pockets a few dozen biscuits, pieces of bread, and tarts, which they attacked most voraciously. But the critical moment came at last: out of their coat-pockets peeped modestly the necks of a couple of well-filled bottles. The promoters of the New York Temperance Societies turned pale at the sight. They had previously, with the patience of Job, allowed the hungry travellers peaceably to consume their dry provisions, and tamely submitted to a profusion of crumbs carelessly sprinkled over all present. But when they saw the bottles making their appearance, and detected the odour of whisky-punch, so repulsive to a member of a Temperance Society, they shrank back with horror, and gazed at each other, as if to consult what measures were proper to be adopted on this emergency. One of them, who shortly before, in a dissertation, which lasted four long miles, had, as he thought, eloquently treated of "the beneficial influence of water on the human frame," at length took courage, and thus addressed the drinking party: "Temperance Societies, I presume, have few advocates in the neighbourhood of the place where you reside, gentlemen?" "Fudge on

your Temperance Societies!" exclaimed one of the opponents, with the bottle to his mouth. "They have already done harm enough in this world. Of late years, people have actually been as if smitten with a mania for drinking water; and what is the consequence? That they died like horse-flies the moment the cholera made its appearance." "As for me," rejoined another, "they have totally ruined me: my rum-distillery is nearly knocked up, and if we do not soon find some remedy for this distemper, all the distilleries in the New England States will, upon my honour, be shut up, and what will then become of us? Neither the people nor the Government can do without them." "Europeans who have visited this country," observed a third, "make it a point to state in their travels how extremely thin and dry we Americans are in general, and wonder why our faces are so long and withered! How can it be otherwise, when people drink nothing but water! Think of that, nothing but water!" The champion of Temperance had, in the mean time, collected a store of arguments in support of water-drinking and abstinence; and I could easily read in his eyes a certain impatience to defend his cause. To judge by his anxiety, he must in-

deed have prepared one of the most eloquent orations on this interesting subject ; for, when the last speaker had concluded, his countenance cleared up, and a kind of confident smile graced his lips, as if certain of victory beforehand. At this moment, the fourth of the wedding party finished the bottle, exclaiming, whilst throwing the empty vessel into a ditch close to the road, in a tone of voice capable of deterring the boldest arm : “ As true as I am sitting here, I will drown the first Temperance friend I get hold of in a tub of brandy !” A gesture, suitable to the expression, followed this solemn assurance. The friend and champion of water was staggered. He by no means relished this vow made to Bacchus, wisely conformed to circumstances, and continued silent. The laboured speech which was ready to burst from his lips remained undelivered, or was reserved at least for a more favourable opportunity, when it will no doubt appear pregnant with irresistible arguments.

The conversation was here suddenly cut short ; every one resumed his former silence ; and the coach rolled on without interruption, until we arrived at the old town of Plymouth.

This place, which recalls to memory so many remarkable events in American history, stands on the sea-shore, at the foot of an eminence. The harbour is large, and would be one of the best in the United States if it were deeper. It is formed by a projecting point of land opposite to the town, which stretches into the sea in the form of a semi-circle. In the opening, appear several islands, of which one is called Clarke's Island, because a man of that name, one of the pilgrims, was the first who set foot on this shore. On this island the pilgrims passed the Sunday before they landed on the American territory, which they did the following day, on a rock now for the most part covered by a store-house. These English emigrants, whose only objects were the free exercise of their religion and a peaceable home, landed on the 22d December, 1620.

Wild was the day, the wintry sea  
Moaned sadly on New England's strand,  
When first the thoughtful and the free,  
Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,  
With years, should gather round that day ;  
How love should keep their memories bright,  
How wide a realm their sons should sway.\*

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\* Bryant's Poems, p. 204.

On an eminence above the town is a cemetery, where the remains of some of the first inhabitants are interred. Numerous grave-stones are scattered over this ground: on one of them was sitting, or rather reclining, an elderly well-dressed man, whose eyes appeared to be fixed on the fine harbour and the small island at a distance. The sound of my steps roused him from his deep meditations: he seemed to be almost offended at being disturbed. The beautiful view, and the fineness of a moonlight evening, gave me as much inclination as himself to enjoy both. I sat down in silence on one of the grave-stones at his side, and examined with interest the green moss which here and there covered them, and hid the names of those who reposed beneath. Sir Thomas Browne's celebrated dissertation called "Hydriotaphia" now presented itself to my imagination. How true did the ideas of this profound philosopher appear to me! "Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years," says he, in one part of the said work; "generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions, like many in Gruter; to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names; to be studied by antiqua-

ries, who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages."

An affinity of thoughts and purposes brought me at length in closer contact with the elderly man. His conversation bore the stamp of learning, and the language which fell from his lips was eloquent in the true acceptance of the word. With peculiar delight he seemed to dwell on those events which had given to Plymouth a place in history, and spoke, with real enthusiasm, of several traits in the life of the Indians, with whom the first colonists had to fight for possession. His description of the progress of the colony, and the consequences which have resulted from it, were in the highest degree interesting: I have since often regretted that I could not retain every word in my memory. From former times, he came at last to the present; and concluded his narrative with a few short and poetical reflections respecting the cemetery, the moonlight, the stillness of night, and the prospect before us. "Look around you," exclaimed he, in an elevated voice; "here lies a world of men!" At the conclusion of these words, he rose; and, pursuing his way among

the tombs, his shadow soon disappeared from my sight.

From Plymouth I proceeded to Boston, and thence again to Lowell, distant twenty-six miles from the latter city. A canal has, for some years, been employed for the transport of goods between Boston and Lowell; but a private company is now occupied in constructing a railroad in the same direction, which will further facilitate the communication.

Lowell is situated at the junction of the Rivers Merrimack and Concord, the banks of which are extremely interesting to the eye. The town, which twenty years ago could only boast of one hut, has now, according to a late census, a population of twelve thousand three hundred and sixty-three. It has already assumed the appearance of a large town, contains several fine and wide streets, and is particularly embellished by a number of extensive factories, of which nineteen were in full activity. The prosperity of Lowell is, in a great measure, attributable to the encouragement given in later times to home manufactures; and this place was particularly favoured by the circumstance that the soil in the New England States is generally so poor that it neither can support its population, nor



hold out to capitalists sufficient inducement to invest their property in that branch of industry. The number of factories is on the increase every year. All are carried on by water power from the two streams, the falls of which are calculated at about thirty feet.

The whole amount of capital already invested in these manufactories is about six millions of dollars, of which the Merrimack Company alone has embarked one million and a half. The buildings are about one hundred and fifty feet long, by forty-five in width, and five stories high. The number of looms is more than three thousand. Of cotton no less than eight millions of pounds, or twenty thousand bales, are annually worked up: the manufactured goods amount to twenty-seven millions of yards. Five thousand persons, one thousand two hundred males, and three thousand eight hundred females, are employed at the different manufactories, and receive yearly for their labour the considerable sum of one million two hundred thousand dollars. Several of these manufactories have yielded to the shareholders dividends of from sixteen to twenty per cent.

Not only are cotton stuffs manufactured here, but carpets and fine cloths are also

made, in which five hundred thousand pounds of wool are used in a year. Many of these carpets, as far at least as richness of colour is concerned, vie with those manufactured at Brussels. It is presumed that, in the course of time, this place will be able to supply the whole country with these articles of luxury.

At the cotton factories the work is chiefly performed by young girls. The Merrimack Company employs no fewer than one thousand two hundred, the cleverest of whom earn as much as three dollars and a half a week. They board and lodge in the neighbourhood at the rate of one dollar and a quarter a week, and have thus a handsome surplus, which they deposit in the Savings' Bank. It not unfrequently happens that these girls, by industry, save so much as to be able to discharge the debts of an unfortunate parent, or to redeem a small property, which, by the mismanagement of relatives, has been mortgaged or offered for sale. The greater part are farmers' daughters in the neighbourhood, and they have nearly all received the first rudiments of a simple education. None of them look unhealthy, but, on the other hand, they cannot be said to have much colour on their cheeks. Their morals are unexceptionable:

they are even so particular in regard to each other's conduct, that, if any of them should be suspected of an act of frailty, she is compelled by the others to leave the place. The manager of one of these factories assured me that the police established among themselves is so severe, that, when several years ago, a young woman, whose previous life had been objectionable, was admitted into the factory, they unanimously insisted on her expulsion. It was of no use to tell them that the accused now conducted herself with propriety : it was enough that she had once been frail. She was accordingly discharged, to prevent the possibility of a revolution in this republic of women.

When the President visited Lowell about this period, he was received with great pomp by the factory girls, who determined to hail his arrival in a distinguished manner. Dressed in white, with coloured sashes and bare heads, and provided with parasols, they went in procession to meet him, preceded by their respective ensign-bearers. The sight must indeed have been singular and imposing. The President no doubt felt proud of such a reception, for it is not the good fortune of every ruler to pass through a line of young girls a mile

in length. Each of these Lowell belles advanced five dollars towards the formation of a general fund for buying articles requisite to enhance the splendour of the ceremony. In Boston, as well as in York, sashes and parasols of every possible colour were eagerly bought up, so that the ladies complained bitterly for two months afterwards of being left destitute of these necessary attributes of costume.

On my return to New York, I found the whole city in a state of uproar bordering on confusion, on account of the celebration of the 4th of July. All offices and shops were closed, and the lower classes of people seemed disposed to have a frolic. The militia paraded the streets, to the great gratification of the curious; and the discharge of crackers and of different species of fire-arms filled the whole atmosphere with smoke. Quarrelling, fighting, and a few accidents, were to be expected from a crowd left to its own discretion, and determined to enjoy this, almost the only national festivity in America. In justice, however, it should be stated that, taking the whole mass together, they behaved very peaceably.

The following day was celebrated by the

Negroes, being the anniversary of their emancipation in the State of New York. A procession of Blacks, accompanied by a band of music, passed through the principal streets. On the flanks of this procession, rode Negroes dressed in white, with epaulettes, sword, and cocked hat. The whole was a perfect farce. The evening concluded with a grand ball, exclusively patronised by the sable population.

## CHAPTER IX.

La plupart des grandes découvertes ont commencé par paroître absurdes, et l'homme de génie ne fera jamais rien s'il a peur des plaisanteries.

DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

It was a fine summer's day when I again quitted New York, to commence my journey through the northern and western parts of the State, and at the same time to visit the English possessions in Canada. The sun was scorching, but refreshing westerly winds cooled the air, and made the trip up the beautiful Hudson one of the most agreeable I had taken during my residence in America. Never did the naked walls of Palisades appear to me so high and perpendicular; never had I seen the sloping banks so rich and luxuriant, covered as they were with thick woods and verdant fields; never had the highlands appeared so imposing. The stream was enlivened by innumerable sloops, boats,

and vessels, and steamers passed each other in rapid succession; every thing breathed life, and joy, and summer.

The river has a very different appearance beyond the small town of Hudson up to Albany, from that which it exhibits southward of that place. The banks seem almost to invade the mighty stream; islands, shoals, and heaps of stones, have done their utmost to arrest the progress of the water. The country on both sides is plain and highly cultivated. Cottages and country-seats were seen in every direction.

After a trip of eleven hours, I arrived at Albany, a distance of one hundred and forty-five English miles: I have been assured that it has been performed in ten, averaging about fourteen miles and a half an hour. Could I but one day be permitted to awake Fulton from his slumber, and show him what steamers now navigate the Hudson, how astonished would he be! How incredulously would he shake his head, on being told that a steamboat may at present perform a distance of one hundred and forty-five miles in the short period of ten hours, including stoppages! He would still recollect the day, when weeks, yea, months, were required for this journey;

and even after his application of steam as a propelling power for boats, it took as many days as now hours to proceed from New York to Albany. The following anecdote shows what extraordinary improvements have been made on steam-engines since Fulton's time.

When steamboats, contrary to the opinion of reasonable and unreasonable persons, were found, to the great satisfaction of Fulton, to answer the purpose, the general ridicule at first bestowed on the invention was suddenly changed into the warmest enthusiasm. Several steamboats were put in motion on the river, and competition followed in those times as well as in ours. One of the steamers is stated to have one night encountered a real London fog (who has not heard of a November fog in London?) The captain discerned, however, in the dark, a dim light, which made him come to the natural conclusion that it proceeded from another steamboat. He looked at it stedfastly for a long time; at length he thought it neared him; and, convinced that it was in reality another steamboat, wishing to run a race with his, he encouraged his men to increase the fires and raise the steam. Anxious as to the result, he could not be per-



sueded to retire to rest for a moment: he narrowly watched the light, which at times appeared to gain upon him, and again seemed to be distanced, and when the former was the case, he was heard addressing the engineers: "Go on, boys! don't spare fuel! more steam!" At length morning arrived, and the fog began gradually to disperse. The impatience of the captain may easily be imagined to look his antagonist in the face, and by a single glance to crush his audacity at once. He was so agitated, that he could not remain stationary for a moment, but ran up and down deck, now standing on tiptoe, then stooping to look through some aperture between the dispersing vapours. With a tremendous oath in his mouth, he was ready to launch execrations at his competitor; fire and flame issued from his sharp eyes. "He will overtake us! He is close upon us!" resounded from several of the spectators. The sailors ran from stem to stern, and back again. The furnaces were filled with more fuel than prudence dictated for the safety of the boilers. The paddles went round with more velocity than the wheels of a French stage going up hill. Confusion and perplexity reigned on board. One would almost have

believed that a privateer was in sight. But, instead of a strange vessel or any antagonist, what was visible when the fog dispersed? The light, which in the dark had been supposed to proceed from another steamboat, and had caused so much uneasiness, was only a lantern on shore. So weak was the power as yet on board steamers, that it was a hard task to maintain the same position against the current, and not to lose ground!

Albany is the capital of the State of New York, and looks upon itself as the first city, although, in point of wealth, population, and commerce, it has but a secondary rank. Next to Jamestown, in Virginia, it is the oldest city in the Union, and dates its origin from 1612. The Dutch, who first settled here, could scarcely have selected the spot on account of the fertility of the soil, which in this neighbourhood consists chiefly of sand. Their plan was to have a point suitable for trade with the Indians, and a better selection they could scarcely have made. Albany has, at all times, been a thriving place; and even at this day, although obliged to yield the palm to New York, as the first in the State, it still retains with pride recollections of its antiquity, and boasts also of its wealth,

which would have appeared to greater advantage had the situation been more distant from New York, a city that carries every thing before it. Its locality, close to the Hudson, and at the mouth of the Erie Canal, as well as at the beginning of the railroad between Mohawk and Hudson, renders it one of the most important places in the Northern States. Very large sums are in consequence circulated in the town: the produce of the West and East, as well as goods from Europe, pay a transit duty, which is not inconsiderable when we take into account the immense tract of land situated west of it, that must send and receive every thing through this city. When to this is added the facility afforded by the canal and the railroad to the transport of goods, it cannot be matter of wonder that Albany should be in a thriving condition.

The appearance of the city fully confirms its flourishing state. While shops of every kind meet the eye, and the bustle characteristic of Americans is perceptible every where, parts of the city are found, which remind you of some of the finest towns in Europe. That street, in particular, which goes by the name of State Street, and ascends

a hill not far from the river up to the Capitol, a building not destitute of taste, where the Legislature, as well as the Tribunals, hold their sittings, is wider than any street I have seen in America, and produces a very striking effect. Of all the buildings, however, the City Hall is the handsomest: it is upon the same elevation as the Capitol, on one side of a square, to which a third edifice, the Academy, forms another ornament. It is built of white marble, and has a dome, which, like St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's in London, is visible at a great distance.

Albany still possesses many of the old families: that of Van Rensselaer, for instance, traces back its ancestry to a period anterior to the foundation of the city; and to this day a respectable member of it retains the title of Patroon, an old Dutch word, equivalent to our "master." This distinction, however, has produced this effect, that the *ton* of the inhabitants is more aristocratic, and their manners are more addicted to ceremony and etiquette, than in any other parts of the country. I often fancied that I recognised those stiff yet venerable personages, so happily described by Washington Irving in Knickerbocker's History of New York: and

I really met an individual so completely answering the description of a fat, substantial, smoking, and half-sleeping Dutch settler, that I could not help bursting out into a most hearty fit of laughter.

From Albany I proceeded to Saratoga springs, a distance of about thirty-six miles and a half, performed on the railroad in little more than three hours. This railroad belongs to two companies: one called The Mohawk and Hudson Company, the other The Saratoga and Schenectady Company, both formed since 1830. The first, whose object is to unite the two rivers, had many difficulties to surmount, and has embarked a very large capital in the undertaking; but, notwithstanding this, the shares were a great deal above par. Although the Erie Canal goes as far as the Hudson, with which it forms a junction at Albany, still the communication by the railroad between this city and Schenectady is so active, that the cars, generally loaded, run almost every hour of the day. In a few years, when railroads will be made from Saratoga to Whitehall, on Lake Champlain, this will probably be the most frequented route to Canada; and, in a country where travelling is so much in vogue, these companies may

fondly anticipate success from future operations.

In no country in the world are there so many railroads as in America; their number is daily increasing to such a degree, that, within the ordinary period of a man's life, they will be more numerous than in all other parts of the globe put together. Since my arrival in the country, I have counted at least a dozen which have been partly begun, partly opened for conveyance, not one less than fifteen miles in length, and the greater part exceeding fifty miles. Large sums have thus been invested by private capitalists for promoting the public good; and although here, as in other places, the expences generally exceed the original estimate by fifty per cent., yet speculators are always ready to take shares. It seldom happens that a company cannot be formed for want of subscribers: I found that, in most cases, shares were taken in a shorter period than we in Europe take to consider, or to sign our names. This does not exclusively apply to railroads, but also to banks, canals, and all possible undertakings. Money is generally so abundant, that most proposals are listened to with a view to make a profit. In this manner have the United States, within a

few years, derived more internal improvements from the speculations of private individuals, than if the whole had been left to Government. It is almost incredible, yet true, that when the railroads between Boston and Providence, and Baltimore and Washington, are finished, which will not take many months, one may travel from Maine to Virginia by steam, that is, by steamboats and steam carriages, a distance of above seven hundred miles, in sixty-five or sixty-seven hours. Many of the present generation will perhaps live to see the day when railroads will be made from Virginia, through North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, to New Orleans, thus uniting Maine and Louisiana.

Government never interferes in private undertakings of this kind, which are open to every one. When a company is formed, it only makes an application to the Legislature of the State in which the enterprise is to be carried into effect. If it is considered useful by the members of both Houses, or at least not prejudicial to the public, permission is granted, and an act passed incorporating the company. They have now no impediments to encounter, but may buy land wherever they please, of course at a cheap rate. Rail-

roads and canals often traverse orchards and parks belonging to wealthy individuals, who dare not resist, because "the public benefits by it," and patriotism requires that private convenience should give way to the public good.

Many complaints have arisen on account of the privilege thus granted to private persons to tax travellers; but this prerogative is seldom abused. If that should happen to be the case, the abuse cannot last long; for another company soon starts in opposition, and the consequence is, that one or both generally fail. At all events, the public is always benefited by the competition; even if both can be supported, prices are lowered, otherwise the company which charges the least is patronized, the other is abandoned to its fate, and dies a natural death. In no country have I seen the spirit of competition carried so far as in America. I remember once travelling one hundred miles in a stage for one dollar, whereas the expence was generally seven dollars. Upon another occasion, I took a trip of forty-four English miles by a steamboat for twelve cents and a half, and was thanked by the captain into the bargain: the usual charge was one dollar and a half.

The railroads, which were partly finished, partly in progress at the time when I visited



the United States, were as follows. I have marked the length of them, to show the immense distance that each of them traverses, or will have to pass :

	Miles.
Baltimore and Ohio (from Baltimore to Pittsburg) . . . . .	250
Massachusetts (from Boston to Albany) . . . . .	200
Catskill to Ithaca (State of New York) . . . . .	167
Charleston to Hamburg (South Carolina) . . . . .	135
Boston and Brattleboro (Massachusetts and Vermont) . . . . .	114
Albany and New York . . . . .	160
Columbia and Philadelphia (from Philadelphia to York, Pennsylvania) . . . . .	96
Lexington and Ohio (from Lexington to Cincinnati) . . . . .	75
Camden and Amboy (New Jersey) . . . . .	60
Baltimore and Susquehanna (Maryland) . . . . .	48
Boston and Providence (Massachusetts and Rhode Island) . . . . .	43
Trenton and Philadelphia . . . . . about	30
Providence and Stonington . . . . .	70
Baltimore and Washington . . . . .	38
Hollidaysburg and Johnstown (Pennsylvania) . . . . .	37
Ithaca and Oswego (New York) . . . . .	28
Hudson and Berkshire (New York and Massachusetts) . . . . .	25
Elizabeth and Somerville (New Jersey) . . . . .	25
Boston and Lowell (Massachusetts) . . . . . about	24
Schenectady and Saratoga (New York) . . . . .	21½
Mohawk and Hudson (New York) . . . . .	15
Lackawaxen (from Honesdale to Carbondale, Pennsylvania) . . . . .	17
Frenchtown to Newcastle (Delaware and Maryland) . . . . .	16
Philadelphia and Norristown (Pennsylvania) . . . . .	15
Richmond and Chesterfield (Virginia) . . . . .	12
Manch Chunk (Pennsylvania) . . . . .	9
Haerlem (from New York to Haerlem) . . . . .	8
Quincy (from Boston to Quincy) . . . . .	6
New Orleans (from Lake Pontchartrain to New Orleans) . . . . .	5½

The extent of all these railroads forms an aggregate of one thousand seven hundred and

fifty miles. Ten years hence, this amount of miles will probably be doubled or trebled, so that scarcely any other roads will be used than those on which steam carriages may travel.

But let us return to the railroad between Albany and Schenectady. It commences in the middle of the city, close to the Hudson River, and ascends the eminence on which the Capitol stands, with an inclination of one foot in eighteen, until you reach the summit, which is one hundred and eighty-five feet above the level of the water. The gradual descent continues afterwards for several miles, but only in the proportion of one in two hundred and twenty-five feet; and, after having ascended subsequently, almost imperceptibly, you arrive at last at the elevation near Schenectady, three hundred and thirty-five feet above the Hudson.

The country, hitherto destitute of interest, excepting what it derives now and then from a well cultivated farm, and exhibiting only deserts of sand, now assumed a different appearance. The most smiling landscape presented itself to the eye: the immense Erie Canal wound through luxuriant prairies, fields, and groves, and boats were drawn in

rapid succession by trotting horses on each side. Schenectady, with its University, Union College (annually attended by about two hundred students), and the beautiful and wide Mohawk River, which runs through the town, contributed not a little to enhance the beauty of the picture. At a distance, enveloped in a dark mist, appeared a chain of mountains, which, if I mistake not, was called Heidelberg, but is in fact only a continuation of the Catskill Mountains. The declivity from this elevation to the canal is about one hundred and fifteen feet, and very steep, so that it would be impossible to descend without the assistance of some counterbalance, checking the velocity of the carriage. This has been provided for by the agency of a steam-engine, which sets in motion a horizontal wheel, round which runs a strong rope. One end of this rope was fastened to our coach, and the other again to a waggon filled with stones, which ran on a railroad close to that on which we were travelling. The ropes ran on iron pulleys, placed in the middle of the roads at certain distances from each other. As soon as the engine was put in motion, our coach took a sudden start down the steep railroad, although not propelled either by horses or by

steam, without driver or engineer. We met half way the solitary waggon, loaded with stone, which ascended the hill with the same velocity that we descended; and our coach, when arrived at the foot of the elevation, stopped immediately. We were then in Schenectady.

Without making any stay, I moved at once from one coach to another, and set off on the just-finished railroad to Saratoga. The country through which it passes consists almost exclusively of sand, which renders this trip less pleasant and varied than the former; but, although five miles longer than that from Albany to Schenectady, it cost the company less than the other. According to statements shown to me, the Mohawk and Hudson railroad is said to have cost not less than from eight to nine hundred thousand dollars; whereas, that to Saratoga was completed at an expence not exceeding two hundred and seventy thousand dollars. The shares of the former were, nevertheless, lower than those of the latter. In the course of the three summer months, June, July, and August, no fewer than thirty thousand five hundred and sixty-five persons travelled on the railroad between Saratoga and Schenectady.

About six miles from Saratoga is Ballston Spa, a village, like Saratoga, known only for the properties of its waters, which are highly beneficial in many complaints. The place itself has nothing attractive, but is in my opinion far superior to Saratoga. The environs of both places consist of nothing but plains and hills of sand, producing a scanty crop between dark pine trees, the only productions of the vegetable kingdom which appeared to thrive in that soil. Saratoga has, nevertheless, on account of the preference and patronage given to it by the capricious goddess Fashion, acquired such celebrity, that many are found who certainly have heard of the name of Ballston, but know nothing about the place itself.

At these watering places there are several hotels, whose charges vary according to the prevalence of fashion and the class of visitors. Hence arises a certain distance between the guests, who seldom associate except with boarders living in the same hotel. Here, more than elsewhere, may be discovered the distinction that really prevails among persons of different classes in America. I heard, for instance, on various occasions, individuals, boarding at the fashionable Congress Hall,

speak of those who had taken up their quarters at the Union, or United States Hotel, in a way which clearly indicated their own presumed superiority in point of rank. This aristocratic tendency in Republican States may be condemned or not; certain it is, that exorbitant prices, combined with a ridiculous extravagance in dress, have jointly succeeded in causing Congress Hall hotel to be frequented by the first company in the Union. In the month of August, in particular, people resort to it from the South and from the North; all who can lay claim to beauty, genius, and talents, are to be found here. They do not repair hither for the sake of health—far from it. Their sparkling eyes and smiling faces prove that they do not labour under great infirmity. Those who, unfortunately, are real invalids, take up their residence at more quiet hotels, seldom mingling with those who are in possession of good health. Most of the individuals here met with say that “they come to drink the water,” that is, to “take a glass every other day.” Their particular object is amusement, and to kill time in every possible way. When such visiters arrive at a watering place, extravagance, as a matter of course, reaches its climax, and

they try to surpass each other in expenditure.

The fair sex have here a fine opportunity of displaying their taste and elegance in dress. I shall not venture to advert to the studied cut of the coats and waistcoats of the beaux, fashioned as they are after the last patterns from London or Paris. The most fashionable ladies have a peculiar dress, adapted for the process of drinking the water, a kind of *demi-négligé*, another for the ceremony of breakfast, a third for the recreation of riding or driving, a fourth for display at dinner, and a fifth and last for exhibition at a concert or ball in the evening, which concludes the day. Health appears to be the last consideration. On rising in the morning, the prevailing rule is to devote the whole day to eating, sleeping, and the display of dress; and when evening, or rather midnight, arrives, they retire to rest, satisfied with having got over an agreeable *soirée*—young ladies dreaming of the conquests they fancy they have made, and which they calculate will be followed up by a matrimonial alliance in the ensuing winter; young dandies, again, delighted with the figure they have made, and some chance witticisms which they have uttered, and which have been

graciously and smilingly received by the belles.

But, before we bid adieu to Saratoga, let us once more visit the springs, and take a review of those who drink the "wholesome waters." Who is that handsome lady, who, with rosy cheeks, approaches the iron railing near the spring, and with a feeble voice asks the little boy standing inside for a glass of water? She is from New York, having visited Saratoga four successive years, to get cured of an inward disease which no person can define, and which, strange enough, every year shows itself in different forms and symptoms. What extraordinary and beneficial effect the water has upon her! In the fall, she resumes all the frivolities and pleasures of the city, dancing, and happy; for she has already given her heart to a swain, who has promised, before the end of winter, to offer her his hand. Not far from her stands a man in the prime of life, with a goblet to his mouth: he is pale, but it is not a sickly paleness; he is silent, but it is not suffering that imposes this silence. With what delight does he drink the brackish water! with what devotion does he empty the last drop! He appears almost to bless the water, that gift of Heaven, and at last takes



his departure to a neighbouring field, the resort of cattle and mosquitoes, to ruminatè and philosophize. He is one of the "cold, watery, fish-blooded young men, incapable of a glass or two,"\* who, foolishly enough, either from want of means, or in consequence of a debilitated constitution, has joined an excellent society, which drinks nothing but water, and wages war against wine and brandy. How he enjoys it, poor fellow, this ice-cold, clear, and medicinal beverage! It is an instructive lesson to contemplate his contented face. Are his philosophical ravings equally instructive? Know that the individual is a genius, who has written many romances, which have been printed and admired by contemporary authors.

This bustling, noisy, and talkative man, who makes wry faces at every drop he seems to force down—who is he? Philadelphia is his birthplace, and in New York he has received the rudiments of his education—a perfect fool! None is a better judge of a bad tragedy, or a vapid novel; and none can excel him in the knowledge of the history, qualities, and fortune, of every lady. He pretends to labour under some serious infir-

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\* Vide "Crayon Sketches, by an Amateur," vol. i. p. 65.

mity, and tells every young lady, smilingly, that his disease consists in continual heart-aches, in an enlargement of the heart. He says that he has only one enemy in the world, which is morning, always coming too early, and on which, before rising from bed, he invariably bestows a certain quantity of invectives. That the waters have very little effect on his constitution is not matter of surprise, as he never takes more than one glass immediately after a hearty breakfast. He complains of being poorly.

But who is that original, who, despising water, always appears with a glass of julep,\* swearing at every thing, so as to frighten the old ladies? Born in the South, he has from infancy been accustomed to be attended by slaves, and forgets himself every moment, thinking that all the free and independent servants in the house are slaves, who ought to understand and obey his commands at the first signal. His dress is composed of summer trousers, in size resembling those of a Turk, and a jacket of the same stuff, the sleeves of which

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\*Julep is a favourite beverage, particularly in Virginia, where it is as palatable to women as to men, old and young. It is a compound of rum, ice-water, and mint; is very cooling, and generally taken in bed, before rising.

are regular bishop's sleeves. With a face covered with hair, he stares at the company, to the no small terror and annoyance of the ladies. A stick, cut out of an orange tree, and called the snake-killer, is likewise an object of such terror, that none of the fair sex dared approach him. He was, however, constantly surrounded by men, who discussed the favourite subject, "Nullification." Alone, he advocated the cause of South Carolina, with a warmth which compelled many of his opponents to give way, leaving the field to the champion of the South. But whither am I wandering? A volume would hardly suffice to depict the different characters I had occasion to observe during a residence of a few days at Saratoga: but this is not my intention, therefore; peace be with them for the present!

The water at these springs contains a great proportion of soda and magnesia, mixed with chalk, iron, gas, and atmospheric air. This analysis has been made by a Doctor Steel, who has published a very interesting work on the subject. "The temperature of the water at all these springs," he remarks in his work, "is nearly the same, varying only from forty-eight to fifty-two degrees of Fahrenheit's

thermometer, and is subject to very little variation from the changes in the temperature of the air. The different seasons seem to have hardly any effect on the quantity of water." Its property for various disorders, as, for instance, dyspepsia, so common in America, is questioned by none: on the contrary, it is injurious in liver complaints and consumptions, and has, upon several occasions, when imprudently resorted to, accelerated the dissolution of the patient.

## CHAPTER X.

“ Ja wohl, bin ich nur ein Wanderer — ein Waller auf der Erde !”  
GOETHE.

ON returning to Schenectady, I availed myself of a canal-boat on the point of starting for Utica. These boats are generally very long, but low, in consequence of the many bridges thrown across the canal, beneath which they must pass. They are fitted up with two rooms, one inside the other, taking up the whole length of the boat, with small windows on the sides. The inner room belonged exclusively to the ladies, and was considered as a sanctuary into which the profane dared not set foot; the outer one again was used both as a drawing, dining, and bed room for the gentlemen. When—as was the case now—the number of travellers exceeded thirty, and the majority belonged to the stronger sex, the prospect of remaining on

board twenty-two hours was not very agreeable. It was impossible either to walk, to sit, or to lie. Moving about upon deck was out of the question, owing to the number of bridges beneath which we had to pass; at every passage it became necessary for the whole company to lie down flat, to avoid being swept away by the beams of the bridge. As soon as we approached one, which happened every five minutes, the steersman called out, "Bridge!" and at the same instant the company fell prostrate. It was ludicrous for a while to take part in this manœuvre; in the long run, however, it became wearisome, and no other alternative was left but to go down, by way of change, into the close and narrow cabin.

Night made our situation still more uncomfortable. Although three tiers of beds, one above another, had been fitted up on the sides, their number proved insufficient; the floor was covered with mattresses. Had I been permitted to select a sleeping place, I should unquestionably have preferred a mattress on the floor, for the beds on the sides were only slung by a cord to the top: had that given way the whole sleeping apparatus would have been precipitated to the ground; and the conse-

quences might have been serious, from the corpulence of some of the travellers. Unfortunately, nearly all had the same idea as myself. The captain, a peaceable man, wishing to accommodate every one, saw that it was not in his power to do so, except by drawing lots for the births. I drew my number with a trembling hand, and behold! it turned out to be one of the lowest beds on the side. The prospect now darkened indeed: to lie down, having two other births occupied by heavy inmates above, and only supported by small cords, was a prospect by no means enviable. But what was to be done? I had no other chance but quietly to take my place, unless I chose to spend the night on deck; and this was still more objectionable, owing to a heavy rain which continued till the following morning. I thought it prudent, however, to enter into a convention with the occupants of the upper regions, stipulating that they should remain quiet in their births, and that, if a change of position became absolutely necessary, they should inform me beforehand of their intention, to guard against the possibility of accidents. Immediately above me lay a young man, who, by his reserved and strange behaviour, had already attracted

my attention; and above him rested an excessively corpulent man, whose frame took up more room than was allotted to two.

The beginning of the night was rather auspicious: I already felt reconciled to my unpleasant situation, and amused myself by listening to the different sounds, from the finest tenor to the strongest bass, proceeding from the snoring gentry. A sudden thump against my side of the boat at length spread consternation among the travellers. The shock, occasioned by another craft coming too close to ours, was so violent, that the beams cracked, and the doors flew open. About a dozen sleeping individuals were precipitated from the second and third tier on the unfortunate beings who were lying on the floor. One cord gave way after another. Snoring had ceased: lamentations filled the room. The ladies rushed in among us. All were running, shoving against each other, swearing, and making a noise in the dark: confusion, in short, was at its height, until the captain had made a favourable report, which restored tranquillity. The births were soon re-occupied. The young man who was above me did not, however, return to his birth. I perceived that, without saying a



word, he had gone on deck ; and, as he did not come back, I followed, with a view to engage him in conversation. I found him wrapped in a cloak, seated on a trunk. His countenance appeared calm : it almost announced an indifference for the whole world. It was with difficulty that I prevailed upon him to speak ; and not till I had made several ineffectual attempts did he at length give me the following biographic sketch of himself :

“ I am son of one of the first settlers in the State of Missouri. I was brought up in the wilderness. My father was a real ‘ Backwoodsman,’ not one of those lawless individuals, expelled from civilized society, on whom the Atlantic States have conferred this title. No ; he was one of the mildest, most upright, most virtuous men, that this earth can produce. He had voluntarily emigrated to this part, for the purpose of cultivating a richer soil, and accumulating a little property, for the benefit of his children. His manners were, perhaps, rather blunt, but his roughness offended nobody. Dressed in a bear or deer-skin, with a knife in his bosom, a gun on his shoulder, and always accompanied by a couple of dogs, he had nothing in his appearance that prepossessed a stranger. But, if

you visited his cot, in case of necessity, or appealed to his generosity, his hospitality, he was not behindhand in assisting you. This is the picture," he added, "of my father, and of every real Backwoodsman. His plantation was about fifty miles from the small town St. G enevi ve, on the river Mississippi, and consisted of a rather extensive tract of land, which he had cleared and cultivated himself, and raised to three-fold the original value. In a word, our family was happy, wealthy, and contented.

"Not far from us was a settlement, occupied chiefly by a race of men who were neither Americans, French, nor Indians, but a mixture of the two latter, an amalgamation often met with in the Western States; strange enough it is never the case between Americans and Indians. These men preserve none of their original native qualities, but have all the faults, frailties, and vices, of both races. They are of a copper colour, excessively indolent, but easily offended; and, their passions once excited, nothing is sacred to them. Their ideas of manly virtue and elevation of soul consist in making man a wild and impious being. The strongest champion is their idol, and the most horrible oath their

admiration. One of these demi-savages—who stood, at that time, highest in their estimation, because he had always given but never received a blow—a giant, whose eyes only bespoke thirst for blood and murder, determined one day to set fire to my father's wood. Impelled by a strong northerly wind, the flames spread in a few hours in all directions. To stop their progress was impossible: to prevent their reaching the dwelling-house was equally out of human power. Surrounded on all sides by the devouring element, my unfortunate parents fled from the spot, with their little children in their arms, over smoking moss, and between burning trees. Their escape was almost miraculous. My father, however, lost no time in arraigning the incendiary before the proper tribunal; but, alas! he had no proofs to adduce. Finding it impossible to obtain justice or redress, in a moment of rage he repaired to the residence of the suspected person, determined to take personal revenge. He found him at home. Too honourable to commit murder, my father challenged him, as is customary in the West. The challenge was accepted. The place of meeting was fixed on a high ground, on the banks of the Mississippi, about sixty miles from the

junction of this stream with the Ohio. The spot lies on the right shore, and rises, in the shape of a pyramid, about one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the water. It has been called the Tower. On its summit a few cedars are seen growing. Opposite to it, on the Illinois side, is a remarkable excavation in a rock, one hundred feet from the surface of the water: it goes by the name of the Devil's Oven.

“Under the shade of these cedars, the two combatants met. Their rifles, which never yet had missed, were aimed at each other's breast. They fired, and for a moment the two duellists were enveloped in smoke. The echo resounded from rock to rock, and the silence of death again filled the valleys. My unhappy father was the only victim. The ball had pierced his heart. Lifeless he lay at the feet of his foe. An affected smile was seen on the lips of the conqueror; and, not satisfied with his deed, he added insult to injury, by throwing the corpse down the rock. Thus the bottom of the Mississippi became the sepulchre of virtue; and—curses on the murderer!—the only dirge which was sung at the funeral of my father.

“I was now fatherless—soon after I lost

my mother. By the charity of a relation, I was sent far away from the murderous scene, and finished my education in one of the New England States. Nothing could prevail on me to remain there long: an ardent desire to return to the West made me soon leave my benefactor. It seemed as if I could never rest till I had performed a pilgrimage to that spot where my father had fallen by the hand of the incendiary and the murderer. I have with pleasure accepted the appointment of missionary to regions on the other side of the Mississippi, and, thanks to God! am now on my way thither."

I asked him what his plans were for the future. "I will attend to my duty as a missionary," answered he. "I do not dread the future; for a man cannot last long, suffering as I do."

On finishing these words, he rose to conceal a few tears that were rolling down his cheeks, and proceeded to a corner in the fore-part of the boat, where he remained till we arrived at Utica. None dared disturb his deep meditations, nor would he have answered if spoken to. He appeared absorbed in thought, and continued, even after landing, in the same contemplative state. I tried several times to persuade him to stay a day at Utica, and

afterwards proceed with me ; but my intreaties were vain—he was immoveable. After remaining in town a few minutes, he took his passage on board a canal-boat bound to Buffalo. Since that time, it has been totally impossible either for me or any of the passengers on board the boat to obtain intelligence of the fate of this unfortunate young man.

To travel by canal-boats is at all times a tedious experiment. The country through which they pass seldom possesses any other variety than that offered by the locks, in lowering or raising the boats. Their progress, hardly perceptible, over the smooth surface, produces an inclination to sleep. The horses, which pull the boat, rarely go out of their usual trot. Even the steersman bore the general aspect of drowsiness ; he never opened his mouth, except when duty required him to call out, " Bridge !" An oath, although I abhor the practice, would at least have kept the eyes of the travellers open for a few minutes, fatigued as they were by heat and the great crowd. Of all the landscapes I had observed from canal-boats, this was, however, the least monotonous. In some places the scenery was truly picturesque. The canal, for many

miles, wound through a small wood, on the side of a rising ground, at the foot of which lay a fertile and smiling valley, intersected by Mohawk river, at a short distance from which the canal runs almost uninterruptedly. The stream is now and then concealed from sight; but when it shows itself again, it is with redoubled beauty, amidst a picture of the richest and most cultivated nature.

At sunrise the following morning, we arrived at a place called Little Falls. Few spots in America are so romantic as this: it would be a subject of admiration even in Switzerland. A chain of the Catskill Mountains cuts straight through Mohawk river, which, arrested in its course, is obliged to seek a narrow passage over the ridge, from which it precipitates itself, roaring and foaming, into a stony valley. The first view I had of this wild scene was truly magnificent. A projecting mountain prevented my seeing any thing until the boat was close to the Falls. On the left side was a huge wall, in appearance resembling one rock piled upon another. The rocks are here very singular, being almost perpendicular, with uneven and smooth sides; in the crevices, which are not incon-

siderable, grow a great quantity of trees of various kinds, which spread their rich branches over the apertures, and give a darker aspect to the whole. To the right again rushed, in wild confusion, between detached stones, the river, still foaming, after the Fall; and, on the other side of it rose a wall of rocks, as sterile as that which follows the course of the canal. Before me appeared the five locks that raised the boat forty feet — further, the Fall itself, through an excavation in the rock — the village of Little Falls, not far distant — and, finally, the aqueduct across the stream, a handsome and ornamental piece of workmanship.

In the cool of the morning, the valley which I had traversed lay behind me; there I could still discern fertile fields, orchards, and mansions. The water of the canal is here conducted over a wall, from twenty to thirty feet high, the foundation of which is kept constantly wet by the running river. From the boat the eye may easily follow the straight side of this wall down to the rocks, surrounded by foam. What a variety of sensations crowd on the traveller! It seems as if he were himself sailing in a mild and genial latitude, above the tempests and passions of



the earth. He hears the noise behind the mountains like the roar of thunder. He discovers the spray arising from the conflict between the restless elements; but it does not reach him. His soul is raised to regions which the pestiferous vapours of the earth seldom permit him to behold. He is a renovated being, with nobler sentiments, purer intentions, and loftier ideas.

After having spent a few hours at this place, I continued my journey, and soon arrived at Long Level, a vast plain, sixty-nine miles and a half in length, which extends as far as Salina, and is not interrupted by a single lock in the whole distance. It is the largest plain along the whole canal.

Of all the States in the Union, none has more communications by water than New York. The country is so intersected by them, that there is scarcely a district, however remote, that may not profit by the canals for the transport of produce to the great markets, such as Rochester, Utica, Albany, and New York. But, of all the canals, the great Erie Canal occupies the first place. It unites the waters of Lake Erie with those of the Hudson, is three hundred and sixty-three miles in length, and has

eighty-four locks, all constructed of granite. It begins at Albany, where it is five hundred and sixty-five feet lower than Lake Erie, and terminates at Buffalo. The elevation and decline from both extremities are altogether six hundred and ninety-eight feet. The canal is forty feet in width, and four feet deep. It is to the genius of the immortal de Witt Clinton, that New York is indebted for this national monument, conceived and completed by his activity and perseverance. It was begun on the 4th July, 1817, and finished in October, 1825. The State, which had undertaken the execution of this work, as well as a canal between Lake Champlain and Lake Erie,\* incurred a debt of not less than ten million, two hundred and seven thousand, three hundred and twenty-eight dollars, of which nine million, twenty-seven thousand, four hundred and fifty-six dollars, five cents, were for the Erie Canal, or about twenty-three thousand nine hundred and sixty-one dollars for each mile. The annual expence of keeping it in repair is very considerable, owing to its being constructed in too great a hurry, and sufficient attention not being paid to its solidity; the revenue, never-

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\* This canal is sixty-three miles in length.

theless, so much exceeds the expenditure, that, in the course of a few years, the whole debt will be liquidated. In the year 1822, when only portions of it were ready, the receipt for tolls on goods forwarded on both canals amounted to forty-four thousand, four hundred and eighty-six dollars, seventy-two cents: in the year 1832, it had risen to one million, one hundred and ninety-five thousand, eight hundred and four dollars, twenty-nine cents. The goods principally sent by this conveyance were, according to a statement furnished me, timber, staves, flour, wheat, butter, stone, iron, and ashes.

The day after my departure from Schenectady, I arrived at Utica, a small but flourishing town, situated near the canal. New houses spring up every day, and the wide streets, constantly filled with loaded waggons, prove unequivocally the prosperity of the place. In a description lately published of the Falls of Trenton, the immortal author gives the following picture of Utica: "The great thoroughfare of this region, an internal emporium of business, with a population of cultivated minds and courteous manners!\*" The town has received a considerable acces-

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\* Vide "Description of Trenton Falls," by J. Sherman, p. 3.

sion in population, and, for a while, contested with Rochester the supremacy among new places on the canal, but it has now ceded the palm to its rival. In the year 1813, it counted only one thousand seven hundred inhabitants; in 1830, eight thousand three hundred and twenty-three.

Fifteen miles from this place are the celebrated Trenton Falls. The road leading thither, although short, is one of the worst in America. A traveller who is fortunate enough to arrive in safety at the place of his destination, without having been upset, or his carriage having stuck fast in bottomless mud-holes, is ungrateful indeed if he does not thank his lucky stars. Several parties visited the Falls at the same time that I did. Their broken vehicles and begrimed faces fully confirmed the general opinion entertained of the danger and unpleasantness of proceeding by this route.

The Falls of Trenton are situated on a river called West Canada Creek, about twenty-three miles from its junction with Mohawk River. The number of Falls amounts to six, besides several small divisions, which, separately taken, would form Falls of themselves. The distance between the uppermost

and the lowest is about two miles ; but, if the descent from the upper to that below, called the Conrad Fall, is taken into account, it will be found that the whole range of Falls in the river include an extent of not less than five miles, and are altogether three hundred and eighty-seven feet in elevation.

From the hotel is a pathway through a small close wood, leading to steps on the side of a steep rock, about one hundred feet from the surface of the water in the valley below. The banks have a most imposing appearance. They consist of two almost perpendicular rocks, about one hundred feet high, which confine the stream within a very narrow compass. What a grand and majestic *coup d'œil* presents itself to the visiter from the lower part of this valley! The two rock-walls, which appear to surround the place on all sides, without leaving an outlet, seem to separate man from the world. The trees, which grow on the summit, are tinged by the beams of the sun ; but the sun itself does not penetrate to the regions below. The shade involves all objects in faint darkness. Thunder shakes even the foundation of the earth ; and the stream meanders tremblingly between fragments of disjointed rocks and suspended

branches, and is gone one knows not whither. On millions of petrified animals the stranger now directs his steps; his contemplations recall the times when these species of animated nature were as full of life and motion as himself. A trifle is sufficient to reduce him to that state of insensibility in which they now are. A slippery piece of rock or a leaf is all that is required to frustrate plans, schemes of ambition, and pride. Poor man, how insignificant art thou!

A small and crooked pathway, in some places formed by nature, in others carved out of the solid rock, led me to a Fall, which goes by the name of Sherman's. It is thirty-three feet high, and formed at this period, in consequence of continual rains, a single undivided stream from one shore to the other. Below the Fall, the water appeared to draw off a little to the left, but only to receive additional impulse, and dash its foaming waves against projecting rocks rising on the right. Beyond these, it rudely seeks an issue from the valley.

Above this Fall the stream has collected great masses of stones, which, heaped one upon another, form in the middle of the water a kind of tower, ready to crumble whenever

the mass of water shall become too powerful. At the distance of a few paces, a fine view of the other large Fall presents itself. It has three different divisions, altogether about one hundred feet. A bare rock, from which fragments are annually broken off, is the wall over which the stream seeks the valley. The undermining of the water on one side of it is stated to be so considerable, that the eye can easily discern the effect produced in a short time. The western corner is the point particularly attacked: here the re-action of the waves has undermined the walls, and formed a circular excavation, about ten feet in diameter. Close to this, I climbed up the rock, and found myself in a parallel direction with the stream, exactly above the excavation, whence issued steam as from a boiling kettle. The sunshine gave it a magic effect, heightened as it was by the contrast with the surrounding landscape. Here cedars bend their heavy branches over the foaming stream—there piles of stones defy the power of the waves. Here again smiles a verdant hill—there roars the waterfall. Here a few scattered and diminutive bushes are kept in a constant state of humidity—on the summit of the rocks, again, sun-burnt trees struggle

with death. This is, in my opinion, the finest Fall at Trenton.

A few yards above it, a small cot has been built, as a retreat and resting place for strangers, as well as a spot for the sale of crystals and petrifications to amateurs of mineralogy. I found there several parties, who were enjoying the fine prospect of the Falls, and bargaining with the vender of the minerals for the lowest price: the stones were all in imitation of diamonds. Alone at a table sat a young man, whose clothes were dripping wet; he had shortly before taken the same walk that I did, but unfortunately made a false step, and fallen into the river, about ten yards above one of the higher Falls. By singular good fortune, he floated against a heap of stones on the verge of the precipice itself, and was thus saved, to the no small surprise of every one present. To restore heat after so extraordinary a bath, he now had recourse to the tankard, and held it unremittingly to his lips, laughing at the incident, as if the whole had been a farce. The expression of his looks and the paleness of his cheeks were, however, little in harmony with this assumed indifference to life.

The other Falls exhibited a feature different



from that which I have just been describing. The locality was not so confined as before, but lost, at the same time, that wild appearance which had so much charmed me in the others. Fearful of losing the impression already produced by the sight of the first Falls, I stopped short, and returned to the hotel, delighted, yes, highly delighted, with the scene which I had been contemplating.

I started on the following morning from Utica for Auburn. The road passed through the small towns of New Hertford, Manchester, Vernon, Oneida, Lenox, Chitteningo, and Syracuse. All bore the stamp of youth and activity; but the last, in particular, appeared most flourishing, owing to the salt mines situate in the immediate vicinity. The annual amount of the article made in these parts is not less than one million and a half of bushels.

At Auburn I remained only time enough to visit the prison, of which I have already spoken in another place, and then continued my journey through a fine and well-cultivated country, to Geneva and Canandaigua, two villages celebrated for their neatness and beauty, and which might serve as models for any other. The first is situated on a declivity near the north end of Seneca Lake, and fol-

lows the course of the left shore for nearly a mile. The prospect over the calm surface of the waters, surrounded by lofty mountains rising on both sides of the oblong lake, is truly magnificent. I know not exactly whether it was the similarity of name that excited my imagination, or the fineness of a summer's evening, full of freshness and varied shades, that recalled to my memory the appearance of a lake in Switzerland: this I know, that American Geneva is one of those spots on earth where even a person fond of town-life would delight to reside.

Canandaigua is also situated at the extremity of a lake bearing its name. The streets are laid out in straight lines towards the lake, and are embellished by white-painted houses, orchards, walks, and terraces. Many are built in so good and pure a taste, that they would prove ornamental to any town whatever. I cannot deny that, upon various subsequent occasions, I not unfrequently wished to get a sight of these fine wooden buildings, as a relief to the monotony of red brick houses, invariably found in every American town. Like Geneva, Canandaigua is not so much a commercial place, as a town where wealthy persons take up their resi-

dence, for the purpose of enjoying a quiet life. Society has gradually imbibed the influence of this taste for repose. Neither gossip nor scandal, so usual in petty towns, was current here; no calculations heard as to a rise or decline in cotton were heard; political contentions and intemperate debates were also excluded. Every one took care of his own house without interfering in the affairs of his neighbour. Hospitality prevailed every where; the stranger was always welcome. General wealth, and satisfaction derived from a consciousness that speculation was not the origin of acquired property, imprinted on every countenance a serenity, a degree of content, vainly looked for in New York, and which may otherwise be said to be one of the peculiarities of the New World. It is a town without being a town, possessing all the pleasures and varieties of country, without its solitude. What more can be desired?

Rochester, a town already full-grown, though but yet in its infancy, which twenty years ago did not exist, but now counts a population of more than thirteen thousand inhabitants, may very properly be called one of the prodigies of the country. The situation is so very favourable, that the produce

of the West, as well as of the Atlantic States, is brought hither in transit; and, from the vicinity of Lake Ontario, to which Genesee River runs from the town, the inhabitants have the advantage of being able to choose the most advantageous markets, such as Quebec, New York, or towns situated on the western lakes. Flour is the principal article of exportation, of which very large quantities are made. A single mill produces from four to five hundred barrels a day: by additional exertion, it might even yield six hundred, a larger quantity than any other mill in the United States. These mills, as well as those adapted for sawing planks, are worked with facility and great economy of manual labour, by the abundance of water—a source of great wealth to Rochester. Besides the River Genesee, which, as I have said before, runs through the town, the Erie Canal also traverses it, crossing the stream by an aqueduct, eight hundred and four feet in length.

The inhabitants are chiefly Presbyterians—a sect distinguished by the strict observance of their tenets and regularity of conduct. Their self-denial, in many instances, borders upon pedantry, and will, if persevered in,

lead to the dissolution of the system. A Presbyterian condemns all other sectarians, and believes that their souls cannot be saved; he goes farther, he even prays for them. To fail of attending service is considered a heinous offence, which can only obtain pardon by long repentance and the intercession of others. "I had once the misfortune to be absent from church during two consecutive services," said a man of liberal sentiments to me who was settled at Rochester. "On the following Sunday, I was not a little surprised to hear the whole congregation pray for the salvation of my soul." This is certainly carrying fanaticism to a great length. From one pulpit, execrations are fulminated on the congregation assembled in the next church. Wrapped up in fanatical delirium, the spiritual preachers forget that all are brothers and Christians, and that the form of worship only differs. Who cannot but pity these mistaken and blind advocates? Does not that clergyman deserve our animadversion who, from the pulpit, exclaims that his colleague of another sect is no other than the Evil Spirit himself wrapped up in a cloak? Yet this has actually taken place in Rochester.

At one extremity of the town is the beauti-

ful Genesee Fall, ninety feet high. The water runs so smoothly over the precipice, that, at a distance, the eye can hardly perceive the motion. The banks below the Fall preserve nearly the same elevation as above it; the left shore being embellished by houses and mills, between which little waterfalls almost steal through. The opposite side commands a perfect view of the whole neighbourhood of Rochester at a distance, and of a rock, covered with verdure, projecting over the Falls, from which Sam Patch, an eccentric character, leaped into the other world. Anxious for renown, he abandoned a lucrative situation in a cotton manufactory; and, upon various occasions, threw himself down waterfalls, to the no small terror and surprise of the spectators. At Paterson he had already acquired a wreath of immortality; but, not satisfied with it, he precipitated himself with impunity down Niagara.

“And here our hero should have stopt,  
And husbanded his brilliant fame;  
But, ah, he took one leap too much,  
And sure most heroes do the same.”\*

The last leap he made was from Genesee Fall, in 1829. A drop taken too much un-

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\*“Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing,” p. 239.

fortunately deprived him of the proper equilibrium, and sent him headlong into the abyss, whence he never returned.

“The crowd, with fingers in their mouths,  
Turn'd homeward, one by one ;  
And oft with sheepish looks they said,  
' Poor Sam's last job is done ! ' ”\*

One morning I found myself again on board a canal-boat, bound to Buffalo. The company was this time not so numerous, but in every respect more agreeable than on the journey from Schenectady to Utica ; yet even here, as in most things, there was a dark side. A dozen ugly, offensive, squalling, restless, and troublesome children left not an individual a moment in peace. The mother of this hopeful brood of urchins cared very little about the confusion and uneasiness which her dear little ones produced among the company, but devoted herself with perfect *nonchalance* to the occupation of knitting stockings. On the shoulders of the husband devolved the task of attending to his offspring ; and round this unfortunate father swarmed the little group, as indefatigable as bees, constantly buzzing.

We had travelled only a few miles when

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\* “Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing,” p. 239.

the captain informed us that the canal, a few miles on the other side of the village of Brockport, had broken in, and that there was not sufficient water for the progress of the boat. This piece of intelligence was far from agreeable, inasmuch as no accommodation by land could be found for so large a number of women and children, leaving entirely out of the question carpet-bags, trunks, portmanteaus, bundles, and bandboxes, without number. After a great deal of trouble, and as a particular favour, a kind of vehicle was at length procured, hung upon springs; but the destructive hand of Time had made such serious havoc with it, that the leather springs might be torn away piecemeal. The body had the form of a barrel, which, laid on one side, rolled from right to left, according to the nature of the road; of the wheels nothing can be said, except that they danced a quadrille among themselves. In this comfortable conveyance, women and children were packed together, and their fate was left to a kind Providence. Waggon, which jolted most unmercifully, were given to the men. A few of the travellers, before they seated themselves, shook their heads a little; but circumstances permitted no other choice. They started. I



remained alone, wishing to superintend the stowing of the luggage in another coach, having no springs, but built in one whole length, which made it very difficult to turn round. Trunks were piled upon trunks, bags upon bags, and bandboxes upon bandboxes — who has ever heard of ladies travelling without bandboxes? — and over these hard cushions a buffalo skin was spread, on which I was invited to sit down. Thus equipped, we set off, exposed to a scorching sun, and enveloped in dust, which often deprived us of light as well as respiration. After travelling in this manner nearly twenty-five miles, we arrived safely at Knowlesville, a village where the canal-boat might be resumed.

Night had already arrived, when we went on board again; and, instead of coming to Lockport before dusk, we did not see this place till three o'clock on the following morning. Darkness prevented me from examining attentively the five locks built here: I was obliged to content myself with walking up a few granite steps, made on the sides of the canal, and, with the assistance of a stick, trying to grope my way as well as I could. When at length I had reached the upper lock, about sixty feet above the basin, I found

myself, all at once, in the middle of Lockport, a village entirely built on and surrounded by rocks. It was a singular sight to look down from this point on the double row of locks, built close to each other, dimly lighted with lamps, and in the dark appearing as so many flights of steps. Each lock is twelve feet wide: the stone-work is executed with much care and taste. To obviate the possibility of the detention of the canal-boats at this place, two sets of locks are built, by which arrangement one boat is able to ascend, whilst another descends. This happened at the time I was examining their excellent construction. A boat, laden with produce from Ohio, was lowered to the right, with the same rapidity as ours was raised on the left. The lanterns on deck were the only mark by which I could perceive whether the craft rose or fell, the noise of the rushing water entirely drowning the voices of the steersmen. The effect of the glimmering light between the black stone walls was like magic. No traveller should visit Lockport without witnessing such a scene.

From Lockport the canal runs, for a distance of three miles, through a tunnel made in the rock, about twenty feet deep, a

most gigantic and wonderful piece of work. Thence to Buffalo the canal presents nothing remarkable to the eye. At a village called Black Rock, I first obtained a view of Lake Erie. This small place is situated on the left shore of Niagara river, about three miles from the lake. The original plan was to finish the canal here; but the insecurity of the harbour occasioned its abandonment, and it was found necessary to make a dam along the shore, to render the passage safe for boats as far as Buffalo, where the canal forms a junction with Lake Erie.

Buffalo is a fine and increasing city, which bids fair to become, in the course of time, one of the largest places in the interior of the country. Emigrants here take leave of the civilized world, before they start for the immense forests in the West. Here, goods, destined for places many hundred miles off, are loaded and unloaded. Buildings spring up with incredible rapidity. Streets are laid out of a size that indicates the anticipations of future prosperity. Stores are filled with goods from Paris and Cincinnati, London and Rochester. Magazines of fashions are read with as much avidity as in any leading capital in Europe: mantua-makers, milliners,

and tailors, are as important personages here as with us. By way of contrast, a few Seneca Indians are seen here and there: wrapped in dirty blankets, they wander about the streets, and gaze at all the extraordinary changes which have taken place since their infancy. If one of these rude beings were asked what he thinks of such a goddess as Fashion, would he not show his contempt, by pluming himself on his own blanket costume?

From Buffalo I proceeded by the stage to Niagara, crossing at Black Rock the river Niagara, which unites two large lakes.\* A ferry-boat, drawn by horses, brought me to the Canada side, where I landed at a small village called Waterloo, in the vicinity of which Fort Erie was formerly situated. From this place the road follows the course of the river, and leads through Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, two places renowned in the last war where sanguinary battles were fought between the English and the Americans, on the 5th and 25th of July, 1814. In the middle of the stream lies Grand Island, which is twelve miles long, and from two to seven in breadth. At the northern extremity, the river

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\* Niagara river is thirty-five miles in length, commences at Lake Erie, and discharges itself into Lake Ontario, near Fort Niagara. This is the boundary between Canada and the United States.

takes, for a short distance, a westerly direction, and with each mile the rapidity of the current increases. No boat ventures farther than Chippewa, two miles from the Falls, where the river is nearly two miles wide, decreasing to one mile near the Falls.

About seven miles from this great natural wonder, we were overtaken by an awful storm, such as is frequently experienced in the American hemisphere, and of which only those who have witnessed it can form any conception. I have repeatedly seen storms of a terrific nature on the Alps and Apennines; but such a convulsion in Nature as that which I now encountered surpassed my imagination. The heavens were clothed in a sable mantle, apparently so heavy, that it seemed to rest on the tops of the trees. The reflection on the stream gave it a sad and gloomy colour, such as the sea presents when the waves open their bottomless abysses. A kind of darkness, neither dusk nor night, covered the scene — only now and then interrupted by flashes of lightning, visible in every direction, as if they were waging war against each other. It was not imagination that made the atmosphere feel extremely oppressive, almost obstructing respiration; even animals felt its influence

— the horses of the stage would scarcely move. This oppressive state of the atmosphere continued a long time, and was a source of great annoyance to all the persons crowded together in the coach. Nothing makes travellers so silent and dejected as a storm : the most lively and talkative assumes a serious look, when his eyes are blinded by lightning. Conversation ceased as soon as the storm became serious — every one probably communed with his conscience. I only perceived the heavy breathing when the thunder ceased for a few seconds. All communication with each other was suspended, for the crashing of the thunder was deafening, and continually increasing. None of the females had, as yet, shown any symptoms of fear, whatever they felt ; but, when the flashes of lightning followed in such rapid succession that all around appeared in a blaze, accompanied by awful peals of thunder, cries of anxiety were heard in the coach. Our situation was rendered still more disagreeable by the rain pouring down in torrents, and penetrating, without difficulty, the roof and doors of the coach. Who did not then wish himself under some hospitable roof? But where was such a one to be found? The driver had, on

the first appearance of the storm, been desired to stop at the nearest house, and assured us it was at only a short distance; but this short distance, it was found afterwards, meant a few miles; so that it was not till the worst part of the storm was over that we saw signs of a human habitation. Here we waited till the weather cleared up. The air became by degrees lighter and cooler; and Niagara at last resumed its empire, by raising its powerful voice, which is heard for several miles round.

## CHAPTER XI.

Beyond is all abyss,  
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.

MILTON.

Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are heard in heaven.  
YOUNG.

It was already late in the afternoon when we arrived at a large but badly conducted hotel, situated on the Canada side. From a piazza attached to this building, the Falls were visible; but the prospect there gave me but an indifferent idea of Niagara; and I asked myself, rather disappointed, "Is it possible that this can be the greatest cataract on earth?" I quitted the piazza with disappointed expectations, and retired to my room, where I sat down near the window, to ruminate over the many miscalculations in human life, and what wrong ideas we often form. As luck would have it, however, the window looked towards the Falls, and by mere chance I fixed my eyes on the white wall of



water, at times hid by a rising vapour. I could see only part of the Horse-shoe Fall, and consequently had no idea of the sublime part of the precipice below the Fall; but I heard a continual noise from the falling mass of water, and felt the whole house shake to its very foundation. I listened every moment with more eagerness to the sound, and felt a strong inclination to take a closer view of Niagara. Another moment, and I could no longer resist the impulse. Alone, I soon wandered down the steep height, leading from the hotel, and came closer to the Fall, though not without having previously paid my tribute of curiosity, by getting thoroughly wet by the spray, which the wind carried in that direction.

The first point from which I saw the Fall at a short distance was a rock, projecting a few yards above the precipice, which forms, as it were, one extremity of the Horse-shoe. This rock goes by the name of Table Rock. Several pieces have lately been detached, and fallen into the abyss; in the remainder there are deep cracks, which, sooner or later, will lead to the demolition of the whole Table Rock. As it is at present, it gives a most excellent view of the Fall, being nearly on a

level with the water, and opposite to the semicircle.

At Niagara, there are two Falls, which, taken separately and placed in different situations, would each be considered prodigious. The Canada Fall, or the Horse-shoe Fall, as it is likewise called, is, however, the most remarkable. It no longer deserves the latter name, as, from the undermining of the water, it has assumed nearly the form of a semicircle. Were I to judge from what I was told on the spot, the Falls at a distant period were not far from Lake Ontario, having by degrees receded to the present place. This assumption rests upon the circumstance that the Falls have, within the memory of man, actually receded nearly seventy yards. If to this is added that the wear of the stones at the bottom always continues the same, and, that the bottom is the same all the way to Lake Erie, the inference is reasonable that the great Falls of Niagara will, in the course of time, be removed to Buffalo, which is situated on the lake just mentioned.

Long before I arrived at Niagara, I had often and repeatedly been told that it is not in the power of man to describe and paint these Falls in true colours. I even met with

Americans who went so far as to consider it a sacrilege to attempt to depict Niagara by word, pen, or pencil. One day—I still have a lively recollection of my surprise—I happened to pass a bookseller's shop in New York, in company with a native American: several excellent drawings of Niagara were exposed in the window for general inspection. I stopped, and drew his attention to them, expressing, at the same time, my delight at the various engravings. Uncertain whether I actually meant what I said, he eyed me a long while with a penetrating look, and exclaimed at last, with a sneer, "You have not seen Niagara!" and then cut short his conversation. This remark hurt me at the time, and I was almost resolved to follow the example of a certain traveller, who heard so much said of the waterworks at Philadelphia that he determined not to see them at all. Luckily I did not act upon the same principle at Niagara; but my curiosity became so excited, that I can only compare it to the sensation I felt when entering Rome for the first time, or wandering in the streets of Pompeii. In truth, there are no words expressive enough, no pen gifted with sufficient inspiration, no pencil endowed with an adequate

share of poetical imagination, to describe Niagara as it actually is. The production will be a picture, a copy; but it will never convey a correct idea of the original. St. Peter's at Rome has also been many times described; but neither canvass nor paper can give the sublime impression which the first sight of the original produces.

“You have not seen Niagara!” In these words there is a certain hidden truth, of which I was subsequently thoroughly convinced. It is necessary to see with one's own eyes the immense mass of water, rolling like a sea from the sky down into unknown depths—it is necessary to feel the earth tremble under one's feet, and to listen to the noise resembling thunder a thousand times repeated, or the plaintive sounds issuing from the burning heart of Vesuvius — it is necessary to have tottered on the tumultuous waves, to know and understand what Niagara is. No distance, however great, should prevent a person from visiting this Fall: whoever has seen it may safely say that he has seen the greatest natural wonder in the world, and then rest satisfied. Boast afterwards, weak creature, without blushing, of thine own strength, thy extensive plans, thy great per-

formances, when thou recollectest what thou wast at the foot of Niagara!

The Rapids, as they are called, above the Falls, are formed of stones, which, scattered in every direction over the bottom of the river, make a fearful resistance to its progress. If they may be compared to any thing, they resemble a wild and furious mob, rushing forward in a state of delirium and confusion. The waves cannot be likened to those of an agitated sea, or to those near a coast full of shoals: no, there is in them something absolutely different; they are more like a mass of boiling water, from which issue clouds of steam. Here and there the surface is as smooth as a mirror, having a greenish tinge; but again it appears boiling, and then assumes a glittering whiteness. The stones and rocks which make the resistance have nothing remarkable about them, the froth thrown high in the air being the only sign of their existence. The danger of coming in contact with them is very great: it is the forerunner of certain death to the unfortunate person in the Fall itself. The current between the Rapids is so strong that even birds, which happen to come near the surface, cannot possibly escape.

An Indian, it is reported, chanced, a few years ago, to come too near the Falls, in attempting to cross the river in a canoe, not far from Chippewa. Seeing no hope of escape, he laid himself quietly down in his frail bark, which, in a few minutes, disappeared in the abyss. In the midst of the strong current is a small island, only a few yards in circumference, on which moss and grass grow in abundance; a spot which may boast of never having been trodden by mortal footsteps. Its smiling verdure is a tantalizing object to ambitious man, who is at length obliged to confess that his genius has here suffered shipwreck. The depth of the stream round this island is very considerable, particularly towards the Canada side, where the shore forms a semicircle.

At the Falls, the water resumes its green colour, and rolls over the precipice in one immense mass, which, however, becomes more contracted at both extremities of the semicircle, and thus loses the colour sooner than in the centre. The sun was still diffusing its lustre when I first came in sight of the Fall. Each drop, at a distance, looked like the most perfect diamond, glittering to the eye in variegated colours. Amidst the Fall, appeared

a number of rainbows, one of which formed a complete circle, whose extreme side dipped in the white foam at the bottom of the pit. Before the water reaches half the distance to the bottom, it is again changed to white; and here the eye is incapable of following it any longer. A vapour as impenetrable as the fogs of the ocean involves the remaining part of the cataract in a mysterious darkness, and rises three times as high as the Fall. When the wind happens to be strong, the spray is carried as far as the hotel, and it was often impossible to see from one shore to the other.

As soon as the water has collected in the dark and gloomy abyss, it appears from above like a moving snow-field, or rather a sea of snow—if I may be allowed the term—the billows of which roll with difficulty. The stream remains in this state for a few hundred yards, and, apparently exhausted with fatigue by the fall, runs feebly between the high and steep banks, which consist of naked walls of rock, dotted only with pines and cypresses. At length it approaches the beautiful American Fall, the waters of which advance from the right, and both uniting into one agitated and disturbed mass, now run past the ferry, until

they disappear together among the mountains. How can a conception of the sublimity of this picture be imparted to any one who has not visited Niagara! A wall of millions of glittering diamonds; a noise which makes the very earth tremble; a vapour which mingles with the sky; rainbows of a thousand variegated colours; a gloomy darkness, an icy atmosphere, in the abyss—no, the effect of these combined cannot be conveyed to the mind by description, without doing injustice to Niagara.

The sun had, in the mean time, set beyond the Canada boundary, and the darkness of night came on suddenly. I had, nevertheless, great difficulty in tearing myself away, and remained, as if fixed to a rock, till the midnight hour had struck. If Niagara appeared majestic in the midst of sunshine, it was not less so in the faint light of a summer's night. Darkness did not prevent my distinguishing every object; but all appeared surrounded by a light mist, such as great summer heats produce in northern regions, and which furnish an allegorical subject for poets. The noise itself assumed a solemn character: it might be likened to a language from an unknown world.

On the following day, I had occasion to see



the Fall from different points; among which I must not forget particularly to mention that at the foot of Table Rock. It is not without difficulty that a person can find his way to this spot: loose and detached pieces of rock render it exceedingly dangerous to advance: whoever is bold enough to venture, not only exposes himself, by a single false step, to be precipitated to the bottom, but he must also be able to resist the influence of a damp and suffocating atmosphere, rising from the bottom of the pit. But the prospect is unparalleled, and he who accomplishes the descent into the abyss is well rewarded for his trouble: he enters a subterraneous path, the roof of which is a projecting rock, whose outer side bounds the rolling mass of water. This path, about two feet in width, and at some places only one, extends about one hundred and fifty-three feet towards a rock, known by the name of Termination Rock. The roof shoots forward considerably towards the top, and at one point projects about forty feet.

It is impossible to cross the river to the American side, unless at a considerable distance from the Canada Fall, and even below the American. The passage in a ferry, or

rather a boat, is performed in about fifteen minutes; but it is attended with many dangers to an inexperienced boatman, the current being very strong and the water rather rough. When safely arrived on the opposite side, the traveller is obliged to ascend some wooden steps, built along the face of a steep rock, and finds himself at last near the American Fall, as it is called. This, taken by itself, deserves admiration, as one of the stupendous works of Nature; but, from its situation so near to the other, its effect is less striking. The water is precipitated over an almost straight wall, appearing, at a distance, as if raised by the hand of man, in the form of a rampart. Loose stones and fragments of rock break the mass of water before it reaches the bottom, and the spray flies off as far as the stream above the Fall. Viewed from below, it is most imposing, and leaves a deep impression even upon persons who have already seen the Canada Fall.

Two bridges are thrown across this part of the river, not far from the Fall, uniting Goat Island with the main land. One of them fills every spectator with astonishment, the rapidity of the stream being so great that an eye, not accustomed to the sight, ex-

pects every moment to see it carried away, and precipitated over the Fall. The visiter hastens across without knowing why, and feels pleasure in setting foot on the island. None visit Goat Island without being regaled with a romantic story of a young man, who lived several years as a hermit on this isolated and woody spot. Hermits, now-a-days, are so uncommon and so much out of fashion, that a traveller often spends years without ever meeting with one. It is, therefore, not without some interest that the visiter listens to the gloomy tale of the eccentric but unfortunate Francis Abbott. The miserable hut in which he dwelt, the beaten path between the trees, selected for his daily recreation, the discordant guitar, his only companion in many a lonely hour, the projecting bridge over the abyss on Terrapin Rocks, from which he lowered himself at times—all these relics are beheld with interest, and recall to memory one, who, though young, looked upon the world with contempt, and only sought felicity in retirement and wild Nature.

Goat Island is still a wilderness. A thick forest yet stands in its primitive splendour, untouched by the hand of man. The banks on three sides of this island are very low; the

fourth, towards the North, situate between the two great Falls, has an elevation of about one hundred and eighty-five feet above the surface of the stream. On this side, not far from the American Fall, a diminutive Fall has formed itself, which is, in my opinion, one of the most enchanting I ever saw. Compared with the other two natural wonders, it is like a plaything to amuse children. The water has worked a narrow passage between roots of trees and bushes, forming a thick wall, the only banks which the eye can discover. Winding in numerous curves, the mass of water finally draws near the precipice, where it disappears. A bridge, made of two beams, is thrown across the river, a few steps only from the Fall; the view from this rustic spot is extremely romantic. Inclosed, as it were, in the brushwood, the visiter can only see objects lying before the Fall, and hear the roaring of the great Falls, without being able to discern them. The heights of Canada, and the town of Clifton, or the City of the Falls\*, as yet only marked out on paper, rise on the other side of the scarcely visible stream in

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\* This town, which at present consists of only a few houses, is built on speculation, and will probably, in the course of time, become an agreeable retreat to those who prefer the grand scenery of Nature to the noise and bustle of great cities.

the valley, and close the prospect in that direction. The whole forms a beautiful and romantic picture.

The American Fall, according to the information which I received on the spot, is one hundred and sixty-four feet high, and about nine hundred feet wide. That again on the Canada side is calculated at about one hundred and fifty or one hundred and seventy feet in elevation, and about two thousand feet in width; if to this height is added that of the Rapids, the aggregate elevation of the Canada Fall will be from two hundred and ten to two hundred and twenty feet. To ascertain, with any degree of accuracy, the depth of this Fall in the centre is impossible; but, if the depth of the current half a mile distant, which is two hundred and fifty feet, may be taken as a criterion, it is not improbable that the depth in the middle of the great Fall is at least five hundred feet. The current is calculated at the rate of six miles an hour, which, with very little variety, continues the whole year through. From this it may be inferred, that more than one hundred tons of water are hourly precipitated over the Falls, and, consequently, in twenty-four hours, not less than the immense quantity of two thousand four hundred tons.

Scenes of a barbarous character have, upon various occasions, been exhibited at this spot, for the purpose of collecting and amusing a number of people. In the summer of 1827, a small vessel, filled with animals of different kinds, was sent down the Falls, in the presence of several thousand spectators. The unfortunate animals, consisting of bears, wolves, dogs, cats, geese, &c. covered the deck, and for a while looked at each other with surprise and fear, as if unable to account for this sudden and unusual association ; but, when the bark struck against the rocks above the Fall, the confusion on board was beyond description ; and in the midst of it a bear was shoved into the stream. Luckily he swam on shore, notwithstanding the rapidity of the current. The small vessel, meanwhile, ran aground, lost its masts, and gradually filled with water. The poor animals gathered on that part of the deck which was most elevated above the water, and in a second the whole party was precipitated down the Fall. Shattered fragments now appeared on the surface of the deep, and of all the animals only two were picked up alive — a cat and a goose. What cruel sport for an enlightened people !

Days passed like hours at this remarkable place, where Nature has done so much, that

Art dare not venture to attempt any more. My time, however, did not permit me to remain any longer; I therefore left Niagara for a small place called Newark, situated on the Canada side, at the spot where Niagara River discharges itself into Lake Ontario, opposite to Fort Niagara on the American side. About half way between the Falls and Newark is Queenston, a village remarkable only for a battle fought here in October, 1812, between the English and the Americans, in which General Brock, the English commander, was slain. The Legislature of Upper Canada has erected a monument to his memory, consisting of a stone column, of spiral form, one hundred and twenty-six feet high. It stands on an eminence, two hundred and seventy feet above the surface of the Niagara River, and is a conspicuous object in the neighbourhood. The prospect from the top is represented to be extremely beautiful; but the sudden departure of the steamboat prevented me from visiting it.

From the confluence of Niagara River, steamers are, during the fine season, continually plying between Prescott and Ogdensburgh, on the St. Lawrence. One of the largest, the Great Britain, carried me across

Lake Ontario to Prescott, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, in thirty hours, including several stoppages. Lake Ontario is an immense sheet of water, an absolute sea, and at times very dangerous to navigators. It is one hundred and seventy-one miles in length, and four hundred and sixty-seven in circumference; its depth is in many places unknown. Opposite to Kingston it is about ten miles wide; afterwards it decreases gradually, and forms the River St. Lawrence, which, for a considerable distance, continues of the same breadth, about two miles. A number of islands, scattered, as it were, over the surface, has obtained the name of "The Thousand Isles."

The steamboat stopped at several places to land and receive passengers: the principal were Oswego and Kingston. The former appeared to be in a flourishing and improving state, owing to its advantageous situation at the mouth of the canal, which unites Lake Ontario with the Erie Canal at Syracuse. Kingston, again, is a town in Upper Canada, that will, according to all appearance, become one of the most important places in this part of the country. It is a naval station, which circumstance, coupled with its active commerce



with the interior, gives it a life and animation little according with the environs, destitute as they are of every thing picturesque, and only distinguished by well cultivated corn-fields. A canal has been cut, at the expence of Government, for the purpose of avoiding shoals and dangerous points in the St. Lawrence, every where found between Prescott and Montreal. This canal, known by the name of the Rideau Canal, commences at a short distance from Kingston, and terminates at Ottawa River, which falls into the St. Lawrence at Montreal. Important results to Kingston are expected from this undertaking, and I have little doubt they will be realized. Attempts have lately been made to remove the seat of government for Upper Canada, now at York, to Kingston; but hitherto without success.

The distance from Prescott to Montreal is not more than one hundred and fifty miles: this was one of the most wearisome trips I had in Canada. The current over the shoals and sand-banks was so strong, that the steamboats did not venture to cross them. We were, therefore, obliged to land on arriving at three different flats, and to proceed a few miles by stages, until the river became navigable again. In this manner were the tra-

vellers compelled, during this short trip of one hundred and fifty miles, to alight five different times, and to remove from steamboat to stage, and *vice versa*. It is to be hoped that the Canadians will remedy this evil, by building stronger and more suitable steamers, of sufficient power to work against the strong current. I must also add, that they must improve stages and roads, which are really very indifferent.

During this excursion, I had frequent opportunities of seeing Indians. They were, as is common in the vicinity of Whites, destroyed by the influence of ardent spirits and debauchery, but gave, nevertheless, a characteristic appearance to the landscape.

In many places, where the flats prevented the steamboats from advancing, the Indians undauntedly pushed forward their canoes through rushing waves, and between blind shoals in the river. The frail bark flew with the rapidity of lightning over the flats, and was easily managed with a single oar, held by an Indian sitting in the stern. Here and there, on shore, I also saw groups of these Red Men, all peaceably occupied in cooking their victuals, or taking their *siesta*. The village of St. Regis, which is the boundary

between Canada and the United States, is inhabited by an Indian tribe. These people are in general baptized, and have even a church, where divine service is performed. They subsist partly by agriculture, partly by the sale of trifling articles manufactured by them, and are said to be very amicably disposed towards the Whites.

## CHAPTER XII.

Happy the nations of the moral north !  
Where all is virtue, and the winter season  
Sends Sin, without a rag on, shivering forth.  
(’Twas snow that brought St. Anthony to reason.)  
BYRON.

MONTREAL is the second town in Canada, and is situated on an island in the River St. Lawrence. Seen at a distance, it looks like a compact mass of buildings, confined within narrow boundaries. The streets, with the exception of St. James’s Street, are narrow, crooked, and badly laid out; the houses, chiefly built of brick, are low and destitute of taste. This defect is not perceived outside the town, so that the first impression of Montreal is by no means disagreeable. The roofs, covered with tin, and glittering in the sun, give them a singular appearance, and partly correct the obscurity of the gloomy streets. A number of steeples rise between the buildings, at the head of which appears the ma-

jestic cathedral, undoubtedly the largest in North America. Opposite to the town is St. Helen's Island, which is fortified; and beside it, the Island of Nuns, and several others. Towards the west, again, is a mountain, standing like a bulwark against storms, from which the city derives its name. Here and there, between the openings of this mountain, are seen neat country-houses, the whiteness of which forms an agreeable contrast with the surrounding green parks and groves. At the top of the mountain is a thick wood, whose richness imparts life to the whole landscape.

Among the public buildings at Montreal generally shown to strangers, the cathedral and some of the convents deserve to be mentioned. The first is built of stone, in the Gothic style, two hundred and fifty-five feet in length, and one hundred and thirty-four in width. The plan of the architect was to build six square towers, two hundred feet high: this has, unfortunately, not been carried into effect. Two towers only have been commenced, and even those are not finished; so that the front of the church has a very unfinished appearance. The interior contains nothing remarkable. The paintings

over the altar are not particularly good, and cannot be called masterpieces. Behind the principal altar there are a few painted windows, representing Christ and the twelve Apostles, deservedly admired on account of the freshness of the colours and the correctness of the design.

The convents are almost exclusively appropriated to the care of the sick. The Hotel de Dieu is a spacious hospital, managed by nuns, whose zeal in the good cause is not surpassed in any Catholic country in Europe. The Grey Sisters have another hospital in the convent, where the orphans who had the misfortune of losing their parents during the prevalence of the cholera last year are taken care of\*. It is scarcely possible to express in words the active humanity, the extreme kindness, shown by these charitable nuns towards the unfortunate children; it is equally impossible to convey a correct idea of the careful education which they give to these fatherless little ones. The Protestant can appreciate such noble actions as well as the Catholic; such sacrifices and such a renunciation of all the enjoyments of life in favour of a good

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\* In Quebec, two thousand five hundred persons died of this epidemic; in Montreal, two thousand.

cause, must be admired by every sect on earth. The nuns possess a convent chapel, fitted up with taste and elegance. A stranger is, without difficulty, admitted into it, as well as into the convent; he is only expected to buy a few articles manufactured by the nuns.

Montreal has an extensive trade, and may be considered as a more thriving place than Quebec, although the latter city is better situated for trade. The population of Montreal, in the year 1825, was about twenty-four thousand souls; at this period, it was stated to exceed thirty thousand. Lower Canada had, in the year 1814, a population of three hundred and thirty-five thousand; at the present moment, it cannot amount to less than six hundred thousand. To judge by the influx of emigrants of late years, the population of Upper Canada ought to be nearly equal to that of the Lower Province.

Canada, according to a late census, contains one million inhabitants. The number of persons who have come hither, within the last ten years, for the purpose of settling, is very considerable, and annually on the increase. In the year 1825, nine thousand and ninety-seven emigrants arrived: in 1832, forty-nine thousand, four hundred, and twenty-two. Large

districts, particularly in Upper Canada, are peopled with the same incredible rapidity as in the Western States of the American Republic. "Forests are, in every direction, levelled with the ground," says Flint in his work often referred to — "and large and compact villages spring up in two or three years from the period of erecting the first hut." The price of uncultivated land is nearly the same as in the United States. Several private companies, to which Government has made considerable grants of land, are striving to induce new comers to settle near the shores of Lake Huron; but the districts to which the tide of emigration principally flows are those in the neighbourhood of the River St. Lawrence, in Upper Canada, and about Lake Ontario.

A wealthy, and rather better-informed, class of individuals from Europe has, of late years, settled in Upper Canada, in preference to the Lower Province, on account of *les Lois des Seigneurs*, which are still in force there. These laws, which give proprietors the same prerogatives as during the existence of the feudal system in Europe, date their origin from the times when Canada was peopled by French emigrants. The Government of the



mother country, as usual upon such occasions, was not dilatory in making large grants of land to court favourites. The consequence of so impolitic a step may easily be imagined. The new proprietors had more land than they could manage; and, as they neither possessed sufficient means to engage hands for carrying on agriculture upon an extensive scale, nor were permitted, according to an express stipulation in the French patent, to dispose of any portion of their land, with a view to the better cultivation of the remainder, it was natural that the improvement of wild tracts should proceed but slowly. "Upon the whole," says the author of the interesting work, *England and America* — "it will seem that the establishment of these absurd lordships in the wilderness was, after the Dutch plan in South Africa, the best way to ruin the colony, by means of the restrictions thereby imposed on the useful appropriation of waste land."

In Upper Canada, on the contrary, where such laws never existed, the emigrants found every possible encouragement for settling. If it is considered that Lower Canada had a large population at the time the Upper Province was peopled only by Indians, and if,

moreover, the increase is added, which has taken place in the interior only of the country (exclusively of that in Quebec, Montreal, and other towns,) it will be seen that Upper Canada has gained a great accession of inhabitants in a very short time, and that ten years have there effected more than one hundred in Lower Canada. Such is always the consequence of unreasonable laws in this enlightened age.

The Catholic religion is the prevailing one among the Canadians, particularly among those who inhabit Montreal and Quebec, and the whole of Lower Canada, where the offspring of former French colonists still reside. In Upper Canada, again, which has received the greater part of its population from England and Scotland, the Protestant religion is prevalent.

The name of Canada has given rise to many conjectures, and antiquaries still differ as to its etymology. The Spaniards visited this country before the French. One individual of the former nation, named Velasco, it is said, expecting to find abundant gold and silver mines, on being disappointed in his expectations, exclaimed repeatedly to his followers, *Aca nada*, which means "Nothing

is to be found here." The Indians, hearing the disappointed Spaniards often repeat this expression, remembered the sound, and mentioned it to the French on their arrival, presuming that they belonged to the same nation, and consequently understood the meaning of it. The French, unacquainted with the signification, thought *Aca nada* was the name given to the country by the Indians, and therefore determined in future to call it Canada. Another explanation says, that Kanada is an Indian word, meaning a village, or dwellings of the natives, which induced the French, it is said, to call the whole country by that name. The real Canadians, I mean the descendants of French colonists, are of diminutive size, strongly built, with lively, healthy, sun-burnt faces, and, upon the whole, contented and happy. Their eyes are black and sparkling, their cheeks thin, and the chin pointed. They speak French, but it is a kind of *patois*, which no Frenchman can understand. They are naturally quiet, and satisfied with little: improvements are intolerable to them. Education has, unfortunately, made but little progress among this mass of people, who are blindly led by priests and monks. Their manners have a slight

tinge of the characteristics which distinguished their forefathers, chiefly natives of Normandy. Towards each other they are friendly and full of attentions, fond of singing, dancing, and mirth. They are strangers to fear, and endure privations and misfortunes with extraordinary apathy. This peculiar trait is not met with in Canada only: wherever Frenchmen have settled in America, their descendants have the same characteristics. A traveller will find them in the Western States, from the Pacific Ocean to the mouth of the Mississippi.

Their costume is unique, but old-fashioned. The men wear jackets, with a red sash round the waist, hats or caps, and mocassins of coarse leather. The women also have a costume, which reminds you of the fashions which prevailed several hundred years ago.

From Montreal I proceeded by a steamboat to Quebec, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, in eighteen hours. The River St. Lawrence has its source in unknown regions in the West, forms Lake Erie in its course, precipitates itself down the Falls at Niagara, and is finally lost in Lake Ontario. Thence to the sea, it goes by the name of St. Lawrence. From Montreal to Quebec, its

width is continually changing, being in places only two miles, in others, again, fifteen, as at the Lake of St. Peter's. The banks are covered with houses, churches, villages, and mansions, belonging to wealthy *seigneurs*. The roofs of the houses and churches are covered with tin, and the buildings generally painted white. Between them may be seen large fields of Indian corn, and meadows, parks, and groves; and, in the background, appear lofty mountains, or wild forests. On the banks fine wheat, barley, grass, and tobacco, are cultivated. The soil, however, becomes less fertile as you approach Quebec; and, upon the whole, agriculture appears less advanced than in Upper Canada. A few miles up the country, within a short distance of the shores of the River St. Lawrence, the axe has not yet touched a single tree; there still stands the virgin forest in all its primitive majesty.

The principal places between the two cities just mentioned are William Henry, or Sorel, and Three Rivers, two sandy and very disagreeable spots. At Sorel, the Governor of Lower Canada has a country-seat, where he resides with his family several months in the year.

The distance from Quebec is still considerable when the famous Fort, Cape Diamond, becomes visible. Near to the city, on the right shore, the mouth of the river Chaudière is passed, and Wolfe's Cove, on the other. It was at this point that General Wolfe, in the year 1759, led the English army up a steep hill, one hundred and fifty feet high, with the intention of taking possession of the heights above, called the Heights of Abraham. Wolfe, as it is well known, fell in the action; but had the satisfaction of first witnessing the discomfiture of the French army, and hearing the sounds of victory proclaimed. He expired shortly afterwards, but left to the English nation the inheritance of Quebec and all Canada, which he sealed with his blood.

The City of Quebec is situated on the left bank of the St. Lawrence, three hundred and fifty miles from the sea, and immediately above the point where the river St. Charles joins the mighty river. Nature has divided Quebec into an upper and a lower town. The first is built on a steep rock, three hundred and forty-five feet above the level of the water, and surrounded by walls, on which fortifications have been erected, forming the

ornament and celebrity of Quebec. The lower part, again, is built at the foot of the same rock, and exclusively occupied by the lower classes and by merchants' offices. The streets are narrow and mean; even in the upper part they have the same defect. The houses are chiefly built of brick, two stories high, with tin roofs: a great many are painted white, which improves their appearance. The population, in 1800, amounted to twelve thousand, in 1825, to twenty-two thousand, souls. English is spoken in the higher society: among the lower ranks, again, French is as much heard as English. The Indians, of whom there is a great proportion, speak a corrupt French as well as their native tongue, and even make use of the former language among themselves.

The public buildings in Quebec are far from possessing any remarkable feature; still they have more the appearance of what they profess to be than others of the same character in various parts of Canada. The principal of them are, the Roman Catholic church, with a few tolerable paintings; the Seminary, formerly exclusively appropriated to the study of theology, but now open to every other branch of learning; the Court of Justice; the

Ursuline Convent, founded as early as 1639, in which a number of girls are educated; the Castle of St. Louis, or the palace of the Governor, built on a perpendicular rock, about two hundred feet above the stream. This building was consumed by fire in the winter subsequent to my visit.

But the greatest and finest ornament of Quebec is the Fort at Cape Diamond, thus called on account of the glittering appearance of the stones that form the rock, on which the citadel is built. It commands not only the whole city, but also the surrounding parts of the neighbourhood. The English government has expended immense sums upon these works, and even to this day the gigantic undertaking is far from being completed. When once finished, the fortress will be impregnable on all sides, excepting that on which the Heights of Abraham are situated. These heights are nearly of the same elevation as the ramparts of the fortress, and close to them. It was from this side that General Wolfe attacked Quebec.

No point in Canada offers a more extensive and delightful view than this citadel. From the upper walls one may see far and near, and every hundred yards in advance presents a



different prospect. Below, lies the confined city, with its tin roofs; the residence of the governor, with the adjoining garden; the harbour, full of ships, steamers, and sloops. The mighty St. Lawrence is seen for a distance of some miles, rolling its waves between lofty banks; towards the north it is divided into two parts by the Island of Orleans. To the west of the city runs the fine river St. Charles, and, on the other side of it, opens an extensive country, studded with houses and cottages, which, like a long and endless street, follow as far as the eye can reach. Behind these cultivated and closely built parts, mountains rise in succession, some at a distance, others quite near, with sharp and pointed tops. The Tsononthuan Mountain, with its two peaks of two thousand feet, is seen foremost in this chain, which extends from the coast of Labrador to Lake Superior. Opposite to the city appears Point Levi, a small village, the church-spire of which shoots up in a most picturesque manner, in the midst of the thick wood. From another quarter, again, may be seen the Indian village of Loretto, whose romantic situation is pleasing even at this distance.

There are two waterfalls in the vicinity of

Quebec, which every traveller should visit. One is called Montmorency, the other Chaudière. The Montmorency is about eight miles from the city, on a river of the same name, not far from the spot where it discharges itself into the St. Lawrence. The stream runs a great distance between narrow cliffs, till it approaches the Fall, which is one hundred feet in width. It there precipitates itself, with extraordinary velocity, over a perpendicular forest-clad rock, two hundred and forty feet high, and is transformed into white foam before it reaches the bottom. The love of gain has here, as in many other places of the like nature, destroyed the beauty of the Fall, by the erection of saw-mills, for which purpose considerable portion of the water has been diverted from the general mass. Several small cataracts have formed themselves on the sides of it, so that the quantity of water, which now, in an undivided column, precipitates itself down the rock, is small in proportion to what it would be if the stream fell uninterruptedly into the abyss. In winter, the surrounding heights are used as *Montagnes Russes*.

The Chaudière Falls are situated on the river of that name, nine miles from its influx

into the St. Lawrence. The stream is about four hundred feet wide, and the height of the Fall one hundred and thirty-five. Several rocks divide it, so that, properly speaking, it forms three different Falls close to each other, which afterwards unite into a single undivided mass of water, before reaching the bottom. The neighbourhood is extremely romantic, and enhances the beauty of the whole. Whichever way the eye turns, nothing but rocks of manifold shapes are seen, whilst verdant forest-trees bend their heads over the stream. The uniform and sublime noise of rolling waters is heard in every direction. The spot deserves to be called the Lover's Waterfall in Canada, as Trenton in the United States is denominated.

The government of Canada is conducted by a governor for each province, appointed by the King of Great Britain. These officers select seventeen Members of the Council, or Upper House, which, together with the Lower House, whose members are chosen by the people, form the Parliament or legislative body that rules the English colony of Canada. To possess a right to vote, it is necessary to be settled in the country, to have an income of five pounds a year, and to pay taxes

to the amount of ten pounds, Canada currency. No law is valid until it has received the sanction of the King, and no measure, of whatever import it may be, can be acted upon before it has been submitted and signed on the other side of the Atlantic.

Is Canada really happy, ruled as it is by an English King? This question is often put by natives, as well as foreigners, visiting the country. I will answer it in the very words given to me: "Canada has, for several years past, been in a feverish state, and yet no means have been adopted for allaying the symptoms. On the contrary, a policy, at once uncertain and hesitating, has visibly increased the malady; so that all the component parts of the State, commerce, agriculture, and industry, have suffered very seriously. England, it is true, has endeavoured to conciliate the affections of the colonists, by granting various advantages in regard to duties on timber, the principal article of export from Canada, the whole country being, with few exceptions, nothing but forests. But the colonists know, also, that they render a great service to the mother country, by receiving and providing for the poor surplus population of Great Britain, unable to live at

home. They know that it is a misfortune to England to possess so large a population, and that Canada serves the mother country as much as herself, when she receives into her bosom that which is a real incumbrance to the other. England can therefore only blame herself, if she neglects the opportunity of deriving from the colony all the advantages which may be expected from a country possessing in her soil so many treasures and riches. Restless demagogues adroitly avail themselves of the conjuncture, and excite wavering minds against the mother country. The English Governors are daily losing their popularity, in the same proportion as the democratic party is gaining the ascendancy. Principles of freedom from the neighbouring States penetrate imperceptibly among the rising generation, and the force of example will sooner or later induce the Canadians to hoist the standard of rebellion, and to declare themselves independent."

All this is possible, perhaps probable; but would such a step, I ask, so much improve the condition of Canada, as to preclude the expediency of first taking into consideration the many perils to which the colony would be exposed by declaring itself independent of

Great Britain? I do not know enough of Canada to answer this question; yet I cannot help thinking that such a measure, if acted upon by the colony, would rather benefit than injure the mother country.

In order to be able to return to the United States, I was obliged to travel back to Montreal, and thence continue my route, partly by steam, partly by land, to St. John's, a small town on the River Richelieu, which unites the waters of Lake Champlain with those of the St. Lawrence, discharging itself subsequently into the latter stream at Sorel. Several projects have lately been in contemplation to facilitate the communication between St. John's and La Prairie, on the River St. Lawrence, by means of a canal or railroad, but neither had been carried into execution in the summer of 1834.

At St. John's I went on board the fine steamer Franklin, which started on the following morning for Whitehall, a town situated at the southern extremity of Lake Champlain, which forms the boundary between the States of New York and Vermont. It is one hundred and forty miles in length, and fourteen in width, at the widest part. At both extremities it is so confined as to resemble a

narrow river. The banks are in some places in their natural state, full of woods and morasses : in others, cultivation has made some progress. With the exception of the country about Burlington, which is extremely pretty, I found nothing grand or striking in the appearance of the shores of this lake. During the French war, and the struggle for independence, this neighbourhood was frequently the scene of sanguinary battles between the hostile armies. Of the fortifications then existing nothing remains but the ruins of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, the first of which has a very picturesque appearance, between the two lakes, Champlain and George. It was erected by the French, in 1756, and afterwards fell into the hands of the English. The Americans took possession of it in the year 1775, and retained it till 1777, when the English General, Burgoyne, retook it. At the present moment, it is only a heap of ruins, with a few of the walls still standing.

Lake George is one of the finest lakes in America. It is about thirty-six miles in length, and from three quarters of a mile to four miles in width. It is interspersed with a number of islands ; among which Diamond

Island deserves to occupy the first place. The water has a peculiar clearness, known so well all over the country, that it has become a proverb to say clear as the water of Lake George. The banks, chiefly consisting of mountains, are clad with the verdure of trees and bushes, and sometimes shoot up close to the water's edge, sometimes recede towards the interior, leaving between the margin and the top of the mountains long and gradual ascents, which the husbandman is able to cultivate to advantage. The whole lake had something so pleasing and inspiring, that it was with the utmost difficulty the visiter could be prevailed on to quit this enchanting neighbourhood. More than once, while traversing Lake George, did I call to mind the beautiful Loch Katerine in Scotland. I thought that I recognised Helen's haunted Lake, its magic island, and romantic banks ; I fancied myself once more in the country of Walter Scott.

At the southern extremity of Lake George is a small village, called Caldwell, distinguished by its pleasant and country-like situation. During the summer months this place is much frequented by inhabitants from the larger cities, desirous of some relaxation



after the noisy pleasures of a winter's town life. From this place I proceeded to Saratoga, passing, on the road, through Glen Falls, an insignificant place, with a waterfall, only known by Cooper's interesting novel, "The Last of the Mohicans," the scenes of which are partly laid here, partly on the shores of Lake George.

From Saratoga I again travelled to New York, in the beginning of September, 1833. The heat was extremely oppressive; and such of the citizens as were not actually obliged to remain at home had repaired, some to the sea-coast, others to the North, in quest of refreshing breezes.

### CHAPTER XIII.

In peace thou art the gale of spring ; in war the mountain-storm.  
OSSIAN.

WHO can visit the United States without making a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, and, at the grave of Washington, devoting a few moments to the memory of America's greatest man? Like the pilgrim in the East, I was impelled by a strong desire to view and examine the spot, which contained the ashes of Washington. I proceeded, consequently, on my journey, without loss of time. Mount Vernon is situated about eight miles from the town of Alexandria, on the banks of Potomac River. I readily accepted the proposal of a kind and attentive friend to accompany me thither, and started early one morning, favoured by the finest weather imaginable. The road offered no other interest but the

reflexion that Washington often travelled over it. Like other visiters, I should probably have made sad complaints of deep sand, heaps of stones, and holes in various places, if I had not been fortunate enough to have a lively and agreeable travelling companion, belonging to the Society of Quakers. Before I had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with this gentleman, I had, like many other Europeans, entertained an erroneous idea of that sect.

It is something so common with us to attach to the name of Quaker a certain degree of stiffness, reserve, and unsociableness, that, I candidly confess, I was not a little surprised and delighted to meet with an individual, with a square-cut coat and broad-brimmed hat, disposed to laugh and joke, and possessing the faculty of making all around him happy and contented. This gentleman, as well as others belonging to the same sect, whom I subsequently met at his house, left upon me the impression, that a Quaker can be as merry as a Lutheran or a Catholic, although he may appear a little stiff at his meeting, and the world may think him a singular and reserved being. I shall never forget the many happy hours I spent in his

company: they were among the most agreeable I passed in America.

Mount Vernon still belongs to the Washington family, and is now in the hands of a Mrs. Washington, whose deceased husband was a relative of the General's. The property requires large funds to keep it in repair, but yields nothing. This circumstance, coupled with frequent absence on the part of the lady, has had an injurious effect on the appearance of the estate. Fields, which in the time of Washington yielded large crops, are now unproductive and filled with weeds. The inclosures are all in ruins. Gardens, in which exotics and fruit trees of both hemispheres once flourished, now hardly give an idea of the splendour of former times; even the gardener bore the aspect of a man who had one foot in the grave. Labouring under the effects of ague and other disorders, his countenance was as yellow as the lemons that scarcely ripened under his care. The decayed state of the house also bespoke neglect: servants and slaves appeared sluggish, and as if abandoned by their mistress. Every thing, in short, looked sombre; even the most trifling thing seemed to remind one of the dissolution of the great proprietor. No husbandmen

were visible in the fields, no faithful dog frolicked in the yard, not a single bird was heard in the groves, nor could the sound of a solitary cattle-bell be distinguished. Within the house reigned only grief and sorrow; the room once occupied by Washington was still the scene of tears, which seemed never to cease flowing in this abode of woe.\* The house is built of wood, and stands on an eminence close to the beautiful Potomac. The front facing the stream is embellished by a row of pillars, supporting the roof, which projects beyond the wall, and thus forms an open corridor, certainly very pleasant in a warm climate, but not very tasteful to the eye. In front of this corridor is a sloping lawn, extending towards the river and terminating in a steep hill, covered by a thick wood. Below the hill again appears the Potomac, overspread with sails, and the opposite shore exhibits a hilly and variegated country.

The main building forms a quadrangle, surrounding a court-yard. On each side of the house is a small wooden building, joined to it by an open portico. The windows are as

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\* The present Mrs. Washington, who only a few days previously arrived at Mount Vernon on a visit, had received the distressing intelligence of the death of her sister, a few moments before my arrival.

small as those of ordinary garrets, and the door suitable for a small cottage. Inside the house I found only one object which excited peculiar interest, and which is contemplated, no doubt, with looks of curiosity by every visiter. I mean the key of the Bastille, which Lafayette sent as a present to Washington, immediately after the destruction of that prison, at the time of the French Revolution. It is heavy, clumsy, and strong, such as a prison key generally is; the handle is in the form of a corkscrew. What a number of victims has this key excluded from all connexion with the world! What a multitude of dark and sanguinary deeds has it consigned to oblivion! No individual on earth was certainly better entitled to it after the overthrow of the Bastille than the champion of American liberty. Lafayette felt this, and disposed of it accordingly. This former instrument of iniquity, of blood, and of torture, is now exhibited to the world in a glass frame.

I now stood near *his* tomb. Washington was at first interred in a vault above the ground, close to the eminence on which the house is built, whence the stream was visible between surrounding trees. Although this was one of the finest and most suitable spots

in the neighbourhood, his remains were lately removed to another grave, a few hundred yards south of the former. This rather excited my surprise, for the present situation is not near so good as the former; but Washington, it appears, selected this spot himself; and, with a view to fulfil his wishes, the relations consented to the otherwise unpardonable act of disturbing his ashes. It was a long time in contemplation to remove them to Washington, and place them under the dome of the Capitol, as those of Nelson are deposited under the cupola of St. Paul's in London; but his relatives have not as yet acquiesced in the proposal. Government will, however, soon be obliged to purchase Mount Vernon; otherwise the residence of Washington may possibly fall into the hands of some mercenary speculator, who may think fit to impose a certain contribution on individuals desirous of seeing the grave, and, moreover, dispose perhaps of the bones, of the deceased, as monks do in Catholic countries with those of saints and martyrs.

The present sepulchre is built of brick, at the extremity of a small hillock. The door is of iron. In front, round it, and on the grave itself, grow bushes and trees of various

kinds, but mostly cedars, all more or less mutilated by the thousands of travellers who resort hither every year, and cannot resist the temptation of carrying to their remote homes some relic from Washington's tomb. How dear are these relics to Americans! In Missouri and in Louisiana, in Florida and in Maine, they have the same value, the same interest: even in distant Europe, these green cedar twigs are contemplated with emotion and respect. And yet what are they? Common twigs of cedar! Many a mighty monarch slumbers in the arms of death, under the pressure of monument and statues; and ages roll on without a fragment or a single flower near his grave being disturbed by a pilgrim, as a memento of the deceased. Posterity seldom sheds a tear over showy monuments: you may read in letters of gold records of virtue and noble deeds, but after-ages, knowing how to appreciate such records, will not perhaps remember them. The marble may strike every one, but neither its whiteness nor its golden inscription induces the wanderer to pause and to call to memory the past. But, at the simple brick tomb at Mount Vernon, see the multitude daily paying homage to the deceased. From the frozen regions of



Lapland to the orange-groves of Sicily, from the northern forests of Canada to the land of the Patagonians, men flock thither, to see the last resting place of Washington. No external show, no Carrara marble, recording heroic deeds and unusual virtues, is to be found there. Of what use is the cold stone to such a man? Every noble bosom is Washington's best monument. There tyrants may read the actions of a great man, and the historian collect materials for his life.

During my residence in Alexandria this time, I had one day occasion to attend the wedding of persons belonging to the Society of Friends. The ceremony was conducted with all that simplicity which characterises the sect, and took place at one of their meetings, held every Thursday forenoon at eleven o'clock. On all ordinary occasions, it is not usual for both sexes to sit together, or even to enter at the same door; but on an extraordinary one, like the present, the bridegroom has a right to lead the bride by the hand, and to take his place by her side — this was probably the first and last time in their lives that this liberty was allowed. Neither party was dressed as if belonging to the "Society of Friends," but both were fashionably at-

tired. I remarked this unexpected circumstance to an elderly respectable Quaker. "They are both young," answered he; "youth and wisdom do not always go together." — Not a word was uttered, during the space of an hour, by any individual in the congregation: all had their hands clasped together, and their eyes fixed on the floor. The lovers appeared like two statues, immoveable and inanimate, at each other's side, without venturing to steal a glimpse at any thing that passed around. At length service was over; and, upon a certain signal, the whole meeting rose, when the bridegroom, turning towards the bride, asked in a loud voice if she would become his wife, and fulfil all the obligations incumbent on a faithful spouse. The bride put nearly the same question to him, after which both parties signed the marriage contract, which was read aloud by one of the elder Quakers. Any one might then witness the instrument; during which ceremony the congregation dispersed. The new-married couple, with their parents, then left the meeting-house, to spend the honeymoon in travelling through some parts of the country.

On returning to New York, late in the fall, I already found winter amusements in full

operation. Among the principal recreations then in vogue was the Italian Opera. Several leading men in the higher circles had, in the course of the year, entered into arrangements for building an Opera-house, exclusively intended for the performance of Italian music. It was reasonably anticipated that, in a city with a population of two hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, of which a great proportion are Europeans, a taste for the Italian school would sufficiently prevail, to support the expence of an Opera. An enterprizing individual was selected and despatched to Europe, for the purpose of engaging vocal and instrumental artists. On his return to New York, in the autumn, he found the Opera-house so far ready, that he was soon able to open it, as he hoped, under distinguished patronage, with several new operas. The house, built with some taste, unquestionably deserves the rank of the finest theatre in the United States. The proportions and arrangements of the interior have been calculated with the ability of an experienced artist, and the ceiling, in particular, cannot be sufficiently admired for its beauty and lightness.

In the course of the season, several operas

were performed, namely: *La Gazza Ladra*, *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Mathilde di Shabran*, *Gli Arabi nelle Gallie*, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, and *Il Turco in Italia*. Fanti and Bordogni were the two principal singers: both contended for the palm of *prima donna*. The first had a fine and full voice, formed by good instruction and much practice. Bordogni, again, had a weak contralto, of which much might be made, her method being unobjectionable, though the voice was not yet developed. The remaining artists, of whom the company was composed, had, in truth, no great pretensions to talent as singers: both tenors were, to use the expression of a severe critic, "very, very bad." In a word, the execution of Rossini's and Cimarosa's masterpieces was far from what might have been expected, and the performers were little above mediocrity. The orchestra, however, was good.

That the New Yorkers, in general, have a real taste for music, is a thing I am not inclined to doubt; but the result of the performances this season was certainly far from encouraging to the Italian corps. The house was seldom more than half filled, although new operas were constantly performed: and

the manager, the indefatigable manager, instead of acquiring any thing bordering on a fortune, contracted, as report says, only a heavy debt for his pains. Reasons were assigned for this apathy to good music, such as the high price of admission, the depression in the money-market, mediocrity of the performers, &c. These objections may have some claim to truth ; still they are insufficient to remove the inference that, however much amateurs may call out, " Bravo ! Bravissimo !" at each air sung by Fanti and Bordogni, and however much Fashion may endeavour to take unappreciated music under its special protection, still New York is not yet ripe for an Italian Opera.

Besides the Opera, there are three other theatres in the city, the Park, Bowery, and Richmond Hill. The first formerly ranked highest among American theatres, but this station it seems to have lost by some defect in the management. The second devotes its boards almost exclusively to the performance of national dramas and plays, particularly such as are founded on some well known Indian story. The last, again, is chiefly frequented by the lower classes. Generally speaking, American performances, at least

three-fourths of them, consist of dramatic pieces, first acted on the English stage: of their merits this is not the place to judge. With regard to native American dramas, they are, for the most part, wretched productions, often resembling hurried juvenile Christmas farces. The principal performers in tragedy are Booth, Forrest, and Hamblin — in comedy, Hackett and Placide. Among the actresses, Drake and McClure occupy the first rank. The tragic actors, particularly the first two, are not deficient in talent, and would, in most countries, gather laurels on the stage: they are not, however, exempt from faults common to all English performers. Hackett is already known in Europe for his masterly delineation, by mimicry, of the language and manners of the West: of him, therefore, nothing can be said but what every one knows. Placide possesses ability and talent, but, as a comic actor, he has not sufficient expression to be perfect in his profession. This defect he endeavours to conceal by overdoing every part, but in the attempt he often descends into a kind of vulgarity, which can please none but the lower classes. As a tragic actress, Mrs. Drake is a star on the American stage. Possessing considerable

natural talent, without having enjoyed the opportunity of studying good models, as the greater part of her time has been spent in the West, she is really an object of admiration. She is completely mistress of the art of expressing every passion by her features, and can infuse so much warmth into her performance, that when she plays the part of Juliet, for instance, the spectator would actually conceive that he had before him the very original whom she represents. Mrs. McClure performs with dignity and force. I never saw her tread the stage without imparting interest to her performance, and leaving a deep impression on the auditory.

Among foreign theatrical artists who visited the United States during my residence, the following were particularly distinguished: Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mr. Charles Kemble, Miss Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Austin, and Mr. Power. Whoever has heard or seen these eminent performers, will certainly never forget them. The Woods' Hawthorn and Rosetta\*, the Mercutio † and Julia ‡ of the Kembles, Austin's Ariel§, and Power's Pandeen O'Raf-

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\* In the Opera of "Love in a Village."

† "Romeo and Juliet."

‡ "The Hunchback." § "The Tempest."

ferty\*, are masterpieces which acquire additional value by time.

The fine arts in America are, as I have before observed, still in their infancy. Want of encouragement is, no doubt, one of the principal causes of the slow progress they have made in comparison with their advance in Europe during the same period. Young artists are, with few exceptions, obliged to have recourse to portrait-painting, in which a few have arrived at some degree of distinction. Landscapes and historical pieces are more scarce; the taste for them not being general, the public sets less value upon them than they often deserve. This is particularly the case in the latter branch. If the picture does not represent a scripture subject, the majority of spectators invariably object to what they call impropriety in the dress of the figures, &c. Two paintings, representing Adam and Eve, before and after the Fall, were exhibited in most towns of the Union, and could only insure spectators by being called moral paintings; but, even under this veil, they were condemned by many pious matrons, who alleged that they had come to show their daughters a distinguished per-

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\* "Born to Good Luck."



formance, but by no means with a view to make anatomical observations on the symmetry and proportions of the human form. This is also the case with statuaries, who are compelled either to confine themselves exclusively to the lower department of their art, that of making busts, or to settle in foreign countries, where they may live by their profession. With the young and rising generation in America, symptoms of taste for the fine arts are here and there discovered; and, if wealth increases in the same proportion as the population, it may be inferred that a new era in the arts is at hand. The principal American artists now living are, as painters, Trumbull, Sully, Alston, Morse, Harding, Weir, and Dunlap; as sculptors, Goodenow and Frazee.

American literature derives its best works from England. Independently of the injurious effect which this produces on native performances, it has another also—that of forming the taste exclusively for English literature. It is only lately that the learned have begun to think of directing the national taste into a different channel, by translations from other languages. An American author has very little hopes of being known, unless his works come to the country *via* England, after having

been first printed, read, and praised there. But it must not hence be inferred that the United States are without individuals who solely and exclusively devote themselves to literature; of these there are numbers. To enumerate them, and to criticise their works, would require more time than these limits permit. I will only mention a few names, which stand at the head of an almost endless list, and a great proportion of which are well known to the reading portion of Europeans: Washington Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Marshall, Dwight, Sedgewick, Paulding, Sigourney, Flint, &c.

The newspapers in America form an essential part of the literature of the country. Their great circulation enables the editors to make themselves known. In the United States, there are at present not fewer than one thousand two hundred daily papers\*, exclusively of periodicals, the number of which is very considerable, and among which the "North American Review," edited in a masterly manner, deservedly occupies the first place. A number of these papers devote their columns exclusively to literary productions; others, again, only give extracts from

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\* Vide "American Almanac for 1834."

published and unpublished works. That portion of the citizens, who, either for want of means, or from living too far from large cities, cannot procure the latest productions themselves, obtain, however, through the medium of these newspapers, a superficial knowledge of them.

Without a periodical press, America would never have made the progress she has made, and still continues to make; for, in so extensive, so comparatively little cultivated and peopled a country, how should discoveries otherwise be generally known and diffused? Nor would the remote citizen be able to judge for himself of the Government and its measures. The influence of the journals is truly astonishing: even in the larger cities there is a degree of anxiety and impatience until the newspapers make their appearance. To many they are real oracles, whose veracity none dare question. Every journal belongs to some political party, whose principles it advocates; and many persons have so perfect a reliance on the clearness and correctness of its views, that they cannot be prevailed upon to read the papers which espouse the opposite side of the question. In many small places in the country, it is not unusual to see

the political sentiments of the people governed by the journals of one party, which confirm the inhabitants in their opinions by always keeping up party-spirit. In the larger cities, where the population is considerable, a similar monopoly cannot well take place ; but, by the number of subscribers, a pretty correct calculation may be made of the general opinion and feeling on the spot.

The greatest number of newspapers and periodicals are published in New York and Boston. In 1833, they amounted in Boston to eighty-one, and in New York to sixty-five ; in this calculation are not included periodicals, published quarterly or at longer intervals. In New York, the newspaper entitled the " Morning Courier and New York Enquirer " has the greatest number of subscribers, amounting, in the year 1834, to four thousand three hundred. The annual subscription was ten dollars.

According to the present population of the United States, it may be calculated that there is one newspaper for every ten thousand eight hundred persons, which is a greater proportion than in any other country in the world.

On the 25th of November, 1833, the fiftieth

anniversary of the evacuation of New York by the English was celebrated by a parade of the military, and a procession of the different trades through the principal streets. The latter ceremony was not without effect. Each trade had its particular ensigns or colours, and was headed by the elder members. To my great surprise, I did not see a single individual indifferently dressed, and whose appearance did not announce the enjoyment of comfort. After having made the customary exhibition, they entered a church or chapel, where an appropriate speech was delivered, which was hailed with delight by all present. "In human nature," said the speaker, "reigns a selfish principle, which induces men to avail themselves of the industry of others, without giving a corresponding share in return; this principle conduces to aristocracy and oppression. In this country, the laws do not acknowledge any privileged class; yet a progressive and unequal accumulation of property, which no law could possibly anticipate, has produced nearly the same baneful effect as a titled and hereditary aristocracy. This evil could only be checked by the formation of a union between the labouring classes, for the purpose of insuring to them a reasonable

remuneration for their labours. To counteract this tendency to aristocracy, to prevent a kind of monopoly, to effect a greater equality in society, to assist those who are unemployed, to raise the character and improve the situation of the working classes; in a word, to protect their rights as men and citizens — this is the object of this union.”

Of a very different description were the processions of the militia and its opponents, who had formed a society with a view to ridicule the whole militia system. The laws enjoin that American citizens, with few exceptions, shall contribute to the defence of the country. The militia, as it is called, which is equivalent to the European conscription, has formed itself into several small companies, at times drilled by their officers. Free-born Americans are not over and above satisfied with an institution which subjects them to slavish obedience, and therefore endeavour, by every means in their power, to exhibit the system in so unfavourable a light, as to compel Government, if possible, to relinquish it altogether, or at least to make some more suitable regulations.

Another attempt of this nature was now carried into effect by a procession of indivi-

duals, fantastically dressed, having a chief at their head. "The parade of fantasticals of yesterday," says one of the newspapers of New York, in describing the scene, "was an exhibition *sui generis*—there never was aught like it before on earth, or in the waters underneath it. It was Babylon broken up—the whole kitchen cabinet of Beelzebub in insurrection—a perfect kaleidoscope of absurdities, and a magazine of monstrosities."

Every one, from the general down to the simple musician, wore a uniform, all unlike each other in appearance. There was a Don Quixote as well as a Sancho Panza—a Robinson Crusoe as well as a Jack Downing. To give a correct description of this carnival, or draw from obscurity all the ridiculous figures which formed the members of this caricature-like procession, would be impossible. Suffice it to say, that the *tout ensemble* afforded a hearty laugh to all the citizens of New York; and there ceased all the good it did, for no change or relaxation in the militia system was effected by this exhibition.

The present militia in the United States amounts to one million three hundred and sixteen thousand one hundred and fifteen men. The regular army, again, consists of six thou-

sand four hundred and twelve men ; of whom three hundred and ninety-three are cavalry, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight artillery, and three thousand two hundred and twenty-five infantry ; besides recruits, who, from the 1st of January to the 30th of September, 1833, were computed at two thousand and thirty-six\*.

No direct taxes are paid in the United States to the Federal Government ; but it is supported by the revenue arising from the customs, which has, in later times, by an increasing trade, amounted to so considerable a sum, that not only almost the whole of the national debt has been liquidated by it, but also the current expences of the year, always on the increase, have been discharged by its aid.† Thus it is free to every one in America to contribute to the maintenance of the Federal Government, either by small or large sums. The contributions from towns are naturally larger than from the country, and I am inclined to think that the former are nearly in the proportion of one and a half to the latter ;

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\* It may here be interesting to make an approximate statement of the army of the United States and that of Sweden :

UNITED STATES.		SWEDEN.	
Population . . . . .	13,000,000	Population, nearly . . . . .	3,000,000
Army . . . . .	6,412	Army . . . . .	32,694

† The expences for the Federal Government itself, without taking



it is, however, impossible to state this with any degree of accuracy. On the other hand, there is a direct property-tax in favour of the State in which the citizen resides, or in favour of the city or town where he is settled. In the country, these funds are applied to the maintenance of public roads, to all possible internal improvements, to the remuneration of the clergy, to the building of schools, &c. In the towns again, the revenue is appropriated to the embellishment of the city, in some places to the building of schools, as in the case at Boston, where the authorities of the city have set aside, for one year, the sum of forty thousand dollars for the erection of two new schools. The taxes in New York have, of late years, been rather considerable, owing,

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into account the annual payment in extinction of the National Debt, were under

			MONROE.	
			Dollars.	Cents.
1822	-	-	9,872,643	51
1823	-	-	9,784,154	59
1824	-	-	10,330,144	71
			ADAMS.	
1825	-	-	11,490,460	4
1826	-	-	12,562,316	30
1827	-	-	12,653,095	65
1828	-	-	13,296,041	45
			JACKSON.	
1829	-	-	12,669,490	62
1830	-	-	13,229,533	33
1831	-	-	14,777,991	51
1832	-	-	about 18,000,000	
1833	-	-	22,085,063	

in part, to the extra charges to which the city was subject during the prevalence of the cholera, and partly to the widening of streets and improvements of every kind, which were considered indispensable in the midst of a dense population. In Cedar Street, for instance, a tax of no less than one thousand two hundred dollars was laid on the proprietor of two houses to defray the expence of widening the street to the distance of a few hundred yards.

This taxation varies, however, in different towns. In Pennsylvania it is principally laid on real estate, and in a very small proportion on floating capital. Although this mode of taxation is far from being founded in equity, it has, nevertheless, in that part, been attended with good results, inasmuch as it has induced a great number of capitalists to settle there; and their large expenditure has been advantageously circulated among the lower classes. This is not the case in Massachusetts, where all are taxed alike, and the imposts fall equally heavy on real estate and on personal property; but the consequence has been, that many capitalists have quitted the State, for they here paid one thousand five hundred dollars in taxes, whereas in Pennsylvania the assess-

ment would not amount to more than thirty or forty dollars. This assessment is annually made by men appointed by the Legislature for that purpose. They tax the citizens according to what they consider them to be worth. Complaints of too high assessment are seldom heard of, because the complainant would, in such a case, be compelled to state on oath the actual amount of his property. Rather than make such a disclosure to the world, the Americans submit to a taxation assessed at hazard, if not too high. This explains an observation, often repeated by strangers, that no where is it more difficult to find out the real property of an individual than in the United States of North America.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Private credit is wealth — public honour is security — the feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight ; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth.

JUNIUS.

OF all the events that occurred in the United States, during my residence of two years, there was none which created greater sensation, caused a greater degree of bad feeling between two parties already excited against each other, and had more important results, than the remarkable contest carried on by President Jackson against the Bank of the United States, occasioned, in a great measure, by personal animosity to the institution and its president, and which will figure in history by the name it already bears, namely, "Jackson's responsible experiment." But, in order to understand this subject thoroughly, and to convey a correct idea of the attack and defence of the contending parties, it is necessary that I should abandon the present for a mo-

ment, and retrace, succinctly, occurrences of former times.

It is to the system of credit that the Americans are, in no small degree, indebted for the incredible progress which industry, in various branches, has made in the country. This system was already in full operation during the dominion of the British: at the conclusion of the war of Independence, it became still more prevalent in the new Republic, from an augmented spirit of speculation on the part of the inhabitants. Banks were formed in numbers, and the States were ever ready to grant them charters. Subject to no control or inspection, these banks soon began to issue notes to any amount they pleased, and inundated the country with their paper.

Abuses, often repeated, created distrust in the public mind, which shortly afterwards produced the effect of overthrowing these unsafe establishments, one after another. A kind of National Bank was instituted, as far back as 1781, under the name of the "Bank of North America," but it did not answer the purpose intended; and, in 1790, the United States' Bank was formed, upon the plan suggested by Alexander Hamilton. The Government at that time held a different opinion

as to the usefulness of National Banks from that entertained by the present Administration. "The Secretary of Finance respectfully reports," says Hamilton, in his well-known Report to the House of Representatives, of the 13th of December, 1790, "that, from a conviction that a National Bank is an institution of primary importance to the prosperous administration of the finances, and would be of the greatest utility in the operations connected with the support of the public credit, his attention has been drawn to devising the plan of such an institution," &c. In another place, in the same Report, he says: "The following are among the principal advantages of a Bank. 1. The augmentation of the active or productive capital of a country. 2. Greater facility to the Government in obtaining pecuniary aids, especially in sudden emergencies. 3. The facilitating of the payment of taxes, &c." "I am firmly persuaded," says again Mr. Taney, Secretary to the Treasury, in his Report to Congress of the 3rd of Dec. 1833, "that the existence of such a powerful moneyed monopoly is dangerous to the liberties of the people and to the purity of our political institutions." Further: "A Bank of the United States is not necessary, either for the fiscal

operations of the Government, or the public convenience."

The Charter granted to the United States' Bank expired in 1811. Application was made for a renewal for an additional period, but Congress refused it, on the ground that a similar institution was considered as tending to a moneyed aristocracy. At that time the country was divided between two parties, who took up the Bank question as a subject in the solution of which they intended to have a struggle for life or death. Three years, however, had hardly elapsed, before the same man\* who had so zealously fought against the Bank proposed to Congress the formation of a new Bank, as the only means of restoring public confidence, and saving the Treasury from an embarrassing and even helpless situation. "Such had been the impressive lesson taught by a very brief but fatal experience," says McDuffie, in his report of the 13th of April, 1830, to the House of Representatives, "that the very institution which had been so recently denounced, and rejected by the Republican party, being now recommended by a Republican Administration, was carried through both branches of

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\* Mr. Madison, at that time President.

Congress, as a Republican measure, by an overwhelming majority of the Republican party." The minor Banks were no longer able to make payments in specie; their stock of paper increased every day. None of their notes had a fixed value, some bringing only eighty, sixty, even fifty per cent. Bankruptcies followed in close succession, and loud condemnations of the whole Banking system were every where heard. In this emergency, the present United States' Bank was instituted: it commenced its operations in 1817. Its head-quarters are Philadelphia, but it has Branch Banks in every part of the Union. In no place within the United States, however distant, is a higher discount than one quarter per cent. paid for a note issued by this Bank.\* Its capital was fixed at thirty-five millions of dollars, of which the United States owe one-fifth. According to an Act of Congress, all funds received by the Treasury were to be deposited in this Bank, without interest: for these exclusive privileges, the Bank of the United States had only to pay a bonus of one million and a half of dollars. The collection of the funds of the nation was therefore to be effected upon the plan, that the Treasury

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\* Vide McDuffie's report above referred to.



department should never retain in its coffers a larger sum, at a time, than was absolutely necessary for actual and current disbursements : the surplus funds were to be lent to the nation.

Two years had scarcely passed, before the country already felt the salutary effect of this useful institution. Commerce increased with incredible rapidity ; agriculture, and every branch of industry, seemed to flourish ; the National Debt was gradually liquidated, with perfect ease to Government ; confidence, within and without, became consolidated ; and the currency was placed upon a more solid footing. With nearly twenty millions in specie, (the aggregate stock of silver and gold in America,) Bank notes to the amount of eighty-six millions were put in circulation, besides five hundred millions in private notes, private Bank notes, &c. Every thing rested on confidence ; and of this the new Bank was in perfect possession. Such was the situation of the country, when a motion was made in Congress to renew the Charter of the Bank, which expires on the 3rd of March, 1836. The proposal was adopted by both Houses, and only required the assent of the President to become a law ; his sanction, however, was refused, although, in his message to Congress

of the 6th December, 1831, he states that he had resolved to leave the investigation of this matter in the hands of an enlightened people and its Representatives. On the 14th July, 1832, his *veto* on the Bill followed; but this death-blow was not enough: he wished, moreover, to make sure of its extinction, and issued accordingly to Mr. Duane, the then Secretary of the Treasury, an order to remove the Government deposits from the Bank of the United States to State Banks. This gentleman, not conceiving himself justified in adopting a step, in direct opposition to his own conscientious opinion and views, tendered his resignation. The President immediately replaced him by Mr. Taney, who, without hesitation, acquiesced in the measure determined upon.

On the 1st of October, 1833, the removal of the deposits took place from the Bank of the United States to thirty-six different State Banks, with small capitals, and chartered by the States in which they were situated. In the month of September, the Bank had in circulation notes to the amount of eighteen million, four hundred and thirteen thousand, two hundred and eighty-seven dollars, seven cents: its discounts at the same period were

sixty-two million, six hundred and fifty-three thousand, three hundred and fifty-nine dollars, fifty-nine cents, which, after the removal of the deposits, was reduced to sixty million, ninety-four thousand, two hundred and two dollars, ninety-three cents. In October, there were still in the vaults of the Bank nine million, eight hundred and sixty-eight thousand, four hundred and thirty-five dollars, fifty-eight cents, in deposits. The amount of bullion, at the same period, was ten million, six hundred and sixty-three thousand, four hundred and forty-one dollars, fifty-one cents.

The consequence of this measure, on the part of the President, in the opinion of many both uncalled-for and arbitrary, was soon felt. He had adopted it without consulting any experienced or practical man; he had, according to his own words, taken the responsibility upon himself: on him alone, therefore, fell the general discontent. The Bank was obliged, in consequence of a reduced amount at its disposal, to limit its discounts. The State Banks, again, although in possession of the funds of the nation, did not venture to discount more than formerly, being uncertain how long they might be permitted to keep the deposits; and too extensive an

accommodation, they conceived, might possibly place them in a dilemma, the more to be feared as they had, in the Bank of the United States, to deal with a powerful opponent.

Each party placed itself in a state of defence, determined to guard against surprise in case of attack, and thus large sums were withdrawn from circulation. The wheel of credit soon began to make its revolutions less regularly. Pressure in the money market was first felt in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, where from one to three per cent. per month was paid: in a short time it also spread all over the country, and from Maine to Louisiana only one voice was heard: "Woe to the author of all this evil!" About sixty bankruptcies took place in New York, and other cities in the Union had their proportion. Several Banks stopped payment, and thousands were ruined. Public funds fell from forty to fifty per cent., and all kinds of goods became depreciated in value. Factories were shut up, and workmen discharged. This is indeed a sorry picture in comparison with that presented by the United States only a few months before this crisis. The currency of the country was in confusion, commerce lingering, manufactories were stopped, and

agricultural produce was of far less value than before. In a word, confidence had disappeared, calamity stood at every other door, always threatening to enter the house. Deputations of all classes were sent to Washington to entreat the President to desist from his ruinous experiment. At first he received them graciously, which was the case with a deputation of merchants and traders sent from New York, with a petition signed by six thousand persons; others he dismissed rather angrily;\* and at last he refused to receive them at all, and to hear the complaints of the people. †

Congress, however, met on the 2nd of December, 1833; and the President, in his message to both Houses, on the 3rd of December, and also the Secretary of the Treasury, in his Report, were not dilatory in defending the removal of the deposits. Among many things advanced in the last mentioned document, I

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\* To the deputation from Baltimore he used the following language: "Relief, Sir!—come not to me, Sir; go to the monster, Nicholas Biddle! Sir, I could have destroyed the monster in thirty days; but the President would not do it. Andrew Jackson lives yet to put his foot upon the head of the monster, and crush him to the dust. The mammoth has bled you. When I put him down, Sir, the other moneyed institutions will meet all the wants of the people. It is folly in the extreme to talk to me thus, Sir! I would rather undergo the tortures of ten Spanish Inquisitions, than that the deposits should be restored, or the monster be re-chartered."

† This was the case with a deputation from Boston.

have selected the following: "The Act incorporating the Bank is to be regarded as a contract between the United States, of the one part, and the stockholders, of the other. As these stockholders have agreed that the power reserved to the Secretary of the Treasury over the deposits shall not be restricted to any particular contingencies, the order, therefore, of the Secretary of the Treasury, directing the public money to be deposited elsewhere, can in no event be regarded as a violation of the contract with the stockholders, nor impair any right secured to them by the charter. It is, besides, not necessary that the deposits should be unsafe in order to justify the removal. The Bank may be perfectly solvent, and prepared to meet promptly all demands upon it; and yet the public interests may require the deposits to be withdrawn." The principal complaints advanced by the Secretary of the Treasury were: 1. A curtailment of the discounts on the part of the Bank, and its conduct towards the State Banks, by which they were obliged to confine their operations, and the whole country was subjected to a great money-pressure. 2. The exclusion of the five Bank Directors appointed by Government. 3. The attempt of the Bank

to influence the elections, by circulating large sums, and thereby to acquire a political influence in the country.

In reply to these accusations, the Bank endeavoured to prove, in a Report signed by its directors, that, from the period of its foundation, it had exclusively devoted its attention to the improvement of the currency, to the maintenance of public credit, and to the granting of every facility to trade; that the Government at Washington had already, as far back as 1829, attempted to make the Bank its organ; but that, when this scheme miscarried, the Government vowed hatred and vengeance against the Bank; that it would have been the duty of the President to attack the Bank legally before competent judges, in case he considered that it had committed any infraction of its privileges: now, it is himself who has broken the contract, by the removal of the deposits without legal cause. "The President avows," continues the same Report, "that, although the last Congress passed a bill re-chartering this very Bank; although the same Congress, a few months ago, at his own invitation, declared that the public deposits might be safely continued in this Bank; although a new Congress, many of

whose members are chosen by the people since his own election, is about to meet in ninety days, and will continue in existence for two years; although, at the end of those two years, a new Congress, fresh from the people, will meet before the charter expires: yet, notwithstanding all this, he, the President, declares, on his own responsibility, that the deposits shall be removed; no matter whether the conduct of the Bank has been good or bad, and no matter whether the deposits are safe or unsafe; and accordingly he dismisses the officer who refuses to remove them, and appoints another who will remove them." At the end of this interesting document, the following is said: "A war of unexampled violence has been waged against the Bank. The institution defends itself. Its assailants are what are called politicians; and, when statements which they cannot answer are presented to the country, they reproach the Bank with interfering in politics. It has, however, never interfered in the slightest degree in politics, and never influenced or sought to influence elections; but it will not be deterred by the menaces or clamours of politicians from executing its duty in defending itself."



Several of the principal statesmen in the country, such as Clay, Webster, Calhoun, were of the same opinion as to the Bank; and their speeches in the Senate, and, I may add, those of Binney in the Lower House, operated powerfully on public opinion against the President and his cabinet. "We are in the midst of a revolution," says Clay, in his speech; "a revolution hitherto bloodless, but rapidly tending towards a total change of the pure republican character of the government, and to the concentration of all power in the hands of one man. The general currency of the country, the life-blood of all its business, is in the most imminent danger of universal disorder and confusion. The power of internal improvement lies crushed beneath the *veto* of the President. Was the removal of the deposits in conformity with the constitution and laws of the United States? The charter of the Bank of the United States requires that the public deposits be made in its vaults. It also gives the Secretary of the Treasury power to remove them; and why? The Secretary is at the head of the finances of the Government. Weekly reports are made by the Bank to him. He is to report to Congress, annually; and to either House, when-

ever he shall be called upon. He is the Sentinel of Congress, the Agent of Congress, the Representative of Congress. He has been created by Congress. Congress has prescribed and has defined his duties. He is required to report to them, not to the President. He is put there by us as our Representative: he is required to remove the deposits when they shall be in danger, and we not in session: but, when he does this, he is required to report to Congress the fact, with his reasons for it. Was the urgency for the removal of the deposits so great that he could not wait sixty days, until the assembling of Congress? He admits that they were perfectly safe in the Bank; that it promptly met every demand upon it; and that it faithfully performed all its duties. Why not, then, await the arrival of Congress? The Bank has been accused of aiming at political influence in the country. Who can doubt," continues Clay, ironically, "that this ambitious corporation is a candidate for the next presidency? The President thought he had the Bank in his power, and that he could break it down at a word. The Bank has avowed and openly declared its purpose to defend itself on all suitable occasions. And, what

is still more provoking, instead of being a bankrupt, as was expected, it seems that it has got more money than it is known what to do with."

"Three months have elapsed, and the Secretary has not yet found places of deposit for the public moneys, as substitutes for the United States' Bank. He has not even yet received the charters from all the Banks selected as places of deposit. Can any thing be more improvident than that the Secretary should undertake to contract with Banks, without knowing their power and capacity to contract by their charters? that he should venture to deposit the people's money in Banks,\* without a full knowledge of every thing respecting their actual condition? The eyes and the hopes of the American people are anxiously turned to Congress. They feel that they have been deceived and insulted;

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\* In the United States, there are, if I mistake not, more than three hundred Banks: of these, the State of New York has eighty-two, with a capital of about thirty millions of dollars. The proportion of silver to notes in these Banks is as seven cents to one dollar. Sixty-nine of them belong to the "Safety Fund," as it is called, the system of which is to require of each Bank an annual tax of one per cent. on its capital. By these means a fund is created, which, in case of the failure of any Bank, is appropriated to the payment of its debts; should this application not be necessary, the fund is finally divided among the Banks. This sounds very well on paper; but the execution is rather hazardous. Space does not permit me to point out all the dangerous consequences attending this system: suffice it to

their confidence abused; their interests betrayed; and their liberties in danger. They see a rapid and alarming concentration of all power in one man's hands. They see that, by the exercise of the positive authority of the Executive, and his negative power exerted over Congress, the will of one man alone prevails, and governs the Republic. The question is no longer what laws will Congress pass, but, what will the Executive not *veto*? The premonitory symptoms of despotism are upon us; and, if Congress do not apply an instantaneous and effective remedy, the fatal collapse will soon come on, and we shall die — ignobly die! base, mean, and abject slaves — the scorn and contempt of mankind—unpitied, unwept, unmourned!”

In consequence of this, and after an unusually long debate on this important question, the Senate declared twice, and the last time

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say, that, if the United States' Bank, which kept all other Banks in order, had not existed, those which stand under the control of the Safety Fund would not only have destroyed each other by too great an issue of notes, which would have deteriorated in value, but ruined the whole country by the disappearance of metallic currency, to make room for a great proportion of paper money. “I have great doubts, if doubts they may be called,” says Mr. Calhoun, in his speech in the Senate of the 13th of January, 1834, “as to the soundness and tendency of the whole system, in all its modifications. I have great fears that it will be found hostile to liberty and the advances of civilization — fatally hostile to liberty in our country, where the system exists in the worst and most dangerous form.”

by a great majority, that the reasons assigned by the Secretary of the Treasury for the removal of the deposits were insufficient, and that these funds should be restored to the Bank of the United States. Attempts were repeatedly made in the Senate to renew the charter of the United States' Bank, and resolutions to that effect were sent to the other House; but the government party there had still the ascendancy, and therefore rejected the proposal of the Senate. It was, however, this subject which alone absorbed the attention of Congress for several months; till the Bank and its affairs were forgotten, to make room for a still more important question — the violent infraction of the constitution and laws by the President himself. "What is the real question which now agitates the country?" says Calhoun, in his speech; "I answer, it is a struggle between the Executive and Legislative departments of the government — a struggle, not in relation to the existence of the Bank, but which, Congress or the President, should have the power of creating Banks, and the consequent control over the currency of the country. With men and money, Cæsar struck down Roman liberty at the battle of Philippi: with money

and corrupt partisans, a great effort is now making to choke and stifle the voice of American liberty. When the deed shall be done, the revolution will be completed; and all the powers of our Republic, in like manner, be consolidated in the President, and perpetuated by his dictation.”\*

On the 28th of March, 1834, the Senate declared solemnly that the President had assumed a power which had neither been conceded to him by the Constitution nor the laws, but was diametrically opposed to its provisions. To defend himself against these serious and loud charges, the President sent a protest, in the form of a message, to the Senate, dated the 17th of April, with a further explanation, bearing date the 21st of April, in which he says that he has been arraigned and condemned unheard for treason, in having violated the laws and constitution

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\* The dangers incident to the liberties of a country, when sword and purse are left in the hands of the Executive, have been confirmed by the experience of all ages. “It would indeed be little less than a miracle,” says Alexander Hamilton, in his Report, already quoted, “should the credit of the Bank be at the disposal of the Government, if, in a long series of time, there was not experienced a calamitous abuse of it. It is true that it would be the real interest of the Government not to abuse it; its genuine policy to husband and cherish it with the most guarded circumspection, as an inestimable treasure. But what government ever uniformly consulted its true interests, in opposition to the temptations of momentary exigencies? What nation was ever blessed with a constant succession of upright and wise administrators?”

of the country. After adducing a variety of arguments in his favour, he concluded this remarkable document by formally protesting against the resolutions of the Senate, as irreconcilable with the spirit and meaning of the constitution. The Senate was a long while hesitating whether this protest should be received or not, and declared, at length, by a majority of twenty-seven voices against sixteen, that the President had assumed an illegal power, and that the Senate, not forgetting the responsibility which it owes to the people, must appeal to the whole nation as to the justness of its conduct.

The warfare, which was thus commenced between the President and the Senate, continued uninterruptedly till the breaking up of Congress. The four Bank Directors appointed by the former were not confirmed by the Senate. General Jackson renewed the same nomination, adding his determination, that, if they were once more rejected by the Senate, he would appeal to the decision of the people. Even this language, and his contempt for the whole Senate, had no influence on the resolutions of the Legislative Assembly: the four Bank Directors were a second time rejected, and with a greater majority than formerly,

namely, thirty voices to eleven. Several other nominations made by the President were rejected in like manner by the immoveable Senate; among the most important were that of Mr. Taney to the Treasury Department, and Mr. Stevenson to the embassy in England.

A great change in public opinion was, in the mean time, effected all over the country with regard to the present Administration. Several States, which had formerly voted for General Jackson, were now severely suffering under the effects of his experiment, and joined the ranks of the Opposition. The City of New York, which at former elections had shown a considerable majority in favour of the President and his adherents, gave, at the election for a Mayor, in 1834, the small majority of 179 votes;\* and even this number might be questioned, in consequence of various illegal acts alleged to have been consummated during the election by the Jackson party.

The newspapers, which in America more than in any country in the world express the

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\* At the election in November, 1832, Jackson had a majority of five thousand five hundred and fourteen votes. If the trifling majority of one hundred and ninety-seven votes be deducted, the actual decline of votes will be, in the course of six months, not less than five thousand three hundred and thirty-five.



real opinions of the nation respecting the measures of Government, ranged themselves, for the greater part, on the side of the Opposition.

In the City of New York, with a population of about two hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, there were only two papers which advocated the cause of the President against eleven daily Opposition papers. In Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and several smaller towns, the proportion of those in favour of the Administration to those who were against it was as one to four, six, even eight. The wealthy class of people almost exclusively differed in opinion from General Jackson as to his political measures. To be revenged on these independent citizens for their opposition, the Administration Journals called them "silk stocking and ruffled gentry." In fact, two parties developed themselves in the course of this winter, which bore great hatred to each other, and involved in one general vortex all the petty parties that had hitherto divided the country among themselves. Jacksonmen, Anti-Jacksonmen, National Republicans, Democrats, Anti-Freemasons, &c., disappeared altogether, and made room for Whigs and Tories, the former of whom constituted the

Opposition, and the latter supported the present Government.

During the sitting of Congress, a report of the Postmaster General, respecting the state of the finances of that department, was laid before the legislative body. The nation was not a little astounded on observing that the Post Office, instead of paying itself, and also showing a surplus, was in so ruinous a state that, unless an appropriation were purposely made by Congress, it would be unable to go on at all. At the investigation which took place, it was ascertained that the present Postmaster General, who entered upon office in 1829, had sunk, since that period, independently of the whole revenue of the department, the sum left him by his predecessor, amounting, according to the statement of the former, to two hundred and eighty-nine thousand one hundred and forty dollars, seventeen cents; but, according to that of the actual one, to only two hundred and thirty thousand four hundred and eighty-nine dollars: and moreover eight hundred and three thousand six hundred and twenty-five dollars, which he had borrowed in the name of the Post Office department, without authority from Congress.

The conveyance of the mails in America is

contracted for with private individuals at so much a year, which is fixed by the Postmaster. These sums, at first moderate, were often, before the expiration of the contract, by favour and for political reasons, doubled, or even trebled. The revenue for the year ending 30th January, 1833, was stated at two million thirty-seven thousand four hundred and ten dollars, eighty-one cents; the expences, again, at two million one hundred and twenty-three thousand two hundred and eighty-nine dollars, forty-two cents; consequently, there was a deficit of eighty-five thousand two hundred and seventy-eight dollars, sixty-one cents. Upon an average, the expence of conveying by mail, in the year 1833, may be calculated at seven cents and a half per mile. The number of miles over which the contractors carry the mail was, by the Postmaster General's statement, computed at twenty-six million eight hundred and fifty-four thousand four hundred and eighty-five; the Committee, again, who investigated the accounts of the Post Office department, fixed the mileage at only twenty-one million one hundred and fifty-six thousand eight hundred and forty-four.

The short sitting of Congress did not permit

a further inquiry into the subject, and it was postponed till next session. The following statement may not prove uninteresting to some of my readers.

In the year 1790, there were only seventy-five Post Offices in the country, and one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five post-roads. The revenue arising from postages was then thirty-seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-five dollars.

	Post Offices.	Post Roads.	Postages.
In 1800,	903	20,817	280,204
1810,	2,300	36,406	551,684
1820,	4,500	72,492	1,111,927
1830,	8,004	113,000	1,707,418

Congress at length adjourned on the 30th of June, and the members returned to their different homes, after having done nothing in the important matter which shook the foundation of the States. Both parties appeared resolved not to yield a point; and in this disposition they parted, determined to influence their constituents in different districts in favour of their own political views. The Opposition founded its hopes on the elections in the fall, when they expected to have the upperhand, so as to command a majority in Congress. The friends of the Administration again continued to decry the Bank as the author of the existing money-pressure. It

will be seen, at the end of the year, which is the victorious party, Whigs or Tories, the Senate or the President.

I had now only a few days left to remain on the free soil of America ; they were marked by the tribute which the nation paid to the memory of Lafayette. The friend and companion in arms of Washington was now no more. The melancholy intelligence had been brought by the last European packet. Every American felt the profoundest grief ; lamentations resounded from all parts of the country. But the New Yorkers were the first who celebrated his obsequies by a procession. " We mourn the man," said they, " who, at the age of nineteen, came over to us from a foreign land, at a moment when we had neither resources nor credit — when our feeble army was in want of clothes and arms. We mourn the man who, notwithstanding all this, placed himself in our ranks, and bled in our cause."

The 26th of June was fixed as the day on which the ceremony was to take place. Early in the morning all the shops were closed, and flags waved half mast-high on all the ships in port, and on all public edifices. The bells of the churches tolled nearly the whole day, and the Dead March was heard in every street

through which the procession moved. The windows were filled with old men, women, and children : with men, who still remembered Lafayette fighting in the cause of freedom ; with women, who had not forgotten the venerable General when, but a few years ago, he visited the United States ; with children, who had been taught, from their cradle, to place in their prayers the name of Lafayette immediately after that of Washington. The procession was probably the largest ever seen in New York. It was composed of all classes of citizens, from the mayor down to tradesmen, strangers, clergymen, and officers. About six thousand men of the regular army and militia were under arms.

At Castle Garden, a kind of funeral ceremony was performed by the Protestant bishop, on which occasion an oration was delivered, enumerating, in suitable terms, the principal and most important epochs in the life of the deceased. In a word, the tribute paid to the memory of Lafayette was worthy of a great and grateful people. He was truly looked upon as the champion of liberal principles, and will, for ages to come, live as such in the memory of the American people, as well as in that of every other liberal nation.

The time had now arrived for my departure. On the 8th of July, I embarked, and before morning I was already out of sight of the hospitable shores of America. A long and tedious voyage brought me again to the British shore ; and thence, by the first American packet on the eve of sailing, I bid my friends on the other side of the Atlantic a long — perhaps a last — farewell.

The time had now arrived for my return  
 to the city of London. I had spent  
 some weeks in the country, and I  
 had seen much of the beautiful  
 scenery of America. I had  
 seen the mountains, the rivers,  
 and the lakes, and I had seen  
 the people, and I had seen  
 the life of the country. I had  
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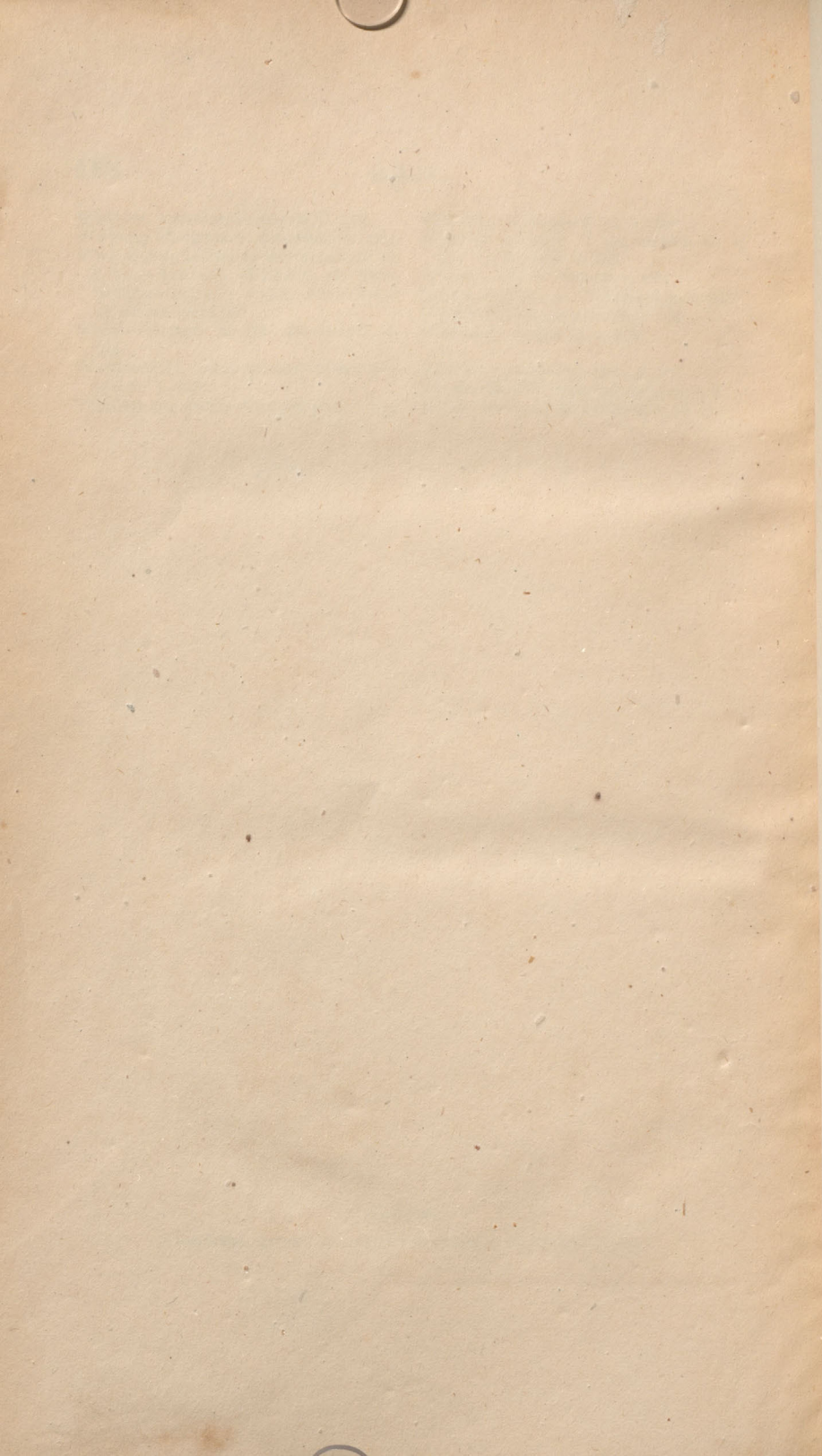
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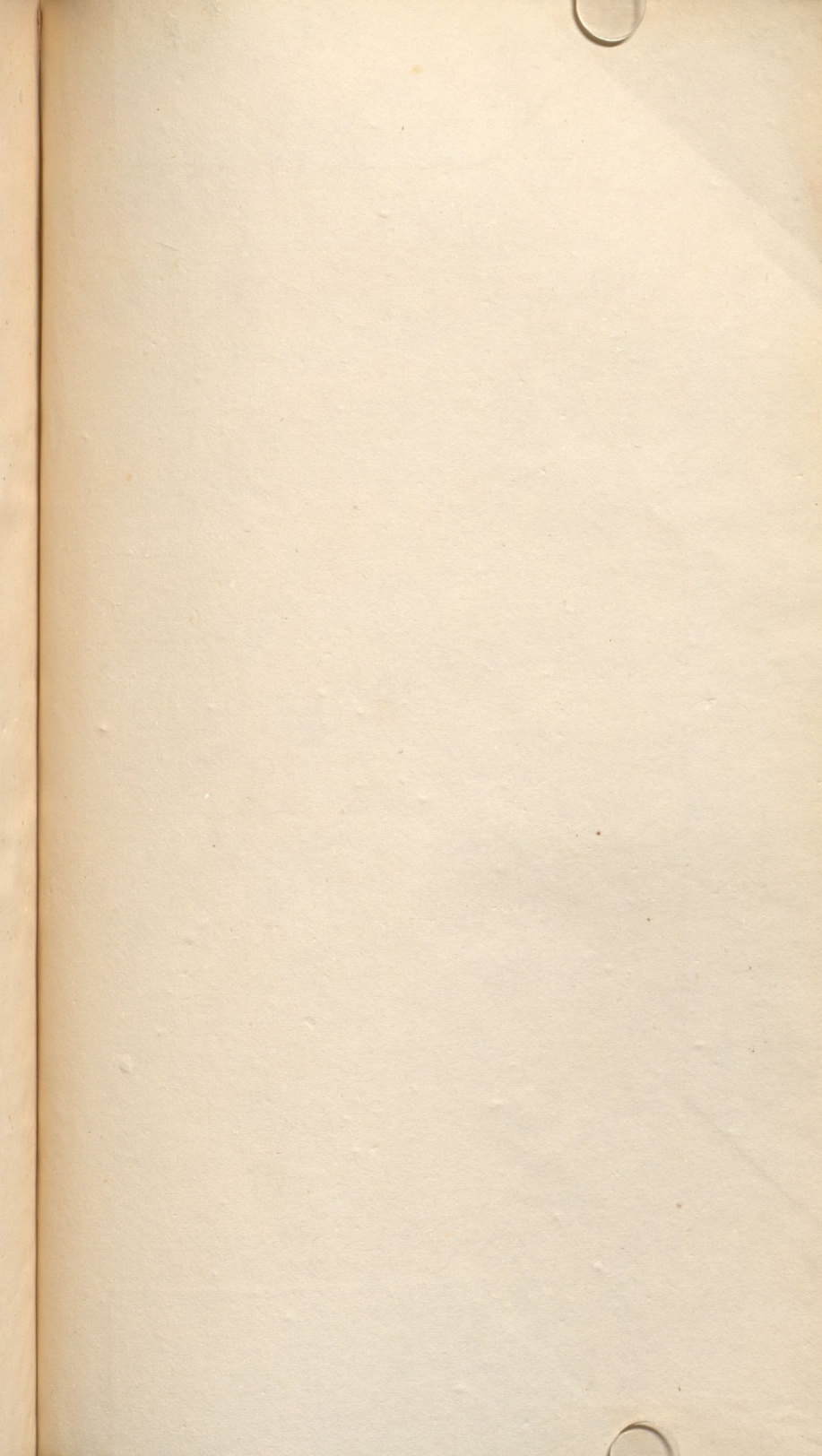
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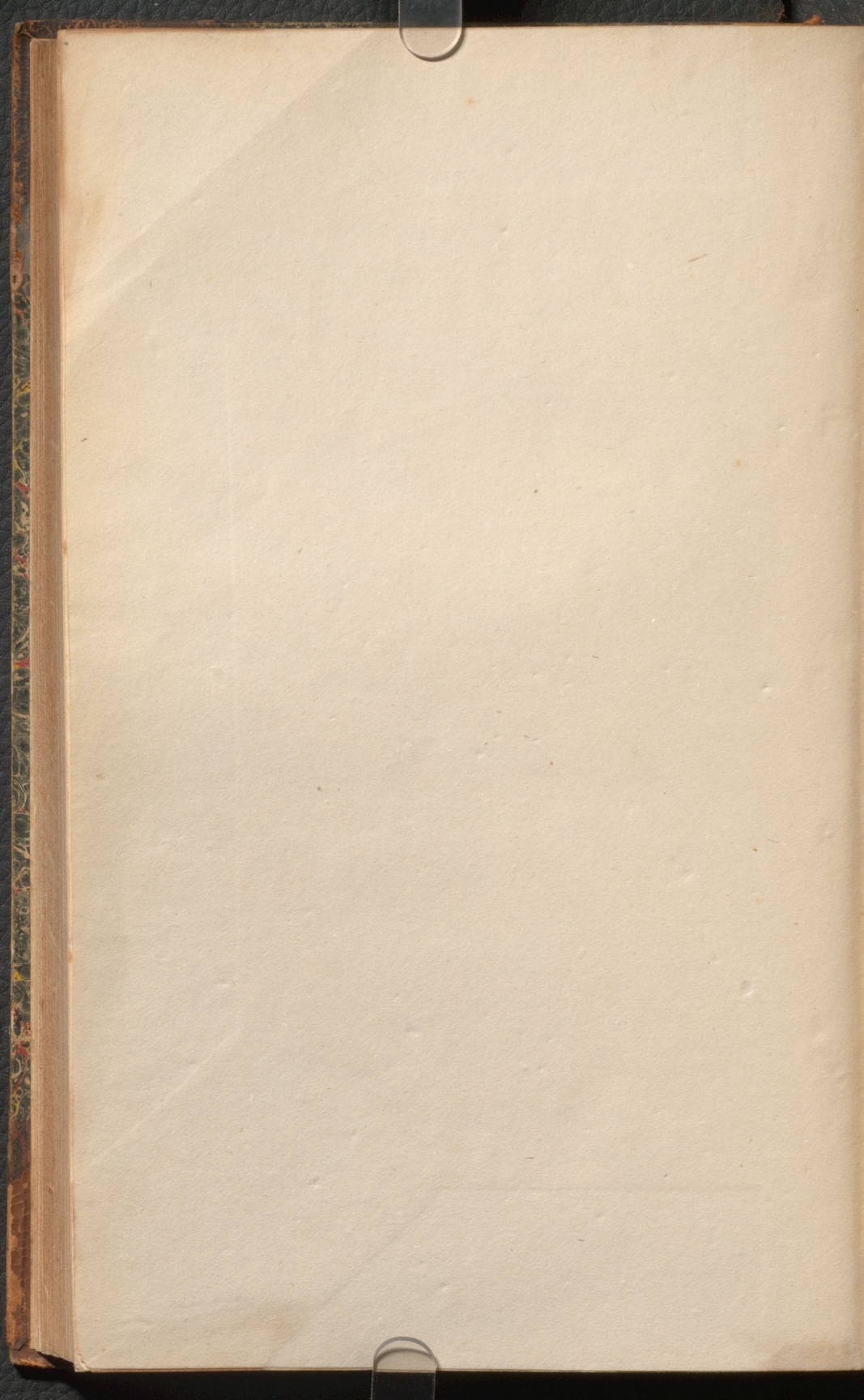
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